

Oh My God 981

Chapter 981: The Ghost's Awakening

Soon, the scattered discussions gathered into a chaotic tide, which then escalated into a violent sea.

Everyone, even those who had supported other trump cards, those who had just lost a large sum of money on Ice Storm, and the wild boar people who did not belong to the Ironhide Clan, all jumped up from their seats.

They swung their arms around and used all their strength to cheer and applaud.

That's right, Ice Storm had gone crazy.

However, was that not what the audience wanted to see?

No matter who the opponent was, the warriors were like crazy demons. They did not care about the consequences and crushed their opponents with unstoppable momentum, tearing them into pieces, mincing them into minced meat, and burning them into ashes.

That was true battle!

The audience had long been tired of the increasingly mediocre games.

If every battle had to be decided by the adjudicators instead of blood and death as in the past, why did they have to come all the way and squeeze into the cramped seats to watch children play House?

The hearts of most gladiators had long shifted to the five clans and the Battle of Glory.

Only Ice Storm still retained the most traditional and purest gladiator nature!

"Ice Storm! Ice Storm! Ice Storm! Ice Storm!"

For a moment, the female snow leopard warrior's name exploded from the throats of the several dozen thousand spectators at the same time. It shook the entire audience and resounded through the clouds.

Amidst the passionate cheering, the banner that represented victory finally rose slowly.

The fully armed Casanova rushed onto the stage in exasperation, dragging the unconscious hippo warrior away in time to prevent the female snow leopard warrior from snatching away more totem armor fragments.

"Ice Storm, you're crazy!"

Looking at Ice Storm's two huge claws that were almost dragging across the ground, as well as the air holes on her armor that were still gushing with strong killing intent, Casanova was shocked and angry. He stared at Ice Storm as if he did not know who she was. "Do you know what you're doing?"

"Yes."

Under her silver mask, the female snow leopard warrior's cold laughter could be heard. "I'm exercising my right as a winner to seize more power and glory."

"You are asking for trouble, or even death!"

Kashava gritted her teeth and said, "It was not enough to provoke the iron sheet family last time. Now, do you want all the Hippo Warriors to treat you as their mortal enemy?"

"How many times have I told you that if you desire strength, you can accept my blood and join the Bloody Hoof clan. No matter how many resources or combat techniques you want, including the scraps of the ancient armor, to upgrade your mithril Ripper, I can give them to you. I can also ask the witch doctors and priests in the clan to help you integrate with the totem and become stronger in the safest and safest way!"

"But you shouldn't have acted on your own!"

"After devouring two such large pieces of totem armor, your mithril Ripper will definitely become a terrifying monster. It will devour your flesh and soul, turning you into a warrior of origin."

"Even if you are lucky enough to survive, you have offended so many people. Even if I wanted to help you, I don't know how to do it!"

Ice Storm looked at Kashava.

A faint sigh came from under the silver mask.

He seemed to be confused — what had he been afraid of in the past two years? Why did he feel suffocated and uneasy whenever he saw such a guy, so much so that he was toyed with by him?

"Thank you for your good intentions, Lord Kashava. However, there is one thing that I think you are mistaken about."

"Of course," Ice Storm said coldly. "I do desire strength, but I want to seize it with my own claws and sabers in the way of the Tulan. I don't want to rely on anyone's gift."

"That's right. In the past two years in the Bloody Skull Arena, I've received a lot of help from you, including your help in upgrading the Ripper to mithril Ripper with the scraps of the armor of the Bloody Hoof clan."

"However, I've also won a lot of audience and benefits for the Bloody Skull Arena with my proud battle record. I'm worthy of whatever I've got from you."

"We're just cooperating with each other. I really don't know where you're talking about 'taking matters into my own hands'."

"As long as I haven't accepted your blood, I'm free."

"As long as I'm prepared to pay any price, I can go anywhere and do whatever I want, right?"

Casava narrowed his eyes.

He could hear the hidden meaning behind the ice storm.

He couldn't believe his ears.

On the bull helmet of the totem armor 'Lava Fury', two bull eyes suddenly widened and a ruby-like blood color seeped out.

Even the two huge bull's heads that were decorated on both sides of the shoulder guards turned at the same time.

The three bull's heads stared at ice storm.

"You want to leave?"

Casa fa enunciated each word, "You want to leave the Blood Skull Arena?"

Ice Storm's breathing stopped.

But his feet were firmly fixed to the ground by the frost, not even a finger's distance back. He gritted his teeth and said, "Before the blood bestowing ceremony, I have no relationship with the Blood Hoof clan. Whether I leave or not, it's my freedom!"

Kashava's expression, which was hidden under the ox-head mask, suddenly became extremely deep.

"I understand."

The judge of the Blood Skull Arena put away all his shock and anger and didn't dwell on this topic anymore.

He changed the topic and asked coldly, "Ice storm, the series of changes that have happened to you recently are related to that guy with black hair and black eyes, right?"

Ice Storm was shocked.

Although she had frozen her body in time.

The slight tremble on the tip of her claw still revealed the emotions in her heart.

Casava got the answer.

A smile appeared on his face again.

"Actually, it's not that hard to guess."

He explained slowly, "You are an outsider. You have no foundation in black-corner City and have lived in the bloody skull arena for a long time. It's impossible for you to get help from other forces besides the bloody hoof family.

"Then, the series of incredible changes that have happened to you and your squad can only be because of a rat civilian servant.

"Most of your servants are new recruits who have just been recruited from the remote villages. From their appearance to their performance, they all fit the characteristics of the rat civilians. They are ordinary and not worth mentioning.

"Only the guy with black hair and black eyes survived such a serious injury and crawled out of the dungeon. He climbed all the way to the most sacred and dazzling arena in the Bloody Skull Arena and became the most trusted person by Queen Frost's side.

"I don't think that the ice storm, who has always been as cold as ice and doesn't allow strangers to enter, would suddenly be interested in an ugly monster with black hair and black eyes.

"Tell me who he is

"He is my servant, and I am a free gladiator. He has even proven himself with two consecutive victories. He is qualified to enjoy the rights that a warrior of Tulan should enjoy!"

Ice Storm raised his voice. "Lord Casavar, listen to the cheers of the audience. You wouldn't choose this time to attack a servant of a Free Gladiator, would you?"

The corners of Casavar's eyes twitched slightly.

His eyes were really like his name, condensing into two bloodthirsty battle axes.

However, some of the audience had already vaguely noticed the subtle atmosphere between the judge and the Ace.

They realized that they were not just talking about the outcome of this battle.

Casava looked around.

Faced with the cheers, he took a deep breath and took a step back.

"Of course, you and the Warriors under you are the pride of the Bloody Skull Arena. How could I bear to tear my own 'Ace'?"

Casava said, "I just want to remind you that the Ironhide family seems to have been planning some action recently. They want to take back the totem armor from you with interest.

"Alright, now we may need to add the furious Hippo Warriors."

"Promise Me, you and your mysterious servant with black hair and black eyes, you must be careful. Don't be destroyed by your own arrogance and recklessness, okay?"

"Don't worry, Lord Casa Fa."

Ice storm said, "When our enemies are all smashed into pieces and turned into rotten meat and mud, we will definitely try our best to live on and witness the true glory!"

"Lord Ice Storm!"

Not far away, Ye Zi shouted in panic, interrupting the conversation between the two of them. "Not good. The Reaper is too heavily wounded. He seems to be dying!"

"..."

Deep inside the bronze tank filled with secret medicines, Meng Chao suddenly opened his eyes.

The liquid that was as thick as honey around him turned transparent at a speed visible to the naked eye under the crazy swallowing of his 36,000 pores.

The spiritual energy contained in the secret medicine was transferred to his body and turned into the brightest stars in his eyes that were as deep as the night sky.

He sensed that the spiritual veins that had been damaged and withered inch by inch had been opened.

The spiritual energy network that was as complicated as a three-dimensional spider web was shining again in his internal organs.

Meng Chao grinned and smiled soundlessly.

Although the hidden wounds hidden deep inside his cells and the evil energy that originated from 'mother 01' had yet to be completely removed, the spiritual energy in his body had not been completely removed yet.

Even 'LÜ Siya', who had turned into a forest banshee with dark green skin and dark red hair, appeared in his nightmares every night. She hugged his thigh and refused to let him go.

But in the end, he crawled out of the abyss of death step by step.

He had the ability to challenge the fate of destruction again.

Moreover, the further he was from Dragon City, the more excited he felt.

In Dragon City, he played the role of a guardian, a strong and heavy shield that could only passively defend against the attacks of exotic beasts.

In every battle of wits and courage, even if he won, he would still inevitably cause a lot of casualties, which made him quite unwilling and unhappy.

It couldn't be said that he didn't like being a guardian.

Meng Chao only felt that the "Guardian" wasn't all he had.

It wasn't even the role he was best at playing.

Apart from being a strong and heavy shield.

He should also be a thin, secretive, sharp and poisoned blade.

He should be the one to take the initiative.

He should take the initiative to attack, to decide when, where and how to stab the poison blade into the most fatal point of the target.

This was the real Meng Chao.

A ghost assassin who walks through the flames of the end of the world.

Chapter 982: Solving the Problem

The Ghost Assassin who had returned from the apocalypse had been hibernating in the body of a loyal and honest university student for too long.

He could no longer wait, wanting to enjoy the thrill of hunting in the dark once again.

According to the information he received from the rat folk servants, there were only three high-level battles involving totem power in the arena where Big Buck was today.

Next, the rat servants tested all kinds of new weapons with strange shapes and new tactics that were full of ideas.

Ninety-nine percent of the new weapons and tactics were rubbish.

Very few audiences were interested in such boring tricks.

The lives of the rat folk servants were not worth much.

Therefore, there was no need for Big Buck to watch the battle.

Around the “moment of the tiger”, he would end his day’s work.

The Turan civilization divided the day into twelve scales. Each moment was equivalent to two hours, and each was named after a ferocious beast.

The moment of the tiger was around four o’clock in the afternoon.

After finishing his work at this time, Big Buck would most likely go to the taverns and casinos next to the Blood Skull Arena with his companions to relax.

Moreover, he had not gone to the Sugar House for three days.

After winning wildly, Meng Chao didn’t think that he could resist the temptation.

According to tradition, he would probably walk into the shabby alley leading to the Sugar House halfway through the moment of the eagle.

At the moment of the insect, which was about ten o’clock at night, he would leave the Sugar House and return to the Blood Skull Arena before his companions, pretending that he had been training his muscles and bones until he was drenched in sweat.

As for the other guests, they would usually leave the sugar house later in the dead of night.

In other words, at the moment of the insect, there was a high chance that Big Buck would appear alone in the poor streets and alleys that Meng Chao had explored and deduced many times.

As for Mr. Buck, the wild boar from Red Creek Town...

He still appeared on time in the tavern every day and scolded Big Buck in public, vowing to take revenge.

According to the tradition of the Turan people, such a “fierce speech” performance would last about five to seven days.

Then, under the “firm persuasion” of his companions, Buck would “leave resentfully” with lingering anger. It could be said that he had temporarily make himself look bigger and saved his face.

He recalled all the details in his mind and went through them one last time.

Meng Chao smiled slightly and stood up abruptly from the liquid that was already as thin as water.

Then, he saw Ice Storm sitting opposite him and looking at him expressionlessly.

Just like last time...

Meng Chao sat back down.

“Do you know, I suddenly had a very bold idea. Could it be that you weren’t hurt at all?”

Ice Storm frowned and asked, “The reason why you pretended to be bloody and covered in wounds was so that Leaf and the others would be deeply moved by your bravery and fearlessness. It was because you were greedy for the free secret medicine here!”

Meng Chao lowered his head and looked at the shiny skin and flesh under the scabs that were quickly peeling off his body.

However, there was not a hint of embarrassment on his face.

“Believe me, I’m really seriously injured and weak.”

Meng Chao said, “Don’t look at how I’ve mostly recovered on the surface. In fact, this is just a facade. I’m strong on the outside but weak on the inside.”

Ice Storm held her forehead and took a deep breath. “Alright, we’ve said before that we don’t investigate each other’s background. Since the saber technique you taught me is really useful, I don’t care whether you’re really injured or not.

