

Oh My God 1421

Chapter 1421 Doomsday Agreement

Meng Chao could not refute it.

He thought of the first future where his father suffered serious work injuries due to dangerous work, but he was not able to receive timely compensation and treatment. He could not even seek help from his father, causing his sister, Bai Jiacao, to “turn” and become the Dark Witch.

In the second future, his sister’s fate was a hundred times scarier than turning into the Dark Witch.

Was the Blood Alliance, an evil organization that should have been destroyed decades ago, somehow still hiding in some dark corner of Dragon City?

Who and what forces were secretly supporting the continued existence and activities of the Blood Alliance?

Also, under the monster mastermind’s control, Lu Siya, who had turned into a wild banshee, had willingly revealed the truth to Meng Chao. Even though the humans had won the Monster War, the monster civilization would not be wiped out so easily.

The humans could take over the Hidden Mist Domain, raze the monster civilization’s ultimate lair, and also suppress, as well as tame, all the monsters.

However, a large number of “monster spores” had “sneaked into the night wind and silently invaded the human body,” turning many people into monsters in human skin. It was easy to destroy the monsters in the mountains.

But it was a hundred times more difficult to destroy the monsters in their hearts.

It was easy to destroy the visible and howling Apocalyptic Beasts that bared their fangs. But it was more difficult to destroy the “monsters in human skin” that were mixed in with the crowd.

They appeared dignified, as well as sanctimonious, and they stole high positions. However, if the “monsters in human skin” were allowed to lurk in Dragon City and steal the resources and opportunities that belonged to all the citizens of Dragon City, they would continue to expand and stir up trouble.

That would be impossible to avoid.

“Perhaps, you’re right.” Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and said, “But if the big shots aren’t trustworthy, who should we rely on to stop the apocalypse?”

“That’s simple. We’ll rely on ourselves.”

The Wolf King smiled. “As long as we support each other and stand shoulder to shoulder, we’ll be the greatest big shots in Picturesque Orchid Lake and Dragon City respectively. All the other ultimate warriors and big shots will bow down at our feet in fear and trepidation.

“Only then can our will be carried out to every corner of our respective civilizations, and all our orders be carried out without any discount. Only then can we use the ‘bad future’ that we have foreseen to create a brand-new, bright, and hopeful ‘good future.’”

Meng Chao stared at the Wolf King for a long time.

“Allow me to remind you.”

Meng Chao said, “In the future that I dreamed of, you had already become the ‘most important person’ in Picturesque Orchid Lake. Be it wolves, tigers, leopards, pigs, dogs, cows, sheep, snakes, insects, rats, ants... All the Turan orcs trembled under your command. No one could question your orders, and no one dared to go against your will.

“Yet, you still failed.

“From what I can see, you don’t seem to be fundamentally different from the big shots that you despise, hate, and despise.”

“That’s because I was surrounded by a bunch of pig teammates who just knew how to slow me down. It was only natural that I wouldn’t be able to do it alone.”

The Wolf King said, “But things are different now. Now that I’ve learned two lessons from the ‘bad future’ and I have a strategic partner like you who works with me all the time, how can I ‘mess up’ again?”

“Listen, I understand what you’re worried about. Believe me. As long as I can become the War Chief and integrate all of Picturesque Orchid Lake’s resources and strengths, I’ll definitely reform the Turan civilization in a holistic way according to what you’ve said. I’ll give the rat people more freedom, as well as power, and completely unleash the potential of more than 90% of Picturesque Orchid Lake’s population.

“I’m also a rat person myself. Of course, I’m willing to believe that as long as the rat people unleash their full potential, our combat ability will never be inferior to those ferocious wolves and leopards. Perhaps, the rat people are the key to winning this Apocalyptic War.

“I’m even willing to establish a strong collaboration with Dragon City on Picturesque Orchid Lake’s behalf. It would be a hundred times more sincere and enthusiastic than the binding relationship we saw in the two ‘bad futures.’ Not only was it superficial and forced by the situation, but we did not see eye to eye either.

“I’ll sign a lot of agreements that Turan radicals will likely denounce and consider as ‘betraying our ancestors.’ I’ll actively introduce Earth’s culture, Earth’s system, and Earth’s commodities. From the crystal veins hidden underground below Picturesque Orchid Lake to the enormous market that is in urgent need of development, all of them can be opened to Dragon City. As long as we do so, it will help us defeat the apocalypse.

“In short, based on my trust in the Doomsday Blade, I can do whatever you want me to do.

“There’s only one small problem.”

Meng Chao asked, “What problem?”

“I don’t trust the big shots who are currently ruling Dragon City.” The Wolf King said, “Based on my understanding of them in the apocalyptic nightmare, they’ll definitely regard my sincerity as stupidity, my kindness as weakness, and the olive branch that I throw out as the people of Turan being intimidated

by the people of Earth and are willing to kneel and surrender. We'll become the symbol of Dragon City's vassal, and in the end, these greedy guys will definitely mess everything up. "Not to mention, in the 'bad future' that I dreamed of, many big shots in Dragon City chose to surrender to the Holy Light Temple, while some chose to flee.

"Tell me, how can I become an 'all-weather strategic partner' with these guys who would be self-righteous and treacherous at a critical point?"

"Yes, this may not be the real future, but just the 'possibility of a future,' but from my standpoint, I'm shouldering the fate and future of thousands of Turan people. I can't ignore this possibility, can I?"

Meng Chao said, "So?"

"So, I won't sign any agreements with the big figures who currently rule Dragon City."

The Wolf King stared at Meng Chao and said, "If I have to represent Picturesque Orchid Lake and make a blood oath with Dragon City to sign an agreement of mutual benefit and collaboration to fight the apocalypse, as well as create a future together, I hope that you will be Dragon City's representative-I only trust you.

"The problem is while I will be Picturesque Orchid Lake's War Chief, the Turan civilization's supreme commander, and the most respected and feared existence of all the Turan orcs by then...

"What about you? What identity and qualification will you hold to sign this agreement with me on Dragon City's behalf? "How can I trust that you'll have enough strength to ensure that every clause of the agreement will be implemented without any discount and that those who have messed up will not jump out and disrupt things again?"

Meng Chao pondered for a long time before he slowly opened his mouth. "Dragon City and Picturesque Orchid Lake have different systems. We believe in balance, restriction, and supervision. There is no existence in the Survival Committee like the War Chief who has absolute authority and control over everything.

"However, what you've said makes sense. When I return to Dragon City, I will discover the truth behind the Blood Alliance and eliminate all the pests, rats, and monsters in human skin. Then, I'll acquire the identity, status, power, and strength to make a blood pact with Picturesque Orchid Lake's War Chief

"I have no doubt that you can do it."

The Wolf King grinned. "However, I have to remind you that you don't have much time left.

"The Holy Light Temple might launch a 'purification war' on the east, west, and north lines at any time.

"Once the army of Holy Light has swept through the Desert of Death, the Eternal Night Abyss, the Frost Tundra, as well as the Forest of Pestilence, and defeated the undead in the ancient tomb, the abyssfolk, the ice barbarians, and the two-headed trolls, they will have nothing to worry about. It will be too late to say anything once they gather all their forces and march southward.

"Therefore, no matter what you plan to do, please be lightning-fast in cutting the Gordian knot.

"I won't wait for you for too long.

"If you still haven't taken care of Dragon City by the time I finish overall integration and combat preparations for Picturesque Orchid Lake...

"Even if I know that the chances are slim, I can only brace myself and march northward on my own to fight the Holy Light Temple to the death!"

"Of course."

Meng Chao's eyes were firm and resolute.

The image of the wild banshee, Lu Siya, who was controlled by the monster mastermind, appeared in his mind again.

Even without the Wolf King's reminder, he could not wait to kill his way back into Dragon City and end the battle with her.

He only hoped that the Hope Potion, which could suppress the Mother's cell activity, would have the same strong effect on the mysterious power from the monster mastermind that had invaded Lu Siya's body!

The Wolf King extended his hand. "So, we've reached an initial agreement?"

After pondering for a moment, Meng Chao held the Wolf King's furry hand tightly. "I hope that this is an agreement that will be valid forever."

"Why talk about forever in the face of an apocalypse?"

The Wolf King said, "But I believe that our agreement will not be broken until the Holy Light Temple is defeated, the ocean of light that covers the planet is dispersed, and the apocalypse is completely shattered, right?" "That's enough," Meng Chao said.

"That's enough."

Chapter 1422 Terrifying Chaos Creatures!

Three days later, in the skeleton swamp on the Holy Mountain of Turan...

Countless Angels of Slaughter, which were as large as the bones of giant beasts, had been sleeping quietly for three thousand years in the swamp that was dyed crimson by blood. Despite the complicated gears, bearings, drives, and coupling structures embedded in their cores under their rusted and cracked shells, the mysterious and complicated magic arrays were still blooming every few seconds, they were emitting an extremely determined light that represented the Angels of Slaughter's brains. Their control chip was not completely damaged, but it still symbolized the ocean of light that enveloped the planet. They would make the best and final judgment on all the creatures under the Holy Light.

However, it had been a long time since any creature within their scanning range was worthy of their "judgment."

Therefore, the Angels of Slaughter had allowed the insignificant birds and lizards to crawl between their once sharp limbs and crisscrossed bones.

They had focused their attention and quietly collected all the spirit energy around them while they slept. Then, they condensed the spirit energy into an almost form, turning it into their own ammunition and fuel.

Until three thousand years later...

Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

High shock waves from rhythmic booms suddenly came from the depths of the Holy Mountain.

It was as if ten thousand thunderbolts were exploding in the underground rock layer at the same time.

It was also like two vicious ancient beasts chasing each other and competing with each other. They were attacking the ground from the core of the Earth at an appalling speed and momentum.

The entire swamp of bones was covered in layers of ripples.

The Angels of Slaughter lurking in the swamp also sensed the chaotic, burning, and wild hints of the creatures that had been contaminated by Chaos. They were hidden in the ripples.

At the core of the few Angels of Slaughter closest to the “epicenter,” the brightness of their control chips suddenly increased by several levels.

The frequency of the chips’ flashing also changed from once every three to five seconds to somewhere from thirty to fifty or even hundreds of times per second.

The database that had been sealed for three thousand years deep in the control chip was reactivated in the shortest time.

They compared the chaotic, blazing, and wild life energy with the characteristics of the Chaos creatures that were stored in the database. They had to be purified for the sake of the entire world’s peace, order, justice, and light. Hence, the features of the Chaos creatures had to be purged. It only took 0.1 microseconds to come to this conclusion.

It was totem power. A variant of the evil energy of Chaos.

They had two Chaos creatures in their sights.

Evolution needed to be carried out. The verdict had to be enforced.

They had to bring these Chaos creatures into the orbit of absolute order.

In an instant, thousands of tiny lightning arcs burst from the Angels of Slaughter’s control chips.

The light threads, which were ten times thinner than hair, were transmitted to every gear, every bearing, and every transmission rod. One by one, they lit up the parts that had been engraved on them and overlapped with each other. There were hundreds and thousands of magic arrays embedded in each part.

The fuel that had been accumulated bit by bit over the past three thousand years instantly surged to the limit, turning into dazzling flames and huge waves that washed away the rust on the mechanical joints and the outer shell of their armor.

