

Oh My God 931

Chapter 931: The Origin of the Turan Civilization

Were there any carbon-based creatures in the world that could directly devour large amounts of metal elements?

The Earth in the 22nd century did not seem to have any.

However, similar records could be found in myths and legends.

Meng Chao remembered that during the Earth Open Day event organized by Blue Home, he had once read several Earth classics that were treasured in the Dragon City library.

On them were records of the Chi You Tribe in ancient times.

It was said that the Chi You Tribe “spoke the Beastman language, had copper heads and iron foreheads, and ate sand and stones.”

It was also said that Chi You himself “ate iron and stones, had a human body and ox hooves, had four eyes and six hands, had ears and temples that were like swords and halberds, and had horns on his head.”

These descriptions were very consistent with the characteristics of the Turan people.

To directly swallow iron and sand as well as grow metal heads and limbs was obviously too exaggerated.

It was much more reasonable to swallow mandrake fruits that contained a large amount of metal components and store the liquid metal in one’s body before activating it during battle.

The legends of the Chi You Tribe had too many bizarre and absurd details, though.

If the people on Earth really were not the original carbon-based intelligent race on Earth and did not evolve naturally, but the Ancients and mother from the Other World were...

At the very least, it was the interference of the Ancients and Mothers that created the new species on Earth.

In that case, could the existence of the Chi You Tribe really be true?

Furthermore, could they be inextricably linked to the Turan civilization from the Other World?

This was not something that Meng Chao had thought of on a whim.

He had been pondering this question for a long time.

Because as the memory fragments of his previous life gradually became clearer, he suddenly realized that many intelligent life forms from the Other World had the same effect as the ancient myths and folk legends on Earth.

Such as elves.

Such as dwarves.

Such as skeleton soldiers and blood-sucking demons.

Such as giant dragons with huge wings that could manipulate metal elements, such as giant lizards.

Similar things could be found in the myths and legends of various regions on Earth.

Including the concepts of extraordinary humans, awakening, and cultivation in Dragon City, many similar records had been left in the long history of the ancient Eastern civilization.

As a result, when the transmigrators built their cultivation system, they unconsciously drew nutrients from history and used many ancient words and terms.

Speaking of words and terms, Meng Chao discovered that the languages of the Other World—whether it was the Turan language used by the advanced orcs, the language of Holy Light used by the land of eternal light, or the even colder Great Northern Land and the Great Rift Valley... the language of Frost and Abyss used was very similar to the languages on Earth.

The specific words and pronunciation were, of course, different.

However, there were no essential differences in the entire language system.

With the extraordinary humans' developed analytical and simulation abilities, as well as their ability to control the muscles in their throats and tongues, after ten days to half a month of surprise training, they could pretty much speak the language.

On the two habitable planets that spanned across the Milky Way and were billions of light years away, the language framework of the intelligent creatures was exactly the same.

This couldn't be a coincidence.

Meng Chao only thought of three possibilities.

Either, when Earth was first discovered, the Ancients or mother did not just project carbon-based intelligent life such as humans onto Earth.

Instead, they put in a variety of carbon-based intelligent life, including 'Elves, orcs, and Dwarves'.

They also had them carry out a "poison worm-raising" survival competition on earth to see which carbon-based intelligent life could best adapt to Earth's ecosystem.

Elves, orcs, and dwarves all had powerful innate skills.

But they all had a fatal problem.

The energy consumption was too high.

They had to devour a large amount of high-energy food that contained psionic energy in order to maintain a strong body and long life.

Throwing them to Earth was the same as throwing a Tyrannosaurus rex into the desert.

No matter how fierce the Tyrannosaurus rex was, it would only lead to death.

In the end, it was relatively mediocre in every aspect, but it was also relatively comprehensive. Most importantly, it was a human that had extremely low energy consumption and was able to survive tenaciously in the deserted spiritual desert like Earth, it won the final victory of the survival competition.

The second possibility.

In the beginning, there was no such thing as a “Human”.

There were only elves, orcs, dwarves, liches, and other humanoid carbon-based intelligent life forms.

However, on Earth, where resources were scarce and spiritual energy was even scarcer, the harsh environment forced them to continuously evolve.

They gave up their long lives, solid bones, strong muscles, and over-developed ability to release brainwaves and manipulate souls.

In the end, they evolved into modern earthlings who only retained basic functions and reduced their energy consumption to the limit.

Meng Chao was still more inclined to this possibility.

After all, with the people of Dragon City transmigrating back to the Other World and being nourished by abundant spirit energy, as well as hearing the ancient ruins’ summon, many people once again obtained incredible power.

“The language of the beastmen, the head of bronze and the forehead of iron” and the like could also be fully realized by extraordinary individuals who had gone through cultivation.

This meant that the difference between the Earthlings and the natives of the Other World was not as great as many fundamentalists imagined.

The power that the natives of the Other World could control.

The earthlings could also control.

However, under the situation where the Earthlings were extremely lacking in resources and psionic power, the modern science edifice that they built by relying on their own wisdom and will might not be something that all the natives of the Other World could climb up.

The third possibility was that the people of Dragon City were not the first batch of people who had transmigrated from Earth to the Other World.

Perhaps, there had long been more than one complicated wormhole between Earth and the Other World.

The natives of the Other World had long transmigrated through the wormhole to Earth in history and became the main characters of myths and legends.

Of course, it was also very likely that the people of Earth had transmigrated to the Other World thousands of years ago, injecting fresh blood into the culture, traditions, customs, and even the power system here.

The transmigrator might not be a person.

It might even be a city, a country, or even a continent.

In the ancient books on Earth, there were often records of a city or even a civilization mysteriously disappearing.

For example, the ancient Loulan kingdom that had disappeared.

Or, even more famous, the Lost Atlantis.

It was said that this mysterious continent known as the “Great Western continent” had already sunk to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

However, who knew if the Loulan ancient kingdom or Atlantis had long ago crossed over to the Other World and merged with the indigenous civilization there?

In short, Meng Chao was certain.

Regardless of whether it was the advanced orcs or other intelligent life forms from the Other World, they were not miracles of natural evolution, but products of genetic manipulation.

Clearly, no matter how miraculous nature was, it was impossible for such intelligent life forms to evolve naturally... half man, half bull, half man, half horse, half man, half wild boar, half man, half stupid elephant.

No, it was not just the Turan themselves.

There was also the mandala tree that supported the entire Turan civilization. Meng Chao was also certain that it was definitely not natural evolution, but the crystallization of genetic engineering.

Plants that evolved naturally could not bear fruitful fruits that were rich in nutrients and psionic energy every season.

Nor could they dig their roots hundreds of meters deep into the ground to absorb the metal elements in the mineral vein.

It was even more impossible to possess such strong vitality and reproductive ability, occupying and molding the entire ecosystem of Tu Lanze.

Meng Chao’s alma mater, Dragon City Agricultural University, was using genetic technology to create similar plants.

It was hoped that the roots could pierce deep into the underground spiritual vein and mineral deposits, automatically absorbing resources, and transforming them into nutrients that could be directly absorbed by the human body.

However, with the current genetic technology in Dragon City, it was still too early to develop a magical plant similar to the mandala tree.

Meng Chao did not think that the Turan civilization in the clan era had genetic technology that surpassed Dragon City.

The mandrake tree and the advanced orcs should have the same creator.

The former was created to provide a solid material guarantee for the latter.

Then, the question arose.

Why did the 'creator' modify the mandala tree to look like this?

That's right, the mandala tree was full of treasures. Relying on a single crop, it could almost support the entire civilization.

But why did he arrange for a few years to usher in a flowering period, during which it would no longer bear fruit, not even one? Was it so extreme?

Wouldn't it be better if it bloomed once a year, bloomed half a year, and bore fruit half a year?

If that was the case, the high-level orcs would surely sound a warning bell in their minds, knowing that they couldn't completely rely on the mandala tree as their only source of food.

They could also understand the principle of saving, saving, and living within one's means.

Of course, the population of the high-level orcs could also be controlled to an appropriate degree, not exceeding the supply limit of the mandala fruit.

But it happened to bear fruits for more than ten years, or even decades, and then bloom for more than ten years, or even decades..

Meng Chao could even imagine with his toes that in the ten years or even decades when the mandala tree bore a large number of fruits, the high-level orcs would certainly multiply crazily and squander extravagantly. There was no concept of population control at all.

When the mandala flower bloomed and there was no harvest for more than ten years, or even decades, they would be faced with countless hungry mouths to feed, and countless muscles that only knew how to fight other than eating and breeding.

How could they solve their problems?

War was the only solution!

"Since the creator was able to create such a magical plant as the mandala tree, it was impossible that he did not know what kind of influence the characteristics of the mandala tree would bring to the civilization it supported.

"So, the creator did it on purpose?

"He deliberately created a barbaric race that would go berserk and wage war every few years in such a way

"Who was the creator of the mandala tree and the Turan civilization, and why did they do it?

"Is it really as Mother 1 said, the shattered Mother 2 that was bombarded by space-based orbital weapons and the remaining fragment of Mother 2?"

Meng Chao vaguely felt that as long as he figured out the origins of the mandrake tree and the Turan civilization, he would be able to find the truth of the war between the two worlds.

He would be able to find out the truth behind the war between the two worlds.

There would be hope to prevent the end of the world and the destruction of dragon city by taking drastic measures.

Chapter 932: First Three to Five Totems to Appease Their Appetite!

The prerequisite to finding the truth was strength.

Meng Chao pondered for a moment and continued to ask, "Leaf, do you know how to get a totem armor?"

The youth had been a captive for several days, tied up with the rat people from different villages.

Many of the rat people had a habit of migrating and wandering. Their stomachs were full of folk stories and gossip.

He had really gained a lot of information regarding the clans and totems.

He told Meng Chao that if the bloodline of the strongest of the five clans flowed in their bodies, the clan would have an ancient inheritance.

Then, when they passed the coming of age ceremony and seized their own name, they would be able to obtain the totems bestowed by the clan.

Most of these totems came from experts who had passed away in the clan. They had a history of hundreds or even thousands of years and were extremely powerful.

"Wait, so totems can be separated from the user?"

Meng Chao thought for a moment and asked, "That means, if a totem is implanted in someone's body and the person unfortunately dies in battle, this totem might not necessarily die with its owner. It can still be left intact for other warriors?"

"Of course!"

Leaf said, "Warriors are born like a rising tide and sacrificed like a falling tide. However, totems will never die. At most, they will move and be distributed among different warriors in various forms.

"Many Turan nobles who have a long history have ancient totems that are thousands of years old in their families.

"I've even heard that in the depths of the Turan people's Holy Mountain, there are ancient totems that have been buried for a very, very long time, long before the birth of the Turan people!

"Moreover, the older the totem is, and the more warriors it has been implanted into, the stronger its power will be. This is because when every warrior dies in a fierce battle, their courage and spirit will be integrated into the totem and become a part of the totem armor.

“Two identical totem armors, one of which was once worn by dozens of fearless warriors, was continuously watered with hot blood and spirit for decades and centuries. This totem armor is naturally much more powerful than the other ‘Blank Board!’”

“I see...”

Meng Chao felt that the totem that could absorb the courage and blood of its owner was similar to the heroic spirit user in Dragon City’s cultivation system.

“The children of wealthy families have the chance to receive the blessings and gifts from their ancestors when they are born. What about the ordinary Turan warriors?”

Meng Chao said, “I know that nearly a million or more Turan warriors have been pouring into black-corner city from towns, villages, and settlements in all directions. It’s impossible that they all have incredible inheritances, isn’t it?”

“Then, we can only try our luck in the gladiator arena.”