“However, may I ask, Mr. Reaper, since you’re already so weak, why didn’t you stay in the medicine vat to rest and even climbed out with a face full of excitement? Where are you planning to go?”

Meng Chao subconsciously touched his cheek.

“Do I have a face full of excitement?” he asked Ice Storm.

“You do.”

The female snow leopard warrior said, “I’ve seen similar expressions on the faces of many clan warriors. Usually, after they put on this expression, they either go to kill or set fire to others, or they go to the dark side to beat them up and rob them of their goods.

“In addition, these days, you haven’t been fully devoted to the training of the rat people like Leaf as you did in the last round of training. Instead, you’ve been lurking around day and night, sneaking around and playing with some weird things that no one has ever seen before.

“My instinct tells me that you’re going to go out and cause a lot of trouble.”

Meng Chao scratched his head.

“You’re wrong about me, Lady Ice Storm.”

He sincerely said, “Even if I do cause trouble, it’s definitely not as big as the trouble you’re facing. As the saying goes, ‘more lice don’t itch, more debt don’t worry.’ Sometimes, one trouble that’s fatal is no different from ten troubles that are fatal.

“I think that you have realized this point, which is why you tore the second totem armor without any scruples, right?”

Ice Storm snorted coldly.

“Although I don’t know what kind of trouble you’re facing, Lady Ice Storm, I know that it is about to explode.”

Meng Chao continued, “I heard from the rat laborers that although your fighting style in the past was gorgeous and fierce on the surface, you were very calm on the inside and knew what to do.

“After all, in Black-corner City, you are an outsider without any background, and you are not willing to completely rely on the Blood Hoof Clan. Therefore, you rarely offend those strong people who will bring trouble.

“However, in the last two fights, you have severely wounded two gladiators with deep backgrounds, tearing and snatching away their totem armors.

“Your crazy pursuit of victory and seizing the armors, without even caring whether or not you will offend the Ironhide Clan, has made me guess that things are about to come to a head for you. Moreover, it is definitely more serious than the Ironhide Clan’s boundless fury.

“If that’s the case, the trouble I’m going to cause is nothing compared to the trouble you’ve already caused.

“However, as long as we continue to cooperate sincerely and fight side by side like we did in the past half a month, I believe that even if it’s a huge trouble, we can solve it together.”

Ice Storm thought for a long time.

“Are you really willing to help me solve my trouble, even if you don’t know what it is?” She did not dare to believe it.

Meng Chao laughed.

“Please believe me. Before the problem that I have to solve in the end, all the problems in the world are not real problems,” he said calmly.

Ice storm was silent for a moment, digesting Meng Chao’s extremely informative and arrogant words.

Then, she asked, “How long are you going out for?”

“About three hours.”

Meng Chao said, “I’ll be back before the ‘moment of the snake.’”

“Do you need my help?”

“Not for the time being.”

“Then do I need to know what you’re going to do?”

“Not for the time being, but tomorrow morning, you’ll find out, Lady Ice Storm.”

“Alright, be careful. The Ironhide Clan has already set their eyes on me, and Casanova has already set his eyes on you.”

“Then we should seize every second. Get ready to solve all your problems!”

...

The moment of the bear.

The old blacksmith's tavern.

Buck, the wild boar smashed an empty wine glass on a table made of tree stumps and wiped his beard that was covered with inferior wine. He roared at everyone in the tavern, "By the sword! I swear in the name of the ancestral spirit! That arena is really slippery!"

"Indeed!"

At the same table, the wild boar warriors from Red Creek Town hurriedly backed him up. "We all saw it. There are still traces of blood left from the previous fight on that arena. You were going to defeat that guy, but you accidentally slipped and lost to him."

"Moreover, I didn't use my full strength at all!"

Buck, the wild boar said with red eyes, "For the friendship between the Ironhide Clan and the Blood Hoof Clan! For the unity of the entire Blood Hoof family! I only used half of my strength! Who knew that this b*stard would use all of his strength!"

"That's right, of course you didn't use all of your strength."

His companions spoke one after another. "If you had used all of your strength, Buck of the Blood Hoof Clan would have already flown out of the arena and into the audience seats. How could he steal your victory with a despicable sneak attack?"

"I'm Buck from Red Creek Town!"

Buck, the wild boar clenched the empty wine glass into a lump of sawdust and roared for the third time. "My grandfather's grandfather once killed countless Gollum Beasts, Thunder Beasts, and Six-armed Orangutans in the forest. The blood of these totem beasts dyed the entire stream red!

"My grandfather once followed the army of Turan and fought his way into the land of Holy Light. Before he was blasted into meat paste by the Holy Light, he chopped off the heads of a hundred night watchers, fifty ascetics, and thirty mages in one go. He even accidentally stepped on the heads of two dwarves who had crawled out of the ground!

"My father was the greatest warrior within a hundred miles of Red Creek Town. He was able to throw rocks that were even larger than the elephant men to a distance of more than a hundred arms.

"I, on the other hand, have such a glorious bloodline flowing in my body. All the ancestral spirits are staring at me. I will never lose to this guy named Buck. No, he is not qualified to call himself Buck. One day, I will beat him so hard that he will never dare to call himself Buck again

"Praise the ancestral spirits!"

"By the ax, no one can humiliate the warriors from Red Creek Town like this. No one!"

"One day, we will definitely kill this Big Buck!"

Most of Buck's companions were also surnamed "Red Creek." They were all brothers of the same race who shared the same bloodline and worshipped the same ancestral spirits.

The humiliation Buck suffered was their humiliation.

Buck's hatred was also their hatred.

With a common enemy, the atmosphere quickly reached its peak.

Putting vengeance aside, at least they drank a lot of bad wine brewed from the shells of mandrake fruits.

Logically speaking, even if mandrake flowers bloomed, the raw materials used to brew wine were scarce, and the price of wine changed with each day.

With their status as local tyrants, they would not drink the cheapest inferior wine in such a third-class tavern.

The problem was that in the arena a few days ago, they had bet almost everything they had on Buck, the wild boar and lost everything.

They could only ignore the turbid wine and the various dregs, including the straw, and drink one cup after another with their eyes closed.

Deep in their throats, there seemed to be a red-hot chain pulling back and forth.

It made them hate Big Buck of the Blood Hoof Clan even more.

Chapter 983: Little Buck

After gulping down eight glasses of strong liquor in one go, Buck, the wild boar's anger subsided slightly.

However, the urge to urinate gradually swelled up.

He let out a stinky burp, put his arm around one of his cousins' shoulders, and staggered toward the back alley of the tavern.

In fact, Black-corner City had advanced public health and sewer systems that far exceeded the civilization of the clan.

There was nothing they could do. The high-level orcs had an astonishing appetite, and their digestive system was different from that of ordinary people. The volume of their excrement was ten times larger than that of ordinary people.

If it was a massive existence like the barbarian elephant man, the excrement would probably be dozens of times larger than that of ordinary people.

With the start of the war approaching, the army gathered in black horn city had increased by more than ten times compared to normal times.

If there wasn't a complete set of facilities and a well-functioning sanitation system that could handle large amounts of excrement in an instant, black horn city would be drowned in a pile of excrement before the army could set off to seize glory!

Therefore, the old blacksmith's tavern had an elegant toilet that could accommodate even a brute elephant man.

However, Buck the wild boar from Red Creek town was still used to going to the alley at the back of the tavern, facing the wind, looking at the high sky, whistling, and solving problems without any scruples.

He had visited the old blacksmith's tavern more than ten times.

Even with his eyes closed, he still felt the place with ease.

He untied his belt and imagined the bloody hoof family's Big Buck, with his nose and face swollen, crying and crying, kneeling in front of him and begging bitterly. He chuckled, opened the water gate, and was full of joy.

He kept mumbling, "I'll shoot you to death!"

Soon, the problem was solved. Buck, the wild boar, shivered and was about to return to the tavern to reminisce with his brothers about the glory of the Red Creek family and how to deal with Big Buck.

Suddenly, he heard his name.

In the depths of the alley behind the tavern, there was a corner that was concave. A large amount of debris and garbage was piled up. Only once every ten days or half a month would there be rats to clean it up.

Buck the wild boar had never paid attention to this place.

At this moment, there was someone inside who was whispering, "... buck... Hehe..."

People were always very sensitive to their own names.

Moreover, this voice was sharp and thin, half male and half female. It was demonic and extremely ear-piercing. It was difficult for people not to notice it.

Of course, the other party might not be talking about buck the wild boar.

After all, "Buck" was a very common name.

There were at least three to five hundred "Buck" in the entire black-corner city.

But buck the wild boar still stuck his head out curiously and stuck his big ears on the wall around the corner, eavesdropping on what this ear-piercing voice was saying.

"Lord Buck said that the pig was beaten so badly that he didn't even recognize his parents. One of his tusks was knocked off, and he squeezed out tears on top and excrement and urine on the bottom. He had no choice but to kneel down and beg for Lord Buck's forgiveness.

"That pig said that from now on, he would never dare to call his name 'buck' with such a resounding name. As long as Lord Buck could spare him, he would call his name 'Little Buck' before his name.

"Haha, Little Buck from Red Creek Town, don't you think it's funny?"

These words were like armor-piercing awls condensed from ice.

They went through the gaps in Buck's skull and pierced into Buck's brain.

In an instant, thirty percent of his drunkenness was frozen.

And after the layer of ice on the cerebral cortex cracked, what gushed out from it was a raging fire that was even hotter than magma.

"Little Buck from Red Creek Town"?

F * ck it. There would be no one else. The demonic voice was talking about him!

"Ah!"

Buck the Wild Boar's eyes were red. He raised his fists and ran around the corner.

He saw two drunk rat subjects half-sitting and half-lying next to the smelly garbage.

One of the rat subjects was completely drunk. He crawled into a bottomless basket and curled his body. He was snoring and snoring.

The other rat, who was also very drunk, did not realize that his companion could not hear him anymore. He could not even figure out where his companion was. Instead, he took a dirty mop as his companion's head.

He hugged the MOP's head very affectionately, he rambled on, "Unfortunately, we are not servants of the bloody skull arena. We can't see that pig begging for mercy and calling himself 'Little Buck' with our own eyes. hehehe, hehehe, that must be very interesting!"

Buck the wild boar was furious!

It was not only because of the other party's slander.

It was also because of the other party's identity.

The guy had a pointy mouth and monkey cheeks. His two claws were wrinkled. He even had a short rat tail on his back, which had a lot of characteristics of a rat.

He was a rat-man!

Rat-men were the most despised existence among the various species and classes of the Tulan civilization.

In fact, the reason why they called the 'untouchables' the 'rat people' was because the rat people were the most cowardly, dirty, and despicable.

Most of the rat people did not have the blood of the rat people flowing in their bodies, and there was not a single trace of the characteristics of the rat people on their bodies. Other than being relatively thin and wretched, they were not much different from the warriors of the clan.

They were also thought to have the possibility of being reformed. They could use their blood and even their lives to wash away their shame and rejoin the clan.

The rat people were another matter.

They were thought to be incurable, unworthy of forgiveness and reform. They had long been abandoned by the ancestral spirits.

In a word, the rat people were the lowlifes among the lowlifes, the dregs among the dregs, and the cowards among the cowards. They were the 'Shame of Tulan'!

The reason why such a despicable clan still existed in large numbers in various places of Tulan until today.

The main reason was that their reproductive ability was too astonishing. They were just like real cockroaches and rats.

No matter how hard the clan elders tried to kill and exterminate them, they were never-ending.

That was good.

After all, the foundries, the ancient mines, the construction projects, and the cannon fodder troops all needed to be constantly filled with fresh blood and flesh in order to operate at a high speed.

There were also quite a number of rat people in Red Creek town.

They were all slaves of the clan elders.

When they saw barker the wild boar walking over from afar, they all had to crawl on the ground and bury their faces deep into the mud so that master barker would not see their hateful looks and dirty their eyes.

They did not expect that even a lowlife among the lowlifes in black-corner city would dare to gossip about their master!

Buck the wild boar did not even think about it. He roared and swung his leg, hitting the Rat Man in the chest.

