

Oh My God 971

### **Chapter 971: Armored Monsters!**

“These rat subjects will fight totem beasts to the death on the arena. If they can kill the totem beasts, not only will they have a chance to obtain the totem force, they will also be able to obtain the blood of the clan’s warriors on the spot and become a member of an ancient clan. You could say that they’ll reach the heavens in one step!”

Ice Storm said to Meng Chao, “Even if they die on the arena, their corpses will be bestowed with the blood of the clan’s warriors and used to sacrifice their ancestors. Their families will also receive better treatment and have the qualifications to become servant soldiers.”

“Becoming a servant soldier is also called ‘better treatment?’” Meng Chao could not help but ask.

“Of course, not all rat subjects have the qualifications to become servant soldiers. Just like Leaf and the others, they have gone through many layers of selection and passed through countless gates of hell before they were able to obtain the honor of fighting for the clan’s warriors. Many times, not to mention servant soldiers, even slave soldiers and clan’s warriors have to be picky.”

Ice Storm said, “After all, although the death rate of the servant soldiers is not small, and the death rate of the slave soldiers is frighteningly high, when they are still alive, they can still make a living by following the army of the clan. If they win the battle, they still have a chance to plunder the enemy’s towns and farms.

“If they win the successive battles, the slave soldiers will have a chance to become servant soldiers, the servant soldiers will have a chance to become servants, and the servants will have a chance to obtain the blood of their master and become true warriors.

“Although the hope is slim, it is still there.

“However, if it is the old, the weak, the women, and the children who can not fight, they will be left here when the tribal army sets off. You must know that as the mandala flowers bloomed, the conscription teams attacked everywhere, and all the mandala fruits were gathered in the hands of the tribal army. They were carefully preserved, and not a single fruit would leak into the hands of the old, the weak, the women, and the children.

“If you can not become a slave soldier or a servant soldier, you can only starve to death. This is the cruel and glorious rule of Picturesque Orchid Lake for thousands of years!”

Meng Chao was silent.

He thought of the era when Dragon City had just transmigrated, when resources were scarce, the strong preyed on the weak, and there was no law.

The rule of survival was incomparably cruel in any era or place.

No wonder the three rat subjects on the arena were gnashing their teeth. Their eyes were red and their faces were full of hostility. They wished that they could die together with the totem beasts.

They were fighting for their own lives and even their families’ survival!

And their opponent..

This was the first time that Meng Chao had seen a totem beast in a combat state.

At first glance, it was a monster that was larger than the sword-halberd demon pig. Its mane, which was as long as a steel needle, had a faint metallic luster.

Other than the gorgeous patterns on its fur that looked like a natural totem, it was essentially the same as a monster.

Judging from its charging speed and biting posture, it was at most as ferocious as a 'level one nightmare beast'.

Meanwhile, the three rat people who had the characteristics of a Minotaur and a wild boar were born with divine strength and thick skin. They had also been fed with food and secret medicines in the Blood Skull Arena. With their astonishing brute strength, they had burst out with combat ability that was close to that of the remnant star.

It wasn't impossible for them to fight one against three.

As expected, the three of them stood in the three corners of the arena and surrounded the totem beast that looked like the sword, halberd, and demon boar in the middle.

They continuously let out sharp whistling sounds that were rhythmic and full of rhythm, attracting and disturbing the attention of the totem beast.

When the totem beast rushed towards one of them, the other two immediately threw out iron chains and a beast catching net.

The iron chains that were wrapped around their shoulders and the beast catching net that was rolled up into a ball were all embedded with sharp barbs.

Once the four limbs of the totem beast were tied up, the barbs would pierce deeply into the flesh of the totem beast.

Even though the totem beast relied on brute force time and time again to forcefully break the iron chains and tear apart the beast catching net.

The four limbs were unavoidably dripping with blood. The tendons and tendons were all cut off. There were also a large number of barbs that were dragging the iron chains. They were embedded into the joints, causing the totem beast great pain. At the same time, it greatly hindered its speed and agility.

The three rat subjects seemed to have rich hunting experience, just like Spider in Meng Chao's team.

They were not in a hurry to attack. Instead, they carefully circled around the totem beast, patiently waiting for the blood of the totem beast to flow throughout the entire arena. Only then did they swing their greatswords and greataxes and rush forward.

"Crack! Crack!"

Two crisp and melodious sounds of bones cracking could be heard. A greatsword and a greataxe were deeply embedded into the skull and cervical vertebrae of the totem beast, almost chopping off half of its head.

There was also a powerful mace that smashed apart half of the totem beast's skull. The sharp barbs tore apart half of its face, revealing its white bones, along with half of its fangs exposed in the air, it was as ferocious as a devil.

The three rat subjects cheered excitedly at the same time.

Meng Chao's eyes also lit up, secretly praising their fierce and peerless offensive.

The totem beast, whose half of its face had been torn off, was stimulated by the intense pain and let out an even more violent roar.

Then, an unexpected scene played out.

From the depths of the Totem Beast's wound, a dazzling brilliance actually flashed out.

Its white bones seemed to be engraved with densely packed runes, forming an intricate totem.

Along with the violent vibration of the life magnetic field, the gorgeous runes shone brightly. The totem turned into lumps of liquid metal, spewing out from the depths of the wound.

Soon, the wounds on the head and neck of this totem beast that looked like the sword-halberd demon pig were wrapped up by the liquid metal, as if a layer of extremely ferocious new skin had grown out.

Not only the wounds, the liquid metal also flowed onto its left shoulder, adding an especially exaggerated shoulder guard.

On the shoulder guard was a raised collision horn, like an indestructible knight's spear.

"A monster wearing armor!"

Meng Chao clicked his tongue in wonder.

Although it was not a full body armor, it only covered half of its head and the left shoulder.

It was enough to instantly restore the totem beast's combat ability before it was seriously injured.

Its ferocity had been doubled!

It exerted strength in its four limbs and suddenly dashed forward. With a crash, the collision horn on its shoulder shield pierced through the chest of a rat citizen and poked out from its back.

This rat citizen, who had the dual bloodlines of a minotaur and a wild boar, was also extremely valiant. The fatal wound not only did not make him let go of the giant sword in his hands, but instead, it made him summon an extremely strong strength and courage, it stimulated his extremely powerful strength and courage.

"Ancestral spirit, above!"

A thunderous roar burst out from the depths of his throat, where blood was spurting out crazily. Taking advantage of the opportunity when the collision horn of the totem beast was firmly stuck by his flesh and bones, he gripped the giant sword in his hands tightly and continuously exerted force to cut it back and forth.

With the remaining forging technology of the Turan civilization, it was impossible to polish the giant sword to the extent that it could break hair. In order to increase its destructive power, part of the blade was forged into the shape of a sawtooth.

The blade was stuck in the neck of the totem beast just now. Even if the liquid metal was condensed into an armor, it was still unable to squeeze out the blade.

At this moment, under the efforts of the dying rat population, one could hear the “kacha Kacha, Kacha kacha” sounds coming from the neck of the totem beast, which made one’s hair stand on end.

The second rat population took the opportunity to jump to the back of the totem beast.

After all, the liquid metal secreted by the totem beast was too little to cover all the vital parts of its body.

While the left side of its head and left shoulder were protected, its right face, right shoulder, and throat were still exposed to the air.

The rat subject was quick enough to wrap the iron chain around the neck of the totem beast and his own arm.

He exerted force on both of his arms and tightened it tightly. The barbs on the chain pierced into the totem beast’s throat. As they were pulled back and forth, they tore apart the totem beast’s blood vessels and trachea.

The third rat citizen raised his mace again and gave the totem beast’s unprotected right face a vicious blow.

Following that, he threw away his mace and picked up a short spear that was as thick as an arm. With a loud roar, he accurately found the eye socket on the totem beast’s bloody face and stabbed the entire short spear into it.

Just like that, the three rats were like conjoined twins, clinging onto the totem beast tightly.

The Totem Beast’s wild nature was unleashed, it pounced and bit randomly, causing the three of them to crash into the iron cage on the ground and the side of the arena until they were badly mutilated.

The three of them were like crazy demons, they did not care about their broken bones and tendons, fresh blood spurting out crazily, they still desperately cut, tore and stirred, looking for a fatal gap between the Totem Beast’s armor.

Meng Chao estimated that other than the courage that they had no other choice, before they stepped onto the arena, they must have drunk a secret drug that was equivalent to an extremely high concentration of stimulant drugs.

Only then could they be like zombies, unafraid of pain, unafraid of death. Even their internal organs and brain matter flowed out, and they still fought to the death without retreating.

The soul-stirring scene caused the blood of the surrounding audience to boil.

The noble warriors of the clan laughed heartily while they sincerely cheered for the lowly rat people.

Finally, when the three rat people were all smashed into a pulp by the totem beast.

They also successfully smashed the brain of the totem beast, crushed its trachea, and sawed off its neck.

The three humans and one beast were like a huge mountain of meat that had just experienced the eruption of magma and was still spewing thick smoke. It collapsed with a loud bang, and there was no more movement.

“Is this... mutual destruction?”

Meng Chao glanced at Ice Storm.

However, he found that Ice Storm was still staring at the arena with full concentration, as if the outcome of both sides suffering heavy losses could still change.

The audience was also completely silent. All the warriors of the clan were holding their breaths and waiting.

As expected, not long after, the pile of corpses made by the three of them and the beast let out a “sizzling sizzling sizzling sizzling sizzling sizzling sizzling sizzling sizzling” sound.

Meng Chao widened his eyes and was surprised to find that the armor covering the left face and shoulder of the totem beast had turned into liquid metal again after its death, as if it had a life of its own, it crawled toward one of the rat subjects who was riddled with wounds.

The liquid metal crawled into the body of the rat subject through the wounds.

The rat subject was already breathing like a thread and was on the verge of death.

After receiving the support of the liquid metal, his breathing and heartbeat became stronger again. Soon, he opened his eyes slightly.

He struggled to stand up from the mountain of corpses and sea of blood. It was as if he was still not used to the new power circulating in his body. His movements were like rusty machinery.

However, he soon realized something. He opened his eyes wide and let out a deep roar.

From his left face and shoulder, a large amount of liquid metal was secreted and condensed into the same armor as the totem beast from a moment ago!

### **Chapter 972: The Mystery of the Battle Armor**

The evolution and mutation that happened to the sole survivor pushed the already boiling atmosphere around the arena to the peak of fanaticism, especially when the rat citizen in armor forcefully cut off the head of the totem beast and raised the head of the commander high in the air, letting out an angry roar.

The entire audience stood up and used all their strength to applaud and cheer for him.

Meng Chao heard that many of the audience even seriously thought of a new name for this unknown rat citizen. Was it more impressive to call him "Pig Slayer" or "Pig Killing Knife?"

The atmosphere of wholeheartedly enjoying the fight made Meng Chao absent-minded.

By the standards of Earthlings, advanced orcs were a group of very strange fellows.

The clan warriors had a cruel and cold side to them. They could mercilessly plunder all the mandala fruits that the entire village depended on.

If the villagers did not comply, they would wipe out the entire village.

The weak rat people were not treated as their compatriots or even their lives. They were purely tools or fuel. They were only fit for the dungeon, the foundry workshop, the construction site, and the cannon fodder army, the last drop of oil deep in their marrow would be squeezed dry.

They would not even spare the rats' bodies. They would literally be cut into thousands of pieces and sacrificed to the sacred ancestral spirits.

They would be so ruthless even to their own blood relatives and even their children.

The children who were born weak and could not pass the coming of age ceremony would be abandoned by the warriors of the clan without any hesitation. They would be branded as rats and sent to the foundries or even exiled to the edge of Picturesque Orchid Lake, they would be left to fend for themselves.

However, when the rat people showed strength and courage that did not match their status, they could cheer for him from the bottom of their hearts and accept him without any ill feelings, becoming one of their "own people."

Meng Chao simply could not imagine what kind of drastic changes had happened during the development of Picturesque Orchid Lake's civilization to evolve such a bizarre social form and moral law.

Or perhaps, all of this was designed by the creator of the advanced orc from the very beginning?

However, what was the purpose of such a design?

Well, compared to the thousands of strange alien races in the depths of the memory fragments of his previous life, the advanced orcs were not the most bizarre one.

