

Oh My God 1371

Chapter 1371: Tail

In short, at that time, the Turan people were immersed in the ecstasy brought by the so-called continuous “victories”.

They did not realize that the “victories” achieved with fists, swords, and the help of the spirit magnet from the tusks and claws were just rookies pecking at each other.

In particular, when the Turan people and the totem beasts were engaged in close combat and fierce battle, causing blood to flow and broken limbs to fly everywhere, the spirit magnet would also stimulate the Turan people’s brain nerves and endocrine system. It would release a large amount of adrenaline and enkephalin, allowing the people of Turan to gain an indescribable pleasure from the crazy killing.

And this pleasure also created an addiction that was extremely difficult to get rid of. To put it simply, many experts in various fields did not originally plan to go the “warrior” route.

However, once they were ambushed by the totem beasts due to an accident, even they would have no choice but to pick up their weapons and fight. Moreover, they would allow a large amount of spirit magnets to invade their own flesh and blood.

When the lightning-like pleasure penetrated his brain, wrapped around his spine, and wrapped around his blood vessels and nerves, driving him to howl wildly, pouncing towards the beast tide, and cutting the ferocious beast into pieces, he would never be able to go back.

He would never be able to go back.

When he won the victory, put down his sword and knife, and prepared to return to his original job.

He would recall countless times the taste of the sword and knife, Invincible, and killing in all directions.

He would feel as if there were ten thousand ants crawling on his skin, crawling in his blood vessels, and sitting on the cold bench as if he was sitting on pins and needles. He would no longer be able to face the work that he was used to, but had now become dull and boring.

He would hear as if there was a surging sea of blood surging in his heart. There was a ball of burning flames. Deep inside every cell, a battle horn sounded.

If he did not pay attention to the sea of blood and the horns deep inside his heart, he would have a strong withdrawal reaction.

‘When it was serious, his joints would be sore, and he would not be able to control his tears and Snot. He would not be interested in anything other than fighting and killing anymore.

The phenomenon made many knowledgeable people realize the problem of the ‘spiritual magnet dependence’.

They tried every means possible to control the speed of the secretion of epinephrine and enkephalin.

But they soon discovered that no matter how hard they fought with the totem beasts, they would suffer all kinds of injuries, which would bring unbearable pain.

The spiritual magnet would stimulate the cells to speed up the division and proliferation, and when the combat effectiveness was enhanced, it would be the kind of torture that would make them reborn and live after death.

One had to secrete a large amount or even an excessive amount of adrenaline and Enkephalin in order to barely endure it.

Stopping the secretion of hormones that had the effects of excitement, hallucination, and analgesia would only cause one to die from the pain.

Then there was no other way.

The war was still going on.

Although the Tulan people had obtained an overwhelming advantage.

But the totem beasts were like insects that had a hundred feet, dead but not stiff.

It was also like the wild grass on both banks of the Tulan Lake.

Even if they set fire to the wild grass and burned it completely, when the next rainy season came, the Tulan River would flood and the flood would rampage, washing over the entire Tulan Lake. When the flood receded, the wild grass would once again grow out from the depths of the fertile mud., like a mycelium.

In order to completely win, the Tulan people could not stop using the spirit magnet. Moreover, although it was highly addictive, the spirit magnet was different from ordinary hallucinogenic and analgesic drugs.

Ordinary hallucinogenic and analgesic drugs mainly relied on eroding the nerves to take effect.

It would cause serious harm to the human body.

Long-term users looked withered and haggard. They did not look like humans or ghosts. Even their internal organs were exhausted to the extreme, and a gust of wind could blow them down. Apart from making people addicted to killing, the spiritual magnet did not seem to have any side effects.

On the contrary, it could stimulate the cell division of the human body, mutate genes, and accelerate the evolution of the Tulan people toward a higher, stronger, and farther direction!

In that case, what did it matter whether they became addicted or not?

To be addicted to killing, in other words, they were filled with the desire to conquer and the passion to fight.

For the Tulan people who were preparing to show off their skills in the New World and conquer the habitable planet beneath their feet, wasn't this an excellent quality that was worthy of praise?

Oh, it could not be said that there were no side effects at all.

Long-term use of spiritual magnets to bombard the gene chain, stimulate cell division and proliferation, and repair the body that was riddled with holes over and over again would still cause a little side effect. The Otherworld was originally a world where all kinds of elements were extremely unstable.

Ancient bacteria and viruses from the Otherworld could easily bypass the immune system of outsiders and induce all kinds of strange diseases.

In the process of treating these diseases, the spiritual magnet had to activate the potential hidden in the deepest part of the outsider's genes, "Fighting poison with poison."

The process of breaking through the limits of life was often a process of changing life forms.

In the end, the Tulan people had become more and more powerful, but at the same time, they also had a more and more primitive and barbaric appearance.

A large number of beast characteristics gradually appeared on their bodies.

They became more and more similar to the totem beasts they were fighting against.

Gradually, they changed from 'humans' to 'beastmen'.

Logically speaking, this discovery should have caused a huge uproar in the Tulan civilization.

However, the change from 'humans' to 'beastmen' was not completed overnight.

Instead, it took decades. It was achieved silently through the subtle changes of several generations.

A few generations was enough for the Tulan people to familiarize themselves with a brand-new appearance and a brand-new lifestyle.

Compared to the thrill of having explosive power coursing through their veins and nerves, as well as the strength of being able to blast apart the heads of ferocious beasts with bare hands, their bodies had a few more scales and feathers, and a few more horns grew on their heads, their canine teeth and fingernails had become thicker, harder, and sharper... these costs were really not worth mentioning.

Moreover, the people with the most obvious mutated characteristics were those who had the highest degree of fusion with the spirit magnets. They were also those who controlled the most spirit magnets and possessed the strongest combat strength.

In the long-drawn-out Monster Wars, these unrivaled heroes, relying on their glorious battle records, rose to high positions one after another. They held authority and controlled resources, becoming important figures who could summon the wind and summon the rain, they had the right to define 'civilization' and 'Human Beings'.

When one out of 10,000 human beings grew a tail.

Those who grew a tail were monsters.

And when 10,000 humans grew a tail, 9,999 of them grew a tail.

Those without a tail were monsters and "non-humans".

Those who relied on spiritual magnets to rise up in war and control the direction of civilization, and those who had the most obvious characteristics of Beast Transformation, simply had no motivation to push for the elimination of the 'Beast Transformation Gene', they wanted the Tulan people to return to their original research.

Moreover, even if they had sufficient reasons and strong motivation, and were willing to spend a large amount of resources to carry out such research, they wouldn't be able to find any researchers. They wouldn't be able to find any researchers either.

The glory of the Tulan civilization in the past had long been cut off. A large number of inheritances had been wiped out in the Deep Sea of history along with the death of the scientific researchers.

Even if there were people who wanted to regain their glory, they had developed a large number of beast-like characteristics, Their deformed and mutated limbs were no longer suitable to operate sophisticated instruments, design complex models, and carry out massive amounts of data calculations. The hand that held the sword could no longer tap on the keyboard or any information recording equipment.

The fist that could blow up the head of a ferocious beast could no longer pick up the fragile measuring cylinder and Beaker.

Now, the psychic magnet has helped the Tulan solve most of their problems in life.

Why go through with this thankless research?

As long as the Tulan body under the stimulation of the spirit magnet, become stronger and stronger, to the battlefield, should win the war, still win the war!

"Over millions of years of human evolution, our appearance has been constantly changing,"

"After all, the New World is different from the mother planet. Since we have crossed the Sea of stars and come to a brand-new home, we should be more open-minded and adapt to the new appearance and lifestyle. It is impossible for us to cling to the past and indulge in the 'good old days'

"Besides, the 'old days' may not be really good. We have developed a lot of fancy technologies on the mother planet, but it is precisely because of these technologies that the mother planet was plunged into a self-destructive world war. Isn't that why we escaped

"If we continue to cling to the appearance and ideals of the mother planet, won't we be doomed to repeat the same mistakes

"Maybe, the Tulan civilization of the mother planet has walked on the wrong path. The choice we are making now is the right one

"No, there is no 'maybe'. It is a certainty. Can the Tulan people of the mother planet be as strong as we are now and blow the skulls of ferocious beasts that are as hard as iron into powder with a casual punch?"

The Tulan people were looking for reasons for their change.

Reasons were like urine.

As long as they wanted to squeeze, they could squeeze out a few drops.

With the support of many reasons, the Tulan civilization did not tum back. Instead, they accelerated the trend from 'Human Beings'to 'orcs'.

The denser the characteristics of the beast, the more worthy they were to be praised and the higher their social status would be.

Those 'old-fashioned'who didn't have a high degree of fusion with the spiritual magnet and weren't even willing to fuse with the spiritual magnet and become beastmen were instead discriminated against.

Those who weren't willing to become beastmen weren't willing to obtain great power, weren't willing to bear the responsibility of engaging in bloody battles with totem beasts, were cowards who only knew how to hide behind the Brave Warriors, and wanted others to send themselves to their deaths.., he was a selfish person who only knew how to survive.

For the sake of the advancement of the Tulan civilization, such cowards and selfish people were not allowed to exist. Everyone should help these guys to taste the wonderful taste of the cells being wrapped by the spiritual magnet and the supreme pleasure of slaughtering ferocious beasts, help them to speed up the process of transforming from 'Human Beings'to 'orcs'!

On second thought, it was not surprising that the Tulan civilization would experience such an 'Accelerated Beast Transformation'.

Out of 10,000 people, 9,999 had grown tails.

No matter how much they bragged about the long tail representing the direction of evolution, the long tail represented powerful strength, how comfortable, convenient, and straightforward the long tail was, and how civilized, elegant, and beautiful it was.

The more they looked at the last person who didn't have a long tail, the more they disliked him.

They had to let the last person grow a tail as soon as possible, even if it was just a fake tail, so that everyone would be happy.

Chapter 1372: Born in Abundance

Now that things had come to this, the Turan civilization had completed the first phase, and its appearance had changed.

However, at this time, the Turan civilization still retained a large number of spirit cores that originated from their mother planet.

No matter what their appearance looked like, the Turan people still believed in their civilization, believed in their compatriots, believed in the strength of working together and uniting against a common enemy, and believed that the fire of civilization required everyone's hard work to protect it.

They were

certain that no matter when, where, or how dangerous the situation was, they would be able to trust their compatriots with their lives.

'When the Hope crossed the sea of stars, countless martyrs were united as one. The noble spirit of the dead shone like a lighthouse, guiding the Turan people in their direction.
If this lighthouse could shine forever.

Even if its appearance turned into a ferocious beast.

The Turan civilization might be able to continue in a new way and win the battle of survival, as people believed.

However..

A deeper level, the second stage of change that involved the soul and spirit began.

The Turan civilization, which had advanced in the Battle of Monsters, was once again pushed to the edge of a cliff by the treacherous fate.

No, it wasn't a totem beast.

At this time, the totem beasts had already lost the ability to attack and destroy the Tulan civilization.

From 'threat' to 'trouble'.

Even from 'Trouble', it had become the target of the Tulan people for hunting, training, entertainment, and gathering raw materials.

The Monster Wars would end in three to five years.

The Tulan civilization was about to usher in a new era of construction and development.

