

Oh My God 951

Chapter 951: Leading the Female Snow Leopard Warrior By the Nose

Advanced orcs had many shortcomings.

However, that did not include refusing to admit defeat.

A loss was a loss, and a win was a win.

Although the pride of being an ace made it difficult for the female snow leopard warrior to accept the performance of losing all three group battles...

Meng Chao's blunt words did not make her angry.

She only became more curious. "Do you know how to train these servants to fight using the... tactics that you mentioned?"

"Of course."

Meng Chao smiled faintly.

If he had to command thousands of soldiers and horses, or engage in such ostentatious operations such as coordinating the various arms of the mechanized army, or integrating the sea, land, and sky into a strike, he indeed knew nothing.

However, the number of soldiers was around a hundred, and the coordination of the platoon's battle tactics was something that he had heard his retired father from the Red Dragon Army brag about ever since he was young. It was to the point that he sounded like a broken record.

In addition to the Ghost Tribe in his previous life, the Abnormal Beast Research Department's ninth special search team in this life had dozens of special combat team members who formed a combat unit to carry out all kinds of high-difficulty missions.

If the Ghost Tribe, which specialized in infiltrating alien civilizations, were responsible for assassinating, eavesdropping, stealing, fireproofing, exploding, and causing riots, it would be the sharpest poison blade.

However, the purpose of its establishment was to dig out the monsters that lurked in human society and prevent internal chaos in Dragon City. The Research Department's Team Nine was the strongest shield.

Meng Chao was the one who held a sword in his left hand and a shield in his right.

Moreover, through Broken Star Club and Battle God Palace, he got to know a large number of basic commanders and young officers from the Red Dragon Army, including Long Feijun, the "Railway Gun."

Apart from sparring with each other in martial arts, the only other people who could compete with each other were the special forces' tactical drill sergeants.

Even if he had never eaten pork before, Meng Chao had seen plenty of pig trotters.

Perhaps it was nothing in Dragon City, but at Picturesque Orchid Lake, where their tactics were relatively monotonous and the concept of “tank coordination” was almost zero, Meng Chao was definitely a “tactical master!”

“Tell me about it?”

Ice Storm’s interest grew stronger and stronger.

Usually, if a rat person dared to be so confident in front of a clan warrior, he was either crazy or had some real ability.

Ice Storm felt that Meng Chao had both.

“I just told you how I used to train the servant soldiers. In fact, all the gladiators in the Blood Skull Arena, no... One could say that all the warriors in Picturesque Orchid Lake’s clans train their servant soldiers like that. Unless the servant soldiers can prove their strength in a battle of honor, there’s really no need to invest too much resources and energy in the servant soldiers.”

Ice Storm stared at Meng Chao and said, “But since you are so confident, I can give you a chance. Tell me, how are you going to train these servants in the next five days so that they can become real warriors?”

“I’m afraid that I won’t be able to turn any of the servants except for Leaf into real warriors in five days.”

Meng Chao changed the subject and said, “Fortunately, our opponents are not well-trained iron-blood soldiers. At most, some of the servants have fought one or two more group battles than us.

“Five days is enough to deal with these shrimp soldiers and crab generals.

“First of all, I suggest that you halve the training time and quantity of the servants, Lady Ice Storm.”

“What?”

Ice Storm suspected that something was wrong with his ears. “Halve them, not double them?”

“That’s right. Halve them.”

Meng Chao explained, “Sure, the longer the training time is, the better it is. The greater the training quantity, the better it is. However, even the Turan people’s flesh and blood have their limits. If they train crazily without caring about their physical condition, they will quickly run out of energy and burn up their lives before they defeat the enemy.

“Before we were captured and brought to the Blood Skull Arena, we had gone through a long journey and all kinds of torture. Many of us were tired and hungry. Some of us were wounded. We were like a bowstring that had been stretched to its limit. If we kept applying pressure, our nerves would snap.”

“Nerves?”

Ice storm stared at Meng Chao. “It’s surprising to hear such words from a rat.”

Meng Chao shrugged.

He did not mind it. He even intentionally revealed part of his mysterious identity so that Ice Storm would not treat him like an ordinary rat.

Of course, the Turan civilization, which was still in the tribal era, also had the term “nerves.” They even had a deep understanding of the human body’s neural network and cell structure. That was also something beyond Meng Chao’s expectations.

However, that was not the main point at the moment, and Meng Chao continued to say, “Believe me, Lady Ice Storm. Squeezing the servants for their maximum strength will only shatter their emotions and will, turning them into mindless killing machines. They might even regard death as the greatest relief.

“Yes. Perhaps, on the battlefield, such killing machines will pounce on death without any hesitation.

“But it’s useless to not be afraid of death. Death is not victory. It’s only victory if you live to the end, isn’t it?”

Ice Storm’s gaze quickly swept over the wounds on her crooked soldiers.

She nodded thoughtfully. “Continue.”

“Secondly, I think that we should focus on specialized training in speed and agility. After all, Lady Ice Storm, you won the title of ‘ace’ by relying on your speed and agility. If your soldiers can’t keep up with your rhythm, then not only will they be unable to coordinate with your attacks, they will be a huge burden.”

Meng Chao said, “This is the reason why I chose the servant soldiers, who are relatively small in size. I didn’t choose those muscular men, including that guy who has the bloodline of the Barbarian Elephant Clan, who looks like a wall.”

Ice Storm recalled her previous group battles.

In the previous few battles, she had chosen quite a number of muscular men.

However, it was just as Meng Chao had said.

Whenever the two clan warriors activated their totem armors...

No matter if they were strong or weak, the rat militia would not be able to withstand a single blow from the totem warriors.

If the strong ones ran slowly, they would most likely become a burden to the main general.

On the contrary, the smart ones with small and agile bodies would usually be able to live a little longer!

“Anything else?” Ice Storm continued to ask.

“Also, the training time and amount can be halved, but I hope that you can spend more time training with your servants, Lady Ice Storm. Also, during training, you must activate your totem armor and release your strongest killing intent.”

Meng Chao seriously said, “This is to train your servants’ adaptability and resilience. According to my observation, when two totem warriors are engaged in an intense battle, they may not have the leisure

to deal with the other's servants, but the servants will still easily collapse. This is the reason why they cannot withstand the totem warriors' powerful aura.

"If you can summon totem armors every day and let the servant soldiers train with an extremely cold murderous aura, the servant soldiers will slowly get used to it, Lady Ice Storm. When they reach the arena or the real battlefield, it will not be easy for them to panic and collapse completely."

This suggestion contained Meng Chao's selfish intention.

If Ice Storm accepted his suggestion, he would have the opportunity to carefully study the so-called "totem armors" and what was going on.

But the suggestion itself was not a problem.

Even the Red Dragon Army had training methods that allowed recruits to lie on their backs and watch as heavy tanks and engineering vehicles drove toward them. They were two tracks covered in the flesh and bones of monsters that rolled over their bodies.

Besides actual combat, this was the best way to let a recruit mature as soon as possible.

Ice Storm nodded.

Once again, Meng Chao's words made sense.

In fact, similar training methods were not difficult to understand.

It was just that no clan warrior was willing to waste so much energy on a mere rat people.

After all, there were as many cannon fodder as needed. They could barely form a battle formation. Under the pressure of the clan warriors, they would rush towards the enemy like a swarm of bees. That was enough.

If even the servants could be trained into elites, what was the point of having professional warriors?

However, Ice Storm had other thoughts.

Casanova Bloodhoof's aggressive gaze appeared in her heart again.

The five clans were about to begin their battle.

Looking at the entire Orchid Lake, the Gold Clan that ranked first in the war, and the Blood Hoof Clan that ranked second, were bound to have a world-shaking collision for the throne of War Chief.

If he, who had betrayed the Gold Clan, did not carry out the Blood Bestowing Ceremony and officially joined the Blood Hoof Clan, nobody would believe him, let alone give him enough soldiers, resources, and freedom.

However, he had an unspeakable reason to not carry out the Blood Bestowing Ceremony.

"Casanova is already suspicious of me."

Ice storm said to herself, "Before we completely fall out, the more soldiers I can control, the better, and the stronger, the better!"

Although every time she summoned the totem armor, the consumption of mandrake fruits and totem beast flesh would double...

Maintaining the totem armor for a long time would consume an astronomical amount of resources.

But Ice Storm still decided to agree with Meng Chao's suggestion.

This was another thing that made her feel very... angry but powerless.

She always felt that she, as the ace of the Blood Skull Arena, seemed to have been led by the nose by this black-haired and black-eyed rodent!

Even though this guy who called himself the Reaper was most likely not a proper rodent...

She was still very unhappy.

"Anything else?"

She could not help but agree with Meng Chao's suggestion, but she frowned even more. The female snow leopard warrior said coldly, "By doing the above three things, you can guarantee my victory.

"Also, I will personally help the 29 servants, including leaf, adjust their strength, massage their tendons, unclog their bloodlines, and teach them a few moves that can be quickly mastered. The most basic but most refined killing techniques."

"Of course," Meng Chao said casually. "However, the effect depends on the quantity and quality of the food and the secret medicines.

"Not only the food and the secret medicines for the servant soldiers, but also my portion. How much and how good is it.

"After all, I haven't recovered from my serious injury yet, and I can't exert my full strength. Adjusting my strength, massaging my tendons, unclogging my bloodlines, and teaching the techniques will consume a lot of energy. What do you think, Lady Ice Storm?"

Chapter 952: An Absurd Dream

Meng Chao's smile caused the female snow leopard warrior's eyes to twitch once again.

She had earlier thought that, 'This rat is too much. I need to teach him a lesson.'

However, Meng Chao's expression of victory was enough to keep Ice Storm's thought in her mind.

She nodded subconsciously.

As if she was in a hurry to remedy the situation, she spoke coldly with a straight face. "Remember, there are only five days left. If I lose the group battle in five days, I will lose the opportunity to command an army, and you will—"

"And I will lose everything," Meng Chao said calmly.

The female snow leopard warrior turned around and left angrily.

“Lord Reaper...”

Leaf approached him carefully. Looking at Ice Storm’s back, he worriedly said, “You really shouldn’t talk to Lady Ice Storm like that. She is the Blood Skull Arena’s trump card. Whether she is happy or unhappy, she can punish us servants however she wants!”

“I know. That’s why I have to find out what Ice Storm’s bottom line is, and how big of a problem she’s facing.”

Meng Chao explained to the rat youth, “If our trump card is only facing a moderate problem, such as not being able to command an army, she would certainly not tolerate a tiny rat soldier jumping up and down in front of her. She would certainly punish me harshly.

“However, I have crossed the boundary of a rat soldier multiple times. Although she was furious, she did not punish me.

“This means that she must be experiencing a huge problem. It’s not as simple as being unable to command an army.

“It seems that we’ve made the right choice with this general.

“Alright, let’s cheer up and follow Lady Ice Storm!”

Ever since they were in the recruit training camp, they were the first to pass the Path of Glory.

When they were selecting the servants, they easily knocked four strong men to the ground.

None of the rat subjects dared to look down on Leaf, who had a childish look on his face.

In addition, he was the first servant chosen by Ice Storm.

Naturally, he became the vice-captain of this small battle team.

“Then... do we need to say something to everyone to boost the morale?”

The rat subjects were still not used to his new identity.

In many war epics, the generals would pat their chests and say heroic words like “glory”, “sacrifice”, and “for the clan.”

Then, the soldiers would fight bravely as if they were injected with stimulants.

Thinking that they had a chance to say heroic words like a real general, Leaf’s face turned red.

