

Oh My God 1391

Chapter 1391 Poet

The blood-red crystal that had been shattered by the Horn of Destruction had all turned into red mist.

The red mist was like a demon that possessed life, baring its fangs and brandishing its claws, scattering onto everyone's totem armor and all the mandrake trees.

Everyone, including the Lion King and Tiger King, immediately felt that their totem armor had become awkward, stiff, and difficult to control.

There was a subtle force that was stirring within the armor, defying their will. On the surface of the mandrake tree, which was stained with a large amount of red mist, many blood traces that looked like neural networks grew out.

"Blessed" by the blood traces, the mandrake tree seemed to be injected with extremely violent fuel. The waving of its vines, branches, and roots became even more fierce and brutal, like ten thousand poisonous snakes simultaneously exiting the forest of slaughter. They stuck their heads out and stared straight at the prey before them.

The incomparably fierce killing entered a white-hot state the first second after the smell of blood spread.

Almost every lion and tiger warrior's body and limbs would be wrapped with three to five vines, branches, and roots.

These poisonous snakes, which were wrapped by the spiritual magnet, either tightened their grip more and more, trying to strangle or even tear off the limbs of their prey.

Or they split into seven or eight pieces from the end and bit the armor of their prey like carnivorous flowers, trying to tear the armor apart and inject fatal poison and acid into the flesh of their prey.

Some of the branches that were covered with mandala fruits even exploded like bombs after wrapping themselves around their prey. The mandala fruits were as ugly as tumors.

The violent psionic energy contained in them was released in an instant, instantly turning the prey into balls of burning fireballs.

Of course, the Liger warriors were definitely not weak prey waiting to be killed.

Under the roar of their leader, they brandished their swords, axes, and hammers, fearlessly pouncing toward the thickest part of the mandala tree.

A large number of vines, branches, and roots were torn off. They were like earthworms dying under the scorching sun. There were even two mandala trees that were besieged by a few experts and uprooted by the Liger warriors. For a moment, the blood of the orcs mixed with the juice spurting out of the mandala tree. It was like lava flowing everywhere, and it was also like the best nutrient for the original mother.

The Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King were like three tornadoes that contained the power to destroy everything, entangled together.

This round, it was the wolf king who initiated the attack.

Maybe it was the fury that increased the upper limit of his combat power. Or maybe it was the Red Mist that interfered with the Lion King and Tiger King's totem armor, making them have to resist the temptation from the original mother while facing the Wolf King. The power of the two chiefs of the Gold clan was weakened by 30% compared to before.

They were actually suppressed by the Wolf King.

The Wolf King even had some strength left. He glanced coldly at the left side of the original mother and snapped his fingers for the third time. He summoned a large cluster of branches, vines, and roots and stabbed them towards Meng Chao who was sneaking towards the original mother.

Meng Chao's intentions were exposed.

His keen senses sensed that although "Jackal"kanus was engaged in a fierce battle with the Lion King and the Tiger King. However, his gaze was firmly locked onto himself.

The branches, vines, and roots of the mandala tree intertwined in front of him to form an iron wall filled with spikes.

Behind the iron wall, mother original seemed to realize that all the wolves, tigers, and leopards present were unimportant. The hope potion that Meng Chao had was the most likely secret weapon to kill it.

Therefore, it did not care that the inverted V-shaped wound on its body was still burning and emitting dazzling holy light. It was also twitching crazily, causing its body to expand like a pufferfish, it expanded into a round ball.

Meng Chao knew that once he waved the skull crusher, he would tear apart the 'iron wall' in front of him.

Next, mother origin would certainly launch its strongest attack in a manner of mutual destruction.

Even if she was sealed by the Holy Light, her opponent was still a vicious beast from the immemorial era that had nearly devoured the entire world, leaving behind a life seed.

Meng Chao didn't want both sides to suffer heavy losses.

He could only retreat.

He retreated to the side of the ice storm, the ancient Dream Saintess, and the middle-aged leopard man who was beaten black and blue but still had an elegant demeanor.

Perhaps it was because they were mixed in with a group of Wolf Warriors, and the three of them had unusual appearances, so it was very likely that they were hiding crucial information.

Lion King and Tiger King did not ask their subordinates to throw them out like meteor hammers and fall to their deaths.

The lion and Tiger Warriors who were originally guarding them also threw themselves into the fierce battle against the mandala tree that was bolstered by the blood fog and was like a mad demon. The three of them regained their freedom.

However, they could not work together.

Ice Storm held ancient Dream Saintess in its arms and dodged the sword lights and sword shadows that whistled past their heads as well as the branches of the mandala tree sweeping across. It tried to escape to a relatively safe and peaceful place in the corner of the cave.

The middle-aged panther man, who was suspected to be her father, completely ignored her life and death. His eyes were fixed on the Wolf King, who seemed to have been reborn from the flames and was slaughtering in all directions. Every scar and swelling on his face was glowing, it was emitting an extremely respectful light toward the Wolf King.

He ignored the pain and wanted to return to the Wolf King's side.

However, he forgot that his right foot and the ice storm's left foot were still tied together by the same chain.

The chain was stretched straight.

Both of them fell to the ground at the same time.

"Clang!" Meng Chao cut off the chain with one slash.

Another kick kicked the middle-aged leopard man, who was suspected to be icestorm's deadbeat father, to the ground. "What's Going On?"

Meng Chao shouted at icestorm, "Why did you appear together with the Lion King and Tiger King? Who is this guy? is he the person you've been looking for?"

Icestorm turned a deaf ear to him.

Even though she had fallen, her eyes were still fixed on mother.

Her expression was a little absent-minded, and her eyes revealed great fear.

"It's actually true..."

Icestorm muttered, "The egg of chaos actually exists. Could it be that the Holy Light Temple is telling the truth? Could it be that Holy Light is the only salvation? Could it be that the Wizards have taken the Wrong Path?"

"Do you know about the egg of Chaos?"

Meng Chao stepped forward and pressed icestorm's neck, injecting a gentle psionic power into her body to help her stabilize her agitated mind.

He quickly glanced at the ancient Dream Saintess in her arms and found that although the leader of the rat rebel army still had a high fever and was not in a clear state of mind, he was not fatally injured because he had been protected by icestorm in his arms, only then did he heave a sigh of relief.

The eyes of the ice storm finally became clear again.

Meng Chao's figure appeared in her eyes once again.

Meng Chao was the same as the Wolf King. After being reborn from the flames, he had become even more powerful and gorgeous totem armor, which caused the snow leopard female warrior to be surprised.

The terrifying aura that Meng Chao released around his body was comparable to that of a battle group level powerhouse. It also stirred up wild waves in the bottom of the heart of the ice storm.

She answered subconsciously, "The egg of chaos is said to be a container that can hatch the terrifying demon king. Once it matures and the terrifying demon king breaks out of the cocoon, the entire land will fall into endless war, chaos, and disorder. It will be an eternal purgatory! "However, these are all the claims of the Holy Light Temple.

"You know, the Wizards and witches have always disdained the claims of the Holy Light Temple. They think that it is just a lie fabricated by the Holy Light Temple in order to rule the land of Holy Light.

"As a witch and a Turan, I can't believe that my ancestors have anything to do with the egg of chaos or the terrifying demon king. After all, the ancestors of the Turan people came from outer space riding on a burning fireball! "I can't believe that the legend is true. It... It really exists..

"No, we have to destroy it, Reaper. If what the Holy Light Temple said is true and it's really the egg of chaos, we have to destroy it. Otherwise, everyone will die and fall into an endless war and chaos that is even more terrible than death!"

"I know."

Meng Chao said with a headache, "I'm trying to think of a way!"

"I have a way!"

Icestorm's words were shocking. After a pause, he pointed at the middle-aged panther man that Meng Chao had firmly stepped on and his cheapskate father who did not look like a father and daughter at all. "Capture him. The Way is on him!"

As Meng Chao had expected, the middle-aged panther man named "Phil Dorsey" was indeed icestorm's father.

"Ferdosi" in Tulan meant "Poet."

To be more precise, it was a poet who specialized in singing war epics and praising ancient heroes.

In the Tulan civilization, "Poet" was a very interesting profession.

Generally speaking, the Tulan people advocated valor and were used to the strong preying on the weak.

Only the strong could enjoy fine clothes and fine food under the eyes of the masses.

The weak were only fit to curl up in a corner and lick the leftovers.

Only the “Poet” was an exception.

Even if he didn’t have the strength to tie a chicken, or even looked weak at first glance, the poet would still receive the favor of the chieftains, priests, and witch doctors, as well as the warm welcome of ordinary Orc warriors.

Whoever dared to disrespect a poet, or even hurt a poet, would definitely be attacked by a group.

This was because the spiritual and cultural life of the Tulan civilization was quite poor. The war epic that the poets sang was one of the few entertainment activities other than fighting and gambling. Moreover, the war epic that recorded the great achievements of the ancestors was almost engraved in the poets’ minds.

The Tulan Orcs did not care about ancient science and technology.

But they couldn’t not care about their ancestors, how many enemies they killed in the famous battles, how many meritorious deeds they made, and how gloriously they died in battle.

Although many of the war epics were also stored in the ancient books in the family temples.

But after so many years of war, many of the ancient books were incomplete, and no one could recognize them.

If they could find out what was missing and even discover more secrets by word of mouth, why not?

Of course, the poet’s job was not that good.

He dared to call himself “Phil Dorsey”, although he did not have to walk the streets like a warrior with a domineering title, and he would be challenged at any time.

But he had to accept the invitation from the Orc warriors at any time, and on any occasion, he could calmly sing a beautiful melody, rich in meaning, vivid, and in line with the environment and theme of the war epic.

No matter which period the audience wanted to know, which hero’s legendary story, the poets had to be eloquent and eloquent, as if they knew their family treasures.

To be able to do this, the poets would naturally receive the support of the Warriors, and even become the honored guests of the military nobles.

If he were to reveal his timidity and say something wrong about the story of an ancestral spirit, it would not be as simple as being kicked out of the house. It was even possible that the descendants of the ancestral spirit would be torn to pieces in a fit of rage.

Chapter 1392: A Feather

The fact that Ice Storm’s father was able to travel in Picturesque Orchid Lake for many years under the

name of "Ferdosi" and was still not thrown into the swamp by the furious orc warriors to feed the crocodiles was enough to prove that he was well-read and eloquent.

His most famous deed was sneaking into the Land of Holy Light alone more than twenty years ago and stealing a large number of Picturesque Orchid Lake books. They had been stolen during the great extinction order era three thousand years ago when the Holy Light Army invaded Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Although these precious historical materials, whose value could not be measured by money, had been purified by the Holy Light countless times, they had become mottled and brittle after such a long time. A light touch could turn them into powder.

However, Ferdosi of the Leopard Clan had carved the vast amount of information recorded in the Turan classics into his mind before they were destroyed. At least, after returning to Picturesque Orchid Lake, he had been boastful about it.

Until now, no orc noble could find any flaws in his flowery story.

It was during the adventure of sneaking into the land of Holy Light and taking back the Turan classics that this "Ferdosi" of the Leopard clan met a witch who was wanted by the temple of Holy Light. During the process of escaping from the temple of Holy Light together, they formed a deep friendship and readily agreed to carry out a forbidden research together with the witch, "Creating a mixed-blood with double bloodlines and double curses.

That was the snow leopard female warrior, ice storm.