Leaf told Meng Chao that the so-called gladiator arena was not only a place for entertainment and gambling, but also the most important military facility of the Turan civilization.

In the past ten years, the Turan civilization had experienced the longest and most boring era of prosperity in history.

Although the bloodthirsty and warlike Turan people could not completely store their weapons, the scale and intensity of the war had undoubtedly been reduced by more than ten times compared to the previous era of glory.

At most, there would be some mild friction between the clans, with less than 30,000 to 50,000 casualties. It was just a casual game and could not be considered a real war.

Although many professional warriors and military noble families had a perfect war education system, which could mold the new generation of clan elders into fine war machines.

But in the end, it was not as exciting and effective as real weapons.

After all, the Turan civilization was about to usher in the largest “glorious era” in history.

What was about to be launched was not a war of tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, or even millions of people.

Instead, it was an epic war that would drain the last drop of blood of the entire Turan civilization and mobilize at least tens of millions of soldiers.

How to organize such a grand war, how to deploy troops, how to establish a chain of command and a system of honor, how to determine the superior and subordinate, and to ensure that the subordinate must obey the superior, how to among the different clans, to ensure trust and cooperation?

These were all big problems.

The Turan civilization development index was not high.

However, they were not simple-minded barbarians with brawn.

The so-called advanced orcs referred to their professionalism and rationality in the field of military science and the art of war, which surpassed the level of civilization.

The “glorious gladiator” was an indispensable link in the preparation for war.

The warriors from all directions with different bloodlines were all unruly and unyielding. None of them were willing to submit to the other?

It was simple. They would go to the arena and fight to their heart’s content. Whoever had the biggest fist would have the right to speak loudly!

They were not willing to submit to the other party’s art of commanding. They believed that having the biggest fist only meant that one’s individual combat strength was strong, but it did not mean that one would be able to command thousands of soldiers and horses?

It was easy. Both sides would choose a hundred untrained rat people from the dungeons. After three to five days to half a month of intensive training, they would catch each other and kill each other until one of them was completely annihilated.

It was obvious who was more qualified to be a general.

What kind of whimsical new tactics or strange-looking new weapons did they have? Without background and channels, perhaps no one would appreciate them?

This was even easier to handle. Although the Turan people were rude, they would never bury any talents and tactics. Whether it was a mule or a horse, they would all be dragged into the arena for a walk

In any case, there were plenty of rat people that were suitable to be cannon fodder. As long as they could test out the power of the new tactics or new weapons, even if they lost thousands of rat people, it would be worth it.

If the new tactic or weapon was really effective, they would have a chance to represent one of the arenas and fight against other arenas.

As long as they could defeat three or five arenas consecutively, the new tactic or weapon would have a chance to spread to the entire clan, and even all the clans in Picturesque Orchid Lake, and of course, the inventor would also be able to enjoy the gratitude, worship, and praise of all the Turan people. The tactic or weapon could even be named after him, and his name would be passed down through a moving war poem, it would be passed down to thousands of years later!

By the same logic, a foolish kid from a remote village, who did not have any background, lacked resources, and was unknown, wanted to join the most noble military aristocrat of the five great clans? There was still a chance!

As long as he shone brilliantly in the arena and used dozens of consecutive victories to prove his absolute strength, those military aristocrats who had been passed down for thousands of years and had produced hundreds of priests, chiefs, High Priests, and even war chiefs would welcome the new blood to join them, would open their arms and welcome new blood to join them.

At that time, not only would the military nobles bestow their ancient and glorious bloodline to this lucky fool, they would also generously bestow extremely powerful totem armors!

Of course, compared to these two methods, there was a more simple and crude way to obtain totem armors.

If the enemy was a totem warrior, as long as they defeated him, seized his totem, and implanted it into their own bodies, it would be enough.

According to the rules of the past glorious era.

Before they condensed into an indestructible army and charged toward the land of eternal illumination of the Holy Light in the north in a grandiose manner.

As usual, the five great clans had to fight a civil war first to determine which clan was the main force of this glorious war, and which of the five clan chiefs was qualified to raise the supreme Turan banner... the one who would be crowned as the War Chief and command all the Turan warriors.

On the ever-changing battlefield, there would always be hundreds of times more unexpected factors than in the arena.

If one did not have absolute strength, it would be very difficult to win dozens of battles in the arena and win the favor of the military nobles.

However, on the battlefield, the two totem warriors fought until they were exhausted and both of them suffered heavy losses. However, they were taken advantage of by the nameless rat people. This kind of thing might happen. At the very least, the rat people who were delusional all hoped that it would happen.

The battle between the five great clans was about to begin.

At that time, the cannon fodder would have the chance to ascend to the sky in one step and become a true warrior or even a hero.

Of course, the prerequisite was that they had to crawl out from here and survive in the arena. Only then would they be qualified to be cannon fodder on the battlefield.

“Lord Reaper, could it be that you want to obtain a totem?” Leaf asked carefully.

Meng Chao thought to himself, ‘How could a totem be enough to satisfy me? Let me have three to five first!’

“Don’t you want to?” he asked back.

“Of course I want to, but we are rat people.” Leaf lowered his head sadly.

“What’s wrong with rat people?”

Meng Chao said, “Rat people have fewer mouths than the elders of the clan?”

Leaf was stunned for a moment before saying, “Rat people’s bodies are too weak. I’m afraid that they can’t withstand the stimulation of totem power and will be bitten by the totem.”

“Bitten by the totem?”

Meng Chao was slightly startled. “What the hell is that?”

“That’s right. I heard that totems need to feed on the flesh and courage of their masters. Usually, only the strong physique and fearless courage of the clan elders can withstand the consumption of totems.”

Leaf seriously said, “They are obviously weak and cowardly like rats. If they forcefully implant totems into their bodies, not only will they be unable to control the totem power, but they might even be bitten by the totem power and be sucked dry of their flesh and blood, dying a horrible death.”

“Of course, it is not only the rat people who have this problem. Even if the unparalleled warriors of the clan are heavily wounded, their strength will plummet, or if they are too greedy and implant too many totems in their bodies, which far exceeds the limit of what they can bear, they will also be devoured. The blood-stained totems will be sucked into a skeleton!

“Therefore, if the rat people want to become totem warriors, the first thing they have to do is to get the appreciation and approval of the clan elders. Through the Blood Bestowing Ceremony, they have to exchange their dirty blood for the clan elders’ blood of glory.

“Another thing is to be cautious and behave themselves—it’s already a great fortune to be able to receive the lowest level totem bestowed by the elders. Don’t be wishful in obtaining more and stronger totems!”

The last sentence was added subconsciously by Leaf when he saw the bright glint in Meng Chao’s eyes.

He was really worried about Meng Chao.

From the youngster’s point of view, the reaper was definitely not an ordinary citizen of the rat clan. In the upcoming battle of glory, he definitely had the chance to shine and stand out

But no matter how extraordinary a citizen of the rat clan he was, was he still not a citizen of the rat clan?

To receive the blood, name, and totem bestowed by a certain clan of glory and become the most loyal warrior of the clan, or even the most trusted servant of a certain big shot, it was the greatest pursuit and pride of a rat person!

But why was the Reaper’s gaze so sharp and so deep as if it could hold the entire map of Picturesque Orchid Lake?

Chapter 933: Ice Storm? Brute Hammer!

“Leaf, remember that there is no power in the world that the nobles, who claim to be born with glorious bloodlines, can control but we can’t.”

Meng Chao sensed Leaf’s kindness, but he still could not help but say, “If we are unable to control a certain incredible power for the time being, it is only because we have not met all the requirements or found the right way to activate it.

“As long as we study carefully and are not afraid of failure, the weakest rat people will have the opportunity to climb to the highest peak of the world one step at a time. This is called ‘training!’”

Meng Chao's words were like red-hot steel nails that pierced deeply into Leaf's brain.

It was also as if a brand-new eye had been gouged out of the young man's head, allowing him to understand the entire world in a completely different way from the past.

In the next two days, Meng Chao imparted more spirit martial arts to Leaf.

This included the three basic force execution techniques, the One Hundred Saber Technique, and Thunder Rapier, which were the most mainstream entry-level soldier fighting techniques in Dragon City...

As well as the dagger fighting techniques that he had learned from the Black Skull Training Camp in his previous life, as well as dozens of strange stabbing techniques that attacked vital points from unimaginable angles.

Leaf was gifted, to begin with.

Furthermore, he had been bestowed by the mysterious murals in the cave.

In addition, his limbs could expand and contract at will.

He was simply a natural assassin.

Even if he had not learned much in such a short period of time...

At the very least, people would be able to see that he had the shadow of an expert guiding him.

Meng Chao had even used the memory fragments from his previous life to teach Leaf some of the killing techniques of the Turan civilization from his previous life.

In actuality, Meng Chao was not proficient in the killing techniques of advanced orcs.

What he could barely recall were just a bunch of strange-looking flower shelves.

However, he believed that even if they were just empty flower shelves, in the eyes of professionals, they would still be able to discover the value hidden within them.

Leaf was like a sponge that had been exposed to the sun for an entire day, eagerly learning the profound mysteries of martial arts that he had never heard of before.

Because Meng Chao had spared no expense to help him unclog the spirit vein, his strength was still increasing slowly and steadily on the basis of increasing by three to five times.

The seemingly thin body had already sealed the explosive power.

At this moment, if he were to face those stocky red-eyed rat people again, he no longer needed to use any tricks or special abilities.

Using the simplest and most violent method, he would be able to knock them all down.

Even so, Meng Chao still asked leaf to be careful and not to offend the public.

In two days, seven more rounds of food were thrown from the iron bars above the prison cell.

Leaf hid part of his strength every time, keeping a low profile and being cautious. He let the strongest red-eyed rat subjects fight and kill each other first. He would only attack when they were all fighting for it, he would snatch two to three fried mandala fruits.

It was not necessarily impossible for the red-eyed rat subjects to see through his intentions.

They were full of vigilance against this little madman who had defeated the number one rat subjects.

However, every time leaf made a move, he would not snatch more than three fried mandala fruits. It would not pose a fatal threat to the strongest red-eyed rat subjects.

Thinking of the ferocity of his sneak attack on the number one rat subjects, the strongest red-eyed rat subjects felt that there was no need to fight to the death with this little madman for two or three fried mandala fruits.

Those weak rat citizens who had been starving for several days naturally did not have the courage and strength to run to the dark corner of the dungeon and find trouble with Meng Chao and Ye Zi.

Just like that, in two days, a total of eighteen fried mandala fruits were snatched by Ye Zi.

Nine fruits per person, causing the youth's face to turn red again.

It also caused the brilliance in Meng Chao's eyes to become even brighter and more condensed.

Finally —

When the sound of the big iron rod hitting the iron fence rang out again, no food was thrown down. Instead, the iron fence that weighed thousands of kilograms above everyone's heads was lifted up with a creaking sound.

Oil lamps carved out of the bones of giant totem beasts hung down.

Relying on the reflection and condensation of the polished curved metal plates around the oil lamps, the searchlight swept across the red-eyed rats one by one.

When it swept past Meng Chao in the corner, a "Eh" sound came from above.

"This plague victim isn't Dead Yet?" Someone asked in surprise.

"Not yet, he's still alive and well!" Leaf said hurriedly.

"You don't have the plague?" Someone asked again from above.

"No, I've eaten more than ten fried mandala fruits in the past two days!" Leaf puffed out her chest and folded her stomach. She clenched her fists and pounded her chest heavily.

Laughter, sighs, and curses came from above.

It was obvious that the guards, who were addicted to gambling, were betting on Meng Chao's life just like the red-eyed rats in the dungeon.