Meng Chao was only concerned now, "Lady Ice Storm, as long as we kill the totem beast, can we seize the armor that is naturally hidden in the totem beast's body?"

"For the rats who have nothing, this is the most reliable method."

Ice Storm said, "Although it is possible to seize its battle armor in the wilderness by hunting and killing the totem beast, but because the totem power is extremely violent and unstable, the rats who absorb the battle armor privately usually do not have a good ending, and will be backfired by the totem power."

“Only in the arena, after going through the training of the warriors of the clan and receiving the healing of the witch doctor and the casting of the priest, can the totem power and the body of flesh and blood be completely integrated.”

As expected, Meng Chao saw four witch doctors wearing seven-colored feathers and giant masks made of ebony, white bones, and a broken cell phone leap onto the arena.

They first surrounded the lucky guy in totem armor, dancing and chanting.

It was as if they were thanking their ancestors for their protection.

They then used four huge brushes and dipped them in a light golden secret medicine that was even more viscous than honey. They carefully smeared it on the lucky guy’s body and sealed his wound.

They then let the lucky guy directly swallow a whole jar of steaming medicinal liquid.

Then, the two witch doctors danced again.

The other two witch doctors deftly dissected the corpse of the totem beast and pulled out the bones with natural patterns. Then, they stuck their entire head and arm into the cavity of the totem beast and fumbled for a long time, finally, they took out the “core” that grew at the end of the spine and wound around the spinal cord and blood vessels.

Meng Chao estimated that it was just like the “cargo worship” that was performed in the treatment room just now.

Although the exaggerated performances of the witch doctors had superstitious and ritualistic factors, it was still scientific.

At the same time, it also contained certain scientific principles.

At the very least, the two secret medicines that were applied externally and taken internally would definitely help the liquid metal to quickly and steadily fuse into the body of flesh and blood.

“Right...”

Meng Chao suddenly thought, “There is only one survivor in this battle, so he has obtained all the totem power. But if there are two survivors, what will happen?”

“Usually, this kind of situation doesn’t happen. Before the gladiators appear, the adjudicators will first adjust the number of gladiators according to the strength of the totem beasts and gladiators, to ensure that both sides are evenly matched. They must fight until the last drop of blood before it is possible to decide the winner.”

Ice Storm said, “It is already very fortunate that one gladiator can survive. It is very rare for two survivors to appear.

“Even if it really does appear, the totem power will choose the braver and stronger one, the one that causes fatal damage to the totem beast, to become its new master.”

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows high.

Ice Storm's words revealed a very important piece of information.

A liquid metal creature that could freely transform and condense into totem battle armor possessed a certain degree of intelligence. It could evaluate and choose its master, or... its host!

"Anyone can enter the arena and challenge the totem beast?" Meng Chao asked with some anticipation.

Ice Storm knew what he was thinking.

Although this black-haired black-eyed fellow was both annoying and dangerous, under the circumstances where he had rejected Casanova Bloodhoof and provoked the Ironhide Clan.

His strength didn't do him any harm.

Therefore... Ice Storm patiently explained, "Not everyone can enter the arena—this is only the weakest totem beast, not even a "team level." It is specially used to screen the rats and underage clan warriors.

"If an adult clan warrior who already has totem armor chooses such a weak existence as his opponent, wouldn't he be laughed at by the entire clan?"

The power division system of advanced orcs was very simple and crude.

Whether it was orcs or totem beasts, they were all divided into three levels: team level, gang level, and group level.

According to Meng Chao's analysis, they were roughly equivalent to the Earth, Heaven, and God levels of Dragon City.

Below the major levels, there were no sub-levels, let alone the unique changes and signs of different levels.

The basis for distinguishing strength was only one word, fight!

To be able to beat the entire battle team until their faces were bruised and swollen, one was a battle team level powerhouse.

To be able to suppress a battle gang of five to eight hundred people, one was a battle team level powerhouse.

To be able to make the entire battle team tremble in front of you, one was a peerless battle team level powerhouse.

As for the level above the battle team, it was just like the "existence beyond the Deity Realm in Dragon City."

Theoretically, it was possible to break through, but it had never been heard of in reality.

After all, in the military establishment of the Turan civilization, the smallest Legion had several legions under its jurisdiction, and the number of people easily exceeded 100,000.

Even the strongest of the five clans, the ultimate existence who was crowned as the war chief, did not dare to say that they could contend against the entire Legion of 100,000 people by themselves.



Of course, among the rat people, not just any Tom, Dick, or Harry had the right to fight for the 'Totem Power'.

Totem beasts were a scarce resource.

There was no mastermind behind the beast horde of Picturesque Orchid Lake. All the totem beasts were just wandering soldiers.

In a one-on-one situation, they were simply not a match for advanced orcs, especially in the past half a century's prosperous era, the number of advanced orcs had increased crazily, destroying the natural environment that totem beasts relied on to survive.

As a result, there were fewer and fewer totem beasts in the wild.

Therefore, the five major clans had issued a hunting ban, forbidding the rat people from killing ordinary wild beasts at will, thereby destroying the food chain of the totem beasts.

In such a situation, if a rat without any background went on stage and killed the totem beast, after seizing the 'totem power', he would be ready to leave immediately. Wouldn't it be a great loss to provide the power of the totem beast?

Therefore, if one wanted to participate in the competition, they had to be appreciated by a certain family first. They had agreed that once they seized the totem power, they would carry out the Blood Bestowing Ceremony and completely cut off the connection with the past, after becoming a part of the new family, they would treat the ancestral spirits of the new family as their ancestors and fight for the glory of the new family.

Only then would they have the qualifications and resources to possess the totem armor.

Meng Chao could now be considered one of Ice Storm's men.

The problem was that Ice Storm herself was an outsider and a free gladiator. She did not have the support of the family behind her.

If she was willing to join the Blood Hoof Clan, everything would be fine. Meng Chao could also bask in the glory.

But whether it was Ice Storm or Meng Chao, they could not be reduced to vassals of Casanova or pawns of the Blood Hoof Clan.

Meng Chao understood.

The reason was similar to Dragon City.

In Dragon City, if the humble scions were willing to sign a contract with the nine super companies after they had made their debut, they would certainly receive a lot of training resources, as well as the convenience of competitions, upgrades, and employment, such equipment as nano combat suits and power armors would not be a problem.

However, if they wanted to be self-employed and start their own businesses, they would have to rely on themselves for everything, whether it was genetic potions or spirit weapons.

He put aside the thought of participating in the battle and seizing the “totem power,” and asked again, “It seems that what I took from the body of the totem beast was not a full set of armor, but only fragments of the armor?”

“Of course, the totem armor is such a powerful divine weapon. If even the weakest totem beast has a full set of armor in its body, how bad would it be?”

Ice Storm told Meng Chao that unless it was an extremely rare Battle Group level totem beast.

Otherwise, the totem power in the body of most totem beasts would not be able to condense into a full set of armor that covered every inch of their skin.

To be able to condense into a few pieces of armor and strengthen specific limbs and organs was already pretty good.

In fact, the vast majority of totem warriors had embarked on a long journey in such a “broken armor form.”

Only battle-hardened trump cards like Ice Storm or the likes of Casanova and Poison Stinger, who had pure bloodlines and had gone through the coming of age ceremony, would be able to obtain a full set of totem armor.

### **Chapter 973: Suppressing the Endless Killing Intent!**

The method of combining the broken armor into a complete set of totem armor was theoretically very simple.

Perhaps they could go to the remote mountains and forests and search for the totem beast’s nest. As long as they continued to kill the totem beast, they would naturally be able to obtain the totem power in its body as well as the control core. Then they could slowly gather the entire set of armor.

However, the unprecedented half-century-long era of prosperity had caused the number of advanced orcs to soar to the peak of thousands. The totem beasts’ living space had been compressed to the limit.

The surviving wild totem beasts were all full of vigilance and good at disguising, hiding, and escaping.

Unless they mobilized a hundred clan warriors to form a large hunting team, it would be very difficult to capture wild totem beasts, which were getting fewer in numbers.

Otherwise, they could go to the arena and bet their broken armor to fight with other broken-armor warriors.

The winner would get the loser’s broken armor, and the loser would naturally have nothing and be cleaned up!

Of course, if one was lucky enough to be born in or to be attached to the Blood Hoof Clan or the Ironhide Clan, which had a long history, the clan would offer hundreds and thousands of totem armor sets that their ancestors had once worn. It would make things easy.

For thousands of years, countless Turan warriors had stained the battlefield with their blood. Their corpses had returned to the Earth and once again become precious nutrients for the mandrake tree.

However, the totem armors that they had once condensed and equipped were not destroyed along with their sacrifice. Instead, they were transformed into various forms and stored within the wealthy clans, temples, gladiators, and various ancient battlefields across Picturesque Orchid Lake.

As long as they passed the clan trials and completed difficult and dangerous missions, they would naturally be able to obtain the armor that their ancestors had equipped and continue the glory of a thousand years of indestructibility.

All of the above could be considered as an open and aboveboard path.

If they did not want or did not have the ability to gather a large group, they would go to the totem beast's habitat to try their luck.

They also did not want to bet their broken armors in the arena to prevent them from losing completely.

His ancestors weren't invincible heroes. They didn't pass down a few sets of majestic totem armors.

Then there was only one path left: Kill and steal.

Picturesque Orchid Lake was definitely not a peaceful heaven.

Advanced orcs were definitely not good citizens who followed the law.

In the poor streets and alleys around the arena, there were all kinds of foul places. In order to fight for a set of totem armor, no, it was just to fight for a pair of wrist guards, shoulder pads, or half a liquid metal mask with runes engraved on it... all kinds of underhanded, underhanded, backstabbing, or fighting in the open never stopped.

"Wait..."

When Meng Chao heard this, he really could not help it. "Aren't the Turan people super brave? They are all open and honest, iron-willed tough guys. Even if they have any conflicts or want something, they should go to the battlefield or the arena and settle it in the open. Is it okay to be underhanded and backstab?"

"That's right. Most of the time, the people of Turan are indeed honest and upright men."

Ice Storm said, "But, there's nothing we can do. The totem battle armor is too tempting."

Meng Chao scratched his head and said, "Then, this kind of private snatching method, can it be considered to have tarnished the glory of the Warriors? Will it attract the dissatisfaction of the ancestral spirits or even punishment?"

"Indeed, it has tarnished the honor of a warrior, and will attract the punishment of the ancestral spirit."

Ice Storm said, "Therefore, we must make sure that we do it cleanly. We must not leave any evidence behind. If anyone leaves any traces after killing and stealing, and is seen through by others, it will bring shame to his family and ancestral spirit. They will be attacked by a group of people. At that time, anyone has the right to kill him and take his totem armor."

"I see."

Meng Chao rolled his eyes and said thoughtfully, "It's both sacred and glorious!"

After spending a few days with him, Ice Storm knew that this Reaper was definitely not as harmless as his fragile appearance. Instead, he was a dangerous person who was even more terrifying than Casanova Bloodhoof. Perhaps... he was really a devil who had emerged from the deepest part of the eternal dark abyss.

She frowned slightly and said, "I know what you are thinking, but I advise you to give up this crazy and stupid idea as soon as possible!"

Meng Chao raised his eyebrows high.

He realized that he had asked too bluntly, and it was hard to deny that he had bad intentions.

"Why?" he asked in a noncommittal manner.

"First, it is impossible for you to defeat a totem warrior, even if the opponent is only equipped with a broken piece of armor."

Ice Storm seriously said, "Believe me, whether the same warrior has the support of totem power or not, his combat ability is absolutely different. Even the weakest broken-armor warrior and the domestic rat servant soldier that you just defeated are two completely different concepts.

"Second, more importantly, even if you can defeat or even kill a broken-armor warrior and steal his totem power, it is impossible for you to perfectly integrate this unique totem power into your flesh and soul.

"Without the help of the witch doctor and the priest, you wouldn't be able to resist the violent impact of the totem power.

"Moreover, you don't know the background of the other party. You don't know whether a seemingly ordinary piece of armor contains the battle intent and killing intent from thousands of years ago."

"Wait, the battle intent and killing intent from thousands of years ago, what is that?" Meng Chao grasped the key point with his keen senses.

Ice Storm curled her lips and put on an expression that said, "You don't know anything, yet you still want to snatch the totem armor. You're really reckless." However, she was also enjoying the pleasure of guiding the Reaper. She patiently explained, "Do you think that the totem armor is as simple as a transformative armor that can be stored in your body at any time?"