These steel puppets that leaped up from the depths of the swamp looked like they had just walked out of the Holy Light Temple's foundry with their heads held high. They were steaming hot, shiny, and awe-inspiring, while their bodies were surrounded by a sacred and inviolable light.

Along with the Holy Light, they were like lightning that crashed down from the sky, constantly splitting and spreading in all directions.

More and more of the sleeping Angels of Slaughter were activated by their companions who were the first to wake up.

The crisscrossing Holy Light formed a huge spider web.

Each node of the Holy Light Network had an Angel of Slaughter deployed.

They gently trembled and hummed, rapidly transmitting the information they had just scanned, as well as their fuel, ammunition, and body strength after sleeping for three thousand years.

Through a series of complicated and unbelievable calculations, the independent Angels of Slaughter formed a giant three-dimensional array.

Every Angel of Slaughter in the array was constantly adjusting its position and combat posture. Sharp blades that were wreathed in Holy Light popped out of their new limbs and bodies. Plus, the colorful magic arrays that were exposed were all adjusted to the most perfect angles to ensure that they could launch maximum firepower the moment the Chaos creatures entered their range of attack.

However, the shrieks in the air and the spirit waves that were almost visible to the naked eye were warning the Angels of Slaughter repeatedly through their control chips. With their current attack array, it was impossible to "purify" the two Chaos creatures that they had never seen before.

The Angels of Slaughter could only increase the output of their power again and again.

They switched to battle mode and changed their attack matrix into a defensive one, sacrificing the sharpness of their matrix and greatly increasing its thickness. However, even though they tried to shrink the matrix and triple its thickness, their control chips were still issuing increasingly sharp and even hysterical warnings. The cores of several dozen Angels of Slaughter were emitting green smoke during the super-high-speed operations. They were also emitting crackling sounds.

The final conclusion they came to was that they could only die together with the two Chaos creatures...

No, they could not die together.

Even if they all self-destructed, they could not destroy the two powerful Chaos creatures.

At most, they could only inflict heavy injuries and use Holy Light of a specific frequency to "brand" the two Chaos creatures so that future Holy Light warriors could easily find and lock onto those two terrifying existences.

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However, the Angels of Slaughter did not have the time to translate their conclusions into commands and compile the commands into Holy Light of a specific frequency. They could not transmit the data to every part of their bodies, which were engraved with magic arrays at the speed of light.

The two Chaos creatures instantly devoured the distance of several thousand steps at lightning speed, ruthlessly crashing into the Angels of Slaughter's defensive array.

With the blessing of Holy Light, the defensive formation should have been as solid as an iron wall.

Yet, it was as fragile as a fence covered in papier-mache.

Every magic formation around them was shining, and even the sharp blades were burning. The murderous puppets were supposed to attack like a chain of lightning.

However, they were as slow, clumsy, and flustered as scrap metal trapped in mud at that moment.

The first few Angels of Slaughter did not even have the time to raise their sharp blades at the two Chaos creatures before the sound barrier created by the supersonic flight of the two chaotic creatures, as well as the flashes of swords hidden within the sound barrier, shattered them into pieces.

The last few Angels of Slaughter succeeded in raising their limbs that were filled with sharp blades, but that was all. The moment they raised their sharp blades to the peak, all of their joints, as well as the gears, bearings, and transmission rods that were connected to their joints, exploded in a series of small-scale explosions.

The totem power that surged like a mudslide had the precision of a surgical operation. It seeped into their bodies through the cracks in their outer shells that had been torn three thousand years ago, instantly destroying and paralyzing their internal structures. It turned them into awe-inspiring statues, just statues.

The next few Angels of Slaughter successfully brandished their shining sharp blades.

However, not only did their sharp blades fail to pierce the two Chaos creatures, but due to the creatures' interference, they changed their trajectories and embedded themselves deeply into the Angels' weakest joints, causing seven or eight Angels of Slaughter to burn together in a series of extremely brilliant fireworks.

Fortunately, the last few Angels of Slaughter's fire, frost, and lightning attacks finally hit their targets.

Unfortunately, the two Chaos creatures that were enveloped by the storm of offensive spells showed no signs of being injured or hindered.

They even seemed to slow down on their own initiative and deliberately allowed themselves to be hit by the Angels of Slaughter. They were

was.

The test was completed in half a second.

In the next half a second, the two Chaos creatures walked up to the Angels of Slaughter step by step while withstanding the raging flames, frost, and lightning from the Angels. They raised their hands and spread their fingers as they gently pressed the Angels of Slaughter's outer shells.

Boom!

Before the Angel of slaughter could self-destruct, they were all disintegrated and burned into dark red, ugly pieces of scrap iron that looked like cow sh\*t.

Right then, not far away, the earth was shaking

An Angel of Strength that was seven or eight stories tall emerged from the depths of the swamp of bones. The mud covering its body had yet to run out, and its shell seemed to be burning furiously, turning translucent.

From the waves that were growing increasingly high, and the spirit ripples visible to the naked eye, it was obvious that the Angel of Strength had activated its self-detonate mechanism the moment it woke up.

In theory, self-destruction was the only possible way to seriously injure the Chaos creatures.

The two Chaos creatures looked at each other.

They instantly went from extremely quiet to extremely active.

They increased their speed by a whole other magnitude from their previous lightning speed.

Like two beams of light, they drilled into the Angel of Strength's body.

The Angel of Strength's self-destructing process came to an abrupt halt.

Invisible vines and chains tightly bound all its limbs as if they had spread out from its body, making it unable to move. The more it struggled, the louder the sounds of breaking, shattering, and explosions from its joints.

In the end, even its shell, which was riddled with holes, emitted billowing thick smoke of various colors.

The thick smoke danced wildly like dragons and snakes that had crossed over from an ancient battlefield.

As the thick smoke raged, the giant object made of sacred metal disintegrated from the inside out like a cow that had been dismembered by a butcher.

All its parts except for the ammunition depot and fuel tank turned into "red-hot cow dung" and fell to the ground with a crackling sound.

Chapter 1423 I'm Great at Reasoning With People

The swamp of bones returned to peace.

The Angel of Strength and all the Angels of Slaughter had turned into real skeletons.



Two Chaos creatures, Meng Chao and Kanus, stood in the void. They casually lifted the Angel of Strength's ammunition warehouse, as well as fuel tank, and looked at the messy battlefield below... No, the test field. There was not the slightest hint of surprise or excitement on their faces.

It was not easy for the father and daughter pair to catch up to them. They were panting heavily when they saw the shattered and miserable remains on the ground. Even the Angel of Strength, which was seven hundred stories tall, had been shattered into the most basic parts. Aside from being dumbfounded, there was no other expression on their faces.

"It seems that we have enough power to gather our will and create the future!"

The Wolf King grinned, revealing his sharp canine teeth.

"I hope we want to create the same future."

Meng Chao glanced at him meaningfully. "Remember your promise. You will give the rat people more freedom and rights. You will treat all the soldiers under you equally, especially during the time I return to Dragon City. You will not kill all of the Great Horn Army's remaining soldiers. "Our cooperation has just begun. I don't think you want it to be completely broken so soon, do you?" "Of course. Even if you don't believe in my integrity, at least please believe in my intelligence." The Wolf King calmly said, "Now, now, in the past, when the Lion King and Tiger King were present, I had to lurk in the shadows, bow, scrape, and even fight with my rat people brothers to win their trust.

"Even under such terrible circumstances, I still racked my brains and came up with a whole plan to preserve the Great Horn Army's integrity to the greatest extent. They just had to change their banner from the Great Horn Army to the Wolf Clan's vassal.

"You could say that if the enemy commander who was fighting against the Great Horn Army had been anyone other than me, the blood of the rat people would have been spilled ten times or even a hundred times more.

"But now, no one or power can stop me on my way to the top. "Why would I need to kill all the remnant soldiers?"

"After all, only you know that I'm also a rat person. At a critical moment, the rat people might be the only foundation that I trust and rely on the most. I would never do something stupid like destroy my own foundation.

"Speaking of which, the previous War Chiefs treated the rat citizens extremely harshly. They couldn't wait to send them to the front line as cannon fodder and stuff them into a never-ending meat grinder. "This is neither because they are all homicidal maniacs, nor because these War Chiefs have some deep-rooted hatred for the rat people. It is due to the simplest factor, which is food.

"Picturesque Orchid Lake is about to run out of food.

"In the situation that the mandrake trees all vanish, our food reserves will definitely not last for the entire glorious era, which could go on for decades.

"In order to delay and prevent the arrival of famine to the greatest extent, we can only launch a war.

"We either take food from the enemy, or we dispatch our surplus mouths.

“It’s the only choice. Any commander-in-chief’s personal feelings and moral obsessions will not divert that purpose. “Therefore, it won’t matter how beautiful my words are even if I make a solemn vow here and I am willing to fulfill my promise from the bottom of my heart and treat the rat people leniently.

“As long as the food issue is not resolved, a large portion of the Turan people will starve to death. If they are not rat people, they will be warriors. The warriors naturally won’t sit still and wait for death. On the contrary, they will cause even more trouble.

“In that case, the rat people will never be able to gain true freedom and rights. At most, they’ll starve to death with dignity and pride.”

“That’s not a problem.”

Meng Chao said, “Dragon City’s soilless cultivation, synthetic food, and underground ecological transformation technology are very advanced. Our production of synthetic food can not only meet the daily needs of all citizens but also provide a lot of surplus for export.

“Although the taste of synthetic food is not good and it lacks the many elements needed for training, it is more than enough to fill the stomachs of ordinary people. It should be able to help Picturesque Orchid Lake alleviate its problem of famine.

“Moreover, I’m from Dragon City Agricultural University. I believe that many experts and professors in our agricultural university would be very interested in improving Picturesque Orchid Lake’s ecological environment, curbing the disorderly growth of the mandrake trees, and further optimizing the trees’ life and death cycle.

“Perhaps, we can solve the series of problems caused by the mandrake trees once and for all and completely end the vicious cycle of the prosperity and glory eras. “Of course, it’s too difficult for the people of Dragon City to unconditionally provide food aid and agricultural technology to the ferocious-looking Turan orcs.

“Just as we discussed, ‘resources for food’ is a condition that both sides can accept.” “Don’t worry, I remember that.”

The Wolf King said, “Picturesque Orchid Lake’s underground crystal veins are buried too deep. With the Turan orcs’ current technology, aside from the mandrake tree’s roots, there is no way to excavate these precious resources.

“Resources that cannot be excavated are meaningless no matter how abundant they are. Why not invite the people of Dragon City to build mines, railways, smelters, and manufacturing centers to jointly develop Picturesque Orchid’s underground crystal veins and the technology left behind by the ancient Turan people? These things are the ancestral spirit’s ‘real legacy.’

“However, the heritage of the ancestral spirits is too rich and precious. Just the Hope and the supermagnet alone are not something that can be exchanged with just a few bags of synthetic food.

“Furthermore, we have to make the rumbling steel beasts of Dragon City appear on Picturesque Orchid Lake’s land and dig up the land that the ancestral spirits have given us.

“I, on the other hand, can look at this issue from a strategic perspective.

“However, I’m afraid that most of the Turan orcs, who are well-developed and simple-minded, will find it hard to accept the visual and emotional impact. This is the sacred and inviolable land that the ancestral spirit has given us, which is extremely precious and warm!

“So, we have to pay more for it.