After returning to Turan, Ferdosi's whereabouts were still uncertain.

In the ancient books of Turan that he took back from the land of Holy Light, in addition to recording the heroic words and glorious achievements of the ancient heroes, there seemed to be a large number of locations of the lost temples.

However, Ferdosi did not tell the coordinates of these temples to the descendants of the former heroes at all.

He tried to excavate the lost temples by himself and use the inheritance of the ancestral spirits to continuously become stronger.

Unfortunately, even these temples were buried in the dust of history for thousands of years.

The mechanisms, secret passages, traps, and guardians in the temples still shone with a dangerous cold light and flowed with lethal venom.

Even if he found and opened the door of the lost temple, he would be dead.

He would be dead if he entered the temple alone.

Besides, poets were a special profession that was welcomed and protected.

But a poet who knew too many secrets and was not well-behaved might not be.

He realized that he needed a backer.

Therefore, he got involved with canus, the "Jackal" who was a grave robber.

Two people who were also of low birth and ambitious, who also wanted to climb up the ladder by any means necessary, until they stepped on the shoulder of the Tiger King and the head of the Lion King, They were like-minded and hit it off at first sight.

After a few successful collaborations, Ferdosi became the brain of the Wolf King.

The war epic, ancient secret information, and the coordinates of the temple, in addition to the well-trained Tomb Raider army under the Wolf King, were a perfect match.

The Wolf King used the information from Feldorsi to quickly accumulate his first pot of gold.

Feldorsi also became the number two figure of the "Jackal" group, which was mainly made up of the Wolf clan as a panther.

This time, the Wolf King was prepared to take a gamble and plot against both the Lion King and the Tiger King in the depths of the sacred mountain.

This second-in-command naturally couldn't stay out of it.

'When the Wolf King acted as a guide and blended in with the Tiger King's hunting team, trying to lead the Lion King and the Tiger King to mutually lose.

Ferdosi was leading the most elite wolf warriors under the Wolf King to secretly set up an ambush at the edge of the Scarlet Mountain Peak, ready to come forward and receive the wolf king at any time.

Unexpectedly, Meng Chao's appearance disrupted all of the Wolf King's plans.

The strength Angel's self-detonation made the situation even more chaotic.

Ferdosi had no choice but to brace himself and lead the Wolf Warriors to assist.

At this time, Meng Chao and the Wolf King were forced to the top of the sacred mountain under the pressure of the Lion King and the Tiger King.

The Wolf King's plot was exposed in advance. The Lion King and the Tiger King chose to temporarily put aside their differences and wait until they found the ancestral spirit's inheritance. They would then kill each other after dismembering the wolf king,

Naturally, the outcome of the Wolf Warriors led by Ferdosi was without any suspense.

Under the pressure of the Hor of destruction and the blade of fury, the Wolf warriors who were vastly different in strength couldn't even die in a fierce battle. They could only surrender.

As for the ice storm, her most important purpose of returning to Tulanze from thousands of miles away was to find her father.

She had been searching for her father for so long that she could not find him anywhere. How could she not be excited and panic when her father suddenly appeared in front of her?

It was only natural that she would become a captive together with her father.

Fortunately, they had unique appearances. It was obvious that they were not ordinary jackal warriors.

"Jackal" kanus had started his career by helping Lion King excavate the lost temple. Lion King naturally knew his dog-head military advisor.

During the banquet, he even admired Ferdosi's singing and personally gave him some strong liquor that would ignite with just a little bit.

Lion King knew that Ferdosi must have a lot of top-secret information about the Wolf King.

Such as the Wolf King's goals and weaknesses.

Of course, he would not easily kill this leopard poet.

As for the ice storm, it was obvious that he was very close to Ferdosi due to his father's facial features.

The Lion King used her as a bargaining chip and tied her to Ferdosi's side, bringing them into the temple of the sacred mountain.

Because time was tight, the father and daughter of the Leopard clan did not have the time to be tortured.

However, the two of them did not get along well.

It was obvious that Ferdosi did not feel guilty, annoyed, or nostalgic about the "Experiment" he conducted more than 20 years ago.

If there was a hint of surprise in his eyes when the ice storm suddenly appeared in front of him, it was not because of the "Father-daughter relationship".

It was because he did not expect that the experiment would actually succeed. The mixed-blood who carried the double bloodline and double curse was actually able to survive until today, and even controlled a rather powerful force. In fact.., he was not repelled by the totem armor because half of the "Holy Light Blood" flowed in his body.

Of course, he did not deny that he was ice storm's father.

But after admitting this, he did not ask for ice storm's name nor did he ask about ice storm's mother's recent situation. Instead, he directly asked, no, ordered ice storm to join him as his father, to join the Wolf King.

This was because "The wolf king is the only person who can save Turanze and even this world"!

Such a performance greatly disappointed ice storm.

Originally, she had been able to accept the fact that her father was cold by nature and that the relationship between her and her mother was not even considered as a casual love affair. It was just a fair deal and a scientific experiment.

However, she thought that when she really came looking for her father, at least a few traces of panic and guilt would flash across his face, even if he didn't know what to do.

She didn't expect that this guy would be so cold to this extent!

This made the ice storm furious.

It also made the snow leopard female warrior inherit her father's cold-hearted "Talent" in an instant.

Now, she did not want to have anything to do with her biological father.

She just wanted to take back what he had stolen from her mother.

“He stole a feather from my mother. The feather used to be a bookmark in a book of Holy Light. The Book of Holy Light contains a lot of legends about the egg of chaos. My mother stole it from the magic tower when she stole the memory crystal!”

“It’s not an ordinary feather,” icestorm shouted. “It’s a secret weapon known as the ‘Mark’ by the Holy Light Temple. It contains the terrifying power of the Holy Light, which is what the Wizard organization has been studying.

“The Wizard organization is trying to transform the ‘mark’ into a ‘key’— the key to open the door to the ocean of light.

“Once the research is successful, there is no need to worship the illusory holy light all day long, nor do I have to obey the orders of the Holy Light Temple. I can use the power of the holy light freely and unscrupulously!

“There are very few ‘marks’, and even fewer of them can be successfully stolen by wizards and witches. My mother did not even steal the memory crystal. She stole the ‘mark’ and became a wanted criminal of the Holy Light Temple. She was hunted down by ascetics and night watchers day and night, and she died in the end.

“And this feather, which my mother traded her life for, was stolen by this shameless scoundrel!

“I know that the feather must still be on his body, because the ‘mark’ can only activate the surging power of Holy Light. As a chaos creature, even the eyes, hair, and skin of the Tulan orc could be burnt by the Holy Light, let alone using the power of Holy Light.

“No one in the entire Tulan swamp can use the ‘mark’. Even if the guy wants to trade it for greater benefits, he doesn’t know who to trade with.

“Also, I believe that he will definitely not trade the ‘mark’ easily, because he must have thought that he still needs the ‘mark’ as a bargaining chip in case he wants to sneak into the land of Holy Light again, or my mother disguises herself and sneaks into his house.

“The ‘mark’ must be on him., It is the only thing that can counter the egg of Chaos!”

Chapter 1393: Heavenly-Bestowed Savior of Picturesque Orchid Lake

Meng Chao quickly glanced at the leopard poet under his feet.

After his cultivation had broken through to the Deity Realm, his super vision allowed him to distinguish between most of the invisible light and penetrate his target’s clothes and even skin.

In fact, after being dragged and torn along the way, the clothes on the leopard poet’s body had been reduced to shreds.

Although the Lion King never tortured him, he had plundered all the items on the leopard poet's body. He did not even spare a single spot.

Meng Chao did not find anything that could be called a "feather" or a 'mark' on his body.

But what Ice Storm said made sense.

A secret weapon from the Land of Holy Light...

It would indeed be difficult to trade it out in Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Meng Chao picked up the leopard poet, and his gaze was like a cold scalpel, gently scraping his facial features.

Sensing Meng Chao's sharp killing intent, the leopard poet's eyes finally turned away from the Wolf King.

Seeing Meng Chao's black hair and black eyes, as well as his gorgeous armor that was not inferior to the Wolf King's, the leopard poet was slightly stunned.

"How incredible..."

A flame of excitement surged in his eyes. He was not worried about his situation at all. Instead, he was filled with intense curiosity and joy. 'An outsider managed to actually wear a totem armor that has received the ancestral spirit's blessing. If I'm not mistaken, the inside of this totem armor is the same as that of the Wolf King's armor. It contains the abilities of the three epic heroes, Fist, Stomach-less King, and Broken Wings!

"Who are you? Have you also been sent by the great ancestral spirit to help the Wolf King and help us save Picturesque Orchid Lake?"

Meng Chao frowned deeply.

He had shared the battle experience and innate skills contained in the three slaughter statues with the Wolf King.

Indeed, three mysterious and complicated totems had appeared on the surface of his armor.

He did not expect the leopard tribe poet to see the origin of his power from the three totems at a glance.

He was indeed worthy of the name, "Ferdosi."

Apart from that, Meng Chao also noticed that the leopard poet's tone was different from that of ordinary orcs.

Compared with the modern Turan language that was currently prevalent in Picturesque, his was simple, rough, straightforward, and mixed with a lot of slang.

The leopard poet spoke with a lot of tongue flicks, tongue curls, and trills. It was even closer to the ancient Turan language that the human-faced spider had instilled into Meng Chao's brain.

This language, which was popular seven to eight thousand years ago, had not completely vanished. It still retained a certain amount of scientific research and computational ability. A unit of bytes many times more information than the modern Turan language.

The leopard poet used an ancient tone, which revealed a trace of surprise and expressed the right amount of respect to Meng Chao, this mysterious expert with black hair and black eyes. It even indirectly highlighted his own value as he directly pointed out the origin of Meng Chao's power.

'There were several layers of meaning in just two to three sentences from him. That was something most Turan orcs, who preferred to pull out their fists rather than their tongues, could not do.

However, Meng Chao did not understand why such a knowledgeable and extremely intelligent Leopard Clan poet would be so loyal to "Jackal" Kanus.

Time was of the essence. An increasing number of lion and tiger warriors was being entangled and torn to pieces by the wildly dancing mandrake roots, branches, and vines.

'The Lion King and Tiger King were also being suppressed by the Wolf King. They were becoming more and more impatient as well as flustered.

Meng Chao grabbed the leopard poet's collar and growled, "Hand over the 'mark!"

Ferdosi was taken aback for a moment.

He did not seem to understand. The totem armor on Meng Chao and the Wolf King were clearly branded with the marks of Fist, Stomach-less King, and Broken Wings.

Why did this mysterious powerhouse with black hair and black eyes want to harm the Wolf King?

His gaze moved quickly between Meng Chao and Ice Storm for a moment. A bizarre, fanatical, and martyr-like expression appeared on his face.

"No, I won't hand the 'mark over to you."

The leopard poet smiled and said, "Because you want to harm the only person who has a chance to save Picturesque Orchid Lake, Lord Wolf King!"

"You..."

Meng Chao was familiar with the leopard poet's expression. It showed that he was unrepentant and unafraid of death.

In Dragon City, he had seen countless human warriors with similar expressions on their faces as they charged toward the overwhelming beast horde.

In Picturesque Orchid Lake, he had also seen numerous orc warriors with similar expressions on their faces as they issued the final and most glorious challenge to death or their enemies, who were many times stronger than them.

