

Oh My God 921

Chapter 921: The Last Hope

The black-haired rat was curled up in the deepest and darkest place in the world, with only his last breath.

However, his words were like a raging storm that engulfed the young man's brain.

The young man could not help but clench his fists again, lighting up a ray of hope that was as bright as the morning star.

"Of course I have the determination!"

Leaf gritted his teeth and said, "But, what should I do exactly?"

"It's very simple. Make a deal with me."

The black-haired rat spoke seriously and confidently. "I can help you become stronger."

"You..."

Leaf took another glance at the black-haired rat's wounds.

He also confirmed once again that this was the person who had suffered the most serious injuries he had ever seen.

Even all the villagers who had died in Mountain Village, including his brother, did not seem to have sustained injuries as severe as the black-haired rat's.

How could such a person, who could not even protect himself and struggled while on the verge of death, make him stronger?

The youth was somewhat suspicious.

However, when he thought of the fierce flames that the black-haired rat had just released and his gaze that could seemingly see through everything...

He was like a moth to a flame, and he could not help but want to believe him.

"I... What can I do for you, Uncle?"

Leaf knew that "deal" meant to exchange something with each other.

In the era of prosperity, everyone could eat their fill, but there were always some things that needed to be exchanged.

For example, he had once used the golden shell of a golden fruit to make a mask. He exchanged it for a string of beautiful wind chimes made of fish bones with a young man called Yuying at Mountain Foot Village. He then gave them to her on Anjia's birthday, and it made her giggle.

Yuying had fins on his arms, legs, and back. He could hold its breath underwater for a long time.

The last time, he had promised Leaf that as long as Leaf could help him get a bigger golden fruit, he would help him reach the bottom of the river, where the current was the fastest, and he could touch the most beautiful seven-colored conch.

Sigh, Leaf remembered that when Half Mountain Village was destroyed, thick black smoke had come from Mountain Foot Village as well.

Yuying was probably dead, right?

The deal between the two youths could no longer be completed.

Moreover, even if he obtained the rainbow conch, where would he find Anjia?

At the thought of Anjia, the morning star in Leaf's mind turned into a dazzling fireball, piercing his entire head with pain.

He took a deep breath and looked straight into the black-haired rat's eyes.

The black-haired rat's facial features were still frozen.

However, a faint smile appeared on his face.

"It's very simple. First, talk to me."

The black-haired rat said, "Just like what we're doing now. We can talk about anything. Tell me about your childhood, about the people in your village, about the fights between the villages, about the local customs you know... I hurt my brain, so I can't speak very clearly. There are still many things about Picturesque Orchid Lake that I can't remember.

"Can you help me remember everything as soon as possible?"

Leaf saw a few shocking wounds on the black-haired rat's head.

If an ordinary person had suffered such serious injuries, even their brains would have burst open.

It was not surprising that the black-haired rat had lost part of his memory and linguistic ability.

"Sure."

This was something that the youth could do. He nodded without hesitation.

"Then, I will teach you how to cultivate the life magnetic field, which is to teach you how to control the shining lines and arrows in your body. With your... with the physique of the Turan people and your extraordinary talent, I believe that you will be able to advance at a speed visible to the naked eye."

The black-haired rat continued to speak words that leaf did not quite understand. Then, he raised his own request, "If your strength really increases by a few times, you will have the ability to contend against these red-eyed rat people. Then, you will be able to snatch even more mandrake fruits. At that time, we will be the same as this time. We will split it equally."

Leaf nodded.

Now, all the red-eyed rat people regarded him as a cowardly monster who spread the plague.

Although Picturesque Orchid Lake was big, the youth who had lost his family had nowhere to go. No one could trust and rely on him.

He could only fight side by side with the black-haired rat subjects who were also like monsters, relying on each other.

However...

“Can I really snatch more mandrake fruits?”

Leaf knew that he had taken advantage of others’ contempt for him just now.

Now that the red-eyed rat people were on guard, it would not be so easy to fight for it next time.

“Don’t worry. If the method I taught you can’t even win against these red-eyed rat subjects, I might as well just kill myself in the corner.”

The black-haired rat subject smiled faintly as if leaf was asking the most ridiculous question in the world.

After a pause, he continued, “Moreover, I don’t need you to snatch too many mandrake fruits. I still need 4.375... even if the energy of four and a half mandrake fruits can break out of the ‘Standby State.’ At that time, many things can be done by myself.

“So, after all calculations, you only need to snatch another nine to ten mandrake fruits.”

Leaf nodded heavily.

If, this was the only way to become stronger and take revenge.

Forget ten mandrake fruits, even if it was a hundred mandrake fruits, he would risk everything to snatch them.

“These two things are the simplest. Listen carefully, Leaf, the next thing is what I really want you to do.”

The black-haired rat man suddenly became serious and said in a deep voice, “The master of the arena locked the new captives here. It is obvious that he is raising Gu, which is to use insufficient food to force the captives to kill each other and select the strongest, cruelest, and most intelligent ones.

“Then, when even these people were in complete despair, he would take them out and let them see a glimmer of hope.

“Such captives would naturally have their will to resist worn out, and they would risk their lives in the arena.

“Although the captives who were rat subjects could not escape the fate of being tortured to death in the arena no matter how much they risked their lives, this was our only chance.

“According to my observation, every day or every other day, someone will come to the deepest part of the dungeon and take away the rat subjects who have snatched the most mandrake fruits, eaten the most, and look the best. They will be used as consumables in the gladiatorial competition.

“If you can really snatch ten mandrake fruits, you will naturally be taken away as well. You will enjoy better treatment than here. At the very least, you will have more space to move around.

“As long as you perform well in the arena and survive a few battles, you will have a chance to get the attention of the Ace Gladiators.

“When the time comes, remember to observe calmly and think carefully to find a suitable candidate.”

Leaf nodded again.

She was a little confused. “A suitable candidate?”

“That’s right. I want you to observe the entire arena carefully.”

The black-haired ratfolk said, “It’s not about observing the structure of this place, how many troops are stationed here, and how to escape. When I regain my mobility, I will do it myself. Besides, if I really want to leave, who can stop me even if I have thousands of troops?”

“I want you to observe who the Ace Gladiators in this arena are, which clan they come from, what kind of bloodline they have, and whether there are any conflicts between them.

“By the way, I heard these red-eyed rat people chatting a few days ago. I know that the Ace Gladiators in the arena are not necessarily from the bloody hoof clan. There are also prisoners of war from other clans, right?”

“Yes.”

Leaf thought that the black-haired rat people had really lost their memory, so he explained, “Even in the prosperous era, it’s not true that we don’t use weapons. After all, We Turan people are born warriors. It’s a prosperous era that lasts for ten palm years. If we don’t fight at all, the elders of the clans will go crazy from boredom.

“As long as we seize the opportunity, the elders of the clans will attack the barbarians in the north who believe in the Holy Light.

“However, in the past ten years, the Barbarians who believe in the holy light seem to have built a very magnificent and solid defense line in the north. They are hiding behind it and hiding like turtles.

“It doesn’t matter. If we can’t fight in the north, we will fight with ourselves.

“Between the five major clans, between the five major clans and the small and medium-sized clans, and I’ve even heard that on the border of Picturesque Orchid Lake, where the gnomes, ogres, and low-level orcs intersected, many particularly fierce mouse villages would fight for years, hoping to wash away the shame of their ancestors with their blood and courage.

“Although the scale of the battles was not large, they were just games for fun when they were bored. More or less, captives would be produced.

“For the Turan, being a prisoner was a very disgraceful thing.

“However, if they were defeated by other Turan who were far stronger than themselves and could not be defeated at all, and they displayed their ferocious demeanor and the courage to face death without fear, there was still room for redemption.

“In the Colosseum, they won many battles and achieved good results. Not only did they have the opportunity to change their allegiance and join the clan that captured them, they could even become the heroes of the new clan

“It’s like this...”

The black-haired rat mused, “Does this mean that the prisoners of war might not hate the clan that defeated him?”

“They are not as skilled as the others. They are willing to admit defeat. What’s there to hate?”

Leaf said, “If you can not defeat your opponent, then join your opponent. As long as both parties show enough grace and courage and join hands to contribute to an exciting battle, the ancestral spirits will not object.”

“That means that even if the gladiators from other clans are captured because of their defeat, they may not necessarily hate the bloody hoof clan anymore...”

The black-haired rat mused for a moment and then asked curiously, “That’s not right. Then why do you hate the ox-headed warriors with broken horns and all the bloody hoof warriors who participated in the massacre of the village? Shouldn’t you ‘accept your defeat’?”

“Because I’m just a small rat. I don’t have the lofty realm and broad-mindedness of the elders of the clan.”

The youth lowered his head and said, “I don’t understand any grand principles, nor do I know what true ‘Glory’ is. I just want those slaughterers to have a taste of being slaughtered.”

“Believe me, there will definitely be a chance.”

The black-haired rat continued, “Alright. Even if the Ace Gladiators from other clans don’t hate the Bloodhoof clan’s words, fighting is a game of life and death. The competition between the ace gladiators must be very intense. There will be all kinds of conflicts of interest, new grudges, and Old Grudges. It’s filled with factions and conflicts, right?”

Chapter 922: The Secret of Hunting

There were too many words in his passage that a youngster would not understand for many years.

“Interests, factions, conflicts...”

A confused expression appeared on Leaf’s face.

“That means everyone wants to be an ace gladiator, but in this game of life and death, there is only one winner but many, many losers. If the losers join forces to deal with the winner, no matter how strong the winner is, it will be very difficult for him to deal with it. Perhaps, he will need a ‘little’ help,” the black-haired rat explained.

That was true.

At Picturesque Orchid Lake, gladiators were not forced slaves. On the contrary, they represented supreme glory and countless benefits.

As long as they could win consecutive battles and become an ace gladiator...

Even the infamous prisoners of war could enjoy the cheers of the masses.

Even if they did not have the blood of Turan, centaurs, boars, and elephant people flowing in their bodies, even if they had wings and shells, they could still become nobles and generals of the Blood Hoof Clan.

There were also the most delicious totem beast flesh, weapons made from bones with natural totem patterns, and even the most powerful totems.

Everything that the warriors of Turan desired could be obtained through victories in the arena.

Therefore, no one was against it. They were even willing to pay any price to become an ace gladiator.

The competition between the “aces” was obviously as the black-haired rat people had said. It was extremely intense.

Leaf had never been to a real gladiatorial tournament in Black-corner.

However, the games there were a hundred times crueler than the games in the village.

Gladiators had a high mortality rate.

Even a recognized trump card often did not last more than a few dozen games.

Not to mention, it was the beginning of the age of glory.

The five great clans and the small and medium-sized clans are all in full swing to recruit warriors as well as build an army.

It was easy to get a thousand soldiers but hard to get a general. The tradition of the Turan people was to select the bravest generals from among the ace gladiators.

Therefore, the competition during this period was a hundred times more intense than usual.

Even countless noble children with glorious bloodlines would enter the arena and use their indisputable performance to win the opportunity to lead troops into battle.

“That’s right.”

After hearing Leaf’s introduction, a profound light surged in the black-haired rat’s eyes.

He said, “In such a fierce and cruel arena, there have always been ace gladiators who have won glorious victories and stood at the peak of unrivalled strength. However, because of the successive bloody battles and the accumulation of internal injuries, they gradually lose their strength and may be defeated by stronger challengers at any time.

“There are also some challengers who show their brilliance at the beginning. They win many battles and gain a fierce momentum. They pose a great threat to the ace gladiators. Then, they are attacked and persecuted by the ace gladiators’ despicable and shameless methods.

“There are also some ace gladiators who have an unknown past and have accumulated unresolvable old and new grudges. Not to mention, the Turan people are honest and upright people who are willing to admit defeat. I refuse to believe that as long as they are human, no matter how beautiful their words are, how could they not have any emotions and hatred?”