"It is alive and well. It is the blessing of the ancestral spirit. It is the strongest crystallization of the will of Turan warriors over the generations. It contains endless experience, skills, killing intent, and the desire to conquer!

"If the broken armor that has just been removed from the body of the totem beast has not been installed by anyone yet, which is equivalent to a blank plate, everything will be fine. When you have installed such a 'blank plate', the most you will see in your mind will be images of totem beasts roaring in the mountains and forests.

“However, if you are confused and have seized and installed a ‘broken armor of hundreds of battles’ that has been passed down for thousands of years and had hundreds of masters, the thrilling scenes of the battles of hundreds of masters, including the agony when they died on the battlefield, will be flooding into your brain like a flood.

“Believe me, even if you search through all the magical books in the land of Holy Light, you won’t be able to find enough words to describe the feeling of being in so much pain that you wish you were dead. You’ll never be able to withstand it!”

“So it’s like this. In other words, the totem armor isn’t just a liquid metal. It’s also used some incredible method to seal countless... heroic spirits that can last for thousands of years?”

Meng Chao muttered to himself in his heart.

The light in the depths of his eyes became more and more scorching and sharp.

“Then what do I have to do to possess these... battle-scarred armors that are shrouded by hundreds of generations of masters and endless killing intent?” He was extremely daring as he continued to ask without giving up.

Ice Storm could not help but rub her temples.

She had a slight headache.

She felt that ever since the Reaper appeared, the situation that was already out of control was getting increasingly out of control.

“It’s either you have the support of wealthy clans like Blood Hoof and Ironhide, so they naturally have secret medicines and witchcraft that have been passed down for thousands of years. It can help totem warriors control the endless killing intent in the ancient worn armors... Or your nerves are even tougher than the chains made of steel, and your spirit power is unimaginably strong, to be able to obtain the approval of hundreds of generations of warriors.”

Ice Storm sighed. “It’s impossible for you to possess both of these things. So, promise me that you will dispel this crazy and foolish idea of yours. It doesn’t matter if you die or not. Don’t cause me any trouble. At the very least, don’t cause me any more trouble until my own troubles are resolved!”

“An incomparably powerful spirit energy... has obtained the recognition of the endless killing intent deep within the armor...”

Meng Chao turned a deaf ear and fell into deep thought.

Ice Storm had decided that no matter what, she would give this guy a fierce scratch today!

But at that moment, a brand new war drum sounded on the arena.

Two people, one beast, and three mutilated corpses were hastily cleaned up. On the pool of blood that had yet to solidify, a brand new and even more exciting battle was about to begin.

In fact, this was the main competition today. It was a battle between two totem warriors.

The battle between the rat people and Totem beasts just now was just the warm-up before the show began.

Ice Storm's eyes lit up.

"The next battle will be a battle between two armored warriors. According to the agreement between the two sides, the winner not only has the right to take away the loser's totem armor, but also can help their own family. In the Battle of Glory, from the loser's family, they will get part of the command and the spoils of war. So, both sides will definitely go all out. Open your eyes wide and see clearly the strength of the armored warriors!"

She raised the tip of her nose and said to Meng Chao.

In the cheers that were ten times more intense than before, two armored warriors flew onto the stage.

One of them was a wild boar man. Although he was not as strong and overbearing as the members of the Ironhide Clan, his tusks were raised high, and his two small eyes were emitting a faint red light, revealing his fierce appearance.

The other side represented a certain Turan clan, but it was not a Turan warrior. Instead, it was a tigerman covered in bright golden fur. He was only wearing a horn helmet that was stained with blood.

Meng Chao's spirits were lifted.

He had heard from the experienced Spider that when warriors from different cities, villages, and settlements gathered together to form a mighty army, in order to avoid disagreeing with each other... when things that refused to obey orders appeared, they would often use a gladiator to determine the formation of the troops, the ownership of the command, and the distribution of the spoils of war.

When the two families wanted to combine forces, they would first send out two or two teams of warriors. Using a fair competition, they would decide who was the commander, who was the vanguard, and who was the treasurer.

If there were more families that wanted to form a larger alliance army, then they would continue to expand the scale of the duel. Whoever had the biggest fist would have the final say.

Carrying out such a duel in the Blood Skull Arena meant that the Blood Hoof Clan and so many people present were witnesses, and it was impossible for them to deny it.

Therefore, both sides would do their best and fight to the death!

#### **Chapter 974: The Choice of Battle Armor**

As expected, at the diagonal line, the iron cage was less than twenty arms long. The iron cage was slowly lowered, and the inner side of the cage was filled with sharp blades. The two gladiators were not as flashy as they were in a group battle.

They shouted at the same time and summoned their totem battle armor.

A ball of lead gray and a ball of pale gold liquid metal seeped out of their pores respectively. When it met air, it solidified into a ferocious shape. Strange-looking armor "grew" on both of their bodies.

Different from Ice Storm's full-body armor, the armors of Poison Stinger, Brute Hammer, and Casanova, were mainly concentrated on their shining tattooed shoulders and chests.

The shoulder shield that looked like a war hammer on the shoulder, greatly increased the lethality of the collision.

As for the tigersmen's totem armor, it was concentrated on the arms, especially the ends of the arms. The liquid metal that was wrapped around the tiger claws continuously extended the shining golden claws, almost dragging them to the ground.

Other than perfectly fitting and outlining the soul-stirring muscle lines,.

The two incomplete totem armors were also engraved with mysterious and complicated patterns and runes.

After the introduction of the ice storm, Meng Chao had a rough understanding of the corresponding relationship between the totem and the characteristic.

He knew that on the left side of the wild boar warrior's shoulders, there were three overlapping sawteeth that represented the "shocking" characteristic.

The ability to trigger the resonance of matter, to rely on high-frequency oscillations to disintegrate the target from the inside, was similar to the Tyrant Mammoth's innate skill, War Trample.

On the right side of the tigerman's arms, there was a pattern that looked like lightning being elongated. It was not an "electric shock" characteristic, but "sharpness." It could increase the lethality and armor-piercing rate, making the claws wrapped in liquid metal, it would become a real divine weapon.

The two armored warriors fiercely collided with each other based on their respective characteristics.

The wild boar warriors were equivalent to the weakened version of Poison Stinger who was equipped with One Million Steam Hammer. Their tactics were similar. They would constantly sprint and collide to reduce the opponent's range of movement, eventually forcing the opponent into a blind spot, they would use a series of unstoppable collisions to end the battle.

The tigersmen, on the other hand, chose a tactic similar to Ice Storm's. Through continuous pouncing, they tried to tear open wounds on the opponent's body that was not covered in armor. They did not want to end the battle quickly, but only wanted to bleed slowly. They wanted to make their opponent sink into a desperate situation where he had lost too much blood before they could think of a way to make the final decision.

Although they did not have Ice Storm's "frost" and "agility" characteristics, compared with the snow leopard people, the tigersmen were born with a larger body and thicker arms. With the enhancement of the "sharpness" characteristic... the golden claw at the end of their arms left a series of afterimages. It could be considered as a tiger giving birth to wind.

The two sides attacked each other with offense. They had no intention of dodging.

Before the blood from the previous battle had coagulated, new flowers of blood bloomed on the hot stage.

The blood of the surrounding audience, especially the clansmen of the two gladiators, was boiling as they cheered loudly.

This battle would determine who would be the strongest in the Battle of Glory, who would obey who's orders, and who would be qualified to choose the spoils of war first.

This was closely related to their fates. They even spared no effort to cheer them on. It was as if they were about to spew out raging flames from the depths of their throats.

Amongst the audience members who were as fanatical as an erupting volcano, only Meng Chao was as calm as ever.

If one observed carefully, one could see that there were subtle differences in color around his pupils. His iris that looked like a rainbow was zooming in and out.

However, he poured his spirit energy into his retina, lens, and cone cells. With his extraordinary vision, he could see every subtle change in the two armored warriors.

Meng Chao had to admit that Ice Storm was right. Even if it only covered part of his body, the totem armor could still display amazing combat power.

No matter how small a totem was, it would still have magical characteristics. It was equivalent to an instant cast skill that did not require any forward swing or cooldown. The duration of this skill could even last through the entire battle.

Imagine, with the support of the totem power, the armor penetration rate or collision speed could be increased by 30% during the entire battle.

How terrifying was this.

However, this did not mean that the totem warriors were invincible, especially for the armored warriors, when part of their limbs were strengthened. Meng Chao felt that there was a fatal flaw in them as a whole.

The main reason was that there was a subtle tearing feeling between the limbs covered by the totem armor and the exposed limbs in the air.

It was easy to understand—even if it was an ordinary armor, with three layers of heavy armor on the top and only a G-string underpants on the bottom, it was inevitable that it would be heavy-headed and lose its balance.

If one arm was strengthened by the totem power and became extremely thick, but the other arm was still in its normal form and relatively thin, it would not be able to maintain its balance.

Just like the length of the legs, it would have an unpredictable effect on the center of gravity and balance.

“Therefore, as long as I can grasp the tearing feeling of the armored warrior and find the imbalance between the armor-bearing and armor-free parts, I will still have the chance to kill the armored warrior instantly even if I haven't recovered my battle strength above the Heaven Realm!” Meng Chao thought to himself.



Of course, this was only a theoretical possibility.

It was just like how the dangly-eyed tiger with a white forehead had a theoretical weakness of having a soft abdomen that was easy to be cut open with a knife.

Therefore, a normal person only needed to slide a shovel under the tiger's belly, put the blade up, and lightly poke it. Then, it would be effortless to kill the tiger.

The reason was like this.

But it was best not to do it in practice.

Otherwise, the consequences would be at one's own risk.

In a fight between experts, victory or death was only in an instant.

Just as Meng Chao was deep in thought, a large amount of blood gushed out in the arena like fireworks.

Both sides' totem battle armors had similar coverage rates.

The advantage of having rough skin and thick flesh allowed the wild boar man to laugh until the end.

He forcefully withstood the tigerman's seemingly ferocious series of sharp claws and finally managed to force the tigerman into a corner.

Seizing the opportunity, his entire body turned into a leaden-colored hurricane. With a crushing stance, he instantly displayed dozens of powerful and savage collisions.

The iron cage, which was made of fine steel and as thick as an arm, was knocked down by the wild boar man with a "clang clang" sound, causing visible deformation.

The place where the iron cage and the arena were placed together was even more crisscrossed with cracks.

The tigerman's arms, which were protected by the totem armor, were as good as new.

However, his chest and waist, which were not covered by the armor, were smashed into a pulp.

His head, which was covered in a horn helmet, was also as miserable as a watermelon that had been trampled by a Tyrant Mammoth.

Even if the body of an advanced orc was several times stronger than that of an ordinary human...

After suffering such a serious injury, it was impossible for him to stand up again with his own strength.

The tigerman still maintained his "standing" posture. It was only because he had been hit by the wild boar man that his back had collided with the blade inside the iron cage. The blade had pierced deep into his body and gotten stuck his bones. It had only "nailed" him.

The tigerman's gaze was unfocused. His arms that were covered in totem armor hung down weakly, twitching slightly.

The wild boar men in the audience seats let out cheers that overturned the roof.

The minotaur man let out a loud hissing sound. Disappointment and anger overflowed from his words.

Meng Chao did not care about the outcome of the battle. He stared intently at the totem armor on the tigerman's arms.

He discovered that as the tigerman was heavily injured and on the verge of death, the totem armor covering his arms actually cracked and fell to the ground, turning back into liquid metal and rolling toward the wild boar man.

It didn't seem like it had been scattered by the wild boar man.

Instead, it seemed like... it had taken the initiative to disintegrate and throw itself into the wild boar man's embrace!

The wild boar man was overjoyed. He knelt on one knee and stretched out his arms, absorbing all the remnants of the tigerman's armor into his body.

His fangs protruded, and his incomparably ugly face immediately revealed an expression of excitement, confusion, and madness that would only appear after he had injected an excessive amount of high-concentration genetic medicine.

His arms twitched violently. Every strand of muscle was jerking crazily, as though they were being transformed by a brand-new totem power.

Not long after, huge goosebumps protruded from the messy hair on his arms.

As the goosebumps burst, liquid metal gushed out. The gauntlet that belonged to the tigerman a moment ago was transferred to the wild boar man's arms.