At that time, all of the Tulan people firmly believed this.

Even the most cautious pessimist only believed that the Tulan people could not completely destroy the totem beasts, and that the latter would be like the annoying cockroaches, fleas, and rats, coexisting with the Tulan people for a long time.

However, cockroaches, fleas, and rats were, after all, only a plague of scabies, and could not interfere with the general direction of the civilization's advance.

This time, the fatal threat that came quietly was the mandala tree.

It was the mandala tree that drifted with the wind and spread throughout the entire Tulan River basin. It took root deep into the earth, and it grew wantonly all over the mountains and plains, bearing numerous fruits that provided sufficient nutrition and psionic energy for the Tulan people.

One day, the mandala tree that was originally diligent, hardworking, and could automatically absorb psionic energy from the depths of the Earth, giving birth to countless mandala fruits, allowing the Tulan civilization to have a population explosion at the same time, a mandala tree that doesn't have to worry about food.

It's all blossoming.

Turanze tured into a sea of flowers and flowers.

At first, the ignorant turans were delighted by the dreamy scene.

They see it as both a symbol of victory.

It's the New World's recognition of outsiders.

From this moment on, the Tulan civilization was fully integrated into the New World Ecosystem, and the Tulan people became the natural masters of the New World from the Outsiders to the aborigines.

The overjoyed Tulan people held a grand celebration under the mandala tree, which was full of flowers.

People enjoyed delicious food and drank wine. They held hands and laughed loudly around the mandala tree.

The children climbed to the crown of the mandala tree nimbly like apes. They plucked the overly bright flowers and wove them into beautiful garlands. They wore them on their heads as if they were wearing a crown that belonged to the "Spirit of all things."

Everything was so beautiful.

It was so beautiful that it was like a ridiculous farce.

'When the farce that had lasted for several days and nights finally ended, people gradually woke up from their hangovers. They found in disbelief that the mandala tree that had bloomed did not bear fruit at all!

That's right. Every mandala tree in the whole of tulanze, whether it was growing on the banks of the fertile Tulan River or in the barren land of the barren mountains and rivers.

Be it experimental subject No. 1, which had been carefully bred by the biochemical experts, genetically tailored, and injected with a large amount of nutrient solution, or the wild species and mutants whose seeds were drifting in the wind and growing as wild as bamboo shoots.

It was as if some mysterious command had been activated at the same time and then tightened the valve.

Stop absorbing nutrients and psionic energy from the underground, stop producing results, and stop sending even the tiniest bit of resources to the surface.

The Turan people were shocked.

After all, in the past few decades, due to the magnet and the mandala tree, even though the monster wars were raging, the population of the Turan civilization had increased exponentially.

As the space turbulence caused by the Hope's transmigration gradually weakened, the Turan environment became more stable. Earthquakes, floods, and volcanic eruptions became less and less frequent.

This also created precious space for the Turan people to reproduce.

In addition, the soul magnet could stimulate the unlimited expansion of various desires and shorten the time needed for birth and post-natal recovery.

After coming to the New World, the population growth of the Turan people far exceeded that of any period in the mother planet's era.

Before the mandala tree bloomed, no one thought this was a problem.

Instead, they felt that the number of the Tulan people was still too small.

After all, their sights were not limited to the Tulan River basin.

They were a great civilization that wanted to conquer the entire New World and once again charge towards the Sea of stars!

From the gravity of the habitable planet beneath their feet, the oxygen content, and the size of the native animals and plants, the volume and mass of the New World should be about the same as that of the mother planet.

Even with the population size of the mother planet, the New World could at least accommodate a hundred times more Tulan people.

In any case, the mandala tree would continue to bear fragrant fruits.

Not only would it be impossible to have a food shortage problem.

'What should be a headache instead was that there were too many mandala trees all over the mountains and plains, and they also bore too many mandala fruits. Many of the fruits were rich in nutrients, so full that they could be broken with a single blow. They either quickly rotted and returned to the earth., it would be a waste to the totemic beasts and the snakes, insects, rats, and ants that lurked in the earth.

The Tulan people who were used to drawing resources from the mandala trees were like the sons of rich families who were extravagant.

They never had the habit of saving and saving.

They had long forgotten how to cultivate, plant, fertilize, and harvest. They relied on their own hard work and sweat to obtain the food they needed to survive. The experts who knew the relevant knowledge and technology had long died, they had changed jobs and become aggressive orcs. Moreover, even if they were willing to start from scratch, sow seeds, plant crops, and work hard to harvest, it was impossible.

In the past few decades, the mandala tree, which had been personally created by the Tulan people, had overdeveloped roots. Without realizing it, it had grown crazily, and its roots were intertwined. It firmly entrenched and controlled the entire Tulan River basin.

'Whether it was barren or fertile land, as long as one dug deep enough, they would be able to find mandala roots that were like the hibernating giant pythons.

The appetite of these roots was even greater than that of the giant pythons that had just woken up from hibernation.

They greedily sucked every drop of nutrients from the depths of the Earth.

Only the mandala tree and its accompanying plants could receive nutrients and thrive.

Other plants that were deprived of space and resources, even if they were able to grow out of it, they would still look like deformities and malnourished. They wouldn't be able to grow enough food for the entire Turan people.

On the journey of the hope through the Sea of stars, the Turan people had a difficult time when they were lacking in resources.

At that time, the Turan people knew how to split a grain of rice into two portions to eat.

They could also eat the synthetic food that was created from their own body's waste after hundreds of cycles.

The Turan people knew how it felt to be hungry, but they also knew how to eat quietly and quietly until their stomach lost its ability to move.

'When the hungry people of Tulan came to the New World, they successfully created the mandala tree with the stimulation of the spiritual magnet, and for the first time, they had almost endless food.

They had also been like a mental illness, still carefully controlling their appetite, and secretly hiding the food that was no longer valuable in every corner, they were afraid that the hard times of food scarcity would come again.

However, the mandala tree was too perfect.

It was so perfect that their ridiculous performance was as if they were afraid that the sky would collapse.

More and more mandala fruits piled up in every corner.

It was also like a flood, washing away the memory of hunger and scarcity of the Tulan people.

Many of the Turan people who had suffered from hunger during the hard times even developed a strong desire for revenge.

They devoured and squandered to get back at the "ERA of hunger" when they were still on the hope.

No matter how much they consumed and wasted, the mandala trees and mandala fruits continued to grow like seawater that would never dry up.

Later, whether it was the mental illness of the Tulan people or the over-thrifty Tulan people.

'Whether it was the revenge mentality of the Tulan people or the profligate Tulan people.

They were all dead.

Even with sufficient food, the Tulan at that time was still a dangerous place.

The mortality rate of the early pioneers and hunters was extremely high.

A group of dozens of explorers had been active in the wilderness for three to five years. All the old people had died and replaced with new people. This was very normal.

The new generation born in Turan did not have the concept of hunger.

Even through Haka, the memory of their parents starving on the hope would occasionally flash through their minds.

However, the mandala fruit that was easily available to them was shattered by the reality in front of them.

Just as the people of Earth said:

Everything that has existed since I was born is a matter of course, a matter of course.

If it is said that the elderly will be more and more mandala trees and fruits, as the never-ending sea water.

The birth and growth of a new generation with the mandala tree, the mandala fruit as air.

Who cares about the air unless it's suffocating?

Chapter 1373: The Terrible Double-Edged Sword

There was also a very troublesome problem.

At that time, the Turan people had not yet found a good way to store the mandrake fruit for a long time.

After all, the fruit, which had been genetically modified, contained tiny amounts of spirit magnets, and absorbed too much spirit energy from the crystal veins, was extremely unstable. It was simply a ticking time bomb.

At that time, the Turan people had not invented all kinds of secret medicine for witchcraft yet.

If the mandrake fruits were simply piled up without being processed, the spirit energy stored in the fruits would produce a response similar to "resonance."

After the spirit energy surged past the threshold, the thousands of fruits, as well as all the buildings and residents around the warehouses, were blasted into the sky.

After such accidents happened many times, the ancient Turan people, who were busy winning the monster wars, could only temporarily give up the idea of storing mandala fruits on a large scale. The best way to deal with the mandala fruits that filled the entire valley was to eat them into their stomachs and vent them out as much as possible in the form of sweat, blood, and the desire to kill. Otherwise, it would have been better to let them rot in the wilderness and return to the ecosystem.

Due to all these factors, the Turan civilization was not prepared for an endless famine.

The shocked ancient Turan people turned their eyes to the electromagnetic experts living on the hope.

It was these experts who created the mandala tree.

They were the last of the Turan civilization's experts and technicians.

However, the experts couldn't explain why the mandala tree suddenly stopped growing.

They tried everything they could to stimulate the mandala tree. They injected high-concentration nutrient solution, electrocuted it, burned it, cut out the genes, and even prayed around the mandala tree.

Other than making the mandala tree's huge flowers bloom even more brightly and brilliantly, as if mocking humans, there was no effect.

The experts could only guess that this was a self-protection mechanism of the mandala tree.

Just like how humans would seal off mountains and forests and set up no-fishing periods during fishing and hunting activities.

'The mandala tree also needed a period of rest after absorbing underground psionic energy for a long time and crazily bearing fruit.

After all, spiritual energy was an extremely unstable and corrosive energy.

The cells, fiber tubes, roots, and branches of the mandala tree could not withstand the spiritual energy from underground for a long period of time and were in danger of collapsing.

The survival instinct made the mandala tree choose to "Seal off the mountain and cultivate the forest" on its own.

As for the mandala tree that grew at different times, why did it choose to "Seal off the mountain and cultivate the forest" at the same time?

The experts believed that it was because the mandala tree released a special pheromone so that the surrounding species would know that it was time to rest.

After all, the roots of the mandala tree were deeply embedded in the earth and intertwined with each other, forming an inseparable whole.

If a mandala tree entered hibernation, the surrounding species that were connected to its roots would still continue to absorb psionic energy.

The psionic energy would still enter the body of the sleeper through the roots that had fused together.

This "Convergence" was a common natural phenomenon.

There was nothing mysterious or incredible about it.

The good news was that the experts had studied it deeply and concluded that the mandala tree's demise was only temporary.

It was believed that once they had rested enough and regained cellular activity, they would start to absorb energy again and bear fruit.

The bad news was that no one knew how long the mandala tree would rest.

Perhaps tomorrow, all the mandala trees would 'awaken'.

Perhaps, the next mandala fruit would only be born after ten or even twenty years.

This conclusion caused a huge uproar in the Tulan civilization.

Realizing that they could not count on the mandala tree for the time being, the ancient Tulan people tried every means to save themselves.

They first thought of increasing the intensity of hunting totem beasts, trying to use the flesh and blood of Totem Beasts to tide over the famine.

However, the population that the farming civilization could feed, and the population that the fishing and hunting civilization could feed, were completely different things.

Moreover, totem beasts also had to rely on the mandala fruit to be able to reproduce.

'When the Tulan people faced the famine, the totem beasts that used to be fierce and ferocious were also staring at the mandala tree that seemed to be incomparably gorgeous, but did not grow even half a fruit on its branches.

With the decline of mandala fruit, the number of totem beasts was decreasing at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Most of the time, there was no time for the ancient people of Tulan to harvest the flesh and blood of totem beasts.