He knew that once someone showed such an expression on their face, it would be almost impossible to force him to yield despite any pain, torture, or death threats.

'Open your eyes and see clearly!"

Feeling helpless, Meng Chao could only grab the leopard poet's cervical vertebra and forcibly turn his head in the mother of origin's direction, "Do you see that thing, which seems to be beating like a demon's heart or brain? Since you've infiltrated the Land of Holy Light and stolen the secrets of the Holy Light

Temple, you must have heard of the name, 'Egg of Chaos'!

"That's the Egg of Chaos, and your dearest Lord Wolf King has been controlled by it!

"Once the Wolf King is completely turned into the Egg of Chaos' puppet, or even the Demon King of Terror's host inside the Egg of Chaos, not only will he be incapable of saving Picturesque Orchid Lake, he'll even become the main cause of Picturesque Orchid Lake's destruction!

"We don't need to harm the Wolf King, but we have to find a way to suppress the Egg of Chaos and use our will to absorb the power within the Egg of Chaos in a relatively controllable, stable, and safe way.

"It's the only way to save Picturesque Orchid Lake. Do you understand?"

Meng Chao subconsciously poured a lot of spirit energy into his voice.

His words were literally deafening.

The leopard poet's brain hummed from the shock, and he could not help but fall into deep thought.

However, after careful consideration, the result was still an unwavering "no."

"I don't know who you are. Perhaps you do have unrivaled power and some unknown information, but I only obey the Wolf King's orders."

The leopard poet's eyes were filled with reverence like flowing fire. He used flowery words and spoke about the Wolf King in an almost mushy tone. "You have no idea how amazing the Wolf King is. When I first met him, he was not even twenty years old. He was just a corpse-eating dog who lived at the bottom of the grave robbers' circle. There was no way that he had access to all kinds of top-secret information about the lost temple and ancient Turan history.

"At that time, I even had thoughts of recruiting him to be my subordinate.

"However, after just one contact with the Wolf King, I was horrified to discover that underneath the corpse-eating dog's weak appearance was an incomparably powerful and intense soul.

"He clearly never received any education, yet his mind was sharper and more meticulous than a bard like me.

"He shouldn't have known the lost temple's coordinates at all. I risked my life to steal a lot of top-secret information from the Land of Holy Light. In the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake, only I knew about it. Yet, he was like a prophet, always helping me to fill in the gaps and fill in the fragmented maps as well as information.

"He clearly shouldn't have mastered so many amazing combat techniques, as well as techniques to break traps and sneak assassinations. Yet, he was already like a veteran assassin in his early twenties. He could use two fingers to dismantle fatal traps inside the lost temple, or he could use a single hair to kill three targets at the same time.

“Besides, he talked about the evolution of the situation between the five great clans, the power struggle within the Wolf Clan, the weaknesses in the Lion King and Tiger King’s personalities, and how to make use of these weaknesses to quickly rise up, the end of this era of prosperity and the beginning of the era of glory, and when the mandrake flower would begin to bloom. He made astonishing predictions three, five, or even seven, eight years ago.

“There doesn’t seem to be any evidence. There isn’t even any prophecy to aid in his process of speculation. Even nonsense that he spouted when he was drunk would always hit the bull’s-eye.

“I can’t explain such a miracle.

“Even though I’ve gone through all the war epics and heroic legends in Picturesque Orchid Lake, I still can’t find a second mysterious and powerful existence like the Wolf King.

“I can only believe that the Wolf King has received the collective blessing of billions of ancestral spirits. He is the greatest savior and conqueror that the ancestral spirits have chosen and bestowed upon Picturesque Orchid Lake. He is destined to lead the Turan civilization to rise again and defeat the Holy Light Temple once and for all!

“If there are unknown dangers hidden in the depths of the Holy Mountain temple, such as the Egg of Chaos lurking in the underground rocks, it is possible that they can control the Wolf King’s mind.

“Then, Lord Wolf King must have predicted the danger three to five years in advance, and he must have thought of a foolproof countermeasure.

“If Lord Wolf King seems like the mother’s puppet in such a situation, I can only say that it is just an illusion on the surface. He must have done it on purpose. Everything is part of Lord Wolf King’s plan. He definitely has the confidence and ability to draw the mother’s power, but he is not under its control.

“Therefore, before Lord Wolf King gives me a clear order, I can’t hand the ‘mark’ over to avoid disrupting his plan!”

Chapter 1394: Deciphering the Mark!

‘Meng Chao was dumbstruck when he heard that.

There was actually such a powerful figure in Picturesque Orchid Lake?

How could this be?

“If ‘Jackal’ Kanus is as... talented as you say and a prophet, may I ask how you were captured by the Lion King and Tiger King? And how did the wolf warriors whom you brought get completely annihilated?”

Meng Chao scoffed. “Based on my observations, the combat strength of those wolf warriors far exceeds the limits that ordinary Wolf Clan members can reach. It seems that in order to create such a ‘death squad’ and ‘assassin group’ in the Wolf Clan, you and the Wolf King must have gone to great lengths and gambled all of your resources.

“Don’t tell me that annihilating such an elite troop was also part of the Wolf King’s ‘plan!’”

This time, it was the leopard poet’s turn to be struck by lightning. He did not know how to refute Meng Chao’s argument.

It was not just due to the statement itself. Those words also lingered repeatedly in his mind after he was caught by mistake.

Moreover, Meng Chao's words were spoken in ancient Turan language that was even purer than his!

An outsider with black hair and black eyes...

He was wearing totem armor that three ancient powerhouses had blessed. They were the legendary Blood Hoof Clan's founder, Fist, the Bear Clan's strongest expert, Stomach-less King, and the Falcon Clan's Broken Wings, who had once dominated the airspace of Picturesque Orchid Lake for decades. He was also speaking in ancient Turan language that was considered lost today, and even the bards might not be able to understand it. His accent was so pure that it was as if he had just woken up from a long sleep after ten thousand years.

How... How was this possible?

In a trance, the leopard poet seemed to see light that originated from the ancestral spirit in the depths of Meng Chao's eyes.

He was flabbergasted, and his heart rose and fell.

"Admit it, the Wolf King is definitely not omniscient and omnipotent. From his failure to wipe out the Great Hom Army to his failure to prevent the Ancient Dream Saintes from escaping the snare, to his meticulous plan to get the Lion King and Tiger King to kill each other, the results have all been a failure. He has already made too many mistakes. Who can guarantee that he will not make more serious mistakes?"

Meng Chao grabbed the leopard poet by the ear and spoke in the ancient Turan language, pouring his thunderous voice into his brain, "How do you think your Lord Wolf King managed to climb to the summit of the Holy Mountain, break out of all the traps, and arrive here after leading the lion and tiger duo to fight but fail to kill each other, while his subordinates were completely wiped out?"

"Without my help, he would have died a long time ago!

"If I really wanted to harm him, I would have had ten thousand chances along the way. If I had stalled him from the beginning and waited for the Lion King and the Tiger King to catch up, he would have died a hundred times over!

"However, killing the Wolf King was not my goal. I just wanted to... correct some small mistakes so that the future would follow the right path and become a better tomorrow.

"And this is the mission that the ancestors of the Turan civilization, the ancient heroes who risked everything to protect the fire of the civilization, passed to me!

"Right now, the fate of the Turan civilization is in your hands. Don't let your stupidity or cowardice destroy Picturesque Orchid Lake and kill everyone, including the Wolf King and your daughter!

"Trust me. Tell me where the 'mark' is!"

The leopard poet's mind was in turmoil.

He still could not fully believe Meng Chao's words.

He dared not shoulder the burden of deciding the Turan civilization's rise and fall with one of his choices either.

However, under nonstop pressure from Meng Chao, he could not help but look at his left hand.

'The five fingers of his left hand curled up slightly as if he was trying to hide something.

Meng Chao keenly observed his movements.

He grabbed the poet's left wrist at lightning speed, and his strength seeped into the leopard's wrist bone, forcing the leopard poet to open his left hand.

The leopard poet's left hand resembled the hand of something between a primate and a cheetah.

His five fingers were distinct, and there was also a thick pad of flesh.

There was even a tattoo of a dragon and a phoenix on that pad of flesh.

Meng Chao felt that something was amiss.

It was true that the Turan orcs loved tattoos.

The totem power contained in their bodies could only be activated with the help of special tattoos.

Just like the superhumans of Dragon City, when their spirit energy surged, mysterious and complicated gorgeous spirit tattoos would appear on the surface of their bodies.

However, according to Meng Chao's knowledge, very few people would choose to tattoo on their palms instead of the backs of their hands.

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes.

He suddenly noticed that there was a faint burn mark on the leopard poet's palm.

It was as if his palm had once been pierced by a red-hot steel nail.

In order to cover it up, he had carved a thick and colorful tattoo around the burn mark.

The burn was not strange.

Hence, such a cover-up aroused suspicion.

With a thought, Meng Chao injected a lava-like spirit flame into the leopard poet's palm and wiped off a corner of the tattoo.

As if some kind of seal had been broken, the leopard poet immediately grabbed his left hand and cried out in pain.

As his left hand twitched crazily, a milky-white holy flame gushed out from the center of his palm, which had seemingly been pierced by a red-hot steel nail.

The sacred flame opened a small window, and a crystalline object, which looked like a feather and a shining long arrow, slowly appeared in the leopard poet's hand.

Meng Chao discovered his biggest secret just like that, and the leopard poet's face turned pale.

Despite that, he subconsciously breathed a sigh of relief.

In his eyes, this mysterious man with black hair and black eyes was a terrifying existence on the same level as Lord Wolf King.

The future of Picturesque Orchid Lake and the fate of the Turan civilization would be decided by ultimate powerhouses like them, who had received the blessings of several billion ancestral spirits! The leopard poet closed his eyes, let out a long sigh, and slowly collapsed.

“This is i

Brilliant light shone from Ice Storm’s eye. “This is the mark!”

She lunged forward and grabbed the crystal feather that was surrounded by a milky-white light.

The power of Holy Light immediately burned the Turan flesh and blood that she had inherited from the leopard poet, making it crackle. An unpleasant burnt smell also permeated the air.

Ice Storm was in so much pain that every scar on her face was twitching and reopening.

Blood meandered to her shoulders, chest, and arms, and also flowed into the mark on her palm.

‘When half of her father’s orc bloodline was “purified” by the Holy Light, it put her in great agony, so much so that she wished she was dead.

Half of her mother’s witch bloodline, however, was awakening and boiling around the mark.

Whoosh!

Meng Chao saw a high-speed rotating magic array suddenly appear around Ice Storm’s right hand, which was tightly gripping the crystal feather.

The dazzling nine-pointed star spurted out a mysterious and complicated projection of a light screen. Every magic rune on it was delicate, much like a virtual keyboard on a portable computer in Dragon City. There was a look in the depths of Ice storm’s eyes, which Meng Chao had never seen before. It was the focus and confidence that belonged to a witch.

She endured the burning pain in her arm, and her five fingers vibrated at a high frequency, turning her right hand into a cloud of gray fog.

Her fingers drummed on the magic runes like torrential rain.

‘The magic array rapidly bounced between different interfaces as it spun at a high speed.

Then, the magic runes slid down like a waterfall from top to bottom.

Even with Meng Chao’s super vision, which had broken through to the Deity Realm, it was difficult for him to clearly capture the trajectories of each magic rune.