“I can recognize and protect Dragon City’s special interests in the mines and along the railway in Picturesque Orchid Lake. “But Dragon City also has to transfer part of the mining, smelting and manufacturing technology to Picturesque Orchid Lake. “At the same time, we have to hire a large proportion of Turan people to work in the mines, the railway, and the factories. We’ll feel better when the ‘the ancestral spirit’s heritage’ is dug out by the Turan people themselves.

“Of course, you can use Dragon City’s synthetic food and the industrial products to pay your wages. You can also consider this to cultivate the consumption habits of the Turan people and activate the undeveloped market, right?”

Meng Chao could not help but laugh.

“We’ve been discussing this for three days and three nights. It seems that even if we continue to discuss it for another three days and three nights, it will be difficult to take advantage of the other party.”

“Isn’t that great?”

The Wolf King said, “No one can take advantage of the other party, and no one will make the other party suffer. Only an agreement and alliance like that can be maintained for a long time.” “Then, let’s leave the details of the agreement for the next time. We can discuss it slowly after we all have new identities.”

Meng Chao said, “Now, we need to leave the Holy Mountain and convince our clansmen of the agreement’s importance and necessity.”

“My clansmen are not a problem.”

The Wolf King said, “As long as I show them the skulls of the Lion King, the Horn of Destruction, and the Tiger King, Violent Blade, they’ll never dare to question a single word I say.

“But you, can you really convince all the people of Dragon City, including those high and mighty figures, in the shortest time possible?”

“Don’t worry.”

Crackling sounds came from Meng Chao’s body. They were reminiscent of thunder and the rumbling of a flood dragon.

He looked at his fists, which were surrounded by electric arcs and surging flames before he seriously said, “I’m great at convincing others.”

Chapter 1424 Capture the General

Half a day later, at the foot of the Holy Mountain, a wall of mist that towered into the clouds appeared before Meng Chao and Kanus.

The two of them looked at each other and took large strides forward. They activated their vitality magnetic field and cleaved the waves in the wall of mist.

The mist separated into two sides like waves torn by warships. The world around them became wider and more vivid.

Soon, their vision became clear. They had returned to the sky and the boundless Picturesque Orchid Lake!

The two of them slowly floated hundreds of meters into the sky.

They breathed in the fresh air to their heart's content and looked down at the meandering Turan River. The land that contained endless resources and potential was waiting to be discovered and built.

They imagined how wonderful this land would be in another future.

Looking back, the towering Holy Mountain of Turan was already hidden in the space folds, only revealing the tip of the iceberg. It looked like an ordinary hill.

After passing the "hill," his eyes continued to focus on the horizon, and he could vaguely see Fang Mountain Range standing on the southern edge of Picturesque Orchid Lake.

Looking at it from this distance and angle, the natural danger that separated the Turan civilization and the Dragon City civilization was like a low threshold.

As long as one was willing, they could easily cross it with a light step. The scene made both of them extremely excited.

Just like two aspiring painters, they could not wait to write their own legends in the face of an astonishingly large blank painting scroll.

The Wolf King told Meng Chao that due to the lack of industrial pollution and artificial light sources, the visibility of Picturesque Orchid Lake's air was excellent.

With the two of them transcending to the pinnacle of life, if they looked toward the north from where they were, there was a high chance that they would be able to see the glorious Red-gold City.

After so much time had passed, who would be in charge of Red-gold City without the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King, and what would it look like now?

"I hope that those idiots haven't caused too much trouble!"

The Wolf King narrowed his eyes and looked far into the distance. But at the next second, he furrowed his brows tightly.

Following his somewhat confused and solemn gaze, Meng Chao also saw Red-gold City on the horizon.

Although it was too far away, with his divine super vision, he could only see a vague outline the size of a finger. However, the smoke that rose from Red-gold City and lingered in the air for a long time could still be seen clearly.

Kanus was the Wolf Clan's leader.

Naturally, he was also an expert in creating and using smoke.

He told Meng Chao that due to the continuous decline of technology, the current Turan orcs lacked long-distance instantaneous communication methods.

Carrier pigeons and smoke became the most common means of communication and coordination between the various towns and clans.

Depending on the secret medicine mixed into the burning material, smoke of different colors, shapes, and heights could transmit up to a hundred kinds of messages, not just, 'In case of emergency, call for help.' The smoke that was like an iron fist and surrounded by red light was not a call for help. It meant that the army was going out to declare victory and pray to the ancestors. Such grand-looking smoke was not something that anyone could release.

Only the chiefs of the five clans, who were at the Lion King, the Horn of Destruction's level, were qualified to light it.

The moment they saw the smoke, all the surrounding cities and towns had to actively prepare food, prepare camps, and mobilize laborers and servants to provide all the support they could for the army that was about to arrive.

Anyone who slacked off for even a moment would have to be punished by military law!

"How strange... The Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King aren't in Red-gold City. Who else has the right to send such a grand signal? "Could it be that the Gold Clan has already chosen a new chief?"

"Logically speaking, that shouldn't be. Before we went deep into the Holy Mountain, the Lion and Tiger Clans had just engaged in a fierce battle in Red-gold City.

"All the experts were either brought into the Holy Mountain by the Lion King, as well as Tiger King, and completely annihilated, or they were killed or injured in Red-gold City's great fire. No one should have such strength and prestige to be able to reunite the scattered sand in Red-gold City so quickly!

"Moreover, isn't it a little too soon to attack the Land of Holy Light Now? The glorious era has just begun, and the cannon fodders haven't even been used up or even started to be used up. How can we mobilize the Gold Clan's main forces so quickly?"

The Wolf King muttered to himself and sped up toward Red-gold City.

Meng Chao kept up with him.

The biggest difference between a Deity Realm and a Heaven Realm was that the latter could only float in mid-air like a hot air balloon. If one did not rely on the jet pack and glider wings, it would be very difficult for one to fly in the sky with one's own strength.

However, the former could fly in the sky as fast as an armored airship or even a piston-type propeller fighter jet.

If they could find a place to borrow strength, they could even break through the speed of sound in an instant at the expense of their spirit energy consumption!

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The two of them only flew for more than ten minutes before they captured a mighty army in the northeast direction.

Although there were no heavy war machines such as tanks, armored vehicles, and so on, the iron hooves of tens of thousands of orc warriors bombarded the earth at the same time.

That sent out the billowing smoke and dust that soared into the sky and covered it.

The problem was that Meng Chao and the Wolf King both noticed that this army was not heading north, but... toward the south!

The two of them looked at each other and felt slightly uneasy.

At the same time, the other party also discovered them.

They were not the only ones who were soaring in the sky.

Around this army that was heading toward the southern line, there were several scouts circling the sky. They had wide and sharp wings, glinting eagle claws, incomparably sharp beaks, and even faint electric arcs around their bodies, which were telling of their identity. They were falcon warriors from the Thunder Clan.

Among those in the five great clans, the falcon warriors might not have been the strongest. But their eyes were definitely the best.

An ordinary falcon warrior could see and lock onto rats that scurried across the ground from hundreds of meters up in the air.

Meng Chao was used to restraining his aura, and he was as ordinary as a college student who had just entered society.

Meanwhile, the Wolf King liked to stir up his Doomsday Wolf aura to the limit. He wished that he could arrange an entire battle group to beat drums and gongs in front of him to announce his arrival.

The falcon scout caught the undisguised shocking momentum that was like a volcano erupting in the sky. The falcon scout let out a sharp and melodious whistle in the clouds.

From afar and nearby, seven or eight small black dots surrounded by electric sparks flew toward the two of them at lightning speed.

Meng Chao and the Wolf King had seen the falcon scouts' ancestor, the former overlord of the sky, Broken Wings.

They had even obtained part of Broken Wings' power and experience.

Even their totem armors were equipped with the battle brand from Broken Wings.

Naturally, they would not take these falcon scouts' actions to heart.

The Wolf King was puzzled. "What's going on? This is the Gold Clan's airspace. Logically speaking, there shouldn't be falcon warriors here.

“Such a violation of the airspace is a very serious provocation. Although the Gold Clan’s jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards are not good at aerial combat, it’s still possible to select hundreds or thousands of strong warriors and shoot thousands of sharp stones into the air, leaving these falcon warriors with nowhere to run.

“If that really doesn’t work, we can still attack the Thunder Clan’s nest from the ground. These birdmen can fly, but their nest can’t move around, right?”

“After all, the Thunder Clan is only skilled at reconnaissance, communication, and surprise attacks. In a full-scale confrontation on the ground, they are absolutely no match for the Gold Clan.

“There is only one situation where the eagle and falcon warriors can fly above the Gold Clan’s airspace in a reasonable and free manner.

“That is if...

“The five clans have already chosen the War Chief through the Tournament of the Five Clans. All the Turan warriors, regardless of whether they are from the Gold Clan or the Thunder Clan, have to obey. They can only obey the orders of the War Chief!”

The Wolf King’s face instantly turned extremely gloomy.

Obviously, he did not even care about the Lion King, the Horn of Destruction and the Tiger King, Violent Blade, who had been the most qualified to become the War Chief.

After receiving the Holy Mountain’s inheritance and evolving into the Doomsday Wolf, he naturally would not sit back and watch idiots, who were even worse than the Horn of Destruction and Violent Blade, destroy Picturesque Orchid Lake’s future.

“Very good.”

The Wolf King laughed in anger and muttered to himself, “I’d like to see which monkey, who ate the heart of a brown bear and the gallbladder of a cheetah, would dare to jump out and claim the throne when there are no tigers in the mountains!”

The Wolf King ignored the falcon scouts who were approaching at a high speed. He dove directly toward the army, where there were tens of thousands of wolves, tigers, and cheetahs on the ground.

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Meng Chao was also curious.

After all, Picturesque Orchid Lake was closely related to the future of Dragon City. It was not easy for him to reach a verbal agreement with the Wolf King.

He did not think that except for the Wolf King, who had long been in contact with the earth’s civilization in his apocalyptic nightmare...

Any War Chief could tolerate the people of Dragon City digging up the “land that the ancestral spirits had given to the Turan people” and using rumbling mining machinery, as well as whining locomotives, to

“disturb the ancestral spirits’ long sleep.” It did not matter how high the price the people of Dragon City were willing to pay.

Soon, besides the outline that stretched for miles and meandered like a dragon, more details of the army fell into Meng Chao and the Wolf King’s view.

The army that started from Red-gold City was mainly made up of lion men, tigermen, and werewolves.

At first glance, the fire a few months ago did not leave too many aftereffects between the lion men and tigermen.

They continued to march forward at the same pace.

However, no matter if it was the lion men, tigermen, or werewolves, they were all silent and listless. They did not have the elation and fighting spirit of the first wave of the army, and the atmosphere was weird.

Even the battle flags of the Lion, Tiger, and Wolf Clans at the front of the line were crumpled and drooping. They looked dejected, like roosters that had their feathers plucked.

Above the Gold Clan’s battle flag, there was an even more magnificent flag fluttering high up. In the middle of the flag, there were four scarlet hoofprints that were surrounded by blood flames. They were so dazzling that it looked like they had just been branded.

It was the Blood Hoof Clan’s banner!

Chapter 1425 Especially Envious

It was different from the Blood Hoof war flag that Meng Chao had seen in Black-corner City.