'The Hungry Beasts had already killed each other and devoured each other's flesh and blood.

'What was left for the ancient people of Tulan was only a bare skeleton.

The path of fishing and hunting was impassable.

The ancient Turans could only turn around and try clumsily to cultivate the fields and grow crops.

But the spirit magnets had made the mandala tree too perfect.

Perfect to the point of depriving all other crops and cash crops of the possibility of large-scale cultivation.

Moreover, the ancient turans were used to gripping swords and smashing the heads of fierce beasts with their palms. It was not suitable for them to pick up hoes again, operate farm machinery, and fiddle with various potions and utensils in the laboratory.

It was far from being possible to cultivate another crop that could compete with the mandala tree.

However, the burning hunger would arrive on time three or even dozens of times a day.

It was not until this moment that the ancient Tulan people suddenly realized that there was a fatal problem with their new body, which was full of the characteristics of wild beasts and seemed to be taller, faster, and stronger.

They, who had turned from 'Human Beings' into 'orcs', were too hungry.

There was no free lunch on the mother planet of Turan or in the new world.

They had to pay a corresponding price for any strength they received.

They seemed to be taller, stronger, and tougher. Their fists could unleash destructive power that was as destructive as battering rams or even rockets.

All of this required a lot of nutrients and spiritual energy to support.

Hunger had beaten the ancient Tulan people back to their original state.

No, it was even worse than 'beating them back to their original state'.

That was because the ancient Tulan people had a large amount of spiritual magnets in their bodies.

Even if the Tulan people could endure hunger by force...

The spiritual magnets would not be able to endure it.

The spiritual magnets, which lacked the nourishment of spiritual energy, began to wreak havoc in the hungry ancient Tulan People's bodies.

Under the influence of the spiritual magnets, the hungry Tulan people would often become hot-tempered and much more aggressive. Their eyes would be red, and their faces would be as hideous as that of a beast from head to toe. Everybody looked like food that could walk.

"Devour! Devour! Devour everything! Devour all the living things in front of us!"

Such a voice echoed repeatedly in the ears of the ancient Tulan who had gone mad from hunger.

Of course, the depths of the minds of most of the ancient Tulan were still shining with the flames of civilization.

They still had the bottom line of human nature as intelligent beings.

They refused to pay attention to the evil voices in their ears.

They gritted their teeth to overcome the indescribable pain brought by the hunger that washed through their internal organs and limbs like lava.

Then, they were eaten alive by the spiritual magnets in their bodies.

First, their chest caved in, then their limbs twitched and contracted. Then, even their facial features caved in deeply, as if a huge black hole had appeared on their faces, swallowing everything, including their brains.

Their flesh and blood disappeared at a speed visible to the naked eye. The spiritual magnets in their bodies, as well as the cells that were completely enveloped by the spiritual magnets, grew out of control like cancer cells.

Very quickly, they became half-mechanical, half-flesh monsters, and became the original... Origins Warriors.

The origins warriors lost all of their humanity and rationality.

They began to attack and devour everyone around them indiscriminately.

Their crazy and demonic attitude was ten times more terrifying than totem beasts.

The ancient Tulan people finally realized that the spiritual magnet was a terrifying double-edged sword.

However, it was too late.

This did not mean that they could not expel the spiritual magnet from their bodies.

The problem was that if they expelled the spiritual magnet from their bodies, they would become weak and pathetic.

How could they continue to survive in this cruel New World?

“Since the end result of starvation was to be devoured by the spiritual magnets and become half-human and half-ghost monsters, it would be better for us to strike first while we are still human and rational

“I don’t eat people. ‘m a human being. I can never eat people like a monster. However, there seem to be a lot of mandala fruits stored in the town next door. As long as we snatch those fruits, we will be saved. We will be able to hold on until the mandala tree reproduces

“There are still some totem beasts living in the mountain in front of us, including the mandala tree’s bark and its accompanying plants. It’s not that we can’t eat them. It’s just that the nutritional value is lower and the spiritual energy stored in them is less. It’s not enough to feed all of us. If we can reduce our population by one-third...”

After witnessing the living being swallowed by the spiritual magnet and turning into the living dead, such thoughts spread rapidly like wildfire and viruses deep inside the minds of all the ancient Tulan people. There was no such thing as “Only breaking through once” to break through the bottom line of human nature.

There were only “Breaking through zero times” and “Breaking through ten thousand times.”.

Once one “Tasted the essence”, no one would be able to “Stop at the beginning”.

It was a very simple question.

Suppose that everyone needed to eat a steamed bun to live until tomorrow. Now there were ten people and nine steamed buns. How many people would be left after they killed each other?

If you answer “Nine”, that would be too naive.

Because people don’t just want to live until tomorrow.

They also want to live until the day after tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, next month, next year, ten years later, a hundred years later, forever.

People’s demand for buns is unlimited.

Before they are unsure when they will get a new bun, people will only continue to kill each other endlessly and indefinitely until there are ten people and only the strongest one is left, or two or three of the strongest who could do nothing to each other.

Chapter 1374: A Remade Civilization

There was nothing new under the Sun.

‘What happened next in Picturesque Orchid Lake had also happened on Earth many times.

It was nothing more than “the drought in the south of the Yangtze River and the cannibalism in Quzhou.”

In fact, when Dragon City had just transmigrated, it had also experienced such a bloody era where order collapsed. The strong preyed on the weak, and there was no law and order.

In the new world where zombies, viruses, floods, and monsters wreaked havoc, it was not necessarily impossible for Earthlings to become direct or indirect “cannibals.”

However, the fortunate thing about Dragon City was that it had tens of millions of people, a well-developed industrial, scientific research, and education system, stored a large amount of war-preparation materials, including food, and a large number of garrisons, in an instant, it had crossed over to the

Other World.

Even though it was in another world.

The people of Dragon City still retained vivid memories of Earth’s civilization.

The laws and morals of the Earth’s era still had strong inertia.

Before the garrison was completely annihilated in the fight against the flood, fierce beasts, and zombie virus, the brilliance of humanity that bloomed was like a raging flame, enough to illuminate the direction of the survivors in the bloody and dark era.

Most importantly, the people of Dragon City did not directly cross over to the “Mother fragment” like the ancient Tulan people.

Instead, they maintained a good distance from the mother fragment.

This made it impossible for the mother fragment to directly extend its claws to the people of Earth.

It could only transform into a monster’s main brain, create a monster civilization, and then drive a large number of monsters to attack Dragon City from the outside.

The overwhelming Beast Tide not only failed to crush the backbone of the people of Dragon City, but instead prompted the people of Dragon City to work together as a united city, closely united, and re-established order, law, morality, and even civilization.

The misfortune of the ancient Tulan people was that they had been targeted by the mother fragment the moment they had just transmigrated.

The power of the mother fragment, with the help of the spiritual magnet, had invaded their bodies and even their brains.

The demons born from the depths of the soul were naturally a hundred times more difficult to deal with than the monsters that had invaded from the outside.

And when the first ancient Tulan could not help but break the bottom line of law, morality, and humanity, he raised his butcher knife or even a knife to his compatriots.

Another characteristic of the spiritual magnet was also discovered by people.

The spiritual magnet battle armor condensed from the spiritual magnet could actually store the battle skills, memories, and experiences of its owner.

Moreover, through the fusion of two spiritual magnets and the superposition of two sets of the spiritual magnet battle armor, the battle skills, memories, and experiences of the old owner could be transmitted to the new owner's body and brain!

In other words —

As long as one killed their own compatriots.

'What they could obtain was not only the food of their compatriots, the flesh and blood of their compatriots, but also the combat strength of their compatriots!

The more they killed, the stronger their combat strength would be.

They would earn one if they killed one, ten if they killed ten, and a hundred if they killed a hundred, they would be able to run Amuck and be invincible!

Everyone was killing without restraint. Whoever did not kill would be revolted by the spiritual magnets on their bodies, turning them into the origin warriors who had lost their reason.

Even if they managed to control their minds that were gradually going crazy, they would still become fish-bellies and weaklings in the eyes of everyone because they could not get food, spiritual energy, combat skills, and experience for a long time. They would become the next targets that would be brutally killed.

Just like that, a new war began.

It was no longer a war between humans and ferocious beasts.

It was a war between humans, everyone against everyone.

The storm of slaughter engulfed the entire Tulan.

Everyone was caught in it.

'Whether they were willing or forced, whether they were heroes or cowards, whether they were humble gentlemen or despicable people, whether they were happy or desperate, all the ancient Tulan people were struggling in the mountains of corpses and seas of blood that they had created, only by stepping on the heads of others and climbing up with all their might could they rise to the surface of the sea and preserve a chance of survival.

In fact, the mandala tree only stopped bearing fruit for three to five years.

If all the ancient Tulan people were willing to expel the spiritual magnets in their bodies and work together to overcome the difficulties, they might have been able to survive with the population and the carrying capacity of the land at that time.

However, tragedy still happened.

In just three to five years, the ancient Tulan people killed each other, and the extent of the tragedy surpassed the long-lasting monster wars.

'When the mandala flowers withered and the branches were once again covered with heavy fruits, the people finally woke up from this long, bloody, and unbearable nightmare.

The people who had survived the disaster were filled with complicated feelings and did not dare to look into each other's eyes.

No one had counted how many people had actually died from killing each other.

No one had even counted whether the dead Tulan people had starved to death because their food had been stolen by others, or had simply been treated as food.

'The impact of this incident on the Turan civilization was far beyond the sharp decline in population.

It had completely shattered the ideology of the Turan civilization, shaken the spirit of the Turan people, and reshaped the Turan People's definition of 'civilization' and 'Human Beings'.

It was like being stranded on a deserted island in a shipwreck. In order to survive, they had to kill each other. The survivors who were rescued in the end could no longer face the normal society and their 'normal' self in the past.

Moreover, the decline of the mandala tree was a high probability event that was repeated periodically.

Although the mandala tree had grown back its fragrant fruit, it seemed like it would never be finished.

Who knew when the next mandala tree would stop bearing fruit and how long it would last?

This time, it was three to five years.

What if the next time was seven to eight years, more than ten years, or more than ten years?

The ancient Tulan people, who had the sword of Damocles hanging above their heads, could not even deceive themselves and pretend that nothing had happened.

They had to face the cruel reality and find a way to survive.

The ancient Tulan people made a final effort.

They gathered all their strength and resources and launched a massive exploration toward the north of the Tulan River basin, which was the direction of the land of Holy Light. They were ready to turn this exploration into a desperate expedition at any time.

'When there was an irreconcilable conflict within the civilization, finding an external enemy or prey to shift all the conflict away was one of the best solutions.

The Turan people thousands of years later did exactly that.

However, at that time, the space ripples caused by the Hope's attack on the underground layer of Turan Swamp had not disappeared.

The entire Turan ZE was covered in the same fog that surrounded Dragon City.

Anyone who tried to pass through the fog would lose their way in the fog.

Those who were lucky would stumble around for half a month before returning to Turan ze from a different direction.

'Those who were unlucky would disappear into the depths of the fog forever.

No one knew whether they were swallowed by the ferocious beasts and fell into endless swamps and abysses.

Or they were simply torn into pieces or even particles by the countless spatial gaps.

The ancient Tulan people called the spatial ripples the 'labyrinth'.

