

Titan King 111

Chapter 111: For the Horde

Time passed, the seasons changed, and the walls of Moonshadow Valley continued to rise, inching closer to their intended height.

Since the beast tide, the Black Forest had been peaceful, and the Stoneheart Horde had entered a period of rapid growth.

Everything was progressing.

As time passed, not only did the Stoneheart Horde progress, but so did Orion.

By consuming various low-grade magical plants collected by his tribe in the Black Forest, as well as a few mid-grade magical plants—some of which were traded from Aerin—Orion's attributes had increased significantly.

[Name: Orion]

[Race: Giant]

[Level: Alpha]

[Strength: 1725/5000 (+3650)]

[Agility: 1480/5000 (+224)]

[Intelligence: 1525/5000 (+200)]

[Constitution: 2225/5000 (+200)]

[Resistance: 20% (against all negative states)]

[Title: Survivor]

[Skills: Advanced Trident Mastery, Intermediate Beast Taming, Intermediate Resistance Skin, etc.]

- [Advanced Trident Mastery]: Base attack damage +40%, weak point hit damage +100%, chance to inflict bleeding and healing prohibition on hit, low chance to instantly kill bleeding enemies.

- [Titan's Rage (Bloodline Skill)]: A transformation skill mastered only by top giants, doubling size and all attributes when transformed into an Ancient Titan. The effect lasts until stamina is exhausted. This skill can grow, current effect is 10x. Read latest chapters at empire

- [Shadowstep]: Increases agility by 50%, attack speed by 20% upon use, each use has a chance to permanently increase agility by 1 point.

- [Berserk Aura]: Activating the Berserk Aura sends you and nearby allies into a frenzy, increasing health, reducing pain, and negating curse effects.

- [Titan's Heart]: Giants with the Titan's Heart gain an additional 2x strength.

Consuming magical plants and potions had boosted Orion's attributes by over 200 points in each category, but he was still far from reaching his maximum potential.

Sitting in his tent, Orion stared at his attribute screen, feeling a sense of realization.

Before reaching Alpha-level, his growth had been rapid. But now, after advancing to Alpha-level, the pace of improvement had slowed considerably—too slow for someone as power-hungry as Orion.

"Slow progress means there's a process to it."

"The other survivors must be facing the same issue, maybe even worse than me."

"From the goods listed on the Survivor's Platform, it's clear that Alpha-level survivors are rare."

"That means most people are stuck at hero-level."

"Could it be that the real gap between the strong and the weak starts at Alpha-level?"

"I've faced Lord Gareth once. How much of her strength did she actually use?"

"I suspect... Legendary-level is far more powerful than I imagined."

As his strength grew, Orion became less blindly confident.

The Titan's Rage skill, which multiplied his attributes tenfold, now seemed to him like a mere stacking of numbers, without a corresponding increase in quality.

"It seems that when facing Legendary-level opponents, it's better to avoid them."

"Sometimes, survival is the greatest victory."

Orion ended his contemplation, pulling his cock out of Lilith's vagina. Lysinthia immediately opened her mouth and used her tongue to clean off the fluids.

The two women then helped Orion dress, and he stepped out of the tent.

Outside, the giant guards on duty today were Beyn and Torba.

Beside them, two wolves the size of cows sat obediently. Once mere pups, they had grown significantly over the past half year and were now intimidating enough to be used for show.

Orion tossed each of the wolves a Pet Pill, petting their heads as he asked Beyn and Torba.

"Has the hunting team returned?"

Beyn responded in a deep voice.

"Chieftain, Elder Thundar and Elder Earthshaker returned to Moonshadow Valley early this morning."

Orion nodded and, without saying more, headed toward the wall for his daily inspection.

Climbing the wall, Orion spotted Prophet Onyx, who was overseeing the construction of the towers.

"Prophet, how's it going?"

"Chieftain, you're here!"

Prophet Onyx bowed respectfully before pointing to the towers ahead.

"Chieftain, there are only four towers left to complete. In no more than seven days, the wall will be finished."

Prophet Onyx was visibly excited. The walls and towers had been built under his supervision, and watching them rise filled him with a deep sense of accomplishment.

"Good, very good. You've done well, Prophet."

Orion was equally pleased. The completion of the wall meant that Moonshadow Valley would officially become Blackstone Town.

And the establishment of Blackstone Town marked the first step in Orion's plan for development—a crucial step.