The dazzling light lingered on Leaf's body for a long time.

Many sharp eyes carefully observed leaf's elastic skin and strong muscles.

“You!

“You!

“And you, the big guy who lost half an ear climbed up on his own!

“Those who can’t climb up will rot here for the rest of their lives!”

The big iron stick reached into the iron fence and poked leaf and the other healthy and strong red-eyed rats.

Leaf was overjoyed.

He had finally taken the first solid step on the road of revenge.

He looked back at the Reaper with gratitude.

Meng Chao, on the other hand, was facing the corner and curled up into a ball, using the smallest surface area to minimize the heat consumption. He did not move, as if he was asleep.

Leaf thought for a moment and did not dare to disturb the reaper.

He took a deep breath and used all his limbs to climb up towards the light.

Just as he climbed out of the dungeon, a calm and sincere voice came from the deepest part of his ear canal:

“Yezi, I wish you good luck!”

..

At the Blood Skull Arena.

At the 10,000-man Arena.

The atmosphere had already been ignited by the magma-like atmosphere.

“Cheer, for the ‘Ice Storm’, the strongest female warrior of the Snow Leopard clan, the queen of slaughter who can freely control the frost and freeze the enemy into blocks of ice before tearing them into pieces!”

A goat-headed man with a huge curved horn on his head and a 360-degree rotating tip that almost pierced his temple, who looked like an abyss demon, roared at the top of his lungs.

However, the voice did not come out of his throat directly.

He held his throat with one hand and a rainbow parrot that was as large as an ostrich with the other.

As his Adam’s apple and the muscles on his arms kept trembling, the giant rainbow parrot actually uttered a voice that was a hundred times louder than that of a human, as if it was some kind of “Biological broadcasting system”, causing the audience to step back, the tens of thousands of audience in the circular auditorium that was like a terraced field could hear everything clearly.

“Dong! Dong Dong! Dong Dong Dong!”

Surrounding the arena were hundreds of war drums made of the skins and bones of totem beasts.

Hundreds of rats who were as strong as calves were gnashing their teeth and smashing the drumsticks with all their strength with ferocious faces.

The air, which was already extremely hot, was almost ignited by the violent drumbeats.

In the lava lake-like arena, two teams of 100 men armed to the teeth were confronting each other.

Although the soldiers who formed the 100-man team were all rat subjects.

However, they were different from the old, weak, women, and children who lived in the remote countryside, had no pressure to survive, had no worries, and had no strength to tie a chicken.

Most of these young and strong rats had experienced the tragedy of their families being destroyed, and their hearts were filled with anger and hatred.

They were tied up in a chain, trekking through mountains and rivers, climbing the most dangerous mountains, climbing the steepest rock walls, crossing the fastest river, and experiencing the trials of the gates of Hell. They had withstood the selection of the fittest.

In the dark dungeon, they had seized enough fried mandala fruits, proving that they were the strongest, most cunning, tenacious, and most qualified to survive.

After being chosen by the Gladiators and becoming temporary servants, they were given ten times more food than in the dungeon, as well as the Gladiators' personal training.

These carefully selected rat subjects had been made into decent warriors.

They wore armor with mandala tree bark and totem beast bones, carried a few mandala tree branches that were polished to the point of sharpness, and even the strongest among them, could also obtain a few rusty swords and sabers that had been captured from the "Land of eternal illumination of the Holy Light".

These rabble seemed to be able to withstand one or two rounds of charge from the warriors of the clan.

Behind the two hundred-man teams, there was a warrior of the clan.

On the left side, he was over five arms tall and looked like a moving mountain of meat. With one look, one could tell that he was a typical barbarian elephant clan.

He was like a combination of a giant elephant and a giant. From his body, which was even stronger than the city walls, he grew four limbs as thick as pillars that supported the temple.

Every step he took would cause the indestructible arena to shake slightly.

And he seemed to be complaining that his destructive power was not shocking enough. He held a mace in each of his hands, which was the size of a cattail leaf fan. Of course, both of them were in line with his astonishing body size, which was increased in length and weight, it was a super-heavy weapon that could only be refined by fusing ten ordinary heavy weapons together.

But no matter how fierce these two super-heavy weapons, which seemed to be able to crack the skull of a Tyrannosaurus rex, were, they were not as terrifying as the bone tumor growing at the end of the elephant trunk.

As the elephant trunk swung wildly under the raised tusks, the holes on the bone tumor that he had drilled out by himself also let out a shrill cry because of the flow and compression of the air.

It was like a meteor hammer that had once smashed countless heads, letting out the wails of the undead.

Hearing this shrill cry, even the burly mouse citizens who were beating drums below the stage could not help but swallow their saliva with difficulty.

The mouse citizens standing in front of him were drenched in cold sweat and were terrified.

Everyone knew that this humongous bone tumor was the most ferocious weapon of the barbarian elephant tribe's gladiators.

The bone tumor helped him crush dozens of fully-armed opponents in the arena.

It also earned him the overbearing name 'Barbarian Hammer'.

Later, dozens of opponents who used heavy weapons tried to seize the name.

But until today, only he, the real 'Barbarian Hammer', was still standing here!

Chapter 934: The Aces' Trouble

"Bang!"

Brute Hammer¹ swung his two giant spiked maces and smashed them hard. Sparks flew with a deafening explosion.

Sensing the shocking killing intent from the sparks, he recalled the scene of countless pitiful opponents having their skulls smashed by him. The hundreds of fully-armed rat people on the opposite side trembled as if they were naked.

They wanted to retreat.

However, their legs were frozen by the frost.

It was more like countless sharp icicles were aimed at their backs. If they took half a step back, they would be riddled with holes.

A female warrior, who was about the same height as a human and considered petite and dainty among the advanced orcs, stood behind them expressionlessly.

From her carefully trimmed short hair to her nearly transparent eyes, to her skin that was as fine as mutton fat, to the hair on the key parts of her body, there was no color on her body at all, only a breathtaking snow-white.

Paired with her sharp claws, sharp teeth, and streamlined body, it was really like the land of the far north, the land of the night where the sun could never shine. The coldest and purest ice had been dug out and modeled after the posture of a cheetah. It was an ice sculpture carved out of ice.

However, when the huge scarlet sun smeared the blood-like sunlight on the woman, who had a cold aura and pure white hair, as well as eyes... a layer of silver-like brilliance appeared, blinding the tens of thousands of spectators.

In terms of body size, the difference between the two was huge.

In terms of aura, there was a world of difference.

Moreover, Brute Hammer came from the Barbarian Elephant Clan. He was an all out Blood Hoof warrior, a native of Black-corner City.

However, the blood of the Snow Leopard Clan flowed in his opponent's body. She was the leader of the five great clans and a member of the Gold Clan. She was considered an outsider in Black-corner City.

Despite that, all the audience members were shouting her name.

"Ice Storm! Ice Storm! Ice Storm!"

Such preferential treatment made Brute Hammer fly into a rage.

He rolled his long trunk up the bone tumor and smashed it heavily on the ground. Hundreds of crisscrossing cracks appeared on the hard ground of the arena.

The giant gladiator, who was ten times heavier than his opponent, roared and pounced on his opponent.

The battle officially began.

The barbarian elephant warrior from the Blood Hoof Clan, Brute Hammer...

The female snow leopard warrior from the Gold Clan, Ice Storm.

Both of them had dozens of undefeated records and were the Blood Skull Arena's trump cards!

Moreover, this was not only a battle between trump cards, but also a battle of individual valor.

It was also a competition of training and leadership to see if they were qualified to command thousands of Blood Hoof warriors to defeat the Gold Clan and seize the glory of No. 1 clan!

Therefore, the two main players had not crossed swords yet.

Hundreds of rat militia under their command had already charged forward.

Some parts went beyond the entire audience's expectations.

The hundred-man army commanded by Brute Hammer was evidently better organized and more flexible in formation. Even his hamster-men seemed to have thicker hands and feet than their opponents.

With Brute Hammer's angry roar, the hundred-man phalanx quickly split in the middle, making way for the main general from the elephant clan.

With two earth-shaking steps, Brute Hammer charged from the back of the battle formation to the front. He also led the rat militia and naturally changed from the phalanx into a charging formation like a sharp arrow.

He was naturally the sharpest and heaviest heavy arrow.

Boom!

Brute Hammer was the first to charge into the hundred-man phalanx under Ice Storm's command.

The two extremely heavy maces and the bone tumor on the elephant's trunk set off three destructive storms. In a single exchange, four or five of the rat soldiers under Ice Storm's command were sent flying. Blood spurted wildly in the air as they drew four or five blood-red arcs and landed heavily on the ground. Their tendons and bones were broken, and it seemed that they would not survive.

The remaining rat soldiers were scared out of their wits.

The courage and morale that they had gathered for several days were smashed into the clouds by the mace.

Their originally solid formation was soon torn into pieces. The army was routed and dispersed by the other hundred-man army, whose morale had been boosted.

At that moment, Ice Storm was like a silver bolt of lightning, striking at the front of the battle formation.

One had to admit that this female snow leopard warrior from the Gold Clan indeed had the sharpness, agility, and ferocity that the Blood Hoof Clan, which was famous for its immense strength, lacked.

Silver lightning coiled around Brute Hammer's trunk, instantly leaving dozens of wounds all over his body.

Up and down, left and right, elusive figures, and dazzling attacks made the audience exclaim in satisfaction.

It also confused Brute Hammer no matter how hard he swung his mace.

However, in order to pursue extreme speed, the lightning-fast attacks did not have the effect of a decisive strike.

The barbarian elephant warriors were known for their rough skin and thick flesh.

Brute Hammer was also one of the best among the barbarian elephant warriors.

His wounds that appeared to be dripping with blood, only felt like tickles to him and even brought him pleasure.

Although Ice Storm had added the power of frost to her attacks...

And it caused the wounds on Brute Hammer to freeze as the chill penetrated deep into his bones...

While Brute Hammer's muscles twitched and his blood boiled, the frost broke and melted one after another.

It was an ugly scene for the elephant warrior to be suppressed by an opponent several times smaller than him.

Despite that, Brute Hammer successfully used his iron-like body to firmly restrain the storm-like attacks and offset his opponent's greatest advantage, speed.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Brute Hammer's rat militia killed the rat militia that Ice Storm had trained.

Ice Storm was much better than the ace gladiators from the Barbarian Elephant Clan in terms of individual valor.

In terms of training and leadership, however, she was far inferior to her opponent.

Brute Hammer's rat soldiers were all well-trained and well-coordinated. On top of that, their morale was at an all-time high.

The rat militia trained by Ice Storm had suffered a blow right in the beginning of the match, and their morale had completely collapsed. Naturally, they were crushed like a mountain.

Moreover, Brute Hammer had deliberately moved the battlefield between him and Ice Storm to the area where the rat militia was the most concentrated.

Whether it was his spiked mace, elephant trunk, bone tumor, or the silver lightning that shot out from Ice Storm...

To the rat militia, it was an irresistible disaster.

The rat militia on Brute Hammer's side had long known of the general's tactics, and they had cooperated with Brute Hammer to rehearse it many times.

When they saw the two bloodthirsty clan warriors approach them, they hurriedly covered their heads and fled to save themselves.

On the other hand, the rat militia on Ice Storm's side were hit first until they were disoriented. Then they became muddled in the battle between the two generals. Soon, they were affected by the war flames of a higher level.

Along with the desperate screams of the rat militia, broken limbs flew all over the sky, and broken corpses scattered all over the ground.

The war drums around the arena were played even more intensely.