“Alright, even if there’s no hatred, what about conflicts of interest? I’ve heard that the most bountiful prizes in the gladiator arena are the extremely powerful totems, and totems are the source of power for us Turan people. Since they’re the most powerful totems, it’s naturally impossible for everyone to have one. Only the winner is worthy of it.

“In that case, can the loser be convinced and watch the winner take everything without any ripples?”

“There must be a conflict when it comes to this.

“If there is a conflict, there is a chance for us.

“I want you to observe carefully and find such a person who is fully dissatisfied with other ace gladiators and even with the arena itself.

“Whether he was once glorious and is about to fall, or young and full of vigor but always one breath away from reaching the top, or he is facing an even greater crisis, or he has just obtained an incomparably powerful totem but attracted the covetous eyes of countless losers, or he has an irreconcilable hatred for an even stronger opponent whom he cannot defeat—in short, I want you to find an ace gladiator who is about to fall from the clouds into the abyss, or is looking up at the clouds in the abyss but is unable to climb up by relying on his own strength. Do you understand?”

It was a very long paragraph.

But Leaf still understood.

The higher you climbed, the harder you fell.

In Half Mountain Village, those who fell from the cliff and died were usually the most agile. They would climb to the highest point of the mandrake tree to pick its fruit and grasp the golden fruit in their hands.

For such people, should they fall into the abyss, even if it was not their companions’ hands that reached out, but venomous snakes that hissed and bared their teeth, they would not let go.

As for looking up at the clouds from the abyss...

Was that not what Leaf was doing?

“You’re smarter than I thought.”

Seeing the young man’s expression of sudden realization, the black-haired rat was slightly surprised and very satisfied.

He added, “After you find a suitable candidate, the next thing will be simple—you just need to find an opportunity to walk around in front of him and unintentionally reveal the ability that I taught you.

“I believe that the ace gladiator in the Blood Skull Arena should be someone who knows the value of such abilities.

“It doesn’t matter whether he threatens or tempts you. Just tell him about my existence.

“For now, this is what I want you to do. When we meet again on the ground, we can slowly study the next step of the plan.”

Leaf’s thoughts raced.

He understood the black-haired rat’s intentions.

“You want to attract the ace gladiator’s attention and become his servant, assistant, and companion?”

“But why do you want me to go? Wouldn’t it be more convenient for you to do it yourself?” the youth asked in suspicion.

For some reason, he listened to the black-haired rat confidently strategize and point out the maze.

Out of nowhere, the youth had a terrifying thought.

Even though the black-haired rat was covered in wounds as if even the last drop of his blood had flowed out...

As long as he wanted to, he could kill all the rat people in the dungeon.

No, it was not just this dungeon.

It was not just the rat people either.

The youth shivered deeply.

“For the time being, I don’t really want to attract too much attention, at least not before my injuries recover.”

The black-haired rat calmly said, “The darkness is my greatest advantage. It can help me think more calmly and discover enemies who are also lurking in the darkness but are not as calm as me.

“Tell me, Leaf, have you ever hunted?”

Leaf shook his head.

Most of the rat people were growers and gatherers.

Hunting was the work of the brave, and it was also the right of the brave.

“When hunting, many people follow their prey in the open. They chase after their prey with great fanfare, exhausting them and making them dizzy. But in the end, they are not the ones who deal the fatal blow to their prey. Instead, it is the ones who hide in the darkness, calmly observing the whole situation and locking onto their prey’s vital points.”

The black-haired rat said, “Growers and gatherers are both indispensable professions in civilization. However, if you want to become stronger and exact revenge for your family and home, you must become a hunter, a... reaper.”

The eyes of the black-haired rat made the young man’s mouth dry and his heart tremble.

He really desired to know what the black-haired rat wanted to hunt with him.

Nevertheless, he vaguely realized that even if the black-haired rat told him the answer, the current him would not be able to understand it...

Or rather, he did not dare to understand it.

"I-I can't do it." Leaf swallowed hard and stammered.

"What you've described is too complicated and difficult. It's impossible for me to do it."

"How would you know if you don't try?"

The black-haired rat said, "Even if you don't have confidence in yourself, you should at least have confidence in my judgment. Why do you think I spent so much precious energy talking to you and even invested all the energy I can use to heal myself into you?"

"It's not just because you've cultivated your vitality magnetic field and have the ability to soften as well as extend your body at will.

"It's also because of your performance when you fought for the fried mandrake fruit just now. You observed the situation carefully, thought calmly, went into stealth and hibernation mode, created chaos, took advantage of the chaos, and quietly launched the final attack.

"Leaf, you have the potential to become an assassin. This mission is not difficult for you.

"Also, you haven't been brainwashed by 'glory' and forgotten all your hatred, right?"

"Then, why don't you give it a try and walk out of here together with me? Let's go and see what the hell is hidden behind this so-called 'glory.'"

The black-haired rat opened his palm to Leaf under the dirty water.

Through the dark water, the young man seemed to see the lines on the other party's palm shine like a weak golden flame.

The strange golden flame had a magical attraction, which made the young man subconsciously reach out.

His hand immediately stuck to the black-haired rat's hand.

An electric current from the black-haired rat's palm suddenly drilled into Leaf's arm. It moved along his blood vessels and nerves, and went straight to his heart.

Leaf immediately widened his eyes.

He felt a thousand cuts and a heart-wrenching pain.

He remembered that in his hometown, a lightning bolt had struck a mandrake tree at the peak of the mountain. It split the towering tree in half from the middle and burned it into charcoal.

That was the pain he felt right then!

However, he could not make a sound or move his limbs.

It was as if a mysterious force was controlling his every muscle and tendon.

Even the trembling of his muscles could not be controlled.

A few red-eyed rat people noticed the two's strange behavior.

Despite that, they were not interested in meddling in other people's business.

In the depths of the dungeon, where energy was extremely precious, everyone was recuperating and quietly waiting for the next battle of survival, when food was released.

No one was willing to waste their energy on two people who were bound to die.

After an unknown amount of time...

The intense pain receded like a tide.

Leaf gradually regained the ability to scream and move.

However, the inhuman pain had disappeared without a trace.

In its place was a refreshing feeling that the youth had never experienced before.

Leaf felt that the shining lines and arrowheads in her body seemed to be thicker and brighter than before.

The shining little people dancing in his mind were also more active than before.

Clenching his fists softly under the water, he could feel that his body was filled with unprecedented strength.

"This is..."

Leaf could not believe it. He was both surprised and happy.

"Don't be too happy yet. The refinement is not over."

The black-haired rat said, "Right now, you must lie down, focus your mind, and calm down. Feel the spirit energy that I have just poured into your body and make the spirit energy rotate with your own strength.

"Remember, the faster the glittering lines and arrowheads rotate, the more they can flow to your glabella, your fingertips, your heart... The more places they go, the stronger your strength will be."

"I-I understand now, Uncle. Thank you, I will definitely train hard and complete the mission!"

Leaf was so excited that his face turned red. He no longer doubted the black-haired rat. After thinking for a moment, he respectfully asked, "I almost forgot. How should I address you, Uncle?"

"My name is Meng Chao."

A faint light flashed in the eyes of the strange black-haired and black-eyed rat as he calmly answered.

Chapter 923: Venture Capital

When Meng Chao introduced himself, he did not use the transliteration of his real name in the Turan language.

Instead, he chose to translate these two words, “fierce” and “super,” in the Turan language.

However, the Turan language that he knew was from the fragments of his unpredictable previous life memories.

In addition, he had eavesdropped on the red-eyed rat people’s conversations over the past few days and taught himself.

So, Meng Chao did not know that in the Turan language, when a word was used in a person’s name, it had to be changed according to their identity, clan, and strength... Plus, a suffix that represented gender had to be added.

In Leaf’s heart, the mysterious Meng Chao was already an incomparably tyrannical existence.

As such, the young man’s eyes lit up according to the Turan people’s naming laws, and he blurted out, “So you’re the legendary Super Fierce Man, Sir?”

Meng Chao, whose face was as cold as a corpse, finally could not help but twitch.

“Forget it.”

Meng Chao said, “You should call me... Reaper!”

Leaf nodded and kindly replied, “I understand. You’re heavily injured now, so it’s not suitable for you to use such a domineering name like Super Fierce Man. It will cause trouble. Reaper is not much better than ‘grower’ and ‘gatherer.’ No one will be snatching this name from you.”

“What?”

Meng Chao was stunned for a moment. “Snatch my name? What do you mean? Can someone still snatch my name?”

Leaf revealed an expression that said, “You’ve indeed lost your memory.” He nodded and said, “Of course. Everyone likes a mighty and domineering name. It’s very easy for a name to be snatched!”

After the young man’s explanation, Meng Chao realized that the Turan people’s naming habits were very unique.

When they were just born, Turan parents would only give their children a random nickname.

Basically, they would name their children after everything they saw.

For example, the leaves and fruits of the mandrake tree, the weeds on the ground, the clouds and birds in the sky, the mountains and rivers in the distance, and so on.

If the children were unlucky, it would be normal for them to be called Dog Sh*t or something like that.

For an ordinary name like “Leaf,” there would be at least 80,000 of them in the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake if not 100,000!

As for good names that could show off their valor and might, such as Super Fierce Man or something similar, the Turan people believed that they were both honorable and sacred things that had to be taken by the child himself when he grew up.

There were three ways to snatch names.

The first way was to hunt powerful totem beasts or to attack the “land with eternal illumination of Holy Light” in the north and obtain outstanding military achievements.

If one killed a ferocious tiger, one could be called Tiger Fighter.

If one captured a brutal flood dragon alive, one would be qualified to be called Dragon Catcher.

There were also Dragon Stinger, Troll Hunter, City Breaker, and Holy Light Destroyer. They all came from this practice.

The process of obtaining a name for oneself was also a rite of passage for the Turan people.

Only by obtaining a great name would one be considered a true warrior of Turan.

Many of the rat people would not be able to pass this hurdle and would forever display their lowly nicknames to others.

This was also an important reason why they were despised by the clan elders.

The second type was to obtain powerful totems that possessed extremely special abilities and displayed their signature skills.

Names such as ‘Lightning Controller’, ‘Flame Devourer’, and ‘Skeleton Dancer’ all came from this.

The third type was very simple and crude, and was very suitable for the people of Turan.

After discovering who had a nice name and felt that the other party was too weak to deserve such a domineering name, they challenged the other party.

As long as he could defeat or even kill the other party, he would be able to steal the other party’s name and glory.

For example, Leaf did not have a big name yet. If he walked on the streets of Black-corner City and heard a guy named Tiger Slayer beside him and felt that this name was not bad, he could issue a challenge on the spot.

As long as he won, he would be called Tiger Slayer in the future, and the other party could only be called “Leaf.”

If he struck too heavily and accidentally killed the other party, then he would be even more powerful.

Not only could he steal the other party’s name, he could also add the word “kill” in front of it. In the future, he would be called Tiger Slayer.

Of course, if he was accidentally killed by another Turan warrior in two days, and the other party stole his name, he would also have the right to add the word “kill” in front of it. He would be called Tiger Slayer.

By analogy, even if there were Turan people called Kill Kill Kill Kill Kill Kill Kill Kill Kill Tiger Killer, there would still be some. Moreover, they were very powerful fellows. Otherwise, it would be impossible for them to steal such a powerful name.

Therefore, it was actually very simple to judge the strength of a Turan warrior. All that was needed was to see if his name was domineering.

His name was ordinary, and his strength might not be weak.

However, his name was domineering, and he had been swaggering around the city for a long time without being killed. This meant that this person had absolute strength and killed all those who wanted to steal his name.

“Uncle used to be called ‘super tough guy’ with such an arrogant name. He must be a very powerful character. Who knows, your injuries might have been caused by others coveting your name, ambushing or even ganging up on you.”

Leaf said very seriously, “I believe that uncle’s real strength is definitely worthy of the good name ‘Super Tough guy’. But for the time being, it’s better to be patient and keep a low profile.