However, Ice Storm entered a state where it seemed like she was possessed by her mother’s soul and was in a trance.

Every jump of his fingertips was as natural as breathing. Soon, the magic array locked onto a special interface.

Meng Chao noticed that there were two lines of spaces in the magic array.

It seemed like he was going to enter his username and password to obtain some kind of high-level authority.

As a witch, Ice Storm obviously could not enter her username and password like a mage who had been certified by the Holy Light Temple.

Accompanied by bone-chilling friction and sounds of dislocation, her five fingers actually turned back after a slight pause, as though they had become a strange key.

She inserted this “key” into the center of the magic array.

Her wrist twisted nearly two hundred and seventy degrees.

Seven magic runes suddenly appeared on the first line of the two lines of space as if the user name had been entered.

Meanwhile, the first rune of the password also jumped out of the first space on the second line.

However, this rune was jumping and changing in a frenzy even though Ice Storm was trying to infiltrate the magic array and seize the highest command.

“Will this work?”

As far as Meng Chao knew, even a similar operating system in Dragon City had a defense rule. It would lock or even cancel the login if the user name or password were entered incorrectly a few times. This super weapon’s command would definitely be protected more tightly.

However, Ice Storm’s gaze just move along her arm and meandered to her palm. Her blood that had almost soaked the entire crystal feather was broken into thousands of thin red lines under the Holy Light’s illumination.

These red lines surrounded the two rows of spaces at the center of the magic array and formed a small barrier.

Outside the barrier, the light that formed the magic array blocked what was happening in the two rows of spaces.

The raging holy flame was still burning fiercely.

Ice Storm’s entire right arm was torched to a pulp, and her blood almost evaporated.

However, other than the slight twitch at the corner of her eyes, her face did not reveal much pain.

Instead, there was a kind of... excitement and infatuation that would only appear when one was indulging oneself in the most interesting thing in the world.

It was as if Meng Chao before her and the massacre around her had all disappeared.

In her world, there was only the magic array that was waiting to be cracked.

Finally...

Before the flesh and blood on her right arm were about to be burned to ashes, the eight spaces in the second space at the center were all filled with magic runes.

The five fingers on Ice Storm's right hand, which was trembling at a high frequency, split into hundreds of phantoms and gathered together again.

She then pressed down heavily on the ninth and final magic rune that was jumping rapidly.

Chapter 1395: This Is Magic!

For a moment, Ice Storm's entire palm disappeared.

It was as if a passage leading to a different dimension had formed at the center of the magic array.

Ice Storm's reached her right hand into the passage, feeling for something.

Then, all the runes that formed the magic array extended thousands of rays of light in all directions.

'When the crisscrossing rays of light split the magic array into tens of thousands of fragments, a crisp and melodious ding could be heard as the magic array completely disintegrated.

It turned into crystal fragments that were even thinner and more transparent than mica. Ice Storm's right hand spun rapidly and blended perfectly into her flesh that was about to be burned.

Ice Storm's right arm appeared once again.

However, it became crystal clear, ethereal, and volatile.

Meng Chao did not know how to describe it.

Ice Storm's right hand was like a holographic projection that flickered at a high frequency. It existed in the current three-dimensional space but also in another higher and more mysterious dimension.

It retained the flesh and cell structure of carbon-based life.

It also seemed to be condensed from pure spirit energy.

From the depths of her burnt flesh, the holiest and most terrifying radiance blossomed.

The radiance turned her right arm into a torch, a living magic staff!

It appeared that even Ice Storm never thought she would actually crack and use the mark.

Her expression was partially excited and partially absent-minded, and her eyes revealed some determination as well as emptiness. Not only were the cruelty and bloodlust of the Turan orcs on her face, but there was also the solemnity of being possessed by an even more powerful being.

The burning Holy Light that erupted from her right arm immediately attracted the everyone's attention in the Mother of Origin's laboratory.

If the Hope Potion in Meng Chao's hand was still within the Mother of Origin's expectations and precautions, a witch with partial Holy Light bloodline in her body appearing in its lair would be not be in its calculations.

All of a sudden, the roots, branches, and vines of the surrounding mandrake trees became increasingly impatient and even crazy.

Although the warriors brought by the Lion King and Tiger King were all elites of the Gold Clan, both sides had suffered heavy losses along the way. Besides, after a large-scale blow from the Angel of Strength's self-detonation, they were exhausted by the time they caught up despite their injuries.

Facing the mandrake trees that were as demented as demons, the lion and tiger warriors were outnumbered. They kept falling into the entanglement of branches, roots, and vines.

Once they were entangled by the mandrake trees, a large number of spirit magnets immediately poured into their totem armors through the branches, roots, and vines.

Even their flesh and blood bodies were still unwilling to yield.

Their totem armors that were enveloped and infiltrated by a large number of spirit magnets would also be controlled by the Mother of Origin. So, they would become the shackles of their master.

The hands and feet of many warriors were forcefully broken by the vines that were as thick as pythons, causing them to faint from the pain.

There were even those whose hearts were pierced through by the vines that infiltrated their totem battle armors. Large amounts of nano-metal flowed along their cardiovascular vessels and surged into their bodies to control them.

These lion and tiger warriors turned into the most terrifying puppets. They were like marionettes, swaying under the mandrake trees' control as they approached Meng Chao, Ice Storm, and the others.

Facing the zombie puppets' attack, Ice Storm mumbled a series of incantations.

It was not in a language that any normal human could understand.

It was more like an extremely complicated and mysterious language. Any lengthy description, definition, and request was compressed into a short three to five sentences.

Then, those three to five sentences were uttered at the same time, and they activated some kind of command with an ultra-high frequency vibration.

Accompanied by the strange incantation, it ended with the most sonorous coloratura'. Ice Storm stretched out three fingers as if they were dipped in ink condensed from Holy Light, and drew a shining big triangle in the void.

Then, she gently tapped the center of the big triangle.

The big triangle broke into four small triangles.

Following that, the four small triangles flew toward four puppets.

Right then, something incredible happened!

There was no sign...

There was no deafening roar, no raging flames, and no ferocious totem.

The puppet at the front quietly turned into a ball of fire.

The moment the ball of fire was born, it burned to the extreme. It did not spread out, but simultaneously exploded from the depths of every cell in the puppet's body.

In just half a second, all the spirit magnets attached to the puppet's body, including his totem armor and vines, roots, and branches that wrapped around his limbs, were all burned into glassy fragile substances.

The spirit magnet's nanostructure, as well as the puppet's cell activity, were all incinerated in an instant.

The second puppet that followed closely behind did not spontaneously combust.

Instead, it inexplicably turned grayish-white and instantly lost all its physiological functions, turning into a statue that was close to absolute zero.

Even though Meng Chao was still seven to eight meters away, he could clearly feel the bone-chilling coldness from this statue.

The third puppet was flattened.

Along with his totem armor, the vines, roots, and branches that were wrapped around the armor and enhanced the armor were compressed into a thin sheet.

It was not more than half a finger thick and evenly distributed on the ground within a three- to five-meter radius.

It was as if there was an invisible ten-thousand-ton boulder... No, it should be a ten-thousand-ton hydraulic press that had fallen from the sky and hit his head.

Even OCD patients would not find any flaws or bumps on the surface that was as smooth as a mirror.

However, Meng Chao could clearly see. Forget the ten-thousand-ton hydraulic press, aside from the flash triangle that had flown out of Ice Storm's fingertips, not even a small piece of gravel had fallen on the puppet's head.

As for the fourth puppet...

He had disappeared.

It was as if he had stepped into the spatial gap opened by the flashing triangle and was directly transported to an unknown place. Perhaps it was the mantle of the earth, which was thousands of kilometers deeper than the Mother of Origin's laboratory; perhaps it was in the vast ocean that covered two-thirds of the surface of the Other World; perhaps he was transported to the cold, dark, vast starry sky outside the atmosphere. He could even be directly transported to the legendary "ocean of light" that enveloped the Other World, where he would decompose into the most basic elements.

The only thing that could prove that this puppet once existed was the few strands of roots, vines, and branches that had been wrapped around him. The sections were even more precise and neat than a surgical operation.

"This is..."

Meng Chao's scalp went numb.

Not only was he shocked by Ice Storm, but he was also shocked by her mysterious and powerful magic power.

He discovered that this secret weapon known as the "mark" had a similar attack to the giant crystalline war fortress of the Ancients, which he had seen in the scenes of the ancient battlefield. The way they had attacked the ancient beast horde was almost identical, especially when they used spatial laws to teleport the enemy into a hostile environment where they could not survive, or even directly into the enemy's formation. That caused multiple enemies to be in a state of overlapping space, triggering a reaction similar to nuclear fusion. It was a strategy for killing enemies on a large scale.

The tactic had left an extremely deep impression on Meng Chao.

"It seems that the Holy Light Temple is indeed related to the ancient rulers of this planet. The so-called 'mark' is similar to the miniaturized and portable version of the Ancients' crystal weapons. Of course, its power is much lower. I remember that when the Ancients' war fortresses were at full power, they were able to directly teleport a giant creature that was hundreds of meters tall into outer space. That creature was made up of thousands of vicious ancient beasts," Meng Chao muttered to himself.

"So, this is magic!"

In the memory fragments of his previous life, the thing that puzzled Meng Chao the most had been magic.

'Whether it was the superhuman individuals of Dragon City or the totem warriors of Picturesque Orchid Lake, although the training system and combat techniques were not the same, the training principles were the same—they all used their own flesh and blood as containers and support on top of absorbing spirit energy to the maximum. They stimulated gene mutations and cell evolution until they broke through their human limits and turned into ferocious humanoid beasts, humanoid battle tanks, humanoid armored airships, or even humanoid nuclear warheads.

'Whether it was the powerhouses of Dragon City or the orcs, whatever they released was their own strength.

At most, they would use the resonance between their vitality magnetic field and the planet's magnetic field to increase their strength to the maximum.

But magic was not like that.

From a certain point of view, mages were relatively weak existences.

Even the high and mighty Nine-ring Magicians were relatively weak existences when they were not enveloped by the Holy Light. They could be killed by Chaos assassins who were several levels lower than them.

'That was also the reason why the nine mega corporations of Dragon City had formed the Ghost Tribe to mass-produce Ghost Assassins.

But on another level, the mages were ridiculously strong.

Once under the protection of the Holy Light Army, they would calmly complete the drawing of their magic array, allowing the Holy Light to flood the place.

'Then, even a mage could kill several enemies who were far stronger than him in an instant, or even break an entire armored army into the most basic parts.

If the human and orc champions were like war machines with dozens of turrets, thousands of tons of ammunition and fuel, and incomparably thick composite armor, with devastating force on their own...

'The mages were like guides who provided ground-based laser guidance to aerial bomber formations and even long-range missiles.

Perhaps they were ordinary, or even powerless.

Nevertheless, they could summon power from far away or even from beyond the heavens, using carpet bombing to cover the entire battlefield.

"So that's how it is!

"If a mage is the operator of an ancient long-range weapon left behind by the ancient civilization on this planet, then everything makes sense!"

Meng Chao suddenly came to a realization.

Chapter 1396: A Small Change in Fate

Ice Storm was also deeply shocked and terrified by the power it displayed.

This fear stemmed from the Turan orcs' natural resistance to the power of Holy Light, just like a beast against fire.

However, the mother of origin was a hundred times more afraid than she was.