Aside from the horns, tusks, and bristles of those from the Blood Hoof Clan, the flag also had lion, tiger, and wolf fur from the Gold Clan, and colorful falcon feathers from the Thunder Clan, the scales of the snakes and lizards from the Dark Moon Clan, as well as the branches and leaves that symbolized the Divine Wood Clan. The symbols of the five clans were all fused together.

However, just like the Gold Clan’s battle flag, it was lower than the Blood Hoof Clan’s flag.

The symbols of the other four great clans were also lower than the Blood Hoof Clan’s own symbols.

Meng Chao knew that this meant that the other four great clans bowed to the Blood Hoof Clan and were willing to obey the Blood Hoof chief’s orders.

“It looks like we have been in the depths of the Turan Holy Mountain for too long. The future will change once again.”

Meng Chao said, “The Blood Hoof Clan was originally a behemoth second only to the Gold Clan. After the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King disappeared for so long, it’s not strange that the great chief of the Blood Hoof Clan was able to take advantage of the situation and steal the highest authority in Picturesque Orchid Lake.”



For Dragon City, the great chief of the Blood Hoof Clan becoming the supreme commander of Picturesque Orchid Lake was not good news. Among the five clans, the Blood Hoof Clan had always been known for being brave, fierce, unreasonable, and uncaring when it came to temperament.

It could be said that the Blood Hoof warriors were all “Tulan people of Tulan people”.

If the vicious and cunning jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards of the Gold Clan were able to develop some intelligence and patience due to the need to hunt, it was possible for them to reach a mutually beneficial agreement with Dragon City, at least for the time being.

The Tauren and wild boar people of the bloody hoof clan, who were especially well-developed and simple-minded, would never be allowed to come to Tulanze, they would never allow the people of Dragon City to explore, mine, build factories and railways, dump industrial products and engage in cultural exports, and change the “Sacred tradition that the great ancestral spirit bestowed upon all the people of Tulanze.”.

This was also the reason why Meng Chao had drifted to black-corner city from the very beginning, but he was unwilling to come into contact with the higher-ups of bloody hooves. Instead, he had come to Crimson Gold City to look for kanus.

“It doesn’t matter.”

The Wolf King sensed Meng Chao’s worry and sneered, “A person who is about to die is not qualified to be a war chief!”

At this time, the army on the ground also discovered the existence of the two unscrupulous spies in the air.

Accompanied by a series of high-pitched horns, the vanguard who was walking at the front immediately stopped and changed their formation.

The few Centaur archers tied their bowstrings. The Warriors of the golden clan also undid their backpacks and took out their catapults and javelins.

The javelins, which were soaked in secret medicine and contained totem power, could stir up lightning and flames when they were thrown. Their speed and power were comparable to anti-aircraft artillery shells.

If more than a hundred javelins were thrown at the same time, it would definitely bring a devastating blow to the target in the air.

However, Meng Chao and the Wolf King turned a blind eye to it. Instead, they flew lower and lower, almost stepping on the Blood Hoof Clan’s big standard.

Under the big standard, more than a dozen blood hoof warriors riding on Totem Beasts stepped out from the crowd.

They were all wearing heavy armor that had a very distinct clan style. Their fangs and horns were especially prominent.

On top of that, they were carrying totem beasts that looked like tanks.

They were like moving fortresses.

They were different from the dejected lions and tigers.

The Blood Hoof Warriors were all in high spirits. From the gaps of each piece of armor, they revealed their spirit as the masters of Turanze.

First, they scolded the surrounding wolves, tigers, and leopards for their low morale. They did not have the Turanze spirit of "Fight when you see the enemy, and be happy when you hear the battle."

Then, they commanded the Blood Hoof Warriors, who had fewer people but better equipment than the jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards, to shout to the sky and warn them.

The leader of the group had a huge bull's head protruding from his breastplate and two shoulder armors. His armor was particularly gorgeous. He even took off his mask and narrowed his eyes. With a gaze that was as hot as magma, he burned the entire sky red. It would have been fine if he had not taken off his mask.

The moment he took off his mask, Meng Chao immediately realized that this fellow was..

"Casa Fa?"

The corner of Meng Chao's mouth curled up into a cold smile.

The Wolf King was slightly stunned. He tilted his head and recalled for a moment before saying, "Is he the owner of the Blood Skull Arena in Black Horn City?"

"That's right, casa fa bloody hoof."

Meng Chao said, "His father is the chief of the Bloodhoof tribe, Black Mountain Bloodhoof. If I'm not wrong, he is the guy who stole the throne of the war chief."

The chief of the Bloodhoof tribe, Black Mountain, was a battle group-level powerhouse whose strength was publicly acknowledged by Turan ZE to be second only to the Lion King, Horn of destruction, and the Tiger King, Violent Blade.

In fact, in Turan language, the name "Black Mountain" should be translated as "The indestructible black fortress that stands on the black mountain range that reaches into the clouds."

Black Mountain fortress was the border between Tulan Ze and the land of Holy Light. It had been a war fortress for thousands of years and had always been under the control of the Temple of Holy Light. No matter how the Tulan Orcs attacked, it had never fallen.

For the Tulan Orcs who worshiped the strong, even though black mountain fortress was the enemy's military facility.

However, the sturdiness and strength of this war fortress still won their praise, respect, and even worship.

Many Tulan Orcs liked to call black mountain or black fortress their names.

As for Casavar's father, chief bloodhoof, when he was young, he was one of the few heroes who could charge into black mountain fortress head-on and leave a clear mark on the fortress wall with his horns.

Naturally, he was more qualified than anyone else to call black mountain his name.

However, for the Doomsday Wolf, whose skull was pinned on his waist, even the horn of destruction and the blade of fury, he was not qualified to use the name of Black Mountain. Whether it was the real black mountain fortress.

Or the hero who used the name of Black Mountain.

There was no difference.

They were just small obstacles that were destined to be crushed by him before they crossed over.

"I remember that you came out from the Blood Skull Arena?"

The Wolf King looked at Meng Chao meaningfully.

"That's right."

Meng Chao said, "Kashava's men killed the Savior who rescued me from the Tulan River and locked me, who was seriously injured and on the verge of death, in the underground black prison of the Bloody Skull Arena.

"If I hadn't met Yezi, I would have died in the sewage.

"Besides, this guy almost killed the ice storm.

"He chased us all the way inside and outside of black-corner city.

"By the way, I'm very curious about one thing. It's said that the Tulan orcs worship the strong, but I don't know how much you worship them?"

"What I mean is, if I beat Casa up in front of so many people that he doesn't even know his parents, will I incur public anger and even affect the friendship between Dragon City and Tulan Ze

"No. Most of the soldiers in this army are from the golden clan. You can tell from their listless and dejected looks that they must be very unconvinced that the great chief of bloody hooves has seized the highest power."

The wolf king said, "It makes sense. If it was a grand duel between the five clans, there wouldn't be much to say. However, in the situation of fighting among the same clan and without a leader, who would be convinced when the bloody hooves took advantage of the situation?"

"I can guarantee that under the current situation, even if you beat this casa fa into a beef patty, it won't trigger the anger of the Gold clan. Instead, it will win the friendship of these usually unruly wolves, tigers, and leopards.

"As for affecting the friendship between Dragon City and Tu Lanze? How is that possible!"

"Dragon City and Tu Lanze are in the same boat. Our friendship has a long history. The alliance between us has been tempered by the flames of the Apocalypse and is unbreakable.

“How can a good friend like us, who are good friends and brothers for all the time, be affected by such a small matter?” “Then I’m relieved!”

Meng Chao suddenly accelerated.

Without a trace of anger, he didn’t even activate his totem armor. Just like that, he landed steadily in front of Casanova’s bloody hooves and tens of thousands of beastmen warriors who were full of killing intent and ready to fight!

“CASA FA, do you still remember me!”

Meng Chao’s gaze was like two bolts of lightning. No, it was two chains formed by hundreds of bolts of lightning, tightly binding the master of the Blood Skull Arena.

Casa FA was shocked.

He simply could not believe his eyes.

All the blood hooves warriors, wolves, tigers, and leopards around were also stunned by Meng Chao’s silent, ghostly appearance.

Even though Meng Chao didn’t deliberately release a surge that could topple mountains and overturn seas like the Wolf King.

However, the natural aura of the ultimate predator at the top of the food chain still made the orc warriors who fought by instinct feel instinctive vigilance and even fear.

The ORC warriors in the front row stepped on the soles of their feet.

The Orc warriors who were still marching in the back row couldn’t stop for a moment. They crashed straight into the formation and made it stagger. Chaos spread in all directions like a ripple.

Everyone stared at Meng Chao’s face in shock. They looked hard and carefully.

Then, their pupils gradually enlarged. They pointed at Meng Chao’s black hair and eyes at the same time and shouted in unison, “Black, Black Dwarf!”

This time, it was Meng Chao’s turn to be stunned. “Black Dwarf, what the hell is that!”

Chapter 1426 That’s Your Problem

The orc warriors’ curses were made up of two syllables.

The first syllable meant, “Black, night.” The second syllable did not mean “short,” but was a proper noun, specifically used to call the dwarfs in the Holy Light faction. It was the name of the race.

When they were put together, Meng Chao was confused.

He could not tell how his moderate figure, sparse hair, and fine skin resembled that of the Holy Light faction dwarfs, who were short in stature and had thick hair and sideburns regardless of whether they were male or female.

Besides, he was not black!

Moreover, it was different from the suffocation he felt when he landed.

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After discovering his identity as a “black dwarf,” the orc warriors seemed to be greatly insulted and provoked. They jumped up one after another as if someone had stepped on their tails. They bared their teeth and brandished their claws at Meng Chao. Winking at him, they brandished their swords and made gestures as if they were going to cut his throat, slice open his stomach, or even dismember him into pieces.

Casanova recognized Meng Chao at a glance.

Of course, no matter who it was, they had turned the Blood Skull Arena upside down, plundered the Blood Skull Temple, and even abducted a large number of rat servants in the Blood Skull Arena. As such, Casanova could no longer raise his head in front of his father and had even become the joke of the entire family.

He was afraid that he would not be able to forget it easily.

However, Kashava’s rage was a hundred times more violent than Meng Chao had expected.

His totem power was like an erupting volcano, crushing the mount beneath him.

The mount was enormous, like a hybrid of a rhinoceros and a hippo. It seemed that even the anti-tank cannon might not be able to blast away the bone armor that it was born with, which was made of spiritual magnets.

At this moment, the Mount was shrieking miserably and cracking noises.

Thick blood was spurting out of every crack on the Mount’s bone armor.

It was obvious how terrifying the totem power that Casavar had unleashed in his fury was.

Casavar did not have the time to check the condition of his mount. Instead, he swung his battle axe, which was wider than a door, at Meng Chao’s head.

The Master of the bloody skull arena roared hysterically, “Catch him! Catch the spy of the Black Dwarf! Chop off his limbs and break his spine! Bring him to me. I will interrogate him!”

The surrounding wolves, tigers, and leopards had yet to show their claws and teeth.

The bull-headed warriors following Casavar were like ancient steam locomotives, spewing out hot air from their thick nostrils.

The bull’s hooves created a series of crater-like dents on the ground. Together, they weighed tens of thousands of pounds and charged toward Meng Chao with murderous intent. In an instant, the entire land trembled.

Even the air was ignited or even detonated by the fury of the ox-headed warriors.