The audience was stimulated by the strong smell of blood. They stood up in excitement and hit their chests with all their might, letting out terrifying bestial howls.

Some people even switched their cheers for Ice Storm to loud boos, telling Ice Storm not to only focus on herself, but to pay attention to the overall situation and the soldiers under her command.

Ice Storm naturally saw through Brute Hammer's tactics.

She snorted coldly and wanted to withdraw.

However, she was not protecting her small soldiers. Instead, she was returning the favor with an eye for an eye. She wanted to slaughter the rat militia on Brute Hammer's side.

Meanwhile, Brute Hammer grinned and fully displayed his tall and sturdy body, which was like an iron wall. He firmly blocked Ice Storm's path.

After all, both sides were gladiators of the same level.

Even if Ice Storm had a higher level of skill, she would not be able to kill recklessly with Brute Hammer's interference and blocking.

On the contrary, Brute Hammer, relying on his tough skin and thick flesh, would rather take a few more hits from Ice Storm to send a few of the rat soldiers under her flying.

The situation quickly became clear.

From the very beginning, Brute Hammer had never given Ice Storm a chance to fight. He commanded his hundred-man team to advance steadily and methodically like an iron wall filled with spears.

The rat soldiers on Ice Storm's side either died on the spot and welcomed a rather decent ending...

Or they were seriously injured, missing arms and legs. Their blood splattered all over the ground, but they were perhaps the luckiest ones. With their fearless courage, they had purified the dirty blood in their veins. If they were lucky enough to survive, they would be able to work in the Blood Skull Arena, doing odd jobs other than fighting, such as cleaning, cooking, washing clothes, and beating the drums.

A lot of rat soldiers were also scared out of their wits, and they directly jumped out of the arena.

According to the rules, jumping out of the arena was equivalent to admitting defeat. Gladiators disdained chasing after deserters.

However, deserters would never be able to wash away their shame or get a second chance.

What awaited these cowards would be their expulsion from the Blood Skull Arena. They would later be sent to the dark mines, foundries, and totem beast hunting grounds... Within a year or so at most, they would be cruelly squeezed to death.

Just like that, Ice Storm became a lone wolf.

On Brute Hammer's side, there were still more than fifty rat soldiers who still possessed the most basic combat strength.

They quickly shrunk into a tight square formation and simultaneously stabbed their spears, which were embedded with bone spikes, outward like angry hedgehogs.

With this method, they were able to guard against Ice Storm's sneak attacks.

Following that, the rat militia in the back of the line threw spears at Ice Storm.

To the ace gladiators, the rat militia's spears were so light that they did not have the slightest speed or strength.

Even if they had their hands behind their backs, did not dodge, and allowed the pikes to stab their bodies, it would not be able to cause too much damage to the aces.

With that in mind, in order to increase the viewing and uncertainty of the battle, all the weapons used by the rat militia were smeared with a large amount of anesthetic and poison.

Although it was still impossible to take the lives of the aces...

It could cause a small amount of trouble at the very least.

Having their hands forced, the aces had no choice but to divert one-tenth of their attention to deal with the persistent rat soldiers.

Facing an opponent that was almost as strong as them and still having to divert one-tenth of their attention elsewhere, it was tantamount to directly announcing the battle final outcome.

Chapter 935: Battle of the Totems

In addition, the arena was already littered with corpses.

The corpses were once again filled with densely packed javelins.

It was like a simple barricade.

It restricted the advantage of Ice Storm's nimble body and unpredictable tactics.

Ice Storm tried several times to shake Brute Hammer off and forcefully attack the rat militia's spear formation.

However, despite Brute Hammer's slow pace, he was able to move freely. His strong and powerful elephant trunk and bone tumor that contained a large amount of metal were not lagging at all.

When he swung them like a meteor hammer, the shrill wails and howls sounded as if they came directly from behind Ice Storm's ears.

Ice Storm charged left and right, trying to tear the rat militia's dense square formation apart.

She was attacked by Brute Hammer from behind, and his bone tumor almost hit her waist, eye, and neck.

It was different from the hundreds of bloody wounds that remained on her opponent's body but did not hurt her bones.

With her petite figure, if she was hit by Brute Hammer, she probably would no longer have the chance to walk down the arena.

In the end, Ice Storm could only use her claws to whip up wind blades that condensed frost, leaving bone-deep wounds on the few rat soldiers in the outermost perimeter of the dense formation.

She had no choice but to retreat resentfully.

After repeating this several times, the rat militia still fought to the death and did not back down.

However, a bloody wound was grazed on the face of the ice storm by Brute Hammer's spiked club.

Although the injury was not serious.

It looked rather pathetic.

Moreover, her physical strength was also rapidly depleting. Her face was full of anxiety and anger. She was no longer as fast as lightning, suppressing Brute Hammer's calmness.

Even the audience could tell from her slow figure and chaotic footsteps that she was in a disadvantageous position.

They stopped shouting Ice Storm's name fervently and changed to Brute Hammer.

"Brute Hammer! Brute Hammer! Brute Hammer!"

"Come on, kill her, kill the leopard!"

"What female leopard? She's just a white cat, a tiny white cat!"

"Come on, warriors of the Blood Hoof Clan, kill this kitten from the Gold Clan!"

Many of the audience members who had spent all their money on Brute Hammer were extremely excited. They roared and shouted as they tried to harass Ice Storm verbally.

There were also quite a number of audience members who spent a lot of money betting that Ice Storm would win. Not only did they glare at the former, they even pounced on him and started fighting. In every corner of the ring-shaped audience seats... all of them had put on a good show that was not inferior to the arena.

More and more spectators were addicted to gambling. When the game began, not only did they bet on Brute Hammer and Ice storm, who would win and who would lose, but they also bet on who would be more powerful, the supporters of Brute Hammer or Ice Storm.

These were all the normal operations of Turan's gladiators. They did not interfere with the gladiators' normal operation. On top of that, they made the atmosphere even more heated.

Finally, after a spear embedded with bone spurs narrowly grazed past her cheek and made a small, insignificant cut, the audience was stunned.

Ice Storm, who had been humiliated by the rat people, finally broke through the limit of her endurance!

"Roar!"

A furious roar came from her seemingly petite body.

She opened her arms and extended her sharp claws to the maximum, like an unsheathed saber.

Bright silver lines appeared under her snow-white fur as if they were alive. They quickly spread to every part of her body, forming a complicated and beautiful pattern.

It was a cheetah carved out of white jade, with a tattoo that looked like a bloody mouth.

In a matter of a few blinks, this gorgeous tattoo became brighter and brighter. In the end, where each silver line intersected, there was a large amount of metallic mucus-like material. It gushed out of Ice Storm's body.

This metallic substance continued to flow on her skin and fur, expanding, blending, wrapping, condensing, and forming into a ferocious fully-sealed armor. It covered all her organs tightly, including her eyes and claws.

At that moment, Ice Storm was like a standing metallic cheetah made of silver.

Unlike the most accurate war machine made by Dragon City's civilization, there were no seams, gears, or transmission system on this fully enclosed cheetah-shaped armor.

However, it still spewed out a seemingly tangible flame, as if it could provide its owner with explosive power comparable to a rocket propeller at any time.

Kacha kacha kacha!

Kacha kacha kacha kacha!

Ice Storm equipped with the totem armor was ten times more powerful than she was a moment ago.

With the tip of her feet as the center, the ground within ten arms was frozen. Not only was a thick layer of ice shell emerging, but from the ice shell, interlocking icicles protruded out.

A few rat soldiers who could not dodge in time were pierced through by the icicles, freezing their legs. They cried out in pain.

However, they did not dare to take the risk of tearing their legs apart. They used all their strength to pull them out, but they could only be pitifully nailed to the ground.

"Mithril Ripper!"

"Ice Storm has summoned her totem — Mithril Ripper!"

The audience's eyes lit up and they cheered loudly.

Seeing this, Brute Hammer slammed his two maces hard. His muscles were also tightened, and a shocking roar came from the depths of his body. A black tattoo emerged from between the rough skin and the wrinkles.

The ink-colored tattoo soon rose high, and exploded like balls of black lava.

The exploding lava flowed everywhere, forming a majestic black armor on the surface of his body.

Savage Hammer, who was shirtless, was like a moving mountain of meat.

Savage Hammer, who was covered in armor, was more like an indestructible fortress.

The two tusks that were raised high were covered in an extremely viscous liquid metal substance, and there were also dozens of sharp spikes.

The elephant trunk and bone tumor that were originally extremely ferocious had become even thicker after being completely covered by the totem battle armor. It was like a devil's arm that stretched out from a bloody mouth.

Especially because of its huge body, it would definitely accumulate a large amount of heat energy during an intense battle.

In order to dissipate the heat, two devices that looked like exhaust pipes and sirens were erected behind Brute Hammer's totem armor. They were filled with holes.

"Woo! Woo! Woo!"

Accompanied by brute Hammer's monstrous strength, these two 'exhaust pipes' let out ear-splitting screeches and spewed out a large amount of extremely high temperature steam.

Brute Hammer, who was surrounded by white steam, was like a mechanical elephant that had merged with a main battle tank!

"It, it has appeared!"

"The totem of Wild Hammer — 'locomotive'!"

"It is the blessing of the ancestors of the wild elephant clan and the legendary ancient divine weapon 'locomotive'. It is really powerful!"

The two trump cards activated their respective totems.

The astonishing battle intent turned into a shockwave that could be seen with the naked eye. It savaged the air, causing the burning air to scream in pain.

Not to mention the rat folk soldiers on the arena.

Even the rat folk servants who were in charge of drumming below the arena could not withstand the shock wave and ran away with their heads held in their hands.

The audience exclaimed in ecstasy.

However, many of the audience could no longer see the confrontation between the two trump cards.

They only saw a silver flash and the ice storm that had activated the mithril Ripper had already swapped places with man hammer, who was installed with the locomotive.

A deafening roar that was half a blink slower than the two people's intertwined figures exploded next to the audience's ears.

At the same time, the ground of the arena that was as hard as iron exploded as well.

Around the ice storm, a total of seven shocking holes appeared on the ground, which looked like smoking craters.

These were all created by Brute Hammer's upgraded elephant trunk and Mace.

The nearest hole was only half a finger's distance from where she stood.

However, the Gladiator who was staggering backward was brute hammer.

On his totem armor, a huge ice mark exploded from his chest to his waist.

It was as if someone had frozen his iron-like chest into a huge block of ice, using absolute zero to destroy the molecular structure of the liquid metal and even the atomic energy layer. Finally, the ice was cracked.., it was as if a huge crack in the ice had been torn open.

Man Hammer kneeled on one knee and screamed in pain.

He clenched his iron fists and punched the crack on his chest armor as if he was angry out of humiliation, shattering the ice into pieces.

The black armor around him turned into the extremely viscous liquid metal again. It slowly wriggled over and repaired the chest armor as before.

“Woo! Woo! Woo!”

The ‘exhaust pipe’ on their back let out ear-splitting shrieks again. The roars of the war machines made the blood of countless spectators boil and even make them lose their minds.

“Locomotive! The locomotive with infinite strength!”

“Locomotive! The invincible locomotive!”

“Locomotive! The locomotive, the ancient divine weapon!”

The spectators from the Barbarian Elephant tribe all stood up and raised their arms and trunks high. They were dancing and praising the totem that their ancestors had given them together with the warriors of their tribe on the arena.

Among the main tribes that made up the bloody hoof tribe, the barbarian elephant tribe had the least number of people compared to the Tauren, centaurs, and wild boar people.

However, because they were too big, even if they didn’t stand up, they would still block the audience in the back row.