“Mom and Brother have taught me the principle of repaying a debt of gratitude. Uncle helped me gain strength, and I will definitely help uncle complete the mission so that you can use the good name ‘Super Tough Guy’ again as soon as possible!”

“I... I thank you!”

Meng Chao said, “However, can we not mention ‘Super Fierce Man’ anymore, in case others hear us and get into trouble? Reaper, remember, my name is ‘Reaper’!”

“Now, go and cultivate!”

It was not until the young man calmed down in a corner and gradually entered a meditative state that Meng Chao could not help but grunt.

Cold sweat the size of beans oozed out of his forehead.

His situation wasn’t as smooth as it seemed on the surface, and victory was within his grasp.

Instead, it was so terrible that it couldn’t be any worse.

Although it had been at least a month since the great battle with “Lu Siya.”

He still couldn’t get rid of the fatal side effects of Ultimate Burning.

Whether it was the six dragon meridians, the 108 main meridians, or the 1,024 branches, they were all like dry streams. Earthworms under the scorching sun, scorched vines, and filled with cracks.

Moreover, although he had escaped from the monster’s main brain’s clutches, he was still alive.

However, in the fierce battle with the undead creatures, a large number of Blood Flower spores and the weird algae that condensed into a Green Tide had invaded his body.

It was somewhat like the relationship between viruses and the immune system.

Human beings were exposed to countless bacteria and viruses every day.

As long as the immune system worked normally and had a strong resistance, most of the bacteria could be killed instantly.

If he were in the five-star heavenly state, at his peak state, he could ignite the spiritual flame with just a thought and burn all the intruders into ashes.

But now, not to mention the five-star spirit vision, even maintaining the one-star spirit stripe realm for a long time was very difficult.

The viruses, spores, and fungi that invaded his body naturally caused a lot of trouble. Not only would his wounds not heal for a long time, they would even interfere with his life magnetic field and brain, affecting his thoughts and emotions.

As a result, it would be very difficult for him to even summon the 'Flame Spark'.

Of course, even if he summoned it, it would be in vain.

That was because when he fell from the Super Waterfall, the 'Guillotine', which was thousands of meters away from him, Meng Chao had already exhausted all of his contribution points. Only then could he barely maintain a half-dead 'standby state' and not directly 'shut down' or even 'crash'.

But it was all worth it.

Because he was still alive.

There was hope if he was alive.

A comeback, a desperate counterattack, a hope to change everything.

Although his body was extremely weak.

But his soul fire was burning even more vigorously than before.

Moreover, it was unknown whether it was because his brain suffered a violent shock when he fell from Guillotine, which activated a large number of sealed fragments of his past life's memories.

Or was it because he had returned to his old place—Picturesque Orchid Lake—and returned to the starting point of his long journey as a Ghost Assassin in his previous life

Compared with his hometown in Dragon City, he not only remembered more valuable information, coordinates, characters, and skills.

Even his temperament had undergone an earth-shattering change.

If he was in Dragon City, even after experiencing a series of bloody battles, he still had the identity of a university student, unable to completely shake off the naivety of his student days.

At this moment, he was at Picturesque Orchid Lake and had crawled out from the deepest part of Hell. However, he found that he had fallen into another hell. He was more like the ghost assassin who was good at stealth, hibernation, assassination, and destruction in his previous life.

Or rather, he was more like “Doomsday Meng Chao.”

“I’ve finally found a suitable candidate.”

Looking at Leaf who had quickly entered a meditative state, Meng Chao nodded his head in satisfaction.

The young man was smarter than he had imagined.

He should have a chance to complete the mission.

Although it was a bit risky, Meng Chao had no other choice.

With his own strength, even if he could fight his way out of the dungeon, he would be exposed too early and overdraw himself again. Then, he would be beyond redemption.

In order to prevent the Dragon City civilization from getting involved in the war between worlds too early, he had to nurture some allies within the high-level orcs.

The youth named Leaf was only the first.

From the looks of it, this risky investment was worth it.

At least, without Leaf, Meng Chao wouldn’t have thought of such a fatal thing as “the more domineering the name of the Turan, the more powerful they are.”.

“Quickly record the key information of the new discovery.”

Meng Chao used the slightest movement, took a deep breath, and sank into the sewage.

Between his fingers, there was an extremely sharp totem beast bone piece that was as thin as a Cicada’s wing.

Using the bone piece, he was able to leave dense, tiny words on the ground that had been soaked through by the sewage.

These tiny words were not even written on Earth.

They were shorthand symbols that he had learned from the black skeleton training camp in his previous life.

For the time being, only he alone could understand them.

Moreover, it could be completely erased with just a light wipe.

Even if the Turan drained all the sewage in the dungeon, they would only find traces of a blob of his palm.

Chapter 924: Holy Light and Chaos

Fortunately, Meng Chao’s talent as a reaper did not disappear due to his injury.

This was because the delicate touch and precise control required by the Harvesting Skill were mainly carried out by the 1,024 branches.

No matter how high or low the intensity of his battle with “Lu Siya” had been, the fact was, all his main branches were sluggish, and they did not have even a single drop of spirit energy.

However, the branches were like capillaries. Some of them were more or less intact.

Using the techniques of the reaper, Meng Chao’s fingers vibrated at a high frequency in the depths of the sewage. Lines of complicated shorthand symbols were then quickly carved on the ground.

Mission one was complete.

‘I’ve found a suitable guide. I can try to make contact with the advanced orc experts who are desperate.’

“During the process of the guide modulation, it was confirmed once again that carbon-based intelligent creatures that could survive in the ecosphere of another world and develop a civilization had the same physiological structure and operation method of their vitality magnetic field. They could all follow the same set of laws to cultivate.

“Like the Earthlings, the advanced orcs also had spirit meridians, and they were even divided into ‘main meridians’ and ‘branches.’

“However, they seem to have more meridians than the Earthlings’ 108, while they had fewer branches than the Earthlings’ 1024.

“This means that compared with the Earthlings, the advanced orcs have more explosive power.

“However, they are far inferior in endurance, concentration, and precision.

“Perhaps, this is the reason why the advanced orcs did not develop extraordinary technology but continued to live in the clan era where the strong were respected.

“Speaking of which, the physical fitness of the high-level orcs is indeed amazing.

“Even among the ‘rat people’ whose social status is the lowest and who are theoretically enslaved and ostracized by everyone, the youngsters who have not received formal training have the speed and strength comparable to the veteran soldiers of Dragon City.

“If they are warriors of the clan, with a little training, they can easily have the combat ability comparable to a one-star spiritual tattoo realm warrior.

“Together with the overwhelming number of beasts, it will be enough to destroy Dragon City.

“This is a force that can overturn dragon city or change the trend of the war between the two worlds in order to stop Dragon City from being destroyed.

“In addition, I found traces of cultivation inside the guide.

“His way of exerting strength is similar to the ‘Wave Force’ in many ways, but it is more ingenious and profound than the ‘wave force’.

“The three fundamental ways of exerting strength in Dragon City all originated from the mysterious runes that we found in the depths of Relic No. 1 and engraved on the wall of the cave.

“The guide said that his strength also came from the murals in the depths of a cave.

“Does this mean that the Earthlings and the high-level orcs have the same inheritance and that we are all products of the game between the mother and the Ancients after the ancient war?”

Meng Chao recorded today’s new discovery.

Nodding in satisfaction, he turned back and carefully searched for the dense information that he had carved a few days ago.

Because of his heavy injuries, the Blood Flower spores and the mysterious green tide had invaded his body.

His brain was often groggy, as if there were countless burning thorns growing inside, tearing the memories of his past life and present life into pieces.

Therefore, he had to record down all his thoughts, analyze them repeatedly, and remember them in his heart.

Only then could he remember who he was, what he was going to do next, and what his ultimate mission was.

“Stop the destruction of Dragon City.”

This was the first line of words he had carved when he had just woken up in the depths of the dungeon.

It was also the largest and deepest line of words.

Below was the specific method.

From thick to thin.

After repeated revisions and smears, he had pondered over it many times.

“Is it possible to prevent a war between worlds?”

This was the first method that Meng Chao thought of.

If there hadn’t been a war between worlds, Dragon City wouldn’t have been involved in the flames of war and naturally wouldn’t have been destroyed.

But on this question, he had already drawn a big cross by himself.

Below it, he carved a few lines of small words as his answer:

“A war between worlds is inevitable.

“The outbreak of any World War is the result of the accumulation of the world’s structural contradictions to the limit, from quantitative change to qualitative change. It does not depend on the will of any ruler or supreme champion.

“I haven’t thought about the situation of other otherworld civilizations yet.

“However, just by observing and recalling the situation of the Turan civilization during this period of time, I know that the war drums of the Otherworld War have been rung.

“The Turan, advanced orcs possess a very special ecological environment and social system.

“Their civilization is closely related to a plant called mandrake. It can even be said that it is completely controlled by the mandrake.

“The mandrake is a marvelous plant. Its roots can go hundreds of meters underground and absorb the spirit energy in the veins of crystals.

“The abundant spiritual energy was also utilized to grow plump and nutritious fruits.

“The taste of the Datura fruit was between avocado and durian, but the heat and spiritual energy contained in it were hundreds of times more abundant. It was comparable to the high-energy nutrient agents of dragon city and even contained a lot of minerals and trace elements.

“It can be said that the mandrake fruit alone is enough to satisfy the needs of the high-level orcs.

“The mandrake trees can grow in any environment. No matter how barren the surface is, their roots can go deep into the ground, absorb spiritual energy and heat, and grow large and sweet fruits continuously.

“This makes the Turan people have no problem of food shortage at all.

“In a medieval society where the strong were respected and there were no nightlife, school districts, or mobile games, there was no food shortage problem. The only consequence was an explosion in population.

“All the high-level orcs ate and lived desperately.

“The children born under the stimulation of the rich psionic energy contained in the mandrake fruit also developed faster than the people on Earth.

“Under normal circumstances, when they reach the age of twelve or thirteen, they possess a new round of reproductive ability.

“Such a special ecological environment allowed the high-level orcs to possess the strongest violent force of the Other World.

“But ‘success or failure, Mandrake. The mandrake tree seems to be full of treasures. A single crop can support an entire civilization, but it has a fatal flaw — it will bloom once every few years to decades, and its flowering period will also be years to decades.

“During the flowering period, the mandrake tree will no longer bear fruit, not even one.

“That is to say, relying on the mandrake fruit as the main source of food, and expanding the population to high-level orcs far beyond the capacity of the land, every few years, there will be a devastating famine.

“Whether ancient or modern, earth or the other world, there are only two ways to survive the famine.

“Either we expand outward and plunder more food.

“Or we compete internally to eliminate the redundant population.

“In practice, the Turan people like to work both ways. Through war, they plunder more food and resources, and eliminate the redundant population.

“It doesn’t matter whether we win or lose the war. As long as we can survive until the end of the flowering period, the next round of mandrake flowers will be enough.

“Therefore, the history of the Turan civilization has been divided into two distinct stages by the mandrake flowers.

“When the flowering period is over and the fruits are abundant, it will be the era of prosperity.

“During this period, the Turan people will recuperate and reproduce in large numbers until every inch of space in Picturesque Orchid Lake is crowded.

“When the flowering period is over and the famine is about to arrive, it will be the era of glory.

“The Turan people would launch a holy war to seize the supreme glory and consume the redundant population in the process.

“For thousands of years, the prosperous era and the glorious era appeared alternately, making reproduction and war the eternal theme of the Turan Civilization.”

However, the situation this time was particularly special.

Meng Chao did not know whether or not the transmigration of Dragon City had caused a mutation in the magnetic field of the planet near the monster mountain range.

Or was it really as Mother 1 had said, the ultimate carbon-based creature of the ancient war era, the mother, that had been bombarded by space-based orbital weapons and exploded into countless pieces.