He asked Meng Chao shyly, “Forget it. Even if we really want to say something, that’s Lady Ice Storm’s business. What does it have to do with us?”

Meng Chao poured a bucket of cold water on the rat youth.

Although he had used words to test Ice Storm’s attitude many times, Meng Chao knew very well where the bottom line was.

Ice Storm was the highest commander of this small battle team.

Right now, before the commander opened her mouth, he or Leaf would go up and spout nonsense first. What was going on?

Moreover, Meng Chao didn't think that he would go up and spout nonsense. If he gave the rats some chicken soup for their souls, they would cry bitterly and bow their heads to him.

What a joke. Although advanced orcs weren't as smart as humans, they weren't stupid to such an extent.

Besides, if he really wanted to gain everyone's trust, goodwill, and even loyalty, he would have plenty of opportunities in the future. He could chat in private and slowly!

"There's no need to go through so much trouble."

Thinking of this, Meng Chao said to Leaf, "I believe that the people I handpicked are all very clear-headed and know what they are fighting for.

"They also have an extremely strong desire to survive. Even if they don't say anything, they will do their best to survive and take what they want!"

..

Spider wondered if he was already dead.

He died in an absurd dream.

When he was struggling in the deepest part of the dungeon, he had heard other rats talk about life above the surface of the dungeon.

It was said that even if he climbed out of the dungeon, it was far from the end of Hell.

On the contrary, that was the beginning of hell.

Whether it was in the recruit training camp, day and night, training until one vomited blood, died of exhaustion, or fell into a pit and was stabbed to death by a sharp blade.

Or following a gladiator, being used as a human punching bag and a live target by the Moody Gladiator.

Or, in a real battle, being hacked to death by an ambitious comrade who was eager to show off.

In short, the outside of the dungeon was more dangerous than the depths of the dungeon.

Regardless of whether he could become a servant or not, being a rat citizen was a dead end.

This was the reason why Spider was unwilling to use all of his abilities to snatch more mandrake fruits and climb out of the dungeon.

As a hunter, he had a lot of patience. He wanted to accumulate more strength and information outside of the dungeon before taking action.

He did not expect that after being chosen by the ace of the Blood Skull Arena and becoming the servant of Lady Ice Storm, the training that he thought would be a near-death experience would be like this!

The amount of training was not big or difficult. Whether it was lifting stone locks, carrying logs, climbing rope ladders, or walking on steel ropes, they all gritted their teeth. The degree of difficulty was nothing to the rat people who were used to the heavy work.

The training time was not long either. There was nothing that the other rat subjects said. From morning to night, they were not allowed to breathe. After a short rest, they would be beaten brutally by the spiked ox-tail whips of gladiators.

There were as many hot fried mandrake fruits as they wanted, dipped in condensed milk.

They had never seen such fragrant secret medicines in the village before. They could also be smeared on the wounds. The numbness was like grass that had condensed dew growing inside the wounds. It was extremely comfortable!

The black-haired and black-eyed mysterious rat, Reaper, even taught them two secret techniques in a serious manner.

One taught them how to eat, and the other taught them how to sleep.

He also told them that the most important task for these five days was to eat and sleep. They had to eat and sleep well!

Spider wanted to laugh.

He didn't expect that there was actually a method in this world that specifically taught people how to eat and sleep!

Even a three-year-old child could not eat and sleep?

However, after learning the secret technique taught to them by the Reaper, Spider found that he had lived for more than thirty years in vain—compared with the Reaper, he really could not eat and sleep!

Food should be chewed a few times, how should teeth be ground, how should the tongue be used with the throat, and how to swallow the food, so as to squeeze out as much as possible from a single piece of food—in the Reaper's weird accent and literary words, "Energy".

When he slept, how should he regulate his breathing, how should he posture, and what should he meditate on in his mind so that he could fall asleep quickly in the noisiest environment? He only needed to take a nap in the time it took to eat a meal, and he would be energetic again.

After learning these two secret techniques, Spider felt that his appetite had doubled. Every mandrake fruit he ate turned into a power that he could clearly feel, hidden between his firmer and firmer flesh and bones.

He also slept even more soundly. Every time he woke up, the pain in his muscles and joints disappeared. He was clearly in his thirties, but according to the standards of the rat people, he was almost an old man, yet he had the boundless energy that he had when he was fourteen or fifteen years old... he had nowhere to vent his feelings. Even that thing was sticking out all day long, as hard as a bull's horn.

Just based on this point alone, Spider admired the Reaper so much that he prostrated himself on the ground. He was so grateful that he was like a savior.

Of course, his longing for his wife and children grew stronger.

He could not wait to escape the Blood Skull Arena, as well as Black-corner City, and return to the deep mountains and jungles. First, he would let his wife see his iron-like horns. Then, he would teach the two secret techniques that the Reaper had taught him to two, no, three children.

He did not want to fight at all.

At least, he did not want to fight for the so-called “glory” of the clan elders.

If he had to fight, he only wanted to fight for his wife and the little brats.

According to Spider’s observation, the other twenty or so servants were the same as him.

They also did not want to fight for the clan elders.

They were also confused. They did not understand the situation and thought that they had come to heaven.

However, in this heaven that was close to perfection, there were still two very fatal things.

The first was their master, Ice Storm.

To be more precise, it was this ace gladiator’s totem armor, Mithril Ripper.

When the female snow leopard warrior summoned Mithril Ripper for the first time and stood in the middle of the servants as a silver leopard, releasing an even sharper killing intent than the land of ice that was enveloped by the eternal night and the cold wind that swept everything... all the rat folk servants, including the experienced hunter, spider, were scared sh*tless.

Until the end of the training, all the rat folk were still shivering and their muscles were stiff.

When they were eating, even though they had used the secret technique that the Reaper had taught them, their appetite was still reduced by more than half.

Many of them even had nightmares when they were sleeping. They convulsed violently and curled up into a ball as if they were frozen.

However, the rat people were an extremely adaptable race after all.

Those who were not adaptable enough had long been eliminated by the cruel competition for survival.

Spider was the first rat person to adapt to Mithril Ripper and Ice Storm’s killing intent.

As a hunter, he had encountered totem beasts in the deep mountains and jungles many times.

If one wanted to escape from the jaws of a tiger, the prerequisite was to be calm.

Fear, stiffness, trembling, screaming.

It did not solve any problems.

With the Reaper’s encouragement, he passed on his experience to the other servants.

He told everyone, “We should not be afraid—Lady Ice Storm is on our side.. The stronger she is, the more likely we are to survive.”

Chapter 953: The Reaper’s Modulation Technique

The servants quickly adapted to Lady Ice Storm’s killing intent.

Even if the Mithril Ripper let out a shrill howl that tore through the air and brushed past their heads, and the icicle-like killing intent pierced through their spines from the top of their heads, they would be able to suppress the fear in their hearts and coordinate with Lady Ice Storm to launch an attack together.

However, there was another thing that was not so easy to adapt to.

It was the Reaper’s hands.

Until now, Spider still did not know the background of the mysterious Reaper with black hair and black eyes.

In the beginning, everyone was very grateful to him.

It was because Leaf had told everyone that it was the Reaper who had convinced Ice Storm. “Trash” like them, who seemed to be useless and could never be chosen by other gladiators, were lucky enough to escape from the dungeon that had devoured the lives of countless rats.

The Reaper brought them food with a smile and taught them how to adjust their breathing and fall asleep soundly. The seemingly harmless appearance also made them gradually relax their vigilance.

Although the crisscrossing wounds on their bodies were terrifying to look at.

But with such serious injuries, it was impossible for him to do anything to everyone, right?

Such a childish idea was really wrong.

In fact, the Reaper didn’t force everyone to undergo too difficult training.

He only said that after eating and sleeping, Lady Ice Storm asked him to give everyone a massage to warm up their muscles and bones and adjust their strength.

Some of the well-informed rat folk soldiers had heard that in the homes of the rich and powerful clans’ old masters, there would be many rat servants who were proficient in the massage techniques passed down from generation to generation. After the old masters completed the high-intensity training, they would relax, they could quickly recover their strength and avoid the accumulation of fatigue and injuries.

Many famous witch doctors also became distinguished guests of the military nobles through similar techniques.

They did not expect that these lowly rat folk could enjoy the treatment that only the clan warriors could enjoy.

Spider and the others could not help but feel overwhelmed by the favor.

When the Reaper’s palm, which seemed to have ten sharp blades in it, gently pressed on his shoulder, Spider finally realized what it meant to hide a knife in a smile.

How was this a stretching tendon?

It was a torture that was worse than death!

The moment the Reaper exerted his strength, Spider cried out in pain.

He felt as if dozens of giant pythons, no, dozens of lightning bolts were swimming in his body, tearing apart every strand of his muscles and tendons. Every inch of his bones were crushed, and then between the shattered flesh and blood... a large amount of mucus that was as thick as the juice of the mandrake tree and as hot as magma was injected into his body, putting his body back together again.

Spider let out a pig-like squeal.

It struggled desperately, trying to break free from the Reaper's control.

However, the Reaper seemed to have not recovered from his serious injuries and looked extremely weak. His hands were as hard, stable, and powerful as if they were wearing an invisible totem armor. They pressed firmly on his shoulders, making him unable to move at all... even his throat was blocked by the pain like a tidal wave. His howls turned into tears of humiliation that flowed down his face along with his wrinkles.

Ever since Spider was weaned, he had never shed a single tear.

In the eyes of the Turan people, tears were a terrifying plague.

Spider, who was first to be "tortured" by the Reaper cried until he was covered in snot and tears. Spider looked like a child and was immediately shunned by all the servants, except for Leaf, as though he was the god of plague.

However, he did not stay as the god of plague for long because, along with the Reaper's merciless treatment, all the servant soldiers were tortured by him. They cried like flowers that had been ravaged by a storm.

Since everyone had shed tears.

Then there was no question of who looked down on who.

Moreover, this 30-man servant group seemed to have become more united. They seemed to share a common enemy.

After all, in the Blood Skull Arena, no, in Black-corner City, no, in the entire Picturesque Orchid Lake, among the tens of millions of rat militia, they were the only squad that had shed tears before!

The Reaper's torture was not over yet.

It was not as simple as torturing everyone once a day.

Instead, it was three meals a day, often with one supper, torturing the poor rat militia day and night.

Spider originally thought that he could endure the pain.

After all, he had once stepped into the nest of the venomous "fire ants" deep in the mountains and forests.

When his feet were bitten by dozens of fire ants and swollen to the size of his head, he still did not make a sound and dodged the patrolling totem beasts nearby. Relying on his astonishing willpower, he limped down the mountain.

However, the power that the Reaper injected into his body through his hands was ten times more powerful than the poison of the fire ants.

Moreover, every time he thought that he had already adapted to the pain brought by the Reaper, the Reaper would find a way to stimulate his different joints, tendons, and even organs.

It made him feel as if his body was filled with thorns and was constantly swimming like a poisonous snake, tearing and devouring his internal organs.

The rat militia on the verge of collapse wanted to ask for help from Lady Ice Storm.

However, Ice Storm treated her servants with the attitude of a traditional noble.

It was to ignore them and let the servants die.

Unless they could survive one or two fierce battles and prove their strength.

Otherwise, the clan warriors would not waste even the blink of an eye on the rat militia.

Ice Storm was not good at all. It did not even like training and commanding these weak rat civilians.

Since there was Reaper to do it for her, she was happy and relaxed. She could focus on refining her totem combat skills.

In the end, what supported the rat militia to grit their teeth and endure the torture was that they were shocked to find that their strength had increased!