Meng Chao was still conflicted about how to deal with Casanova.

After all, this guy was the son of the great chief of the Bloody Hoof Clan. Regardless of whether Black Mountain's bloody hoof was the current war chief or not, at least within the Bloody Hoof clan, he had great prestige and leadership.

And the Bloody Hoof clan was the most stubborn, tough, and irritable clan among the five big clans.

In other words, they were also the Diehard faction that was most likely to object to the agreement between Dragon City and Tu Lanze. They were a group of idiots who couldn't do enough and could do more.

Meng Chao couldn't speculate what kind of consequences would happen if he killed Casanova under the banner of the Bloody Hoof Tribe.

But letting Casanova off easily wasn't his style either.

It wasn't just because of their past grudges.

It was also because the Meng Chao at this moment represented the image of the entire Dragon City.

The Tulan Beastmen believed in valor, and they also regarded "Revenge, revenge" as the highest virtue.

Meng Chao had once suffered the humiliation of being locked up in the deepest part of the blood skull arena by Casanova. If he did not use Casa FA's blood to wash away the humiliation, not only would he not be seen as "Magnanimous and forgiving" by the Tulan people, he would instead be seen as "Weak and bullied, not daring to maintain his dignity" by the Tulan Beastmen, they would then think that the people of Dragon City were a bunch of weaklings.

In the end, only the strong were worthy of signing an alliance agreement with the strong.

The weak were not worthy of forming an alliance with the strong, and could only be enslaved by the strong.

The phrase "No fighting, no friendship" was the most suitable to be used on the Tulan Beastmen.

According to the logic of the Tulan Beastmen, the stronger the friendship, the bigger the fist to protect it!

Therefore, Meng Chao originally decided to break Kasava's four limbs at will, add seventy to eighty ribs, and pull off his bull horn and stick it into his bull nose. Then, he would have to forgive and forget.

Unexpectedly —

"We Earthlings have always loved peace."

Meng Chao frowned and sighed lightly, "However, treating the Earthlings' kindness as weakness, that is your problem."

As he spoke, the first bull-headed warrior had already arrived above Meng Chao's head like a ball of lightning

The distance between the two sides was so close that Meng Chao could even count how many iron nails were embedded in the wolf-toothed mace that was stained with the smell of blood, and how many bull hairs had grown on this guy's head.

Then, there was no "Then".

Meng Chao clearly did not activate his totem armor.

But his body was constantly rippling with an invisible spiritual shield.

Like a distorted force field that could deflect all attacks, the mace, which was like a knife through butter, strangely slid away from him at the distance of a hair.

Not only did it not graze his skin.

Instead, under the continuous push of its owner's explosive brute force, it followed the trajectory controlled by Meng Chao and fiercely hit... its own hooves.

The left hoof of this Minotaur warrior was instantly smashed into a cloud of blood mist by its spiked mace.

Even though it was brave enough to be fearless of life and death, the Minotaur warrior still threw down its spiked mace, hugged its bloody hooves, and howled wildly.

Right behind him, two ox-headed warriors wielding battle axes arrived one after another, one on the left and one on the right. The battle axes engraved with gorgeous totems and decorated with ox horns weighed more than a hundred pounds.

In the hands of the ox-headed warrior, whose muscles were as bulging as if they were filled with bombs under his skin, the axes were light and agile, as thin as cicada wings. In an instant, they transformed into dozens of axe shadows that flew up and down, enveloping every single bone in Meng Chao's body, from the vital point between his spine and pelvis, to the cracks on his fingers, they were not spared.

However, when the dozens of extremely sharp axe shadows swept past Meng Chao, who did not dodge or even raise his hand to block, they did not leave any deeper marks on Meng Chao's body than scraping marks. It was as if the moment the dozens of axe shadows hit Meng Chao at the same time, Meng Chao's body of flesh and blood turned into a wisp of illusory smoke. Regardless of the two battle axes, they passed through without any resistance. In the next moment., the smoke condensed into a solid body again.

Before the two bull-headed warriors could break free from the situation where they had exerted too much strength and almost fell forward, they felt a burning pain in their palms. A layer of their rough, sandpaper-like skin had been rubbed off.

Their battle axes had actually been grabbed by Meng Chao's axe blade and taken away from his tightly clenched fists!

Orc warriors had always valued their weapons more than their lives. Similarly, it was more difficult to take away the weapons of an orc warrior than to take away their lives.

Meng Chao, on the other hand, lifted it as if it was nothing. Not a single bead of sweat could be seen on his forehead.

He turned the two battle axes 180 degrees.

He slightly rotated his wrist and aimed the broad axe face instead of the sharp axe blade at the chests of the two bull warriors.

With two "PA PA" sounds, the two bull-headed warriors with rough skin and thick flesh were heavily smacked away by him. They rolled over a hundred times in one breath before they collapsed on the ground as drunk as mud. How could they still get up?

When the fourth, fifth, and sixth bull-headed warriors reached their maximum speed, they were as terrifying as an armored train that was about to derail with a load of explosives.

However, when they rushed in front of Meng Chao, they were swatted back by Meng Chao like flies.

Other than casually snatching the other party's weapons.

Meng Chao did not reveal his equipment.

However, when he saw the bullhead warriors rolling back with their faces covered in dust and unable to get up like mud, Meng Chao had slapped out sets of heavy armors that were more than two fingers thick. The outlines of the armors were clear and distinct, the handprints that could not be restored for a long

time.

The rest of the orc warriors could not help but feel terrified. They treated Meng Chao's seemingly ordinary hands as a peerless weapon that was even more terrifying than a war hammer and a giant axe. "Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Dozens of arrows that were surrounded by flames and lightning seemed to shoot out from the sky. Those were the Centaur Scouts that CASA brought from the Blood Hoof clan. Seeing that the situation was not good, they launched a long-range sneak attack on Meng Chao.

Arrows infused with totem power not only had faster speed and greater destructive power than anti-material sniper bullets.

Furthermore, as the totem engraved on the arrow shaft was lit up, it could continuously change its trajectory and increase its speed, achieving an unpredictable and difficult to resist effect. Meng Chao, however, did not even bat an eyelash.

The seven or eight battle hammers, giant axes, mace, and meteor hammers that had just landed in his hands and feet all flew out in all directions like cannonballs.

Tu Lanze also had hand halberds and flying axes that were specially used for throwing.

They were usually smaller than the short weapons used in close combat. Moreover, they had special air slots to ensure the stability of the attack trajectory during the spinning flight.



The war hammers, giant axes, spiked mace, and meteor hammers that Meng Chao had thrown out, on the other hand, weighed more than a hundred kilograms on average. They were truly lethal weapons.

Naturally, their quantity, speed, and accuracy could not be compared to the arrows shot out by the Centaur Warriors.

However, just as the lightning-fast rain of arrows and the seemingly clumsy heavy weapons were about to pass by each other.

The surging spiritual energy that Meng Chao had poured into these heavy weapons suddenly exploded, turning the war hammers, giant axes, mace, and meteor hammers that were already full of cracks into thousands of sharp pieces!

Chapter 1427 Who Was He?

In the face of absolute numbers, the speed and power of the arrows became meaningless. All the arrows that the centaur scouts shot were detonated by the shards of the storm ahead of time, and they blossomed into brilliant fireworks around Meng Chao.

Not only did they not touch his fur, but they also added some mysterious and unpredictable colors to him.

The remaining fragments flew toward the centaur scouts at twice the speed under the impact of the explosion and the impetus of the totem power. The top Deity Realm archers of Picturesque Orchid Lake were all turned upside down.

In an instant, the area of nearly a hundred meters around Meng Chao became a forbidden area that could seemingly freeze all attacks.

Any Turan orc who dared to attack him would either roll on the ground or be as limp as mud. Other than pig-like squeals, they could not make any other sound.

Even the Turan orcs, who were a hundred meters away, and the huge army became completely silent. Only heavy breathing was left.

“Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!”

Casanova Bloodhoof was both shocked and furious.

Under the double stimulation of the deep-rooted hatred and the great humiliation of being robbed of the temple’s treasures, he, who had lost his rationality, personally climbed onto the battle drum platform that was dragged by four totem beasts under the banner.

He kicked away a drummer and personally grabbed two drumsticks that were made from the leg bones of a giant beast and were as thick as the mouth of a bowl. He started to beat the thunder-like battle drum.

“Kill him! All of you, March forward and crush this Black Dwarf!”

His eyes were red, and white smoke was spewing out of his nostrils. He let out a hysterical howl.

The war drum was an order.

Under the banner representing the war chief, as long as the war drum sounded, it didn't matter if it was the bottomless abyss in front of them or the death line formed by the Holy Light Mages, Elf Archers, and dwarven gunners.

The Tulan Orcs would rush forward without hesitation, using their own flesh and even corpses to level and crush everything.

"The Tulan war drums can cross mountains, fill the deep sea, and crush every city in this world."

This was an ancient saying that had been passed down in Tulan for nearly ten thousand years.

Meng Chao was facing an entire army after all.

Even a large army made up of wolves, tigers, and leopards wasn't willing to obey the orders of a Tauren.

However, CASA FA had brought over hundreds of blood hoofs from the Blood Hoofs clan, and they were extremely valiant.

Meng Chao had only dealt with the vanguard.

The remaining hundreds of armored bulls, boars, elephants, and centaurs charged at the same time. They could still cause the earth to shake and the mountains to shake, crushing everything Meng Chao Sighed. Of course, he could defeat these Orc warriors who were in a "Berserk" state. Their eyes gradually turned as red as blood, and white smoke was spurting out of every pore on their bodies.

But what he wanted to do was far more than just "Defeat" them.

He wanted to "Conquer" them.

"Then, there's no other way."

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes. His right index finger and middle finger were brought together. He gently touched the space between his eyebrows, slightly adjusting the frequency of his brainwaves, and forming a resonance with the spiritual magnet hidden deep inside his body.

In an instant —

His body was like a supernova explosion, enveloped by an incomparably dazzling ball of light.

The ball of light was like a spark that had awakened from a long slumber of tens of thousands of years. It yawned loudly and stretched out an extremely dazzling flame of light in all directions.

When the flame of light condensed into the shape of a human and its brightness was slightly reduced by a few levels, Meng Chao's body had already expanded by two to three times. A set of crystal clear totem armor that was incomparably tyrannical appeared on his body!

This totem armor..

With the translucent black as the main tone, it was like five or six o'clock in the morning. The Sun had already gathered its strength on the horizon and was incomparably transparent under the sunlight. It was like the night sky that was like Black Jade.

Then, with the red lines that were as bright as the hot blood that had just been shot out and as hot as the magma that had just spurted out, the outline of the muscles was outlined, making Meng Chao's "Ordinary" figure, in an instant, he became majestic, robust, and exaggerated to the extreme.

In the depths of the black armor, there were still thousands of broken rays of stars that were embedded in the universe like stars. They formed a magnificent and ever-changing sea of stars, making people not dare to look directly at the totem armor. Otherwise.., their souls would be sucked into it.

The most amazing thing was that the starlight shone and flowed, outlining a myriad of totems.

The totems on ordinary armor were fixed and limited.

The so-called totems contained the battle experience and near-death memories of the previous generation of warriors.

They also contained the endless pain of bloody battles and near-death.

Controlling totems required an incomparably strong physique and a firm will.