With the wall as their defense, the Stoneheart Horde would face far less pressure from dark creatures and future beast tides.

Prophet Onyx accompanied Orion as they inspected the wall. Before leaving, Orion reminded him.

"Prophet, don't forget the council meeting at noon. Don't be late."

Prophet Onyx nodded, acknowledging the reminder.

Returning to his tent, Orion found that Lilith and Lysinthia had prepared a feast for him.

"My dear Orion, come look! Your little spider has entered hibernation!"

Orion walked into the tent's side chamber, where a wooden box held the Spider Queen, now the size of a watermelon. He smiled with satisfaction.

"It looks good. It's about to advance."

The Spider Queen had been weak when it first hatched, so weak that even a chicken could have killed it.

In fact, when it first emerged, it didn't even have the strength of a Standard-level beast.

But after months of careful feeding, Orion's Spider Queen was now ready to advance to Standard-level.

Orion closed the box, ensuring the Spider Queen stayed warm.

Then, he turned to Lilith and gave her a reminder.

"Prepare some food. You'll be joining the council meeting later."

"Of course, my dear."

At noon, Orion's tent was filled with food, and the council members had all gathered.

Orion raised his hand, signaling for silence.

The atmosphere grew quiet, and no one spoke.

It wasn't until a cool breeze blew through the tent's entrance that Orion finally broke the silence.

"Do you feel it?"

"The summers in the Black Forest are always so short. The cold winds have arrived. Winter is coming."

The tent remained silent, but the elders' eyes flickered with fear and anxiety.

However, when they looked at Orion, seated at the head of the table, flanked by Rendall and Onyx, their fear began to dissipate.

This year's dark beast tides would be defended by two Alpha-level warriors and one near-Alpha-level warrior, which gave the tribe a sense of security.

"The beasts of the Black Forest have migrated south. In recent days, we've had to make several trips into the forest just to hunt enough prey."

The speaker was Elder of Combat Thundar, who, along with Earthshaker, was responsible for leading the hunting teams.

He knew the forest's current state better than anyone.

"We have enough food. Put the hunting on hold for now."

Orion's gaze swept across the room as he spoke in a commanding tone.

"Now, we need to prepare for the dark beast tides and make arrangements for next year's Myriad Races Invasion."

Orion took a sip of his black rye beer before continuing.

"We need to stockpile burning oils, crossbow bolts, throwing weapons, spikes, leather armor, and other supplies. From now on, we must gather as much as possible."

"And don't forget firestones. During the long nights, I want Blackstone Town to remain lit, and I want our people to stay warm."

"Starting this year, I want to ensure that our people never feel the cold again, and never fear the darkness."

"Can I count on you all to help me achieve this?"

Orion's voice was firm and resolute as he laid out his vision, his eyes locking onto each of his council members.

"For the horde!"

"For the Chieftain!"

"We will defend our home with our lives!"

"No sacrifice is too great!"

The elders' blood was ignited by Orion's words, their spirits burning with fervor.

Chapter 112: Development plan for the Stoneheart Horde

Morning came, and Orion awoke from his slumber, feeling the crisp chill in the air.

He threw on his cloak and pulled back the tent flap. The world outside had transformed.

The wind howled, snowflakes danced in the air—winter had arrived, just like that.

Outside the tent, Dace and Otho were shouting orders to a few giants, clearing the snow nearby.

"Chieftain, you're awake!"

Orion nodded, glanced at the tribesmen of Moonshadow Valley, and then stepped out, heading toward the valley's edge.

Since the wall had been completed, Blackstone Town, under the command of the succubi, had built several large stone halls within the walls.

These massive structures not only provided shelter for the tribespeople but also served as temporary granaries and armories.

At this moment, Blackstone Town was still bustling. Under the glow of bonfires, the tribesmen were methodically clearing the snow.

"The chieftain is here!"

"Good morning, chieftain!"

"Chieftain!"

Orion nodded in response to each greeting as he made his way up the wall. When he saw the excited Elder Rendall, he smiled and asked:

"Elder, you seem quite pleased. Did something happen last night?"

Elder Rendall, seeing Orion coming to relieve him, brushed the snow off his shoulders and laughed.

"Hahaha... Chieftain, you're here!"

"No dark creatures showed up, but I did win a bet with Thundar. Got myself a nice piece of beast hide."

Thundar shook his head with a wry smile, not mentioning what the bet was about.