Not just by one person, but also not by a little bit.

It was all the people who had been tortured by the Reaper—no, “modified”—whose strength had increased at a speed visible to the naked eye, or even at the speed of a volcanic eruption.

In the past, only those who had gritted their teeth could carry three to five hundred kilograms of stone locks.

Now, they could easily carry two stone locks and operate as if they were flying.

In the past, more than ten punches were needed before the mandrake tree stump, which was as thick as a hug, could be smashed into a clear fist print.

Now, they only needed to hit it with all their strength and it would send wood chips flying, leaving a fist-sized deep hole.

In the past, carrying a sandbag that weighed 300 to 500 pounds would make them gasp for breath after running two laps.

Now, even the thinnest among them, or a middle-aged man like Spider, could carry a sandbag that weighed 300 to 500 pounds. Two teammates could sit on it and run seven to eight laps without any effort!

After they gradually adapted to the pain, they could clearly sense a strong resistance in the depths of their flesh and bone marrow every time the Reaper made the adjustments.

The pain would pass like a tide.

But this resistance was deeply imprinted in their bodies!

No Turan did not desire to be strong.

The rat subjects, who lacked inheritance, resources, and cultivation methods, were even more unwilling to give up any hope of becoming stronger.

Even if this hope had to be watered with their sweat, tears, and even blood.

In the first two days, the rat subjects who had been tortured by the Reaper cursed this black-haired, black-eyed fellow in their hearts, thinking that he was a demon from the Eternal Night Abyss.

When everyone discovered the transformation in their bodies, their fear of the Reaper immediately turned into ecstatic worship.

Especially when the Reaper began to teach them specific moves.

In fact, it wasn't a particularly exquisite move.

It was nothing more than brandishing a large knife and slashing fiercely.

When the rat militia soldiers were at home, they mostly cultivated and gathered for a living.

However, to harvest the mandrake fruit from the thick branches, they still needed a certain amount of strength and skill.

They originally thought that the so-called battle was to use the greatest strength, swing the biggest battle saber or battle axe, let out the greatest roar, and chop down ruthlessly. Whether they lived or died, it was up to the ancestral spirits to decide.

In the past thousands of years, the rat folk had fought like this.

The Reaper was not in a hurry to make them swing their knives and let out angry roars.

Instead, they called everyone out and slowly pointed out how many vital points they had on their bodies, how their hearts, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys were distributed, what kind of consequences would occur when their vital points were attacked, and how to adjust the force exerted and the angle of the battle knife, only then could the destructive power be magnified to the extreme, and destroy as many vital points as possible of the enemy in one go.

The calm and unhurried manner in which he spoke made one shudder in fear.

It was as if he was an experienced chef.

Plus, his opponent was only having his throat cut and waiting to be dismembered.

His gaze that was sharper than a blade and his familiarity with the structure of the human body made the servants wonder if the mysterious Reaper had really harvested and dissected countless lives.

In any case, the techniques taught to them by the Reaper were indeed very effective.

In particular, they adjusted their muscles and tendons with heavy techniques, flexing their stiff joints, and guiding them to find the right way to exert their strength.

When the rat civilian servants practiced the first move of the One Hundred Saber Techniques, Forward Wind Cutter, they were even more efficient and made rapid progress.

The power of the move also shocked the rat folk soldiers themselves.

The mandrake tree stump, which was as thick as a hug and as hard as iron, might not even be broken by seven or eight axes if they were to chop it randomly.

However, with the three basic force-execution methods taught by the Reaper to operate Forward Wind Cutter, even if they were swinging a stone ax that was not sharpened, they would be able to chop a big tree stump into two halves with one swing of the axe!

Although it was incomparable to Leaf, a monster that had been modified by the Reaper to be able to carry a stone axe and chop a tree stump that was three to five arms tall and as thick as four to five people into fingernail-sized pieces in one go.

However, ordinary servants such as Spiders were already very satisfied with their progress.

In particular, the Reaper had told them that as long as they could win a team battle, they would be able to get more food and longer training time, and they would have the opportunity to learn even more powerful killing moves.

Everyone regarded the mysterious black-haired and black-eyed rat as a powerhouse second only to Lady Ice Storm.

They were filled with confidence and anticipation for fighting under their training and command!

Chapter 954: There Was No Suspense

Although she had lost three team battles in a row, Ice Storm was still the hot favorite in the Blood Skull Arena because all her losses had been decided by the adjudicator.

Moreover, as the number of servants she could command decreased, her combat ability became increasingly important.

Many people were still optimistic that she could win the next battle.

Among them was Casanova Bloodhoof.

The Minotaur noble was incredibly curious about how Ice Storm was going to counterattack and create a miracle.

Unfortunately, because there were only thirty servants, Ice Storm had sent them all to the private training camp, which was exclusive to trump cards, for mysterious special training.

Out of respect for the trump cards...

Even though Casanova was the adjudicator of the Blood Skull Arena, he could not pry and interfere with Ice Storm's special training.

He could only gain an understanding of Ice Storm's newly-formed battle team through the rat handyman who prepared food, secret medicine, and training equipment for her.

However, the information he learned from the rat handyman stunned him, and he could not believe it for a long time.

"What? Ice Storm didn't choose the strongest rat laborers in the recruit training camp and the ones who performed the best in the Path of Glory?"

"Other than the feeble teenager who performed the best, she chose almost all the ordinary individuals who had average grades and are neither tall nor short?"

"She even fished out a bunch of weak-looking guys from the depths of the dungeon who had not gone through the elimination of the fittest?"

"And these fellows didn't undergo any earth-shattering special training. On the contrary, their training was much less than that of the other gladiators' servants?"

"And, and it was such an easy training that made these fellows... cry?"

Even though Casanova's father, the chief, had followed him, he had seen all kinds of strange things in Black-corner City.

The way that Ice Storm chose and trained the servants still amazed him.

Even the rat people were from Turan.

After a little training, they actually shed tears?

By the ancestral spirits, what kind of treasures were these!

After thinking carefully, Casanova could not help but laugh.

"Ice Storm should have given up, right?"

He said to himself, "Ice Storm has given up her dream of being a general and decided to join my arms and become my vice-general and concubine.

"However, she, who has always been proud and arrogant, can not just admit defeat. She has to deal with it randomly and finish the last round.

"In that case, it is understandable that she chose these weak fellows.

"In this way, even if she really loses, it is not because of her commanding ability. It is because these fellows are really useless."

The Minotaur noble, who thought that he had figured out the thoughts of the female snow leopard warrior, shook his head and smiled.

At this moment, the rat servant told him something very interesting.

“Ice Storm also chose a very strange guy. It’s a rat with black hair and black eyes. Oh, it’s him. Is he still alive?”

Casanova and Meng Chao had met once before.

That was half a month ago. A recruitment team from Black-corner City had gone south along the Bison River and went to dozens of rat people villages on the riverbank to recruit cannon fodder. No, it was to recruit warriors who could bring supreme glory to their ancestors and also change their own fate.

Rat people were not allowed to hunt.

But they would always get tired of eating mandala fruits.

The fish, shrimp, and crabs in the river became the best preparation for the rat people besides their staple food.

Many rat villages along the river lived by fishing.

During the recent prosperous era, some strange things were often fished out from the Turan River and its tributaries.

For example, metal plates with the word “square” on them.

Some of them were very light and translucent. If they were burned on fire, they would melt and give off a charred smell, unlike glass bottles.

And just before the recruitment team arrived, this fishing village fished out a guy with black hair and black eyes from the most turbulent Bay of the rapids.

From any angle, this mysterious man with black hair and black eyes should be dead.

However, he still had his last breath.

The kind-hearted villagers left him behind.

When the conscription team recruited enough young and strong rats from the village, they also found him.

Originally, this kind of wounded, dying, living dead person was not the target of the conscription.

However, the shocking wounds on his body meant that he had just experienced a soul-stirring bloody battle.

A person who could leave so many wounds and not die was definitely a first-class warrior.

The Turan worshiped warriors.

In addition, his black hair and black eyes were so special.

The recruitment team brought him back to Black-corner City and landed in the deepest part of the Blood Skull Arena.

“This guy is probably not a purebred Turan.”

Casanova thought to himself.

He could not think of any clan that could fuse the characteristics of a few clans together and produce such a strange characteristic like “Black hair and black eyes.”.

‘It’s probably the product of multiple mixed-blood races of the Turan, ogres, and even abyss demons.’

It was not a big deal.

It was because the Turan were originally a race with great differences.

With a height of ten arms and a long nose and tusks, they were like iron tower-like barbaric elephant people.

They were like hummingbird people with translucent wings who were less than one arm tall.

From the outside, they did not look like the same race.

In addition, there was the constant mixing of blood between different clans.

It was better for the military nobles. Even if the nobles of different clans wanted to have a marriage alliance, they should at least pay attention to some rules.

However, those who were expelled from the clans and demoted to rat people did not have any scruples.

Since they could not take away the glory, there was only one thing left in their lives, and that was to breed.

They could reproduce crazily at any time, anywhere, and with any object.

Being so-called “rat people” not only meant that they were as timid as rats, but they also represented their terrifying reproduction ability.

The prosperous era that lasted for ten palm years provided great convenience for such abnormal reproduction.

Even the ancestral spirits could not imagine what would be born after hundreds of rounds of reproduction between different races.

After the enlistment order was issued, many strange-looking Turan warriors gathered in Black-corner City.

Many mixed-blood warriors looked like the descendants of barbarian elephant men and hummingbird men. Even Casanova was shocked when he saw them.

In short, under normal circumstances, the Turan people would not discriminate against mixed-blood warriors.

“They won’t discriminate” meant that mixed-blood warriors were still qualified to enter the foundry workshop or the Gladiator Arena. They would squeeze out their last drop of blood and sweat for the glory of the ancestral spirits and the elders of the clan.

They were qualified to pave a path to victory with their own corpses.

They were not like in the land of eternal illumination of the Holy Light, where they would howl at the sight of Other-worldlings and send them to the stake.

On this point, the Turan civilization was still relatively open and tolerant.

Even if they were mixed-blood with ogres or abyss demons, they would at most be treated as ordinary rats.

As long as they were strong enough and could bring victory after victory, they would still have a chance to gain the recognition of a certain clan and be bestowed with a drop of the glorious blood of military nobles to become a member of the clan.

Unless they were mixed-blood with those lunatics who believed in the Holy Light in the land of eternal illumination.

That was another matter.

However, black hair, black eyes, and golden hair and blue eyes were two completely different characteristics.

Moreover, the color of this guy's skin was neither as pale as a dead human like the holy light humans, nor as green as the elves.

Casanova didn't think that he had been illuminated by the damn holy light before, even in the blink of an eye.

Casanova became interested.

He asked the rat workers how Meng Chao had performed under Ice Storm.

The rat workers' answer made him fall into deep confusion again.

"Just... eating and sleeping?"

Casanova frowned and said, "One person can eat the food of five or six people. After eating, he falls asleep immediately. After he wakes up, he will continue to eat like a wolf?"

"His appetite is astonishing. This is the characteristic of a warrior, but did he not undergo any training?"

"No, not at all. You haven't seen this black-haired, black-eyed guy. He picked up a stone axe once and carried a log?"

"How about his injuries? Have they recovered?"

"Oh, the wounds on his skin and flesh are scabbed, but he still looks extremely weak. He looks like he can be blown down by a gust of wind. When you saw him, he was still staggering, stopping to take a few deep breaths and coughing so loudly that he couldn't even straighten his back?"

Casanova was greatly disappointed.