The Rat Man was so drunk that he did not even notice buck the wild boar's appearance. He was still standing there with a red face and saliva flying everywhere, chattering non-stop.

Suddenly, he was sent flying three or four arms high. He hit the wall heavily and slid down like a broken sack. However, he could not even let out a scream. His eyes were wide open and his cheeks bulged high. With a "Wah" sound, he spat out a large amount of blood and vomit.

Buck's cousin heard the commotion and rushed over to check.

When he saw that Buck's leather boots were stained with vomit and blood, he thought that this rat-man who was curled up and humming had accidentally offended his cousin.

"Buck, what's Going On?"

His cousin had a pair of slender eyes. He could be considered one of the steadier ones among the many wild boar warriors in Red Creek town.

He squatted down to look at the Ratman's clothes, touched the material of the clothes, and turned his head, "This guy is well-dressed. He doesn't look like an ordinary servant. It's best not to kill him directly. If he has really offended you, find his master and ask him to give us an explanation!"

"Of course I won't kill him. Otherwise, I would have kicked his heart out!"

Buck the wild boar dragged the ratman up and checked his chest first. He spat contemptuously. "What a cheap guy. He can take a beating!"

However, he could not hold back his anger. He punched the Ratman's monkey cheek again, neither too heavy nor too light.

Of course, it was what he thought was "Neither too heavy nor too light."

However, the Ratman was beaten so badly that he could only breathe out. He was foaming at the mouth and convulsing violently.

"Humph!"

Seeing that he was really going to die, Buck the wild boar let go of the Rat Man and asked his cousin to get a basin of clean water. At the same time, he also called the other three companions from Red Creek town over.

"But, why?" His cousin asked in puzzlement.

Buck the wild boar kept humming for a long time, and his big face turned red. He only said, "Stop talking nonsense. Just go if I ask you to. You'll know later!"

Soon, five wild boar warriors from Red Creek town blocked the back alley of the tavern.

One of them crossed his arms and put the heavy saber under the creak pit. He stood at the entrance of the alley with a fierce look in his eyes and helped them keep watch.

The other four surrounded the rat man.

A basin of water was splashed on his face and he pressed hard on his chest a few times. It was not easy for him to wake up the rat man who was especially tough.

The bad wine that this guy had just drunk was mixed with vomit and spewed out. He was also stimulated by the intense pain, but he was already seventy to eighty percent sober.

Seeing the four fierce-looking wild boar warriors, which were like four high walls that blocked him firmly, he was instantly scared out of his wits. He struggled as he squirmed, desperately begging for mercy.

"Honorable and wise warriors, I, I really don't know how I offended all of you. I, I really deserve death, but I'm just a lowly and dirty rat man. I'm not worthy for you to do it yourself. Even if, even if you step on me to death, you will still dirty the soles of your shoes, right?"

The rat-man wept bitterly, his face full of ugliness.

His tears made the four wild boar warriors suck in a breath of cold air, and they subconsciously took half a step back.

However, they stopped thinking about beating him up.

“Who are you? What are you doing here?”

Barker asked with a sullen face.

The rat-man’s eyes flickered, as if he was ashamed to reveal his identity. He only said timidly, “I, I finally rested for half a day, and I came out to have some fun.”

The high-level orcs were addicted to alcohol.

The rat-people were no exception.

Moreover, the rules of the Tulan people did not prohibit the rat-people from entering and leaving taverns — it was even the most luxurious taverns where the strong gathered.

As long as the rat-people were not afraid of the strong getting drunk and casually waving his hand and beating his brains out, it would be fine.

Obviously, most of the rat-people were still afraid.

Even if they wanted to have fun, they would find the lowest grade cheap tavern, the kind that specialized in serving rat citizens.

Rat people were also the lowest class of rat citizens, the most despised existence.

If they went to the lowest grade cheap tavern, they might be bullied by other rat citizens.

Running to the Back Alley of the tavern and secretly getting two bottles of inferior wine to satisfy their cravings was also a very reasonable thing.

Buck the wild boar did not suspect anything.

But he was not easily fooled.

He used the mop head to poke at the bruise on the Rat Man’s chest that he had kicked out. He said, “You haven’t answered my question. Who the hell are you? !”

The rat man was even more injured. He was stabbed until he squeaked.

But he seemed to have some concerns and refused to answer directly.

Buck the wild boar was surprised and said to his companions, “Black-corner city is really different. The rat-people here dare not answer the master’s questions. Don’t the Warriors here know how to make the rat-people?”

At this time, the cousin with long, thin eyes, who was relatively calm, picked up a shiny gold badge from the ground and handed it to buck the wild boar.

It must have fallen out of the Rat Man’s clothes when he was kicking him.

A pair of small and exquisite cat ears were engraved on the badge.

Chapter 984: Killing for Treasures

“What is this?”

Buck, the wild boar looked at it for a long time, but he did not think that any big clan in Black-corner City would have such a cute design as their clan’s battle emblem.

“Huh, it’s the symbol of the Sugar House!” another cousin with a green birthmark on his face said.

“What is the Sugar House?” Buck, the wild boar asked in confusion.

His cousin explained the concept of a sugarhouse vividly.

Buck, the wild boar and the others were dumbfounded when they heard it.

Coming from the simple and honest Red Creek Town, they never dreamed that there would be such a decadent place in the world.

“By the ancestors’ spirits! They didn’t pursue mighty and majestic elephant girls, bear girls, or tiger girls, but they like such weak cat girls and rabbit girls?”

“How shameless!”

“D*mn it! A real man should conquer the strongest woman. How perverted must he be to fall in love with the weak cat girls?”

“Exactly! The cat girls and the rabbit girls are all evil. The bosomy elephant girls are the real choice for a man!”

“Wait, Green Eyebrows, how did you know about the Sugar House?”

Everyone looked at the wild boar warrior with a green birthmark around his eyes suspiciously.

Green Eyebrows blushed and spoke after a long while. “I-I overheard it. While I was drinking the other day, I overheard two guys I didn’t know. It’s true!”

“Forget it. Let’s not talk about this stupid thing.”

Buck, the wild boar waved his hand and kicked the rat man. “So, this kid is a servant in the Sugar House?”

“He should be.”

Green Eyebrows said, “I know... No, I heard from the two guys that I didn’t know that the Sugar House likes to use rat men as servants because rat men are the most despicable. They don’t dare to reveal the secrets of their guests. Even if they do, no one will believe the rat men’s words. Killing them casually is nothing worth mentioning.”

“I see...”

Buck, the wild boar fell into deep thought.

His small red bean eyes grew bigger and bigger, almost jumping out of his eye sockets. The muscles on his face also began to twitch rapidly. His face bloomed with delight, and his laughter was like a flood. He patted his thigh repeatedly and said, "Haha, hahahaha, I didn't expect this. I really didn't expect that Big Buck, hahahaha, the Big Buck of the Blood Hoof Clan is actually such scum!"

Suddenly, his laughter came to an abrupt end.

His expression became extremely ferocious.

He poked the rat man with the mop head again and said with a hideous smile, "Kid, tell me honestly, which sugarhouse are you a servant of? Is Big Buck of the Blood Hoof Clan a regular customer of your place?"

The rat man widened his eyes, his face full of shock.

He was just trying his best to dodge, so how could he leak the information of a distinguished customer?

"B*stard, do you really think that the warriors of Red Creek Town won't dare to stomp a tiny rat to death in Black-corner City?"

Buck, the wild boar's patience had finally run out. His brute strength exploded, and he stabbed the mop's head forward with great force. The mop brushed past the rat man's face, and with a boom, the wall behind the rat man was easily pierced into a big hole!

If Buck's hand had trembled slightly, the shocking hole would have been in the rat man's face.

His terrifying aura and the words "Red Creek Town" finally broke the rat man's nerves.

He shrieked and tried to crawl through the middle of the warriors like an actual rat.

However, he was caught by Green Eyebrows and thrown to the ground.

He could only curl up into a ball, hold his head, and scream, "Don't kill me! Don't kill me! Don't kill me! I'll tell you everything! Everything! Everything!"

Just like that, the rat servant told them everything as Buck, the wild boar threatened him.

Only then did the five wild boar warriors discover that Big Buck of the Blood Hoof Clan had humiliated them outside.

"Little Buck from Red Creek Town!"

F*ck, it was not just an insult to Buck, the wild boar alone.

It was an insult to all the wild boar warriors from Red Creek Town and even to the ancestral spirits that had guarded Red Creek Town for thousands of years!

Some of the wild boar warriors flew into a rage and brandished their maces, wanting to smash the rat servant into meat paste to vent their anger.

Others beat their chest with their hoofs and knelt down to beg for the ancestral spirit's forgiveness.

It was due to their incompetence as juniors that the ancestral spirits suffered such an undeserved disaster.

However, if their ancestral spirits had witnessed this, they would have definitely found their enemy and washed away such a great humiliation with their enemy's blood and bone marrow.

Buck's cousin, who had long, narrow eyes, and a relatively calm nature, stopped his excited companions.

He dragged the rat servant who was scared out of his wits to the side, frowned, and helped the rat man clean up the blood and stains on his body. "Don't be afraid. You're not the one who said those things. We are all true warriors. As long as you're willing to tell us the truth, we don't want to dirty our hands with your dirty, rotten, and filthy blood," he said amiably.

"Tell me, did you hear Big Buck say this with your own ears?"

Perhaps it was his attitude that had bewitched the rat servant...

Or perhaps, the moment he said that Big Buck was a VIP of his house, the rat man servant had no choice but to give up.

He shook his head. "No, I heard it from Golden Bell. Oh, Golden Bell is a cat girl from our place. She likes to tie four little golden bells around her wrists and ankles. When she dances, they jingle continuously. It's very nice and popular."

Slender Eyes took a deep breath and said, "So, Golden Bell heard it from Big Buck personally?"

"No."

The rat servant quickly shook his head, "Golden Bell heard it from Big Whiteball. Big Whiteball is a rabbit girl. Her tail is big, round, and white. It's furry and very beautiful. As for whether Big Whiteball heard it from Big Buck personally, I-I don't know."

"I understand."

Slender Eyes smiled and said, "In short, this matter has already spread throughout the sugarhouse, right?"

Although he kept smiling...

The rat servant shivered deeply and could not say a word.

Slender Eyes patted the rat servant's shoulder and beckoned Buck, Green Eyebrows, and the other wild boar warriors to a corner.

"Buck, since things have come to this, it's impossible to resolve this properly."

Slender Eyes solemnly said, "The humiliation that Red Creek's ancestral spirits has suffered must be washed away with blood, either Big Buck's blood, or yours.

"Otherwise, all the warriors from Red Creek Town will become the biggest joke in the entire Blood Hoof family!"

"I know."

Buck, the wild boar no longer had his frivolous attitude from when he drank bad wine. He gritted his teeth and nodded. "I will challenge Big Buck again and fight him to the death in the arena!"

"No..."

Slender Eyes blinked, and he called for everyone to move their heads closer. In a low voice, he said, "Didn't you hear what this servant said? Big Buck is a frequent customer of the sugarhouse. Do you think that when he goes to the sugarhouse, he will swarm the place in groups of three or five?"

Wild boar Buck was slightly stunned.

He started to ponder with his companions.

"You mean..."

Wild boar Buck's small red bean eyes narrowed too.

The red light in his eyes became darker and darker.

"After all, this is the Blood Hoof Clan's territory. If they tamper with the arena, it will be very difficult for us to defend the glory of the ancestral spirit in a fair and aboveboard way."

Slender Eyes said, "It was Big Buck who trampled on the glory of a Turan warrior first and even insulted the sacred ancestral spirits. In that case, he can't blame us for being ruthless."

"Moreover, Big Buck also has a powerful totem armor that perfectly covers his upper body!"

At the mention of the totem armor, all of the wild boar warriors' small eyes lit up.

Wild boar Buck contemplated for a moment and gritted his teeth. "I only want Big Buck's life, not his totem armor—all the spoils of war will belong to you!"

"How can that be? We are brothers. Your hatred is our hatred, our spoils of war are also your spoils of war."