The entire Tulanze was blocked by the 'labyrinth' in all directions.

The ancient Tulan people were like bacteria trapped in a Petri dish. No one could escape.

'As for persuading the entire population to give up the spiritual magnet, it was even more fantastical and childish.

A double-edged sword was also a sword.

It was better to hold a double-edged sword that could cut oneself at any time than to walk into the cruel wilderness empty-handed.

By the time they realized the danger and side effects of the spiritual magnet, the Tulan civilization had already gone too far and was too deeply bound to the spiritual magnet.

Giving up the spiritual magnet was equivalent to giving up the power to split mountains and split rocks; the immune system that protected the body of flesh and blood from the erosion of germs from another world; giving up the precision machinery that had a precise structure and endless changes; giving up the pleasure brought by killing and conquering, it was a pleasure that penetrated deep into the bone marrow.

This was not called "A brave warrior cutting off the wrist".

It was "A brave warrior cutting off the head".

Moreover, there were totem beasts!

'As the mandala tree bore fruit again, the number of totem beasts also increased exponentially.

These muddleheaded beasts did not care about the 'double-edged sword' or the 'double-edged sword'. They only knew how to devour crazily, multiply crazily, kill crazily, and unleash the spiritual energy that was brought by the underground, the overly surging vitality.

The number of totem beasts seemed to have increased tenfold overnight.

The Tulan civilization had yet to decide on how to solve a series of problems such as 'mother origin, Mandala tree, spiritual magnet, and famine'.

The overwhelming Beast Tide once again arrived at the city gates.

There was nothing they could do.

After trekking in the desert for a long time, travelers who were about to die of thirst in the next second had no choice but to drink up even though they knew that what was placed in front of them was a cup of poison wine.

The ancient Tulan people gave up thinking.

They absorbed and activated more spiritual magnets again, condensing them into even more powerful divine weapons and spiritual magnetic battle armor. With the most primitive, barbaric, brutal, and bloody posture, accompanied by a battle cry that was even louder than the fierce beasts.., they pounced on the surging beast tide.

But this time, many people had changed.

In the past, the Tulan people fought for the civilization, willing to sacrifice everything for the continuation and rise of the civilization.

Now, the Tulan people were as brave and fearless as in the past. However, before they lunged at the torrential beast tide, they had to think carefully about how many benefits the battle would bring them.

In the past, the Tulan people could entrust their flanks and backers to any Tulan they did not know because they firmly believed that they had a common name and were called 'compatriots'!

Now, the Tulan people only believed in their own blood relatives and the few people who had broken through the bottom line with them during the famine and had been 'tested'. Only these people were their 'compatriots'.

In the past, the powerhouses of the Tulan civilization were very willing to help and teach the weak because they believed that every time a weak person became a powerhouse, the overall combat ability of the Tulan civilization would increase a little, and the small amount would add up, forming a tower of sand, only then could the Tulan civilization become the Master of the New World.

Now, every time the powerhouses saw the gifted weaklings, before helping and teaching them, they would subconsciously wonder if their kindness or stupidity would create the most dangerous enemy for them in the next famine era, would they nurture the most dangerous enemy for themselves?

Chapter 1375: Seeds of Doubt

From then on, the heroes would no longer wholeheartedly fight for civilization. Instead, they would use the opportunity of the Monster War to continuously harvest and monopolize all resources, including the spirit magnets. They would crazily expand their forces and breed more blood descendants, they would form battle teams, gangs, and battle groups that were absolutely loyal to them. Before the next famine, they would obtain an absolute advantage and build an unattainable barrier.

Originally, everyone in the Turan civilization had the right to obtain a spirit magnet.

The flesh and blood of the totem beasts harvested would also be distributed to each and every one of their compatriots as fairly as possible, ensuring that they all had the right to become stronger and survive.

Now, however, the moment the spirit magnet was created, it fell into the hands of the heroes of the past and the important figures of today.

The important figures who looked dignified even issued a law: Only those who had gone through the trial could obtain the spirit magnet.

The reason was good.

“The spirit magnet is both precious and dangerous. It is an important strategic resource of the Tulan civilization. Only in the bodies of the elites with extraordinary talents can it play its greatest role. If it is obtained by a trash who has no talent, is unwilling to train hard, and has a fragile soul, not only will it be a great waste, it will also bite the body and even the soul of the trash, turning him into a monster that is neither human nor Ghost!”

Of course, the standard of the trial was completely in the hands of the strong.

Who could pass the trial and obtain the spiritual magnet and become a high and mighty elite.

‘Who would be cut off from the spiritual magnet for the rest of their lives and become a waste that was at the mercy of others for the rest of their lives would be decided by the strong who had already monopolized a large amount of resources.

If the weak wanted to obtain the spiritual magnet, they had to attach themselves to the strong, brand themselves as the strong, and be loyal to the strong instead of the entire civilization.

Otherwise, not only would they be in danger during the Monster War, they would also be the first prey when famine struck again.

As for the strong who monopolized resources and formed barriers, even if they had developed new ways to use spiritual energy and spiritual magnets, they would no longer discuss communication and progress together like in the past.

They closed the door to communication and refused to reveal their background, gradually forming five different styles of spiritual energy release techniques and spiritual magnet molding techniques — that was the origin of the five major clans in the future.

For the five major clans, although there was fierce competition between them, they still had a common enemy.

No, it was not the totem beasts.

The totem beasts were far from qualified to be their enemies. They were merely tools and a cover for them to control the entire civilization.

Their common enemy was the sense that the Tulan civilization was gradually deteriorating into irreparable darkness. They were trying to find answers and weapons from the “Good old days” and rebuild the scientific research and industrial system, using “Technology” to fight against “Power” and save the weak of the civilization.

‘Technology was the only hope of the weak.

It was also the last obstacle that prevented the strong from ruling the Tulan civilization forever.

The strong did not want people to recall the “Good old days”.

Because the old days had laws, morality, humanity, Unity and unity.

In the old days, it was wrong for people to eat people.

Once the Tulan civilization picked up technology and returned to the past,.

The actions of the powerhouses during the famine would be judged harshly, and they would be nailed to the pillar of shame in history forever.

Therefore, the powerhouses, intentionally or unintentionally, stomped on the last few sparks of the Tulan civilization reigniting the fire of technology.

They had forgotten and erased everything about the era of the mother planet.

Not only physically, but also mentally, they had willingly and proactively transformed from 'Human Beings' to 'orcs'.

In the thousands of years that followed, many things had happened again.

For example, the mandala tree had gone extinct time and time again, and famine had descended again and again.

Every famine was like a cruel and merciless sieve that would filter the entire Tulan civilization in detail.

Only the strongest, the most barbaric, and the most callous would be left. They would devote all their resources and energy to their own cultivation.

They would kill the weaklings and fools who were not active enough in their daily cultivation and battles. They would not be able to store up too many resources or invest their precious resources into research projects that had little hope and were far away.

Time and time again, the 'big filter' would continuously shape and strengthen a brand new 'humanity', 'morality', and 'Law'.

The initial panic of the Tulan people gradually became accustomed to it.

They even treated killing as glory. When the mandala tree had not bloomed for a long time, they still could not wait and were eager to try.

For example, when the totem beasts were completely defeated, they could no longer organize the organized Beast Tide. Instead, they became the training tools and hunting targets of the Tulan people.

For example, when the "Labyrinth" finally collapsed, the Tulan people discovered the vast land of holy light in the north. They came into contact with the Holy Light Camp and had an intense conflict.

During the intense conflict with the holy light camp, the Tulan people realized that the scattered troops were ultimately no match for the organized army. If they wanted to compete with the Holy Light Camp, the Tulan civilization still needed a minimum level of trust and discipline.

As a result, a large number of legends and myths about the ancestral spirits were born, giving all the Tulan people a common honor and mission.

They also thought of ways such as 'the game of the Brave', 'The five races', 'signing a blood oath and making a covenant in front of the ancestral spirits', and so on. While they vented their desire to kill, they also maintained a minimum of organization.

All of these were shaping the new Tulan civilization.

However, the individual Tulan, with the help of the spiritual magnet, had evolved to be many times more powerful than ten thousand years ago.

The Tulan civilization as a whole, however, had lost, perhaps forever, its ability to climb to the peak of the technology tree again, break free from the gravity, break out of the atmosphere, and gallop across the Sea of stars.

They had gone from being the children of the stars who shuttled through the universe.

To being wild boars rolling in the mud.

Even the strongest wild boar in the entire mud.

'Was just a pig that would never look up at the stars.

This was the story of the Tulan civilization.

Hearing this, Meng Chao's hands and feet turned cold, and he fell silent.

If the brave became the evil dragon, it would be an eternal melody.

'What kind of power could guarantee that the powerhouses who swore to fight for civilization and humanity would never change the definition of 'civilization' and 'humanity'?

If the Tulan civilization took a whole 10,000 years to transform from a 'human' to an 'orc'...

How many years would it take for Dragon City to transform?

Meng Chao stared at the metal plate floating in the boundless starry sky and continued to ask, "Then, what's going on with you?"

"We... can be considered the last batch of researchers and technical experts of the Tulan civilization."

The thousands of voices hidden in the metal plate said, "You can also think that we are the people who discovered the 'mother', created the spiritual magnet, and nurtured the mandala tree."

Meng Chao took a deep breath.

"No, to be more precise, we are not them, but their confusion, frustration, fear, anger, and regret.

"We are their last words, their unbridled anger, their ultimate weapon of creation, and their last hope for the Tulan civilization.

"We were born 8,000 to 9,000 years ago. At that time, a very young expert in the mother prototype laboratory, who lived on the hope, accidentally discovered a shocking secret through an experimental error..."

The voice told Chao Meng that at that time, almost all of the research projects of the Tulan civilization had stagnated or even been completely forgotten.

Only the mother prototype lab on the hope was still operating at a minimum, continuously producing soul magnets.

The hope and mother prototype lab were controlled by a very small number of powerhouses, the ancestors of the current golden family.

The electromagnetic experts in the lab were placed under house arrest. Many of them had never left the hope or the underground.

To ensure that the electromagnetic experts had the lowest level of scientific research capability.

'When the surface was plunged into famine, civilization continued to evolve and deteriorate, and the knowledge, technology, law, and morals of the past were lost.

The hope, which was buried deep underground, was like the last refuge. It still stored a large amount of the knowledge and memories of the past.

Compared to the "Kind" that were becoming more and more obvious on the surface and that they were proud of, the soul magnets experts that lived on the hope were more like humans — at least on the surface.

At that time, a young researcher who had just inherited a large amount of knowledge and technology from his parents through haka, but was still lacking in maturity, stood on the operating table for the first time.

He hurriedly prepared all the research materials and experimental equipment.

However, he ignored two very similar labels and made a mistake of the lowest level, concocting a wrong catalyst.

'When he treated this catalyst as a nutrient solution and dripped it into the mucus that he had scraped off the body of the 'Original Mother'.

Unexpectedly, he discovered that some substances in the mucus actually had a reaction that was similar to neurons being stimulated.

The accident was quickly discovered and corrected.

The 'Primordial Mother' was a kind of existence between a living creature and a non-living creature. When it was strongly stimulated, it would produce a reaction similar to that of a low-level creature. This was not a secret.