Thinking about it carefully, it made sense.

Even if he had ogre blood flowing in his veins, he was once a warrior who had won every battle.

After suffering such serious injuries and soaking in the Buffalo River for an unknown amount of time, no matter how strong his strength was, it should have been completely leaked through the wounds.

The warriors of the past had already become utter trash.

“Looks like there’s no suspense in tomorrow’s match.”

Casanova Bloodhoof shook his head and sighed.

...

The rat youth twisted his flexible and powerful waist almost 360 degrees.

His limbs extended by half an arm at a visible rate.

With the explosion of his muscles, he started to spin like a hurricane.

Even the stone axe in his hand was made of fine steel. The sharp edge of the heavy battle axe drew a fierce arc, directly splitting a mandala tree stump that was wrapped in rhinoceros leather armor into two halves.

The upper half of the tree stump immediately shot up into the sky like a severed head.

The rat youth growled and waved his stone axe. He leaped onto the tree stump, and the battle axe instantly exploded with dozens of dazzling edges. Shua, Shua, Shua, Shua. The tree stump was cut into dozens of pieces in mid-air. The pieces were no bigger than fist-sized pieces of wood.

All the rat soldiers around burst into shocking cheers.

Even the eyes of the distant Ice Storm lit up slightly.

In mid-air, neither the person nor the tree stump had any leverage.

It was easier said than done to create such an effect.

No wonder the rat youth was ecstatic after landing on the ground.

“I did it, Lord Reaper. Did you see it? I did it!” Leaf cheered at Meng Chao.

“I saw it. Well done.”

Meng Chao was all smiles.

He thought to himself, “Looks like there’s no suspense in tomorrow’s match.”

Chapter 955: Apocalypse Meng Chao’s Way

Although he had the memory fragments from his previous life as the foundation...

The physical fitness of the advanced orcs still surprised Meng Chao.

It should be known that the physical fitness of Dragon City’s people was comparable to that of the Olympic champions in the Earth era.

Plus, even if the advanced orcs lived at the lowest level and had not received professional training, as long as they had enough food, as well as drink, and mastered the right way to exert their strength, they could produce strength that rivaled the veterans of Dragon City.

In order to obtain more resources and escape this d*mned place as soon as possible, Meng Chao had taught these rat civilian soldiers without reservation and tempered their combat skills.

However, their astonishing progress had also made Meng Chao's scalp numb more than once, and he secretly clicked his tongue.

In addition to being taken aback, he had carried out a series of tests on the rat soldiers' logical thinking and operational precision.

Fortunately, Meng Chao found that the advanced orcs were superior to the Dragon City people in areas such as absolute speed and strength.

Their logical thinking and operational precision, however, had quite a big, even natural flaw.

If the Turan people were given a saber, they could become the best cold-weapon warriors.

If they were given a full set of armed drones and remote-control equipment, they would very likely... disarm the rocket bombs on the drones straight away and blow up the enemy's doghead.

Giving them a full set of experimental equipment, including a microscope, was like casting pearls before swine.

There was nothing that they could do. The physiological structure of many advanced orcs, such as hoofs and claws, overly thick limbs, and extremely heavy breathing, prevented them from carrying out precision operations such as controlling armed drones.

At the same time, aside from a few races such as the centaurs, most of them did not seem to be good at long-range attacks.

Bows and arrows were not popular in the Turan civilization. Spear throwing was the most common long-range weapon.

They even believed that the joy and anger of the ancestral spirits determined the accuracy of long-range attacks.

Each time before throwing a spear, they had to solemnly pray to the ancestral spirits or perform comical dance steps.

Meng Chao had no doubt that even if he exported the most sophisticated semi-automatic rifles made in Dragon City to Picturesque Orchid Lake, he would still be unable to use them.

When the Turan Warriors opened fire, they would also close their eyes, dance, and mumble.

Despite that, the difference in racial talent allowed Meng Chao to breathe a sigh of relief.

It seemed that, at least for a few decades, he would not have to worry about exporting Dragon City's technology and equipment to Picturesque Orchid Lake, but there would be a backlash. The incident of "the church disciples starving their masters to death" had occurred.

Besides, it was not a bad thing for Meng Chao to train the rat servants wholeheartedly.

First of all, there were food and secret medicines, of course.

Ice storm was very satisfied with the rat servants' progress.

She did not go back on her word. Using her identity as an ace, she obtained as much food and secret medicines as she could.

Among them, Meng Chao's share alone was more than the share of ten rat servants.

Although it was not some heavenly material and earthly treasure with abundant spirit energy...

The energy extracted from the huge amount of food that he devoured all day helped Meng Chao to further repair his damaged body.

Through self-assessment during his deep meditation state, he felt that his combat ability had recovered up to the two-star Spirit Transformation Realm.

Deep in his eyes, the golden deviant flame that had been dormant for a long time also began to stir.

As long as he could get more higher-grade food and medicine...

He would be able to recover to the peak of the Earth Realm.

Once that happened, he would have the ability to escape Black-corner City.

In addition, he had also gained a deep understanding of the advanced orcs' body structure by helping the rat militia adjust their strength and flexing their muscles and bones.

Do not underestimate this.

It was reason why Meng Chao was able to rise miraculously in just three years, from failing his college entrance exam to becoming the top expert of the golden generation in Dragon City.

He had been a reaper for decades in his past and present life, dissected thousands of monsters, and possessed a deep understanding of the structure of the monsters. They were inseparable.

Only by mastering the most subtle distribution and structure of the heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys would he be able to identify the most subtle changes in his muscles and bones when he exerted his strength.

That was the only way he could predict his enemy's movements and control their rhythm. In the end, he could use the least amount of strength to deal the most fatal damage to his enemy's vital points.

From this point of view, in the past five days, Meng Chao had undergone training that was a hundred times more important than carrying a stone lock, swinging a stone ax, and chopping logs...

Now, he knew advanced orcs like the back of his hand.

While he was modulating the rat militia, he also used the communication skills he had learned from the Black Skull Training Camp and the Abnormal Beast Research Department to ask the rat militia about their past lives.

The rat militia were initially tormented to death by him, but they were ecstatic to find that their strength had increased. Naturally, they lowered their guard completely, telling him every detail of their daily lives.

These conversations enabled him to sketch out a rough picture of the Turan civilization in the prosperous era.

One should note that even in the prosperous era where the mandrake fruits grew to their heart's content and there were almost no problems with food, the labor that the ordinary rat people had to bear was still quite heavy.

It was mainly because the old masters of the clan had an astonishing amount of food.

According to Meng Chao's comprehensive description of the rat soldiers and his calculations, the number of mandrake fruits consumed by the warriors of the clan, who occupied 1% of the total population of the Turan civilization, and the rats, who occupied 99% of the total population, was actually about the same.

If the consumption of the lords to feed the totem beasts was added, the former would be far greater than the latter.

It was impossible for the clan warriors to personally pick the mandrake fruits.

This glorious and arduous task fell on the heads of the rat people.

They had to pay a large amount of "blood taxes" via the mandrake fruits day after day, year after year. It was all to wash away the filth and shame that they were born with, which were hidden in the depths of their bloodlines.

Only then did they have the right to continue living in this glorious land.

Even the cowardly and incompetent rat people had the bravery and even brutality of advanced orcs in their bodies.

The extremely heavy blood taxes had caused the conflicts between the rat people and the warriors of the clan to accumulate day after day. Gradually, they became irreconcilable and extremely tense.

In the past, the prosperous era and the glorious era would change each other for less than ten years.

Before the conflicts between the rat people and the masters could fully accumulate, they would be vented on the land of eternal illumination through the War of Glory.

However, the prosperous era had lasted for half a century.

Half a century was enough for the new generation of rat people, who were not afraid of anything, to forget what it felt like to be whipped and butchered by the masters.

It was also enough for the bold rat people to indulge in a peaceful and carefree way of life. They despised anyone who broke this way of life, even their masters and the spokesmen of their ancestors. They were filled with a deep-rooted hatred.

Meng Chao could vaguely see from the memory fragments of his previous life that this hatred would bring new variables to the upcoming five-clan battle, the War of Glory, and even the ultimate war that would sweep across the Other World continent.

Apart from that, Meng Chao's harvest also included Ice Storm.

In fact, he really wanted to help this female snow leopard warrior adjust her strength, unclog her bloodline, and activate her muscles and bones.

It was so that he could understand the physiological structure of the Turan powerhouses in depth.

He did not expect to be rejected by Ice Storm.

Meng Chao did not understand why Ice Storm rejected him.

After all, he had already proved that his hands had the ability for rebirth, especially on Leaf.

Advanced orcs, who were bold and unrestrained by nature, usually did not care about such level of contact in order to obtain power.

However, even though she did not let Meng Chao touch a single strand of her hair...

Ice Storm did take Meng Chao's suggestion and activated the totem armor in front of the rat militia every day.

Meng Chao was also able to observe the silver-colored liquid metal from a close distance. It flowed out of the female snow leopard warrior's body and condensed into a super armor that was larger than her body.

After many observations, he came to a conclusion.

This was definitely not an ordinary armor from the era of cold weapons.

It was also not a product of witchcraft and magic.

Instead, it was a very advanced single-weapon system that surpassed Dragon City's nano battle suits and power armors.

According to Dragon City's cultivation system, Ice Storm, in her normal state, would at most be at the beginning of Heaven Realm.

However, after activating Mithril Ripper, every inch of her skin would be covered by the liquid metal armor, and her combat strength would suddenly soar to the five-star Heaven Realm or a stronger realm!

Based on Ice Storm's own introduction, her Mithril Ripper had not been upgraded to its most powerful form.

Even if it had been upgraded to the highest level, Mithril Ripper was far from being the most powerful totem armor.

In the hands of the military aristocrats of the five great clans, as well as the heart of the Turan civilization, the Holy Mountain where the ancestral spirits lay in eternal rest, the incomparably ancient and powerful totem armor was sealed.

It was a super weapon system that could be continuously upgraded with liquid metal!

Meng Chao was becoming more and more interested in the totem armor.

Despite that, with his current status, he could not show too much enthusiasm toward the totem armor.

Plus, if he wanted to recover at least the combat strength of peak Earth Realm, it was far from enough to rely on ordinary mandrake fruits, condensed milk, and secret medicine.

It was said that each mandrake tree only bore one “golden fruit” per round, and he needed to get it...

And the flesh of totem beasts that contained rich spirit power.

These were items that only the victors were qualified to enjoy.

Of course, he could not really take on the role of a servant or gladiator, foolishly seizing victory after victory, then waiting for the Lords’ charity.

The goal of victory was to expand the range of activities.

Only then could he understand the Blood Skull Arena’s overall structure.

He knew where the golden fruits, as well as the flesh and blood of totem beasts, were stored...

And where the secret medicine that contained mysterious power was placed.

He also knew where the totem armor was sealed.

He knew which route he could take to escape the Blood Skull Arena. It would be best if he could escape out to Black-corner City.

He had to gather all of this information.

He had to find an opportunity to wipe all of them out.

That was the way the Ghost Assassin, “Apocalypse Meng Chao,” did things in his previous life.

“No matter what, let’s gain the first victory first!”

The corners of Meng Chao’s mouth formed a smile that showed his determination to win.

Chapter 956: Unexpected Challenger

The Blood Skull Arena was a meat grinder that devoured flesh and reaped lives day and night.

Even in the darkest night without stars, the place was still brightly lit.

Dozens of large and small arenas staged a good show of flesh and blood flying everywhere at the same time.

It allowed tens of thousands of advanced orcs, who were excited and had their blood pumping, to vent their killing intent and gambling nature to their heart’s content.