Slender Eyes said, "The totem armor that perfectly covers his upper body, no one can eat it in one bite—the person will suffer the backlash of totem power and become an Origin Warrior."

"The full set of his partial body armor will be divided equally among the five of us. Each of us will eat an armguard or a piece of chest armor. That will be just right, what do you think?"

The few wild boar warriors looked at each other and saw the greed in each other's eyes.

"Then let's do it!"

Wild boar Buck decided.

Only Green Eyebrows was still a little hesitant. "Will we be discovered? This is Black-corner City, and the other party is a warrior of the Blood Hoof Clan!"

"Of the five of us, we only have one target, and we're in a very quiet alley. As long as we finish the battle quickly before our target can react, we won't be discovered. As long as we do it cleanly and don't leave any evidence behind, even if everyone knows that we did it, the Ironhide Clan will definitely protect us."

This is especially so when we have such a good reason for revenge. In such a situation, perhaps everyone will sing praises about our clean and efficient methods!”

Slender Eyes said, “As for how to shorten the target’s reaction time, it’s best if he doesn’t even have time to put on his totem armor. For that, we’ll have to ask our dear rat man friend.”

The wild boar warriors muttered for a while.

Buck, the wild boar, Slender Eyes, and Green Eyebrows returned to the rat servant’s side, looking at him with a smile.

Their smiles made the rat servant’s hair stand on end, and he desperately crawled toward the corner of the wall.

“Don’t be afraid. As long as you listen to us, we won’t be bothered with stomping you to death.”

Slender Eyes pulled the rat servant out of the corner, grabbed his neck, and asked with a smile, “Since Big Buck is a regular customer at your place, do you know when he usually visits the sugarhouse?”

“Every-Every three or five days, he’ll visit.”

The rat servant said in a trembling voice, “He should be there today. The other day, I heard Master Big Buck and Big Whiteball agree that Big Whiteball would not be allowed to accompany anyone today. She’ll just-just accompany him!”

“Today?”

Slender Eyes raised his voice. “When exactly?”

The rat servant’s eyes began to roll back as a result of his strangulation. After Slender Eyes let go, he held his throat and panted for a long time before he said in a hoarse voice, “He should be there now.”

“He’s already in the sugarhouse?”

Slender Eyes frowned slightly. He looked at Buck and the others before he said in a deep voice, “When does he usually leave then?”

“During the moment of the worm!” the rat man said without hesitation.

“Master Buck always goes back around the moment of the worm.”

The wild boar warriors looked at the sky.

If it was the moment of the worm, they still had enough time to prepare everything.

“How do you know?”

Buck suddenly revealed a fierce look and spoke to the rat servant viciously. “You remember so clearly... Are you lying to us?”

The rat servant was so scared that he almost fainted again. He waved his hand repeatedly and said, “I wouldn’t dare. I wouldn’t dare to lie to the lords. I-I have served Great Master Buck many times. There

were a few times when he asked me to remind him to pay attention to the time. Naturally, I remember it clearly!”

“Buck, don’t scare him. I can see that he’s very smart. He must know the consequences of lying to us. It will be a hundred times more painful than death.”

Slender Eyes put his hands on the rat servant’s shoulder and approached his neck, which seemed to be too fragile to hold. After that, he spoke with a smile. “These old men are quite satisfied with your answer. Now, whether or not you can keep your little life depends on your actions.

“Take these old men to the sugarhouse’s vicinity and the path that Big Buck must pass through. Let’s go!”

Chapter 985: Foolproof

The rat man attendant widened his eyes.

He seemed to have realized something and shook his head desperately.

“The boss will kill me!” he said with a sad face.

“Won’t we kill you?” Buck, the wild boar roared.

The rat man attendant was so scared that his eyes rolled back and he almost fainted.

“Buck!”

Slender Eyes stopped his cousin’s recklessness. He slightly let go of the rat man attendant’s throat and said very patiently, “Don’t worry. As long as you take us to the main road of the big bar, the rest of the matters have nothing to do with you, and we won’t kill you. You know who we are and what we’re going to do, right?”

The rat servant nodded subconsciously, and then shook his head desperately.

“No, I don’t know anything. Let me go, everyone. I don’t know anything!” he said in a sobbing tone.

“It doesn’t matter. We are not afraid of anyone knowing what we are going to do.”

Slender Eyes said, “Big Buck insulted our ancestors like this. It is only right and proper for us to wash away our shame with his blood. We are not afraid of him even if we tell others about it. Why should we kill you?”

“However, you should also know the seriousness of this matter. If you continue to dawdle, it won’t be a big deal for the warriors from Red Creek town to stomp a rat from Black-corner City to death!

“Besides, your companion is dead drunk. He won’t wake up until the rooster crows. As long as you don’t go around talking nonsense, who will know that you leaked Big Buck’s whereabouts to us?”

Under his pacification, the rat servant calmed down slightly.

“Yes, you won’t kill me. You have no reason to kill me.”

He comforted himself and looked pitifully at Buck, the wild boar and Slender Eyes. He put his palms together and begged, "I definitely won't tell anyone about the old men. The old men will definitely not kill me, right?"

"Of course."

Slender Eyes laughed and patted the rat servant's shoulder lightly, "Our target is Big Buck. I promise, as long as you lead us to Big Buck, we won't have the time to kill a nobody like you."

As he spoke, he handed half a bottle of inferior wine to the rat servant.

The rat servant was flattered. He bowed his head and took the bottle with trembling hands.

He couldn't wait to take a big gulp, but he coughed loudly due to the stimulation. Tears and snot came out of his eyes.

Such an unsightly appearance made the wild boar warriors frown again and spit in their hearts.

The rat servant also realized his wretched appearance, which made the masters unhappy. He hurriedly pulled a bunch of weeds that grew from the wall roots and wiped his face.

"Then..."

After drinking the bad wine, the rat servant's face burned badly, but he still squeezed out a habitual flattering smile. He rubbed his hands and said, "I'll take the masters to the sugarhouse now?"

Two wild boar warriors walked in front of him, one on his left and one on his right.

Buck, the wild boar, Slender Eyes, and Green Eyebrows slowed down and fell behind.

"When do we kill this rat?" Buck, the wild boar asked.

"We'll talk about it when Big Buck appears."

Slender Eye explained, "After all, we are outsiders and are not familiar with the environment of Black-corner City, especially those complicated streets and alleys. If this rat is lying, or if Big Buck changed his schedule at the last minute, or if he encountered something and left the sugarhouse early, we will have nothing to do.

"Let's keep this rat for now. In case Big Buck doesn't show up tonight, we can think of another way."

"Okay." Buck, the wild boar nodded.

Under the lead of the rat servant, the five wild boar warriors quickly arrived at the street where the sugarhouse was located.

This was the residence of the rat laborers in Black-corner City.

The laborers who lived here had a slightly higher status than the slave laborers who worked to death in the foundry. They could enjoy limited freedom.

Naturally, they could not be compared to the clan warriors, nor were they qualified to live together with the lords.

They could only squeeze into this layer upon layer of slums that looked like a three-dimensional labyrinth.

The past half century of prosperity had caused the population of Black-corner City to explode. Among them, the population of the rat people had increased several times faster than that of the warriors.

The advanced orcs, who had a rough personality, naturally would not clean up every street, especially the alleys in the depths of the slums. There were piles of debris and garbage everywhere. There were also clothes and cloth hung outside by the rat people, the temporary tents severely blocked the traffic and obstructed the sight of passers-by. It was a good place for an ambush.

The target of the five wild boar warriors was too big.

They took the rat servant walked around the depths of the alleyway with Slender Eyes first.

According to the instructions of the rat servant, they bought a mask made of paper at the entrance of the alleyway to cover their faces symbolically.

If they met the customers of the sugarhouse, they would not arouse suspicion.

Then, they walked around the five roads near the sugarhouse.

Even from the top of a three-story building that had half collapsed, they could see the narrow door with the pattern of cat ears in the distance, which was the entrance of the sugarhouse.

Looking down from above, they looked down and remembered the surrounding terrain.

Slender Eyes took the rat man back to his companions.

He gave a brief introduction of the situation.

Then, he used a mandala branch to draw a very rough map on the ground.

“There are five paths out of the sugarhouse, all leading to the outside world. Which one would Big Buck take?” Buck said with a frown.

The five wild boar warriors all looked at the rat man.

The rat man trembled and pointed at the map in fear. “This, this one.”

“You’re lying!”

Slender Eyes suddenly grabbed the rat man’s neck and pulled him to the front. He changed from his previous soft words, but his eyes were wide open and his voice was fierce, “You said that Big Buck would rush back to the Blood Skull Arena every time he reached the moment of the worm, but the closest road from the sugarhouse to the Blood Skull Arena should be the one on the left. Why did you point us to the one on the right?”

The rat man was so scared that his soul left his body, and his legs were shaking like chaff.

His mouth was wide open for a long time, then he explained in a sharp and thin voice, “By the ancestors, I wouldn’t dare to lie to the masters. What you said is to go to the main gate of the Blood Skull Arena,

which is the gate for the audience to enter the arena. If we go from the sugarhouse, we should go to the left.

“But the Blood Skull Arena is very big. The spectator stands like Big Buck live in the southeast side of the arena, which is close to the area on the right.

“There is a small door over there that allows the people of the arena to enter and exit freely.

“After leaving the sugarhouse, walk down the road on the left. After making two turns, you will arrive at the back door of the Goldfinger Casino.

“Walk through the entire Goldfinger Casino and exit through the main door. After walking a few hundred steps forward, you will be able to see the small door on the southeast side of the Blood Skull Arena.

“If you take this route, not only will it save you thousands of steps compared to going left, taking the main road, and passing through the main door, but if you bump into someone you know, you can also say that you just played a few rounds in the Goldfinger Casino, and it won't arouse any suspicion.

“So, Big Buck has always taken this route.”

Slender Eyes and the wild boar, Buck looked at each other.

With a cold snort, he let go of the rat servant.

“If you are smart enough, you have already taken the initiative to tell everything that you know.”

Slender Eyes said, “If you are not smart enough, I will give you another chance. Think carefully, what else should be said that you haven't said?”

The rat servant shook his head desperately.

“No, I know everything. I've really told the masters everything. Please, please let me go!” he said cautiously.

“What's the rush? Wait for Big Buck to appear, and we'll naturally let you go.”

Slender Eyes made a gesture.

Green Eyebrows immediately went forward. Without saying anything, he used the dirty rag that he had prepared earlier to block the rat servant's mouth. He also used two bundles of tough hemp ropes that had been soaked in resin to bind his hands.

The rat man widened his eyes and struggled desperately. He squeezed out a “wu wu” sound from the gap of the rag.

“Don't be nervous. I'm just afraid that you'll scream because of the old man's murderous aura and disturb the good dreams of the neighbors.”

As he spoke with his long, thin eyes, he put a torn pocket on the rat man's head to block his line of sight.

After getting rid of the rat man, Buck, the wild boar, Slender Eyes, and Green Eyebrows discussed their strategy with the map.

“Since we are sure that Big Buck will go this way, it is best to set up an ambush at this corner.”

Slender Eyes pointed at the map with a branch, “It is quite a distance away from the sugarhouse. If we act here, it will not be easy to be discovered by the guards in the sugarhouse. Moreover, when Big Buck walks here, his mood will gradually relax. He’d never think that someone would be waiting for him here.”

“Then, why isn’t it in the first section?”

Wild boar Buck said, “The first section is more secluded. There are no windows on both sides of the buildings, and there are no street lamps. It is so dark that nothing can be seen clearly.”

“It is because it is so dark that nothing can be seen clearly. When Big Buck walked there, it was impossible for him to relax his vigilance.”

Slender Eyes explained, “And in the later part, we can gradually see the windows and lights. It’s about to become lively. It’s like passing through a very long, very dark cave and finally finding the entrance. At this time, people are definitely the most relaxed and the least vigilant.”

“That makes sense.”

Green Eyebrows said, “However, almost all the guests who left the sugarhouse were wearing masks, and many of them were wearing hooded capes. How do we know which one is Big Buck?”