However, the seed of doubt was planted in the young researcher's heart.

He faintly felt that the neural reaction value of the primordial mother's mucus was much higher than that of a normal low-level creature. It was so high that it was close to a certain... critical level.

Of course, the seed of doubt was only a seed.

For the next few decades, the young researcher did not have the opportunity or motivation to confirm his doubts.

He followed the rules and did his duty just like all his colleagues. He studied how to make more nanostructures out of spiritual magnets and how to make the primordial mother bigger and more comfortable, so that he could create more soul magnets.

That was until he passed on all his knowledge, technology, and the seed of doubt to the child through Haka.

The child passed on to the child.

The seed of doubt took root and sprouted.

At that moment, the news from the surface seeped into the hope like Mercury.

Chapter 1376: The Test of Intelligence

All this time, even though the electromagnetic experts on the Hope had been placed under house arrest, they never had the freedom to travel to the surface.

However, for them to develop more powerful electromagnetic magnets and the technology to control them, the big shots who controlled the Hope still did their best to satisfy their material needs.

Even during the war and famine on the ground, the Hope's interior was rich in material and peaceful.

After all, the ancient Turans had spent a long time on the Hope. The spaceship itself was a small, enclosed city with all five "internal organs." Using the magnets, it could repair all its facilities and meet a person's needs from life to death.

Due to this, the electromagnetic experts who had lived on the Hope all their lives could easily hallucinate the current state of the Turan civilization. They did not believe that their civilization had changed so much, and those on the surface were cruel, barbaric, and ignorant. Even though there were occasional rumors from the surface that reached their ears.

However, the big shots had their own set of rhetoric, such as "Temporary difficulties" and "Expedition of suffering." This made the magnetic experts believe that they were working on the continuation and advancement of the Turan civilization, they were doing important work.

As long as they could develop more advanced magnetic magnets and form an incredibly powerful magnetic armor, helping the big shots to control the invincible force, everything would be fine.

However, when the famine lasted for too long, even the big shots who controlled the hope were inevitably dragged into the whirlpool of killing each other.

The breakdown of order on the ground and the open and hidden conflicts between the big shots finally affected the hope.

The leaders of the various factions knew the importance of the magnetic magnets.

The hope was the first strategic target that every miracle rising powerhouse and power had to attack and control.

The control of the hope was constantly changing hands between the various heroes and heroes.

Every new owner of the hope would come up with a new set of arguments to prove to the electromagnetic experts that he was the true savior of the Turan civilization, he brought a life-saving medicine to solve all the problems. He could make the Turan civilization great again. The

electromagnetic

experts didn't have to think about anything else as long as they obediently obeyed his orders.

While the two or even many important figures were in a stalemate or were fighting until both sides were injured, their control over the spiritual magnet experts was extremely weak.

Finally, one of the spiritual magnet experts broke through the thousands of holes and escaped from the underground to the surface. He saw what the once glorious Tulan civilization had become.

Although he was quickly scared by the scene before him that he could not tell if it was a 'New World' or a 'Shura Hell', he quickly fled underground.

'What he saw and heard, however, caused a great stir among all the spiritual magnet experts.

'The spiritual magnet experts, who were greatly stimulated, began to doubt the meaning of everything they had done. Was the medicine they brewed bitter or slow-acting poison? Where would the Tulan civilization, which had been deeply eroded by the spiritual magnet, go, where would it go?

After much thought, careful deduction, and intense debate, many spiritual magnet experts felt that there seemed to be a mysterious force playing the Tulan civilization in the palm of their hands, it was shaping it into what it wanted.

At this moment, the child of the young researcher's child finally recalled the suspicious neuron number.

He was half nervous and half afraid.

'The new generation of young researchers stole a small amount of 'protoplasmic mother mucus' and conducted a brand new test.

The result of the test greatly exceeded his expectations.

The protoplasmic mother mucus exhibited characteristics that were very similar to the brain fluid of intelligent creatures on many levels.

The neurons that were stimulated by a small amount of protoplasmic mother mucus were actually more intense than the neural impulses of ordinary Tulan people.

It was as if..

'The mother was not "A piece of meat" at all.

It was "A brain".

A brain neuron that was ten thousand times more abundant than ordinary Tulan people was likely to have a super brain with unfathomable intelligence and free will!

This discovery shocked the young researcher to the core.

If the mother was only a mixture of living and non-living beings, with countless cells condensed together, it was a muddle-headed existence without intelligence and consciousness.

Then, the Tulan civilization had used the mother of the Tulan civilization's characteristics to modify and reshape itself, and all the consequences that resulted from it could be said to be "Willing to accept your loss, and you brought this upon yourself."

However, if the mother of the Tulan Civilization had intelligence and consciousness from the very

beginning, it would not only be a low-level creature like a large-scale colony, but an existence that was even smarter than the Tuan people.

'Then, was the Turan civilization's current state a coincidence, a result of their own actions, natural selection, or... Mother Original's plot?

Think Deeper.

How did the hope end up in the underground of the New World, stuck in the rock layer, unable to move and in danger?

Was this really an accident?

After all, the hope had been drifting in space for a long time.

Several generations or even more of the Turan people had been born, grown, and died on the hope.

They had done more than 100 short-distance transits — short-distance transits that often spanned several galaxies or even an entire nebula!

During this process, they gradually mastered the technique of transmigration and basically repaired the Hope's transmigration engine.

'When they arrived at the outer space of the New World, the Hope's crew were all experienced, skilled, and emotionally stable veterans.

Furthermore, the hope still stored a large amount of information about the coordinates of the new world.

After all, this was originally a "Harbor", "Incubator", or "Arena" left behind by the creator of the transmigration engine.

No matter how you looked at it, there was no possibility of the hope failing the transmigration.

Even if there was an error, at most, it would hit the ground like a meteorite falling from the sky, creating a burning gully.

How could the error be so ridiculous that it caused them to dig into the ground?

Unless, there was some mysterious force that interfered with the Hope's transmigration.

For example, the mother of the origin.

The mother of the origin had twisted the planet's magnetic field above Turan ZE and sent the wrong coordinates to the Hope's navigation system, causing the hope to jump right into its bloody mouth. From that moment on, Turan civilization had been corrupted and controlled by the mother of the origin. They had become its vassals, puppets, and slaves. Following its will, they had reshaped the entire civilization!

The young researcher was shocked, angry, and filled with regret.

He tried to report his test results to his superiors.

However, no one was willing to believe him.

That was because he didn't have any evidence.

After all, there was still a long way to go between "A reaction similar to a brain neuron" and "A super brain with terrifying intelligence."

As for "A piece of meat buried deep in the ground of Turan that misled the hope and entered its mouth", that was even more ridiculous.

Of course, it was more likely because Turan civilization had gone too far and was too closely bound to mother origin.

None of the bigwigs who controlled the hope were willing to give up on the soul magnets implanted in their bodies.

Even if there was a bigwig who was willing to believe the little researcher's words and give up on the soul magnets or even conduct destructive research on mother origin.

He would also lose his power in an instant and suffer a backlash. He would be attacked by other big shots and die without a burial place.

The little researcher who had hit a wall everywhere was in complete despair.

In his despair, he brewed an extremely extreme idea.

He wanted to rely on his own strength to help the Turan civilization break free from the original mother's control.

He wanted to destroy the original mother!

The little researcher had secretly concocted a poison with extremely strong effects.

With just one drop, it could kill a monster as large as a hill.

The young researcher tried to inject the poison into mother origin's body.

However, before he could even get close to the 'Mother Origin's laboratory', he was discovered and captured.

Until now, the young researcher had finally confirmed two things.

First, mother Origin's power was not limited to the bubble beneath the hope, which was also known as the 'Mother Origin's laboratory'.

Instead, it had infiltrated the entire hope through the personnel, supplies, and ventilation pipes, monitoring his every move.

Secondly, the mother of origin did possess unfathomable intelligence.

It also possessed the ability to interfere with the brain of the Turan people.

Perhaps, after the soul magnet was implanted into the human body through the mother of origin, not only could it strengthen the normal cells, it could also subtly modify the brain cells, causing the Turan

people to unknowingly.., the original mother was treated as a new and inviolable... God. Unfortunately, the young researcher found out too late.

The only thing waiting for him is death.

No, it's more of a missing person, a dead person missing.

He did not even wait for an open and fair trial in which he could speak freely to all his fellow men and women and tell the whole truth.

Fortunately, the young researcher had expected such a result.

In fact, this was the result he had been waiting for.

Before he took action, the young researcher had left his last words to them in a way that only his best friends, mentors, and colleagues knew.

"I know that no one believed my words. No one believed that mother original possessed intelligence and was even malicious enough to infiltrate the Tulan civilization so deeply that she could monitor and influence many of us.

"It doesn't matter. Let me prove it to you.

"I will secretly concoct a poison that can kill a colossus with a single drop.

"However, such poison does not exist.

"I do not have the technology to concoct poison, nor do I have the ability to come into contact with so many dangerous raw materials.

"I will only secretly stock a large number of experimental instruments in my room and 'concoct' them in a pretentious manner.

"Then, I will take a nutrient solution known as 'venom' and fight mother original to the death.

"If mother original is not intelligent and is just a piece of meat, it will not be able to react to my insane actions until I successfully inject the nutrient solution into its body.

"If am discovered, captured, or even vaporized before I rush to mother original and lift the nutrient solution —

"Everybody, my best friend, my most trusted mentor, and my most admired experts and scholars, you will have to consider the following two questions seriously.

"First, how did mother originator know that I was concocting a 'Fatal Venom' and was going to harm it again?

"Second, who was it that was afraid that I would be put on trial and reveal all the doubts and speculations to all my compatriots, triggering a larger-scale discussion?

"I hope that you can find the answer, the truth, and the method to fight against mother antigen and restore the glory of the Tulan Civilization

Chapter 1377: The Egg of Chaos

The young researcher had traded his life for a glimmer of hope against the mother.

However, most of the people who received the message remained unmoved.

They had probably been coerced by important figures and had tied their lives and futures to the spirit magnet long ago. No matter what happened, they would never give up their research on the spirit magnet. Not to mention, it would harm their research.

If not, they had been living together with the mother, and unknowingly, their minds had been infiltrated. As such, they became willing puppets and ghosts...

Or, they were afraid of the pressure from the big shots and mother Yuan, and they were afraid of ending up like the little researcher.

Or, they were greedy for the enjoyment of the hope, and they would rather live a carefree life in an illusory paradise than be exiled to the surface of the hope to face the real Turan civilization, that hellish scene.

In short, faced with the little researcher's fire of hope that was fueled by his life, these people fell silent and retreated. Their shadows shivered under the light of the fire.

However, even if there was a slight ripple in the water, there were only a handful of successors who believed the little researcher's guess and took over the flame of hope.

They began to secretly collect research instruments, store experimental materials, and conduct deeper research on the 'mother's mucus' and even the cells extracted from the mother's body.

The more they studied, the more shocking and unbelievable they felt.

They also secretly contacted their compatriots on the ground and gained a deeper understanding of the entire process of the transformation of the Tulan civilization from a 'human' to an 'orc'. They also gradually connected the transformation of the Tulan civilization to the awakening of the mother's body, they had connected it to mother origin.