No matter how lively an orc warrior was, he could only control a single-digit number of totems.

Once the totem power in his body was too much, too mixed, and too strong, he might suffer the backlash of the totem power. His flesh, blood, and spirit would lose control, and he would be reduced to a half-human, half-ghost origin warrior.

And Meng Chao's set was personally enhanced and upgraded by the original mother, condensing countless spirit magnets, and also containing a large amount of the original mother's life source. It can be said to be one of the most powerful totem armor of Turanze.

Not only is it three or five times faster than normal armor,

The number of totems appearing and changing on the surface of armor is also several times that of ordinary armor. Moreover, theoretically, it was different from ordinary armor that could only engrave the totems of a certain clan.

On his totem armor, there were at least three totems of different clans.

Fusing so many totems of different natures into one without triggering a conflict or suffering a backlash, and maintaining a steady output of the highest intensity, apart from the fact that Meng Chao's soul was far stronger than an ordinary person's, it could not be denied that.., it was also thanks to the 'Hope Potion'.

However, the hundreds of blood hoof warriors who were about to charge forward were all dumbfounded. Even under the urging of the war drums, they did not dare to take a step forward. It was not Meng Chao's totem armor.., how magnificent and powerful it was.

Instead, they could clearly sense that the totem armor seemed to be burning in flames. It came from the founder of the Blood Hoof clan, the legendary hero among the Tauren, who was still worshipped by countless people to this day, the power of the Fist!

The real body of Meng Chao's totem armor came from the skull crusher armor worn by the legendary Gladiator 249 in the Blood Skull Temple that casa fa guarded.

It could be said that it was the original style of the bloody hoof.

In the depths of the sacred mountain temple, the Bloody Hoof Hero Fist had been strengthened and upgraded by the slaughtering statue, the Bear Tribe warrior stomach-less king, and the legendary Falcon Broken Wings'totems, skills, and battle experience were all merged into one.

When Meng Chao was enveloped by the origin of life of the original mother, he went through a long period of sleep, repair, nurturing, and rebirth.

These totems, skills, and battle experience had long been perfectly merged into the depths of his soul, becoming a part of his life.

Meng Chao closed his eyes.

In his mind, the image of "Fist" in a bloody battle on the battlefield, especially the epic battle between him and the legendary beast "Triangle of death", appeared.

Of course, it was all from the eyes of "Fist", the main view of the scene.

Meng Chao's eyes immediately became as red as fire, like a bull seeing red cloth.

In the crystal-clear dark jade armor, the starlight kept flashing and jumping, quickly forming a totem that had a strong blood hoof

style.

The power that burst out from these totems was as valiant, furious, and violent as the Blood Hoof Warriors.

However, it was more than ten times stronger than the Blood Hoof Warriors!

In an instant, all the Blood Hoof Warriors were in a trance and had hallucinations.

It was as if they saw the founder of the Blood Hoof Clan, the first great chief of the Blood Hoof clan, 'fist', waving his iconic death war hammer that was forged from the skull of the 'Great Triangle of Death', it stood in front of them.

All the Blood Hoof Warriors were terrified.

"This... This is impossible!" "It's 'fist'. This is the totem of 'fist'. This is the power of 'fist'!"

"The greatest chieftain of our Bloodhoof clan!"

"What's going on? You must know that even the great chief of the Blood Hoof tribe today might not be able to inherit all the totems and strength of the 'fist'. How can a black dwarf be able to wear the totem armor of our blood hoof tribe and blast out such powerful strength?"

"He, he got the recognition of the fist? He got the recognition of the Fist!"

Totem battle armor was not something that could be worn casually. Even if it was a piece of battle armor that was peeled off from an enemy's body, it had to be soaked in secret medicine, blessed by a priest, forged by a craftsman, and cultivated repeatedly to obtain the recognition of the power contained within the battle armor fragment, only then could it be perfectly integrated into one's own flesh and blood.

Without obtaining the recognition of the ancient heroic spirit contained within the totem battle armor, recklessly wearing it on one's body only had one result.

After suffering the backlash of the totem power, the flesh and blood were devoured by the totem armor, turning into hideous, crazy monsters.

In the past thousands of years, countless blood hoof warriors had been frantically searching for the weapons that the 'fist' had used and the fragments of the armor that it had worn, in an attempt to gain the approval of the 'fist' and inherit even one percent of its power.

They had never expected that a 'black dwarf' that did not belong to Tu Lanze at all would be able to display the power that came from the 'fist' in such a reckless manner, and his totem armor showed no signs of backfiring.

How could such a world-changing scene not be called upon by all the Blood Hoof Warriors? All of them were like nails that had been smashed into the ground by the Thunder War Hammer. They were rooted to the ground like wooden chickens. Even the war axes and war hammers in their hands., were almost unable to hold on!

Meng Chao's performance was not over yet.

To be more precise, his performance had not yet begun.

Taking a deep breath, Meng Chao's will was carried out into every piece of armor that was condensed from the spiritual magnet.

The breastplate immediately bulged up high. According to the outline of the totem, it showed a majestic bull's head. It glared at all the blood hoof warriors as if it was scolding them for being too lazy in their cultivation for thousands of years, it had become so weak.

And on both sides of his helmet, two large horns gradually extended out, piercing into the sky.

The horns were thicker, bigger, and more majestic than Kashava's blood hoof.

Chapter 1428 Suppress Everything!

Between the two horns that soared into the sky, Meng Chao's fists were raised high.

His ten fingers were crossed, and his fists were tightly clenched, condensing into an unparalleled war hammer.

He did not summon or need to summon his two chain blades, the Skull Crushers.

His iron fists were the ultimate weapons that could shatter all obstacles.

Boom!

Meng Chao raised his fists, and a series of cracking noises echoed inside his body. Surging spirit energy rushed out of his arms and violently smashed the ground below the crazy dance of his nine dragon meridians.

The ground suddenly bulged more than ten meters in diameter as if it had been hit by a ground-penetrating bomb.

Spider-web-like cracks were spreading rapidly in all directions under the impetus of the shock wave. They spread to the feet of every blood hoof warrior in an instant, and on the surface of their totem armor., they blew out layers of ripples.

The Blood Hoof warriors tasted the suffocation and fear that the “Triangle of death” had tasted thousands of years ago.

They thought at the same time that Meng Chao had been unarmed from the beginning. All the weapons he used had been snatched from the hands of the Blood Hoof Warriors.

This was the habit of the “Fist”.

The founder of the Blood Hoof clan did not like to use any weapons either.

The reason why the ‘fist’ forged the skull of the ‘Great Triangle of death’ into the ‘War Hammer of death’ was because he felt that his invincible iron fist was too fierce. No one could withstand his fist at all, it was just a full-strength strike.

Could it be that the heroic spirit of the legendary ‘fist’ had actually descended into the body of this black dwarf?

Otherwise, how could one explain that the imposing manner of a mere black dwarf was actually like an iron wall, blocking the entire Tulan Army!

And the thickest and longest earth crack was like an angry dragon baring its fangs and brandishing its claws, extending all the way to Kashava’s feet.

The murderous aura visible to the naked eye was like a blazing long whip, fiercely lashing onto the totem beasts that were dragging the war drum cart.

This frightened these ferocious-looking totem beasts, causing them to break free from the reins and flee in all directions.

Even a few wheels of the war drum cart sank into the ground that had been torn apart by Meng Chao.

The war drum cart suddenly fell. Kashava was caught off guard and rolled off the cart along with the war drum, falling to the ground like a dog gnawing on mud.

Meng Chao approached Kashava step by step.

He extended his right arm toward Casa FA and revealed his fist.

First, he raised his thumb and shook it slightly.

Then, he slowly rotated his wrist 180 degrees. His thumb followed suit and drew a “Slit throat” curve. It changed from pointing at the sky to vertical to the ground.

In the tradition of Turan ze, this was an extremely insulting gesture.

It represented the highest level of contempt and provocation.

At the same time, it was also a signal to initiate a challenge.

Any Turan warrior who did not respond to such a gesture would never be able to raise his head in the future.

Hundreds of blood hoof warriors surrounded him in fear and trepidation.

However, they did not charge forward. If this black dwarf in front of them was really recognized by the founder of the Blood Hoof clan, it was obviously impossible for him to be a ‘Spy’ or ‘spy’.

The strong totem armor of the bloody hoof style on his body also meant that he was “One of US”.

Moreover, he had already issued a challenge to Casavar.

According to the tradition of Turanze, as the supreme commander of this army, Casavar should use his claws, swords, and horns to defend the glory of this army with his own hands!

If this black dwarf was really recognized by the “Fist”, there would naturally be nothing to say.

**var**

However, if the black dwarf played some tricks and fooled everyone, Casavar would definitely defeat the damn liar under the protection of the blood hoof ancestral spirit and make him pay a terrible price! “Go, Casavar!”

“Show him the courage of the Blood Hoof Warrior!”

“The black dwarf is not qualified to use the power of the ‘fist’. Only you, Casavar Blood Hoof, are qualified!”

“Peel off the fragments of the armor of the Fist and prove yourself to us, casavar! Prove Yourself!”

The bloodhoof warriors cheered for casavar one after another.

However, to their great disappointment, Casavar was as still as a frozen stone statue. Not to mention the two giant axes that he was proud of, he could not even lift his fingers, not even the height of a hair.

No, he was even more unbearable than an ice sculpture.

An ice sculpture would not tremble.

He would

Before today, Casavar had always thought that he was a brave warrior who was not afraid of death.

He had once wielded a huge axe and defeated the most terrifying totem beast.

He had also defeated one “Ace” after another on the arena of the Blood Skull Arena and won the cheers of tens of thousands of spectators.

He had even dominated black-corner city, so much so that no one else in black-corner city dared to take the “Giant Axe” as his name.

He had also thought that he might encounter an extremely powerful and undefeatable opponent. He had even welcomed death in the Battle of Honor.

He had thought that he would never be afraid.

He had even imagined countless times that he would die in a fierce battle on the battlefield.

Death was nothing to be afraid of. It was just a gathering with the heroic spirits on the summit of the sacred mountain to enjoy eternal slaughter and glory. Casa FA had once thought that he believed this from the bottom of his heart, he believed this with utmost sincerity.

Until today.

Until now.

Until he was like an undefended city, exposed to Meng Chao’s overwhelming killing intent.

Until Meng Chao’s gaze was like the Grim Reaper’s sickle, cutting his throat, carotid artery, and cervical vertebrae back and forth.

The piercing pain was like an ice-cold noose, strangling him until he could not breathe.

Only then did he realize that he had never been a strong warrior, nor was he a valiant warrior who was not afraid of death.

Only when a person faced an undefeatable strong enemy would he know how much courage was hidden in his blood and bone marrow.

Only when he faced the grim smile of the Grim Reaper would he know whether the voice in the deepest part of his heart was roaring or crying.

In his own gladiator arena, after taking the steaming hot secret medicine and relying on the heavy armor inherited by his family, he defeated a gladiator who was far inferior to him in the cheers of thousands of people.

And when he charged at an opponent who was ten times stronger than him for the last time in his life.

The power required was completely different.

Kashava painfully discovered that he only had the former power.

He was just a so-called ‘strong person’ who bullied the weak.

Under the pressure of Meng Chao’s aura, his mind went blank.

The thought of ‘crushing every bone of the black dwarf with my own hands’ had long disappeared along with his thin courage.