The "sharpness" feature did not change. It only slightly changed the color and appearance, which further accentuated the wild boar man's strong figure and rough temperament. Moreover, it was integrated with his original totem armor and inseparable.

Now, the wild boar man's battle armor could cover both shoulders, arms, and part of his chest. The coverage rate had almost doubled.

He waved his arms that were like heavy war hammers and let out a victorious roar.

"This is the reason why totem warriors often like to gamble on the fragments of their battle armor in a showdown."

Ice Storm saw Meng Chao's surprised look and explained, "Because it's very difficult to renege on a bet like this—when the outcome of the battle is decided, and one side is heavily injured and on the verge of death, it's very difficult to recover their previous battle strength and fight for greater glory. His totem battle armor may then voluntarily abandon him and choose a new owner who is stronger and more likely to bring glory.

"If it's a wealthy clan, with the binding of a secret technique that has been passed down for a thousand years, the situation might be better. Just like when I knocked Poison Stinger unconscious earlier, I could only tear off a large piece of the battle armor fragment from his chest, but I was unable to take the entire One Million Steam Hammer for myself.

“However, for ordinary warriors without power or inheritance, they are just one of the hundreds of totem armor owners in the thousands of years of battle.

“Unless they show amazing courage and potential when they face an enemy that is far stronger than them, the totem armor will not die with them.”

Meng Chao clicked his tongue in wonder.

The more he listened, the more he felt that the so-called “totem battle armor” was not a real armor. Instead, it was an extremely strange living creature like what Ice Storm had repeatedly said.

“However, it’s not that easy to absorb other people’s battle armor fragments and totem power...”

Ice storm seemed to have sensed something, and her narrowed eyes were filled with pity.

Following her line of sight, Meng Chao looked at the arena once again.

The next second, the arena that was filled with the joy of victory just a moment ago, experienced a sudden change!

#### **Chapter 975: His Battle Armor Was Quite Beautiful**

The sound of metal tearing like a mechanical failure came from the wild boar warrior’s body.

His arms, which were tightly wrapped by the totem battle armor and raised high, suddenly bent at a very strange angle in the direction of the anti-joint by at least 120 degrees.

“Crack, crack!”

The elbow joint of the wild boar warrior exploded.

White broken bones were poked out.

The wrist guards and armguards made of liquid metal did not provide any protection. Instead, they liquefied again. Like metal tentacles, they rushed into the wound and crawled under the skin, they turned into the sharpest steel needles, tore through the skin, and drilled out together with the broken bones.

The Wild Boar Warrior’s roar turned into a scream.

The Pride of a Victor still hung on his face.

But in the depths of his eyes, there was a flood of fear.

This fear stimulated the totem armor to further lose control.

Shoulder guards, arm guards, wrist guards, and breastplate, all remolded into sharp blades that exposed their edge. The sharp blades that pointed inward tore at his flesh, chewed on his bones, and devoured his internal organs.

The audience burst into exclamations.

However, under the barrier of the Iron Cage, no one dared to rashly step onto the stage and touch such a strange monster.

The limbs of the wild boar warrior were all entangled and broken by the tentacles condensed from liquid metal.

He rolled on the ground in pain, but did not have the slightest ability to resist.

Even his throat was soon filled with liquid metal, blocking off the screams.

Soon, as the totem armor went out of control, he completely changed his appearance.

If the wild boar warrior just now was a warrior wearing armor.

Now, he was a half-flesh, half-metal monster.

Hundreds of metal thorns covered in blood were poked out of his body.

The huge wound between his chest and abdomen that bloomed like a man-eating flower was barely closed by a metal thread like a surgical suture.

The broken limbs were reconnected by dozens of thick steel nails. Although the appearance was deformed and ugly, it could rotate 360 degrees flexibly in all directions.

The fangs that were originally fierce were covered in liquid metal. They turned into sharp blades and tore his lips into pieces, revealing his gums. He looked like a zombie.

The skull that was crushed due to the expansion of the brain deformity was also mixed with a large amount of liquid metal. It swelled up into dozens of spikes as if he was wearing a fierce helmet.

The most exaggerated part was his hands.

The wild boar warrior's hands were broken and completely swallowed by the liquid metal.

Along the white broken bones, a large amount of liquid metal continued to gush out, forming a war hammer and a war axe on both sides of his body.

The shapes of the two heavy weapons were abnormally exaggerated, hanging all the way to the ground.

The lower half of the wild boar warrior's body was relatively short to begin with.

Coupled with the two arms that were completely fused with the lethal weapons, the tips of his toes seemed to be floating in the air.

It was as if he could move very strangely and rapidly without using his legs and relying on the waving of his arms.

His eyeballs were also covered in a layer of lead-gray metal membrane.

He looked like a patient with severe cataracts.

Through the metal membrane, there was not the slightest bit of emotion that belonged to a carbon-based intelligent life.

There was only the cold killing intent that belonged to the war machine!

Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu

He suddenly opened his bloody mouth, which was filled with intersecting fangs. From the depths of his throat, which was filled with liquid metal, he spurted out a sound that sounded like a war machine being activated.

Boom

In an extremely weird posture, he teleported to the edge of the iron cage and swung the war hammer and the war axe that grew on his broken arm toward the iron cage heavily.

The iron fence that was as thick as an arm was deformed by his hammer. With another swing of the axe, it was cut into two!

“... Source Demon!”

Meng Chao widened his eyes. The memory fragments from his previous life were like scalding bullets that pierced through his cerebral cortex.

The terrifying image of a crazy demon gradually merged with the strongest troop of high-level orcs from his previous life.

Icestorm stared at him deeply.

He seemed to have discovered something.

However, it was hard to say whether he was surprised or delighted.

“Lower Your Voice. ‘Source Demon’ is the name of the holy light humans. If others hear it, they will tear you into pieces as if you were a spy that infiltrated the land of Holy Light.”

Icestorm said in a low voice, “Here, you should call this unfortunate and great warrior ‘Source Warrior’ or ‘Source Spirit’.

“As I said earlier, if one’s own strength is not strong enough, if one is not fully prepared with the help of the witch doctor and the priest, or if one’s luck is not good, the totem armor fragments absorbed contain the brutal killing intent from thousands of years ago... In short, for various reasons, a warrior who is unable to control the totem will be controlled by the totem and become a ‘origin warrior’ or ‘Origin Spirit’.

“As you can see, he is not dead yet. He can not die even if he wants to. He has already become a puppet of the totem armor. His brain is occupied by the purest and most violent killing intent. There is no longer any normal emotion, desire, or thought. He only knows how to kill, destroy, and destroy without distinguishing between friend and foe until all the energy of this body of flesh and blood is exhausted.

“It does look scary, but after the totem armor completely loses control, it will erupt with a terrifying power that can not be unleashed when it is in a stable state. Many Tulan people believe that this is the true form of the totem armor. It is also what it looked like when our ancestors descended from the sky and conquered Tulan ze thousands of years ago.

“That’s why people call totem armors that completely lose control and bite their masters as ‘Origin Warriors’ or ‘origin spirits’.

“Everyone believes that the one controlling this incomparably ferocious armor and this shattered body is no longer this warrior, but the oldest and most sacred killing intent.

“He is the embodiment of the ancestral spirit!”

As expected, after witnessing the entire process of the totem battle armor turning on its owner, although the audience was shocked, they did not panic, Grieve, and fear much.

Instead, their faces revealed an excited and pious light.

The audience all stood up, raised their arms high, and sang the ancient battle hymn in unison, as if they were cheering for the “Origin Warriors” who had violently destroyed the iron cage.

In the midst of their cheers, the Genesis warriors quickly destroyed the cage.

Just as this half-flesh, half-metal puppet monster, controlled by a totemic warframe, is about to leap into the stands and start a massacre.

Eight figures jumped onto the arena and surrounded it.

Four totemic warriors in broken armor, four priests in rainbow feathers.

They were all masters of the Blood Hoof family, who were in charge of maintaining order in the Blood Skull Arena and controlling the abnormal situation.

The four totem warriors threw an iron net made of chains at the origin warrior.

They used the iron rings on their wrists to shrink the length of the chains and pull it back and forth with the origin warrior to slowly wear down its strength, so as to prevent the iron net from being torn apart by it.

The two priests held what looked like a long-handled feather duster in Meng Chao’s eyes. They were dipped in a secret medicine that was as thick as honey and continuously patted and smeared it on the Genesis warrior’s body.

The other two priests each held a musical instrument that looked like a flute and an exquisite small drum that was polished from the leg bone of a totem beast. They chanted an ancient incantation towards the Genesis warrior.

The battle strength of the Genesis warrior was indeed astonishing.

Meng Chao observed that the area covered by the armor of the four totem warriors who were fighting with it was slightly higher than that of the Genesis warrior.

Even though they were fighting against one of the four, they were still dragged by the Genesis warrior and were almost thrown out several times.

Fortunately, the spell cast by the four priests had an effect.

As more and more secret medicines seeped into the broken flesh and blood through the distorted armor.

The origin warrior's movements gradually slowed down, and its expression turned from Savage to numb.

It was as if it had been injected with a large amount of high-concentration anesthetic, unable to resist the invasion of the Sandman. Finally, it leaned against the twisted iron cage and slowly sat down.

The four totem warriors hurriedly pulled back the iron net.

They wrapped more than ten rounds of iron chains in one breath, binding the origin warrior more firmly than a dumpling.

Only then did he let out a sigh of relief.

Although the genesis warrior was "Asleep", his eyes, which were covered in lead-gray metal membrane, were still wide open.

The spasms of his flesh and the trembling of his armor shook the iron chains so much that they made "Clatter clatter clatter clatter" sounds. It was like a zombie that was locked in an iron coffin and was still restless.

Meng Chao's scalp went numb as he watched.

He could not help but ask, "What will they do with this... The Genesis Warrior?"

"There are two ways. One is to treat the origin warriors as totem beasts and use them to screen out the real powerhouses. If someone defeated the origin warriors in the arena, the totem armors in the body of the origin warriors would be happy to change to a stronger master."

Ice storm changed the topic, "However, totem armors that have already suffered a backlash once are contaminated with a very violent and wild aura. It is very easy for them to suffer a backlash again — just like how it is often addictive to eat human flesh once.

"Rashly absorbing such totem armors will greatly increase the probability of a backlash. Therefore, very few people do this.

"Most of the cases are like what you see. The origin warriors are sealed and used as secret weapons.

"Although the origin warriors have the habit of losing their minds, not distinguishing between friend and foe, and killing randomly, when the battle is at a stalemate and the enemy camp can not be conquered for a long time, sending a team of origin warriors to the most crucial battlefield often yields unexpected results. In the previous battles of Glory, the origin warriors were the existences that scared the holy light humans the most and gave them a splitting headache. That is why they called the 'Origin Spirit' the 'Origin Demon'!"

Meng Chao nodded.

The description of the ice storm was similar to what he had seen in the memory fragments of his previous life.

It seemed that the origin warriors of the Tulan civilization were equivalent to the Eternal Life Brigade of the Dragon City civilization.

They were all undead armies similar to zombies.

Of course, the origin warriors who were bitten and controlled by the out-of-control liquid metal were more than a hundred times stronger than zombies.

The name 'Origins Demon' was definitely worthy of its name.

At this moment, the situation on the battlefield was under control.

The origins warrior was carefully taken away by its clansmen.

Although it had lost a brave and skilled wild boar warrior,

It had taken back a secret weapon with endless power.

This debt wasn't too bad.

The clansmen were relatively calm. Some of them were even filled with joy. They were sincerely happy that this wild boar warrior was qualified to become the 'incarnation of the Ancestral Spirit'.

The Warriors and priests from the Blood Hoof clan were even more calm.

Although it didn't happen every day, the failure of absorbing the armor and being devoured by the totem turned into a warrior of origin.

They were in charge of watching the scene and dealing with similar incidents. They were already familiar with it, so it wasn't worth making a fuss over.

The four totem warriors disarmed themselves and put the majestic armor back into their bodies.

One of them had a huge bull's head, which had just been covered by an even bigger helmet and a hideous and ugly mask. At this moment, it was also exposed to the audience, including Meng Chao.

Meng Chao's pupils suddenly contracted.

His breathing instantly became heavy.

His heart beat violently like a war drum.