Mother 2 that was hiding in the depths of Picturesque Orchid gradually woke up.

In short, almost at the same time as the transmigration of Dragon City, the Turan civilization ushered in the longest period of prosperity in history.

A full half a century of prosperity had caused the Turan civilization to explode with an unprecedented population.

The vast and boundless Turan Swamp could be smelled of high-level orcs everywhere and heard their wild roars.

Even the desolate mountains and valleys in the past had become overcrowded.

This meant that once the mandrake flowers bloomed and the grain harvest failed, the Turan civilization would usher in the largest scale famine in history.

It also meant that the Turan civilization had the ability to unleash the largest army in history and wage the largest war.

Picturesque Orchid Lake was destined to be the source of the great war between worlds.

Even if Meng Chao had a glib tongue and the ability to teleport and mind control, he would now teleport in front of the ruler of the Turan civilization and convince these warlike, fearless fellows to believe in “Love and peace.”.

As long as he doesn’t solve the hunger problem of billions of high orcs.

He won’t be able to stop the war.

“If a war between worlds is inevitable, can we make a completely different choice from our previous life and find a way to make the Dragon City civilization jump on the winner’s Chariot?”

This is the second method that Meng Chao thought of.

But in this method, also made a Big X.

Now, he had awakened a large number of memories from his previous life.

He roughly recalled the development process of the Great War between worlds in his previous life.

In his previous life, the ten thousand races between worlds were mainly divided into two camps, Holy Light and chaos.

The high-level beastmen, Abyss Demons, Ancient Tomb Lords, Gray Dwarves, and blood elves who lived on the outskirts of the main continent of the other world belonged to the chaos race.

They fought against the Holy Light alliance formed by the humans, elves, dwarves, and dragons from the other world who lived in the center of the main continent and occupied the most fertile land and the most powerful spiritual energy.

One could tell just by the name.

No matter how fierce the ‘Chaos’ camp’s offensive was at the beginning of the war and how many local victories they won, they would still be arrogant and insufferably arrogant.

In the end, they would inevitably be pushed back by the ‘Holy Light’ camp, which had sufficient resources and a deep foundation, and they would be slaughtered until nothing was left.

In the previous life, the Dragon City civilization, which was in a state of near-death, joined the ‘Chaos’ camp under the threat and enticement of the hungry and murderous advanced orcs.

From then on, they were dragged along by these pig teammates and embarked on the road of destruction.

So, in this life, as long as they changed their course and jumped from ‘Chaos’ to ‘Holy Light’, they would be able to survive and even enjoy the benefits of war?

It was not that simple.

Chapter 925: East or West?

The key was location.

Unlike the five continents and four oceans on Earth, the Other World only had a vast and boundless main continent.

Just like Pangu[1]'s continent in ancient times.

Monster Mountain Range was located southeast of the main continent, not far from the coastline.

However, the coastline there was completely different from similar regions on Earth, with natural harbors and rich fisheries.

That was because the entire Other World was filled with spirit energy.

The frequency and intensity of the extreme weather here were ten or even a hundred times that of Earth.

All year round, the sea was full of raging waves that contained violent psionic energy.

Under the constant impact of the waves day after day, there were rarely any flat beaches or harbors on the coastline.

What could be seen everywhere were cliffs and cliffs that were straight up and straight down, hundreds of meters apart, and as smooth as mirrors.

With the current technological level of the Dragon City civilization, it was very difficult to directly cross the cliffs and develop marine resources on a large scale.

It was even more impossible to bring tens of millions of people and migrate to the depths of the ocean, a barren island with poor resources.

This meant that the Dragon City civilization had to guard the monster mountain range.

Unfortunately, the northeast and northwest directions of the monster mountain range were surrounded by Tulanze.

The southeast was an impassable sea.

The Southwest was the territory of other chaos races.

The Dragon City civilization had crossed into a dragon's Den and a tiger's den.

They wanted to establish contact with the land of eternal illumination of Holy Light, which was located in the center of the main continent.

The tentacles of the Dragon City civilization had to reach across the entire Turan ZE, and they risked being strangled or having their claws cut off by the high-tier orcs at any time.

If they officially joined the 'Holy Light' camp and assassinated the Tulanze civilization, they might face the wrath of the high-level orcs alone.

The Lone Dragon City civilization would not be able to hold on until the final victory of the Holy Light Camp.

It seems that I can only choose these 'pig teammates'?

The Dragon City civilization is a typical industrial civilization.

“If an industrial civilization wants to achieve explosive development in a short period of time, it must develop an export-oriented economy. It must constantly dump manufactured products to the outside world, control the external market, labor force, and raw materials, and then control the economic lifeline of the outside world.

“Under the most ideal circumstances, even if the black-haired, black-eyed people of Dragon City, who believe in science, can really form an alliance with the golden-haired, blue-eyed Otherworld humans who believe in the Holy Light.

“How are we going to transport the manufactured products to the center of the Otherworld continent across the whole of Tulanze and billions of hungry, angry high-level orcs, then transport the raw materials there back, or directly invest in the local area and make use of the resources and labor there?

“The sea and air transportation in this world are both unstable, and the transportation capacity is quite limited.

“Not to mention the technology of the portal. It is only suitable for transporting key resources and tactical teams. It is impossible to send tens of thousands of containers of materials to the holy light camp and then transport tens of millions of tons of raw materials back.

“There is one more thing.

“The Chaos Camp is definitely not a good place for men and women.

“But this does not mean that the holy light camp is some innocent and good people.

“I vaguely remember that those who worship the holy light have many rules and rules, and they live a puritan or even ascetic life.

“In my previous life, even the mobile phone game of Dragon City civilization and the educational film about husband and wife life were spread to the land of the Holy Light, which shocked the mages and priests there. They thought that the pure and flawless holy light was the most severely defiled, and we earthlings are simply unpardonable demons, even more evil than the abyss demons.

“The so-called ‘Natural Disaster’ does not only refer to our combat ability, but also our moral corruption. We have used all kinds of tricks and extravagant things to corrupt the people of the Holy Light, who were originally as pure as rabbits, especially the children. The children are only focused on playing the mobile games that Dragon City smuggled over, and they don’t even like to listen to the teachings of the Holy Light Anymore!

“Perhaps, the destruction of Dragon City in my previous life is related to this incident.

“It is precisely because the Holy Light Alliance hates Dragon City’s civilization so much that they believe that our mobile games and small videos have corrupted their next generation. That is why they have gathered all their forces and destroyed Dragon City, the source of all evil, at all costs.

“So, it is all the mobile games’ fault that Dragon City has met its doom?

“It doesn’t matter whether it is true or not. In short, it seems very difficult to sell the manufactured products of Dragon City to the land of Holy Light on a large scale and spread the Earth’s culture to these one-track-minded fellows through the entertainment and media industries!

“On the contrary, it is the chaotic races, including the high-level orcs.

“It is true that they are chaotic and evil, but they advocate pleasure, pursue excitement, and like to live a life of drinking and drinking today. Even if they are so poor that their pants are ringing, they would rather borrow money from the people of Earth and then become mercenaries to pay off their debts. They all want to smoke, drink, and perm their hair to enjoy the benefits of the Earth’s civilization.

“For an industrial civilization that is developing at a high speed, is there any customer that is better than them?”

Abandoning their high-quality customers and forming an alliance with those guys who are picky?

Meng Chao racked his brain for ten days to half a month.

He could not think of the benefits of doing so.

The Dragon City civilization and the Tulan civilization were closely related.

Moreover, the Tulan civilization had all the labor, raw materials, and dumping markets needed for the rapid development of Dragon City. The two sides were highly complementary.

The vast and boundless Tulan also provided the dragon city civilization with valuable strategic depth. It also served as the most solid shield for the Dragon City civilization, which was still in its early stages of development.

In the previous life, the Dragon City civilization was also destroyed after the Tulan civilization was completely defeated and the Holy Light Coalition army charged in and killed through Tulan.

In other words, as long as Meng Chao in this life could make this “Shield” a little thicker, it could withstand more rounds of attacks.

The Dragon City civilization would be able to develop at a leisurely pace and be invincible.

Then, they would hide behind the high-level orcs and become the offshore balancer or even the mastermind behind the scenes, reaping the largest share of the war profits.

No matter how I extrapolated, the chaos camp was the only choice.

However, it is too difficult to lead the pig teammates. Even if the Dragon City civilization is in a super state and slaughters everyone, it will still be very difficult to win the war between the other worlds!

“Is there any way to sign an alliance with the Tulan for the time being and enjoy the benefits of labor, raw materials, and the dumping market so that the Dragon City civilization will usher in a crucial period of strategic opportunity.

“And to remain flexible and low-key without being dragged down by the Chaos Faction?”

Meng Chao thought hard.

He really thought of a possibility.

In the war between the two worlds in his previous life, there were two main fronts.

The Eastern Front was the Holy Light Alliance against Tulan and the Dragon City Coalition army.

The Western Front was the Holy Light Alliance against the Abyss Demon Race and the Ancient Tomb Lord Coalition army.

The “Land of Eternal Holy Light” in the center of the continent between worlds seemed to be surrounded by enemies and was at a disadvantage.

However, because it was an internal battle, logistics and supplies were convenient. The gathering and movement of troops were more flexible, and the battle lines were easy to defend.

In addition, facing enemies from both sides, there was no way out. On the contrary, they could unite as one, inspiring a hundred times more courage.

On the other hand, the chaos faction.

Scattered on the outer periphery of the Otherworld continent, they were divided into pieces by the Holy Light faction.

They were too far away from each other, and it was difficult for them to work together to fight.

And they often had ulterior motives, leaving them to die.

As a result, they were defeated by the Holy Light Faction One by one.

Among them, the Eastern Front was the main battlefield of the war between worlds.

It gathered the most powerful heavy troops of the two factions.

Out of the ten epic-level battles with tens of thousands of casualties, eight were held on the Eastern Front.

Hence, in his previous life, there was a saying of “Bloodbath on the eastern front” and “No war on the Western Front”.

The Tulan people did not mind.

They even wished for it.

It was glory. It was fun. If one’s head fell off a big scar, he would be a hero again in eighteen years!

Death? Death was nothing to be afraid of. Death was nothing more than going to the sacred mountain to meet the ancestral spirits. After drinking hard liquor, they would continue to fight endlessly!

Life and death were nothing to them. If they were not satisfied, they would do it.

This was the philosophy of high-level orcs.

They only suffered because of the people of Dragon City.

They had been cheated to death by their pig teammates!

“No, we can’t let a war between worlds break out first on the Eastern Front in this life. We can’t let the Eastern Front become the main battlefield and create a ‘Bloody Eastern Front’!

“We must think of a way to delay the high-level orcs’ rampage. We must make them calm down and endure a little longer!

“Right now, the foreign world is like an explosive barrel filled with gunpowder that has been exposed to the scorching sun for three hours. There are also ignition wires inserted into every crack.

“As long as the high-level orcs can endure a little longer, or if some... unexpected factors appear and slow down their military expansion and preparation, they won’t be able to ignite the ignition wires.

“There will definitely be problems within the Holy Light Alliance, or the Abyss Demons and Ancient Tomb Lords on the Western Front.

“If the Western Front is the first shot of the war between worlds.

“It will replace the Eastern Front and become the main battlefield of the war between worlds.

“Then, the trend of the war between worlds will become completely different from my previous life.

“Damn it, I remember now. In my previous life, when the people of Dragon City and the people of Tulan risked their lives to ‘bleed the Eastern Front,’ the so-called ‘allies’ on the Western Front would only stand still like mountains and make sarcastic remarks.

“In this life, you will fight against the Heavy Army Group of the Holy Light Alliance, the ninth-circle mages and the priests of Holy Light, and go to the ‘Western Front’!

“Of course, the people of Dragon City are reasonable, sentimental, and friendly.

“We will not leave them to die like our allies in my previous life.

“Even if we have precious soldiers, we will not be able to send them here for a while because the battle line is too long.