Now, the researchers with the tinder in their hearts could already confirm that the unrecognizable changes that had happened to the Tulan civilization had something to do with mother origin. Mother origin had even secretly guided them and single-handedly caused the changes.

Just like the young researchers back then, they had made up their minds to eradicate mother origin and bring the Tulan civilization back to the right path.

It was not easy to do that.

On the surface, the protomother was merely a piece of defenseless, fragile 'meat'.

It was even a 'Brain' that was exposed to the air without the protection of a skull.

A single venom, a cluster of flames, and a bomb would be enough to blow the brain into smithereens.

However, the researchers of the Tulan civilization had long discovered that the protomother cells possessed an incredible ability to divide and multiply.

As long as it possessed sufficient psionic power, the mother cell could recover in an extremely short period of time no matter how severe the injury it suffered.

'What was even more terrifying was that in the past hundreds of years of research and cultivation, in order to maximize the mother cell's power, the scientists of the Tulan civilization had grafted a large number of roots of the mandala tree onto the mother cell, this allowed it to automatically absorb energy from the underground spiritual vein.

And in the process of continuously devouring and moistening the spiritual magnet, the mother's cellular form also gradually became incredibly similar to the spiritual magnet's nanostructure.

'The original mother was only a brain.

In the past few hundred years, the Tulan civilization's researchers had actually fitted four limbs to this extremely dangerous brain.

They had even endowed this fragile brain with the ever-changing ability of a super magnetic fluid material!

Perhaps, this was the goal of the mother of origin to lure and control the Tulan civilization.

The researchers who realized this felt extremely heavy-hearted.

They knew that the core area of the mother of Origin's laboratory had been firmly controlled by the 'puppets' and 'ghosts'.

No one was allowed to bring anything that would harm the mother into the core area.

The 'core area' continued to expand.

The mother's tentacles gradually wrapped around the entire hope.

More and more experts and researchers on the hope had transformed into the mother's 'puppets' and 'Ghouls'.

Even the researchers with hope heard the mother's irresistible threats and seductive murmurs in the dead of night.

They knew that they couldn't hide the fact that they had collected a large amount of research equipment and experimental materials for a long time.

The hope wasn't a place to stay for long.

The battle against mother origin would be a long-term, arduous, and extremely dangerous mission.

They had to start from scratch.

Thankfully, when the hope crossed into the depths of Turan Ze's underground rock layer, it left behind countless space folds.

Space folds were different from subterranean bubbles. They were not part of a natural geological structure, but a narrow path that led to another dimension.

Even the mother mother, who had been hibernating here for tens of thousands of years, could not know the space folds that had just been born hundreds of years ago.

The researchers had tured a space fold that they had accidentally discovered into a secret research base.

Even though the entrance to the space fold was right next to the hope.

‘The researchers used the space jump technology on the hope to install a “Door” to the entrance.

Other than the people who knew the “Key”, even if they stood at the “Door”, they would only see the smooth, mirror-like rock wall.

Even if they dug three feet deep and dug hundreds of holes in the rock wall, they wouldn’t be able to discover the existence of the secret research base.

However, such a large-scale construction and transfer would definitely leave traces behind.

Mother origin quickly discovered the existence of the rebels.

Fortunately, Mother Origin’s strength was still quite weak at that time. In other words, there were many restrictions.

After all, mother origin was only a ‘brain’. It had just woken up from its long slumber of hundreds of millions of years.

It was unable to directly kill a rebel.

Nor could it directly implant a clear, clear, and strong command into the brains of the puppets and the ghouls.

It could only subtly make use of the emotions and desires of the puppets and ghouls to achieve its goal.

Soon, the ‘heinous crimes’ of the researchers were revealed to the world.

When all the Tulan orcs, or more accurately, all the Tulan Orcs knew that a group of crazy fellows were lurking in the depths of the underground, trying to destroy the foundation that the Tulan civilization relied on to survive.., when they destroyed the original mother that gave them endless power and pleasure, destroyed the new social system that they abandoned their humanity in the past, and finally rebuilt it with great difficulty, all of the Tulan Orcs were furious.

Those important figures who relied on the spiritual magnets of the original mother to evolve into peerless powerhouses were especially indignant.

The researchers were reduced to street rats that everyone shouted at.

Many of the researchers were quickly pulled out and torn into pieces by the fanatical public.

‘There were also some who were imprisoned in the dark prison and tortured to force them to reveal information about their comrades and the base.

Even though the researchers were filled with the righteousness of “Save the Turan civilization’.

In the end, they were no match for the entire civilization that was pouring over their heads. The pressure was heavier than the billions of tons of rocks that were pressing down on the hope.

The secret base was about to fall.

The number of rebels who knew the truth was dwindling.

Their last hope was about to be extinguished.

At this time, an earth-shattering event diverted the attention of the entire Turan civilization and mother original, who was buried deep underground.

'The fog that surrounded Turan finally dissipated.

'The wall that had held back the Turan civilization for 1,000 years completely collapsed.

'What appeared before the eyes of all the Turan Orcs was a path that led to the north, an even warmer and more fertile vast region.

'The Turan Orcs had all gone crazy.

A Thousand Years of hope had turned into passion.

The Turan Orcs were howling, recklessly marching to the north, marching, marching!

They charged into the land of Holy Light in one go.

They crashed into the iron plate of the temple of Holy Light.

At this moment, the Tulan Beastmen realized two things.

First, they were neither the natives of the New World nor the first batch of outsiders to arrive in the New World.

Long before the Tulan civilization arrived in the New World, the Holy Light Civilization had already taken root and flourished here, and they considered themselves as the "Spirits of all things."

Secondly, like all kings at the top of the food chain, the Holy Light Camp held a strong sense of disdain and hostility toward the other "Spirits of all things."

This was especially true for the Tulan Orcs, who had come into contact with the original mother. Oh, in the words of the Holy Light Temple, it was a race that had been "Polluted."

That's right, the Holy Light Temple had long known about the existence of the original mother.

According to the propaganda of the Holy Light Shrine, there was far more than just the original mother lurking in the underground of the New World.

The original mother was definitely not the "Original mother earth", but the "Egg of chaos", It was the seed of unspeakable evil, filth, and ugliness left behind by the terrifying demon king from the immemorial era.

The holy light represented light, justice, and absolute order.

Chaos represented darkness, evil, and absolute chaos.

The Guardians of the Holy Light and the host of the egg of chaos would definitely have a world-shaking Battle of Destiny.

There was a competition for living space and resources between them.

There was also a conflict of origins and ideals.

Once the flames of war were ignited, it would be impossible to extinguish it within a thousand years.

Even if the Tulan Orcs were willing to give up and be as fanatical as the orcs, the even more fanatical guardians of the Holy Light would not let go of this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to banish darkness, purify filth, and eradicate evil.

After repelling the exploration team and expedition army sent by the Tulan civilization.

'The Army of the Holy Light pursued the victory and launched the first 'purification war'.

The newly-born Tulan civilization had no choice but to mobilize all its strength to fight against the temple of Holy Light, which had occupied the land of fertility and controlled more resources and population.

Mother origin was secreting mucus crazily and overdrawing her life potential to produce more spiritual magnets. After helping more Tulan Orcs put on the magnificent spiritual magnets armor, it seemed to have entered a long hibernation period again.

It seemed to be undergoing some kind of new breeding and evolution.

It was trying to evolve from the "Egg of chaos" into a more powerful form.

It was capable of contending with the supreme experts of the temple of Holy Light and the power standing behind the temple of Holy Light and above the sky..

Chapter 1378: Last Hope

The researchers who were determined to fight against the mother of light gained valuable breathing room.

However, they were also divided on how to deal with the Holy Light Temple.

At first, most of the researchers agreed with the Holy Light Temple's view that the Mother of Light was the Egg of Chaos that would only bring disorder, ignorance, savagery, and slaughter.

Some were even ecstatic about the Holy Light Army's arrival.

They risked their lives to escape the Hope and tried to contact the Holy Light Temple to use the latter's power to "purify" the Turan. Only then would they be able to save the Turan civilization.

However, they soon understood what the so-called "purification" meant in the context of the Holy Light Temple.

Purification was death.

'Men, women, old and young, soldiers and civilians, whether or not by the soul of the magnet erosion, by the original mother control.

As long as the light shines on the “Evil spirit”, death is the Holy Light Temple can give them the highest mercy, the greatest luck, and eternal peace.

As the towns of Turan burned to the ground in the light of the Holy Light.

Countless old, weak, women, and children were screaming in agony amidst the raging flames.

The researchers’ perceptions had undergone a 180-degree change.

If mother origin had treated the Tulan beastmen as puppets and ghouls.

However, the puppets and ghouls could at least survive.

Even if they were to perish, it would take thousands or even tens of thousands of years.

Cooperating with the temple of Holy Light, or more accurately, surrendering to the temple of Holy Light, would result in the Tulan civilization being buried with mother origin.

Killing the mother of the original was only a means.

Saving the Tulan civilization was the ultimate goal of the researchers.

Faced with the fact that the Tulan civilization was firmly bound to the mother of the original, they were helpless and despairing.

The temple of Holy Light was not willing to listen to the researchers’ explanations at all, nor was it willing to consider the possibility of separating the Tulan orcs from the mother of the original. They were only focused on exterminating the Tulan civilization, and did not care about the life and death of the Tulan civilization at all.

After hesitating for a long time, the researchers could only choose to temporarily give up. They no longer sought to completely kill the original mother.

Instead, they wanted to find a way to control the original mother — to suppress the original mother’s intelligence and consciousness so that the original mother could be used by the Tulan orcs obediently and help the Tulan Orcs resist the army of Holy Light.

Without a doubt, it was a hundred times more difficult than simply killing the original mother.

For thousands of years after that, the rebels seemed to have disappeared from the history of the Tulan civilization.

The Tulan civilization accelerated its transformation through famine and harvest after harvest.

In the constant friction with the holy light camp, they slowly formed a brand new spirit, faith, clan structure, military organization, and customs, forming a race that worshipped honor and was not afraid of death, there was also a whole set of myths and legends that went head-to-head with the Holy Light Temple.

The scientists, including the MAGNETOMAGNET experts, gradually withered and turned into priests and witch doctors who didn’t know what was going on.

The ancient settlement, shelter, and forward base became a temple filled with mystery.

The hope became the largest and most prestigious Holy Mountain Temple, and it became the burial place for heroes and warriors.

However, no one knew that among the priests who were responsible for protecting the Holy Mountain Temple, the spark of hope was still being passed down in the form of Haka.

In every generation of priests, there would always be a small number of people who would awaken their old memories and vaguely remember the days of the Tulan people. What kind of power had turned them into the half-human half-beast state they were today.

They silently shouldered the mission of inheriting the past thousands of years.

In the secret base beside the hope, the research and control of the mother original was still going on in secret.

It was like a candle flame that had been burning in the darkness for thousands of years. Although it was weak, it continued to burn.

3,000 years ago, when the Holy Light Army launched the largest "Purification War" in 10,000 years in an attempt to completely destroy the hope and the mother original.

There was still a group of inheritors of the ancient researchers, who were still stuck in the "Temple of the sacred mountain" as shamans and priests.

Originally, they had a chance to escape the desperate situation.

With their status, no matter which clan they escaped to, they would be given preferential treatment and high status.