Before his eyes, Meng Chao seemed to be expanding step by step. He was originally a few inches shorter than him, but now he was ten to twenty arms tall, thirty to fifty arms tall, and more than a hundred arms tall, until he became a towering, invincible giant.

As for himself, he became shorter and smaller, so small that he could hide in the grass or even in the dust.

Meng Chao's aura was like four high walls, trapping him in the middle and squeezing him into a ball.

Then, from above, he exerted the pressure of the Holy Mountain on his head, making him unable to escape. He wished that he could shrink ten times smaller and crawl into the ground.

Casavar wanted to scream hysterically and escape desperately. He wanted to grab his horns and fly out of this nightmare. Yes, he must be dreaming, how could such a terrifying existence appear in reality? How could he be drained of all his strength and courage by this black dwarf who appeared out of nowhere! Wake Up! Wake up quickly! As long as he woke up, he would still be the leader of the awe-inspiring Bloody Skull Legion, the most powerful warrior that everyone respected, and the warrior who was still awe-inspiring in Turanze in the name of the Giant Axe!

Kashava screamed at the bottom of his heart. Unfortunately, no matter how shrill he screamed, he could not muster even the slightest bit of courage.

He could only stare at Meng Chao like a wooden chicken, shivering. He walked to Meng Chao Step by step and slowly extended his right palm to the top of his head.

As for him, he could not even raise his battle axe high to block.

The Blood Hoof Warriors watching the battle around him gradually saw through Meng Chao's true nature. They couldn't help but be greatly disappointed.

The Tulan Orcs were existences that clearly distinguished between love and hate.

As long as they displayed astonishing strength and courage, even if they were enemies, they would be able to receive their unreserved praise and even worship.

However, if they were strong on the outside but weak on the inside and didn't live up to their name, even their own leader would be mercilessly ridiculed and even reprimanded.

Any unruly orc warrior would not tolerate their leader being a coward like a mouse.

If it were not for Meng Chao's astonishing aura that came from the founder of the Bloody Hoof clan.

Many bloody hoof warriors, especially the Tauren, wanted to sharpen their knives and stomp casa fa, this shameful thing, to the ground.

Boos broke out among the hundreds of Blood Hoof Warriors.

Some people whispered to each other. It seemed that the black dwarf really had the power of a 'fist'. Otherwise, how could he suppress Casanova to such an extent?

Amidst the increasingly noisy boos and discussions, Meng Chao looked down from above. He spread out his palm and opened his fingers toward Casanova's head.

Spiritual energy was flowing out of his palm. The life magnetic field expanded from his fingertips and absorbed a lot of dust, broken rocks, and the metal scraps after the weapons were broken. It revolved around his palm at a faster and faster speed. The super high-speed friction of the dust of different natures, catalyzed by the spiritual flames, triggered an effect similar to a 'dust explosion'.

Meng Chao's life magnetic field, on the other hand, firmly restrained the series of shocking 'dust explosions' within a stable and controllable range.

At first glance, it seemed as if a burning giant spirit god Palm had suddenly appeared in front of Meng Chao's right hand. With an imposing manner that could suppress everything, the palm slammed down heavily on Casavar.

#### Chapter 1429 Ancestral Spirit's Mission

Boom!

A huge and clear palm-shaped dent appeared on the ground where Casanova was standing.

It was actually more than half an arm deep.

All the soil and rocks in the dent were crushed and squeezed together, becoming even harder than steel.

Casanova did not even wait for Meng Chao's gigantic palm to hit his skull.

He was frightened by the overwhelming pressure. His heart collapsed and his face turned ashen. He fell to the ground and could not stand up anymore.

For a moment, the entire place was dead silent.

A moment later, merciless taunts and furious curses erupted like a volcano from the chest of several hundred Blood Hoof warriors. They gathered into a surging torrent and rushed toward Casanova at the same time, drowning him in an instant.

When Meng Chao attacked, many Blood Hoof warriors already had a premonition that Casanova would be utterly defeated.

However, it still went back to the same saying, "Turan orcs could lose, but they definitely could not lose so shamelessly." His opponent's attack had yet to strike him, but he had already collapsed to the ground. What was the difference between losing and throwing away his armor and raising his hands to surrender?

Many Blood Hoof warriors even turned around in anger. They stuck up their butts at Casa FA and slapped their gluteus maximus muscles hard, producing loud 'Pa Pa'sounds.

According to Tulanze's tradition, this was considered the highest level of contempt. It was especially given to those cowards who had fled on the battlefield.

Basically, once such an insult was given to him by his own clansmen, it would mean 'social death'. He and his descendants would be expelled from the clan or even the clan, and they would be branded as 'rat people', he would never be able to turn over a new leaf.

Even Meng Chao was slightly stunned. He had never expected Casavar to be so strong on the outside, but so weak on the inside.

If Casavar could fight him in a heroic and fearless manner, even if he really broke his limbs, shattered his spine, and shocked his brain, he would have to lie in bed for a year and a half.

With Dragon City's medical technology, it was not impossible to cure him.

Originally, Meng Chao thought of this as a bargaining chip. He did not expect Casanova to choose "Social death."

Meng Chao felt that this was ten times more cruel than being seriously injured.

"I gave you a chance, but you're useless!"

Meng Chao looked at Casanova with pity in his eyes.

As much as the Blood Hoof Warriors despised Casanova, they respected Meng Chao, who was wearing the "Blood hoof armor."

Now, they truly believed that Meng Chao had inherited the power of the 'fist'. In fact, he was the incarnation of the 'fist'.

There was nothing they could do. Compared to the 'son of the great chief of the Blood Hoof', Meng Chao was so scared by a black dwarf that he couldn't even lift his battle axe and collapsed to the ground', 'the person chosen by the founder of the Blood Hoof Clan taught his unworthy descendant a lesson'. It sounded like he could protect the face of the entire Blood Hoof clan.

As for the wolves, tigers, and leopards that were ten times more numerous in the periphery.

They were not very familiar with the power that came from Meng Chao's 'fist'.

Many of them were too far away, and they did not witness the scene where Meng Chao swatted Kashava to the ground like he was swatting a fly, crushing him to the point that he could not raise his head.

All they heard was the sound of the war drums.

War drums were orders. Even the Warriors from the Gold clan, no matter how unwilling they were to obey the command of a Tauren, could only form a large formation and slowly move forward.

It was not until they bumped into the bloody hooves warriors who had turned their spears and slapped their butts hard that they sensed the extremely strange atmosphere that they looked at each other, not knowing what to do. Just when they were unsure whether they should continue to move forward or not.

Suddenly, "Crackle, crackle, crackle", more than ten Eagle Scouts who were beaten black and blue and whose feathers were about to fall off fell one after another.

They fell right in front of the Jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards in the most embarrassing manner.

Everyone was shocked. Only then did they remember that there was still a mysterious expert floating in the sky.

They raised their heads at the same time and found that the entire sky had darkened at some point.

No, it was not that the sky had darkened, but that everything in the world had been taken away by the magic wolf that had wings on its ribs and was burning fiercely as if it could swallow the sun, moon, and stars!

“Warriors of the Gold clan, cherish your precious lives and sacrifice it on the battlefield that is more worthy of sacrifice!”

Surrounded by thick smoke that was mixed with lightning and raging flames, the magic wolf that was extremely intimidating let out a voice that was full of deterrence and forced people to obey, “Put down your swords and don’t be rude to TU Lanze’s most honorable guest!”

Under the suppression of this voice, the many unruly wolves, tigers, and leopards became as docile as domestic animals. Their pupils that were ignited by the blood flames gradually enlarged, and a look of disbelief appeared on their faces.

“Yes, it’s the Wolf King!”

“Lord Wolf King!”

“The Wolf King is back! It’s actually the Wolf King!” Soon, the wolves, tigers, and leopards recognized the identity of the newcomer.

The Wolf Warriors were naturally ecstatic. Regardless of whether the wolf king was a puppet or not, he was still the rightful leader of the Wolf clan.

And the fact that the Wolf clan had taken over the great horn army without any bloodshed, causing the Wolf Clan’s strength to skyrocket, also made the ordinary Wolf clan soldiers full of trust in the Wolf King. Especially during the few months when the Wolf King wasn’t around, the Wolf clan and even the entire Gold clan had suffered a series of injustices and even bullying, which made them miss the leader who had once created a miracle.

Although the Wolf clan’s individual combat strength wasn’t as good as the Lion and tiger clans’, the Wolf Clan’s individual combat strength wasn’t as good as the lion and tiger clans’.

Their numbers were several times more than the latter two clans’.

In a mixed main force of the Gold clan, the number of wolf warriors usually accounted for more than half. More than half of the soldiers let out deafening cheers. At first glance, it was as if the entire army had been dragged under the feet of the Wolf King.

The furious Lion Warrior and the Fierce Tiger Warrior had mixed feelings.

On one hand, they didn’t think much of the Wolf King.

In the stereotypical image of the Lion Tiger Warrior, the golden clan only had two true rulers — the Lion King and the Tiger King.

The other clans were just their vassals.

But on the other hand, they had to admit that to the leaderless golden clan, no matter how terrible the leader was, it was still better than no leader at all. It was ten thousand times better.

Moreover, since the Wolf King could miraculously appear after a few months.

Then, what about their own leaders, the Lion King and the Tiger King?

Many lion and tiger warriors widened their eyes and searched carefully around the wolf king, trying to find the Lion King and Tiger King's figures in the air. However, what they waited for was only the wolf king pulling down from his waist and throwing the two skulls on the ground.

The two skulls were controlled by the Wolf King in the air, floating seven or eight arms high above the heads of many lion and tiger warriors.

As the Wolf King's life magnetic field vibrated, the remaining totem power in the skulls was activated, turning into two rather dim and thin totems.

One was a weak lion, and the other was a mighty tiger.

No one was more familiar with these two totems and the two skulls than the lion and tiger warriors. What did it mean.

They were stunned as if they had been struck by lightning

Many of them could not help but tremble and even began to twitch. They wished they could gouge out their own eyeballs. None of them were willing to believe this shocking, absurd, and absolutely impossible fact.

"That's right, I have returned. I have brought with me the power that has been sealed for three thousand years. I have brought with me the will of the Lion King and the Tiger King. I have also brought with me the sacred mission that the great ancestor spirit has bestowed upon me!"

Before the lion and Tiger Warriors could break free from their dazed state, the Wolf King mercilessly struck out one heavy hammer after another, "Warriors of the Gold clan, you must be very curious as to where the three strongest leaders of the Gold clan have gone in the past few months. Why didn't they step forward at the most critical moment to lead you out of your predicament?"

"Hehe. Let me tell you. Compared to the adventures that we have undertaken, the so-called 'War of the five clans' is just a children's game of playing in the mud!

"Half a year ago, I heard the call of the oldest and greatest ancestral spirit of Tu Lanze in my sleep!

"In my daze, I saw the great ancestral spirit that led us to this world across the Sea of stars on a burning fireball ten thousand years ago. At the summit of the splendid Holy Mountain, he invited me and the most powerful warriors of Tu Lanze to a trial!

"Therefore, I rushed to the summit of the sacred mountain with Lion King and Tiger King.

"We fought our way out of the encirclement of thousands of demonic puppets and found and opened the temple of the sacred mountain that had been sealed for three thousand years.