“However, as long as we can guarantee the transportation line, we will definitely have enough weapons and ammunition.

“We will equip every abyssal demon and every skeleton soldier with submachine guns and grenades.

“We will also replace every skeleton warhorse of every death knight with wheeled armored vehicles and main battle tanks.

“In short, before the last abyssal demon and the Marquis of ancient tomb are killed, we will not compromise. We will definitely make those guys who won’t allow us to sell industrial products and videos pay the price

Chapter 926: Assassinating the Turan King?

Since the route had been determined...

The next step was coming up with a specific strategy.

How should they delay the expansion and preparation of the advanced orcs until the first shot was fired on the western front?

“Wait until our wounds heal a little and then go back to Dragon City to get reinforcements?”

Meng Chao immediately rejected this idea.

There were two reasons.

One, it was too slow.

Although he felt muddle-headed and confused as he drifted down Raging Tiger River...

He could still sense that he had drifted for at least ten days and half a month, all the way from the super waterfall, Guillotine, to the middle of Picturesque Orchid Lake.

To return to Dragon City from there, the road was not only rugged, but along the way, they would meet many Turan clans.

Right then, all the major clans were recruiting troops, or in other words, capturing strong men and pulling cannon fodder.

He was alone, and his appearance was so eye-catching. He also did not know much about the local customs of the Turan civilization.

Even if he could escape the Bloody Skull Arena, Black-corner City, and the Blood Hoof Clan’s territory, he would be captured by other clans and sent to another arena, or be incorporated into the cannon fodder army.

If he went out at night and hid in disguise, he might be able to avoid the eyes and ears of the slave-catchers.

However, he would not be able to travel more than twenty to thirty miles a day.

When he returned to Dragon City, he would sort out a myriad of things in Dragon City and convince the higher-ups to act according to his plan. Then, he would return to Picturesque Orchid Lake as Dragon City’s special envoy.

It was likely that the Turan civilization’s army had already gathered into a surging tide and rushed toward the eternal land of Holy Light in the north.

“Time... Time is key.

“I remember that when Dragon City came into contact with the outside world in my previous life, the Chaos camp and the Holy Light camp were already in full swing.

“Based on this calculation, it is very likely that it will be less than a year and a half before the spark of the war between the two worlds is ignited.

“Such a short time is not enough for me to go to Dragon City for a round trip.”

Besides, Dragon City still had “Lu Siya.”

Meng Chao felt a dull pain when he thought of the last time he fought with that woman who had transformed into a wild banshee and grown thousands of tentacles.

It was not that he was afraid of “Lu Siya.”

What a joke. He was a tough man who had returned from the apocalypse, and he was unyielding.

How could he be afraid of “Lu Siya”?

You have no idea how much he wanted to regroup and fight “Lu Siya” for another 300 rounds!

The problem was the people other than “Lu Siya.”

When the monster mastermind was complacent, it had once been honest with Meng Chao. Even if it was expelled from Lu Siya’s body, it would be useless.

That was because there was far more than one fragment of Mother 1.

During the entire Monster War, many of Dragon City’s most powerful people had been eroded by mysterious forces. In the depths of their hearts, the seed of evil had been planted by Mother 1.

Meng Chao thought over and over again and felt that the credibility of these words was quite high.

From the memories of his previous life, even if the Monster War was won, Dragon City still had a lot of taboo forces and dark forces.

For example, the organization hidden behind the cross eyes.

In his previous life, this organization had captured his little sister, Bai Jiacao. After an inhuman modulation, his little sister’s temperament had changed greatly, and she had become the nightmare of the entire Other World continent, the Dark Witch whom everyone feared.

Regardless of whether the organization represented by the X-shaped Eye was inextricably linked to the monster civilization or not.

At the very least, it’s an evil organization that’s willing to push the boundaries of humanity in order to get maximum power.

Meng Chao did not know how many similar organizations lurk in the shadows behind the towering, brilliant, gleaming skyscrapers on the surface of Dragon City.

In a way...

Although Dragon City’s civilization destroyed the monster civilization’s mother...

The evil will of the monster civilization was still lingering in the poor streets and alleys of Dragon City.

Countless monsters in human skin and humans who were even more evil than the monsters were giving orders and leading Dragon City to the end of the world.

It was easy to suppress “Lu Siya.”

Well, it was not that easy.

However, it was a hundred times more difficult to find all these “monsters in human skin.”

“It was not easy for me to escape from the monster mastermind. How could I return to the trap with such wounds all over my body?”

“Even if the other party did not destroy my body, they would have used more sophisticated and insidious methods to control my mind and kill my will, so that I would not have the chance to make my own voice or let everyone misunderstand my voice.

“Even if the other party really agrees and acts according to my plan, allowing the war between worlds to break out from the western front, so that they will be in a more advantageous strategic position than in my previous life and enjoy the war dividend.

“This war dividend will not fall into the pockets of the ordinary citizens of Dragon City. It will not be used for the development of Dragon City and the welfare of the people. It will only fall into the pockets of very few powerhouses—of course, those powerhouses who are inextricably linked to Mother 1.

“In the end, even if Dragon City can escape destruction, it will become Monster Civilization 2.0.

“That is just another form of the apocalypse. It is definitely not the tomorrow that I want to see!

“In the end, I am still too weak. I lack the capital to compete with these guys.

“Not to mention, I am overexerting myself now.

“Even if I charge to the peak of Heaven Realm in one go, it is still far from enough to dominate the fate of Dragon City!

“Strength, I have to get even stronger!

“Totem...”

Meng Chao touched the word “totem” that he had deeply engraved a few days ago.

This was the unique cultivation system of the Turan civilization.

In his previous life’s memories, it was no less than the technology of the Dragon City civilization and the magic of the Holy Light civilization.

However, in his previous life, his strength had been too weak, and it was very difficult for him to cultivate Dragon City’s own spirit martial arts.

How could he have the opportunity to study the methods of using other civilizations’ spirit power?

Plus, the people who were locked in the depths of the dungeon with him were the lowest-class rat people in Turan society.

It was said that the rat people had cowardly and unclean blood flowing in their bodies. Normally, they were not even qualified to touch metal.

In the glorious era, when war was about to break out, only then could these cannon foddors be barely stuffed with rusty scrap metal.

Totems were the sacred objects of the Turan civilization. It was impossible for them to be tarnished by the rat people.

Therefore, when the rat people were chatting, they did not know much about the power of totems.

Meng Chao had eavesdropped for a few days, but he did not get much useful information.

He could only put a series of question marks after the word “totem” and slowly map it out.

On the same level as “totem,” there were also some broken and disorganized runes.

They were all ideas that Meng Chao thought were worth studying and following up on.

“Create chaos in the Blood Skull Arena and seize the totems and resources that are rich in spirit energy.

“Find out the conflicts between the five major clans, as well as the relationship between the five major clans and the small and medium-sized clans. Then, find the gaps that can be exploited.

“Like the possibility of ‘earth-friendly factions’ appearing within the Turan civilization...”

At the end, there was a line of the smallest characters, but the characters were engraved with the most effort and the deepest imprint.

There were only four words.

“Assassinate the Turan King?”

Meng Chao’s fingertips caressed these four words for a long time.

He did not cross them or erase them.

Closing his eyes, his mind raced. Combining the vast amount of information from his past life and present life, he deduced the entire process of the war between worlds over and over in his mind, along with the key point of Dragon City’s defeat.

In the end, Meng Chao erased the question mark behind the four words.

After sorting out his thoughts, Meng Chao immediately took action.

In the next few hours, he made every second count to help the rat youth increase his strength.

Although it was impossible to turn a stone into gold and make Leaf become a first-class expert in an instant...

The rat youth’s outstanding physical quality still made Meng Chao click his tongue in wonder.

“Your muscles, bones, and cell activity are simply invincible!”

Through Leaf, Meng Chao, who had studied the physiological structure and cell characteristics of the advanced orcs, confirmed once again that the high-level orcs, or all the carbon-based intelligent creatures living in the Other World, did not evolve naturally. Instead, they were the products of gene modulation.

This was because the body of the young rat obviously lacked muscle growth hormone.

For naturally evolved creatures, having too much muscle was not a good thing.

While crazily increasing explosive power and short-term combat strength, it would also increase the energy consumption to an extreme degree, which would reduce the chances of survival in the wilderness.

The winners of the battle of evolution over hundreds of millions of years were few and far between.

Only through gene modulation and the knockout of the muscle growth inhibition gene at the embryonic stage could one create Leaf, who had not received professional training and was still in the growth stage, and could even be called “skinny” among his peers. Nevertheless, he still had bulging muscles and sharp edges.

“If the Earthlings are like a multi-functional base vehicle that integrates scientific research, construction, and battle, then the high-level orcs are obviously the main battle tanks and siege cannons specially developed for war.”

Of course, among all the rat people, Leaf was a very special existence.

Through the murals in the training cave, he had unknowingly accumulated spirit energy that was as dense as a one-star superhuman in the Spirit Tattoo Realm in Dragon City.

This was an outstanding, talented, and rare martial arts genius.

Meng Chao vaguely saw thirty to fifty percent of his elegance in him.

In addition, the young man was quite fastidious and knew how to split the fried mandrake fruit equally with him.

That was the reason why Meng Chao was willing to invest in him.

“After my stimulation, your vitality magnetic field has been fully awakened. Now, your strength should be more than five times that of the past. In the next period of time, your strength will increase slightly.”

Meng Chao looked straight into the young man’s eyes and changed the topic. “However, absolute strength is not the most important thing if you want to survive in this damn place.

“The most important thing is how to precisely deliver your absolute strength to the most fatal point of the enemy!”

Chapter 927: The Path of an Assassin, From Beginner to Master

As Meng Chao spoke, his finger suddenly stabbed Leaf slightly below his Adam’s apple like a dagger.

Leaf felt a bolt of lightning enter his throat. It was so painful that his tears were frozen in her eyes, but he could not make a single sound. It was as if lightning had torn a hole in his throat. His strength and voice flowed through the hole completely.

However, Meng Chao had no intention of stopping.

His fingers moved around the vital parts of the rat teenager’s body like lightning.

From his eyes to his temples...

From his carotid artery to his heart...

From his liver region to his legs.

He let Leaf experience once again what it felt like to live a life worse than death.

However, he used a special method to keep Leaf's mind absolutely clear and not lose consciousness due to the severe pain.

If Leaf had some idea of modern medical concepts, he would definitely feel as if he had undergone a large-scale surgery without anesthetic!

As he stabbed, Meng Chao explained to Leaf at a leisurely pace. The structure of the human body, the distribution of vital points, how to cut into it to be the most effective. While ensuring the maximum lethality, it could instantly release all the power of the target, including the power of moaning, and so on, it was a compulsory course for ghost assassins.

In Leaf's eyes, Meng Chao was an out-and-out reaper—the reaper of life!

In the past three days, the youth had seen many powerhouses from the Blood Hoof Clan.

Including the broken-horned Minotaur warrior, they were all existences with bloody hands, and they killed as if they were numb.

However, he had never seen or even heard of someone like Meng Chao, who could turn killing into an absolutely accurate technique, or even an art.

“Lord Reaper, what exactly did you do in the past...”

The more he looked at Meng Chao's bottomless black eyes, the more he felt a chill run down his spine.

Pain was pain, but Meng Chao's teaching method was very effective.

It was the teaching method that the black skeleton instructor in his previous life had personally instilled into Meng Chao, leaving a deep impression on him.

The excruciating pain was enough for an assassin who had just entered the training camp to imprint all the general knowledge about vital points into his bones.

In a battle, he could perform it without thinking and by using his nerves.

“Now you know how to kill people. Although you can't deal with an expert like the broken-horned Minotaur warrior, it's enough to deal with these red-eyed rat people.”

Taking advantage of the lightning-like pain that was still lingering around Leaf, Meng Chao continued to add, “However, there are a few things that I hope you can remember.