If a certain audience member lost completely, or if they were not satisfied with the show, they would be able to come down personally and show off their skills...

Or if they won back everything with interest, or if they were even chosen by a military noble, they would be bestowed with a drop of glorious blood...

Or if they were chopped into pieces and smashed into meat paste, turning into the feces of totem beasts amidst countless jeers and jeers.

Similar things had happened countless times in the past thousand years.

As a result, the air inside and outside the arena was moist and sticky. It was as if blood could be squeezed out with just a slight twist.

When the bloody dawn tore apart the night, this never-ending meat grinder welcomed a new batch of fresh meat.

Ice Storm led her 30-man team through the maze-like underground passage and arrived at the square below the main arena, which was as spacious as a palace.

This was because this was the place where many gladiators and servants headed to glory or death.

In the jargon, it was also known as the Hall of Glory.

Meng Chao narrowed his eyes and looked around the Hall of Glory, which was as big as three or five football fields.

He was once again surprised by the exquisite architectural skills of the Turan ancestors.

From the ace training camp where Ice Storm was...

To the Hall of Glory.

They walked for a full seventeen minutes and twenty-five seconds at the speed of the rapid march.

It meant that the Blood Skull Arena was a behemoth of enormous scale with well-arranged facilities and a very scientific layout.

By condensing spirit energy into his eardrums and cochlea, Meng Chao had also collected sounds from all directions.

After a rough scan, he found that other than the arena and the auditorium, there were at least dozens of training camps with complete facilities, as well as dozens of dormitories or cells that could accommodate thousands of people.

This proved his judgment once again.

The Blood Skull Arena was not as simple as a colosseum.

It was a military camp with multiple functions, such as training, screening, training, enlistment, assembly, and so on.

The Turan people from thousands of years ago must have had a highly developed civilization to be able to build such a huge and sophisticated military building.

However, after thousands of years of erosion, their descendants had become..

Meng Chao's cold gaze swept across the Gladiators and servants who were warming up, resting, and picking out weapons in the Hall of Glory.

The two teams that were about to participate in the gladiator battle weren't limited to Ice Storm and her opponents.

There were dozens of teams that were about to participate in the group battle. There were also hundreds of gladiators who wanted to prove their valor in a one-on-one battle.

Hundreds of gladiators and thousands of servants emitted a stench and killing intent that made the huge underground square appear stuffy and cramped.

The weak rat militia might feel suffocated as soon as they stepped into the square.

Especially when all the Gladiators and servants were glaring at the same team like sharp blades.

Compared with Ice Storm's team, the other gladiators and servants all had one thing in common.

They were big, muscular, and muscular. Their muscles were so strong that they looked like they were going to tear their skin apart as they jumped out of the square.

Therefore, seeing Ice Storm pull out such a... unique style of team, all gladiators, regardless of her "ace" status, smiled from ear to ear and snickered. "Chi Chi."

The other squads, though afraid to mock an ace gladiator directly... could not help but cast a malicious look at Meng Chao, Leaf, Spider, and the other seemingly unremarkable species.

Some of them even wagged their tails and used the tip of their tails to gently stroke their throats, indicating that they wouldn't be able to live much longer.

There were even some who lamented that their luck was so bad that they couldn't meet such a "perfect" opponent like Meng Chao?

Look at this black-haired, black-eyed fellow. He had to support others after walking a few steps, take a few deep breaths, and forcefully cough a few times. He looked even more delicate than blood.

If he really went to the arena, he probably wouldn't even need to make a move. Just the audience's roars and tsunamis would scare him to the point of peeing his pants, right?

The contemptuous gazes of these people made Meng Chao even more curious.

What exactly happened in the history of the Tulan civilization that caused such a large landslide or even a fault to appear in the entire civilization.

From being able to create super weapons such as 'Totem Armor', and using advanced biological technology and the mandala tree as a pillar, to build such a magnificent military building such as the 'Arena'.

They had become a bunch of idiots with well-developed limbs and simple minds.

Did they only know how to use the size of their muscles to determine the strength of their opponents?

One had to know that when one's cultivation broke through a certain realm, simply increasing the size of their muscles would have a very, very small effect on the increase in their combat strength.

On the contrary, it was the size of their bodies that was too big, which would drag down their speed and agility, as well as the extremely high energy consumption that had become a fatal problem.

To put it bluntly, when it came to a battlefield where bullets were flying everywhere, the chances of being sniped by the enemy or being hit by shrapnel were many times higher than others.

If they were bigger and more powerful, the dinosaurs would not be extinct at all, and the big stupid elephant would be the king of land warfare.

They did not even understand such a simple logic. The Tulan people were really getting worse as they lived. No wonder they could not win the war between worlds, and even dragged the people of Dragon City into it..

As Meng Chao pondered, he suddenly felt that something was wrong with the atmosphere.

The temperature suddenly dropped by more than ten degrees, and a thin layer of frost condensed on his eyebrows. He couldn't help but shiver.

He looked up and found that the ice storm was confronting a man with two super heavy mace, which was the very typical muscular mace that he had despised just now.

However, there were a total of 300 rat militia soldiers behind the other party. Their troops were strong and strong. It was obvious that they were much more magnanimous than Ice Storm.

Ice Storm could only glare angrily and gnash her teeth. However, she could not do anything to this barbarian elephant warrior who was showing off his might.

"He is the other trump card of the Blood Skull Arena, Brute Hammer. Lady Ice Storm lost to this guy in the last group battle."

Behind Meng Chao, Leaf whispered the news that he had just heard, "However, I heard that this guy didn't win with his strength. Instead, he gave his servants an extremely powerful secret medicine in advance so that the servants weren't afraid of pain or death. That's how he won against Lady Ice Storm and got the chance to command more servants."

"Is that so?"

Meng Chao thought quickly and said, "Does our Lady Ice Storm not have a very powerful secret medicine?"

"No."

Leaf shook his head and said, "Brute Hammer is a native of Black-corner City. He comes from a very powerful family among the barbarian elephant people. Naturally, he has all kinds of ways to get more resources and secret medicines.

"Our Lady Ice Storm is an outsider without a foothold, and she doesn't want to join the big families in Black-corner City through the Blood Bestowing Ceremony. Lord Casanova Bloodhoof, who has been

supporting her all this time, is getting impatient. He can't wait for her to lose the last team battle. Why would he help her get the special secret medicines?"

"I see. It seems that our Lady is not doing very well!"

Meng Chao smiled faintly, not taking it to heart.

At this moment, Brute Hammer and Ice Storm ended their confrontation.

Brute Hammer seemed to have said something as he laughed and led hundreds of servants away.

Ice Storm was so angry that she was trembling. She walked back with a livid face. With every step, a sharp ice flower would appear.

"What happened, Lady Ice Storm?"

Meng Chao saw Ice Storm's furious expression and knew that the other party wasn't just provoking her with words.

Sure enough, Ice Storm pulled him aside and said to him with a gloomy face, "There is indeed a problem—our opponent has been changed to a wild boar man from the Ironhide Clan. That guy isn't a professional gladiator!"

"Uh..."

Meng Chao did not understand. "So?"

"So?"

Ice Storm raised his voice. "Why don't you know anything!"

Meng Chao blinked innocently.

For him, who only wanted to cut melons and vegetables quickly and then sneak out to investigate, destroy, steal, kill, and set fire to.

Indeed, he did not quite understand the difference between these "melons" and "vegetables."

Looking at his sometimes shrewd and sometimes confused appearance, ice storm couldn't help but want to stretch out her claws from the meat cushion and scratch him.

She suppressed her anger and patiently explained to Meng Chao.

Three days ago, when she informed ice storm, the opponent she arranged for them was a professional gladiator.

It sounded very powerful, but in the entire Blood Skull Arena, which gladiator's combat ability was stronger than the trump cards, Ice Storm and Brute Hammer?

Besides, most of the gladiators who participated in the 30-man team battle were losers in the 100-man team battle.

Everyone's training and commanding ability were about the same. The servants were also selected from the red-eyed rats in the dungeon. They were almost the same in every aspect. Ice Storm was quite confident that she could win the battle by relying on her strong individual combat ability.

Unexpectedly, a challenger suddenly came in.

And he was a member of the strongest Ironhide Clan among the wild boar people.

The four pillars of the Blood Hoof Clan—Turan, wild boar people, barbarian elephant people, and centaurs.

The wild boar people among them did not have the Turan's tyrannical impact force, nor did they have the barbarian elephant people's iron wall-like build. They also did not have the rare long-range attack ability of centaurs among advanced orcs.

The reason why they were able to dominate Black-corner City was because they were hot-tempered!

The wild boar warriors who were in a frenzy dared to bare their upper bodies and charge at the golden lion man who was wearing totem armor.

And the Ironhide Clan was the most powerful existence among the wild boar men.

The Ironhide Clan was to the wild boar men what the Blood Hoof Clan was to the Turan.

They were the unrivaled number one family, and even the soul of the entire family.

Coming from such a large clan that had been passed down for a thousand years, even if they were just new members who had just gone through the coming of age ceremony and didn't have much of a reputation, they were still much more difficult to deal with than a professional gladiator.

Chapter 957: Domestic Rats and Wild Rats

The gladiator himself was not the biggest problem.

In terms of one-on-one combat, Ice Storm was not afraid of any opponent.

The problem was the servant soldiers.

Ice Storm's servant soldiers had only taken five days to assemble temporarily.

The challenger from a noble family had been raised by his family for many years. His servant soldiers were well-trained and had good combat skills.

In the Turan language, the rat people were also divided into "wild rats" and "domestic rats."

People like Leaf lived in a small mountain village far away from Black-corner City. Although it was a remote village, the mountains were high and the emperor was far away. They were not under the direct management of the elders of the clan. As long as they paid enough mandrake fruits as a "blood tax," They could live a free life. Black-corner City would not care about their lives.

However, Black-corner City was, after all, a glorious city with millions of people.

To maintain such a city's daily operation, it would require countless workers, laborers, and slaves.

Many dirty and tiring jobs that were not helpful in improving their combat strength were impossible for the lords with glorious bloodlines to do personally.

As a result, there were many times more rat people living in Black-corner City than the clan warriors.

Living under the eyes of the lords, they naturally had their own masters.

This was considered a “domestic rat.”

Many military nobles raised domestic rats that were ten times more numerous than their masters.

Apart from serving as servants, they would also be trained as servant soldiers and serve as their masters’ pawns.

Many domestic rats were passed down from generation to generation. They had been serving a certain master since hundreds of years ago.

They were loyal to their master and were deeply trusted by their master.

Although it was impossible for the warriors of the clan to be as dedicated as Meng Chao to teach the “domestic rat servant soldiers” the ways to exert their strength and combat techniques.

However, these domestic rats had been following their master around all year round. Under their influence, they would definitely learn more than a young man like Leaf who grew up in the depths of the wilderness.

Besides, domestic rats always ate better than wild rats.

Just the leftovers that leaked out from their master’s fingers, such as the bones of totem beasts, contained more spirit energy than hundreds of mandrake fruits.

The most important thing was cooperation.

Many of the domestic rat servants who followed the same master were companions who grew up playing together.

Their cooperation was naturally much better than Meng Chao, Leaf, and Spider, who had only known each other ten days to half a month ago, and the wild rats who had formed a team five days ago.

“It must be Casanova’s doing. He just doesn’t want to see me win even one match!”

Ice Storm was furious.

However, there was nothing she could do about it. In the Turan civilization, the so-called gladiator was originally a national entertainment.