The overflowing of the Holy Light caused by the "mark" seemed to awaken the deepest part of the mother's cells. On the ancient battlefield, the destructive impact of space-based orbital weapons had caused it pain that could not be relieved for several hundred million years.

It was like a heart that was beating rapidly due to fear.

Ignoring the v-shaped wounds on its body that were still burning, it emitted Holy Light that was even more dazzling and fierce than before.

However, from the countless crisscrossing folds that looked like the sulci of the brain, clusters of blood-red spores spurted out.

The spores spread quickly.

It was like a red mist that was baring its fangs and brandishing its claws.

It covered the Lion King and Tiger King.

The lion and tiger duo could have been on par with the Wolf King.

However, as a large number of spores scattered down and entered their totem battle armors.

Both of their totem battle armors underwent strange changes.

Not only did the spiritual flames that shot out from the totem battle armors change in color and form, they became more similar to the demonic luster emitted by the mother of origin.

The totem on the surface of the armor was also like a worm that was constantly squirming. From its original majestic appearance, it had become deformed and twisted.

Joints, armpits, waist, and other parts that required a large range of movement, the nano-metal that should have been full of mobility had instantly solidified and hardened, like a mixture of glass and steel... it let out an ear-piercing scratching sound, like an indestructible shackle that locked up the master's space of movement.

The Lion King and Tiger King's attack was like a torrent of mercury, and they immediately crashed into an invisible iron wall.

Because their strength was too fierce and they suffered a backlash, the bones of both of them were emitting crackling sounds inside their bodies.

It was as if a brand new consciousness had been born inside their totem armors, and they were fighting with them for control of this body. The actions that made them dance with joy were both comical and terrifying to the extreme.

The Lion King and the Tiger King had never expected that the totem battle armors that they had relied on the most and had received the blessings of thousands of ancestral spirits and had always been loyal and at their Beck and call, would betray them at the crucial moment.

Even though the totem battle armors had not taken control of their bodies.

However, as they struggled desperately, they were interrupted and changed their attack route.

The violent attacks that were originally aimed at the Wolf King had all been directed at each other.

The Lion King's Horn of destruction swallowed the Tiger King like a raging wave.

The Tiger King's violent blade seemed to have gathered hundreds of tons of lava onto a narrow and long line of attack, ruthlessly destroying the Lion King's breastplate.

The totem armor that was supposed to have a defensive effect seemed to have become completely transparent glass.

Regardless of the crushing force, it went straight through the master's chest and swept all the way to his abdomen.

The Lion King and the Tiger King grunted as they gritted their teeth.

However, they still couldn't stop the blood from spurting out from the depths of their throats like an erupting volcano.

Just as their life magnetic fields collided, entangled, interfered with each other, and became exhausted and chaotic to the extreme.

"Jackal"kanus, under the crazy enhancement of the original mother, revealed the fangs of the Doomsday Wolf.

In an instant, the Crimson Wolf Fang Crystals on the six kills Armor All stood up as if countless blood-red sharp blades had been unsheathed.

The six kills Saber, which was in the form of a claw blade, and the two arms of the Wolf King, which were wrapped in the Crimson Wolf Fang Crystals, expanded and extended several times, as if they were two ghostly claws from the netherworld, they pierced through the chests of the Lion King and the Tiger King at the same time, destroying their internal organs and even their vertebrae along the way. Then, they poked out from their backs.

The Lion King and the Tiger King let out a heart-wrenching scream at the same time. It was not just because of the pain of their hearts exploding and their spine breaking.

It was also because of the despair and humiliation brought by being deceived, betrayed, defeated, and about to be killed by the puppets of the past.

If it were another time and place, even if the Wolf King was reborn and reborn, it would not be able to easily defeat either of the Lion King and the Tiger King.

Not to mention the two most powerful men in the golden clan.

However, after entering the original mother's laboratory, the Lion King and Tiger King did not realize that the original mother behind the Wolf King was such a terrifying existence. and the spores that the original mother spat out, for their totem battle armors, and what deadly venom.

It can be said that their fate as early as nearly 10,000 years ago, the ancient Tulan people chose to strengthen the nano-metal with the original mother, upgrading the "Supermagnet" into "Spiritual magnet," giving up "Civilization," The moment they chose to be "Barbaric" was already destined. The inertia of fate was so strong that even if Meng Chao tried to stop them, the Lion King and Tiger King would still inevitably step onto the end of their previous life.

However, compared to their previous life, there were still small changes.

The Lion King and Tiger King were, after all, one of the most powerful existences in the golden clan, or even the entire Tulanze.

Even if the totem warframe was controlled, even if the heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys were all torn apart by the Wolf King's claws, even if the spine was shattered, the spinal cord was corroded by the nano-metal, freezing and dying at lightning speed.

The two incomparably powerful orc chieftains still let out an earth-shattering roar, trying to tear apart the totem warframe that betrayed them, and launch an attack that would perish together with the Wolf King.

Meanwhile, mother origin was trying to control the Lion King and Tiger King's totem warframes.

It was clearly overdrawing on the life source that it had spent three thousand years to accumulate.

As it contracted rapidly, it released more and more dense spores.

Its body shrunk and shriveled at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The inverted v-shaped scars on its body shone brightly.

The holy light was like a flood that had burst a dam, flooding its body wantonly. It flowed into crisscrossing rays of light and weaved into a huge net of light. Every lump of flesh and blood on its body bulged and cracked.

For a moment, the mandala tree, which had been dancing crazily a moment ago, became stiff and dull.

It was like a precision machine that had been running smoothly and smoothly at a high speed had suddenly become stuck due to the overload of the control system.

“As expected, the severely injured mother origin has a limit to its control over the magnet!

“Normally, it can only control the mandala tree that is covered in the magnet and the killing statue that is formed from the magnet within the hope and mother Origin’s laboratory. This is because both of them do not have free will, so it is impossible for them to resist its commands.

“However, the Wolf King, Lion King, and Tiger King, be it righteous or evil, strong or weak, they are all flesh and blood, people with thoughts and will. They are all living, proud humans!

“Controlling one of them is already the mother’s limit.

“To control the Wolf King, Lion King, and Tiger King’s totem armors at the same time, even the mother would have to pay a huge price.

“So, now is the moment when the original mother is at her weakest.

“It’s like an overloaded mainframe, far exceeding the limits of its computational ability. As long as ice storm and I can add more fuel to the fire, it’s very likely to collapse from the inside!”

Meng Chao and ice storm looked at each other.

The tacit understanding they had developed over the past few months allowed them to instantly understand each other’s plans.

The two of them pounced on Mother Yuan at the same time.

Mother Yuan let out a shriek that was sharp enough to pierce through brain cells.

She commanded all the roots, vines, and branches of the mandala trees around her to grow and Brandish crazily. They entangled with each other and formed a wall of Thorns in front of Meng Chao and the ice storm.

A large number of corpses of Liger warriors were ‘embedded’ in the wall of thorns.

Hundreds of roots, vines, and branches spurted out of the broken corpses, making them look like human-shaped monsters with hundreds of tentacles.

Accompanied by the mother of the origin’s Shriek, the tentacle monsters pounced out of the wall of thorns, trying to hug Meng Chao and icestorm tightly and drag them into the jungle of slaughter made of mandala trees.

The ‘mark’ on icestorm’s right hand once again emitted terrifying holy light.

Within half a second, the tentacle monster that was covered by the holy light was “Purified” in all sorts of unimaginable ways. It was completely wiped out from this space. Not even a scream or a wisp of green smoke was left behind.

The space in front of the two of them was instantly cleared out without any obstruction.

They could clearly see the high-frequency vibrations emitted by every wrinkle on Mother Origin’s body.

However, just as they stomped hard on the ground, trying to bombard mother origin like a cannonball.

The ground under their feet suddenly cracked open, and dozens of roots of the mandala tree drilled out from the crack and tightly wrapped around their feet!

The ice storm turned pale with fright.

They wanted to activate the “Mark” again, but the magic array in front of their right hand, which was rotating at high speed, became dark and chaotic. The holy light that shot out also lost its aim, and the triangular cursor flew around randomly like a headless fly, after cutting through a mandala tree that was as thick as a hug in the distance, it sank into the depths of the cave wall and disappeared into the rock layer.

After all, only half of the bloodline of the human race of the holy light flowed in the body of the ice storm.

Even this half of the bloodline of the holy light belonged to Wizards and not mages.

Mages received the blessing and permission of the Holy Light Temple, so they could use the power of the holy light openly and safely.

The Wizards, on the other hand, sneakily broke and stole the power of Holy Light.

Of course, they were not under the control of the Holy Light Temple.

However, their safety and stability were greatly compromised.

With the half-holy light and half-totem constitution, the ice storm continuously activated the “Mark”. Not only was its own flesh and blood severely eroded, but the “Mark” was also severely overloaded and was on the verge of losing control.

With the sudden thrust of the underground tentacles, the chaotic ice storm could no longer control the secret weapon from the Holy Light Temple.

After the last few beams of holy light bloomed like fireworks, the ice storm let out a cry of pain. All the incredible anomalies on her right arm disappeared, and the “Mark” returned to the form of a crystal feather, it was also burned red, like a soldering iron, creaking in her palm...

Chapter 1397: Fatal Trap

Ice Storm could no longer hold the “mark.”

But her role was critical enough.

In order to control the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King at the same time, the mother of origin overdrew its computational power and spirit power. That was if it had “spirit”, “will,” and even a “soul” in the human sense.

In order to prevent Ice Storm, the witch with the “mark on her hand, from approaching it, the mother of origin even mobilized most of the tentacles on the surrounding mandrake trees.

‘As a result, the branches, vines, and roots before Meng Chao suddenly became sparse and dull.

Meng Chao had been waiting for this opportunity.

With a flash of light in his eyes, his legs shot out powerful spiritual flames like a rocket thruster that was ready to be fired. In an instant, the roots wrapped around his feet were all burned into glass. With a slight struggle, they burst into pieces.

Two skull-crushers whistled out, and heavy battle sabers smashed at the three-tentacled monster that was pouncing at him from the left.

The body of the saber, which was heavier than an axe hammer, crushed the body of the three-tentacled monster, crushing the flesh, plant fibers, and nano-metal into pieces.

‘The light battle saber in his left hand stabbed deeply into the top of the cave diagonally above, forming a solid point of force.

‘The chain wrapped around his left arm instantly straightened.

Meng Chao used the chain to exert force and soared into the air. He passed through the mandala trees that were baring their fangs and brandishing their claws. Like a falcon pouncing on its prey, he continued to pounce on mother origin.

Mother origin let out a literal, lightning-like scream. Accompanied by the ear-piercing scream, dazzling electric arcs followed the tentacles that extended from its body and crazily surged into the Wolf King’s body.

It was like injecting the Wolf King with a stimulant that had a huge side effect, but the amplification effect was also ridiculously strong.

It was also like brainwashing the Wolf King again, making him stop Meng Chao at all costs.

The Wolf King’s body expanded once again.

It was like hundreds of biochemical bombs had exploded in the depths of his cells.

The bulging blood vessels were clearly visible, even under the layers of nano-metal.

He let out an earth-shattering roar.

He tried to finish off the Lion King and the Tiger King and rush back to Mother Yuan’s side before Meng Chao could.

However, the Lion King and the Tiger King were monsters with unparalleled flesh and blood, and their vitality and willpower were a hundred times stronger than flesh and blood.