Therefore, every arena in black horn city had set up a special stand for the audience of the barbarian elephant tribe.

The Barbarian Elephant People’s voices were loud and clear to begin with.

They also liked to use their long trunks to blow a horn made of hollowed-out tusks, making “Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo” sounds. It was said that they were imitating the sound of “The roar of a train whistle”.

The noise of dozens of barbarian elephant people was almost as lively as the noise of hundreds of Tauren gathered together.

The cheers of his fellow tribesmen stimulated the blood of the barbarian hammer even more.

He stomped heavily on the ground, indicating that he was unharmed. Then, he raised his spiked club to the woman opposite him and shouted, “Again!”

The two stomps seemed to have the effect of 'war stomp', splashing the debris in the holes.

The debris that was splashing in the air was captured by man Hammer's fighting will. It froze in the air. It was shivering crazily, but it did not fall down no matter how hard it tried.

Ice storm snorted coldly.

Mithril surged around his body, and icicles formed under his feet once again. They formed a crystal clear path of death and slowly extended toward brute hammer.

Chapter 936: Final Judgment, Lava's Fury!

"Brute Hammer! Brute Hammer! Brute Hammer!"

"Ice Storm! Ice Storm! Ice Storm!"

Before the cheers of tens of thousands of spectators, the two ace gladiators increased their power to the maximum.

A bloody battle that would not end until one of them died was about to begin.

At that moment, dozens of glorious battle hymns sounded from below the arena behind Brute Hammer. A banner with seven-colored feathers was raised to represent victory.

The adjudicator had ended the battle.

He announced that Brute Hammer had won the final victory.

The audience fell into a short silence.

Then, there was booing that was ten times louder than the previous cheering.

The warriors of Turan longed for a glorious death. They were like travelers who had explored the desert for ten days and ten nights. They longed for sweet water that had been added with honey.

In the past ten years of prosperity, due to the lack of large-scale wars, even the warriors of Turan, who were extremely powerful, found it difficult to create unprecedented glory on the battlefield, and they welcomed a heroic sacrifice.

In the present, the gladiator arena was the best place to go, and the blood-stained arena was the best way to die. Most of the gladiators would fight until one side fell to the ground with serious injuries and crippled limbs. They either could no longer get up, or died on the spot.

There was no need for anyone to decide the outcome.

Death itself was the best judge.

But things were now different from the past.

The largest and most glorious war in the history of the Turan civilization was about to commence.

Even if they died, all of the Turan warriors, including the ace gladiators, wanted to die on the real battlefield in the most heroic and tragic manner after killing hundreds and thousands of enemies.

Only by dying in such a way could their bones and souls be turned into glorious epic tales.

Seeing that the glorious era had just begun, it was not worth it to die in the arena at this time.

The masters of the arenas were often the most powerful military nobles in the various clans.

A large reason for building the arenas and raising gladiators was to replenish fresh blood for their families, as well as armies, and raise the entire clan's strength.

The five clans were about to start a cruel civil war. They would decide which of the five clan chiefs was qualified to be crowned as the War Chief and become the supreme leader of all the Turan people in the glorious era.

No clan was willing to lose soldiers and generals at such a delicate point in a battle to select a general.

However, with the Turan people's courage and pride, it was absolutely impossible for the gladiators to admit defeat.

Not to mention, one had to consider whether the ace gladiators could pass the test in their hearts.

The key was that there were still tens of thousands of spectators who were watching and even betting heavily on them.

In the words of Dragon City's civilization, it would simply be "social death" if they raised their hands and surrendered in front of everyone.

Therefore, the role of "adjudicator" was arranged. Once the winner was determined, the adjudicator would forcefully end the fight and announce the winner.

This was also a way to give the loser a way out.

It was to prevent the two ace gladiators from getting really angry and ending up with mutual destruction.

The audience was very clear about that.

However, the fight between two ace gladiators was really too exciting. With their huge appetites, the audience could not calm down no matter how hard they tried, and they threw things into the arena one after another.

What they threw were not harmless objects such as melons, fruits, or stones.

Instead, they threw stones with extremely sharp edges, daggers sharpened with broken bones of wild animals, and beast-catching ropes with pebbles on both ends.

They hid these things under thick folds and hair and brought them into the arena to fight the supporters of the opposing gladiators, or to vent their dissatisfaction after losing all their money.

It was great to complain when the adjudicator forcefully stopped the fight.

For a moment, bullets rained down like rain. All kinds of rocks, bone blades, and beast-catching ropes fell into the arena with crackling sounds.

They even narrowly brushed past the two ace gladiators.

For the two ace gladiators who had activated their totem battle armor, even if they were hit by rocks at high speed, they would not lose a single hair.

While the damage was extremely small, the humiliation was extremely great.

The two trump cards were unable to contain their anger. Their battle flames continued to surge wildly, and they simultaneously displayed the posture of "I will never obey the judge, I must fight until the end."

Ice Storm raised her hand and shot a cluster of ice shards in all directions toward Brute Hammer's feet. The shattered ice shards splattered all over Brute Hammer's body.

She then stretched out her claws and gestured a cut on her throat as she said, "Even if the judge has announced your victory, I will still cut your throat and let the endless darkness show you who the true victor is!"

Brute Hammer stomped his foot hard, and his mace stirred up a strong wind that swept toward the victory banner behind him.

The banner was swept so hard that it fluttered and swayed from side to side. The burly rat man holding the banner was almost brought to the ground.

Brute Hammer said, "Bah, I don't need this thing to declare my victory. The glory of victory and your life, I will take them with my mace and meteor hammer!"

The two aces even bared their teeth at the judges' VIP seats and let out angry roars of extreme dissatisfaction. It looked like both of them refused to accept the results.

In fact, that was also a normal occurrence in the arena.

After all, if the judges just announced the victory both sides and they immediately heave a sigh of relief and jump out of the arena at the same time...

It would appear very fake, as though they were not aggressive at all. They would even appear to be afraid of death.

The loser would certainly be judged as having "no spirit", and the winner would also be suspected of relying on luck to steal a victory.

Therefore, after the referee announced the victory, both sides had to follow procedures and bare their fangs at each other as well as the referee.

The loser said, "We'll see." The winner said, "I'll wait for you." Together, they cursed the referee for meddling in other people's business, and interrupting a magnificent, exciting battle. It was an epic battle that would be remembered by all the people of Turan for thousands of years.

In the end, they were unwillingly dragged out of the arena by the rat laborers.

Putting on a show and committing to the whole thing was called professionalism.

Right, for the rat laborers, pulling gladiators out of the stage in such a situation, especially the losers, was the most dangerous job in the arena.

It was because the angry gladiators, especially the losers, would often struggle desperately and pretend that they wanted to return to the arena to fight for another 300 rounds.

Although it was just an act...

It was normal for them to send seven or eight rat people flying like a flood.

Today's scene was a little too much.

Perhaps the shame of having all the rat soldiers on their side slaughtered was too strong...

Perhaps it was because the two trump cards had a long-standing grudge that could not be resolved...

Their flames of war burned brighter and brighter, showing no signs of calming down.

Swoosh!

The road of death paved by Ice Storm with her icicles had already extended all the way to the Brute Hammer's feet. The thickest and longest icicle pierced through his abdomen.

Brute Hammer flew into a rage. He smashed the icicle with his mace. With a swing of his long trunk, his bone tumor that looked like a meteor hammer once again erupted with a wailing howl. A murderous intent lingered in the air as it tore through the air and smashed heavily toward Ice Storm's towering chest.

However, before the two aces could collide...

They were blocked by a fireball that fell from the sky.

The fireball was like a meteor but also like a giant egg condensed from lava. It crashed in between the two aces, right at the center of the arena.

The entire arena and two aces shook violently.

The lava was like a hungry beast that swallowed the two aces' thunderous attacks.

As the lava flowed, spurted, condensed, and shaped, the "giant egg" cracked and turned into a tall and sturdy human figure.

It looked like a bull that was standing on its hind legs.

It was wearing a heavy armor that had just been forged and had a high temperature of several thousand degrees.

On the surface of the armor, there were still waves of lava continuously gushing and flowing.

Drip, drip, drip. The lava flowed to the ground and turned an area with the circumference of ten arms into a scorching lava lake.

It looked like a statue of a balrog that was floating in the deepest part of a lava lake.

Other than the scarlet lava, the most eye-catching feature of the armor was the two pieces of shoulder pieces that were incomparably fierce.

Apart from the liquid metal helmet that completely fit the figure's facial features and head, it created the appearance of an awe-inspiring ox head.

The two pieces of shoulder armor also looked like two ox heads with glaring eyes and horns that soared into the sky like a saber being unsheathed.

Looking from afar, this was a Minotaur demon king that was born from lava and had three heads!

"Yes, it's Casanova!"

"Casanova Bloodhoof! He is actually the judge of this battle!"

"Is that the Blood Hoof Clan's totem armor, Lava's Fury?"

In every corner of the ring-shaped arena, the audience burst into exclamations.

Even though he had activated the totem armor known as Lava's Fury, the judge named Casanova was still thinner than Brute Hammer who had activated Locomotive.

However, he only used his right hand to grab the long trunk that Brute Hammer was proud of.

Then he raised his left hand and charged toward Ice Storm.

Where his left hand pointed at, Ice Storm condensed frost and paved a road of death. Bit by bit, it was swallowed by the rolling lava.

The meaning was obvious.

Enough.

That was the final verdict.

No one could object his verdict.

At least, no one alive.

Chapter 937: Ice Storm's Question

The magnificent appearance of the three-headed Minotaur demon totem, Lava's Fury, which seemed to be formed from lava, instantly shocked the entire audience.

Tens of thousands of spectators felt as if they were being enveloped by lava.

If they dared to make any more noise, the lava would flow down their throats, pour into their stomachs, and gush out from every crevice in their bodies.

Although they could not enjoy the totem battle between the two ace gladiators...

Being able to see the Turan king, one of the founders of Black-corner City, the owner of the Blood Skull Arena, and the members of the Blood Hoof Clan summon their iconic totems, the audience was satisfied.

A small disturbance had been eliminated just like that.

The audience, who had enjoyed themselves, looked forward to the next more thrilling and exciting battle with great anticipation.

However, not everyone was satisfied with the result.

Ice Storm, who returned to the resting area, was still furious.

Although she had recalled her totem armor, Mithril Ripper, when she walked through the long tunnel, the temperature in the tunnel instantly dropped to below zero.

From the wall to the floor, a thick layer of frost formed. The ice crystals in the corner were like clusters of bacteria, growing at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Even the gladiators who were warming up in the tunnel felt the bone-chilling cold and did not dare to look into her eyes, which were as sharp as icicles.

When they arrived at the entrance of the luxurious lounge that belonged to the ace, Ice Storm did not wait for the trembling rat handyman to open the door. It raised its hand and shot out an icy mist, freezing the entire door into a pile of ice. Then, it swung its leg, it kicked the door into pieces of broken ice.

The rat laborers ran away with their heads held in their hands.

Casanova, who had been following closely behind Ice Storm, was expressionless. His gaze was deep. He waved his hand to disperse the laborers, servants, and other gladiators. Then, he calmly walked into the lounge that had turned into an ice cave.

“I can win!”

Ice Storm turned around and glared at Casanova.

The female leopard, whose entire body was snow white, straightened her tail. Her silver needle-like fur stood up as she shrieked, “If you hadn’t interfered, I would have cut brute Hammer’s throat, torn his tendons, torn open his stomach, drained his blood, and frozen his internal organs into ice!”

Ice Storm’s roar was like a gust of cold wind mixed with icicles.

However, it did not make Casanova’s eyelids tremble even a little.