The audience was not just the audience.

As long as one’s blood was boiling, anyone could step off the stage and challenge the Gladiator.

The other audience members would only cheer for the courage of the challenger and participate in the new round of gambling happily.

They would never care about any conspiracies or tricks.

And for the young and aggressive challenger of the Ironhide Clan, Ice Storm was also the best opponent. Because the five clans' competition was about to begin.

At this juncture, all the noblemen who were not well-known had to think of ways to make a name for themselves.

Only when they were well-known could the clan naturally hand over more servants to him.

Only warriors from other clans would be convinced by him and willingly listen to his orders.

Naturally, defeating the strong in the arena was the best way to make a name for themselves.

As the trump card of the Blood Skull Arena, Ice Storm was well-known.

As for her, who was not good at commanding, she seemed to be a "soft persimmon" who could easily be defeated in a group battle.

Even if the young noble from the Ironhide Clan was not as strong as Ice Storm.

However, as long as he could withstand Ice Storm's attack, the well-trained and well-coordinated domestic rat soldiers under his command would be able to beat the wild rat soldiers on Ice Storm's side, who looked like a motley crew, into pieces. They might even slaughter them all.

Most likely, the adjudicators would declare the victory of the noble children and the failure of Ice Storm.

In that case, he would have achieved his goal of "becoming famous in one battle."

He would even be qualified to change his name according to the Turan custom and call himself "the person who defeated Ice Storm" or something like that.

After thinking for a moment, she realized that not only had she been tricked by Casanova, but she had also been used as a stepping stone by the noble children. How could she not be furious and tremble in anger when she called herself Ice Storm.

Meng Chao, on the other hand, remained calm.

He even yawned lazily.

No one knew better than him, who had personally told Leaf, Spider, and the other rat servants, how terrifying these seemingly ordinary fellows were.

He relayed the news to Leaf and the others.

To his surprise, Leaf and the others, including the mature Spider, became excited.

"It's those domestic rats!" Leaf and the others gnashed their teeth, their eyes bloodshot.

"Huh?"

This time, it was Meng Chao's turn to be stunned. "What deep hatred do you have with these domestic rats? Why is the hair on the back of your head standing up when you hear their names?"

"Of course. These domestic rats are the most detestable!"

Leaf clenched his fists and said, "All of us who live in the villages far away from Black-corner City hate them!"

After Leaf's explanation, Meng Chao realized that the conflict between the domestic rats and the wild rats had been going on for a long time, and there was a deep grudge between the two parties.

During the prosperous era, although the "blood tax" was very heavy, the warriors of the clan would not directly target the rat people and torture them for fun.

They ordered the rat people to pay a large amount of blood tax, so that many of the rat people fell to their deaths and died of exhaustion while picking the mandrake fruit.

Or they forced the rat people to go deep into the mountains and forests to attract totem beasts so that it would be convenient for the clan elders to hunt.

These were all very normal things.

However, directly torturing the rat people and bullying the weak did not make the clan warriors feel joy.

On the contrary, it was a kind of shame and might attract the displeasure of the ancestral spirits.

In the eyes of the Clan Warriors, the rat people were little insects.

In the eyes of the strong, there should not be little insects.

However, the domestic rats were different.

The rat people who lived in Black-corner City and the rat people who lived in the remote villages should have been the same kind.

However, the rat people in Black-corner City always felt that they had the scars left by the old men's whips, and that they could eat the leftovers left by the old men every now and then. Therefore, they were superior.

They had been taught a lesson by their masters in Black-corner City and had to serve them day and night with fear and trepidation. Once they had the opportunity to leave Black-corner City and carry out missions in the village of wild rats under the orders of their masters... they would never let go of any opportunity to indulge their nature and vent to their heart's content.

If their masters wanted to collect 1,000 mandrake fruits, they would dare to ask for 3,000 or even 5,000 mandrake fruits. Even if half of them could not be eaten after they were transported back to Black-corner City and were fed to pigs and dogs, it would not concern them at all.

If the masters wanted to recruit 10 coolies to work in the foundry workshop in Black-corner City, they would dare to ask for 30 mandrake fruits from the village. They would insist that all the villagers kneel down and beg bitterly to satisfy all their excessive or even perverted requests, only then would they be willing to "show mercy" and reduce the number of people from 30 to 20.

When the masters went into the mountains to hunt, they would need the rat people to lure out the totem beasts. There were no special requirements originally, so it did not matter if a few old men who had lost all their teeth came. In any case, they were just sending themselves to their deaths.

These domestic rats with twisted minds insisted that the village hand over the children under the age of ten. They said that the children had tender skin and tender flesh, so they could lure out the totem beasts faster.

The so-called “King Yama is better than the little ghosts are hard to deal with” was exactly this logic.

When these domestic rats who used the power of the fox to intimidate the tiger were mentioned, there wasn't a wild rat who didn't gnash his teeth in hatred.

What made the wild rats the most furious was that their village was massacred, and it was also related to these domestic rats.

The warriors of the clan lived in Black-corner City and other big cities of other clans all year round. They were not familiar with the remote environment, and they did not know how many soldiers and coolies could be found in a small village located in a col.

However, the domestic rats who often came to the village to collect taxes and catch food were very clear about it.

Therefore, when the mandrake flower bloomed and Black-corner City issued the “great conscription order”, these domestic rats took the lead and entered the village to announce the orders of the Lords to the wild rats.

These fellows were usually arrogant and domineering to the extreme.

They carried the great conscription order behind their backs and were even more arrogant. The moment they entered the village, they caused a commotion and wished that they could squeeze the last drop of grease out of the bones of the wild rats.

The wild rats who could not stand it anymore unwittingly had conflicts with the domestic rats.

The domestic rats who fled in panic returned to the Warriors of the clan. In order to hide their incompetence, they added fuel to the fire and complained that these wild rats were cowardly and weak things that could not bring any glory to the clan. On the contrary... they would only waste less and less food, which would become more and more precious.

“My village was destroyed by the domestic rats of the Ironhide Clan who lured the wild boar warriors here,” Spider said expressionlessly.

His pupils, which had shrunk to the size of a needle, were slightly red.

“Me too!”

“Me too!”

A few more rat civilian soldiers stood up. Their throats were as hoarse as if they had swallowed a red-hot coal ball.

The wild boar people and Ironhide Clan's fierce reputation was obviously illustrious.

There was a deep-seated hatred of the domestic rats and the notorious wild boar warriors.

But the opponent's strong and fierce, or make this temporary patchwork of the rat people battle team, feel great pressure.

No matter the reborn Leaf, or the senior hunter, Spider, they felt their fingertips tingle and tremble faintly out of their control.

Meng Chao, on the other hand, laughed.

"Isn't that great?"

He glanced at the twenty-nine wild rats, including Leaf, and calmly said, "Those who bully you, those who despise you, those who enslave you, those who exploit you, those who kill your loved ones, those who destroy your homes, and those who will forever ride on the heads of you and your descendants to take revenge. Isn't fighting for such a reason much more enjoyable and exciting than a simple circus?"

Chapter 958: No Martial Virtue

Once again, from Meng Chao's black hair and black eyes, a deep, inky light blossomed, making the rat militia feel an unreasonable trust.

Leaf swallowed hard and could not help but ask, "Reaper, do you think we can really defeat a noble lord from the Ironhide Clan and his squad of servants?"

"This..."

Meng Chao looked hesitant.

Although he didn't know the strength of his opponent...

Through the memory fragments from his previous life, he roughly knew the strength of the servants of the Turan civilization.

Considering that in his previous life, when he came into contact with the Turan people, the war between worlds was already in full swing. Even the shrimp soldiers and crab generals were veterans who had survived hundreds of battles.

The war between worlds had just begun, and the servants who had not yet gone through actual combat training, no matter how powerful they were, could not surpass the average standards of the military nobles in his previous life.

Meng Chao closed his eyes and carefully compared and deduced. He slowly shook his head and said with a solemn expression, "It's very difficult."

"As expected!"

Even the mysterious Lord Reaper had said so. Leaf, Spider, and the wild rat soldiers who had been commoners half a month ago felt their hearts turn cold.

"Originally, I intended to finish off my opponent without any injuries."

Meng Chao furrowed his brows and slowly said the second half of his sentence, "I didn't expect the opponent to change. With this, it will be very difficult to achieve a complete victory without any injuries!"

Leaf, Spider, and the other rat soldiers were speechless.

"It seems like we need to find an opportunity to test the opponent's strength before coming up with a targeted strategy."

Meng Chao pondered for a moment before he turned around and found Ice Storm.

Ice Storm was still red-faced and furious.

This made Meng Chao once again curious about the identity of this ace gladiator.

One had to know that the military aristocrats of the Turan civilization had received warrior education since they were young. It not only included the training of personal martial arts, the ability to control totem armors, but also included the art of marching and fighting.

The wealthy families of the five major clans all kept thousands of "House rats". They let the descendants of the aristocrats learn the skills of arranging troops and commanding troops since they were young. They learned how to treat the lives of living people as chess pieces and cannon fodder in the most valuable way, they consumed them mercilessly.

If Ice Storm was really born in the Snow Leopard Clan that was part of the Gold Clan...

Then she could be considered as being in one of the distinguished families in the Turan civilization.

How could she have such overwhelming combat ability, yet she did not know how to command a battle team of more than a hundred people and even lacked the most basic ability to command her subordinates?

"She clearly lacks command ability. Judging from her performance over the past few days, she has no interest in training and commanding at all. Yet, she is unwilling to give up her dream of taking charge on her own. She is unwilling to join the very promising Blood Hoof Clan through the Blood Bestowing Ceremony. What exactly is this female leopard thinking?"

Meng Chao pondered and stood in front of Ice Storm. With a calm and sincere expression, he said, "Lady Ice Storm, I think you should protest to the adjudicator — protest against changing opponents at the last minute. This is unfair."

Ice Storm was stunned.

Although she was very angry at Casanova's little tricks, was it useful to protest?

Gladiators, especially the invincible ace gladiators, had to have the courage to face all challenges head-on.

Otherwise, what kind of ace could they be!

Such a protest would not be accepted at all.

She would even be ridiculed for nothing. She would be laughed at for being afraid of a nobody who had just undergone the Ironhide Clan's coming of age ceremony.

"No, the purpose of the protest is not to cancel the fight or to change the original opponent back. I know it's impossible, but you should still protest. It's best if you can let the challenger hear your complaint in front of him."

Meng Chao confidently said, "The advantages of doing so are, firstly, that your opponent will think that you are leading a motley crew. You are very afraid of fighting with his well-trained 'House Mouse Soldiers'.

"It's not bad for us to show our weakness.

"Secondly, although it's impossible to cancel the duel or change the opponent, your protest may help us win more favorable conditions. For example, you can give us a few more spears and armor so that we can eat more before the battle starts. When life and death is at stake, even one more spear or the strength of one more mandrake fruit is crucial.

"Third, you might anger the challenger from the Ironhide Clan and make an extra bet with you on the outcome of this battle."

"Wait, what?"

Ice Storm understood the first two benefits.

The third benefit confused her.

The female snow leopard warrior stared at the annoying smile on Meng Chao's face and asked hesitantly, "An extra bet?"

"That's right. Although the winner of the team battle will receive a generous reward, after this victory, you will have to command a hundred servant soldiers for the next round. If you want to feed these servant soldiers, the reward from this victory is far from enough."

Meng Chao spread his hands and said, "In the Blood Hoof Clan, the wild boar people are famous for their fiery personalities and their inability to withstand excitement.