Orion didn't pry either, chuckling as he said, "Leave this to me. You two go get some rest."

Rendall and Thundar nodded, slinging their weapons over their shoulders as they descended the wall.

A few minutes later, Prophet Onyx climbed up to take his shift.

"Prophet, hold the wall. I'm going to make my rounds."

"As you wish, Chieftain."

Orion made his way to the nearby tower, inspecting it thoroughly. Seeing the stockpile of crossbows and throwing weapons piled high, he left the tower satisfied.

When he reached the eastern ridge, Orion gazed down at the underground canyon below, his expression growing serious.

Last winter, Blind Spiders had appeared here.

"Increase vigilance. Be on the lookout for Blind Spiders or any other dark creatures that might launch a surprise attack."

"Yes, Chieftain!"

The guards here were a mixed team of succubi and giants, all with night vision—perfect for defending this area.

"Chieftain, Prophet Onyx sent me to inform you—there's something happening at the south gate!"

The messenger was James.

Orion nodded without saying much, gathering his men and heading toward the south gate.

The south gate, facing the southern wall, was the widest section of the fortifications.

Orion had ordered a large amount of bait to be scattered in that area.

Soon, Orion arrived at the south gate.

"Prophet, what's the situation?"

Onyx didn't speak but pointed into the distance. A group of Dark Fiends was devouring the bait set in the traps.

"Chieftain, this is the first batch of dark creatures we've seen this year. There aren't too many of them. Should we wait a bit longer?"

Orion assessed the group of dark creatures—there were only about thirty of them.

"No need to wait. Kill them, extract the dark source crystals, and then use their bodies as part of the bait."

Prophet Onyx nodded, hefting his massive stone hammer as he prepared to head out.

Orion grabbed Prophet Onyx by the arm, his voice low.

"Prophet, let the rookies handle this. You don't need to get involved." Stay connected via empire

"I understand, Chieftain."

Prophet Onyx paused for a moment but quickly realized what Orion was planning. He knew Orion wanted to train the newly awakened bloodline warriors.

Though the dark beast tides were upon them, everyone knew this year's tide would be relatively easy to handle.

Training the bloodline warriors now was preparation for next year's myriad races invasion.

After all, the intelligent races to the south were far more cunning than dark creatures. They knew how to exploit weaknesses and avoid danger.

Orion remained on the wall, overseeing everything to prevent any surprises.

Prophet Onyx led the team to hunt down the small group of Dark Fiends. The battle started quickly and ended just as fast.

After all, a large group of bloodline warriors had surrounded only thirty or so Dark Fiends. They had a clear numerical advantage.

Half an hour later, Prophet Onyx returned to the wall, holding several dark source crystals, which he handed to Orion.

According to their rules, 20% of the spoils from each battle would go into the communal stockpile, with the rest distributed based on merit.

"Dark source crystals can only be hunted once a year. They're so rare," Orion sighed as he toyed with the crystals in his hand.

"Indeed, these things are precious. Not just in the Black Forest, but in other regions as well, dark source crystals are incredibly scarce."

Hearing this, Orion didn't hesitate to ask, "Oh... Prophet, do other races also know that hunting dark creatures yields dark source crystals?"

As soon as the words left his mouth, Orion regretted it. He felt foolish for asking such an obvious question.

After all, it was the serpentfolk Lysinthia who had told him about this in the first place.

If the serpentfolk knew, of course other races would too. Was that really so surprising?

However, the experienced Prophet Onyx still took the time to explain some lesser-known details to Orion.

"Chieftain, as far as I know, nearly every race or tribe with an Alpha-level presence is aware of this."

"Alpha-level beings can easily hunt dark creatures. These races are usually quite powerful and well-established."

"Even I knew about it. Every year when the dark beast tides come, we organize our people to hunt dark creatures."

As Prophet Onyx spoke, his expression grew somber, as if recalling some painful memory.

He steadied himself, gazing into the distant darkness before continuing.

"Of course, for safety's sake, we only hunt small numbers of dark creatures."

"When we encounter high-level or large groups of dark creatures, we hide in our shelters and pray we aren't discovered."

"We're not the only ones. The trolls to the east do the same."

At this, Orion had a question.

"Prophet, why didn't the giants know about this before?"

Prophet Onyx turned his gaze back to Orion, meeting his eyes.

"Chieftain, your parents surely knew. But I don't know why they chose to keep it from you."