For the sake of their mission, they decided to stay.

They stayed in the hope, which was severely damaged by the Big Bang and completely isolated from the outside world, like a tomb of the living dead.

Initially, a total of 17 witch doctors and priests who had awakened their ancient memories stayed behind.

They were all experts in the modification of the mandala tree, the creation of the spiritual magnet, and the conduct of biochemical experiments.

Using the mandala tree, which had been genetically optimized, they constructed an ecological circulation system in the secret research base that could continuously draw psionic energy from underground spiritual veins to generate fresh air and nutrients.

Then, in an environment that wouldn't be disturbed for thousands of years, they started to focus on their research.

They had made the right bet.

The Big Bang had severely weakened the mother.

It had also exposed more of the mother's characteristics and weaknesses.

It had also restricted the mother's tentacles to the hope and prevented them from invading the secret research base that was so close to them.

Their research went smoothly.

Soon, they achieved a breakthrough that they hadn't been able to achieve in the past few hundred years.

At this moment, an almost unsolvable problem appeared before everyone's eyes.

To analyze how mother original had used the soul magnet to erode and change the theory of the Turan ORC and reverse the process to control the soul magnet and mother original, they needed a large number of test subjects.

Without a large number of experiments, it was impossible to obtain effective data.

The inheritors of the sacred mission had no choice but to conduct experiments on themselves.

They implanted various nanostructured spiritual magnets into their bodies.

Then, they injected the 'suppressant' that they had made in an attempt to control the over-active spiritual magnets and interfere with the output of the human brain.

Naturally, the research on suppressant could not be done overnight.

The spiritual magnets that were implanted with different nanostructures repeatedly were equivalent to wearing several layers of totem armor that contained different totem power.

Their flesh and soul were enduring the pulling, biting, and gnawing of different layers and natures that originated from the mother. They were like Hellfire.

Many researchers couldn't withstand the inhuman torture and died of pain or explosion.

Even those who survived often turned into monsters that were beyond recognition, just like the human-faced spider that led Meng Chao here.

However, the suppressant that they developed had a partial effect.

While their appearance became more and more deformed and ugly, they could still suppress the killing impulse brought by the spiritual magnet and clearly remember their identity, origin, and mission.

For the next 3,000 years, this small research base maintained a minimum of operations.

However, the number of researchers became fewer and fewer.

Although they made reproduction their top priority, they tried to cultivate more "Awakened", "Rebels", and "Successors".

They also passed on their knowledge, technology, and mission through "Haka".

However, the ecological circulation system in the research base was too small to support a large population.

They were repeatedly bitten by the out-of-control spiritual magnets, and their genes became extremely fragile and unstable.

More and more researchers gave birth to abnormal stillbirths.

Many people died from accidents before they could pass on their wisdom and will through haka.

Finally, there was only one researcher left in the small cave.

And because he repeatedly carries on the experiment in his own body's reason, also will the life potential overdraft all exhausted.

He's dying.

The fire of hope that has been burning for thousands of years is about to be extinguished.

Fortunately, he finally found the "Answer" on his deathbed.

Over the past ten thousand years, the souls of countless people who refused to be enslaved, who refused to watch their beloved civilization, the rebels, march into barbarism, ignorance, blood and darkness, seem to be at this very moment, the last researcher's body.

As if possessed by a god, he concocted a 'special drug' that targeted the mother.

The suppressant could partially destroy the nanostructure of the spiritual magnet, block the transmission path of spiritual energy in the spiritual magnet, and block the brain-like neural reactions of the mother.

By injecting it into his body, he could retain most of the functions of the spiritual magnet armor while suppressing the corrosion and interference of the spiritual magnet armor on the human body, ensuring the absolute control of the spiritual magnet armor on the human body.

Based on repeated calculations, this researcher believed that as long as he injected a large amount of highly concentrated suppressant into the original mother's body, he would be able to firmly control this extremely mysterious archaic creature in his hands!

Chapter 1379: Miraculous Savior

'The last researcher exhausted all the remaining raw materials in the secret base and refined a suppressant that he named "Hope."

Then, he stored the medicine in his body and stepped out of the secret base for the first time in his life. Just like his ancestors ten thousand years ago, he went to find the mother to fight to the death.

Unlike his ancestors, this time, he was not bluffing. He was carrying a real lethal weapon.

However, the researchers who tried to infiltrate the Hope and enter the mother's lab through the tunnel at the bottom quickly discovered that the environment on the Hope was completely different from what his parents had told him.

According to his parents, the Hope was a cold tomb. Other than them, everyone else had been killed by the shock and radiation caused by the magic explosion three thousand years ago. Even the mother had fallen into a long hibernation, her power had been weakened to the extreme.

Nevertheless, the researcher noticed that the Hope had a large number of signs of biological activity.

No, that was not biological activity...

'The researcher found a large amount of "magnetic polymer" on the Hope. It simulated the image of the heroes and powerhouses of the Turan civilization. They could move freely, patrol, and hunt like living people wearing totem armor.

That was the "slaughtering statue" that Meng Chao and the Wolf King had seen.

This shocked and angered the researchers.

After all, even though the soul magnets had the ability to change shape at will and carry out orders on their own.

In essence, it was still a cold, dead thing. It was a highly sophisticated machine. It had to be attached to the flesh and blood of a carbon-based intelligent life form to maximize its effectiveness.

Even if it did show a reaction similar to that of a living being.

The spiritual magnet was also like a parasite that had to be attached to its host in order to 'survive' for a long time.

In the past thousands of years, the Tulan Beastmen had created more and more powerful spiritual magnets.

These spiritual magnets had also been molded into totem armors that were more and more powerful. They obediently stayed in their master's body and were summoned at the critical moment to form indestructible weapons and armor, they helped their master get through the crisis and even became the overlord.

Putting aside the fact that their master had become increasingly stupid, bloodthirsty, and barbaric, it could be said that it was a perfect symbiotic relationship.

Now, the spiritual magnets didn't need the flesh and blood of carbon-based intelligent life forms. In other words, they didn't need a complete carbon-based intelligent life form. They only needed the remains of carbon-based intelligent life forms, or even a tiny bit of cells, to be able to condense into an independent.., an individual that could move freely and even have self-awareness.

Then, what value did the existence of the Tulan orcs have?

In an instant, the researchers understood the conspiracy of the original mother.

In the past three thousand years of hibernation, the original mother wasn't just healing its injuries, it was also undergoing a brand-new evolution.

The Tulan Orcs were the first generation of "Puppets" and "Ghosts" that it had chosen when it had just awakened ten thousand years ago.

However, the Tulan Orcs, who had once created a glorious civilization and possessed a strong sense of self, were clearly not the most suitable marionettes.

On the contrary, the Tulan civilizations supermagnet technology contained values that were even more valuable to mother origin.

Therefore, mother origin enticed the Tulan Orcs and poured the wisdom, experience, and resources of the entire civilization into the research and development of the supermagnet technology. More and more were produced, and the nanostructures became more and more sophisticated, more and more powerful spiritual magnets.

‘When these spiritual magnets attached themselves to the Tulan Orcs in the form of totem battle armors and accumulated astronomical battle data through countless bloody battles and cruel killings, they would be able to trigger a qualitative change through quantitative changes, they would replace the Tulan Orcs and become better puppets, goblins, and even the limbs of mother origin along with the mandala tree.

This discovery further strengthened the belief of the researchers.

If they did not destroy the conspiracy that had been brewing for ten thousand years before the mother of origin fully woke up and there was still a glimmer of hope, they would not be able to do anything about it.

In another fifty years or a hundred years, when the mother of origin and its ‘spiritual magnet army’ broke out of the ground, they would be completely destroyed.

The Tulan civilization would certainly face the most complete destruction.

Even if there were still Tulan Orcs that could survive, they would be completely devoured by the totem armor on their bodies and become the origin warriors that were neither human nor ghost!

This was definitely not the future of the Tulan civilization!

The researcher’s heart was burning with raging flames.

He mustered up his courage and rushed to Mother Origin’s laboratory with all his might.

Unfortunately, although the researcher had inherited the knowledge and skills of the previous generations of researchers through ‘haka’, he was able to maintain the minimum operation of a secret research institute on his own.

His body had also been strengthened and modified into a ‘combat form’.

However, his combat ability was truly mediocre.

His reckless actions were quickly discovered by the spiritual magnets guarding mother Origin’s laboratory.

Although mother origin was still in hibernation and had limited strength, there were only three to five spiritual magnets that could be mobilized — the slaughter statues. At most, there were seven or eight of them.

However, the statues of slaughter that had absorbed the combat data of the heroes of the Tulan civilization were almost indestructible, impenetrable, and indestructible. Even if there was only one of

them, it would be difficult for the researchers to deal with it, they could only run away in embarrassment.

Of course, as long as the researchers injected the powerful suppressant named 'Hope' into the bodies of the statues of slaughter.

They can be transformed from ever-changing killing machines into real statues, even for their own use.

However, the amount of medicine is limited.

The researchers used up all the raw materials they could find near the secret base, and after several failed attempts, they were able to create 500 units of a powerful inhibitor.

Besides, his life has come to an end.

He couldn't create even one unit of 'Hope' anymore.

With the mother's unfathomable strength, even if 500 units of 'Hope' were injected into the mother's body, it might not be able to completely block its brain-like neuron activity and suppress its devil-like consciousness.

How could the researcher bear to waste even half a unit on a normal magnetic body?

The helpless researcher had no choice but to escape the hope and return to the secret base.

'The awakened Mother Origin's control over the magnet was limited to the hope.

Once the killing statue left the hope, it would turn into broken pieces of armor or even broken pieces of mercury — just like the pieces of totem armor that Chao Meng had seen in the outside world.

'The researcher had a precious breath of air.

But he was also faced with greater despair.

He could clearly feel the fire of his life extinguishing at a speed visible to the naked eye.

However, the power of the original mother was increasing day by day.

It would not be trapped underground forever.

One day, it would wake up and lead the magnetic army to charge out of the underground and devour Turanze, engulfing the entire world!

Just as the last researcher was at his wit's end and was about to be trapped and die in the secret base...

He discovered two intruders.

Meng Chao and the Wolf King.

'The appearance of 'Jackal'kanus caused the researcher to feel deep despair and great fear.

He could see that after the relentless erosion of time, the current Turan Orc had become even more savage and bloodthirsty than it was three thousand years ago. Its entire body was filled with the characteristics of a beast.

Such a Tulan Ore would definitely not believe him, or even understand what he was talking about.

It would be impossible for him to understand how advanced and brilliant the Tulan civilization was in the past.

It would be even more impossible for him to help him inject the 'hope potion' into the original mother's body.

He might even mistake the original mother for the incarnation of the ancestral spirit and worship the original mother, willingly becoming the original mother's puppet and Ghoul.

However, Meng Chao's appearance surprised and delighted the researchers.

Although Meng Chao's black hair and black eyes seemed to be different from the original Tulan people in the distant memories.

But those memories had long been distorted and distorted after countless "Haka" over ten thousand years.

The researchers were not sure if Meng Chao was actually his compatriot.

But even if he was not his compatriot, based on Meng Chao's relatively slim figure and the bifurcated ends of his limbs, his ten fingers were free, independent, flexible, and flexible, as well as the sparse hair on Meng Chao's body... and so on.., it was obvious that Meng Chao came from a highly developed civilization that was adept at using complex machinery.