"Since our opponent is from the most powerful Ironhide Clan among the wild boar people and is a new member of the clan who has just undergone the coming of age ceremony and is full of youthful vigor, I believe that he must be even more impulsive and irritable. As long as you provoke him a little, he will be willing to gamble his life to fight with you in the arena, right?"

"Of course, there's no need to really gamble all of his wealth to be so exaggerated. With the strong strength of the Ironhide Clan, hundreds of golden fruits, three to five thousand kilograms of totem beast flesh, and so on, shouldn't he be able to take them out without even blinking?"

'This way, I can get the resources needed to heal my injuries as soon as possible, and recover my battle strength above the heavenly state as soon as possible!' Meng Chao thought to himself.

"You, you know who our opponent is, and you still think that we'll win without a doubt?"

Ice Storm was stunned for a long time. Half embarrassed, half angry, her face turned red as she said, "But, I can't bet so much!"

Although she was the ace of the Blood Skull Arena and it sounded glorious...

Whether in Dragon City or Picturesque Orchid Lake, training was equivalent to burning money.

The daily cost of training alone was astronomical.

In the first three group battles, Ice Storm had to bear the cost of hundreds or even thousands of servants.

Although the gladiator arena would be responsible for the basic expenses of these servants, such as the mandrake fruit, the most basic weapons and armor.

However, if they wanted to win, how could the gladiators not spend their own money?

After three defeats, Ice Storm had spent all the savings that she had accumulated as an "ace."

But she did not want to be completely dependent on the Blood Hoof Clan.

As a lone outsider, where else could she get additional resources?

If there was nothing she could do, she would not have made a desperate attempt. She had placed all her hopes on Meng Chao, the black-haired, black-eyed, and unknown guy.

"I know. That's why you can't bet on your complete victory in the official gambling match in the Blood Skull Arena. Because you don't have enough capital, you can't win much."

Meng Chao calmly skimmed over Ice Storm's financial situation and continued, "It's different when compared with this hot-tempered new member of the Ironhide Clan.

"You can bid all over the sky. Just use... your own capital and say that if you lose, you're willing to join the Ironhide Clan. I think the other party will definitely agree, right?"

"Join the Ironhide Clan?"

Ice Storm raised her eyebrows and was about to curse.

However, Meng Chao interrupted her anger and shrugged as if nothing had happened. "In any case, if you lose this round, you'll have no other choice but to join the Blood Hoof clan. Is there any difference between the Ironhide Clan and the Blood Hoof Clan in your eyes, Lady Ice Storm?" he asked

Ice Storm's fury was blocked in her throat.

That's right. The reason why she turned a blind eye to Casanova's overly enthusiastic invitation was not because she looked down on the Blood Hoof Clan.

Instead, she had a reason to absolutely not carry out the Blood Bestowing Ceremony.

On this point, both the Ironhide Clan and the Blood Hoof Clan were the same.

Once they lost, they would have to face the worst consequences.

Then, no matter what they bet, it would not matter, right?

“You...”

Ice Storm took a deep breath and once again forcefully restrained the urge to stretch out her claws and scratch Meng Chao. Feeling partially doubtful and partially expectant, she asked, “Can you really help me win?”

“As long as you absolutely trust me.”

Meng Chao calmly said, “Not just one victory, but—”

“But how many?” Ice Storm actually believed him a little.

“All of them.”

Meng Chao said, “All of them.”

Ice Storm really listened to him and obediently went to look for the adjudicators and challengers to protest.

Meng Chao called Leaf over.

“Leaf, are our opponents also in the Hall of Glory?” Meng Chao asked with a face full of ill intentions.

“They should be.”

The rat youth nodded. “There are still a few more rounds before it’s our turn. At this moment, all the gladiators and servant squads will rest, warm up, and choose their weapons in the Hall of Glory. Then, they will walk from the pathways around the Hall of Glory to the arena on the upper level.”

“Very good. Then, bring our soldiers and find this group of rat servants from the Ironhide Clan. If there’s no problem with Lady Ice Storm’s side, the master of this group of rat servants should have been called away by the adjudicators.”

Meng Chao lowered his voice and said, “Listen carefully. I want you to find a random reason to cause friction with the other party. It’s best to lure the other party to attack you. Remember, the other party must make the first move!”

Leaf’s eyes lit up. He rubbed his fists and said, “I understand. Are you going to show off your might and beat the other party to the ground in the Hall of Glory, Lord Reaper?”

“Who said that? How could I do something so immoral?”

Meng Chao said, “You are not allowed to make a move either. All of you, pretend to be weak and cowardly. Pretend to be as timid as mice. If you are not afraid of acting too exaggeratedly, you can cry and run away at the same time. Anyway, if you attract the other party to chase after you and run around the Hall of Glory, your mission will be completed!”

Chapter 959: The Reason for Their Crushing Defeat

Leaf was dumbfounded.

Well, he did not think that his temporary team could defeat the domestic rat soldiers that the nobles had been raising for a long time.

However, it was one thing to be defeated, but it was another to be beaten to the point of running away.

Even the rat people had to be shameless!

“Why?”

The rat youth clenched his fists, and the lines of muscles on his arms that looked like a flood dragon suddenly protruded out. He said unhappily, “We can only take a beating. Can’t we even retaliate with one punch?”

“Alright, I’ll allow each of you to retaliate with three punches. However, at most, you can only use half of your strength during training. Other than that, the more you take a beating, the better. Of course, this is under the condition that you don’t get injured.”

Meng Chao said, “As for the reason, firstly, I want to observe your opponent’s strength. Secondly, I hope that your opponent will misjudge your strength and become arrogant.

“Do you still remember the first red-eyed rat that I taught you to defeat?”

“Before you attack, you have to be patient enough to observe your opponent and gather all information about your opponent.

“Information is often more important than pure strength. I think you should understand this principle.

“Thirdly, I see that everyone is a little nervous. Later, it’s inevitable that your muscles will stiffen and your techniques and tactics will change. Therefore, I’m using this method to play a small game with everyone to help you warm up and calm your emotions.”

Leaf suddenly understood.

However, she was still a little indignant.

After being modified by Meng Chao, the rat youth’s body was filled with a flood-like power.

Other than the broken-horned bull-headed warrior, who had become a shadow in the depths of his brain, he was confident that he could blow up the heads of all his opponents.

To ask such a young and energetic youth to just take a beating and not fight back, and to only use half of his strength to fight back, was really a bit too much.

Meng Chao could see Leaf’s indignation.

He smiled, he patted the rat youth’s shoulder heavily. “Believe me, showing weakness for a moment is nothing. Only those who stand on the arena in the end are qualified to enjoy the cheers of the Roaring Mountains and tsunamis. Go and tell everyone that as long as we win this match, in addition to the rewards given to us in the arena, I will also teach you battle techniques that are even more powerful than the saber techniques that you are currently practicing, and the power will be at least twice as strong!”

“A blade technique that is twice as powerful!”

Such a promise caused the eyes of the rat youth to shine.

The little bit of resentment in his heart instantly flew into the clouds.

Eagerly, he went to discuss with his brothers.

It was easier than they had imagined to find the Ironhide Clan’s domestic rat servant army.

Just like how their master was the most violent wild boar man in the Blood Hoof Clan.

Wild Boar men were raised, and some of them even had the bloodline of wild boar men. They were also the most arrogant and tyrannical existences among all the servants.

Apart from a few servants who had the bloodline of the Barbarian Elephant Clan, they were almost a round larger than all the servants present.

On the lumps of flesh, there was a faint metallic luster, and it displayed the most ancient and sacred meaning of the name “Ironhide Clan,” skin of steel!

They casually occupied the best resting area in the Hall of Glory.

The 30-man squad’s clamor was even noisier than the 100-man squad next to them.

And even the 100-man squad led by Ordinary Gladiators didn’t dare to provoke these challengers with great backgrounds. They didn’t even dare to look them in the eye.

They allowed themselves to wolf down the mandala fruit dipped in condensed milk and laugh loudly as if there was no one else around. They talked loudly about how they were going to rip off their opponents’ heads later, wash away their flesh and blood, and mount the skull on their battle sabers as souvenirs.

At the first moment, they recognized Leaf, Spider, and Meng Chao, their opponents today.

There was nothing they could do. Compared to a bunch of muscular men, the “style” of Meng Chao’s rat squad was too bizarre and different from the others.

The domestic rat soldiers from the Ironhide Clan thought that they were joking at first.

How could a gladiator choose a gray-haired old man, a wet-behind-the-ears brat, and a black-and-white trash who couldn’t even walk?

When they saw Meng Chao, Leaf, and Spider, they realized that their opponents looked even worse than they had imagined.

What happened next was very simple.

They simply mocked Meng Chao and Leaf’s team for their weakness and advised them to surrender as soon as possible and kneel down to beg for mercy.

They were afraid that they would lose their lives in the arena.

Leaf and the others were so “furious” that they retaliated with sharp teeth. Naturally, they angered the domestic rats from the Ironhide Clan who were used to being arrogant in front of wild rats.

When the other party launched an attack, Leaf and the others collapsed at the first touch. As expected, a good show was put on in front of everyone’s eyes.

The rat subjects carefully selected by Meng Chao were able to stand out from the thousands of rat subjects in the depths of the dungeon by virtue of their weak bodies. Their survival instincts and skills had been trained to the maximum level.

Meng Chao’s modulation of them over the past few days was also carried out with the aim of “it doesn’t matter if we win or lose, first learn how to dodge and escape.”

There were still dozens of teams in the Hall of Glory. Thousands of rat subjects and hundreds of gladiators were resting. There were all kinds of crude weapons and protective equipment piled up in a disorderly manner. Some of them were obstacles.

Stimulated by the tyrannical combat skills that had doubled their lethality, Meng Chao’s group of rat subjects were able to fully display their acting skills without any guidance.

They jumped up and down, darted left and right, rolled on the ground, and circled around the giants of other battle teams who had the bloodline of the Barbarian Elephant Clan.

Although they had suffered a few punches from the rat servants of the Ironhide Clan, they had not suffered any serious injuries. However, their faces were covered in wounds, and their bruised and swollen faces were a bit comical. Moreover, they had caused a mess, which caused a great laughter.

Therefore, when Ice Storm finally made a “protest” against Casanova and made a private bet with the young wild boar warriors of the Ironhide Clan who did not know the immensity of Heaven and Earth, she returned to the Hall of Glory. What she saw was a scene that she had never imagined in her most terrible nightmare.

The rat soldiers under her command were blown everywhere like mandrake fruits after a storm. They were rolling around on the ground.

The rat soldiers of the Ironhide Clan were chasing after them with their heads held high. Although they did not really catch up because of the complicated terrain, they had already written “victory” on their foreheads with the imposing manner of a fierce tiger descending a mountain, “contempt” was written in their eyes that were full of ferocity.

From time to time, the rat soldiers under her command would try to jump into the rat soldiers under the other gladiators’ command to hide, but they would be pushed out ruthlessly by others. They could only use their ugliest posture to dodge the opponent’s attack like a top on fire.

Their comical appearance, which was even more comical than the clown, naturally attracted waves of laughter.

Since the Hall of Glory was built until today, it had probably never been so joyful in thousands of years.

Ice Storm felt all the blood in her body rush into her brain and then freeze.

She really wanted to completely seal her eyes with ice, so that she didn't have to see such a terrible scene.

The wild boar warrior from the Ironhide Clan, who was standing next to her, was dumbfounded. He blinked his small eyes dozens of times to confirm that he wasn't mistaken.

"Ice Storm, is this your soldier?"