"My guess is they were trying to protect you and your sister."

Suddenly, everything clicked for Orion.

It wasn't that his parents were unaware of the situation. They had deliberately kept certain things hidden, not wanting their children or the tribe to be drawn into danger.

Orion's sister had been a prime example. After reaching Alpha level, she had joined the myriad races invasion and was killed by the enemy.

Under Orion's father's leadership, the giant tribe wasn't the most powerful in the Black Forest, but they had managed to survive.

In the past, the strongest race in the Black Forest wasn't the Giants or the Succubi—it was the Obsidian Golems.

The only reason the Obsidian Golems hadn't unified the Black Forest was that they were biding their time, waiting for an Alpha-level warrior to emerge from their ranks.

And the Prophet Onyx standing before Orion was likely the hope of this generation of Obsidian Golems.

Before an Alpha-level warrior emerged within their ranks, the Obsidian Golems had no desire to see any other race in the Black Forest rise to power.

This was one of the reasons why the Obsidian Golems had largely ignored the affairs of the Black Forest, and why Rockwell had been so indifferent toward the serpentfolk.

Orion looked at Prophet Onyx, a strange smile forming on his face.

"My sister and I rising to power—that wasn't something you expected, was it?"

"Indeed, Chieftain," Prophet Onyx replied without hesitation. The Obsidian Golems had their own agenda back then, and the fragmented power structure of the Black Forest was a result of their deliberate neglect.

"I never saw Clymene's strength firsthand, but I have no doubt about your power!" Prophet Onyx added, throwing in a small compliment.

Orion responded with a smile. "Over the past few centuries, have you ever heard of an Alpha-level warrior breaking through to the Legendary level?"

Orion gazed into the distant darkness, his tone casual, but there was a deep seriousness in his eyes.

"No, I've never heard of such a thing."

"The lords in the surrounding regions who have reached the Legendary level have remained unchanged for as long as I can remember."

In that moment, Orion's eyes sharpened.

"As I thought, most powerful beings are stuck at the Alpha level."

His suspicions confirmed, Orion's aura fluctuated slightly, though he quickly regained his composure.

Prophet Onyx sensed the shift in Orion's aura and quickly asked, "Chieftain, is something wrong?"

Orion smiled and shook his head, his interest waning.

"Nothing. I just saw a flying dark creature pass over Moonshadow Valley, but it's already gone."

Prophet Onyx let out a sigh of relief, though a part of him felt disappointed. If an Alpha-level dark creature had attacked, Prophet Onyx believed it might have been his chance to advance.

"Prophet, don't worry. When the time comes, it will come," Orion reassured him, then tucked the dark source crystals into his Bagbird pouches, his expression calm and untroubled.

By evening, Rendall and Thundar arrived to take over the watch.

"Rendall, be cautious and make sure to train the rookies."

"If anything happens, call for me, and I'll come right away."

Elder Rendall nodded. He hadn't encountered any dark creatures the previous night and had missed out on some "extra earnings," so he was eager now that he knew dark creatures had shown up.

"Don't worry, I'll let you know if anything happens!"

Orion nodded and, along with his men, left the wall.

Moonshadow Valley, Chieftain's Tent.

With Lilith and Lysinthia attending to him, Orion had already filled his stomach.

The two women had even prepared hot water for him, ensuring he could enjoy a comfortable bath.

The bath was large, and both Lilith and Lysinthia had stripped off their clothes, their naked bodies moving in turns as they washed Orion.

The one not busy washing him naturally raised her hips, welcoming the thrusts of Orion's massive cock.

With each of Orion's movements, the water in the basin sloshed violently, and the tent was filled with the sounds of Lilith and Lysinthia's moans...

Three hours later, Orion, holding the two women who had fallen into a deep sleep, shifted his focus to the Survivor's Platform.

As usual, Orion initiated a trade, paying Aerin a batch of crystals in exchange for Pet Pills and some mid-level magical plants.

After some thought, Orion decided to probe Aerin with a question.

"Do you know anything about the dark beast tides?"

Normally, Orion wouldn't be so reckless as to ask such a direct question.

Doing so could easily reveal his location and potentially bring unknown dangers to him.

However, after becoming more familiar with Aerin, Orion had gotten a sense of the elf's personality.

He knew that Aerin was a low-ranking elf with little in the way of resources or connections.