“First, I won't pretend to tell you not to kill people. Living in such a haunted time and place, killing people is indeed one of the effective ways to solve problems.

“But I don't want you to rely entirely on killing people to solve problems, and I don't want you to fall in love with the feeling of killing people.

“The feeling of killing people will become addictive and form a path of dependence, causing you to unknowingly lose the ability to solve problems with methods other than killing people.

“The world is so big. One day, you will meet someone you can’t kill.

“When that time comes, you, who have been completely controlled by the desire to kill, will be finished!”

Leaf did not really understand Meng Chao’s words.

However, under the stimulation of the excruciating pain, he still nodded desperately.

“Second, assassins are not berserkers. In fact, achieving the greatest effect with the least amount of killing is the highest realm that we are pursuing.”

Meng Chao went on to say, “Take the current situation as an example. Right now, you are almost certain that you can deal with three to five strong rat people.

“However, there are more than three to five muscular rat people in this cell. There are a total of 82 of them.

“Thirty-seven of them have eaten at least one fried mandrake fruit in the past day. They have been recuperating for a long time, but they still have their basic combat ability. Stimulated by hunger and the desire to survive, their instantaneous explosive power might be several times stronger than usual.

“Among these people, there are another five experts. In the past day, they have eaten an average of six fried mandrake fruits. Their fighting strength is shocking.

“You can’t defeat everyone in one go. You have to make a choice. Tell me, the next round of food delivery is about to begin. What are you going to do?”

Leaf’s thoughts raced as he blurted out, “Thank you for the reminder, Reaper. I will avoid the five strongest red-eyed rat people and start with the sixth.”

“Wrong.”

Meng Chao said, “If it’s just one round of snatching, it’s indeed the right choice to start with the sixth strongest red-eyed rat subject in this prison cell. After all, the sixth ranked guy has only eaten two fried mandrake fruits in the past day. There’s a big gap between his strength and the top five.

“It’s impossible for the top five to snatch all the fried mandrake fruits and replace the sixth position. It can indeed fill your stomach temporarily.

“But it’s impossible for us to get the ten fried mandrake fruits that we need in one round.

“We still have to stay here for a long time. There will be several rounds of snatching.

“Even if you can kill the red-eyed rat person who is ranked sixth, you can’t guarantee that the top five won’t be interested in you and harbor malicious intentions. They won’t let you off before you show them enough power to deter them.

“Of course, I believe that you will be able to deal with those guys ultimately.

“But you will definitely have to expend a lot of effort and energy.

“If you want to become stronger, you must learn to plan your route of action and target appropriately, saving every precious drop of energy.

“Therefore, the correct answer is not the sixth, but first. You should kill the strongest red-eyed rat person in this cell!”

“What?”

Leaf was shocked.

“Do you know the difference between first and sixth?” Meng Chao smiled faintly.

The youth pondered for a long time.

He still shook his head in confusion.

“If you kill the sixth and the first feels threatened, they will think of ways to kill you. But as long as you kill the first, I guarantee that the second to the sixth will stay far away from you. They won’t even dare to look at you.”

Meng Chao said, “Also, the sixth knows his own strength very well. He is highly vigilant against his competitors and might not be so easy to deal with.

“In contrast, the strongest red-eyed rat person in this cell has already snatched eleven fried mandrake fruits in the past day.

“He thinks highly of himself and doesn’t spare anyone else a single glance. All he thinks about is leaving this place to participate in the real competition. Why would he be on guard against a wailing coward like you?”

Shedding tears in public was Leaf’s dark history.

The youth lowered his head, his face turning red.

However, he had to admit that Lord Reaper’s words made a lot of sense.

“One more thing, you have to consider the reactions of the others.”

Meng Chao analyzed the situation meticulously, “Let’s say that you’ve killed the sixth. As a result, the first orders everyone to swarm over and tear you into pieces. Threatened by his martial prowess or tempted by the oily chips, how many people do you think will dare to disobey him?”

“However, this guy has stolen too much food in the past day and cut off too many people’s chances of survival. Everyone’s eyes are looking at him strangely. Even the second to fifth are angry, but they don’t dare to speak up.

“As the saying goes, the strong will always be on top. Now, the first has become too strong, and he threatens the survival of everyone in this prison.

“If nothing goes wrong, he will definitely be able to get more food in the next round of food delivery than he did in the previous round.

“If he steals a few more fried mandrake fruits, it will mean that a few red-eyed rat people will starve to death.

“In fact, you are not the only one who wants to kill him. All the red-eyed rat people have the intention to kill No. 1. However, the prison cell is so small that everyone’s eyes are wide open and their ears are perked up. There is really no chance for anyone other than the first to join forces.

“Nevertheless, I believe that as long as you strike fast and ruthlessly enough to decide the outcome in an instant, the other red-eyed rat people will definitely stand on your side and help you deal with the first together.”

Leaf was dumbfounded when he heard that. He did not expect that the seemingly chaotic food fight that relied solely on strength and luck would hide so many tricks up its sleeve.

Moreover, Lord Reaper looked like he had done nothing and had just been quietly hiding in a corner.

However, he had observed the number of people in this cell, the strong and the weak, the amount of resources that the strong had snatched, and the mentality of the strong and the weak. He had analyzed everything clearly!

He could not help but look at the tallest, strongest, and most proud red-eyed rat person in the crowd.

This guy probably had the bloodline of some Turan and wild boar people.

His body was covered in a thick and hard mane, and two big fangs raised his lips. His arms were thicker than Leaf’s thighs, and he alone occupied the space of three rat people as if no one else was around.

The crisscrossing scars on his face and body revealed his rich combat experience.

After eating the fried mandrake fruit, his big oily face was filled with arrogance. “I shouldn’t be here. I should be standing in the real arena!” he bluntly said.

Compared with that arrogant guy with a strong back and a strong waist...

Meng Chao, who was covered in wounds, looked even more miserable.

But Leaf knew better.

The moment the Reaper’s gaze swept over him.

The so-called No.1 was already a dead man.

“Don’t look at him directly.”

Meng Chao reminded, “Move your body forward by 27.5 cm, uh, one-third of an arm’s distance, and turn your head to the lower left... just ever so slightly. Adjust your right angle, and you can clearly see him through the reflection on the surface of the sewage.

“No, there’s nothing good about his appearance. I want you to observe the scars on his body.

“Scars are the medals of warriors’—I know that the Turan people have a tradition of exposing scars to others. It seems that the more scars there are, the more severe the injury, and the more glorious it is.

"I have to say that such a tradition is really stupid.

"Scars contain a very rich amount of information, including the habitual use of hands, combat habits, the condition of internal injuries, the location of fatal weaknesses... and so on.

"Believe me, as long as you learn to read scars and corpses...

"You will be able to see through everyone's weaknesses."

Chapter 928: The Art of Scars

After listening to Meng Chao's words, Leaf focused his attention and observed the other for a long time.

As expected, he found something.

"The right half of his body has more scars than his left half, especially on his shoulder. There are so many scars that there isn't even half a piece of good flesh!"

"So, his right shoulder is his weakness!" the youth said excitedly.

"Your observation skills are not bad. You have some potential, but you lack some experience."

Meng Chao said, "If you have personally dissected thousands of corpses and identified more than 10,000 wounds, it would be easy to notice that almost all the wounds on the right side of this guy's body are superficial. They are all superficial wounds. At most, only his flesh and blood are affected rather than his bones, much less his nerves and tendons.

"The muscles on his right shoulder, especially, are obviously more developed than those on his left shoulder. Including the average diameter of his right arm, everything is half a finger larger than his left arm. This means his dominant hand must be his right hand. He doesn't care about minor injuries at all."

Leaf was stunned for a moment, and he looked a little unconvinced.

"I know. You must want to ask, if that's the case, how did the right half of his body suffer so many injuries?"

Meng Chao replied, "Because he is an experienced and well-trained warrior.

"Any experienced warrior knows that it is almost impossible to be unharmed in an intense battle. However, we can choose which part of the body will suffer the damage. We can even drag the enemy into our trap and rhythm by paying the price of superficial wounds.

"The right half of this guy's body is so strong, but it is full of tiny wounds. It is very obvious that in actual combat, he often deliberately exposes his right half to lure the enemy. Every tiny wound might mean the life of a prey or an enemy."

Leaf was very smart, to begin with.

His thoughts flashed, and he instantly understood. He could not help but inhale a breath of cold air.

Fortunately, he had received the Reaper's warning.

Otherwise, he would have taken the initiative to attack his opponent's right side. He would not even realized how he died.

"Look at the left half of his body. It appears to be smooth. There are not too many wounds, but if you look more carefully, you can see that when he raises his left arm unintentionally, there is an extremely deep wound under his left armpit," Meng Chao continued.

Leaf was somewhat dumbfounded again. He said, "Lord Reaper, do you have the ability of clairvoyance that allows you to see through the depth of an opponent's wound?"

"Of course I don't have clairvoyance."

In actuality, one in the five-star Spirit Gaze Realm, could observe a lot of invisible light and see through some objects.

However, Meng Chao had yet to recover from his serious injury. His ability in this aspect was not very effective, and it consumed a lot of spirit energy. Therefore, he had temporarily turned it off.

"As long as you observe the surface of the wound, you will find that the wound has been well-healed. The two sides of the wound are well-aligned, and the proliferation of the tissues is relatively small and shallow. It means that the enemy must have treated and taken care of the wound below his left armpit well."

Meng Chao added, "If I remember correctly, the Turan people regard wounds as their honor. They usually do not care how their wounds heal. They are even eager to leave a more conspicuous and terrifying scar to show off their battle achievements.

"Unless, the wounds are extremely deep and close to their vital points, which are life-threatening, they will be carefully treated."

Leaf was enlightened.

"I didn't expect a small wound to have so much information!" He looked at Meng Chao with admiration.

"That's not all. Think about it, what kind of posture would expose your left armpit?" Meng Chao guided him patiently.

Leaf widened his eyes and thought for a long time. Then, he asked in confusion, "Yes, what kind of posture would cause your left armpit to be injured?"

"Left-handed knife."

Time was tight. Meng Chao calculated from the intervals between the two food drops in the past few days that the next food drop would take place between seven to eleven minutes.

Within five minutes, he had to let Leaf defeat this burly red-eyed rodent.

He did not have the time to let the youth figure it out on his own. Meng Chao gave the correct answer.

"The left armpit is close to the heart. Under normal circumstances, the rodent, who lacks combat experience, should pay attention to defense.

“Since this fellow can injure the left armpit, it means that he must have raised his left arm high and hacked down viciously, resulting in an opening.

“Here’s the problem. His right arm is obviously thicker and sturdier than his left arm. It should be his right hand. Why did he use his left hand?”

“I can only speculate that he actually has a ‘killer move’ that he must use his left arm to use.”.

“What’s a ‘killer move?’”

“That’s not important. In short, it’s a very powerful killer move. However, this move should take a long time to accumulate power before the enemy finds a flaw and attacks his left armpit.”.

“If you can really force him to use his killer move, no matter how powerful and terrifying it seems to be, don’t be afraid if it can split you in half from the middle. Remember, this is your chance. As long as you’re fast enough, you can ruthlessly stab a new wound on his left armpit!”

Leaf opened her mouth.

She wanted to know, “Then how can I force him to use his fatal move?”

“It’s very simple. Look at his liver area. Is there a small protrusion?”

Meng Chao said, “That is the sign that his ribs were broken, and the sharp broken bones almost pierced into his liver. If the liver was really broken, he would be finished.

“Although the broken bones did not pierce into his liver and had already healed, the area above the liver is where the pain nerves of the Turan people are the most concentrated. Even a tough man with iron bones would be in so much pain that he would break out in cold sweat, let alone stab and cut the broken bones.