Ice Storm Glanced at Meng Chao in surprise.

In her impression, this mysterious guy with black hair and black eyes had always been very calm.

Even if she had activated mithril Ripper and intentionally released extremely fierce killing intent, his eyes were only filled with curiosity and didn't have too strong an emotional fluctuation.

This was the first time ice storm had sensed reaper's loss of composure.

No, it wasn't just that simple.

It was a killing intent.



A killing intent that was on par with his own, and even deeper, more intense, and more deadly than his own!

Following his line of sight, ice storm saw one of the four totem warriors.

This guy had a very unique appearance — two bull horns on both sides of his temples. The one on the left was short and small, as if it was stunted. The one on the right was thick and long, as if it had snatched all the nutrients from the left horn, it was raised high like a machete, and its tip was crystal clear, as if it had been soaked in psionic energy and turned into some blood-red mineral substance.

Such a distinctive feature would not be forgotten even if one glanced at it.

“You want to Kill ‘Big Buck’?”

Ice storm seemed to have seen through Meng Chao’s secret and asked with interest, “Why? Do You Know Him?”

In the Tulan language, “Buck” was a special-shaped machete. The blade was bent forward like a dog’s leg blade on Earth, but of course, it was much bigger and heavier.

“Big buck” meant “Machete”, and it was also a rather fierce name.

To be able to bear such a name in a place like the blood skull arena, where male hormones were oversecreted and everyone wanted to fight fiercely, this “Big Buck” who had swaggered to this day.., could be considered a rather powerful and ruthless person.

Meng Chao retracted his gaze.

The killing intent instantly vanished without a trace.

This caused ice storm to be slightly startled, doubting whether it was his misconception just now.

“So his name is ‘Da Ba Ke’?”

Meng Chao blinked his eyes, and the corners of his mouth curled into a subtle arc. “His totem battle armor is quite beautiful.”

### **Chapter 976: Making a Big Deal!**

In the next few days, Meng Chao devoted himself to helping ice storm build a new hundred-man battle team.

The good thing about being honest with the snow leopard female warrior was that he got the cultivation resources he had always dreamed of.

In addition to the usual fried mandala fruit dipped in condensed milk, he could also eat a golden fruit and five kilograms of totem beast flesh every day.

This was extremely beneficial to his recovery and combat ability.

The ice storm generously gave him half a coke bottle, the Steel Potion that he had won from the Ironhide Clan, and a totem beast core.

Although he had witnessed the savage and miserable appearance of the 'Warrior of origins', Meng Chao did not dare to rashly swallow the totem beast core into his stomach.

However, holding it in his palm, studying it day and night, and sensing the subtle ripples deep inside the core with the life magnetic field, it still allowed him to have a deeper understanding of the source of the strength of the Tulan civilization.

Of course, there were conditions.

The condition was that Meng Chao had to teach the ice storm, which was a higher level of force-exerting techniques and spiritual martial arts than what the rat militia had learned.

After Meng Chao revealed some of the secrets of the snow leopard female warrior, she also felt like she had broken a jar.

She no longer bothered about Meng Chao's identity, as long as Meng Chao could help her become stronger.

Anyway, in Tu Lanze, as long as the Fist was big enough, it could solve ninety-nine percent of the problems.

Facing the ice storm that humbly asked for advice, Meng Chao raised his hands to welcome it.

He was not afraid of anyone secretly learning Dragon City martial arts.

Because the unique dragon city martial arts was closely related to the modern industrial system, the resource collection system, the education and training model, the Life Science Engineering, the gene modulation technology, the archaic rune research.., it was inseparable.

If one wanted to cultivate dragon city martial arts to the extreme, one could either completely accept Dragon City, which was also the Earth's culture, industry, and social form.

Or he could obtain the full support of Dragon City's civilization.

Then, he would be stuck by Dragon City's neck.

No matter which one it was, it wouldn't do any harm to Dragon City.

Moreover, the truly powerful martial arts were originally refined through thousands of exchanges.

Meng Chao carefully selected several martial arts that he had learned from the Red Dragon Army, the Ghost Brigade, and the martial god Lei Zongchao. They were martial arts that emphasized lightness, agility, swiftness, and assassination, and he practiced them for ice storm to see.

Icestorm was amazed by the battle style that was completely different from the battle style of the Tulan Warriors.

Of course, the trump card of the Bloody Skull Arena also used his rich experience to give Meng Chao a lot of advice.

After careful consideration, Meng Chao felt like he was in a different world, and he was suddenly enlightened.

The exchanges day and night established a tacit understanding between the two of them.

And the ice storm further confirmed that Meng Chao was definitely not a spy from the land of Holy Light.

Because the Dragon City civilization in his previous life was a member of the chaos camp.

Those who communicated closely with Dragon City were 'allies' such as high-level orcs, abyss demons, ancient tomb liches, and undead skeletons.

The future martial arts of Dragon City was based on absorbing the combat skills of these allies. They learned from each other's weaknesses and excelled themselves, with a strong style of chaos.

It was completely different from the shameless style of the Holy Light Camp, which looked down on the toughness of the physical body and paid more attention to the cultivation of the soul, as well as the coordination of martial arts and magic.

"Even if this guy with black hair and black eyes is not a Turan, at least he is not a member of the holy light human race. Moreover, he is most likely an enemy of the holy light human race."

Ice Storm, who was attracted by Dragon City's martial arts, used such a reason to convince himself.

He turned a blind eye to Meng Chao's sneaky behavior.

He even gave him a badge and granted him authority that far exceeded that of an ordinary rat servant soldier.

In the eyes of others, this ugly rat civilian with black hair and black eyes had become a newly favored favorite under the ice-cold Ace Gladiator.

"I still don't recommend Lord ice storm to choose those burly fellows from the training camp."

Meng Chao said to ice storm, "If you want to win consecutive battles, why don't you try those rat subjects who are injured and disabled on the arena and can only serve as laborers?"

He did not lie to the snow leopard female warrior.

The rules of the arena were that as long as the rat subjects were on the arena and used their blood and broken limbs to prove their courage.

The arena would give him a job so that he could barely survive.

Even though most of these jobs were beating drums beside the arena, cleaning the audience seats, providing food for thousands of gladiators and servants, taking care of totem beasts, cleaning the sewers, and so on, they were both dirty and tiring, there was also a certain level of danger.

But it was still better than being sent to the foundry and dying of exhaustion next to a furnace with a temperature of over a thousand degrees.

Or being expelled from black horn city and starving to death in the wilderness where there was no harvest.

When the battle arena was filled with the shadows of swords and Sabers, no one would pay attention to these unremarkable rat laborers.

However, Meng Chao knew their value.

Compared to the strong rat laborers who had just climbed out of the dungeon and had yet to adapt to their new identity, these relatively thin and weak laborers who even lacked arms and legs already had precious experience of surviving a great disaster on the arena.

Moreover, they had surrounded the arena countless times, enduring the suffocating pressure from the totem warriors when they unleashed their full strength.

They also had to keep their eyes and ears open at all times, so that when the totem warriors were in the mood to fight and blow up the entire arena, they could be one step ahead and escape in order to save their lives.

It could be said that any odd-job rat who was missing limbs and could still struggle to survive until today was comparable to the veteran soldiers of the Red Dragon Army who had been through hundreds of battles.

In a hundred-man battle team, if there were ten or eight such “Veteran soldiers”, their experience and psychological quality would definitely bring immeasurable contributions to the entire team.

Meng Chao vaguely remembered that in the middle and later stages of the Great War between worlds in his previous life, he had absorbed the experience of the Dragon City Army, which paid special attention to the disabled veterans. The high-level orcs had also started to mix a large number of disabled warriors who were not valued enough in the past into their own battle teams.

As expected, the improvement in their combat strength had an unexpected effect.

Unfortunately, at that time, the Chaos Camp had already lost its momentum.

This kind of minor innovation could not prevent the ending of destruction.

This time, Meng Chao hoped to create a “Model battle team” or even a “Model battle gang” for the ice storm more than ten years in advance so that the high-level orcs would start to think, how should a modern army be organized, and how should a modern war that covered the entire world, land, sea, and sky be fought.

Of course, he also had his own goals.

Ever since he cleanly dealt with the poison stinger battle team amidst the exclamations of tens of thousands of spectators.

In particular, he ignored the fury of the Ironhide family and tore apart and seized the breastplate of the “Million steam hammer”.

Ice Storm swept away the haze of losing the previous three team battles and became one of the most supportive figures among the four trump cards of the Bloody Skull Arena again.

The Tulan feared the strong.

Ice Storm, in particular, was a brave warrior who dared to challenge the major families on his own.

Even Meng Chao, as the 'favorite in front of the Frost Empress', was greatly facilitated.

He could go to every corner of the bloody skull coliseum under the pretext of 'selecting new recruits from among the servants'.

After a few days, he had indeed found a few suitable recruits.

What he gained even more was that he had drawn the detailed structural map and the surrounding topographic map of the bloody skull coliseum from the inside out in his mind.

Moreover, he had made friends with a lot of rat laborers.

These rat laborers, no matter how stable their jobs were, could not see the slightest possibility of changing their fate. They were just like ants.

Now, Meng Chao had given them the hope of becoming servants again and participating in the battle again to seize greater glory.

How could they not be overjoyed and shed tears of gratitude towards Meng Chao?

Meng Chao released the methods he had learned from the black skeleton training camp in his previous life.

He was not stingy with the resources he had obtained from the ice storm.

Very quickly, he became friends with these rat laborers and became half-brothers who had been separated for many years.

The laborers' fighting abilities were not necessarily brilliant.

However, to be able to live until today in the Blood Skull Arena, where the strong gathered and the warriors of the clans with bad tempers ran amok, each of them had their own way of survival.

They were also familiar with all kinds of gossip. To others, it was worthless, but to Meng Chao, it was worth a thousand gold pieces of gossip.

Through the seemingly ordinary chit-chat, Meng Chao sketched out the whole picture of the Bloody Skull Arena, the distribution of forces in the entire black-corner city, the grudges between the major clans, and the military nobles of black-corner city bit by bit, the conflict between the leaders of the local settlements.

"The Blood Skull Arena isn't only a place to admire the battles, it's also an important stronghold that the Blood Hoof clan uses to recruit troops and buy horses, expand their forces, and rope in the local factions.

"In order to absorb more wandering warriors like the ice storm from other clans, and obtain the support of the local factions to maintain their position as the leader of the Blood Hoof clan, the Blood Hoof Clan has poured out an astronomical amount of resources here.

“From the mandala fruits that fill up an entire warehouse, to the flesh of totem beasts and even live and semi-tamed totem beasts, to all sorts of secret medicines that have been passed down for thousands of years, as well as the totem armors that have gone through hundreds of masters and contain endless killing intent, everything is available here.

“As long as one passes the trial of the Gladiator and is willing to pledge loyalty to the Bloody Hoofs clan, anyone, including the rat people, will be able to enjoy the most abundant resources.

“It’s a pity..

“There is no possibility of negotiation, trade, or compromise between the Blood Hoof Family and me.

“Based on the experience of my previous life, the Blood Hoof family, and even the entire blood hoof family, can hardly be the force that dragged both the Dragon City civilization and the Tulan civilization out of the fire pit.

“Then, we can only find another way.

“Sneaking into the warehouse and getting some cultivation resources is not a problem.

“After all, it is the defense level of the clan era. No matter how ‘heavily guarded’ it is, in the eyes of the ghost assassin, it is still riddled with holes.

“The problem is that I only have two shoulders and a pair of hands. At most, I can only carry two to three hundred kilograms of totem beast flesh. I Won’t be able to eat for a few days, and I won’t be able to level up!

“I haven’t even considered the size of two to three hundred kilograms of Totem Beast Flesh!

“No, the amount of totem beast flesh per unit size is too weak. It’s not worth my time.

“Either I don’t do it, or I have to do something big.

“My goal can only be the totem beast core that contains violent spiritual energy and mysterious power, as well as the ancient totem armor fragment that is enshrined in the blood skull temple and is surrounded by endless killing intent!

“The security force guarding these precious resources is not something that I can deal with right now.

“I have to recover the combat ability of the heaven tier first and get at least half of a totem armor..

### **Chapter 977: The Hunting Grounds of the Lone Rangers**

The size of the battle team had expanded to a hundred people. It was impossible for Meng Chao to guide every single servant like he had done in the previous round.