Regardless of whether this civilization was friendly or malicious.

It was completely different from the Tulan civilization that had degenerated to the age of the clan and was about to eat raw meat and drink blood.

Moreover, the researchers believed that such a civilization would never be willing to be enslaved by the original mother.

Even better, the researchers knew that Meng Chao was definitely not a holy light human, nor was he a vassal race that submitted to the Holy Light Temple.

Even though the Holy Light tribe had many carbon-based humanoid intelligent life forms,.

The Holy Light Tribe also had different hair and eye colors.

However, they had never appeared before, and it was impossible for them to have black hair and black eyes.

Therefore, the researcher gathered his final strength and ventured into the hope again. He tried to bring Meng Chao and the Wolf King to his secret research base before the killing statues could react.

Unfortunately, mother origin's infiltration of the hope was deeper than the researchers had imagined.

Mother origin had tampered with the Hope's psionic energy transmission pipeline.

'When Meng Chao and the Wolf King tried to leap out of Mother Origin's control, they fell into the psionic energy transmission pipeline and were blown into the depths of the hope by the high temperature and high pressure.

They watched helplessly as Meng Chao and the Wolf King fell into mother Origin's bloody mouth.

'The researcher fell into despair again.

He had even prepared a "Will," which was all the information that had just been transmitted to the depths of Meng Chao's brain. It condensed everything he remembered about the Tulan civilization, as well as the history of this once glorious civilization, how it had fallen into darkness step by step. He planned to seal this "Will" and the "Hope Potion" together.

Then, he would destroy the secret research base.

He only hoped that one day, the descendants of the Tulan Orcs would survive and find the ruins of the secret research base. They would find the 'will' and 'Hope Potion' before the original mother.

He didn't expect Meng Chao to make a bloody path out of the original mother's trap and appear in front of the researchers again!

Chapter 1380: Courage That Only Belonged to Humans

"The true Turan people never believed in gods.

"Rather, the memories, wisdom, and courage that we inherited from our ancestors through Haka... were our gods, our ancestral spirits.

"However, the moment you reappeared, I felt from the bottom of my heart that there was a god, the embodiment of the Turan civilization's true existence, protecting and guiding me in the dark, guarding my last hope.

"There was no one more suitable than an outsider who did not belong to the Holy Light faction to help the Turan civilization complete its mission and save us as well as itself.

"That's why I did not hesitate to expose myself and bring you here, telling you and giving you everything I had.

"This is the story of the Turan civilization, and it is also the story of us—all the rebels who refused to submit, who refused to be enslaved, who refused to fall forever into ignorance and slaughter.

"I hope that after listening to this story, you will understand that the mother of origin is not only a threat to the Tulan civilization, but also a fatal threat to all the civilizations living on this planet. If we do not stop it within a hundred years, once this incomparably terrifying 'brain' uses the spiritual magnet to create sufficiently powerful and numerous 'limbs' that can charge out of the ground, the entire planet will become its delicious meal, and all the intelligent life on the planet will become its plaything.

"My life has come to an end.

"I can no longer provide you with any help.

"Then, I wish you all the best, stranger friend.

“Twish you success in defeating Mother Origin and helping the Tulan civilization get rid of the ten thousand years of ignorance and chaos.

“Twish that your civilization will not repeat the mistakes of the Tulan civilization and become a hell where the strong prey on the weak and the victor becomes king.

“Twish that you will not fall into the sight of the temple of holy light and be ‘purified’ into ashes by the Burning Holy Light.

“Twish that you will flourish and prosper on this mysterious planet and find the truth behind the planet. What exactly is the so-called transmigration? What kind of power has brought so many civilizations together? Who are we? Where Are We Going?”

As the voice grew weaker and weaker,.

The crystal-clear metal plate in front of Meng Chao’s eyes gradually became dull and turbid.

It was as if it had been carved out of crystal and turned into bronze.

Spots of copper rust quickly grew on the bronze.

Under the corrosion of the copper rust, the metal plate quickly broke into pieces.

It turned into billions of streams of light and rushed into Meng Chao’s brain.

It was as if Meng Chao was drifting along with the waves in a surging flood.

The scene before his eyes was full of illusions and bizarre scenes and sounds.

Most of the content was the strange-looking researchers carrying out long, boring, and dangerous experiments, fiddling with a dazzling array of experimental instruments, and a colorful, mysterious liquid filled with radiation.

There were also algorithms and formulas.

There were hundreds of times more than the formulas carved on the wall. They were densely packed and complex, like countless little bugs dancing after getting drunk, all drilling into Meng Chao’s brain cells.

Meng Chao knew that this was the last researcher of the Tulan civilization. Through “Haka, “they had transmitted to him the experimental logs and research data of ten thousand years.

Even though he had cultivated to the divine realm, the toughness of his brain was a hundred times stronger than that of an ordinary earthling.

However, as a modern Homo sapiens, he naturally lacked the ability to haka. This kind of enlightened data transmission was like a torture aimed at the brain.

Meng Chao could only clench his teeth.

He struggled with all his might in the torrent of information, trying to surface from the whirlpool.

An unknown amount of time passed.

It was so long that he almost thought that he was a Tulan researcher who was born and died in a secret research base in a trance.

His consciousness finally rose to the surface of the water.

“Hu”

Meng Chao suddenly sat up from the hibernation chamber.

Everything that had happened a moment ago was like a dream.

However, in the depths of his brain, countless pieces of information had indeed been added — information that was enough to make an explosive breakthrough in a civilization and was invaluable.

Meng Chao took a deep breath and barely suppressed the thought that his brain was about to explode like a volcano. He crawled out of the hibernation chamber and staggered toward the cabin where the human-faced spider was.

He saw an unbelievable scene.

In the hibernation chamber filled with nutrient fluids, the last researcher of the Tulan civilization had burnt out his life.

He smiled and was disintegrating.

In his short life, he had injected various poisons, drugs, corrosive liquids, and different nanostructures of spiritual magnets into his body countless times to test different versions of inhibition drugs.

These poisons, drugs, and liquid-like metallic substances had long corroded his body until it was riddled with holes and on the verge of collapse. It was thanks to his tenacious willpower that he was able to hold on until today.

Only now, after handing over the heavy burden, could he finally get rid of all anxiety, pain, and despair, and return to the brilliant and prosperous Tulan civilization from ten thousand years ago.

His body disintegrated before Meng Chao’s eyes at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The poisons, medicines, and spiritual magnets that had accumulated in the depths of his cells exploded uncontrollably, causing his flesh and blood to bloom to the extreme like bunches of extremely brilliant flowers.

In the hibernation chamber where hundreds of flowers bloomed, he used the last of his strength to raise his tail.

The huge scorpion tail slowly bloomed like a crab claw chrysanthemum, revealing a syringe carved out of crystal and embedded with a metal coil.

The medicine pouch at the back of the syringe was filled with crystal clear, faintly emitting a fluorescent green potion.

The last researcher of the Tulan civilization delivered the syringe to Meng Chao.

Meng Chao’s expression was solemn. He took half a step forward and took the syringe with both hands.

“I should remember your name.”

Meng Chao spoke in ancient Tulan.

Through haka, he had roughly grasped the pronunciation characteristics of ancient Tulan.

Even though the tongue and the overlapping sounds were still stuttering.

At the very least, it was much smoother than his past self and many of the current witch doctors and priests.

The tail that sent out the suppressant was relieved.

After slightly curling up and waving goodbye to Meng Chao, it slowly sank into the hibernation cabin.

After a moment of silence, the last voice of the researcher came from the hibernation cabin:

“Asha...”

Meng Chao knew that Asha was the name of the three moons of Tulan’s mother planet — the smallest of the three sisters and the one furthest away from the mother planet.

Because of its mass, size, and orbit, Asha had always been the dimmest little sister of the three sisters on the night of Tulan’s mother planet.

Even the twinkling stars could steal her brilliance.

However, on the coldest days of winter, when the long night was about to pass and the dawn had yet to arrive, Asha would move to a very unique orbit and angle, just enough to reflect the brilliance of the star perfectly, at that moment, it became incomparably bright, resplendent, and brilliant. It could practically illuminate the hearts of all the Tulan people who were suffering in darkness and cold on Tulan’s mother planet.

Every time they saw ‘asha’ shining brightly, the ancient Tulan people knew that the harsh winter that had frozen everything was about to end. A good day where everything was revived and full of vitality was about to arrive.

Therefore, in the ancient Turan language, “Asha” meant “Hope.”.

Chao Meng didn’t know whether the final researcher was introducing his name, repeating the name of the inhibition drug to Chao Meng, or reminding Chao Meng not to forget the Holy Mountain Temple — the mission in the depths of the hope.

Chao Meng only knew that there was still time. Before the destruction, there was still hope!

He took half a step back and bowed slightly to the blooming hibernation pod.

Even though they came from different worlds, different planets, and different civilizations.

They certainly had different standpoints and different interests.

But no matter what, the last researcher of the Tulan civilization, and his ancestors who were unwilling to be ignorant and enslaved, who were struggling to find a way to survive in the caves deep underground, deserved Meng Chao’s identity as an Earthling, this was the most sincere respect.

Compared to the high-level orcs today, the so-called “Courage’ of bullying the weak and killing each other.

'What these researchers showed was the true courage — the courage that belonged to "Humans" and not "Beasts."

Meng Chao held the "Hope Potion" tightly in his hand.

Even though he was separated by the crystal medicine pouch, he could feel a mysterious and powerful force flowing through his palm and seeping into his internal organs, limbs, and meridians.

The totem armor that was about to move a moment ago immediately became silent and docile.

Meng Chao's consciousness seemed to be able to flow into the depths of the spiritual magnet that formed the totem armor along with the mysterious power in the hope medicine, exploring, suppressing, and controlling every nanostructure.

It was only at this moment that he finally managed to perfectly control this totem armor that contained endless power in his hands.

As he felt his power increase exponentially, his degree of control did not weaken at all. On the contrary, he felt like he was at his fingertips. Satisfied, Meng Chao grinned.

He began to think about the "Mission" entrusted to him by the last researcher of the Tulan civilization.

Combining Meng Chao's memories from his previous life and what he found in the hidden fog domain, the monster civilization's base camp, the last researcher was right.

Suppressing the 'mother' wasn't just the mission of the Tulan civilization.

It was also the mission of the Dragon City civilization.

Because these things weren't just lurking underground in Tulan ze... it was unknown whether they should be called the 'mother', the 'Mother Fragment', or the 'Egg of Chaos'.

Since these ghostly things all originated from the super carbon-based biological 'mother' of the immemorial era, there must be a mysterious and inconceivable connection between them. Perhaps, they could even be reunited.., they could return to the terrifying form of the primordial era, which could cover the sky and cover the sun and extend their tentacles into the atmosphere.

Dragon City and Tulanze were very close to each other.

They were like grasshoppers on the same rope.

No matter if the terrifying existences in the egg of chaos were born, matured, or broken out of the ground.

Or if the temple of Holy Light was the first to sweep away everything that was contaminated with the aura of chaos before the egg of chaos completed its evolution.

The Dragon City civilization would be the second sacrifice after the Tulan civilization..