“Let’s have buck lie down on top of the building in front of the sugarhouse from a distance. There won’t be too many guests coming out of the sugarhouse at the moment of the worm, at most one or two. The Turan, wild boar, elephant man, and Centaur have very different physical characteristics. Even if they are wearing hooded cloaks, it will be easy to recognize them.”

Slender Eyes said, “There will only be one or two Turan who left sugarhouse at the moment of the worm. Buck, you should be able to recognize the enemy who humiliated you and the Red Creek ancestral spirit from these two Turan, right?”

“Of course. I’ve fought him for 300 rounds. I can recognize his shoulder width, arm length, two horns, one big and one small, and the way he shakes his arms when he walks!” Buck, the wild boar gritted his teeth and said.

“That’s good. Then when you discover that Big Buck has left the sugarhouse, run along the rooftops and run straight here. Cut the clotheslines hanging on the rooftops and let all the clothes fall down. This is the signal you sent us.”

Slender Eyes pointed at the map, “As for the four of us, we’ll ambush here, here, here, and here. When we see Buck’s signal, we’ll be ready to act. Oh right, Green Eyebrows, when you see the signal, kill that rat first. Is there a problem?”

“No, killing a rat with its eyes covered, mouth stuffed, and hands tied behind its back. What’s the problem?”

Green Eyebrows grinned.

All the wild boar warriors started to chuckle.

Chapter 986: Screams in the Dark Night

The wild boar warriors from Red Creek Town used to hunt totem beasts in the forest. The five of them worked well together.

Through the battle between wild boar Buck and Big Buck, they had a certain understanding of the strength of the target.

They believed that as long as they did not give Big Buck the chance to put on the totem armor, the battle would definitely end in three rounds.

When the totem armor was activated, it would crazily absorb the spirit energy and even vitality of its owner.

No one would wear the totem armor for a long time—unless they were tired of living and wanted to become an Origin Warrior.

It was almost impossible for Big Buck to walk out with the armor on, especially after having fun, and being near his own territory.

Although there were definitely many loopholes in the revenge plan that had been brewed in a hurry.

However, the wild boar warriors were not existences that were well-thought-out and calculated.

If they were to be ridden on their necks to insult their ancestors' spirits and let their enemies see the sun tomorrow.

How would they have the face to return to Red Creek Town?

The five wild boar warriors used their agility that was completely out of line with their figures to climb onto the roofs, hide in the corners, and hide behind the pile of junk as well as the garbage bin.

It was as if they were ambushing a totem beast in a swamp deep in the forest. They kept their fangs, held their breath, and waited quietly.

The insect moment was coming.

It was a starless night.

Under the dark sky, the noisy market and the flickering lights in the distance made the area even more quiet and dark, except for the occasional rat laborers who passed by quickly.

Two tall, burly clan warriors, cloaked and armed with heavy weapons at their waists, passed under the eyes of the wild boar warriors.

The clothes hanging high in the air did not fall.

Their figures did not match the features of Big Buck either—one of them was too fat and probably had the blood of a wild elephant man, and the other had too big a horn on his head, with his forks sticking out like twigs, just like a reindeer.

The wild boar warriors were not disappointed.

Although they had not found the target...

The two clan warriors had not found them either.

This showed that their concealment was effective.

About the time of the insect and the time of the meal.

The clothesline hanging high above the street trembled twice and was silently torn off.

The seven or eight clothes hanging on it were like shed snake skin, gently falling down.

The four wild boar warriors lying in ambush in the alley were invigorated.

Their pupils contracted slightly as they slowly licked their fangs with the tip of their tongues, savoring the sweetness of fresh blood.

Although the four of them were extremely far apart in order to form an ambush circle and could not communicate with each other.

However, the tacit understanding from the same ancestral spirit made them feel as if they could see the shining light of revenge on each other's blades.

A tall figure gradually emerged from the darkness.

The faint light source in the distance outlined his outline, which was between a wild boar man and a wild elephant man.

The unique bone structure of the sole of his foot was similar to that of a cow's hoof. Even through the leather boots, it still made a crisp clicking sound on the bluestone.

Naturally, he was wearing a mask and a hood.

However, one side of the hood was raised high, while the other side was shriveled, as if he only had one cow horn.

At this moment, walking from the direction of the sugarhouse, there was no other Turan with such distinctive features.

A cruel smile appeared on the lips of the wild boar warriors at the same time.

It was as if they could already see Big Buck being cut into pieces by them, and even the totem battle armor had been snatched away by them. Meanwhile, their "avenger" reputation would be accompanied by this clean and neat operation, leaving no evidence behind, it was a wonderful scene that spread throughout the entire Blood Hoof Clan.

Of course, now was not the time.

The target had not completely walked out of the darkness and walked into their ambush circle.

"Six more steps."

The five wild boar warriors calculated silently in their hearts.

According to the current pace and speed, the target only needed to take six more steps before he would completely step into their ambush circle.

At that time, four wild boar warriors would dash out from four directions at the same time.

Buck, the wild boar would swoop down from the roof and deliver a fatal blow to the target's head.

It would be done just like that.

"Six, five, four..."

The wild boar warriors counted down silently.

The Minotaur warriors who were about to step into the ambush circle knew nothing about all this.

Big Buck was still immersed in the enjoyment from a moment ago.

It was as if he did not want to get up from the soft velvet bed for a long time after the dream ended.

He shook his head and moved forward like a ball of cotton.

There were only three steps left before he stepped into the wild boar warriors' ambush circle.

At this moment, something unexpected happened!

"Help! It's murder!"

An extremely shrill scream tore apart the calm before the storm.

Before the five wild boar warriors could react, a thin and wretched figure dashed out from the dark corner like a big rat and ran desperately in the direction of the Turan Warriors.

As he ran, he used his sharp and ear-piercing voice, which could travel for miles in the dark, and uttered a meaningless cry, "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!"

The five wild boar warriors' minds suddenly buzzed.

It was that rat servant!

How did he untie the rope, take off the hood, and spit out the rag?

What was Green Eyebrows doing again!

Didn't they tell him to kill this dirty rat the moment the clothesline broke?

Green Eyebrows jumped out of the corner in exasperation. With a low growl, he swung his knife at the rat servant's neck.

He did not know why, but just as he was about to kill him to silence him, the rat servant suddenly burst out with astonishing strength. The joints and bones all over his body seemed to disappear, and he turned from a rat into a loach. With a whoosh... he escaped from under his hands.

The knife that he was determined to get missed.

The rat servant was in a panic. His left foot just stepped on a pile of garbage, and he immediately fell forward in a dog-gnawing posture.

However, he narrowly avoided the knife that was aimed at his neck.

The blade brushed past his hair, and sparks flew from the wall next to him.

The sparks splashed onto the rat servant's face. The stinging pain made him even more terrified, and his screams became even more shrill.

Far away, near and far, many of the originally dark windows were lit up by flickering lights.

Not far away, in the brightly lit street market, the noise gradually flowed toward them.

Wild boar Buck and the other five wild boar warriors had no choice but to brace themselves and jump out.

However, they were half a beat too late.

To be able to take up the position of a spectator in the Blood Skull Arena where experts gathered, Big Buck was naturally not a slow-witted and useless person.

Just as the mouse-man manservant let out his first scream, every tendon and muscle in his body contracted to a degree that was as hard as steel.

He activated his totem armor without hesitation.

When the wild boar buck swooped down from the top of his head, he had already completed the reproduction of the totem armor.

The chest armor was carved into the head of a raging bull; on the left and right arm armors, there was a scimitar that was as mighty and domineering as a bull's horn; in the darkness, the bull's eyes and the blade of the ox-horn scimitar... all of them were blooming with an orange color that represented extreme heat.

Although Big Buck's totem armor was not as powerful as Casanova's Lava Fury, it was not something that could be eaten by a few pigs in a hurry!

In order to prevent the strong murderous intent from leaking out, Big Buck noticed it in advance.

Wild boar Buck, who had been crawling forward on the roof, did not activate his totem armor until the moment he jumped up.

Both sides completed the full coverage of the totem armor almost at the same time.

Their battle blade and the battle ax collided with a thunderous roar and dazzling sparks.

"Pu!"

Wild boar Buck spat out a mouthful of blood and took three steps back.

However, Big Buck remained unmoved, and a contemptuous sneer appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Originally, wild boar Buck's strength was slightly inferior to Big Buck's. Otherwise, he would not have lost in the arena.

After losing, he lost a piece of his armor to Big Buck. The gap between their strength widened.

And this damned rat servant completely disrupted their rhythm.

In his panic, wild boar Buck naturally could not take down Big Buck in one go.

Now that things had come to this, his four companions could only jump out of the darkness one after another.

It was a pity that their ambush circle had not formed yet.

The five of them blocked in front of Big Buck.

The path behind Big Buck was empty, not even a hair was left.

Big Buck's gaze swept across the five wild boar warriors one by one. There was not a hint of surprise or fear in his eyes.

Of course, he did not charge forward without thinking.

Instead, he held his battle saber horizontally in front of his chest and took half a step back with full vigilance. He retreated back into the darkness and assumed the stance of being able to withdraw from the battlefield at any time.

That's right, he was no match for the wild boar warriors in a one-on-five fight.

However, it was not so easy for five wild boar warriors from Red Creek Town, who were unfamiliar with the place, to kill him in his native territory before others arrived!

"So it's... Buck from Red Creek Town!"

Although both parties were wearing masks, the confrontation just now had allowed Big Buck to recognize the other party's identity.

He sneered and said, "Instead of openly issuing a challenge in the arena, you hid in a dark alley and prepared to take advantage of the situation. Is this the revenge method of Red Creek Town?"

Such taunts made wild boar buck extremely furious.

Just as he was about to go up and risk his life, he was hugged by his cousin.

"Let's go. We won't be able to kill him tonight!"

Slender Eyes said in a low voice, "If we don't leave now, we'll be in trouble when the troops arrive!"

In theory, private fights were forbidden among the warriors of Turan.

No matter what kind of grudges they had, they should be resolved in front of the arena or the temple.

At the very least, they should be resolved in front of a witness who had no interest in either side, or in front of the relatives and friends of both sides.

But theory was only theory.

In practice, as long as there was no evidence and no one caught on the spot, it was fine.

The Turan people did not believe in the power of language.

The victim's accusation alone could not convict anyone.

Over time, the victim would rarely accuse the perpetrator based on his confession.

Instead, he would choose to return the favor and take revenge in his own way.

Therefore, it was still not too late to leave now.

Even if Big Buck knew their identities, he could not accuse the Blood Hoof Clan or the Ironhide Clan of their crimes.

It was too weak to ask the lord to uphold justice.

Moreover, it would expose his access to the sugarhouse.

The grudges between them could be resolved in the darkness at the next suitable opportunity!

However, it would be terrible if they were caught red-handed by a large group of people.

To put it bluntly, for the Turan people, killing and plundering was a routine operation. There was nothing special about it.

However, their killing and plundering were such a failure. Not only did they fail to kill their target, but they were also so stupid that they were taken down on the spot.

It was simply a disgrace to the ancestors!

Chapter 987: Fish in a Jar

Buck, the wild boar did not lose his mind completely in his rage.

He knew that the place was not far from the Blood Skull Arena, and there were many active Blood Hoof Clan warriors nearby.

It was quite a distance from the Ironhide Clan's active area.

On top of that, they came from Red Creek Town and were only vassals of the Ironhide Clan.

If the Ironhide Clan knew that they were humiliated like this and that one of the five ambushers wanted revenge but the other party escaped...

The Ironhide Clan would not look upon them kindly.

Thinking of this, Buck, the wild boar gritted his teeth and waved his battle ax at Big Buck. He growled, "Buck of the Blood Hoof Clan, just you wait. The battle between us is far from over!"

With that, the five wild boar warriors climbed onto the wall and quickly disappeared into the dark night.

Big Buck naturally wanted to keep one or two of them as evidence.

However, the other party cooperated well, and both of them had the power of totems. If he was desperate, he might not be able to gain any benefits.

Not to mention, with the noise from all directions and the flickering lights, they were approaching the place like a burning flood.

Plus, the rat servant, who had come out of the corner, was still screaming.

D*mn it. Big Buck had never known that a small rat man could produce such a shrill scream.

It was as if it would attract all the people in the surrounding four or five streets.