“Then, we used our wisdom, blood, courage, and even our lives to overcome the obstacles set by the great ancestor spirit.

“We even had a soul-stirring competition with the legendary heroes, including fist, stomach-less king, and broken wings.

“Finally, we passed the test of the great ancestral spirit and opened the most ancient and precious heritage of Tulanze, which was hidden in the depths of the temple of the Sacred Mountain!

“Then, according to the tradition of Tulanze, in the witness of the great ancestral spirit, I had a fair and honorable contest with the Lion King, the Horn of destruction, and the Tiger King, the violent blade, which was enough to be engraved in the epic of War!

“I can assure you that this was the greatest battle that Tulanze has ever had!

“In this battle, both the winners and the losers stimulated all of their strength and courage, pleased the ancient ancestral spirits, defended and enhanced the glory of their respective tribes, and won the greatest respect of their opponents.

“In the end, under the blessing and protection of the great ancestral spirit, I became the winner of this epic battle and obtained the greatest strength that Tulanze had ever had! “And the Lion King and the Tiger King also welcomed an extremely heroic ending without any regrets.

“While their bodies perished, their brave and unyielding souls were warmly welcomed by the ancestral spirits and entered the supreme palace where there would always be delicious food and strong alcohol, where they would always be able to enjoy the pleasure of killing and the desire to conquer!

“And I also promised the Lion King and the Tiger King that I would inherit their legacy and use the unparalleled power bestowed to me by the great ancestral spirit to lead the Wolf Clan, the Lion Clan, and the Tiger clan, to lead the entire golden clan, to lead the entire Tulanze clan, and to lead all of you to strive for greater victory, greater glory, more intense battles, and an even more heroic death

Chapter 1430 The Weirdo Who Walked Out of Fang Mountain Range

Every time “Jackal” Kanus roared, the fierce flames surrounding his body expanded.

When he uttered the final word “death,” the entire sky was filled with the fierce flames of a hungry wolf pack.

Under the “wolf pack’s” gaze, everyone present, including the jackals, wolves, tigers, and leopards from the Gold Clan, as well as the Minotaurs and wild boars from the Blood Hoof Clan, were all covered in cold sweat. Meng Chao was the exception.

They felt that a group of extremely vicious demon wolves had invaded their veins, one after another. These wolves were gnawing at their flesh and strength.

The myriads of warriors were silent.

Only the Wolf King’s voice continued to roll and crush above the warriors’ heads like unstoppable thunder. “Now, you have two choices!

“One, you challenge me and avenge the Lion King and Tiger King according to Picturesque Orchid Lake’s tradition!

“I will accept the challenge of anyone among you, no matter how humble and insignificant he looks. I will give him a chance to fight and send him to the Horn of Destruction and Violent Blade!

“Two, under the witness and blessing of the great ancestral spirit, you can pledge your loyalty to me, obey my commands, and follow me by my side.

“I promise that, with the name ‘Kanus’ and the glorious bloodline flowing in my body, I will promise all of you and the great ancestral spirit that I will become the greatest war chief since the ancient times of Turan. I will gather the will and strength of all the Turan Orcs. I will build an iron-blooded army that is unparalleled. I will lead all of you to tear the Land of Holy Light into two halves so that every single one of you, even the weakest and nameless ones, will have the chance to carve their names on the supreme altar of the temple of Holy Light!

“Now, make your choice!

“Is there anyone who wants to challenge me to meet the Lion King and Tiger King?

“Stand out!”

The Wolf King looked down from above, his aura shocking everyone.

Not only the wolves and leopards of the golden clan, but even the Tauren, wild boar man, barbarian elephant man, and Centaur of the Blood Hoof Clan didn’t dare to make any unnecessary movements other than swallowing their saliva with difficulty.

Even more so, no one dared to take half a step towards the Wolf King in the sky, who seemed to be possessed by an ancestral spirit. A moment later, the cheers that surged out from the Wolf Warriors’ battle formation swept through the entire army like a raging wave.

The deafening sound wave was like a wildfire that spread to the clouds in an instant.

“Wolf King! Wolf King! Wolf King!” Everyone put away their weapons and claws. They clenched their fists with all their strength and hit their hearts with the strength that could blow up their bones. They shouted at the top of their lungs.

Half a day later.

In the temporary military tent.

Meng Chao and the Wolf King finally learned about the changes in Tu Lanze from the dozens of middle- and low-level officers.

It was as they had expected. Meng Chao’s appearance set off a chain reaction, causing the changes in Tu Lanze’s situation to be slightly different from the future that the two of them had foreseen from the Doomsday Nightmare.

In the future that Meng Chao had dreamed of, the Wolf King didn't go through many twists and turns before opening the temple of the Sacred Mountain and inheriting the power of the great ancestral spirit. At the same time, he became the puppet of the original mother.

After his magnificent return, he didn't give the Blood Hoof Chief, Black Mountain Blood Hoof, and the ambitious leaders of the other three clans any chance to ascend the throne of war chief.

However, in reality, in order to perfectly absorb and control the power of the original mother, they stayed in the depths of the sacred mountain temple for a few more months, causing the golden clan to be in a state of chaos for a long time.

Naturally, the other four great clans would not let go of this golden opportunity. Under the leadership of the great chief of the bloody feet tribe, the four great clans joined hands to attack the Gold clan.

If it was an invasion by an external enemy, the Gold clan would have lost many experts. After all, a camel that died of emaciation was larger than a horse, and they did not lack the courage and strength to destroy everything with the enemy.

However, the 'five clans' competition was not a real war after all.

It was a competition for the position of the Supreme Commander. It was filled with rules, rituals, honor, and symbolic battles.

In a sense, it was about 'taking things to the end'.

The blood hoof chief requested that they follow the tradition and invite the strongest experts of the golden clan to have a fair and square competition with him in front of everyone's eyes. The chips were their own lives, the bet was the highest command of the Tulan army — such a reasonable request was something the golden clan could not refuse.

And with the Lion King, Tiger King, and Wolf King missing, the lion and tiger clans had suffered heavy casualties in the fire of Crimson Gold City. Until now, there was still an estrangement between them. Looking at the entire golden clan., there was no one who was qualified to receive the blood hoof chief's all-out attack.

Besides, what the blood hoof chief said made sense.

The biggest enemy of Tulanze was always the threat of the Holy Light Temple, not the internal conflicts of the five clans.

It was not a solution for the golden clan to continue this chaos and internal strife.

Although in the past battles of Glory, most of the time, the Supreme Commander came from the Lion and tiger clans.

However, the Blood Hoof Clan had also produced many war chiefs, and they fought well.

This time, they were only following the tradition.

No one in the Gold clan could defeat the Blood Hoof Chief.

And no one was willing to go against the tradition.



They could only pinch their noses and acknowledge the command of the Blood Hoof Chief, allowing him to steal the authority of the war chief without any bloodshed.

Speaking of which, it was precisely because the blood hoof chief was 'without any bloodshed' that he had not gone through a head-on confrontation.

The war chief was seriously lacking in value.

The Dark Moon, lightning, and divine tree clans were all willing to listen to the blood-hoofed chief's orders on the surface.

However, when it came to the organization of the Tulan Army, the specific routes and targets of the invasion, the ownership of the spoils of war, and other issues that involved vital interests, they were not so easy to talk to.

In short, although he had temporarily taken the throne of the Supreme Commander, the blood-hoofed chief was still not satisfied.

There was still a long period of time before the Blood Hoof settlement chief consolidated all the resources of Tulan Ze, completed the overall mobilization of the war, and commanded his army to head north.

Right now, the Blood Hoof Settlement Chief, the Dark Moon Settlement Chief, the Thunder Settlement Chief, the Divine Wood settlement chief, and the leaders of the various small and medium-sized tribes and battle groups were still arguing in Crimson Gold City!

Other than the clause of "Joining hands to restrict the gold clan," how could it be so easy to come up with other agreements?

"Black Mountain Blood Hoof is not qualified to be a war chief. Otherwise, the great ancestral spirit would have summoned him instead of

me."

After listening to everyone's introduction, the Wolf King looked at the few officers from the Blood Hoof clan with Bright Eyes, "Without the approval and blessing of the ancestral spirit, he will only lead us to a humiliating failure and endless darkness. Everyone, including your Blood Hoof clan, will be killed by him!"

The Blood Hoof Warriors looked at each other.

Perhaps Casanova's embarrassing performance just now made them feel ashamed.

Or it could be that the Wolf King's aura, which came from the founder of the blood hoof clan, "Fist", as well as Meng Chaoru's, made them subconsciously feel awe. Hearing the Wolf King's merciless rebuke to the blood hoof chief, they did not fly into a rage. Instead, after looking at each other., they asked cautiously, "Lord Wolf King, you... you really found and opened the Sacred Mountain Temple?"

"Why? Do you think I would lie in the name of the great ancestral spirit?"

The Wolf King glanced at them coldly, almost freezing the blood of all the Blood Hoof Warriors. However, he did not pursue the matter further. Instead, he said calmly., “Don’t worry. When I become a war priest, the first thing I will do is to restore the tradition that has been interrupted for 3,000 years. I will lead the most powerful warriors of the five great clans to climb to the top of the Sacred Mountain and hold a grand ceremony inside the sacred mountain temple to pray for victory from the great ancestral spirit. “Moreover, I will not and will not play any tricks. Instead, I will follow the oldest tradition and go to Crimson Gold City to openly challenge the ‘Black Mountain Blood Hoof’.

“If I am lying and I am not blessed by the great ancestor spirit at all, but instead, I am hated and cursed by the ancestor spirit, then I will naturally be beaten to death by the great chief blood hoof on the arena.

“On the other hand, if I, the ordinary Wolf King a few months ago, was actually able to defeat the great chieftain of the Blood Hoof in a fair fight, other than the recognition and blessing of the great ancestral spirit, how else could I explain it?

“Therefore, I do not require you to pledge your loyalty to me now.

“I only want to know, if the great chieftain of the blood hoof really falls at my feet in a fair fight, then, are you willing to pledge your loyalty to me and the will of the great ancestral spirit?”

The bloodhoof warriors looked at each other.

Naturally, they had no objections.

They all nodded hurriedly.

“Also, what’s with the ‘Black Dwarfs’?”

The Wolf King took the opportunity to ask, “Why do you have to use such a strange name to call Tu Lanze’s most honorable guest and the strongest ally that the ancestral spirit guided me to find?”

“Ally?”

The many beastmen warriors looked at the black-haired and black-eyed Meng Chao in shock.

But when they thought of Meng Chao’s performance just now and his authentic totem armor, they fell into a deep confusion.

After their stuttering descriptions, Meng Chao and the Wolf King learned that a few months ago, at the same time that the two of them were trapped in the depths of the sacred mountain.

At the southern border of Turan Ze, in the upper reaches of the Turan River, some strange fellows suddenly emerged from the tusk mountains and occupied several villages, towns, and settlements.

According to the people who had escaped from the south, these fellows were not tall. At first glance, they looked similar to the holy light humans. They were like monkeys that had lost all their fur, but they had black hair and black eyes that were completely different from the golden hair and blue eyes of the holy light humans.

Also, they seemed to be like the Dwarves of the Holy Light Camp. They liked to make messy machines that made deafening noises.

Therefore, the big shots who had gathered in crimson gold city temporarily called these strange people "Black Dwarves."