He stared at Ice Storm without saying a word.

By the Turans’ standards, Casanova was indeed an overly handsome man.

After liquefying the totem armor and putting it back into his body, the shape of his skull did not look like that of a bison, and his facial features looked more like that of a human.

Even though he had donned a golden shining and domineering horn guard on the big horn that soared into the sky, and a huge nose ring on his nose, compared to most Turan, his appearance was still too delicate and pretty.

Whether it was “handsome” or “delicate”, it was not a good word to come from a Turan’s mouth.

When Casanova was young, there were many people who used these two words to mock him with their faces full of mockery and snorting disdainfully.

Later on, these people all died.

In fact, one could tell just how dangerous this seemingly handsome man was from the name, Casanova Bloodhoof.

In the Turan language, Casanova meant "giant ax."

Obviously, for the Turan people, who valued valor and had a poor vocabulary, "giant ax" was a common name.

The clan warriors named Casanova were like the rat people named Leaf. There were countless of them.

"Ca" had the meaning of "slaughter."

"Sanova" meant "I'm called Giant Ax, and I don't like others to be called Giant Ax. There can only be one Giant Ax in Black-corner City. If any other Giant Ax dares to pass by me, they have to be careful because I will kill them!"

These Giant Axes were always so careless.

There were hundreds and thousands of roads in Black-corner City, but they always liked to walk in front of this "Giant Ax of Bloodhoof," so Casanova had to attack time and time again to break these wannabes, Giant Axes that would bring shame to the name, Casanova.

Every time he killed another Casanova, he would be qualified to add the word "Ca" before his name.

Therefore, his full name should be Cacacacacacacacacacacasanova.

However, as his fierce name spread throughout the entire Black-corner City, no Blood Hoof warrior dared to call him Sanova anymore.

He did not need to mention his long full name all day long.

He only needed to use the short name to shock everyone.

Even the warriors of the clan named Giant Blade, Giant Sword, Giant Hammer, Sharp Ax, Iron Ax, and Giant Ax were so scared that their scalps went numb. They were thinking about changing their names.

As for "Bloodhoof," it was both the name of the clan and the surname of the clan.

Just like the names of the warriors, the military nobles of the Turan civilization were all powerful and keen to create or steal family names.

Bloodhoof was a surname that all the warriors of Turan who had hoofs liked very much.

They liked it so much that this surname was a supreme glory for the clan.

However, the Turan, elephant people, boar people, Centaurs, reindeer people, antelope people... There were all kinds of strange things. There were dozens of families, and only one family was a member of hundreds of families, their family name could be followed by the clan name, Bloodhoof.

That was the strongest family.

If the soldiers of other families were strong enough to defeat or even destroy the Bloodhoof family, they would naturally be able to seize the glorious family name and become the new Bloodhoof family.

However, the current Blood Hoof Clan had already ruled over all the Turan warriors with hoofs for three hundred years.

During these three hundred years, countless families had issued challenges to them.

Then, they were turned into mush-like corpses and broken bones, which were used to water the flourishing mandrake tree.

Therefore, facing this extremely dangerous man, they stared at him with an incomparably deep gaze. Even Ice Storm who had yet to calm down swallowed a mouthful of saliva that had frozen into ice cores with great difficulty, stopping her meaningless venting.

“I believe that you can defeat Brute Hammer. After all, you are the trump card that I admire the most.”

It was not until Ice Storm lowered her head and did not dare to look directly into his magma-like eyes that Casanova spoke calmly. “However, such a victory is meaningless. What we are choosing now is not an ace gladiator who can fight a hundred enemies by himself, but a general who can command an army of thousands and thousands of horses to form a torrent of destruction that will devour all enemies.

“You are not suited to commanding an army, Ice Storm.

“I believe that you know this better than anyone else.

“From commanding a thousand people in the beginning, then five hundred people, to commanding a hundred people now, you have already lost three rounds in a row.

“Even if you rely on your personal strength to win one round, what is the point? Does this prove that you are qualified to be a general?”

Ice Storm gritted her teeth and was speechless.

Anger, shame, regret, and all kinds of emotions were running rampant in her body, causing her ice-like body to tremble violently.

“I don’t understand. Why are you so determined to become a general?”

Seeing that she was speechless, Casanova placed his hand on her shoulder and used the heat in his palm to slowly melt the chill on her shoulder. He lowered his voice and said, “The ancestral spirit has already generously bestowed you with an extremely powerful force and a sacred totem. Even if you’re not good at commanding an army, what does it matter?”

“The warriors of Turan have more than one path to glory. The heroes who were able to shine in the battle of the five clans by themselves and turn the land of Holy Light upside down are even remembered and respected by all the people of Turan.

“You should seriously consider my suggestion.

“Give up on things that you’re not good at.

“I’ll help you preside over the blood bestowing ceremony so that our bloodlines can fuse together and officially join the Blood Hoof Clan. Then, you’ll become my deputy and become the most outstanding vanguard and strongest combat general in my army.

“I guarantee you.

“In this five clan battle, our Blood Hoof Clan will surely be able to defeat the Gold Clan and become the main force of the glorious era.

“And my father will surely be able to become the War Chief and command the largest army that has ever appeared in Picturesque Orchid Lake.

“After joining the Blood Hoof Clan and becoming my deputy, you’ll have many opportunities to exact revenge on the Gold Clan and those who once humiliated you and wanted to kill you. There will also be many opportunities to participate in the most intense battles, break through the strongest city walls, destroy the largest fortresses, and plunder the most glorious cities so that your name and footprints will forever be branded on the so-called land of eternal Holy Light!”

The Turan’s scalding palm made the female leopard’s shoulder muscles turn slightly red.

However, her soft muscles were soon hardened again by the sharp icicles.

“No, there’s something wrong with these few battles. There were too many people in the first few battles, so I didn’t notice it. But there are only a hundred soldiers on both sides in this battle. I can clearly feel it!”

Ice Storm took half a step back and stared at Casanova as she said, “Brute Hammer’s and my soldiers came from the same dungeon. We’ve rested for the same period of time, and we eat the same amount of food. Why are Brute Hammer’s soldiers so much stronger than mine?

“Even if the content of our training is slightly different, we’ve only trained for ten days. The strength and speed of both sides shouldn’t be that far apart.

“On the arena, I saw two soldiers collide with each other without any technique. Most of the people who were knocked away were my soldiers.

“If they blocked each other with their swords, the people who were knocked away and killed were usually my soldiers.

“My soldiers, whose arms were cut off or whose stomachs were pierced by spears, would often hold their wounds and scream.

“Brute Hammer’s soldiers, on the other hand, could still grit their teeth and fight even when their intestines were falling out.

“That’s not normal!

“Did Brute Hammer master the magic that was passed down from the land of Holy Light? Or did a priest give him a magic spell? How could he train a bunch of cowardly rat people into warriors who were ready to face death in just ten days?”

Chapter 938: The Last Chance

“Belittling any opponent will not make you braver. It will only make you look even more foolish.”

Without batting an eyelid, Casanova said, “Although Brute Hammer is not a general who has both wisdom and courage, his courage to march forward can indeed inspire the soldiers under him to summon up a hundred times more courage

“No, such courage is far beyond the level that can be explained by ‘mental stimulation!’”

Ice storm still persisted, “Even if the soldiers under his command could persevere with courage in the beginning, what about when both of us summoned our totem armors?”

“The collision of two totem warriors and the flames of war that were stirred up were enough to scare the most audacious rat people to death.

“Even the rat people who were in charge of beating the drums beside the arena were scared out of their wits.

“You have to know that these rat citizens who were in charge of beating the drums had all participated in several rounds of fighting. Because they were seriously injured and disabled, they could no longer participate in the battle. Only then did they obtain the right to shout and cheer.

“Even these experienced disabled people could not withstand the might of the totem battle armor. These recruits under Brute Hammer, who had trained for at most ten days to half a month, if they had not taken secret medicines or been manipulated by witchcraft, how could they have withstood our might and still stand in the arena!”

Casanova did not expect Ice Storm’s observation to be so sharp.

He frowned slightly and remained silent.

Ice Storm received the answer from his expression and widened his eyes, and she said in disbelief, “Brute Hammer’s soldiers really swallowed the secret medicine! I’m afraid that they have even more food than my soldiers! No wonder they have so much strength and are not afraid of pain!”

“This is not fair! This is not a real battle of honor, but a dirty trick! Casanova, why did you do this?”

“You know the answer.”

Casanova quickly regained his composure and coldly said, “Brute Hammer comes from the Blood Hoof Clan, a native of Black-corner City. You are from the Gold Clan, and you have the blood of the Snow Leopard Clan in your body. You are an outsider.”

“I see.”

Ice Storm gritted her teeth, "This is my first time realizing that the so-called 'warriors' of the Blood Hoof Clan are all cowardly fellows. As a native, they are afraid of outsiders to such an extent that they don't even dare to fight fairly. They can only steal a dirty victory with despicable and shameless tricks!"

"No, the Blood Hoof Clan is absolutely not afraid or discriminatory of any outsiders. The Gold Clan, the Thunder Clan, the Dark Moon Clan, the Divine Tree Clan, and other small and medium-sized clans are all the same in our eyes. Right now, in Black-corner City and the Blood Hoof Army, there are panthers, tigers, lions, lizards, crocodiles, eagles, and tree people... Many outsiders have become distinguished guests of the major clans. As long as they are capable, they can command the entire combat gang and even the combat corps like the native experts!"

Casanova said, "After all, we are one."

"A long time ago, the ancestors of the Turan people came to this land on a big fireball. From the explosion of the fireball, the hardest five-colored diamond exploded, and that was the five clans."

"Dozens of equally hard stones were shot out. That was dozens of small and medium-sized clans."

"A lot of mud was also splashed out. Countless insects and rats were hidden in the mud. Those were the rat people."

"The five clans had the same glorious bloodline. They were qualified to be the best comrades and opponents."

"However, there is one thing that I don't understand. Why are you not willing to accept the Blood Bestowing Ceremony and officially join the Blood Hoof Clan?"

The imposing manner that Ice Storm had just put on instantly sank.

It was as if there was something difficult to say, and she wanted to speak but was hesitant.

"Black-corner City has taken in many experts that came from outside the Blood Hoof Clan, and in the Blood Skull Arena, there are many bear people, tiger people, and hawk people amongst your friends... But all of them accepted the Blood Bestowing Ceremony and used the blood of the Blood Hoof Clan's experts to replace the bloodline of their old clans, indicating that they would sever all relations with their old clans and embark on a brand new journey with the identity of a Blood Hoof warrior. From this, they obtained the absolute trust and support of the Blood Hoof Clan as well."

Casanova stared at Ice Storm and said, "But what about you? Why are you unwilling to accept the blood of any Blood Hoof powerhouse? Why are you unwilling to officially join the Blood Hoof Clan?"

"Is it because the treatment I've given you is not good enough? Or do you think that no Blood Hoof powerhouse is qualified to be your blood giver?"

"You must know that when you first arrived in Black-corner City, you were heavily wounded and had nothing. Even your totem armor, Ripper, was scattered and riddled with holes."

"It was I who saved you."

"It was I who poured a lot of resources into your body and fed you the flesh and blood of the fattest totem beast without sparing any expense, turning you into the Blood Skull Arena's trump card."

“It was I who consumed three totems and let your Ripper devour them before I repaired and upgraded it to the Mithril Ripper, which was even more powerful!

“Could it be that the ice crystals flowing in your veins are all crimson in color, causing you to have no normal emotions at all? is that why you’re completely indifferent to everything that I’ve sacrificed?