Fortunately, the mouse gave a warning.

Otherwise, he would have died here today.

Thinking of this, Big Buck could not help but break out in a cold sweat.

Of course, he would not be grateful to the rat for this.

“B * stard, stop screaming!”

With a gloomy face, he picked up the rat-man servant, “Who are you? Why are you mixed with the pigs from Red Creek Town?”

The rat-man servant was violently shaken by him twice, and his neck was almost broken. Only then did he forcefully swallow the scream back into his stomach.

“M-lord Big Buck, are you okay? You fought them off? That’s great! Thank God, that’s great! Boohoo!”

The mouse-man manservant was still in shock, and his words were incoherent. He even squirmed to move forward, wanting to hug Big Buck’s thigh tightly.

Big Buck threw him to the ground with a face full of disgust. He used the tip of the knife to pry open his coat, and saw the cat ear badge that was fastened inside the coat.

This action caused a misunderstanding to the mouse-man manservant. He thought that Big Buck was going to use the tip of his knife to pull out his heart.

He was scared out of his wits and kept begging for mercy. “Lord Big Buck, I’m the manservant of the Sugar House. You Know Me! Last time when you won big at the Goldfinger Casino, you even rewarded me with 20 bone coins!”

“Humph, of course I know you’re from the Sugar House!”

Big Buck had never paid attention to the appearance of the rat-man servant.

In his opinion, these most despicable, most wretched, and lowest-class lowlifes all looked the same.

However, there were a few times when he was lucky enough to run into the sugar house drunk after the Goldfinger Casino had won a lot of money. He had also thrown money all over the place and let the rat-man servants fight over it. It was considered a pleasure.

Compared to the identity of the mouse-man manservant, he was more concerned about who he was. "Wait, how did you know who I am? How did the pigs in Red Creek town know that I was in the candy house and that I would pass by during this period of time?"

Big Buck was well-developed, but he was definitely not simple-minded.

The duty of 'spectator' was not only to deal with the unexpected situation on the arena, but also to appease the emotions of the audience. Many problems could not be solved perfectly by force alone.

Big Buck thought quickly and his pupils contracted to the tip of a needle. He said furiously, "You leaked my whereabouts? You Lowly Rat, how dare you betray me!"

"I—"

The rat-man manservant wriggled on the ground like a panicked earthworm, trying to find a hole to hide in.

He defended crazily, "It wasn't me. They already knew you were in the Sugar House. They just wanted me to lead the way. I had no choice, Lord Big Buck. They are also masters of the clan. I really had no choice. I don't want to die. I don't want to Die!"

At the end of his speech, he let out a "Wah" and really cried. Tears and Snot covered his face.

Big Buck's expression was as if he had seen a slug infected with a plague.

It was both disgusting and disgusting.

At this time, the noise and lights around them were getting closer and closer.

It was as if someone would appear from the corner at any time.

On the high walls and behind the windows, there seemed to be dozens of people hiding.

It was unknown if they could see Big Buck's appearance clearly.

Hearing the noise getting closer and closer, the mouse-man servant let out a sigh of relief. It was as if he was defending himself, at the same time, it was as if he was trying to claim credit. He said, "Fortunately, I broke free from their control at the last moment. I risked my life to jump out and warn Lord Big Buck. These pigs from Red Creek Town... the wild boar people did not succeed.

"Please rest assured, Lord Big Buck. I have already shouted just now. Someone will come soon. When that time comes, we will definitely catch these wild boar people!"

Big Buck finally couldn't hold it in anymore and kicked the mouse-man servant.

"Idiot, why are you shouting so loudly? You've called so many people over. How can I explain to the master that I've appeared in this alley so late at night!"

"Eh?"

The mouse-man servant was dumbfounded.

It was as if he had just thought of this serious problem.

“Then, I’ll take Lord Big Buck back to the Sugar House?” He was somewhat at a loss and asked carefully.

Big Buck pondered for a moment.

The cry for help that Kid made just now was too sharp, and the content was “Help, murder”. The direction was very clear.

Therefore, he could sense that many warriors were flying over the eaves and walls, quickly approaching this place.

If he turned back to the sugar house, he might be blocked on the road.

The Warriors who rushed over quickly did not know whether he was a victim or a murderer. They would definitely want him to reveal his true face and explain why he was here.

If he was unwilling, the misunderstanding might become even bigger.

What if he was really forced by more than a dozen warriors to reveal his true colors in such a deadly place?

Then, his gossip would spread throughout the entire bloody skull arena the next day.

Also, there were many important figures in the sugar house at the moment. They were far from being someone that a small “Watchman” like him could provoke.

Important figures usually hated trouble very much.

If they knew that he was the one who brought trouble to the Sugar House, they would definitely leave a very bad impression on him.

More importantly, he did not have the time to interrogate this shifty-eyed kid in detail.

How did this kid fall into the hands of those pigs in Red Creek Town? What did he say to those pigs? How did those pigs know his whereabouts?

Although bringing this kid back to the Sugar House and handing him over to the boss would slowly squeeze out all the clues on this kid.

But since it was related to his own safety and reputation, Big Buck was more inclined to do it himself.

Thinking of this, Big Buck narrowed his eyes.

“No, we’re not going back to the Sugar House.”

He said to the mouse-man manservant, “Didn’t your boss build several secret tunnels near the Sugar House? Quickly take me out of here through the secret tunnels.”

“Yes, Secret Tunnels!”

The mouse-man servant slapped his head and struggled to get up.

The more he panicked, the more mistakes he made. He fell again and grimaced in pain.

“They hit me, Lord Big Buck. They almost killed me!”

The mouse-man servant explained his clumsiness while clumsily asking Big Buck to support him. "Look, my injuries, here and here!"

Big Buck was not interested in the mouse-man servant's injuries at all.

However, he did not want to tangle with this lowlife who was destined to not see the sun rise in the morning at the critical moment when random people might appear at any time.

He pulled the mouse-man servant up and tried his best to hold back his anger. "I saw it. Don't worry. When we are in the secret tunnel, tell me about it. I will uphold justice for you!"

"Thank you so, thank you so much, Merciful Lord Big Buck!"

The mouse-man servant was so grateful.

He jogged forward unsteadily.

With ease, he led Big Buck into a dead alley filled with junk.

He found a broken wooden box at the end of the alley.

Pushing open the wooden box, there was a plate of chains covered in dust.

The mouse-man servant used all his strength to pull the chains with all his might. He pulled open a wooden board under the chains and revealed a dark secret passage.

"Please, Lord Big Buck. Our boss carefully dug this secret passage. The exit is behind the Dead Dwarf's head tavern. It's safe!"

The mouse-man servant nodded and bowed.

Big Buck naturally knew that inside and around every candy house, there would be a few or even a dozen secret passages that extended in all directions.

It was convenient to leave safely during emergencies, or to allow important figures to enter and leave without anyone noticing.

However, most of the secret passages led directly to the inside of the candy house.

Judging from the dust on the chains, this secret passage set outside the candy house seemed to have not been used for a long time.

It seemed that it would not be disturbed later.

It really met his requirements.

Big Buck smiled sinisterly.

He took back the totem armor that he had been wearing for a long time and began to feel a faint pain.

He did not hesitate to enter the secret passage.

The mouse-man servant piled up the sundries behind him again and pulled up the wooden box. Only then did he cover the wooden board from the box.

The secret passage suddenly became pitch black.

The mouse-man manservant reached out and carelessly touched big buck's saber.

He was shocked and hurriedly begged for mercy. "I'm sorry, Lord Big Buck. This secret passage is not often used. I, I've only come down once, so I'm not familiar with the environment here."

"It's okay."

Big Buck's eyes were bright. With his strength, he could naturally outline the outline of the darkness around him.

This was a straight path.

Perhaps because it was only a backup tunnel, it was not "Meticulously built" as the mouse-man manservant had said.

However, there were still a few oil lamps in the pit on the wall.

Big Buck lit an oil lamp and handed it to the mouse-man manservant, signaling him to lead the way.

The bean-sized light hit the shadows of the two people on the wall and twisted them into bared fangs and brandished claws.

The mouse-man servant let out a long sigh of relief. Holding the oil lamp, he walked in front, completely unaware that his entire back was exposed to big buck's horns and saber.

Chapter 988: Battle of the Cornered Beasts

"You can explain in detail now. What exactly happened?"

Big Buck said, "Don't worry. This is a personal grudge between me and those pigs. It has nothing to do with you. As long as you can clearly explain things to me, I will help you seek justice."

"Thank you, Sir, thank you, Sir!"

The rat servant heaved a sigh of relief and said in a slightly sobbing tone, "Actually, I don't know what's going on either. I'm still confused. I have a headache, and I was badly beaten up by them. My head is still buzzing. Lord Big Buck, you have to stand up for me!"

"Then explain it to me clearly!" Big Buck said impatiently.

"How did those pigs find you?"

"I-I was drinking in the back alley of the old blacksmith's tavern. While I was drinking happily, for some reason, those pigs... wild boar men surrounded me. First, they kicked me hard, then they punched me in the face several times. They even wanted to pull my hair out and smash me against the wall."

The rat servant said, "They seemed to realize from the beginning that I was working in the sugarhouse, and they knew that you were a regular customer there. I swear, I swear in the name of the ancestral spirit that I really didn't lie. I really didn't tell them what happened to you in the sugarhouse!"

"Enough!"

Big Buck could not help but hit the rat servant's head with his scabbard. "What right do rats have to swear to the ancestral spirit? Cut the crap and continue!"

"Right, continue... and then... they made me lead the way..."

The rat servant held his head and hummed. "I had no choice. You know how fierce those wild boar men are. If I dare to say 'no,' it'd be easier for them to crush me than to crush a real rat.

"So, I-I..."

"You brought them to the path I had to pass and ambushed me?" Big Buck asked with a gloomy look.

The rat servant trembled as if he sensed that Big Buck's dangerous aura was growing stronger again.

He was so scared that he stopped in his tracks.

Big Buck narrowed his eyes.

"Forget it, I can't blame you for this. After all, there are many people in the sugarhouse who know me, and they might betray me."

Big Buck suppressed his killing intent and relaxed his tone. "Start from the beginning again and repeat every detail."

The rat servant did not dare to disobey his order. He honestly told him everything from the beginning.

Big Buck nodded in satisfaction and seemed to be deep in thought. Suddenly, he said, "You mentioned that if you didn't sell me out, someone else would have? Who do you think is the most suspicious person in the sugarhouse? Who is most likely to leak my information? Give me a few names."

The rat servant let out an "ah" and said in a trembling voice, "Lord Big Buck, I-I'm not brave enough to say that carelessly. I don't have any evidence. I don't know!"

"If you can't say it, then you're the one who sold me out."

Big Buck spoke with a sinister smile. "If your boss finds out that a lowly b*stard like you actually dares to sell out a distinguished guest, I don't even need to do anything. She'll skin you alive!"

The rat servant let out a faint gasp like a drowning man, "No, Lord Big Buck, I beg you, please don't tell the boss. Don't tell her!"

"Then give me a few names."

Big Buck said, "Don't worry, I will investigate in secret. I will never tell anyone about you, poor little rat."

The rat servant hesitated for a moment and finally spoke.

"This guy... Last time, he was carrying a basin of water when he bumped into you and splashed the water on your leather boots. You kicked him, and he couldn't get out of bed for half a month, so he's held a grudge against you," the rat servant said.

Big Buck narrowed his eyes and nodded. "Yeah, I think I recall."

“There’s a guy who earned a lot of money in the casino recently. As long as there are benefits, he can even sell his ancestral spirit.”

The rat servant continued, “And there’s this other guy, although he has a pointy mouth and simian cheeks, based on his bragging, he has the bloodline of a wild boar man flowing in his body. He is very close to many domestic rats in wild boar clan. Last month, oh, last month, I saw him personally serving a group of servants from the Ironhide Clan and drinking wine.”

He mentioned several names in one breath.

All of them sounded reasonable and convincing.

Big Buck nodded repeatedly. After the rat servant finished speaking, he suddenly changed the subject and said, “Wait, repeat every detail of what happened after you met that group of pigs again.”