The wild boar warrior swallowed several mouthfuls of saliva and stared at Ice Storm with a greedy and lascivious look. He licked his sharp fangs with his long barbed tongue and grinned hideously, "It seems that you will be mine forever soon!"

Behind the gladiator and the challenger, Casanova Bloodhoof, the arbiter, was also shocked. He could not believe his eyes and stared at the snow leopard female warrior in shock and anger, it was as if he was asking, "Ice Storm, even if you don't want to surrender to me, you don't have to let this pig of from Ironhide Clan get away with it!"

"Leaf, Reaper!"

Ice Storm felt like she was about to faint. She screamed like a hurricane, "What the hell is going on?!"

"Yeah, what the hell is going on?"

The adjudicator intervened. The two main generals finally gathered their teams together and stopped this once-in-a-thousand-years farce.

Ice Storm was too ashamed to stay in front of everyone. She pulled her team to the most remote corner of the Hall of Glory.

Then, she glared at Meng Chao with her eyes that looked like she was being torn to pieces.

Needless to say, it must be this black-haired, black-eyed guy. It must be him!

Meng Chao also looked at Leaf and Spider helplessly. "I did ask you to show your weakness, but I didn't ask you to be so weak. With such a shameless attitude, how could you, who call yourselves warriors of Turan, show it without any psychological barriers?"

Leaf, Spider, and the others looked at each other.

Then, they told Meng Chao that they had all shed tears before.

A Turan had shed tears in front of everyone.

No matter how despicable, shameless, or insidious they were, they would do it.

Meng Chao, who was speechless. He took a deep breath, turned his head, patted his chest, and assured Ice Storm that although there was a slight deviation in execution, the rat militia had perfectly achieved their objective. The mess just now... had allowed him to observe every single opponent clearly.

"The opponent can't withstand a single blow. We can win without any injuries," Meng Chao said confidently.

He once again used a casual expression and shocking words to successfully divert Ice Storm's attention.

“How is that possible? Are you crazy?”

Ice Storm growled. “Even if your escape just now had the intention of showing weakness, the opponent’s physique is at least twice as strong as yours. He even used the secret medicine of the Ironhide Clan to repeatedly smear his body, making his skin and flesh even sturdier than steel. How are you going to win without any injuries?”

“That’s right. Your opponent is indeed very strong. To be more precise, he is too strong.”

Meng Chao withdrew his gaze that was as sharp as a scalpel and calmly said, “And this is the reason why your opponent lost miserably.”

Chapter 960: Fatal Genetic Flaw!

Ever since he found out that the Turan people were divided into professional warriors and military nobles who belonged to the clan, as well as the rat people who had been expelled from the clan, these two classes had been divided.

Meng Chao had been thinking about the differences between warriors and rat people.

In his previous life, although he had come into contact with some Turan people, at that time, he was just a chess piece who could not help himself. All he wanted was to obtain power, find his sister, and... survive.

In that muddle-headed life, his biggest impression of the Turan people was that they were a bunch of idiots with well-developed limbs and simple minds. When they charged into battle together, they were quite suitable as meat shields, but most of the time, they were not good enough, they were existences that could do more than harm.

In this life, he had grasped a higher level of wisdom and power, so he could observe and analyze the Turan civilization more calmly. Meng Chao soon discovered more clues.

At first, he thought that the rat people and warriors were distinguished by their bloodlines.

However, he soon discovered that after thousands of years and hundreds of generations of mixed-blood, 99% of the rat people now had very thin bloodlines that originated from the ratfolk.

For example, Leaf did not have any characteristics of the ratfolk at all. He was just a big boy with slightly thicker hair.

Moreover, the clans didn’t reject mixed-blood.

Through the Blood Bestowing Ceremony, even the lowliest rat-people were qualified to join the clans and pass on their bloodline and characteristics.

Such customs and habits made many warriors, like the rat-people, look weird.

They were obviously wild boar people, but they had huge horns on their heads.

They were obviously elephant people, but other than their thick and long trunks, they had sharp claws that looked like tigers and leopards.

If Ice Storm, this female leopard, was willing, she could join the Blood Hoof Clan at any time.

Once she married a Turan, the offspring she gave birth to would naturally have the characteristics of a cat. However, they could also be considered Turan!

Meng Chao also learned from Leaf that the elders of the clan did not care much about their own offspring. In fact, they were very strict.

According to the rules of the Turan nobles, it was not a problem for warriors to have dozens or even hundreds of illegitimate children when they mixed with the rat people.

However, these illegitimate children did not have the status of a clan at birth.

They could only enjoy the treatment of ordinary rat people—at most, they were treated as domestic rats.

Unless they could go through the coming of age ceremony of the clan.

Otherwise, even if their father was the leader of the settlement, the priest of the temple, or even the chief of the clan, they would live a shameful life as rats.

And their leader, priest, and chief father would never look at them.

It sounded like the difference between warriors and rats was purely based on power.

However, what determined the difference between warriors and rats?

Meng Chao didn't believe in the nonsense of "glorious bloodline" and "lowly bloodline."

At first, he thought that it was because the warriors of the clan and the military aristocrats had been able to get sufficient food and cultivation resources since they were young.

The odds of the descendants of the humble families in Dragon City becoming extraordinary were far lower than those of the wealthy families.

Was it because the descendants of the humble families were born stupid, lazy, and even had genetic defects?

As the saying went, "Poor scholars are rich in martial arts." This logic was the same in the Turan civilization.

However, just now, when Leaf and the others were chased around by the rat servants of the Ironhide Clan, Meng Chao had a flash of inspiration and suddenly realized the biggest difference between warriors and rats!

The so-called advanced orcs were the products of genetic modification.

This point was without a doubt.

It was impossible for natural evolution to evolve into a "human-shaped carbon-based intelligent life form" that carried the characteristics of lions, tigers, cheetahs, elephants, and wild boars on the body of a human. It was such a strange species.

However, genetic modification was not easy.

Cross-species fusion was not as easy as it was imagined.

Even if the fusion was forced, it would not be able to display great combat strength. It would only be a deformed and ugly waste...

How many times must one fail in order to fuse the ferocity of a lion with the sharpness of a falcon to create a brand-new species named griffin?

And if one wanted to transfer the characteristics of a griffin to a human and create a “griffin-man” with wings on its back that allowed it to fly freely, fight fiercely on land, and possess the intelligence and logical thinking abilities of an ordinary human, the probability of failure would be increased by a hundred times, it would probably be magnified a hundred times more.

Meng Chao did not know who had created the ancestors of the Turan people.

Based on the military buildings of the Turan civilization and the super plants that could support a civilization such as the mandrake tree, the ancestors of the Turan people who were created in the beginning, the so-called “ancestral spirits,” were all the products of the super biochemical technology, they were all the crystallization of the super biochemical technology.

The first lion people, tiger people, leopard people, Turan, wild boar people, and elephant people were the ultimate killing machines that had been refined and perfected to the point that human organs were perfectly compatible with the organs of wild beasts.

However, it was just like how the once glorious Turan civilization gradually declined and deteriorated to the age of clan after thousands of years.

When the original “ultimate killing machine” was passed down for dozens of generations and hundreds of generations, the uncertainty hidden in the depths of their genes finally erupted.

Even the most perfect and accurate “genetic blueprint” would gradually become blurred and unrecognizable after dozens or hundreds of copies.

Moreover, due to famine, wars, marriages, and various other reasons, many hybrids were born between different tribes and clans.

Each hybrid was equivalent to an uncontrollable gene fusion experiment.

According to Meng Chao’s observation in the hidden fog domain, 99% of the results of uncontrollable gene fusion in such a wild environment were not that wonderful.

The result of a hybrid between a leopard and a wild elephant was not necessarily the birth of a super warrior who had the agility of a cheetah and the strength of a giant elephant.

It was more likely that he would give birth to a waste who had fat all over his body, could not run, and was far weaker than a pure-blooded wild elephant man.

Such a waste had the slender bones of a leopard man and the heavy flesh of a wild elephant man. As long as he stood up, it was very likely that he would be crushed by his own weight.

The Turan people must have realized this problem during the gradual decline of their civilization.

Their way of dealing with this problem was also very simple and crude.

Since there was a 99% chance that they would give birth to deformed and ugly monsters, then they would give birth to a hundred of them in one go.

Anyway, there were plenty of mandrake fruits.

They could survive no matter how many they gave birth to.

At least, that was the case for the elders of the clan.

As a result, the elders of the clan would often choose a spouse from the same clan and give birth to a few pure-blooded descendants to ensure the stability of their genes.

Then, they would let go of themselves and find all sorts of strange rats or members of other clans to have fun, giving birth to more and more strange descendants.

If he was lucky, the descendants would inherit the advantages of both parents, and there wouldn't be any problems of incompatibility. Such descendants would be absorbed into the clan through the coming of age ceremony.

The rest of the trash that failed to fuse with the gene would be expelled from the clan and become rat people.

That's right, this was the truth!

Warriors and nobles were the lucky ones that succeeded in gene production!

The rat people were the waste products of gene production failures!

Meng Chao felt that this conjecture was much more reliable than the so-called "because they fled on the battlefield and sullied the reputation of the Turan warriors, they were dismissed as cowards like rats."

This was precisely because there was not much difference between warriors and rat people in terms of gene sources.

The rat people's extremely unstable gene pool merged with each other. There was also a small chance of avoiding all the gene defects and giving birth to powerful descendants.

Just like the product of inbreeding, it could cause mental and physical defects.

But it could also give birth to a genius with extraordinary intelligence.

Meng Chao felt that Leaf was such a genius.

He was the lucky one who succeeded after 99 failed gene modulation.

He perfectly avoided all the genetic defects, incompatibility, and instability.

He was even closer to the original appearance of the Turan people.

As for the domestic rat soldiers of the Ironhide Clan...

No matter how much they used their power to be arrogant and domineering...

They were still rat people.

They also had fatal genetic defects!

“They are too strong.”

Quickly organizing his thoughts in his mind, and once again confirming his own thoughts, Meng Chao said calmly, “These domestic rat soldiers, imitating their masters, each piled at least three or five hundred pounds of flesh and blood on their bodies, as if they were wild boars standing on their heads.

“Besides, the Ironhide Clan is known as the ‘skin of steel.’ If I’m not wrong, the trace metals in their bodies are far more than those of other families. A lot of these metals are concentrated on their skin, which is equivalent to putting on an indestructible armor.

“At the same time that their defense ability has been greatly improved, the burden on their body, especially on their lower limbs, has also been greatly increased.

“If it’s through the coming of age ceremony or the Blood Bestowing Ceremony, it’s certainly not a problem for the real members of the Ironhide Clan. Their genes... their racial talents, as well as the gold fruits and the flesh of the totem beasts that they devoured in large quantities, have allowed them to have sufficiently solid joints that can bear the weight of hundreds or even thousands of pounds to carry out an unstoppable charge.

“But these... naturally crippled domestic rat soldiers... Hehe, they don’t have such strong joints and tendons, yet they still dare to imitate their master and build muscles on their own bodies without thinking?

“They are simply courting death!

“The more muscles they have, the faster they will die!

“Leaf, Spider, did you notice that although these domestic rat soldiers are aggressive and can break through an iron wall if they raise their speed, they can only sprint in a straight line. It is difficult for them to change direction and speed up in a small area. In fact, after they miss you, they still have to run dozens of arms before they can slow down and stop?

“Also, when the farce was over, all the people on our side were breathing evenly without any change in their expressions, but these guys who seemed to have the upper hand and were full of prestige were all panting and sweating. Many of their legs were beginning to tremble slightly?”