“My guess is that the experience of the broken ribs stabbing into the liver must have left this guy with a painful memory, so much so that ‘once bitten by a snake, twice Shy’. Until now, he has been very careful to protect his liver area. These few days, when he was fighting for food, he did not care about other people attacking his other parts at all. Only when others attacked his liver area, he would dodge and block.

“I reckon that even if his liver region doesn’t have any physical sequelae, there must still be some spiritual pain. As long as you can hit his liver region, you can trigger his painful memories, causing him to subconsciously Twitch and fall into chaos.

“Naturally, he knows where his vital point is, so he won’t be easily hit by an ordinary person’s liver region.

“But you have limbs that can stretch and retract freely, and you can hit the enemy from an unbelievable angle. I think that shouldn’t be a problem.

“Or rather, if you can’t even defeat such an enemy, then forget about the broken-horned Minotaur warrior with totem power or something like that, just wash up and sleep!”

The words “broken-horned Minotaur warrior” made the young man’s eyes turn red like the others.

Amidst the deep red, something was jumping crazily.

It was the raging flames that burned down their home that night.

“Clang clang clang!”

The sound of a metal rod hitting the iron fence came from the top of their heads again

The aroma of the fried mandrake fruit was like a devil’s palm. It grabbed the necks of every red-eyed rat person and lifted them up.

“This is for you.”

Meng Chao stuffed something into Leaf’s hand.

It was a sharp fang.

For the sake of a slim chance of survival, countless rounds of life-and-death battles had taken place in this dungeon.

It was very normal for teeth to be knocked out during a battle.

The blood of rodents still flowed in some of the rat people’s bodies, and their front teeth were extremely long.

Some of the rat people had the characteristics of reptiles or cats, and they had fangs and sharp claws.

With a bit of polishing, these fangs would fall into the hands of professionals, enough to...

Kill through the entire Blood Skull Arena.

According to Meng Chao’s instructions, Leaf placed the fangs between his index and middle fingers.

When she clenched her fists, the fangs would naturally stick out. All she had to do was wave them out like a fist.

For civilians who had not received professional dagger combat training, this was the most convenient position to hold.

Then, Meng Chao let Leaf swallow a mouthful of dirty water in his mouth.

“If necessary, spray it out and disrupt the opponent’s line of sight,” Meng Chao said.

At this moment, dozens of fried mandrake fruits had already landed.

The cruel competition had begun!

After Meng Chao’s modulation.

Leaf’s gaze became even sharper.

She clearly saw a lot of information that she had been ignorant of just now.

As expected, the burly number one mouse citizen had received the blessing of 'the strong will always be strong'. At the first moment, he leaped up high and swung his hammer-like elbows and knees in the air, smashing the four or five red-eyed mouse citizens who had leaped up beside him into the air.

Then, with his powerful core ability and his gorilla-like arms, he snatched four fruits in one go!

He was not satisfied. After landing, he opened his bloody mouth and stuffed the two mandrake fruits into his mouth.

His mouth was so big!

His cheeks were as elastic as the leaves, and they could be extended to an exaggerated extent. The skin on his cheeks was half-transparent because of the mandrake fruits. At first glance, he seemed to have grown two more heads on his left and right cheeks.

The other two mandrake fruits were simply tied up by the slender tail that he had plucked from some unlucky person. It went around his neck and hung on his chest.

After that, the greedy brawny man grinned and joined the second round of the competition.

It seemed that he would not stop until he had snatched more than ten mandrake fruits in one go.

The four red-eyed rat people, who were ranked from second to fifth in size, looked at the number one brawny man with anger in their eyes.

It seemed like the reaper was right. These guys weren't one piece of iron.

They were each other's biggest competitors.

Although no one was willing to go head-on against the number one brawny man because of his tyrannical power, they would rather pick on a soft persimmon.

However, if Leaf could really take this guy down, the other red-eyed rat people would definitely not mind stepping on his body with 10,000 feet.

As for the wounds on his left armpit and liver region, Leaf could also see them clearly.

Including the effects of these wounds, the fighting habits of the No. 1 brawny rat man.

Everything was just as the Reaper had analyzed...

Just like how this brawny and fierce red-eyed rat man was just a puppet in the Reaper's hands.

After realizing all of this...

The youth was no longer confused and no longer afraid.

It was different from the day he was trampled under iron hooves and could only watch as his home was destroyed.

The current him, even if he hadn't become stronger.

At least he had already understood the method to become stronger.

Leaf took a deep breath, still hiding most of his body in the sewage, and sneaked toward the No. 1 brawny rat man.

Chapter 929: Game of Life and Death

Just as the Reaper had said, the No. 1 brawny man did not notice Leaf.

In other words, all the red-eyed rat people fixed their murderous gazes on the strongest ones.

The strong wanted to snatch a few more fried mandrake fruits.

The weak used their eyes to communicate, wanting to join forces to deal with the strong.

Even if a few people could share a share of food, they would have a chance to live.

Under such circumstances, Leaf relied on his agility to easily sneak into the crowd.

At this time, someone finally discovered his existence.

He let out a shocked and angry roar.

These people were afraid of Leaf.

Of course, it wasn't the fear of "encountering a beast".

It was the fear of "stepping on dog sh*t."

The people of Turan despised cowards the most.

They also thought that cowardice was a disease that was contagious.

The blood of cowards flowed in the bodies of the rat people.

It was just like how a bald person was particularly sensitive when others said "hair."

The red-eyed rat people who yearned to become gladiators, even if they were consumables in the arena, to change their fates, also abhorred mixing with cowards like Leaf.

Not to mention, he had just cried out loud.

There were still traces of tears on his face.

Anyone who was touched by him would be unlucky for three days and three nights.

Immediately, a red-eyed rat person roared, raised his leg, and kicked Leaf in the waist.

A thought flashed through Leaf's mind, and he pretended to be in a panic. He did not dodge and took the kick forcefully.

However, he used the shiny lines and arrowheads in his body to turn his flesh and blood into soft rubber. He negated most of the force and crashed into the depths of the crowd.

It was like a stone stirring up a thousand waves in a cesspool.

Leaf, who had fallen into the crowd, caused a huge mess.

No one wanted to touch this coward who could spread the plague.

He was not desperately pushing and trying to push others between Leaf and himself to act as a meat shield.

It was that he could not avoid it and was hit by Leaf. He could only vent his anger by punching and kicking him.

The youth shrunk his head and did not say a word. He held the dirty water in his mouth tightly and endured countless punches and kicks that fell on him like a storm.

But his heart was clear. He thought of climbing onto the highest mandrake tree in the village when the storm came.

He wanted to walk on the violently shaking branches as if he were walking on flat ground.

The secret was to use one's heart to sense the power coming from different directions, to make the blood and the storm fluctuate at the same rhythm, and to make the power become friends rather than enemies.

The youth seemed to be in a panic and ran in the direction of the strongest man.

Another person gave him a heavy kick behind him to help him speed up, and he staggered toward the strongest man.

The youth's face was already bruised and swollen. He had lost his balance and was about to fall forward and crash into the number one brawny man's hardest kneecap.

The number one brawny man frowned slightly. It was obvious that he did not expect such an incident to happen.

However, he did not take the youth seriously. He subconsciously raised his knee, wanting to smash the youth's face full of mandrake flowers and send the youth flying.

"Now!!"

"Lord Reaper is right. Lure the enemy and make the attack you want!!"

"This is the rhythm I want!"

The stars in Leaf's eyes flashed.

The legs hidden in the sewage instantly expanded.

The two calves exploded like ripe mandrake fruits.

An explosive power exploded.

His speed was pushed to the limit.

His right arm was like the ox-tail whip of a blood hoof warrior. He swung it fiercely, and during the process, it doubled in length, making the speed at the end of the arm extremely astonishing.

The eyes of the strongest man instantly froze.

He subconsciously raised his arm, which was thicker than Leaf's thigh, to block.

But he did not expect Leaf's arm to become so soft and boneless.

After being blocked, not only did he not stop his attack, but he used his elbow as a fulcrum to go around his back and stab at his liver region.

Swoosh!

The fangs hidden between Leaf's fingers cut a bloody wound on the liver region of the strongest man.

By the standards of the Turan people, this was not a fatal injury.

However, the number one brawny man, who was still fierce just a moment ago, revealed an expression of extreme pain.

"Lord Reaper was right again. This part of this guy is especially afraid of pain!"

While Leaf was thinking, he curled up his body, hugged his head, and crashed into the arms of the number one brawny man from the right.

His right side was the number one brawny man's left side.

The space in the dungeon was not big to begin with.

The corner where Meng Chao and Leaf were at was the lowest, deepest, and darkest place. No rat subjects were willing to stay there, so they could steal some peace and quiet.

In the middle of the prison cell where the strongest man was, not only was the terrain the highest, it was also the cleanest and freshest, and most of the fried mandrake fruits that were thrown in would leak out from the middle.

Naturally, this place was filled with the strongest rat population.

Even if they were usually afraid of the strongest man's ferocity, no one dared to stick close to him.

But when it came to fighting for the fried mandrake fruits, the red-eyed rat population who still had a fighting chance could not care so much.

Not to mention, the chaos that Leaf had created a wave of people among the red-eyed rat population. Many people wanted to fish in troubled waters and desperately squeezed to the center of the cell to try their luck.

The result was that the number one brawny man was crowded with people.

Caught off guard, it was difficult for him to turn around and use his exceptionally strong right arm and right shoulder to deal with the youth.

Moreover, there was no need for that.

A cruel smile appeared on the number one Brawny Man's face.

In the past few days, he had already used his deformed and swollen right shoulder and right arm to kill a lot of blind guys.

This kid had also realized this, so he chose to launch an attack from his left side, right?

But this kid definitely wouldn't have guessed that his left hand was even more terrifying than his right hand!

As the number one brawny man thought so, his entire left arm suddenly appeared and was covered with thick veins.

At the same time that his knuckles crackled, a segment of his knuckles protruded out, causing his left hand to become as terrifying as an eagle's claw.

Not to mention, his fingernails grew longer in an instant, like blood-stained fangs.

His eyes were wide open as he roared. His killing intent erupted like magma as he raised his left arm high up and opened his five fingers like he was opening his bloody mouth. He attempted to ruthlessly claw down at the youth's face, tearing apart the youth's face and gouging out the youth's eyeballs, as the price for offending him.

Pu!

However, he did not expect that the youth would not be intimidated by his killing intent. Instead, he spat out a cloud of mist into his eyes.

If Leaf's cheeks were bulging and he spat out dirty water, the number one brawny man would definitely be on guard.

However, he did not expect that the youth, who had been beaten and kicked for so long, would still have a mouthful of water in his mouth.

When the dirty water entered his eyes, he felt a burning pain.

He could not see the youth's position clearly. The left arm of the number one brawny man, which was raised high, could not help but stop for a moment.

Then, he felt a piercing pain once again coming from the fatal wound under his left armpit, which had caused him to lie there for half a year.

It was like an ice pick following the old wound and stabbing into his heart.

The strength of the strongest man flowed out of the wound like a flood.

He screamed and curled up in pain.

His face was hit by the youth's knee again. It was as if he had been hit by an adult wild boar. He fell backward and spat out a few teeth.

When he opened his eyes again, he only saw the youth on top of him clenching his fists tightly and flashing fangs.

Despair and fear finally appeared in the eyes of the number one brawny man.

After all, he was only a rat citizen, and not a professional warrior who had gone through years of work-release training.

Even if he had once fought with totem beasts in the Deep Mountains and forests, he had not learned the ability to talk and laugh in the face of death.

The number one brawny man no longer had the slightest bit of ferocious awe.

He was just like those rat citizens who had been defeated by him, howling and trembling in fear.

His gaze made Leaf hesitate.

The same gaze had appeared on the faces of his mother, brother, uncle with missing front teeth, old fool, Anja, Tutu, and all the villagers.

Through the reflection in the eyes of the strongest man.

Leaf seemed to see himself as a fierce-looking Minotaur warrior with broken horns.

This appearance made him hesitate.