Even their hearts were crushed by the Wolf King.

They were not going to die so easily, and they were unwilling to die with great humiliation and regret.

Sensing the anxiety and fear of the Wolf King, the Lion King and Tiger King's eyes simultaneously flowed with indescribable pleasure.

'The two of them stopped struggling and tried in vain to pull their chests out of the Wolf King's bloody arms.

On the contrary, they let out a fanatical cry. Instead of retreating, they advanced and pushed against the Wolf King's claws and arms, sending their chests all the way to the Wolf King's shoulders!

As a result, the holes in their chests became more and more shocking and tragic.

Not only were their hearts scratched into a bloody mess by the Wolf Fang Crystal on the six kills armor.

Even their lungs were torn into pieces, making them lose the ability to breathe on their own.

However, the tough men who ran across Tu Lanze could do many things even if they were only on their last breaths.

'The Lion King and the Tiger King became two sets of flesh shackles.

They locked the Wolf King's arms tightly.

Anger burned the fresh blood that they had not dried into lava, breaking the shackles of the totem armor.

The four claws of the two warriors stabbed at the Wolf King's throat at the same time.

Even though the wolf king was stimulated by the original mother and had the protection of the six kill armor, he did not have to worry about his throat being pierced by the lion and Tiger Claws.

However, he still needed at least a few seconds before he could tear the Lion King and Tiger King into pieces.

Perhaps, these few seconds would mean survival or destruction.

Meng Chao released the chain blade that wrapped around his left arm in mid-air.

With the help of the sudden reduction in height, he narrowly avoided more than a dozen nano-metal tentacles that swept over from mid-air.

With both hands holding a heavy saber that was even rougher than an axe hammer, he cut another mandala tree that had almost been uprooted in a hurry and pounced on him into two halves from the top down.

Because he had exerted too much force, the heavy skull crusher was deeply stuck in the trunk of this mandala tree.

'Meng Chao did not hesitate for even half a second. He did not even waste time trying to pull out his saber.

Before the vines, roots, and branches entangled themselves, Meng Chao stomped on the heavy skull Crusher's saber that was as thick as a war hammer. He regained his speed like a lightning bolt, like a precision guided missile, he shot at the mother of origin, who was close at hand. Now, he did not have a single weapon in his hand.

But between him and the mother of origin, other than the spores that were as thick as blood, there were no other obstacles.

The spores that mother original spurted out could only penetrate, control, and 'infect' the totem armor of the Lion King and the Tiger King.

However, the spiritual magnet that Meng Chao had injected with the 'Hope Potion' and had been perfectly suppressed and controlled by its Master could do nothing about it.

In fact, when it touched the surface of Meng Chao's armor, it would even emit a hissing sound, as if the darkness had been driven away by a torch.

Shoo!

Behind Meng Chao, the nano-metal extended endlessly, forming a pair of shiny wings.

Originating from the Falcon clan of the ancient hero, "Broken Wings" power, help Meng Chao in speed to the limit of the foundation, once again Crazy Rush forward, breaking through the limit!

Meng Chao appeared in the palm of a green medicine.

Although compared with the holy light that just shined all over the place, the luster of this potion appears a little dim and introverted.

Mother Origin's vigilance and fear toward this potion was even higher than the 'mark' that the ice storm held.

Meng Chao raised the hope potion up high.

It seemed that there was no more power that could stop him from injecting the hope potion into Mother Origin's body.

At this moment, a sudden change occurred!

In the middle of Mother Origin's body, the widest and deepest 'brain groove' suddenly shot out human-like brainwaves that were a hundred times more powerful than brainwaves. It was a lightning that could be seen with the naked eye.

'The mental lightning was like a battle axe that could destroy everything in its path. It hit Meng Chao squarely in the face.

Even though Meng Chao had the double protection of the totem armor and the spiritual armor, he was still dizzy from the attack. He was seeing stars and had a splitting headache. He almost fell down from the sky.

However, his unstoppable dash did not stop because of that.

His brain, which had been tempered by the apocalyptic flames, would not be broken through by such a 'mental lightning'.

However, the mental lightning was only the prelude.

At the same time that the mental lightning roared out, mother origin suddenly 'split' in the literal sense.

'The widest and deepest fold at the center of her body was the boundary.

It split into two halves.

It was like a man-eating flower opening its bloody mouth.

It was also like an immature 'egg of chaos'. However, due to the urgency of the situation, it had to hatch in advance and face Meng Chao's unstoppable attack in the form of a premature baby or even an embryo.

Through the crevices in his brain, Meng Chao saw that the body of the original mother was like an endless abyss that was pregnant with billions of stars.

At this moment, countless tentacles that were thicker and stronger than the roots of the mandala tree gushed out from the abyss. They were formed from the active cells of mother origin and were covered with a large number of spiritual magnets.

Along with the tentacles, a spiritual storm that could turn hundreds of warriors into idiots came whistling at the same time.

Meng Chao could not avoid it.

He crashed into it.

It was like a bird falling into a thorny bush.

His mind was blank from the spiritual storm.

His right arm, which was holding the hope potion, was instantly entangled by the tentacles. He could not even move his fingers.

A series of ear-piercing cracking sounds came from the inside of his right arm.

On the surface of the armor, more and more spiritual magnets swarmed over. They were like malformed tumors that were growing crazily, constantly eroding the gorgeous spiritual patterns and totems on the surface of the armor.

With a bone-piercing pain of electrical nerve attack.

Meng Chao can no longer feel the presence of his right arm.

It's like the whole right arm is swallowed up by the Abyss.

I could only watch as the hope potion slipped out of my hand and fell into the mother's tentacles.

By it "Chi-li-li-li-li-li-li", I do not know where to send.

Meng Chao let out a half-desperate, half-annoyed roar.

He realized that the flustered and terrified pose that mother origin had just displayed was all an illusion. This ancient creature, whose intelligence surpassed that of humans, had long calculated that the wolf king would be able to do it alone, it was impossible for it to easily deal with the Lion King and Tiger King and rush over to protect it.

Therefore, it had long been prepared to “Hatch ahead of time” and personally deal with Meng Chao, who was holding the brain-like neurone suppressant!

Mother origin spurted out steam from the folds of the sulci-like brain.

It seemed that it had paid a heavy price to lure Meng Chao into this fatal trap.

It had paid such a heavy price that the temperature in its body far exceeded the limits of the proteins that made up the cells. It had burned countless living cells to death.

However, it was worth it to use the price of hatch early to remove the hidden danger that had threatened it for thousands of years.

The original mother dragged Meng Chao to the Abyss that had just split open in the middle of its body with the posture of a victor.

It was unknown whether it wanted to swallow Meng Chao in one bite to make up for the nutrients lost from the early hatching.

Or it wanted to make Meng Chao into a puppet like the wolf king, the second “Doomsday Wolf”.

Everything seemed to be irreparable.

It was heading towards a worse ending than the previous life.

However, just as it Hung Meng Chao upside down and tried to swallow him into the abyss.

Meng Chao, who seemed to be in despair, suddenly grinned.

He raised his left hand and, like spatial magic, conjured — the second “Hope Potion”!

Chapter 1398: Within Five Steps!

Time returned to half a day ago.

In the secret research base of the ancient Turan civilization...

Meng Chao looked at the green Hope Potion in his palm and fell into deep thought.

‘The Hope Potion storage device that was shaped like the poison needle on a scorpion’s tail was very much like a syringe from Earth.

Relying on a simple propeller, as long as enough pressure was applied at the end, a hollow needle made from special materials could inject all the Hope Potion into the mother of origin’s body.

However, this syringe did not have a remote firing function, nor did it have the ability to automatically pressurize and inject. It was all manually operated.

Meng Chao felt that this was the final researcher. He was worried that if the function was set too complicated, it would greatly increase the failure rate and cause a drop in the chain when the battle with the original mother was at the most critical moment.

After all, the simpler the structure, the more reliable it would be.

However, this created a huge problem for Meng Chao:

How was he going to approach mother origin and create an opportunity to inject it?

“Mother origin is not an ordinary monster, but it possesses intelligence comparable to the main brain of the human or even the Dragon City Monster.

“It has been fighting against the rebels of the Turan civilization for close to 10,000 years, and it already knows the tactics of these rebels like the back of its hand.

“It knows that the rebels are hiding near the hope, and it also knows what they are doing. Even if it didn’t know it at first, when I reappeared and the tiny amount of hope potion in the totem armor helped me resist the invasion of the spirit magnet, it should have understood everything.

“Therefore, mother origin is definitely, definitely, not going to let me get close to it easily.

“It will even dig a trap for me and try to trick the hope potion into destroying it.

“No matter how much it costs, as long as it can destroy the last hope potion in the world, it will be a good deal for mother origin.

“There is a huge gap between mother origin and me.

“Even if it’s heavily injured and its strength is restricted or sealed, I can’t charge in front of it without thinking.

“Think about it. Think about it carefully. What other weapons can I use? What other advantages do I have? They belong to me alone, and mother would never be able to predict them...”

Meng Chao’s thoughts raced.

Under the blessings of the ancient Turan rebels, his eyes gradually blossomed with a sharp light.

“That’s right. Although my hard power is far inferior to mother origin’s, I still have the advantage of information gap!

“To be more precise, mother origin thinks that she has the advantage of information and can control everything. She knows that for thousands of years, the last researchers of the Turan civilization have been hiding in secret bases, secretly creating and planning something.

“And I used this to mislead her!

“Mother origin knew that the rebels were creating a ‘neuron-like inhibition drug’.

“But she also knew that even if the rebels succeeded, the amount of inhibition drug they would create wouldn’t be too much.

“After all, the resources around the hope were limited.

“Most of the resources were consumed by Mother Origin’s control over the mandala tree.

“What was left in the hands of the rebels was only scraps.

“It was already good enough that such a tiny amount of resources could be used to refine a cluster of neuron-like inhibition drugs.

“If I could really refine eight out of ten clusters, the last researcher would have rushed out fully armed and given the killing statue a needle whenever he saw it. Wouldn’t it be great?

“So, if I can deceive mother origin and make it think that it has already snatched the only hope potion from My Hands...”

Meng Chao thought about it and could only make a desperate gamble.

He searched for a long time in the secret research base and found another long storage device. Then, he simply assembled a long needle at the front end.

Then, he filled the storage device with the nutrient fluid from the hibernation chamber that he had just laid down in.

He mixed and colored it with a few solvents that were particularly bright in color and lustre that he found on the console.

Looking at the two tubes of ‘Hope Drugs’ that were hard to distinguish between the real and the fake, Meng Chao nodded in satisfaction.

Now, he had three things to bet on.

First, he bet that mother Yuan did not expect that he would actually carry one true and one fake with him. The two tubes of hope drugs that he had taken out at the very beginning were the one that he had stabbed at Mother Yuan with the posture of pressing forward with indomitable will, it was fake! Second, gambler mother had to exhaust her computational ability and even her life force to the limit in order to stop him. At least for the next three to five seconds after stopping him, her thinking organs were severely overloaded and needed to be cooled down urgently, no flaws could be seen.

Third, gambler mother would not kill him directly. Instead, she would drag him in front of her and devour or brainwash him. After all, his totem battle armor was the same as the Wolf King’s six kill battle armor, both had undergone the upgrade of the most powerful killing statue that mother original had used three thousand years to create. It would be a waste to kill him just like that.