“Huh?”

The rat servant was stunned for a moment, but he still obediently repeated it.

Compared with the previous two times, the whole process this time was reversed, but the details were not too different.

Big Buck was completely relieved.

The last bit of doubt he had about the rat servant also disappeared.

“Lord Big Buck, that’s all I know. The person who betrayed you must be among these names. If you want to settle the score with them, I-I can help you trick them!” the rat servant said in a wretched and obsequious manner.

Big Buck nodded his head noncommittally.

He believed that the rat man servant was telling the truth.

If he had not been threatened by those pigs, this lowly son of a b*tch probably would not have the courage and reason to betray him.

As for the person who betrayed him, was he among the people that the rat man had told him about?

Big Buck was not sure.

Nevertheless, he believed that the rat servant knew a lot. If he forced him to give up, he would only randomly bite and mislead his judgment.

Then the next problem to be solved was how to deal with this rat.

Big Buck believed that if he gave this rat back to the owner of the Sugar House, the other party would definitely give him a satisfactory explanation. They would also thoroughly investigate this matter and find out the person who betrayed him first.

However, he still said the same thing.

If he did that, the matter would be blown up and it would bring a lot of trouble. What the big shots hated the most was trouble.

Moreover, this did not conform to the tradition of the high-level orcs.

The high-level orcs had always used their own blood to wash away their own hatred.

They would only seek help from others when they had no other choice.

However, this also meant that he had no ability to take revenge and was just a coward as timid as a mouse.

If the bigwigs of the Blood Hoof Clan knew that he could not even deal with a few pigs from Red Creek Town, he would have to ask the owner of a sugar house to make a decision for the warriors of the Blood Hoof Clan...

Perhaps, when the army set off, he would have to stay in Black-corner City!

Big Buck Shivered.

Killing intent rose in his eyes.

His gaze was like a serrated blade, cutting the bones on the rat servant's back.

No matter how innocent and beautiful this rat said it was...

He had betrayed his whereabouts and even brought those pigs to ambush him.

If a lowly rat could still see the sun tomorrow after harming a warrior like this...

Wouldn't the glory of the clan's warriors become a joke?

The rat servant in front suddenly stopped in his tracks.

"Lord Big Buck, go around the corner in front. If you take two more steps, you'll be at the back door of Dead Dwarf's Head Tavern."

He nodded and bowed before carefully explaining, "That's right. It rained a few days ago, and there was some water in the secret passage. The ground is slippery. Please be careful."

"I know. Lead the way," Big Buck said coldly.

He had enough of being nice to a rat.

The rat servant shrunk his neck, carried the oil lamp, and walked around the corner.

The terrain in front was low, and the secret passage was built too roughly, so it was not well-built to prevent the rainwater from leaking.

It was wet and sticky everywhere. It made a "puchi puchi" sound when one stepped on it, and it was indeed easy to slip.

Suddenly, the rat servant who had just gone around the corner cried out in surprise. It was as if he had slipped, and the oil lamp fell into the puddle.

The air in the secret passage was not smooth. The flame was the size of a bean, and it could only barely illuminate things within an arm's length.

The moment he fell into the puddle, the secret passage became pitch black again.

Big Buck did not care about the darkness at all.

He took a big step toward the corner. The ox-horn dagger, which was hidden inside his leather boots, appeared in his hand like a magic trick, and stabbed toward the rat servant's silhouette in the darkness.

Poof!

The dagger, along with his forearm, completely sank into the rat servant's silhouette.

He didn't forget to spin twice, and minced the rat servant's internal organs into pieces.

However, in the next moment, Big Buck realized that he felt something wrong.

He did not stab the rat-servant.

Instead, he had stabbed a scarecrow that looked like the rat servant!

He did not have time to carefully think about what was going on.

Suddenly, a slight "crack" came from the scarecrow's stomach.

Big Buck felt a sharp pain in his elbow.

It was as if he had been bitten by a totem beast.

It was a beast trap!

Someone had hidden a heavy beast trap in the scarecrow's stomach, which was used to hunt totem beasts.

The sharp iron teeth bit his entire right arm!

Big Buck let out a strange cry of shock and anger.

He subconsciously took half a step back.

He heard a soft "crack" sound coming from the puddle under his feet.

There was actually a beast trap here, which bit his ankle.

The rusty iron teeth were rubbing against his broken bones, causing his facial features to shift and his face to be distorted.

At the same time, the dark wall beside him suddenly opened its eyes.

The wall was alive!

No, someone had dug a shallow human-shaped pit on the rough earth wall first.

Through the incredible contraction of his bones and flesh, he had shrunk his thickness to the limit and stuck closely to the human-shaped pit. He had also lowered his breathing, heartbeat, and body temperature to an imperceptible level.

All of Big Buck's killing intent was projected onto the scarecrow in the middle of the tunnel, disguised as a rat servant.

He did not notice that in the darkness beside him, there was actually a person hiding, a ghost-like, extremely dangerous Ghost Assassin!

The black shadow wrapped around Big Buck.

Big Buck's right elbow and left ankle were tightly biting on a beast trap.

This kind of heavy beast trap was fixed on the ground with a few thick chains. Even a berserk totem beast would not be able to break free so easily.

Therefore, Big Buck did not take the risk of his arms and feet being torn apart and tried to break free.

Instead, he made a prompt decision and summoned the totem armor.

However, the liquid metal that seemed to have life just gushed out of his body.

His thigh, which had not yet been covered by the totem armor, felt a piercing chill.

Chapter 989: The Temporary Hell

It was an armor piercing awl!

To be more precise, it was an armor piercing awl that had been modified by the Ghost Assassin. It was embedded with a large number of burrs and barbs.

It pierced Big Buck's thigh deeply. With a slight turn, a large splash of blood gushed out along with his torn skin and flesh.

At the same time, it made the part between Big Buck's legs feel an unprecedented coldness and emptiness.

That was not the end.

His opponent seemed to know his totem armor and body structure like the back of his hand.

Before the liquid metal covered him, the armor-piercing awl stabbed him seven times as fast as lightning.

Seven shocking bloody holes were created in his waist, chest, and even under his armpit.

The totem armor quickly covered the wound, trying its best to seal the wound and stop the blood from flowing out.

However, the wound that was created by such a lethal weapon was too difficult to seal and sew up.

Big Buck suddenly felt the world spinning, and his vision turned black.

He let out a hysterical roar. Wildly waving the ox horn machete that was part of his totem armor, drawing a series of sparks on the walls on both sides of the tunnel.

The Ghost Assassin, however, jumped away lightly before he went crazy, perfectly blending into the darkness.

This time, no matter how big Buck widened his eyes, he was unable to scan the outline of the other party in the pitch-black darkness.

Right at this moment, an ominous mechanical sound rang out once again in the darkness.

Along with the chain clattering, big buck suddenly felt two strange forces on his painful elbows and ankles, pulling his body in different directions.

It turned out that the chains wrapped around the beast trap were connected to two heavy burlap sacks hanging high in the air through a set of pulleys and gears.

When the ghost assassin removed the latch and let the burlap sacks fall to the ground, gravity, under the amplification of the pulley set, instantly tightened the chains.

Big Buck's right arm and left leg were instantly straightened by the tightened chains, and his entire body was almost suspended in the air.

His right hand and left leg were in so much pain that they were about to be torn off by the Beast Trap.

Of course, without any interference, it was impossible to trap a totem warrior just by relying on the mechanism alone.

However, just as Big Buck was about to use all his strength to break the chain, the ghost assassin appeared behind him once again.

And before the totem armor finished its final growth, it used a chain to go around Big Buck's neck.

It was thin and long, and it was covered with spikes that pierced deep into big buck's throat.

Even if the totem warframe covered it, it could only wrap the chain inside.

Big Buck felt that his throat was stuffed into a ball of burning flames by the other party.

In an instant, the air that he had to breathe was completely burned.

The ghost assassin crossed the chains at the back of his neck and wrapped them around his arms.

Immediately after, he jumped up and exerted strength with his arms. His knees were firmly pressed against his spine. All the weight was like a weight that was applied on Big Buck's throat.

Creak, Creak, Creak.

Big Buck heard the friction between his cervical vertebrae and the chains, making a creepy sound.

The seven bloody holes on his body continued to expand as he struggled violently. Fresh blood gushed out crazily from under the totem armor, unable to be stopped.

Especially the bloody holes on his thigh. Besides the piercing pain, it also brought him a fear that any male carbon-based intelligent creature could not control.

His right hand and left foot seemed to have been burnt in a furnace first, and then frozen in an ice cave for an entire day and night. He could no longer sense their existence.

What was even more terrifying was that the other party seemed to have smeared an evil secret medicine on the iron teeth of the animal trap, causing a numbing sensation to spread upward like a poisonous snake. Soon, he lost control of his entire right arm and left leg, the speed at which his consciousness became blurry also became faster and faster.

As for the iron chain around his neck, which was getting tighter and tighter, it was as if both ends were placed in a furnace to be heated. Soon, it was burned into an orange color, as if it was going to rip his head off.

Pain always magnified a person's perception of time.

Big Buck felt that he had already endured for three whole days and three nights.

Then, he heard "Ka-cha, ka-cha, Ka-cha" sounds. He sensed something heavy and solid, cracking and peeling off from his body.

"My totem battle armor actually left me?"

Big Buck was flustered, "Could it be that even the totem battle armor thinks that I will definitely die and doesn't have any hope for me?"

This was his last thought before he fell into the darkness.

..

Big Buck was awakened by the pain.

From his teeth to his toes, the pain was incomparably clear, intense, and continuous. It made him realize in despair that he did not get a glorious ending — he died in a fierce battle and became a part of the ancestral spirit, on the eternal battlefield, he drank wine and killed his enemies all day long.

Instead, he dragged his wounded body and was still imprisoned in the dark, damp, and narrow underground.

Judging from the rotten smell and the puddles on the ground, this place was still a part of the secret passage.

There were some digging tools like shovels and pickaxes scattered around, and a few dirty rags.

It was probably a place for the slave workers to take a break and catch their breath while they were building the secret tunnel.

But beside the digging tools, there were a lot of things that should not be here.

Big and small, all kinds of knives that big buck had never heard of.

There were also small and exquisite saws, pliers, and probes.

There were also some strange, unknown, but dangerous gadgets.

All the equipment was brand new. In the four corners of the room, under the light of the four oil lamps, they gave off a faint silver light.

Big Buck swallowed hard.

He did not want to be the first person to try these equipment.

And at this moment..

Big Buck found that his entire body was still in extreme pain.

However, the animal trap on his right elbow and left ankle had been removed, and the wounds were simply smeared with ointment.

The seven bloody holes that had been pierced by the armor-piercing awl were also randomly blocked with ointment and rags. At least the blood was no longer spurting out, only slowly seeping out.

The chains that had been deeply embedded in his throat had also been untied, but his throat was so swollen that he could not shout, and could only make a low and hoarse voice.

In addition to the high-level Orc's astonishing vitality.

His life was not in danger for the time being.

However, this did not mean that he could move freely and escape from this temporary demon cave.

This was because he was tightly bound to four or five metal spears that intersected to form an iron bed.

His hands and feet were all bound by the barbed iron chains.

There were several ox tendons and long whips on his thighs, waist, and chest. They bound his body, ensuring that he could not struggle out of even a single gap between his fingers.

There were also two huge iron hooks on his shoulders, which were hooked into his shoulder blades.

If he struggled forcefully, he would only tear his shoulder blades into pieces and completely lose the ability to move his arms.

All of this was clearly reflected by a huge bronze mirror.

That's right, there was someone hanging a bronze mirror directly above his head on the ceiling.

It allowed him to clearly see his originally strong and muscular body, but now it was a tragic sight.

As well as what would happen next.

"Ah!"

Like most high-level orcs, Big Buck was not afraid of death.

However, the scene before him was a hundred times scarier than death. It was completely beyond the limits of this bull-headed warrior's poor imagination.

He let out a hoarse scream.

The rapid rise and fall of his chest affected the wound. It was as if there were countless steel needles with bristles scraping his bone marrow. The pain almost caused him to faint again.

“If I Were you, I would save some strength.”