“If that’s not the case, I can only doubt your loyalty.

“I suspect that although you keep saying that you’ve betrayed your family and clan, when you’re on the battlefield where the five clans are fighting, when you see the Gold Clan’s army and experts, you’ll still be merciful and hesitant.

“Let me ask you. Under such circumstances, how can I trust you to command an independent Blood Hoof army or even a battle group?”

“Believe it or not!”

Ice Storm seemed to be infuriated by Casanova’s attitude. She gritted her teeth and said, “I will stand on the Blood Hoof Clan’s side and tear apart all opponents, be it the Gold Clan, the Turan people, the barbarians who worship the Holy Light, the sneaky elves in the forest, the dwarves underground, or even the giants in the land of ice and the demons in the crack of the abyss!

“However, I am not willing to join any other clan.

“I am free. I am only willing to fight for myself. If I have to fight for a certain clan, I will create my own clan with my own hands

“Create... your own clan?”

Casanova laughed. “I admire your courage, but courage needs to be watered with blood and even life. Since you have chosen the most difficult path, stop complaining about why didn’t I provide you with additional help.”

“Even so, I will use my own hands to take what I want!”

Without giving in, Ice Storm said, “I still have one last chance!”

“That’s right, one last chance.”

Casanova said, “You have lost the 100-man team battle. Next, you still have one more chance to train and command 30 rat soldiers. As long as you can fight back in a desperate situation, there is still hope to command another 100, 300, or even 1,000 rat soldiers. It will be the greatest miracle since the Bloody Skull Arena was built.”

“As long as I can train and command 1,000 rat civilians and seize the Blood Skull Horn, will I be able to command an entire combat gang on my own?” Ice Storm confirmed again.

“That’s right. Anyone who can seize the Blood Skull Horn is qualified to command an entire combat gang on their own.”

Casanova smiled. “However, if you are serious, you better go and pick new recruits right now, because the next team battle will be held in five days.”

“Five days?”

Ice Storm raised her frosty eyebrows and said, “Why has the training time been cut in half? It’s impossible to train a bunch of weak recruits into real warriors in just five days!”

“Because the prosperous era that just passed was too long. In those ten palm years, every Turan clan was trying their best to reproduce. Every town, village, and valley was filled to the brim.”

Casanova explained very patiently, “When the glorious era arrived, the overwhelming crowd rushed toward Black-corner City with all their might. The number of warriors who yearned for glory and the rat people who responded to the recruitment was three times more than what we had expected.

“In order to select the bravest, most intelligent, and most likely to bring victory from the warriors and rat people as soon as possible, every arena in Black-corner City has been fighting day and night. The training time could only be greatly shortened. This rule was the same for everyone. Both you and your opponent only have five days to train new recruits.”

“However, my opponent may not be completely wiped out like me. Not even half of his veterans are left. Maybe he only needs to replenish some of his recruits!

“That’s right!” Ice Storm roared. “Five days is not enough to start from scratch and build a brand-new team. It is far from enough

“That’s right. I think so, too. Therefore, my suggestion is that you don’t have to humiliate yourself again. With your poor training and commanding skills, you will bring humiliation to the illustrious title of Queen Frost in front of tens of thousands of people again.”

Casanova stretched out his hand again. “Accepting my blood, joining the Blood Hoof Clan, and becoming my deputy is your best choice.

“Perhaps, when the time comes on the ever-changing battlefield, when the opportunity is right, I will transfer one or two battle gangs to let you have a good time?”

The female leopard glared at the Minotaur warrior for a long time.

Then, she slapped away the other party’s outstretched arm.

Without looking back, she stepped out of the hole that was originally meant to be the door.

“I will win,” she swore fiercely.

“One day, I will have my own war gang and establish my own family!”

Casanova smiled behind her.

The VIP room that was filled with icicles and looked like an ice cave suddenly turned into a furnace.

All the frost melted in an instant.

The ice water evaporated in the blink of an eye.

It turned into a rolling, scorching mist.

The Minotaur warrior tapped his hoofs gently in the mist.

Then, dozens of cracks suddenly appeared on the hard, iron-like ground.

Lava spewed out of the cracks like burning man-eating flowers.

“Barbarians who worship the Holy Light?”

Casanova repeated what Ice Storm had just said thoughtfully. Then, he smiled and said to himself, “This is getting more and more interesting.

“My Ice Storm, have you been lying all this time? You are not a member of the Gold Clan at all. In fact, you’re not even a snow leopard warrior, aren’t you?”

“What is the real you, then?”

Chapter 939: An Ordinary Youth

The Blood Skull Arena’s recruit training camp was a foundry workshop in another sense.

Countless rat people whose homes had been destroyed and whose bodies were burning with hatred had gone through a life-and-death struggle in the dark dungeon. They had vented the hatred that should have been vented on the warriors of the clan on each other.

After layers of screening, the rat people who could still climb up to the ground and join the recruit training camp had all become the best ‘Steel Billets’.

Here, they could enjoy ten times more food than in the depths of the dungeon.

They could also apply secret medicines that had been added with totem beast ointment.

Not only could it speed up the healing of wounds, but it could also make their bones as tough as steel and their flesh as tough as shields covered with leather.

Then, they threw themselves into the cruel training day and night.

They repeatedly lifted stone locks that weighed hundreds of pounds; launched the fiercest strikes against the iron walls that were stained with blood; walked past the red-hot iron chains, which were full of traps with sharp blades; climbed over the fishing nets that were full of barbs, the slightest carelessness would cause the barbs to pierce into their flesh and be tightly wrapped in the fishing nets..

Even though these rat people were the strongest after layers and layers of selection.

Many of the rat people’s figures were no different from the warriors of the clan, and were even stronger than the warriors of the clan.

It was just that they did not have the qualifications to wear a gorgeous tattoo that represented the glorious deeds of the clan’s bloodline and ancestors.

However, the power that was hidden deep in their bone marrow, and besides the mandala fruit, which required them to devour a large amount of the flesh and blood of totem beasts from a young age to accumulate, was far inferior.

Many strong-looking but weak-looking rats could not withstand such high-intensity training.

Either the stone lock left their hands and smashed into the instep of their feet, shattering the bones of their feet.

Or, in the process of crashing into an iron wall, they smashed their heads and blood, breaking their tendons and bones.

They even fell into a pit filled with sharp blades and were pierced with thousands of holes.

There were also people who did not have the time to untie the fishnet that was full of barbs and had their major arteries torn apart. Fresh blood sprayed to the height of three to five arms, and they died from excessive blood loss.

These people were like defective products when forging weapons.

Very quickly, they were dragged away by the expressionless rat civilian servants.

They were dragged to the Colosseum that was full of totem beasts.

Immediately, more rat civilian recruits were replenished from the depths of the dungeon.

The next round of "Forging" and "Casting" began.

The arrival of the ice storm attracted everyone's attention.

As the ace of the Blood Skull Colosseum, although she had lost three rounds in a row in the group battle, she was always judged to be defeated by the adjudicator. She had never really been defeated by her opponent, and she did not suffer too much loss in the battle against the opponent's main general.

In fact, because the opponent had the advantage in numbers, she was often the only one left after she defeated the opponent.

In her fury, she had even performed the grand feat of "One horse against a thousand" and put on a marvelous show for the audience.

When she summoned the mithril Ripper and raised a storm of frost that sent hundreds of rat subjects flying, no one dared to regard her as a loser.

Therefore, the ice storm still enjoyed high prestige and worship.

Many rat militia were eager to serve under her.

Seeing her appearance, the exhausted rat militia recruits cheered up again.

They bared their fangs and brandished their claws while screaming in an effort to make themselves look fiercer.

The two disabled gladiators who were responsible for training the recruits quickly stepped forward and welcomed the ice storm with a smile.

However, ice storm did not have the slightest smile on her face.

She had always suspected that Casava had done something to her.

She had not selected the best recruits during the first three times she had selected new recruits.

This time, she had to open her eyes wide and search carefully.

Ice Storm crossed the middle of the training ground with her hands behind her back and wagging her tail.

However, she did find a few strong fellows.

Many clan warriors born in military noble families were banished due to the failure of family battles and battles. They were reduced to rat people and had no choice but to marry other rat people.

Therefore, "Rat people" was never a concept in the sense of bloodline.

The so-called "Dirty blood" and "Glorious blood" were not fundamentally different.

If these sturdy fellows were able to devour a large amount of totem beast flesh since they were young and had a gorgeous tattoo on their body, who would be able to differentiate them from the real clan warriors?

Ice Storm understood this point better than any of the Tulan people.

However, she had to admit that even if there were no fundamental differences in their bloodlines and the education they received since they were young were different, there was a huge difference in the fighting strength between the rat people who had grown up and the Clan Warriors.

The simplest thing was that when she gazed deeply at these seemingly strong fellows, her icicle-like eyes lightly poked their bodies.

They began to panic, their movements distorted, and they made mistakes one after another.

In the first three times she had selected recruits, she had picked a lot of strong-looking and strong-looking fellows.

When she personally trained them, their performance was barely satisfactory.

However, in the real arena, in front of tens of thousands of warriors of the clan, they were surrounded by deafening roars.

These peasant soldiers, who came from a remote village and had never seen so many masters of the clan in their lives, often collapsed at once.

The same thing could not happen again.

She only had one last chance.

She had to choose a better soldier.

But what kind of soldier was "Better"?

Ice storm frowned as she thought about this question.

Suddenly, she stopped.

She looked at a rat youth at the side of the training ground with some surprise.

Compared to those big, muscular adult rats, this youth was too skinny.

Upon closer inspection, one could see that his streamlined body and limbs were also covered with steel-like muscles.

However, because his limbs were too long, one would feel that they would break if one were to grip them lightly.

How could such a 'skinny and weak' teenager survive from his hometown to Black Horn city and climb to the recruit training camp step by step from the deepest part of the dungeon?

And the youth's figure was not the reason why Ice Storm was surprised.

What surprised her was..

"He actually fell asleep?" Ice Storm muttered to herself, somewhat in disbelief.

It was said that he trained hard day and night, so of course, it was impossible for him not to sleep.

But the place where the recruits slept was next to the training camp, and it was a stinky shack.

On the training ground, there was at most a short break of one meal after ten or twenty sets of extremely difficult high-intensity training.

Moreover, the surroundings were filled with deafening shouts, screams, and the sound of stone locks and stone axes colliding. It was comparable to a real foundry.

How could he fall asleep in such an environment?

Ice Storm narrowed his eyes and seriously sized up the youth.

He saw that both of the young man's hands were covered with thick calluses, and the skin next to the calluses had been rubbed and torn until it was dripping with blood.

It was obvious that he had just held a stone lock or a stone axe and had undergone ultra-high-intensity training.

However, there were no injuries on his body.

There were no abrasions, bruises, or falls, nor were there any wounds that were cut by sharp blades or barbs.

This was impossible.

When they arrived at the recruit training camp, all the rat subjects had to undergo the same training. The content of the training was modeled after the military nobles who trained the clan warriors who were around ten years old.

No rat subject could withstand such tough training without leaving a single scar on their body.

Judging from his even breathing and calm expression, this youth did not lie down because he was tired. Instead, he took the initiative to fall asleep.

From the looks of it, the training content that was enough to make most of the rat people mentally collapse and die from exhaustion did not make him feel too much pain and fatigue.

He was still able to handle it with ease!

Perhaps it was because the ice storm's gaze was too sharp.

The youth's eyelids trembled slightly in his sleep.

Before he opened his eyes, he wiped his hands under his legs, creating two bone blades as thin as cicada wings.

Neither of the two bone blades had a hilt.

