

Titan King 100

Chapter 100 Beast tide

After a long search, Orion finally found what he was looking for.

Listed on the Survivor's Platform was ten tons of black rye, unhulled. The asking price was ten C-grade crystal cores. After only a few minutes of consideration, Orion made the purchase.

According to the item description, the ten tons of black rye could yield eight tons of food, and the quality was quite good.

To be honest, these ten tons of rye were just a drop in the bucket compared to the Stoneheart Horde's food consumption.

The main reason Orion bought the rye was to establish contact with the seller, a survivor named Scarecrow.

"Hey, are you there? I'm looking to buy a large quantity of food!"

Orion sent a message to Scarecrow, keeping it simple—greeting him and stating his intent. This way, Scarecrow would hopefully respond quickly, and they could move straight into negotiations.

Unfortunately, after waiting for nearly half an hour, there was still no reply from Scarecrow.

With that, Orion logged off the Survivor's Platform and gradually drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, Moonshadow Valley was bustling with activity.

After much effort, the horde's plan to build a wall around Moonshadow Valley had finally made some progress.

The foundation of the wall had been laid, and in the distance, a faint black line could be seen on the horizon.

That was the foundation of the wall, with massive stones embedded deep into the ground. The exposed portion above ground was about 10 feet high.

This visible progress drew the attention and admiration of all the horde members in Moonshadow Valley.

As they gazed at the foundation, everyone's eyes were filled with hope for the future.

Perhaps this winter, they would have a sturdier wall to protect them.

Orion was also intrigued. He brought his four giant guards to inspect the wall's foundation.

"Chieftain, look! The foundation of our wall is complete!"

Orion nodded but said nothing, his gaze following the wall's foundation as it stretched out into the distance.

Prophet Onyx stood beside him, a hint of pride and excitement on his face. This was his project, completed under his leadership.

The future wall of Blackstone Town would encircle Moonshadow Valley from the east, west, and south. The foundation was 100 feet wide, and the initial planned height was 150 feet.

"Prophet, walk with me. Let's check out the other areas."

"As you wish, Chieftain!"

As they walked, the busy horde members would pause their work to greet Orion.

Orion was approachable, nodding in response to each greeting.

After inspecting the foundation, Orion and Prophet Onyx climbed the eastern ridge.

"Prophet, do you think we can finish the 150-foot-high wall before the dark beast tides arrive?"

This time, Orion didn't mention the coming winter but rather the dark beast tides.

"Chieftain, rest assured. My people and I have joined the construction team. We will definitely finish the wall before winter arrives!"

Orion nodded, feeling reassured.

If Prophet Onyx was confident, it meant they had a good chance of finishing early.

"Prophet, we—"

Before Orion could finish his sentence, he saw Rendall running toward him at full speed.

For Elder Rendall to be in such a hurry, it had to be something serious.

Orion closed his mouth, waiting for Rendall to arrive.

Moments later, Elder Rendall reached Orion, panting and clearly anxious.

"Chieftain, we have a problem!"

Orion took a water pouch from his guard, Beyn, and handed it to Rendall.

"Don't rush. Take your time and explain."

Rendall accepted the water but didn't drink it. Instead, he took a deep breath and spoke urgently.

"Chieftain, there's movement on the southern border of our territory. A massive migration of beasts is heading our way. It's likely a beast tide!"

The mention of a beast tide made Orion frown.

Normally, a beast tide was a good omen, signaling an abundance of prey.

"Elder of Discipline, are you sure it's a beast tide and not just a regular migration?"

Elder of Prophecy, Prophet Onyx, asked Rendall with a serious tone, clearly concerned.

"With my experience, I'm certain it's a beast tide. It might even be..."

"A return tide!!"

The words "return tide" came from Prophet Onyx's mouth.

"Chieftain, I think we're in trouble!"

Orion was confused. It was just a beast tide—why were they so panicked?

Sensing Orion's confusion, Prophet Onyx began to explain in detail.

"Chieftain, as we all know, a regular beast tide isn't something to fear. In fact, if we seize the opportunity, it can lead to a bountiful harvest."

"But a return tide is different. It's not a natural beast tide—it's an artificial one!"

Orion frowned, still puzzled, his face showing his lack of understanding.

"Chieftain, the return tide is a side effect of the Myriad Races Invasion!"

Now Orion was even more confused.

"Chieftain, you didn't participate in the Myriad Races Invasion, so you might not know."

"In the Myriad Races Invasion, no matter which side wins or loses, many bloodline warriors die."

As Prophet Onyx spoke, his eyes gazed southward, filled with both dread and fear.

Orion remained silent. For someone who didn't know, the best way to learn was to listen.

"When the Myriad Races Invasion drags on for too long, the southern lords suffer heavy losses."

"To weaken us northern lords and reduce their burden for the following year, the southern lords band together and drive the beasts from the south toward the north."

"The number of beasts in the south is beyond count!"

"This creates a terrifying beast tide, and among these beasts, there could even be Alpha-level creatures."

By this point, Prophet Onyx's tone had grown extremely grave.

But he wasn't finished. He turned to Orion, his expression tense.

"Chieftain, the most critical part is that once these beasts no longer feel the pressure from the south, they'll start migrating back."

"In other words, we'll face two waves of beast tides—one from the initial drive and another when the beasts return south."

"Chieftain, that's what a return tide is!"

Orion finally understood. No matter what power you had, in the face of such a massive beast tide, hunting wasn't even an option. The only thing to do was hide and pray to the Titan God for protection.

"Chieftain, with you and the Abyss Dragon, I'm not worried about the safety of our horde."

"What I'm concerned about is that if Moonshadow Valley is hit by the beast tide, the newly built wall foundation could be severely damaged."

"If that happens, we won't be able to finish the wall before winter."

Holy fuck!

It was only now that Orion realized how serious the situation was.

If the wall around Moonshadow Valley was breached and they couldn't finish it before the dark beast tides, all of Orion's future plans would fall apart.

And the thought of four different races crammed into Moonshadow Valley for the winter was enough to send chills down his spine.

"Sound the alarm!"

"This time, we're not just defending against the beast tide—we have to protect our wall foundation as well."