The fist with the fangs could not fall no matter what.

And it was this moment of hesitation that caused the situation to change 180 degrees.

The No. 1 brawny rat man let out a strange cry and suddenly flipped Leaf to the ground. He turned the tables and rode on Leaf.

After all, this was the youth's first real battle.

No matter how hard Meng Chao taught him, it was impossible to turn him into a calm and accurate killing machine in an instant.

Leaf's attack on the left armpit of the first was still too light and not accurate enough. He only used the intense pain to paralyze his opponent for a moment.

On the other hand, he was merciful and did not grasp the fleeting opportunity.

As a result, his efforts were all for naught. He was grabbed by the throat of the number one brawny man and pressed into the sewage, unable to breathe.

The situation took a turn for the worse.

Leaf was extremely vexed.

He struggled with all his might but to no avail. Instead, the other party smashed his face several times, causing him to be disoriented. He could only loosen his mouth and nose, allowing the large lump of polluted water to choke in.

The number one brawny man once again spread out his left hand's five fingers.

The eagle-like claws flickered with a brutal cold light.

The youth's brain, heart, and internal organs were all frozen by the cold of death.

At this moment, something unexpected happened.

A thunderous explosion suddenly came from the top of the head of the strongest man.

Someone had punched the back of his head while he was furious and focused all his attention on the young man.

Crack! The sound of bones cracking came from the top of the head of the strongest man.

He screamed in pain and rolled to the side while holding his head. He even spat out the two fried mandrake fruits that he had stuffed into his mouth.

From the second to the fifth, and even the red-eyed rat people below the sixth, all of them swarmed up and pressed the strongest man firmly to the bottom.

They either punched and kicked, desperately venting their dissatisfaction that the strongest man had snatched too many fried mandrake fruits two days ago...

Or they tore forcefully, trying to snatch the remaining two fried mandrake fruits from the hands of the strongest man who instinctively curled up.

But no one pounced on Leaf.

After all, the youngster didn't have any fried mandrake fruits in his hands, so why would he pounce on him?

Leaf scrambled to get up from the dirty water.

He clutched his throat, which was torn by his skin and flesh, and took deep breaths with difficulty and pain.

When he finally caught his breath.

The brawny one had been completely drowned by the angry red-eyed rats.

Leaf looked at this scene in a daze.

It was as if she instantly understood many of the principles of the game.

"Lord Reaper guessed correctly again."

The youth muttered to himself, his tone filled with reverence.

At this moment, Meng Chao's image in the depths of the youth's heart became incomparably tall and mysterious.

Chapter 930: The Mystery of Totems

In the end, Leaf managed to snatch two fried mandrake fruits during the chaos.

Some people wanted to pinch the soft fruit, but they were all scared away by his fierce gaze.

After the death trap just now, the youth would not make the mistake of being soft-hearted again.

His sudden attack on the number one brawny man's ferocity and his seemingly thin figure formed a stark contrast. In addition, his right arm, which was twice as long as his left arm, was like a python that was lurking in the dirty water, leaving an extremely deep impression on people.

This was not some soft persimmon.

There were still plenty of fried mandrake fruits.

There was no need to risk his life with this little lunatic.

Leaf successfully returned to Meng Chao's side.

He rubbed his bruised and swollen face and grimaced in pain, but he did not dare to look into the eyes of the Reaper.

"Actually, if you had decisively stabbed him in the throat, you would not have had to suffer like this," Meng Chao analyzed emotionlessly.

"I... I don't know if I should have killed him. After all, he wasn't the one who destroyed half mountain village. His hometown might have been destroyed by the warriors of the clan, just like half mountain village."

The youth lowered his head and said, "I'm sorry, Lord Reaper. Did I disappoint you?"

"I was indeed disappointed in your battle performance, but I'm not disappointed in you at all. I'm more and more surprised."

Meng Chao smiled and said, "It seems that I can safely teach you some of the more powerful killing techniques, but I don't have to worry that you will become a slave of the desire to kill."

The youth was slightly stunned and let out a long sigh.

He had a vague feeling.

Although the killing intent that the reaper occasionally emitted was more ferocious and violent than that of the broken-horned Minotaur warriors, it was still different.

The Reaper was different from the warriors of the clan who shouted "glory" and slaughtered the weak wantonly.

Leaf took out two fried mandrake fruits, compared them, and handed the larger one to Meng Chao.

Meng Chao did not stand on ceremony either.

He had spent several days of spirit energy to open Leaf's spirit meridian and activate his vitality magnetic field.

He had to find a stable source of food that was rich in nutrients and spirit energy in order to recover and restore his peak combat strength as soon as possible.

As he chewed carefully, Meng Chao pondered.

"Leaf, I know that you don't want to recall those painful scenes, but I still want you to repeat the entire process of your brother's death, especially the details of the broken-horned Minotaur warrior activating the totem. Believe me, this is very important to us," Meng Chao said with an apologetic expression.

Leaf was not in too much pain.

For the Turan people, a glorious death in battle was a great honor, worthy of repeated narration and even praise.

This was especially true for the rat people, whose bloodline was low and did not have much chance of dying in battle during the prosperous era.

Therefore, Leaf had long imprinted the scene of his brother's fight with the broken-horned Minotaur warrior in his mind, especially the fact that his brother had actually wounded the shoulder of a warrior from the clan. It was worth mentioning.

However, Meng Chao's attention was all focused on the totem.

"So, the totem is a very exquisite, bright, gorgeous tattoo that seems to have a life of its own?" He fell into deep thought.

"It's not a normal tattoo, but a tattoo that can be obtained by grinding the bones of totem beasts, adding on many ores dug out from the depths of the Earth, and then using a very mysterious method to make it. Finally, it can only be obtained by obtaining the blessing of the ancestral spirit."

Leaf seriously said, "Only the priest knows how to create this kind of tattoo. It's completely different from an ordinary tattoo."

"I understand. Then, you said that when the broken-horned Minotaur warrior's bloodline burst forth and his killing intent soared to the sky, the tattoo on his body also shone brightly. Liquid metal actually flowed out from his pores?" Meng Chao continued to ask.

"Liquid metal?" Leaf did not quite understand this concept.

Meng Chao thought for a moment and said, "Is it like gum, mud, and insect mucus that's slowly flowing?"

Leaf nodded.

"That's right. Now that you've mentioned that, Lord Reaper, I think the metal that comes out of the tattoo of the broken-horned Minotaur warrior is really different from the ores that we occasionally dig up. It seems to be alive and squirming slowly, just like animal mucus."

"Alive and squirming slowly, animal slime, 'biological liquid metal?' Interesting!"

Meng Chao pondered for a moment and asked again, "After the extremely hideous shape was created, the 'biological liquid metal' quickly condensed and turned into a mighty and domineering armor? "Are you sure that it is a metal armor, something that truly exists, and not just a Spirit Armor?"

The youth did not understand the concept of a Spirit Armor.

Anyway, he knew it. "Of course it's a real armor. I can see sparks from the friction between the armor and hear the sound of the armor colliding!"

"It doesn't have the characteristics of 'shiny and translucent' as Lord Reaper said. Of course, it can also be used against an opponent at my brother's level. There's no need to trigger too much power."

“After defeating my brother, the totem armor turned back into what Lord Reaper said... ‘biological liquid metal’, which was absorbed into the body of the broken-horned Minotaur warrior and turned back into a tattoo

“It’s like this...”

Meng Chao once thought that the so-called ‘totem power’ was an ability similar to the Spirit Armor.

It could release the incomparably dense spirit power in the body and condense a layer of gorgeous pure energy armor on the surface of the body.

However, judging from Leaf’s description and the memory fragments of his past life that were getting clearer and clearer, it was obviously not the case.

First of all, totems were not as simple as spirit energy.

Besides pure energy, it also had a large amount of ‘liquid metal’ as its material base.

Second of all, the Spirit Armor of superhuman individuals was a high-level technique that could only be performed when one’s cultivation had reached the level of six-star Spirit Armor.

This was a benefit that only a few people enjoyed, and it was unable to increase the strength of most people in Dragon City.

As for totems, although they could not be said to be everywhere on the streets at Picturesque Orchid Lake, they were not as rare as phoenix feathers or qilin[1] horns.

Basically, the warriors of the clan with a little inheritance all had their own totems.

Although there were strong and weak totems, large and small totems, they could all be condensed into armor—at least the parts of the armor could strengthen part of the limbs.

If converted into the power system of the Dragon City civilization, as long as they broke through the Earth realm, they would be qualified to implant totems.

And the senior warriors and High Priests of the five big clans often had more than one totem.

If they summoned three to five totems at the same time, not only could they put on layers of composite armor outside the body of flesh and blood, they could upgrade their originally strong body into a human-shaped main battle tank.

It would also be able to leave its master’s body and turn back into a totem beast that could move independently, just like the drones and thinking tanks that followed the powerhouses of Dragon City.

The scientific reasoning behind it was obviously not something that could be explained by “spirit energy stimulating the vitality magnetic field and resonating with the magnetic field of the planet.”

No matter how much it stimulated one’s vitality magnetic field, it was impossible to create so many ‘biological liquid metals’ out of nothing.

“So, where did the totem armor that enveloped the Turan warriors come from?”

Meng Chao looked at the fried mandrake fruit that was almost finished in his hand and fell into a long period of thought.

Thinking was thinking, but his mouth was not idle. A large fruit was quickly ground into the most delicate juice by his back teeth. It flowed down his throat and seeped into his internal organs, limbs, and bones, turning into the purest energy.., he frantically repaired the damaged and withered cells.

In the end, even the mandrake fruit's core, which was as hard as iron, was chewed to pieces and swallowed by him.

Meng Chao sensed a large amount of metal elements in the mandrake fruit core.

To be more precise, the entire mandrake fruit, including the sweet and soft flesh and the refreshing and chewy skin, contained a very rich amount of metal elements.

The metal content of the mandrake fruit per unit weight was almost ten times higher than the high-energy nutrient and gene drugs in Dragon City.

Every fruit eaten was like swallowing a small iron nail.

The people of Earth who had not practiced could not bear such a high amount of metal intake. They would get chronic poisoning and damage their nervous system if they ate only a few.

However, during the prosperous era, when the Turan people had enough food, even three-year-old children had to eat several mandrake fruits every day.

Their digestive system naturally had a way to break down the metal elements and replenish their bones and flesh.

It made their flesh and blood expand crazily, and their bones were as hard as iron. They did not need to train, and the elderly, the weak, women, and children all had fighting strength above the level.

The nervous system also had strong resistance, and it could balance the side effects of consuming too much heavy metal, so that they would not become stupid.

Well, a certain degree of stupidity probably still existed.

Perhaps, because of the heavy metal poisoning, it permanently affected their nervous system and cerebral cortex, causing the Turan civilization to develop for tens of thousands of years, but it was still in the age of barbarism and ignorance.

It was unable to ignite the spark of industry and technology like the people of Earth.

“Could it be that by devouring the mandrake fruit and storing large amounts of metal elements in the body during normal times, and then activating it through totem energy during battle, it would become a biological liquid metal armor that enveloped the entire body?”

Meng Chao heard from Leaf that only lowly rat people would only use ordinary mandrake fruits as a source of food.

For clan warriors, apart from consuming large amounts of ordinary mandrake fruits, they could also enjoy the extremely sweet golden fruits and the flesh of totem beasts.

Every round of fruit from every mandrake tree would only produce one golden fruit.

The golden fruit was slightly bigger than ordinary mandrake fruits, but its weight was ten times heavier.

It could be reasonably estimated that the golden fruit contained ten times more metal elements than ordinary mandrake fruits.

The totem beast sounded like a monster.

However, it had metal scales, carapaces, fangs and sharp claws.

Its body was naturally rich in large amounts of metal elements.

“So, the Turan powerhouses stored an entire set of... steel armor in their bodies of flesh and blood by consuming large amounts of golden fruits and totem beasts?”