A faint voice came from the corner behind the Minotaur Warrior’s head, “The search above our heads has ended. The nosy fellows have all dispersed. There are only a few screams. There are no corpses, no blood stains, and not even any dropped weapons. There are countless incidents like this happening in black-corner city every night. No one will pursue this matter to the end.

“I think that no one will discover your disappearance before dawn.

“In other words, our work can last an entire night.

“I hope you can rest up and persevere to the end.”

It was a very calm and even gentle voice. Big Buck could hear the panting of hunger coming from the back of his head.

He endured the intense pain and twisted his head with all his might. He twisted his neck so hard that cracking sounds could be heard. Finally, through the copper mirror hanging in the air, he saw the other party’s appearance.

It was that wretched and cowardly rat servant!

He was only wearing a hooded cloak, and his face was shrouded in a flickering shadow.

He was squatting in a corner, concentrating on studying Big Buck’s totem battle armor.

It was only at this moment that Big Buck realized that his totem battle armor had actually been snatched away by the other party in such a despicable and shameless way.

His body suddenly felt as empty as his spine.

The other party was not in a hurry to absorb Big Buck’s totem armor into his body.

Instead, he took a lot of bottles and jars, which were filled with colorful viscous medicinal liquid. He dripped them on Big Buck’s chest armor, shoulder guards, and wrist guards respectively, carefully observing the reaction of the totem armor.

The totem armor quickly absorbed all the secret medicinal liquid.

From its solid state, which was as hard as iron, it gradually softened. Circles of ripples appeared on its surface, and it even let out an impatient “hiss” sound, as if it was sending an invitation to the rat servant.

“This is impossible!”

Big Buck watched with his mouth agape.

How could the extremely lowly rat man possibly gain the favor of the totem battle armor?

He immediately reacted, and of course, the other party was not a rat man—he still remembered the astonishing strength that gushed out of his arms and knees when the other party was tightly wrapped around his throat.

It was impossible for a rat man to have such strength.

This guy was a powerhouse whose strength was not inferior to his own.

However, what kind of clan warrior would be so despicable as to set such a sinister trap even though he clearly had such powerful strength!

In the end, the other party did not respond to the invitation of the totem armor.

Instead, he used a long robe to carefully wrap up the fragments of the totem armor.

Then, he slowly stood up, took off his hood, and walked towards Big Buck.

Under the flickering fire, Big Buck saw a blurry reflection in the bronze mirror.

Hair like black flames.

Dark Eyes as deep as the night sky.

A unique characteristic that shocked big buck.

“We finally meet again, Mr. Big Buck. Oh, in the Blood Skull Arena, you should have seen me too. At least you knew of my existence. But at that time, you didn’t care, because you thought that when I was unconscious, it was impossible for me to remember you, to remember what you did. You thought that I had long forgotten you.”

Meng Chao walked to Big Buck’s ox head and gently held his horn. He lowered his head and enunciated each word carefully. He said softly, “Unfortunately, I didn’t forget.

“Even when I was dying in the sewage in the deepest part of the dungeon, I didn’t forget you for a second. Brave ox-head Warrior, honorable member of Bloody Hoof, Mr. Big Buck

Chapter 990: The Night That Never Ends

This was indeed not the first time Big Buck had seen Meng Chao.

In fact, Meng Chao had been brought to the Blood Skull Arena by Big Buck and his companions.

At that time, the black-haired, black-eyed man, who was covered in wounds, had been hung roughly by a broken fishing net. He had been hung with two spears in front of a team of servants and slave laborers, swaying in the wind and rain, he looked like a deformed, ugly, but very rare monster.

Big Buck had once suspected that the black-haired, black-eyed monster was a hybrid of an advanced orc and another race.

The advanced orcs had a bold and unrestrained personality. When it came to sex, there weren’t many taboos.

As long as the other party wasn’t a damn holy light race and was strong enough.

The high-level orcs who advocated valor would dare to open fire on any alien race.

It didn't matter even if the opponent was three to five times larger than him — or even better.

Ogres, twin-headed ogres, goblins, mountain giants, ice giants, and the strange-looking demons in the Eternal Night Abyss... all of them were within the range of the advanced orcs.

In the heroic epic of Picturesque Orchid Lake that had been passed down for thousands of years, there was even the story of a war chief thousands of years ago who went deep into the desert of death and impregnated a thousand-year-old lich in the ancient tomb empire.

Although the authenticity of this story was very suspicious...

It didn't stop all the advanced orcs from talking about it. They were always eager to use the heroes from thousands of years ago as an example to conquer all the powerhouses on this road.

However, Big Buck never knew which race the high-level orcs and the half-blood of which race could have such a strange appearance like "black hair and black eyes."

He and his companions had originally planned to offer this monster to Lord Casanova.

In order to fight for a higher position in the Blood Skull Arena and the Clan Army that was about to be formed.

Unexpectedly, before they returned to Black-corner City, this monster's injuries had become more and more serious.

Its body was boiling and festering, and its heartbeat and breathing were extremely weak. It could die at any time.

At that time, Lord Casanova was busy recruiting more gladiators to form a battle group that belonged exclusively to the Blood Skull Arena and was personally commanded by him.

He was not very interested in this dying monster.

He only glanced at it a few times before waving his hand randomly, telling Big Buck and the others to throw the monster into the depths of the dungeon and wait for death.

Unexpectedly, this monster miraculously survived and even became the most trusted servant of the ice storm!

Big Buck had known about this long ago.

The ice storm had fought beautifully in the last two group battles, and the entire Black-corner City was talking about her extremely fierce methods.

This black-haired, black-eyed monster was so eye-catching, so Big Buck naturally knew that he had come back from the dead.

However, Big Buck did not feel that there was any enmity between him and this monster.

By the ancestral spirit, this monster was already extremely weak at that time. Even if it sneezed, it could still shock him to death.

Big Buck was still hoping to use him to win over Casanova's good impression. How could he bear to touch him?

"Wuuu! Wuuu wuuu!"

Big Buck struggled hard. He really wanted to tell the black-haired, black-eyed monster, "You must be mistaken. There is no enmity between us. It was I who saved you and saved you to the Blood Skull Arena!"

However, he was severely strangled, and his throat was swollen like a rotten tomato. The more anxious he was, the more he could not utter any meaningful syllables.

Meng Chao, on the other hand, took his time. He used a small brush and dipped it into some dark red secret medicine that was as thick as honey but gave off a faint smell of grass. Then, he smeared it on Big Buck's body, especially on his wounds.

Big Buck's eyes widened.

As the secret medicine slowly seeped into his wounds, he felt his heartbeat and breathing quicken. His senses became especially sharp.

His hearing, vision, smell, and especially his sense of touch were all magnified ten times.

He could see the twinkling stars in the depths of the monster's eyes that were as deep as the night sky.

He could also hear the sound of the monster calmly preparing all kinds of metal equipment. The blades and sawteeth lightly collided, producing a "Ding Ding Ding Ding" sound.

He could also feel every broken bone on his elbows and ankles. He could feel the intense pain of scraping his fascia and stabbing his nerves.

Of course, the intense pain was magnified ten times.

The pain that he could barely endure, like scraping his bones with a steel brush, quickly seeped into the depths of his bones.

It was like ten thousand burning ants had burrowed into his blood vessels and bones, darting around inside his body.

More importantly, Big Buck found that the passage of time seemed to have slowed down.

He did not know how to describe this strange feeling.

Through the reflection of the bronze mirror, he saw the four oil lamps in the four corners of the secret chamber. The flames suddenly became thick and heavy.

There were also a few cracks in the ceiling that were dripping water.

But now, the speed at which the water drops fall had come to a steady "drip... drip... drip... drip..."

"You... put... me... how..."

In the extreme pain and uneasiness of the irritation, Big Buck finally learned how to control the hematoma of the throat, issued a hoarse voice.

“I find you Turan healers to be a waste of good things.”

Meng Chao said casually while he carefully smeared every wound on Big Buck’s body, “What a marvelous existence the mandrake tree is. It can absorb the spirit energy and the crystal elements in the depths of the ground and condense them into fruits that are comparable to high-energy nutrition drugs on its own body. Its accompanying plants can also easily refine all kinds of gene drugs.

“However, your witch doctor only thought of refining the steel drugs, divinity drugs, recovery drugs, blood-activating drugs, and energy drugs on the street with the magical plants. It will only improve your speed, strength, and agility simply and crudely.

“However, it never occurred to him that the effective components of the drugs could be refined into even more marvelous composite drugs.

“In fact, your natural conditions are too excellent, and the secret drugs that you have refined are too effective. As long as you use high school-level experimental equipment, you can refine some very interesting things through the purification, analysis, crystallization, and extraction of at most seven or eight steps.

“For example, the secret drug that I just gave you for external application and internal consumption can not only magnify your pain by ten times, but also stimulate your nerves and interfere with your perception of the flow of time. It makes you feel that this is an extremely long night that will never end.

“In a sense, it is.”

Big Buck’s mouth was wide open.

He had gradually realized what kind of desperate trap he had fallen into.

He wanted to berate the despicable enemy like a towering Turan warrior.

But after opening his mouth for a long time, no sound came out from the depths of his bloody throat.

He had faced countless ferocious enemies before.

He had also stood tall under the suffocating pressure of the important figures of the blood hoof family.

However, the feeling that this black-haired, black-eyed monster gave him was completely different from any of his enemies and important figures.

The starlight hidden in the depths of his black eyes was like thousands of shooting stars that whistled through the sky, making him see the real apocalypse in his daze.

“Long story short, let’s get ready to begin.”

Meng Chao said, “Mr. Big Buck, I believe that you have realized that you are destined to not leave this place alive. As for how you will die, we have two choices.

“First, you can honestly tell me all the questions that I have raised. From the time you read the book for the first time to the scandals of the important figures of the blood hoof family, as long as your answer satisfies me, we can finish our work in a moment. Then, before you realize it, I will use the cleanest and most efficient method to send you to the Holy Mountain to meet the ancestral spirits of the blood hoof family, to drink wine, and to slaughter the enemies.

“Secondly, you can also be stubborn to the end and help me hone some... very special techniques.

“As you can see, a long time ago, I once mastered some exquisite techniques that were enough to make a skeleton confess his mother’s name. Unfortunately, some things happened, and I forgot most of the techniques. Now, my hands are very rusty.

“If you are willing to help me practice, then that’s not bad. This long night will not come to nothing.

“Now, tell me your choice. Mr. Big Buck, do you choose one or two?”

Big Buck stared at the monster with black hair and black eyes for a long time.

The pride of the Blood Hoof Clan that had been passed down for thousands of years finally made him muster up the courage to spit at the monster’s face.

“Bah!”

Unfortunately, his strength was too small.

The saliva mixed with the blood went straight up and down, slowly, gently, and hopelessly hitting his own face.

“Understood, then let’s begin.”

Meng Chao said, “Do you know, Mr. Big Buck, in the beginning, our teaching materials wrote that when we carry out relevant work, we need to use metal brackets to open the target’s eye sockets as much as possible, so that the target can see the entire process without turning his eyes away. This way, the target’s heart will collapse faster.

“However, in practice, we realized that we didn’t need to do that at all. Compared to the bloody scene, the feeling of not knowing where the excruciating pain would come from after closing the eyes and not knowing where it would enter the body was the most terrifying.

“I really want to know how long the brave warriors of Turan, who take death as their honor and even think that the more miserable the death, the more glorious it will be, can keep their eyes wide open?”

Meng Chao began to work.

Big Buck was indeed a member of the Blood Hoof Clan, a tough and unyielding man.

He persisted for a full five minutes.

Five minutes later, he lost his incontinence.

Feeling the mess in his crotch, the unprecedented shame and excruciating pain caused Big Buck’s nerves to completely collapse.

For the first time in his life, he was like the most despicable rat man, wailing loudly.

Meng Chao waited quietly for him to finish crying.

“Can we continue?”

He asked the Minotaur warrior, “Our work has just begun. We still have an entire night.”

“No...”

Deep inside Big Buck’s chest, a sharp air current burst through the bloody throat. He let out a hen-like scream, “Please, let me die. I’ll say anything. Anything!”