If it weren't for her connection with Orion, Aerin would likely have remained stuck at the elite level for a long time.

Of course, there was always the possibility that Aerin was deceiving him.

But in his quest for more information, Orion couldn't resist testing the waters.

"Dark beast tides... what's that? Never heard of it!"

Orion frowned as he read Aerin's reply, deep in thought.

Forest of Nature, Elf Treehouse.

Aerin stared at Orion's message, also lost in thought.

"Dark beast tides... from the sound of it, it seems pretty terrifying!"

"Hulk, you better not die on me. I'm counting on you as my big client!"

"Silvanya, Goddess of the Elves, please protect Hulk. Don't let him be killed by the dark beast tides!"

Moonshadow Valley, Chieftain's Tent.

Orion had finished his contemplation and reached two conclusions.

First, if Aerin wasn't lying, then the two of them were likely not on the same continent.

Orion pushed the thought aside, deciding not to reply to Aerin, as if he had already forgotten the conversation.

Next, Orion turned his attention to the grain merchant, Scarecrow. The guy had been cold and distant, still not responding to Orion's messages.

"Has this guy really just ignored my messages like they're spam?"

Orion felt a bit disheartened. For the Stoneheart Horde to grow, food was a crucial factor.

Currently, the horde's food supply consisted mainly of beast meat and some wild mushrooms.

As for fruits, the Black Forest had them, but in very limited quantities.

Grain, however, was practically nonexistent.

The Black Forest had very little sunlight throughout the year, making it impossible to grow crops.

Orion had long considered the idea of leading his people to clear land and start farming.

But he had also dismissed the idea early on.

With insufficient sunlight and long winters, farming was a dead end.

This meant that the Stoneheart Horde couldn't rely on production to sustain itself.

If they wanted to grow, they would have to turn to raiding.

This was the path Orion had mapped out for himself and the Stoneheart Horde. His goal was to make himself and his people stronger, then launch invasions, pillaging and plundering to develop a raider civilization.

As the saying goes, if you're strong enough, what's theirs is yours.

Orion had hoped to establish a stable food supply chain with the grain merchant Scarecrow, much like he had with Aerin.

A mutually beneficial relationship, where both sides profited.

"Good things take time. I'll wait a little longer."

Orion reassured himself, trying to stay optimistic, and sent another message to the grain merchant Scarecrow.

"I want to buy a hundred tons of your grain, paying in crystals."

Orion refused to believe that Scarecrow could resist such an offer.

Finally, Orion turned his attention to a message from Arthas.

"Hulk, my friend, you haven't kicked the bucket, have you?"

This time, Arthas wasn't talking business but instead expressing concern for Orion.

"Arthas, my old friend, I'm not going anywhere. I've been busy building up my horde, laying the foundation!"

To be honest, Orion thought of Arthas as a bit of an unscrupulous merchant, but he had learned a lot from him.

And every deal between them had been mutually agreed upon.

In all fairness, Arthas had been something of a benefactor to Orion.

Still, business was business. Whether it was acting or genuine friendship, Orion knew he had to play his cards right, negotiating and bargaining to secure the best deal for himself.

Chapter 113 Skeleton King

Necro Realm, Bone Throne.

Arthas stared at Orion's reply, frozen on his throne for several seconds.

"Hahaha..."

Suddenly, Arthas burst into laughter. In Orion, he saw a reflection of his own struggles from centuries ago.

"So, he finally replied. Looks like we've got something to talk about!"

Arthas sent a message back to Orion.

"What do you want?"

Moonshadow Valley, Chieftain's Tent.

When Orion saw the reply, he didn't beat around the bush and got straight to the point.

"Do you have any high-quality standard weapons and armor?"

Orion initially wanted to request two thousand sets, but after some thought, he decided to hold off on mentioning the quantity.

A moment later, Arthas responded, sending over some information about the armor and weapons without saying a word.

Orion first opened the weapon details, and his brow furrowed.

The standard weapons Arthas offered were of excellent quality, elite-level weapons. However, all of them required undead energy or soul power to activate their special effects and abilities.

Without hesitation, Orion dismissed the weapons.

But when he looked at the armor, his eyes lit up.

[Blackbone Armor]

- Type: Armor

- Quality: Standard

- Special Effect: Bone Fusion

- Skill Description: When wearing Blackbone Armor, it fuses with the wearer's skeleton, forming an adaptive suit of armor.