Half a day later.

Meng Chao had made the right bet.

Right now, there were only five steps between him and mother original.

The “Five steps” that caused a man’s blood to splatter five steps in anger!

Even though the thousands of tentacles that shot out from mother original's "Brain groove" were still like a thorny bush, tightly entangling Meng Chao's limbs.

But it forgot one thing.

Strictly speaking, it wasn't controlling Meng Chao.

It was just the totem armor on Meng Chao's body.

And the biggest difference between Meng Chao, who was an earthling, and the Tulan Beastmen was that he wasn't born with the totem armor. It was deeply rooted in his bones and had long formed a mindset of dependence.

To Meng Chao, the totem armor was no different from heavy machine guns, rocket launchers, main battle tanks and armored airships... it was just a tool.

It was good to be able to use tools.

But even without tools, he would continue to fight with his fists and teeth, until he sacrificed himself or carried out his will to every corner of this world.

Shua!

Meng Chao was already prepared to escape.

It seemed like he had expanded by one round. Inside the Majestic Totem armor, his flesh and blood had already shrunk to the limit. His entire body had shrunk by one round, like a spring that had been compressed to the limit, and the charging device of a large catapult.

Following that, the front breastplate of the totem armor was automatically split apart by him.

Meng Chao, whose entire body was shrouded in spiritual flames, was like a meteor whizzing over. With the real hope potion in his hand, he broke through mother original's last line of defense!

Every crease on mother original's body was emitting a hysterical shriek.

Perhaps, it was at the moment when it had subtly brainwashed the ancient Tulan people, allowing the ancient Tulan people to place the hope of their entire civilization on the spiritual magnet — Totem armor.

It had also been affected and had unknowingly fallen into a mindset. It felt that as long as it controlled the totem armor, it would be able to completely control the human warriors inside the totem armor, who were full of pride and free will.

Until it met Meng Chao.

It came from Dragon City, with black hair and black eyes.

Before its burning body of flesh and blood was entangled by the mother of Origin's tentacles.

In one go, Meng Chao stabbed the syringe of the hope potion deeply into the split "Sulcus" in the middle of the original mother.

He used his chest to block the propulsion device of the syringe. Using all his strength, he injected one-third of the brain-like neurons strong suppressant into the original Mother's body.

In the “Abyss” of the original mother’s body, a fluorescent green tide suddenly rose.

It twitched violently like a giant jellyfish that was tightly entangled by the electric eel.

There seemed to be thousands of primordial beasts in the “Abyss” at the same time, letting out a heart-wrenching scream.

It wanted to wave its tentacles and pierce through Meng Chao’s body with the sharp end of a javelin.

But the green light from the hope potion was like a green wildfire, jumping between the tentacles at a speed visible to the naked eye and spreading continuously.

All the tentacles that were stained with the green light.

Seemed to have been cut off from the nerve connection with the original mother, paralyzed and curled up.

The inverted v-shaped light mark on the original mother took advantage of the fact that the original mother’s cell activity and life magnetic field were blocked by the hope potion to release a holy light that was ten times brighter than before.

It was as if it wanted to tear the original mother’s body apart and light up and burn the “Abyss” in the original mother’s body!

Meng Chao didn’t feel good about the “Culprit” that caused all of this either.

His entire body was pressed against mother origin’s body.

His skull was even tightly pressed against mother origin’s body, crisscrossing it and releasing violent brain waves.

He also felt mother origin’s indescribable pain, mania, anger, and sorrow.

Although a large number of tentacles had been paralyzed by the Hope Potion.

There were still new tentacles coming out of mother Yuan’s “Brain groove” and wrapping around Meng Chao’s limbs and even his throat.

Meng Chao was already suffocating.

He felt as if he was going to be cut into pieces by the sharp tentacles in the next second.

However, he still roared with his heart instead of his throat.

His legs sank deep into the ground, and his entire body leaned forward 45 degrees. In a manner of mutual destruction, he injected two-thirds of the hope potion into the original mother’s body.

Under the surging green light, the original mother’s tentacles fell off one after another.

However, its body expanded uncontrollably.

It was not that it was consciously increasing its strength.

Instead, it was a sign that it was about to fall apart.

Under the dual suppression of the hope potion and the brand of Holy Light,

Mother origin was no longer able to stop Meng Chao from injecting the last third of the nerve blocking potion into its body.

“Jackal”kanus, however, let out an earth-shattering roar not far away:

“No!”

He had successfully torn apart the limbs of the Lion King and Tiger King.

He had also flung them out of his arms.

He had also stomped on the chest and abdomen of the two supreme powerhouses of the golden clan.

However, the Lion King and the Tiger King’s vitality was so strong that even though only their heads could move and they had lost 90% of their brain activity, they still refused to let go of the Wolf King’s legs.

Even if they were to die, they would still lock their shattered corpses on the Wolf King’s body like shackles of flesh and blood!

Chapter 1399 Soul Battle Ax

The Wolf King’s legs were like a pile driver, pounding the ground heavily.

However, no matter how much he bombarded the ground, the dead Lion King and Tiger King still buried their sharpest fangs deep into the Wolf King’s leg bones and held on to him tightly.

Meng Chao was about to inject the last third of the Hope Potion into the mother of origin’s body.

The Wolf King’s eyes that seemed to lead straight to the abyss, or rather, to the mother of origin’s bottomless “brain groove,” released billions of nerve arcs that were more powerful than lightning

A super-large-scale, super-intense spirit storm was rapidly forming.

The Wolf King was an expert in spirit attacks and spirit control.

The Great Horn Rebellion that engulfed Picturesque Orchid Lake had been remotely orchestrated by him via the Ancient Dream Saintess and the Great Horn priests. He realized that his cell activity was being suppressed by the suppressant at Lightning Speed. With his own strength, he could no longer stop this black-haired, black-eyed human.

Mother origin also desperately contracted, trying to transfer its remaining spiritual energy and even life source into the Wolf King’s brain through the tentacles connected to its body.

On the Wolf King’s skull, thick blood vessels and nerves protruded out, forming a crisscrossing network.

It was as if he was wearing a special “Brain wave amplifier,”but it was also as if his skull could not withstand the crazy expansion of his brain, as well as the surging waves of his brain waves that were like raging waves, cracking into pieces.

Even though he had not completely released this world-shaking spiritual storm.

Meng Chao could already hear that his brain was emitting an unprecedentedly ear-piercing alarm.

Every brain cell was like a rat before a flood, restless and restless, wanting to flee in all directions.

After the amplification of the original mother, the strength of the Wolf King's spiritual attack far surpassed the most terrifying spiritual experts that Meng Chao had fought before — the demon god Abyss Demon Eye and the Demon God wisdom tree!

Meng Chao himself was also a psionic expert.

His soul, which had been tempered by the flames of the Apocalypse, possessed a psionic line of defense that far surpassed that of ordinary people or even ordinary extraordinary individuals.

However, this psionic line of defense had already been pierced through by mother origin's incessant screams that reached the deepest part of his brain.

Meanwhile, all his will was concentrated on his arms and chest. He was only thinking about how to break through the obstruction of the last few tentacles and inject the last third of the hope potion into Mother Origin's body.

'I can't concentrate on defending myself against the Wolf's mind storm.'

At the Wolf King's whole will and even the whole soul, will become a burning battle ax, from the sky, split Meng Chao's head.

The Wolf King suddenly turned his head to the right.

Like an invisible air hammer, it struck him on the left temple. Even his temple was slightly sunken. "This is..."

Meng Chao's eyes widened.

He saw an unbelievable scene.

The person who attacked was someone no one expected, the Ancient Dream Saintess!

Ever since the Great Horn Army was defeated, the Ancient Dream Saintess had been in a high fever and in a coma.

It was unknown whether it was because she suffered a long-range spiritual assassination from the Wolf King that her brain was severely damaged.

Or was it because she could not accept the cruel reality, so she simply indulged in a dream that was perfect and did not want to wake up for a long time.

However, Meng Chao was unable to leave this innocent mouse girl behind and let her fall into the claws of the wolves, tigers, and leopards, tearing her into pieces. He could only carry her all the way to the depths of the sacred mountain.

He originally thought that he was only carrying a burden.

She did not expect that at the moment of life and death, the Ancient Dream Saintess would sense the existence of the Wolf King.

She still did not wake up.

Instead, she closed her eyes, stood on tiptoe, and swayed. She walked between the wildly twitching tentacles, the deformed and ugly puppets, and the broken limbs on the ground. It was as if she was sleepwalking.

The Ancient Dream Saintess who was sleepwalking originally did not plan to have any contact with the real world.

However, the spiritual storm that the wolf king was creating was too intense and too dazzling.

It was so intense that even the girl in the dream felt threatened and afraid. She also recognized that this was the scoundrel who had once deceived her and even wanted to kill her!

Once she realized this...

The Ancient Dream Saintess had no choice but to face the cruel reality that the great horn army had been completely annihilated.

In the depths of the rat girl's severely deformed brain, an instinctive protective mechanism began to operate.

She was one step ahead of the Wolf King and released the mental lightning that was like a retreat.

The Ancient Dream Saintess and the Wolf King had a very stable mental connection to begin with.

In order to command the Ancient Dream Saintess remotely, the Wolf King had no choice but to open a part of his brain port to the latter.

As a result, their brainwaves, and even Meng Chao's brainwaves, could easily interfere with each other. They implanted something deep into each other's brain-information, viruses, and even bombs.

Although the Ancient Dream Saintess' mental attack couldn't be compared to the mental storm that the Wolf King was brewing, it was an order of magnitude inferior. However, it disrupted the Wolf King's rhythm.

The Wolf King's brain started to lose control, turning into a burning firework factory. His memories, his will, his anger, his ambition, his fear, his hatred, the future that he had experienced and looked forward to... all bloomed like the most brilliant fireworks.

The only thing the Wolf King could do was to release the spiritual storm that hadn't reached its limit yet.

It turned his memories, will, ambition, fear, hatred, and expectations into an unstoppable torrent that ruthlessly smashed into Meng Chao's brain.

"Reaper, since you want to know everything so badly, come and see how cruel and desperate it is. There's no future at all!"

Boom!

"Jackal" Kanus' soul battle-ax ruthlessly hacked into Meng Chao's mental defense line.

In an instant, Meng Chao felt a tsunami of information flooding into his brain.

It was very similar to the enlightenment from the human-faced spider that he had just received in the secret research base.

However, it was more specific and distinct, and his view was completely focused on the wolf king.

It was as if he had spent an incredibly long life as “Jackal” Kanus through “Haka”!

Where should I start?

My name is Kanus. It means “The darkest half of the hour before dawn.”

I was probably born during that time. I’m not sure because my parents and father had died a long time ago. I don’t even remember what they looked like.

However, very few people called me by this awkward name.

My master called me the “Corpse-eating Dog.”

For as long as I could remember, my master had led me through ancient battlefields shrouded in dark clouds and ancient tomb ruins deep underground, searching for things of value on all kinds of corpses, making a living from corpses.

I didn’t like this name very much.

Even though I was just a small rat people.

But my friends said that I looked like a real wolf, as long as I ignore my small shovel-like rat teeth.

I used to dream that if I was lucky, I could make a great contribution in the Battle of Glory, get rid of my status as a rat and become a real warrior, I could also have a name like “Jackal” that was considered impressive.