Fortunately, the thirty servant soldiers that he personally created had all recovered after careful treatment. They were all in high spirits as they prepared for the next round of battle.

The next hundred-man battle would start in ten days.

They had enough time to spread the skills that Meng Chao had taught to more servant soldiers.

Moreover, their totem armors had been upgraded, and they had mastered a large amount of Dragon City's martial arts. Their combat strength was also increasing at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Ice Storm's popularity, which had risen from the bottom, also made the Blood Skull Arena's controller too afraid to do anything to affect her battles.

Meng Chao did not think that an ordinary hundred-man battle team could resist the female snow leopard warrior and Mithril Ripper that had been upgraded. Both were enough to freeze all their killing intent.

Therefore, Meng Chao was relieved to entrust most of the training tasks to Leaf, who had grown up quickly.

He took more time and expanded the scope of his exploration.

Another benefit of dealing with the rat laborers was that he used the dagger skills of the Ghost Tribe and other small favors to get all kinds of props and herbs from the laborers.

The biggest difference in the distribution of resources between Picturesque Orchid Lake and Monster Mountain Range was that the crystal veins there were deeper underground.

With the advanced orcs' poor mining ability, it was difficult for them to dig the mines thousands of meters or even tens of kilometers underground.

Therefore, crystals were rarely seen on the market at Picturesque Orchid Lake.

However, with the mandrake tree and its accompanying plants as the main source, the plants in Picturesque Orchid Lake had extremely developed roots.

The roots of the mandrake tree could easily extend to more than twenty kilometers underground and entangle the crystal vein, continuously absorbing spirit energy and transmitting it to the surface.

Some spirit energy formed mandrake fruits and golden fruits.

Some spirit energy was transmitted to its accompanying plants through the entwined roots, turning into exotic flowers and grasses with a fragrant smell.

The spiritual energy, rare metals, and trace elements contained in these exotic flowers and grasses were more than ten times that of the same type of plants on Monster Mountain Range.

With the exotic flowers and grasses, as well as the bone powder of totem beasts as raw materials, the herbs brewed had a miraculous effects comparable to that of gene medicines.

As a result, the Turan civilization was quite advanced in herbalism.

Not only were there witch doctors and priests in the temple, they were also refining powerful secret medicines according to ancient recipes that had been passed down for thousands of years.

Ordinary Turan people would also brew all kinds of herbs that could increase their strength, strengthen their periosteum, and expel diseases and evil spirits.

Many herbs could also be used to dye cloth, tan leather, and smelt.

They were essential helpers in the Turan people's daily lives.

Meng Chao highly suspected that both the mandrake tree and its accompanying plants were the result of black technology created by gene modulation.

Only then could they achieve the effect of "randomly picking some flowers and plants, and mixing them with the bones and dregs of totem beasts in a big pot. It would be comparable to genetic medicine."

Of course, for him alone, without any handy tools, it was not a bad thing.

He obtained over a hundred kinds of herbs from the handymen.

Using his sharp senses as a Spirit Sensor and the rich experience of a reaper, through sniffing, tasting, grinding, using the vitality magnetic field to sense and so on, he identified the specific composition and content of these herbs one by one.

He very patiently identified hundreds of raw materials on Monster Mountain Range.

Using these raw materials, he carefully refined and fused several brand new medicines.

One of the medicines was equivalent to a hair dye, which could change the color of his hair from pure black to withered yellow.

Another medicine, when dropped into the eye, could temporarily change the color of the pupil to light gold or light green.

Although it would cause a slight burning sensation to the retina...

It was not a big problem for Meng Chao, whose cells had amazing self-healing abilities.

Another kind of medicine could hide the color of a person's skin and turn it into a grayish-brown color that normal Earthlings would not be able to see.

Through the paralysis and relaxation of the muscles, it would greatly distort a person's facial features and turn him into a completely different person.

There was even a drug, like the rapid hair growth drug, that could quickly grow a layer of real, thick, and strong hair after being applied to the body.

Of course, there was also a drug that could wash away the effects of the transformation drug.

How to prepare the transformation drug was a compulsory course in the Black Skull Training Camp.

As for the formulas of the anesthetics, corrosive agents, and nerve poisons, they were deeply imprinted on the cerebral cortex of every Ghost Assassin. They were even clearer than Walking Corpse and Bizarre Stab.

Using the transfiguration agent and his exquisite control over his muscles and joints, Meng Chao could completely turn into another person within three minutes.

Then, he used the badge of a rat servant to walk out of the Blood Skull Arena openly.

In fact, the Blood Skull Arena did not strictly guard the rat people.



Even though the rat people were all tied up when they were sent there, as long as they could fight their way out of the dungeon, find their master, and win one or two fights, the rat people servant soldiers would be able to obtain a certain degree of freedom.

The arena was not afraid of the rat people servant soldiers escaping.

The reason was very simple.

Where could they run to?

Outside the arena was the huge Black-corner City, where hundreds of thousands of clan warriors gathered.

Although the arena was a place where blood and flesh flew everywhere, there was still hope of winning and becoming stronger.

The clan's barracks, the forging workshop, and the primitive mines that were about to collapse every now and then were all abyssal caves that ate people without spitting out their bones.

No servant soldier was willing to become a slave soldier, from serving a gladiator master to serving hundreds of stinking clan soldiers.

Plus, no slave soldier was willing to become a complete slave and be squeezed into a black skeleton in the forging workshop.

So what if they could escape Black-corner City in one breath?

The mandrake fruits in the rat villages had been confiscated by the clan army.

The conscription team was still searching day and night in the most remote and desolate countryside.

They would not let even a single mandrake fruit go. All of them had to be used as military rations.

If they escaped Black-corner City, they might encounter the conscription team. They would go from being slave soldiers who had some freedom to being the most miserable slave soldiers.

If they were lucky, they could escape the recruitment team and return to their hometown. Most likely, they would only see burning ruins and mandrake trees that quickly withered and went into hibernation when the flowers were at their most brilliant.

Escaping was a dead end.

They could only perform well in the Blood Skull Arena. When the army set off, they could mingle with the Blood Hoof Clan's army. They hoped that the Blood Hoof Clan's army would win every battle and rise with their master. That was the only way to survive.

As for the hatred of destroying their home and slaughtering their family members.

The clan warriors did not hide this.

They were not afraid and even encouraged the rat people, who were filled with anger, to exact revenge on them at any time.

“Revenge” had a supreme meaning in the Turan culture.

It was the most direct way to win glory for their ancestral spirits.

Of course, if one wanted to exact revenge on the clan warriors, one had to be mentally prepared to have his or her brains punched out.

Perhaps there were simply too many brains that had been punched out.

Very few rat militia soldiers would directly seek revenge against the clan warriors who had destroyed their homes and captured them to Black-corner City.

They would often hide their claws and teeth, thinking of becoming stronger first.

Then, in order to become stronger, they would continue to kill. In the midst of the continuous killing, they would obtain incomparable pleasure. Amid the cheers of thousands of spectators, they would feel the so-called glory. They would even receive a blood gift from a certain clan, after completing the transformation from a rodent to a samurai, they would gradually become addicted to killing and forget the hatred of the past.

At this rate, it was very likely that their enemies would have died on the battlefield long ago.

They would be able to feel more at ease. They would be able to cut off everything from the past and become a standard, powerful, and honorable samurai of the clan.

Basically, that was often the case.

Perhaps it was because the system where the weak became the rat people, and the strong became the warriors had been operating too smoothly and efficiently over the past thousands of years. No major problems had ever occurred.

As a result, the management of the Blood Skull Arena and the entire Black-corner City did not expect Meng Chao, an extremely dangerous Ghost Assassin, to sneak into the rat community.

In three days, Meng Chao had figured out the street distribution and functional zoning outside the Blood Skull Arena.

It was not far from the Blood Hoof Clan’s temple.

It was also the most lively place in the entire Black-corner City.

Recently, the Blood Hoof Clan had been recruiting warriors and reorganizing their army, preparing to fight for the throne of War Chief with the other four clans. They would be able to command the advanced orc horde in Picturesque Orchid Lake and sweep through the land of eternal Holy Light.

Apart from the servants, slaves, and slave laborers who were forced to show signs, there were also all kinds of strange-looking heroes who gathered into a mighty torrent of iron hoofs and poured into Black-corner City.

The population of Black-corner City had instantly increased by ten times.

All the streets, markets, and temporary barracks were filled to the brim.

Those who came from the local areas, who did not have a great reputation but were ambitious, were eager to make a grand appearance on the Blood Skull Arena. It was a stage that everyone had their eyes on.

There were also a large number of gambling games, transactions, alliances, and even conspiracies that formed around the Blood Skull Arena.

Therefore, around the Blood Skull Arena, there were layers upon layers of wild growth methods, there were countless casinos, taverns, temporary camps, and markets that traded weapons, leather armors, secret medicines, and even fragments of ancient totem battle armors.

No matter when or where, casinos and taverns were inseparable from another ancient industry.

Advanced orcs were mostly existences with extremely strong primitive desires.

It was impossible for them to lack a place that allowed them to unleash their full potential after engaging in life-and-death battles and binge drinking as well as gambling. It was around a well-equipped arena.

One way to put it was Black-corner City was like a strengthened version of the Lair.

It was a place where fish and dragons were mixed together, where blood and flesh were flying everywhere, and where people were indulging in luxury.

It was a swamp that eroded flesh and blood, a demon den that ate people without spitting out their bones. People were sent to heaven at the peak of glory with loud cheers.

It was also the best hunting ground for solo hunters like Meng Chao.

### **Chapter 978: Big Buck's Fetish**

In the crowded market, Meng Chao, who had changed his appearance, easily obtained seven or eight badges.

These badges were only made of the lowest quality metal to imitate the totems of the major families. They did not contain the true power of totems and were not of much use.

Even if they were lost, they would not cause too much of a stir.

However, it was enough to prove that the person who wore this badge was a servant of a major family. The person who came out to work for the master was the so-called domestic rat. He was qualified to purchase large amounts of materials and rare resources, he also went to some special occasions.

As the saying went, "Dogs rely on the power of others".

The major families that had occupied black-corner city for generations, such as the Bloodhoof family and the iron-sheet family, kept a small "House mouse". It was not something that the poor warriors from the remote villages could bully at will.

These badges helped Meng Chao purchase more scattered materials.

They made stronger anesthetics, muscle relaxants, and nerve poisons.

They made simple flashbangs, smoke bombs, and all kinds of essential props for ghost assassins to carry out missions, as well as deadly weapons that could kill without spilling blood.

However, Meng Chao didn't directly purchase the most sensitive raw materials.

It wasn't just a matter of money.

He also didn't want to leave any traces and be quickly targeted by others.

So, he mostly used the method of fishing in troubled waters.

He found the raw materials he needed in the market, but they were more sensitive and expensive, making it inconvenient to directly purchase them.

He just lay in wait at the side, patiently waiting, searching for a suitable target on the bustling streets.

The high-level orcs were mostly hot-tempered, hot-tempered, and eager to solve problems with their fists.

With the population increasing tenfold, the living space suddenly became very tight. The friction between their manes and claws and teeth made the blood of the high-level orcs, which contained a violent element, filled with a strong smell of gunpowder.

Many of their bloodlines were not pure enough. Their bodies were mixed with many beast characteristics, or they were clan warriors who had just been transformed from rat people. Although they did not say it, they were actually very sensitive to their strange appearances.

As a result, in the bustling city filled with people, two high-level orcs would often walk past each other and have this kind of conversation:

"What the hell are you looking at?"

"I'm looking at the horns on your pig head!"

Then, there would be "Ping Ping Ping Pong", where fists and kicks would be exchanged.

Fortunately, most high-level orcs had tough skin and thick flesh, and they were very resistant to being beaten up.

Moreover, there was a benefit. They wouldn't hold grudges over trivial matters, and they would forget about it once they were beaten up.

He also had the habit of "Don't fight, don't get to know each other." When he found out that the other party was a good man on par with him, he immediately threw the small friction to the wind. He went to drink with a bruised face and even became a good friend whom he trusted with his life.

Such a personality brought great convenience to Meng Chao.

Through clever exertion of force, he could easily create chaos in the crowd. He could let a high-level orc inadvertently step on another high-level orc, or let a shorter guy.., the horn on his head fiercely pressed against the tall Orc's chest, causing a chaotic battle.