- Armor Evaluation: This is the best among standard-grade armor, comparable to most elite-level gear.

Though the Blackbone Armor was only standard-grade, its quality rivaled that of elite-level equipment, making it an impressive piece of gear.

Moreover, its greatest advantage was its adaptability.

Orion's army was a mixed force of bloodline warriors from various races, each with different body sizes and shapes. The Blackbone Armor's special effect completely bypassed this issue. Whether it was the smaller succubi or the larger giants, the armor would fit them all.

Orion was quite taken with the Blackbone Armor.

"Old friend, are you trying to fool me with these weapons?"

"And what about the armor? Is it reliable? You didn't even mention its defensive capabilities!"

"My men aren't undead. They don't have your kind of power to wield undead energy!"

Orion didn't hold back, picking apart the equipment Arthas had offered. Of course, he had an ulterior motive—he was subtly probing to see if Arthas was truly undead. Stay tuned to empire

Necro Realm, Bone Throne.

Arthas saw through Orion's little game immediately. After all, he had done the same thing himself many years ago.

"Hulk, my old friend, just tell me—do you want it or not, and how many do you need?"

"And remember, I only accept crystal cores and rare minerals!"

Arthas let out a couple of raspy chuckles as he sent the message back.

Moonshadow Valley, Chieftain's Tent.

Arthas's reply hit Orion right where it hurt, leaving him with no room for excuses.

"This guy has sharp instincts!"

Orion thought for a moment. Since his little game had been seen through, there was no point in continuing the act. Now, it was time to state his needs and prepare to negotiate.

"I'll order five thousand sets of Blackbone Armor, paying in crystal cores!"

Orion's real intention was to buy two thousand sets, but he decided to ask for five thousand. If the price was too high, he could use that as a reason to reduce the quantity.

Of course, if the price was reasonable and Arthas had enough stock, Orion wouldn't mind. It would be a good opportunity to stockpile war supplies.

At the same time, this would allow Orion to gauge Arthas's true strength.

Necro Realm, Bone Throne.

When Arthas saw the quantity Orion requested, he was a bit surprised.

This made him pause and think, his mind racing with possibilities.

"Is Hulk serious?"

"Five thousand sets of Blackbone Armor—that's enough to outfit a medium-sized army!"

"Or is he planning ahead, preparing for when he reaches the Legendary level?"

That thought quickly passed, and Arthas dismissed it.

"Or maybe he's from a large faction and has just taken control?"

"No, based on the equipment he's bought and the items he's sold, he's definitely not from a large faction. He doesn't have that kind of backing."

Arthas was confident in his assessment.

"Hehehe... Interesting. Looks like another ambitious little upstart is on the rise!"

"Hmmm... His continent(map) seems worth exploring."

"And five thousand sets of Blackbone Armor... Can he really afford that?"

"Or is he testing me?"

"Gahaha... It's been a while since I've met such an interesting little partner!"

Arthas's skeletal jaw trembled, producing a rattling sound that echoed through the empty hall, eerie yet filled with a strange sense of joy.

"Alright, five thousand sets of Blackbone Armor for one thousand C-grade crystal cores!"

Arthas sent the message back, clearly stating the price.

Moonshadow Valley, Chieftain's Tent.

Orion's spirits soared, not because of the price—but because of what it revealed about Arthas's power.

The fact that Arthas could casually offer five thousand sets of Blackbone Armor without batting an eye left Orion speechless.

In short, Arthas's strength far surpassed that of Gareth.

After his deep conversation with Prophet Onyx, Orion had gained some insight into Gareth's forces.

Excluding the troops stationed in the Black Forest, Desert Oasis, and Poison Dragon Swamp, Lord Gareth's Abyssal Chasm had only about twice the combined forces of those three regions.

Even so, Lord Gareth couldn't possibly produce five thousand sets of armor like the Blackbone Armor to equip her troops.

Most of Gareth's warriors fought bare-chested, relying on their bloodline powers.

So, Orion's feelings were complicated at this moment.

It took him half an hour to calm down before he replied.

"One thousand C-grade crystal cores is too expensive. How about two hundred?"

Arthas's response came quickly and was all business.

"My friend, because of our special relationship, I'll sell them to you for eight hundred."

Orion frowned. He could continue haggling, playing the game of back-and-forth, but he found this kind of negotiation tiresome.

To him, it wasn't manly or straightforward.