But that was only in my dreams. Once I woke up, I didn’t have many choices.

Including my name, my fate, and my life and death.

Whether it was cleaning up the ancient battlefield, exploring ancient ruins, or excavating the lost temple, it was extremely dangerous.

As for the rat people like me, whose bodies were filled with lowly blood, they were loathed and ostracized by the ancestral spirits.

Countless companions and friends had been haunted by the evil spirits left behind on the ancient battlefield, or they had stepped into the traps in the lost temple. In the end, they were covered in wounds, deformed, and died miserably in my arms.

I wasn’t particularly afraid, sad, or angry.

If a person like me had experienced all of this ever since he had just become sensible and possessed memories, he would treat pain and death as natural as drinking water and breathing

He wouldn't know what it meant to be afraid, sad, or angry. Moreover, compared to struggling to survive under the hands of the Wolf Clan Masters, perhaps stepping into a trap and feeling pain for a moment would allow him to sleep comfortably forever. That would be a more worthwhile trade?

I wasn't afraid of death at all.

I was even filled with anticipation that one day, I would be like my friends, bumping into a ferocious spirit, stepping into a trap, and ending everything once and for all.

It was a pity that I seemed to be plagued by bad luck.

Or perhaps the ancestral spirits felt that I was too weak, so weak that I didn't even have the right to die.

Old friends and new friends, old friends and new friends, were all dead. I wasn't dead yet, I wasn't dead yet.

Even in the depths of the lost temple or ancient ruins, I deliberately rushed to the front, but every time I escaped the most dangerous traps, no danger, not a scratch.

I waited and waited in anxious anticipation. I was not allowed to live comfortably or die happily. When would such days end?

Finally, perhaps the ancestral spirits heard my complaints.

My fate had finally changed.

Master said that the incomparably long era of prosperity had passed, the mandala flowers were in full bloom, and the era of glory that all the Tulan warriors had been waiting for for a long time had finally arrived!

But now, master said, there were some rat people — of course, not good rat people like me, who were obedient and obedient, but good rat people who were lazy, unruly, and extremely cowardly, they weren't willing to take on the glorious mission of serving as laborers and servants in the Battle of Glory. They turned into a surging tide of rats and charged toward the land of Holy Light.

They used the banner of the "Great Horn Army" and tried to resist their master's natural, sacred, unquestionable, and unshakable rule over Turanze.

Master said that these lowly, dirty, humble, and weak clowns weren't qualified to make the golden clan's Liger battle group attack.

Even the few heavy armored battle groups of the Wolf Clan did not have the time to deal with these little thieves who were jumping up and down.

Therefore, the opportunity came for us "good rat people" who belonged to the Wolf Clan!

Chapter 1400 Rat Hair

Master said that the so-called "Great Horn Army" was just a mob and not worthy of the wolf warriors.

If we, the "good rat people," were to eliminate those "bad rat people," we would be able to use them as trash.

Just as well, we could prove our loyalty to master and our ancestors in the same way.

My master said that as long as I could prove my ability and loyalty, I would not have to be a grave robber anymore. I would also be able to get rid of the name, "Corpse-eating Dog" and become a true warrior, qualified to participate in the Battle of Glory.

Just like that, I was given a tattered bone knife and a shield made of a large turtle shell. Together with the other grave robbers, I entered the battlefield in a daze.

For me, killing the "bad rat people" was not too much of a burden.

After all, "rat people" was just a general term. Everyone had different bloodlines, and they all had different appearances. It was difficult for them to feel like they were "one of us."

Even if they were one of us, I believed that whether it was the "good rat people" or the "bad rat people," death was a kind of happiness, and living was an endless pain.

I sharpened the bone knife again and again.

I made sure that the blade was sharp enough to cut the throat of the "bad rat people" in front of me, so that these people, who I didn't know, could welcome relief without any pain in the shortest amount of time.

I was looking forward to meeting an opponent who was as particular as me. He would stab me cleanly in the throat and let me die as soon as possible.

Unfortunately, my master wasn't wrong.

This rat rebel army known as the 'Great Horn Army' was indeed a weak motley crew.

Just by relying on the hastily armed grave robbers, along with a few slave soldiers and servant troops, and led by a few Wolf clan powerhouses, we were able to defeat the main force of the great horn army without any suspense.

My team even attacked the great horn army's headquarters like chopping melons and vegetables.

There, I met a woman called the "Saintess" by the rat rebels.

No, she was too young, much younger than me.

Rather than a woman, she was more like a little girl.

Although she didn't look very good, this mysterious girl had an extremely special ability.

She could connect the spirits of everyone around her through her dreams.

On one hand, this ability allowed her to experience the pain, fear, and despair of millions of rats. It gave her a depth and maturity that far surpassed her appearance. On the other hand, the immense pain stimulated her tender soul, exceeding the limits of what she could bear. It caused her to completely seal her soul. She sealed her soul until she was seven or eight years old, or even only three or five years old. She was still innocent and innocent, she did not need to understand the age of this cruel world. She was sealed in the innocent and beautiful dreams that she had created.

How could such a little girl, who had seen through the darkness of the world but chose to escape in the dreams, become a qualified, true 'Saintess'?

I did not kill her.

But when I found her, she was already dying.

Although she had innate talent.

But this "Saintess" didn't have the ability to use totems to control her talent like my master did.

And she didn't have enough golden mandala fruits and witch medicine to fill up her starving brain and body after activating her talent.

And while she was struggling, she ignored the pain of her brain burning and exploding, crazily overdrawing her talent time and time again, trying to drag us all into her dream.

As a result, she suffered a backlash from her talents.

She was about to die in front of me.

Before she died, she continued to pour her dreams into my mind.

There were nightmares of pain and despair that the thousands of bad rats who joined the Great Horn Army had experienced.

There were also beautiful dreams that the SAINTESS had made up to help everyone escape their pain.

I didn't know her intentions.

Did she see through my identity as a rat and wanted to persuade me to betray my master, stand on the side of the rat rebels, and inherit the flag of the Great Horn Army?

Or did she simply want me to carry on living with so many feelings and memories of the rat rebels, as if I were carrying their souls?

It was ridiculous. I was like a bunch of insignificant rat hairs that had been swept up by a strong wind.

Whether I lived or died, when was it up to me to decide?

Under the influence of God, the only thing I could do was to hug the Saintess' corpse and close her eyes.

The Great Horn Army was destroyed.

And my master fulfilled his promise.

I finally got rid of my identity as a grave robber.

I was incorporated into a slave army and even became a squad leader.

My master even personally whipped me, which was a rare sight. He encouraged me to not be afraid of death, to fight bravely, to wash away the lowly bloodline, to defend the glory of the ancestral spirits, and to live up to my master's appreciation.

I was beaten until I grimaced.

But I was extremely happy in my heart.

It wasn't because of my master's encouragement.

It was because I was about to charge into battle as a slave and face the defense line formed by Dwarven Cannons, Elf Poison Arrows, and mages.

This time, I would definitely die, right?

With this goal in mind, I trained harder than any of the rat slave soldiers.

While adding countless scars to my body, I also learned more and more killing techniques.

I did my best to complete my master's orders and win his favor and trust.

I only wanted to stand as far ahead as possible and die more quickly when I charged into the battle.

However, in the dead of night, when I was exhausted and should have fallen asleep.

I would have many strange dreams.

The dreams that the Saintess of the Bighorn Army had implanted in my mind.

The memories, emotions, and wills of the rat rebels.

It was strange that the rat rebels were living a life as miserable and hopeless as I was as a grave robber in the past.

But their most vivid memories before they died were not the pain of their entire lives. They were the insignificant, fleeting moments of beauty and joy.

A wild flower growing by the side of the road.

A particularly sweet mandala fruit.

A rude joke.

A strong hug.

When winter came, a nest of warm weeds, an unextinguished bonfire, a fragrant grilled fish.

It was these memories, as humble as dust.

That kept the rat rebels alive and fighting until they died like real soldiers.

I couldn't understand it. However, as if bewitched by the SAINTESS, I also remembered that in my life, as dark as the eternal night, there were moments like the stars.

I remember that I once had a friend.

He was a master at catching and fighting tooth worms.

Whenever we huddled together in the depths of the ancient tomb, in the dark, damp mud, where the master could not see.

He would encourage me to go everywhere to catch tooth worms.

The tooth worms he caught, two big, high-sticking teeth, big and sharp, could bite each other's tooth worms until they bled, and helped us win God knows how many mandala fruits.

Of course, this friend has long died.

Fell into the trap, was pierced through the intestines, riddled with holes.

Just like other friends.

But I will never forget, he once caught a big tooth worm like the chief of the awe-inspiring, domineering

And he waved the big tooth worm, from the heart of the smile.

See his smile, even, just think of his smile.

I couldn't help but smile as well.

Suddenly, I didn't want to die so much. Perhaps, before the Saintess died, she really implanted something into my brain.

Implanted... the motivation and meaning to
live.

Unfortunately, motivation and meaning weren't enough.

The Glorious Era had arrived.

The horn that was filled with killing intent and the battle roars that were filled with blood resounded in every corner of the two banks of the Tulan River.

The five clans, the vassal tribes, the rat militia, and the slave soldiers... all mobilized and turned Tulan ze into a large military camp.

The chief of the Gold clan, the most powerful member of the Lion clan, the Horn of destruction, defeated all the heroes in the Battle of the five clans. He naturally ascended to the throne of the Chief of war and became the supreme commander of the Tulan Army.

There was no power that could stop the outbreak of war.

There didn't seem to be any power that could stop me from dying meaninglessly as cannon fodder under the illumination of the Holy Light.

Just as I was about to accept my fate.

In the southern part of Tulan ZE, the mist that covered the entire prosperous era of the tusk mountain range suddenly vanished.

From the depths of the Tusk mountain range, a group of black-haired, black-eyed, self-proclaimed 'Earthlings' Weirdos walked out.

The tusk mountain range towered into the clouds. Dozens of mountain peaks were more than 10,000 arms high, and they were washed up and down by the rapid currents. They were as smooth as mirrors, and there were violent winds, torrential rain, and Thunderbolts that wreaked havoc throughout the entire mountain range all day long, even the Falcons of the Lightning clan found it extremely difficult to cross the peak of the tusk. Even the mandala tree, which the Tulan people relied on to survive, was unable to extend its roots all the way to the depths of the tusk mountain range.

Furthermore, the most fertile place in this world was always the land of holy light to the north of Tulan ZE.

The Holy Light Temple stood in the center of the Earth and contained most of the resources. The further one went to the surroundings of the continent, the more barren the resources became.

The land of Tulan ze was not as fertile as the land of Holy Light. Further south in the depths of the tusk mountain range, it was naturally more dangerous and barren. As for passing through the tusk mountain range and heading south, they would arrive at the turbulent sea, and there was no room for the Tulan Orcs to survive.

Therefore, for nearly ten thousand years, the orc warriors' tusks, claws, and swords had been pointing towards the fertile and prosperous north.

No Fool was willing to conquer the tusk mountain range with no effort and no reward.

Even before the last prosperous era, the tusk mountain range was suddenly shrouded in mist. The fierce winds, torrential rain, and Thunderbolts that surrounded the entire mountain range became even more violent, becoming an insurmountable chasm, the Careless Tulan Beastmen did not take it to heart.

Who would have thought that behind Tulan ZE, a super city even larger than Crimson Gold City would suddenly appear?