It was extremely difficult for anyone to notice it when it was sandwiched between two fingers.

Even ice storm might have missed this fatal move if he had not been observing the youth.

"What a brilliant hiding knife technique!"

Ice Storm became more and more surprised. "This is an exquisite technique that can only be mastered by a clan warrior who is used to killing. How did a mere rat youth learn such a skill!?"

The ice storm could feel that the rat teenager had woken up.

However, he did not open his eyes and continued to pretend to be asleep.

The flesh and blood all over his body was like a winch that was wrapped around a rope. It was tightening bit by bit, and he could escape, defend, and attack at any time.

The ice storm retracted her gaze and walked past the teenager, continuing to move forward.

She could feel that the teenager was slightly relieved.

Behind her, he opened his eyes slightly and secretly observed her.

"What an audacious little fellow."

Icestorm smiled slightly in his heart and asked the Disabled Gladiator who was in charge of the training camp, "That little fellow just now had long arms and long legs. He looked a little thin and weak. Did he just crawl out of the dungeon? How was his performance?"

The disabled gladiator was slightly startled. It seemed that he did not expect icestorm to take a fancy to this thin and weak youth.

He did not dare to offend the ace of the Blood Skull Battle Arena, and hurriedly said, "He just climbed up the day before yesterday. I heard that his performance underground was not bad, and his attacks were ruthless enough. Every time he entered a new cage, he would sneak attack the strongest and most powerful fellow, instantly stunning the others.

"But after he climbed up the ground and came to the training camp, his performance... was not too bad. It was neither up nor down, nothing special."

"Nothing special?"

Ice Storm was stunned for a moment.

According to her observation, this young man was the most special rat citizen that she had seen in the blood skull arena.

After thinking for a moment, she asked, "In two days, many gladiators should have come here to choose servants, but they didn't choose him?"

"Choose him?"

The disabled gladiator said, "It's strange to say that although this kid's training is not outstanding, it's not so bad that he needs to use a whip. All the training content can be barely completed at the last moment.

"However, every time a gladiator comes to pick a servant, everyone has to be alert and try their best to perform. However, he is always flustered and makes mistakes. One time, he even fell off the iron chain and almost fell into a pit full of sharp blades. He was so scared that his face turned pale and he was shivering.

"It seems that he is too weak to withstand the pressure.

"In addition, he looks so thin and weak, as if he hasn't been weaned yet. Why would a gladiator waste a precious spot and choose him as a servant?"

Chapter 940: The Little Guy's Exhibition Match

"A series of mistakes?"

Ice Storm thought to herself. With the young man's state of mind that allowed him to sleep soundly in such a noisy environment, it was impossible for him to make mistakes in the selection.

Things were getting more and more interesting.

Ice Storm pondered for a moment and said, "I want fifty recruits to take the Path of Glory. This one, that one, those three over there, and the top five who are the best at carrying stone locks, as well as this little guy."

She picked forty-nine rat people who seemed to be the strongest in one go...

Together with the skinny little guy.

Those who were selected all rubbed their hands in excitement.

Although Ice Storm had just lost a hundred-man team battle.

The fewer people she commanded, the more important the commander's personal valor was.

Everyone felt that even if Ice Storm was not good at commanding thousands of troops, it was more than enough to command at least thirty to fifty servants.

It was the best time to follow her now.

Once the war of glory really began, as long as they survived a few battles, they would have a chance to gain more power. They could even charge into the land of eternal Holy Light and slaughter everyone.

Even if they were torn into pieces by the d*mn magic, was it not much more glorious than staying in the arena and being a prop?

Therefore, the rat people who were chosen all puffed out their chests and pulled their muscles taut. They were unyielding, and they looked death in the eye, hoping to leave a deeper impression on Ice Storm.

Of course, the forty-nine burly men also quickly discovered that a “freak” had sneaked in among them.

“How is this kid qualified to participate in Lady Ice Storm’s selection with us?”

“Does he still dare to walk the Path of Glory? Isn’t he afraid that he will fall down again, fall into a pit, and gain a hundred holes from being pierced by the sharp blades?”

“Has there been a mistake?”

“Kid, following Lady Ice Storm is a very dangerous thing. Only the strongest rat people are qualified to serve the trump card. You may not want your life, but be careful not to implicate us!”

The burly rat people shook their exaggerated muscles as they spoke to the youth who was silently preparing.

The rat people were existences who had been discriminated against in the Turan civilization.

Therefore, they would never miss the chance to discriminate against anyone weaker than them, especially before the meaningful eyes of the clan warriors.

The rat people who were eager to change their fates did not let go of any opportunity to show their “bravery.”

The youth named Leaf turned a deaf ear to them. His eyelashes did not even flutter.

He could not hear their mockery.

That was because his ears had been blocked by the screams of the villagers and the rumbling of houses burning and collapsing when his home had been destroyed.

Compared with the raging flames that burned down half of the mountain village, the mockery of these insignificant strangers was nothing more than a cool breeze on a summer afternoon.

Leaf took a deep breath and repeated the Reaper’s teachings in his mind several times.

He suddenly felt a hundred times more confident and full of fighting spirit.

As the brawny rat men pushed and shoved him with ill intentions, he stood at the Path of Glory’s starting point.

The so-called “Path of Glory” was a training and testing method passed down for thousands of years by the Turan civilization’s military nobles.

On the one-thousand-arm-long circular track that surrounded the entire training camp, there were pits, sling ropes, single logs, a mountain of knives filled with sharp blades, burning pools, and so on. There were dozens of obstacles.

Half of the obstacles tested agility.

The other half tested strength.

Meanwhile, all the obstacles tested the courage, wisdom, and will of a Turan warrior.

According to the legends, this was a sacred path that led to the Holy Mountain where one could meet the ancestral spirits.

Only real Turan warriors could pass the Path of Glory!

The scoundrels' taunts were not without reason.

Over the past two days, seven gladiators had come to pick new recruits. Due to the high demand, there were many times when they could not be carefully selected. They could only point and draw a circle to test the scoundrels, including Leaf.

In the end, the teenager who had performed well in training, became horrible once he entered the Path of Glory.

Not only did he fall from the iron chain, he almost fell into a pit filled with sharp blades.

There was also another time when he decided to retreat.

No wonder the rat warriors, who were eager to wash away their dirty blood with glory, despised the cowardly and incompetent teenager.

However, with a cold snort in the cold wind, Ice Storm froze the noise that came from the rat people.

"Let's begin!" she said expressionlessly.

Preet!

A thin and curved bone whistle in the disabled gladiator's mouth let out a sharp and ear-piercing sound.

The fifty rat people recruits pushed each other and rushed out at the same time.

Although the first obstacle was still fifty arms away...

The competition had already begun from the first step they took.

The circular track around the training camp was as wide as twenty to thirty arms.

Even so, it was not enough to accommodate fifty strong men, who were lined up in a row and driving side by side.

There was a great deal of attention paid to who was first and who was second.

Some obstacles, such as the iron chain suspended in the air, were more advantageous to climb up first because at that time the iron chain was in a static state and would not be disturbed by external forces.

But if the second person climbed up, the iron chain might sway and be extremely difficult to grasp.

As for the other obstacles, if someone was willing to be the vanguard, others would have a chance to hide behind and take advantage of it.

Everyone raised their arms and stood up like crabs, trying to seize the advantageous position, but pushing others into the most dangerous situation.

At once, a total of forty-nine mountains of meat and a leaf were squeezed together.

Even Ice Storm could not catch the thin youth's figure in the blink of an eye.

The first obstacle was right in front of them.

Dozens of extremely sharp rocks were blocking the runway.

Every tester had to pick up a rock and run at least fifty arms' distance before swinging the rock precisely to the designated area outside the runway.

There were big and small rocks, light and heavy rocks. Some of the rocks were relatively regular in shape, so it was easier for them to exert force. Some of the rocks were like petrified hedgehogs, so it was impossible for them to pick up the rocks.

Naturally, the rat people at the front of the group who had just won the "push-and-shove battle" had the chance to pick up the smallest, lightest, and most regular rocks.

The dozen or so strongest rat people quickly picked up the good stuff.

However, Ice Storm's eyes were searching inside the mountain of meat that was rampaging.

To everyone's surprise, Leaf was not the last one.

He somehow managed to squeeze out of the gap between the mountains of flesh like a loach. He was ranked in the top twenty and jumped into the pile of rocks.

Moreover, he did not choose the lightest, smallest, and easiest rock among the remaining rocks.

Instead, he chose a strangely shaped rock with sharp edges that could easily tear through flesh and blood.

"Look, what on Earth is this silly boy doing?"

"Has he lost his mind? He actually picked such a stone!"

"Be careful that the stone will fall and cut his neck!"

The rat people who had not been chosen by Ice Storm and could only watch from the sidelines booed loudly.

They had nothing to say to the other forty-nine burly men. They admitted that they were not as strong as these burly fellows.

However, they were extremely unconvinced that Leaf had been chosen to brave the Path of Glory.

The complaints that they did not dare to vent to Lady Ice Storm directly poured onto Leaf.

The disabled gladiators who were in charge of the training camp did not stop them.

Mocking the weak was the same as praising the strong. It was a right that the ancestors had given to the Turan people.

Even the lowly rat people had such rights.

However, Ice Storm's eyes lit up.

"What a smart kid!

"Right now, the fifty test subjects are still close to each other. They can attack each other at any time.

"He is so skinny. No matter what his real combat ability is, he will definitely be a target that everyone will be happy to bully.

"If he chooses the lightest, smallest, and most labor-saving rock among the rest of the rocks, there will definitely be people who will be jealous and go forward to interfere with or even snatch it.

"Although he will most likely be able to kill the Snatchers, he will certainly waste a lot of time and energy, which will affect the upcoming test.

"Choosing the weird-shaped rock seems to be a random and even wrong choice because of the dizziness. However, it will save a lot of trouble and save a lot of time and energy!"

As expected, the two burly men who were following Leaf were already attacking the youth from both sides with tacit understanding.

However, after they discovered Leaf's "stupid" behavior, they hesitated for a moment.

Defeating Leaf was not their goal.

Deep down, they did not treat Leaf as a true competitor

They just wanted to pick up a suitable rock.

The two burly rat people looked at each other.

They changed directions at the same time and pounced toward a square rock that seemed to be easy to carry.

Leaf, on the other hand, steadily carried his own rock that no one wanted.

He carried a rock with extremely sharp edges that was like a meteor hammer.

Leaf walked very slowly and even seemed to be in no hurry. He did not mind at all. One burly rat person after another staggered past him.

Soon, he fell to the thirtieth place.

Behind him, there were only the idiots who were fighting for the rocks that were suitable for them.

But he still did not intend to speed up.

Instead, he took one step after another at his own pace.

It seemed that he had no intention of fighting for the first few places at all.

The surrounding rat people, including the two disabled gladiators who were in charge of the training camp, also thought that it was a miracle if the skinny boy could barely crawl over the Path of Glory. It was enough to wash away the shame of his cowardice and incompetence.

But Ice Storm's eyes were getting sharper and sharper.

She stared at the boy's nostrils and chest.

She found that Leaf's nostrils were not expanding, his cheeks were not blushing, and his chest was as calm as a frozen lake.

"Stable. Shockingly stable!

"While everyone else was roaring and roaring, he was still allocating his stamina precisely and controlling the rhythm.

"He didn't even use the energy of a single finger after he passed the first obstacle. The real show is yet to come!"

Ice Storm was getting increasingly curious.

Who was the adult behind this childish-looking kid?

Who was it that taught a technique that even the warriors of the clan might not have mastered to a young rat boy?