Both sides were engaged in battle, and the entire street was in a mess. The shops and stalls on both sides naturally suffered as well.

Meng Chao had a lot of opportunities to take away the necessary raw materials to complete a shocking case without anyone noticing.

Just as all kinds of props, materials, and weapons were gradually being prepared.

He also extracted more information about the target from the servants.

He gradually understood the target's movements.

Finally, he locked onto the target in the market outside the blood skull arena.

Big Buck.

This guy named "Heavy machete" was a typical clan warrior.

His main job was to watch the arena in the Blood Skull Arena to maintain order and prevent the conflict between the emotional audience from expanding. or he could jump onto the arena to attack the exhausted and scarred gladiators who had just finished their matches They could also control the origins warriors like that day.

Sometimes, they would also play the role of gladiators and ruthlessly teach those newborn calves who had just come from a small place on the arena a lesson.

Occasionally, they would join the recruitment team and leave Black Horn City to carry out missions in the rat village. They would escort groups of new recruits and slaves back.

After completing the mission, he would call his friends and go to the casinos and taverns around the bloody skull arena to have some fun.

Just like most high-level beastmen.

Big Buck's vigilance was not too strong.

The totem armor that covered half of his body gave him enough capital to dare to act tyrannically in his own territory.

It was not impossible to defeat or even kill this armored totem warrior.

The problem was how to do it without making a sound.

And before more totem warriors from the Blood Hoof family arrived, they would take away his totem armor.

This was the liveliest place in the entire black horn city.

The recent mass recruitment had increased the liveliness and overcrowding by ten times.

There were bull heads and horses everywhere, and the crowd was surging.

Although they were not deliberately vigilant, most of the time, Big Buck would either advance or retreat with his clansmen, or he would be exposed in the casinos and taverns in front of everyone.

It was impossible for Meng Chao to kill and loot in a bustling casino.

He had to find a chance for big buck to be alone.

It was best to do so at a relatively quiet time and place.

After three days of patient observation, he finally found a loophole.

Meng Chao found that every two days, after drinking and gambling with his companions, when his companions went to pay for reproduction with the main purpose of leisure and entertainment, Big Buck would always use an excuse to leave.

This was not normal.

No matter how he looked at it, Big Buck did not look like a clean and honest gentleman.

The customs of the Tulan people did not treat this matter as something that needed to be covered up and disgraced.

It was just a normal physiological need. Men and women were the same, there was nothing to hide.

Moreover, after Big Buck and his companions separated, he did not immediately return to the Blood Skull Arena.

Instead, he sneaked into the depths of the shabby alleyway that was as complicated as a maze.

After a series of twists and turns, he disappeared behind a door with a pair of rabbit ears painted on it.

If weren't for Big Buck leading the way, Meng Chao wouldn't have known that there was such a secluded place a wall away from the bustling street market.

Even the high-level orcs who had sneaked into this place had changed their swagger outside. Their voices were like a loud bell, afraid that others wouldn't be able to hear their noisy posture.

All of them were stealthy and sneaky. They even used masks and hooded cloaks to hide their features, as if they were thieves.

“What is this place? And what does the rabbit's ear mean?”

Meng Chao's curiosity was piqued.

Circulating the undead spell, he restrained his breathing, heartbeat, and body temperature to their limits. Like a chameleon, he quietly climbed to the roof and held his breath to listen for a long time.

Combined with the gossip that the handymen told him, it seemed like a unique hobby of the dignified elders of the clan.

Meng Chao suddenly realized.

This was a “Sugar House.”

High-level orcs liked to eat sugar.

It was not because they were greedy for the sweet taste.

Instead, it was a variety of honey, fructose, and sucrose refined from the accompanying plants of the mandala tree and the insect community. They contained very rich energy, nutrients, and trace elements.

Just like condensed milk, they were all natural high-energy nutrient agents and genetic agents.

Using thick honey and condensed milk, dipped in golden fruits, or roasted totem beast flesh to eat, was the most wonderful enjoyment for a clan warrior after exhausting himself in a desperate battle.

However, the term "Sugar house" did not mean a place that sold honey and condensed milk in the literal sense.

Instead, it was a very special place that didn't pay for reproduction as its main purpose.

If it was a normal place, there was no need to cover it up. It was even opened in such a secluded place.

The culture of Tulanze was very open-minded.

Life and death were indifferent, and if one wasn't satisfied, they would do it. There was more than one explanation for the latter half of the sentence.

The problem was that the Tulan people also had a tradition of "The strong are respected, and the strong are beautiful. One must dare to challenge the strong. The more defeated one is, the braver one will be. The more one fights, the stronger one will be."

In the mainstream aesthetics, the longer the tusks, the thicker the hair, and the larger the body, the more popular it would be.

Especially for males.

Conquering the opposite sex who were larger than oneself would show more manliness and the courage to not be afraid of rape.

For example, if a Tauren warrior could conquer a pure-blooded female warrior, it would be a good thing to brag about for three days and three nights.

What about conquering a Tauren warrior? It was just so-so and barely satisfactory.

However, if he was not looking for a eight-armed female warrior, a Tauren warrior or a wild boar warrior that was similar in size to him, but a petite feline girl, a rabbit girl, and so on.

Then he would be finished.

Not only would he be ridiculed for bullying the weak, he would not be a Tulan warrior at all. He would become stronger when he met the strong, challenging his spirit to the limit.

It would even make people doubt his size and performance.

It was simply a social death!

Therefore, in the open and aboveboard romantic places on the streets, there was no distinction between men and women. Most of them were tall and strong, with the backs of tigers and bears, and with the width of a palm covering the hair on their hearts.

Regardless of their combat strength, at least from their appearance, they were all ferocious-looking powerhouses.

The methods to attract customers were also using stone locks, punching sandbags, howling wildly, and emitting a strong bestial aura.

As a result, Meng Chao swept through the streets seven or eight times, but could not see that it was actually a money-squandering place.

However, the Tulan people were also humans.

As long as they were humans, they would have all sorts of strange tastes.

Carrots and vegetables, everyone had their own favorite!

People who liked cat girls and rabbit girls, who had light bodies, relatively smooth skin, folded ears, and furry tails, existed no matter what era or planet they were on.

Such niche hobbies could not be made public.

But as long as there was profit to be made, smart businesses would not miss the opportunity to make money.

The “Sugar House” in the depths of the shabby alleys was the gray area between the public aesthetic and the niche fetishes.

Unexpectedly, the seemingly mighty bullhead warrior “Big Buck” was also a cat girl enthusiast.

He was too weak and lacked the spirit of a Tulan warrior!

Chapter 979: Prepare for Action

Meng Chao had no problem with Big Buck’s fetishes.

He just seriously considered the possibility of snatching and interrogating Big Buck inside the sugarhouse.

The conclusion was that it was very difficult.

For understandable reasons, the security inside the sugarhouse was even tighter than that of the temples and warehouses.

It was also watertight in terms of soundproofing and preventing prying eyes.

To enter the sugarhouse for pleasure, one needed to visit many times and be recommended by trusted regulars.

The regulars were, of course, secretive about their hobbies.

No matter how disguised Meng Chao was, it was impossible for him to get into this small circle in a few days.



He could only do it on the way to or from the sugarhouse from Big Buck.

The advantage was that there were many places in the poor streets and alleys that could be ambushed.

As long as they shot Big Buck's throat at the first moment, they would not be afraid of him making a sound, and they could at least take action for a few minutes.

The disadvantage was that on the way to or from sugarhouse, Big Buck's vigilance must have been raised to the extreme.

It was not that he was afraid of being assassinated.

It was that he was afraid of being seen.

Moreover, before the guests who patronized the sugarhouse walked through the narrow door with cat's ears painted on it, they would never put their arms around each other's shoulders like they did at the "normal" place of fireworks and loudly show off their bravery.

They would often shrink their necks, avoid eye contact, stick close to the wall and walk alone.

Even if they met in a small alley, they would maintain a distance of three to five arms and definitely not make eye contact with people of the same path.

In such an environment, it was almost impossible for Meng Chao to pretend to be an acquaintance of Big Buck and kill him with one strike before he activated his totem battle armor.

Meng Chao mapped the terrain around the sugarhouse and found eleven very hidden ambush points.

But no matter which ambush point he jumped out from, there was at least a distance of seven to eight arms between him and Big Buck.

With his heavily injured battle strength, it was impossible for him to cross this distance before Big Buck activated his totem battle armor.

Once Big Buck put on his totem battle armor,

His battle strength would be above the current Meng Chao.

Even though Meng Chao still had the confidence to kill him.

It was impossible to capture him alive and interrogate him in detail without alerting anyone.

In three days, Meng Chao had drawn up seven action plans.

He had simulated them 231 times in the depths of his brain.

He had updated more than ten versions of each of the seven action plans.

In the end, he had rejected all the versions.

On the fourth day, he heard from the handyman who was responsible for cleaning the arena where Big Buck was, that Big Buck had been involved in a conflict.

The Fuse was common in the arena.

It was nothing more than the audience being too rough. They threw all kinds of dangerous items, including the Iron Caltrops, onto the arena and insulted the ancestors of the Gladiators when they booed.

The audience tried to stop them, but they still couldn't control the situation. Instead, their anger grew stronger and stronger. In the end, it turned into a chaotic battle among the audience.

There were two deeper reasons.

The first was that the young warrior of the iron sheet clan, 'Poison Stinger', had suffered a great loss in the arena set up by the Bloody Hoof clan when he made his debut, which made the iron sheet clan lose all face.

It must be known that the iron sheet clan and the Bloody Hoof clan had been fighting for thousands of years over who was the leader of the Bloody Hoof Clan.

For now, though, the Blood Hoof Clan was the number one family.

A boar warrior did not want to step on the Minotaurs' horns as the Blood Hoofed banner that blew in the wind was snatched over.

However, the audience member that clashed with Big Buck was none other than a wild boar man...

And a member of the Ironhide Clan, from a wild boar people settlement called Red Creek Town.

In the local, relying on the name of the tin family, is also tyrannical, lawless accustomed to.

Who knew, in response to the Ironhide Clan's enlistment, the entire Red Creek Town's elites poured out. When they came to Black-corner City, they saw the Ironhide Clan's Poison Stinger mangled. Even his totem armor was torn to pieces.

The killer of the One Million Steam Hammer, Ice Storm, didn't officially join the Bloody Hoof Clan.

However, she was one of the four aces in the Blood Skull Arena.

Most of the audience already thought of her as one of Casanova Bloodhoof's .

From the region, the young and feisty boar warriors were naturally filled with rage against the Blood Hoof Clan.

The other cause of the inevitable conflict, however, is coincidence.

This wild boar man from Red Creek Town was also coincidentally known as Buck.

Buck meant "machete."

It was catchy and domineering.

It was a very popular name for advanced orcs who didn't have much vocabulary and imagination.

The problem was that when the two Bucks met, especially when there was friction, things became awkward.

As the saying went, "there was no room for two tigers on the same mountain."

The Turan people, who were always filled with anger and ready to fight, could not tolerate anyone sharing the same glorious and domineering name with them.

It was just like the adjudicator of the Blood Skull Arena, Casanova Bloodhoof. He took several years to beat all the people named "Sanova" until they were half-dead or entirely dead.

It was to ensure that there was no one with the same name in Black-corner City.

Although Big Buck was not as overbearing as Casanova and it was impossible for him to kill all the Bucks who gathered in Black-corner City...

When another Buck was dangling in front of his eyes and had a conflict with him, the two sides were destined to not shake hands and have a showdown.

It was the same for Mr. Buck who came from Red Creek town.

Thus, Big Buck Blood Hoof and Buck Red Creek, the two Turan gentlemen who were full of courage and honor, staged a fair, harmonious, and sporting battle according to the traditions of the Turan people.

In order to show respect for the good name, Buck, and stimulate both parties to go all out, they even gambled on a piece of wrist guard of their respective totem battle armors.

The matter had reached this stage, and finally, from the usual small friction, it became difficult to back down.

In the end, Big Buck punched Mr. Wild Boar Buck from Red Creek Town out of the arena, winning a piece of the opponent's wristband.

Before everyone's eyes, wild boar Buck did not renege on his promise.

But the matter clearly did not end there.

According to the odd-job workers, after this battle, wild boar Buck from Red Creek Town felt that he had suffered a great humiliation, and he treated Big Buck as an irreconcilable mortal enemy.

Every day, he would rub his hands together in the tavern and roar loudly to seek revenge. If he were to enter the arena with Big Buck again, this time, he would definitely win Big Buck's totem battle armor.

The servants even heard that some people even saw that when Buck, the wild boar had drunk enough of the inferior soju wine brewed from mandrake fruit shells, he smashed the table made of mandrake tree stump with his palm and discussed with the other clansmen from Red Creek Town. He wanted to beat Big Buck up and take away his full set of totem battle armor.

The tavern that Buck, the wild boar frequented was very easy to find.

His position was also very eye-catching.

In fact, he had never concealed his intention to seek revenge on Big Buck.

This was also a tradition of the Turan people.

In any conflict, losing to the opponent, no matter how badly bruised he was, he did not even know his parents. The most important thing was not to heal his injuries, but to shout loudly so that the entire Turan knew that he would seek revenge sooner or later.

Otherwise, if the loser slipped away without saying a word, others would only think that he was afraid of the winner and would never be able to lift his head up.

Losing was one thing...

Whether he could win or not, whether he really wanted to seek revenge or not, he had to let go of such harsh words like "if you have the ability, don't run and we'll see."

Even though he might not be able to fulfill one out of ten harsh words...

Meng Chao still quickly drew up a brand-new action plan around this conflict.

In the next four days, he was preparing for the new plan.

He was scouting out the slums, deducing from the depths of his brain, and understanding the psychological mapping, character sketches, as well as relationship between Big Buck and the wild boar, Buck.

He also had to spy on and follow the people coming in and out of the sugarhouse.

If they were not guests, the guests would be very alert. They often had a certain level of force and background, so it was difficult to find a flaw in a short time.

Meng Chao was mainly following the manservants in the sugarhouse, those delicate-looking rat workers.

Compared with the guests, the manservants were more than half less alert.

No one would be interested in the aesthetic taste of these rat people with a lowly bloodline.

For the daily operation of the sugarhouse, the servants had to go to the market to purchase all kinds of goods, dishes, and raw materials. The people they came in contact with were more complex and had more room for activities.

The eve of the new round of hundred-man team battle...

Meng Chao found the perfect solution for the 135th possible change in the action plan.

He finished the last mental portrait of Big Buck.

He also got the last material needed for the operation.

And finished the modification and grinding of the last tool.

It was a hard, sharp-edged, serrated lancet.

It could easily decompose tendons and muscles, and even strip off the complete neural network.

He could also carve flowers on the toughest animal skulls.

In addition, he had figured out the two Mr. Bucks' most likely course of action for tomorrow night.

Now there was only one question.

How should they win this hundred-man team battle tomorrow?

### **Chapter 980: Has She Gone Mad?**

The great open-air arena, which was usually bustling with activity like a blazing furnace, was now filled with the howling of the cold wind, freezing everything.

Not only was the blood that flowed freely in the arena frozen into red icicles, icicles, and clusters of ice...

Even the seven-colored banners, which should have been raised high on the edge of the arena to represent victory, were covered with frost.

The flags and decorative feathers were hanging down heavily like broken wind chimes.

The adjudicator should have waved the flags and shouted, "The battle has ended. The victor has been decided." However, his face was filled with shock, and he was unable to make a sound for a long time.

Just like the tens of thousands of spectators, they were dumbstruck. They could not believe that Ice Storm's battle team would be able to obtain such a satisfying victory in such a crushing manner.

Ever since the thirty-man team battle and the counterattack...

More and more spectators were optimistic about Ice Storm's battle team. They believed that she had made up for her biggest weakness.

However, even the most loyal supporters didn't expect that the two hundred-man battle teams would be able to determine the victor in one round.

After all, although the opponent of Ice Storm's battle team this time wasn't a powerhouse like Poison Stinger...

It was hippo warrior that was even more difficult to deal with than the wild boar man.

Its size wasn't inferior to a little elephant, and it had a stronger bite force than the lion man and tiger man. This allowed the hippo warrior play the role of an amphibious assault team in the Blood Hoof Army for a long time.

Even the irritable wild boar man would become a polite gentleman when the hippo warrior opened its bloody mouth and yawned.

When Ice Storm's battle team stepped into the grand arena, her seventy new servants were not as "crooked" as the previous thirty.

However, some of the servants were missing arms and legs. Even though they were fitted with artificial limbs that were filled with sharp blades, they were still limping when they walked.

There were also quite a number of people carrying branches that had been cut down from the mandrake tree on their shoulders. The branches and leaves on the branches had not been cleaned completely. They were like huge brooms.

The people did not know whether to laugh or cry. They wondered if they were there to fight or to do their old job—use big brooms to clean.

However, after the war drums sounded, the “big brooms” quickly displayed an unexpected power.

The branches of the mandrake tree were all very tough things.

The big branches carried by Ice Storm’s battle team had seemingly been soaked in herbs and ointment.

While they were elastic, they also increased their flexibility to the extreme.

When the huge hippo warrior led his servants in the charge, Ice Storm’s battle team placed more than a dozen large tree branches in front of them.

The branches wrapped around the hippo warrior’s thick arms and thighs.

All of a sudden, the impact force that the hippo warrior was most proud of was reduced to the minimum.

As for the remaining members of Ice Storm’s battle team, they were already prepared.

Some of her servants held their spears that were longer and thicker, and they stabbed the branches with all their strength.

Some of the servants jumped high, swinging their war hammers, axes, and maces, and jumped on the top of the enemies’ heads.

The two sides engaged in a chaotic battle among the branches of the mandrake tree.

Their line of sight, figures, and pace were all severely disrupted.

However, because Ice Storm had chosen her servants based on their speed and agility, their bodies were relatively small. They had long been prepared to carry a large number of short weapons, including the armor-piercing awls.

They were naturally less disturbed.

Apart from that, Ice Storm’s servants also possessed explosive strength that was completely different from their body size.

The distinguished guests who were sitting closest to the large arena and had the best view discovered that Ice Storm’s servants seemed to have mastered a brand-new method of exerting their strength.

Before exerting their strength, their flesh and blood would often tremble like waves.

It was as if there were two forces flowing from the soles of their feet into their calves and stomachs, then through their thighs, hips, chest, abdomen, and shoulders, all the way into their palms. It also caused their battle axes, battle hammers, maces, and armor-piercing awls to vibrate at an extremely high speed.

In the end, a seemingly small servant could send an enemy three times his size flying more than ten arms away with a single strike.

The armor-piercing awl did not encounter any obstacles when it pierced into the tough leather armor of the opponent.

It was especially obvious when it came to the youth named Leaf.

He held a two-handed greatsword that was extremely incompatible with his slender figure.

However, he displayed a set of ferocious saber techniques that the audience had never heard of before.

The two-handed greatsword left afterimages behind as it set off a destructive storm.

It sent more than a dozen enemies flying in a row, and even the tip of the sword was destroyed.

The youth's face still did not show much fatigue. He only pressed his chest lightly and breathed in a very strange rhythm.

Many spectators from the local areas clicked their tongues in wonder.

They thought that with the strength of the slender youth, he could meet the standards of a clan warrior in many villages and towns.

With the slim youth as the vanguard and thirty veterans as the backbone, Ice Storm's battle team defeated its opponents with only one charge.

However, there was still a long way to go before they would be completely annihilated.

The warriors of Turan were definitely not the cowardly rabble in the land of Holy Light. They had to rely on their tight formation, the protection of the mages, and the illumination of the Holy Light to inspire the strongest morale.

Even if their formation was broken, the Turan warriors could still fight on their own until the last drop of their blood was burned.

In fact, the more powerful, bold and unruly warriors preferred to not act as the hands and feet of a battle formation. They would rather ride a single horse and jump into the enemy's dense forest of guns and mountains of knives.

However, when the hippo warrior's rough-skinned, irascible footmen, shouted with anger and tried to turn around to fight...

They only found their general flying in the air like a giant ball of meat.

While he was in mid-air, he was also hit hard from the ground by the icicle, like a cannonball hit. His body covered with a thick layer of frost.

When he finally landed, Ice Storm, who had been waiting for a long time, swiped her claws into a deadly silence.

The advantage of the claw attack was its flexibility and stealthy nature that were greater than the cleaver attack's.

However, its weakness was that its relatively insufficient power.

Even if the Mithril Ripper had activated its sharpness, acceleration, freezing, and other characteristics, it would still be able to increase the armor-piercing effect.

It would be very difficult to determine the outcome just by scratching people with claws.

However, this was all in the past.

Diehard supporters who knew about Ice Storm like the back of their hands discovered, to their surprise and delight, that in a short span of ten days, their idol seemed to have undergone drastic changes.

Through unique muscle ripples and vibrations, not only had her speed greatly increased...

Even the power of her claw attacks was completely different from the past.

It was as if Ice Storm had completely upgraded her claws into five heavy battle sabers.

Five heavy battle sabers slashed the hippo warrior's head, face, and chest at the same time.

Even though the hippo warrior was like Ice Storm, equipped with fully enclosed totem battle armor...

He was still hacked into pieces of flesh and blood, with his bones exploding and falling out.

However, Ice Storm was still faster than him.

Before the hippo warrior landed on the ground, Ice Storm had already appeared in the spot, where he would land, like a demon spirit on a snowy night.

Moreover, through a series of extremely gorgeous consecutive finishing skills, the hippo warrior's totem battle armor was cracked into pieces and even scrambled to leave its master's body.

When the hippo warrior's huge body finally crashed onto the shattered arena...

His entire breastplate, along with the armguard and wrist guard around his right arm, were all torn off by Ice Storm.

This was the biggest reason why the hippo warrior's servants were torn to pieces. Their fighting spirit completely vanished, and the audience's hearts were temporarily frozen.

One needed to know that with the arrival of the glorious era, especially with the start of the Tournament of the Five Clans, gladiators who did not have any old or new grudges with each other rarely fought to the death in the arena.

Everyone's goal was nothing more than to show off their strength in front of tens of thousands of spectators, hoping to be valued by the large clans or gain the respect of others. They wanted to have more servants and obtain greater benefits for their clans. That was all, especially during the group battle.

The large enough arena gave the main generals of both sides a lot of leeway.

In the past, it was rare for the main generals of both sides to start a large-scale battle before the servants were exhausted.



Plus, the act of snatching other people's totem armor fragments was even more crazy and reckless. It was very likely that the other side's clan would not rest until they were dead.

Ten days ago, Ice Storm had just snatched a piece of the One Million Steam hammer's breastplate, deeply provoking the tyrannical Ironhide Clan.

Now, the One Million Steam Hammer did not even know if she had digested and absorbed it. Before the adjudicator could react, she had snatched a new totem battle armor fragment as fast as lightning.

This was permitted by the rules, in theory, and it was even encouraged by the rules.

Nevertheless, was she not afraid of the hippo warrior's fury?

"Is she... Is she crazy?"

"How dare she provoke both the wild boar man and the hippo man at the same time!"

"Snatching two totem armor fragments in a row in just ten days? Even if she managed to snatch both of them, she wouldn't dare to merge the two fragments into the Mithril Ripper, right? Otherwise, the different characteristics and the violent killing intent would clash with each other. It would definitely backfire on its master and turn her into an Origin Warrior!"

"If Ice Storm turns into an Origin Spirit, she would be the strongest Origin Spirit in hundreds of years.

"Even if she doesn't turn into an Origin Spirit, she is already powerful enough. Didn't you see her unbelievable saber technique?"

"Yes. It doesn't seem to be the claw attack that Ice Storm has previously been using. It seems to be a brand-new, fierce, and unparalleled saber technique

"I've never seen such a weird saber technique before. At first glance, it seems to be a simple and overwhelming attack. However, when I recall it carefully, Ice Storm apparently used every bone, tendon, and lump of flesh in her body when she waved her saber. Even her toes were exerting strength, creating a deep ravine on the arena. Therefore, she was able to unleash the destructive power of the five heavy sabers... no, her five claws to the maximum

"It's not only Ice Storm, but also her servants. Where on earth did they learn such an overbearing combat technique?!"

The ice layer pressing on the hearts of the audience finally cracked.

The audience took a deep breath and swallowed a few mouthfuls of icy saliva with difficulty. Only then could they discuss excitedly through the cracks in the ice.