So, Orion gave Arthas a blunt reply.

"Final offer—five hundred C-grade crystal cores! If you're a man, stop dragging this out!"

"Hahaha..."

Arthas burst into laughter when he saw Orion's reply.

He looked at his bony fingers, adorned with various magical rings, and muttered to himself.

"A man? I'm just a skeleton now. I don't even have a dick anymore!"

"Maybe Orion doesn't have one either!"

"There are so many races in this world. It's unlikely he was reincarnated into a humanoid one!"

Orion's offer amused Arthas.

If Orion had continued to haggle, Arthas would have played along, treating him as just another buyer.

But this time, Orion had left a lasting impression on Arthas.

"Alright, five hundred C-grade crystal cores it is!"

"Oh, and by the way, I'm not a man!"

"You can call me Skeleton King!"

That was Arthas's reply, agreeing to the price while also revealing his identity with a touch of arrogance.

When Orion saw the message, he wasn't shocked, scared, or filled with awe.

Orion was a smart man. Arthas's message was a signal that he was willing to be friends, even if only on a basic level for now.

Orion took a deep breath, feeling a fire ignite within him.

"I am a giant, the future Titan King!"

Orion introduced himself to Arthas in return, and as for the title of "future Titan King," that was simply his ambition.

At the same time, Orion initiated the trade, paying the five hundred C-grade crystal cores.

"Don't die too soon, future Titan King!"

That was Arthas's parting message, a mix of mockery and concern.

In the end, it was up to interpretation.

Necro Realm, Bone Throne.

Arthas picked up a C-grade crystal core, biting into it like an apple, crunching it down piece by piece.

As for whether a skeleton could digest crystal cores, no one knew what was happening beneath his armor.

"Future Titan King... Don't die on me now!"

"Keep pushing. You'll need to reach the Legendary level if you want to join our circle!"

Arthas's voice echoed through the empty hall, the green ghost flames flickering on the walls as if in response.

Moonshadow Valley, Chieftain's Tent.

Orion didn't immediately retrieve the armor. Instead, he left it stored on the Survivor's Platform.

This was another use Orion had discovered for the platform—temporary storage.

However, there was a catch: the items had to be part of a transaction on the platform.

As long as they weren't immediately retrieved, they could be stored and taken out when needed.

If there were a survivor Orion could trust completely, the Survivor's Platform could function as a massive storage bag.

But a hundred percent trustworthy survivor? That was impossible.

In this world, Orion trusted no one but himself.

And so, the night passed.

The next morning, Orion woke Lysinthia, who had been lying on his cock.

Perhaps out of habit, Lysinthia always liked to sleep with Orion's cock in her mouth, a habit she had developed before she evolved a vagina.

"Master, you're awake!"

Orion nodded.

"Yeah, I'm hungry. Go get me something to eat and drink."

"Afterward, come with me to the watch. Let's see if we can get some dark source crystals for you and Twilight Viper."

Lysinthia's eyes lit up at the mention of dark source crystals, and she nodded eagerly.

Unlike Lilith, who was recognized by everyone as Orion's wife and would be provided for by the horde no matter what, Lysinthia was a servant. If she wanted to grow stronger, she had to fight for it herself.

Staying in Orion's tent wouldn't earn her any dark source crystals unless Orion personally gifted them to her, as he had done for Twilight Viper's advancement.

Orion gently moved Lilith, who was clinging to his waist, and kissed her forehead.

"Lilith, watch over our tent."

"Mmm... okay..."

Lilith had been wild the night before, spending almost the entire night making love to Orion. She was utterly exhausted and would likely sleep until the afternoon to recover her strength.

Half an hour later, after a hearty meal, Orion donned his cloak and left the chieftain's tent with Lysinthia.

Outside, Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba were already in position.

Before the dark creatures had appeared, Orion's guards had taken shifts. But ever since the dark creatures attacked the previous day, they had all stayed by Orion's side.

Protecting the chieftain was their duty, even if it meant sacrificing their lives.

It was both their mission and their honor as the chieftain's guards.

This was why Orion had equipped his four giant guards with hero-grade beasts—Frost Wolves.

Orion wanted Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba to grow stronger. Right now, he was severely lacking capable warriors.

At the south gate, when Orion climbed the wall, he caught a whiff of something in the air. Even the heavy snow couldn't mask the scent of blood.

"Chieftain, you're here!"

Rendall, Prophet Onyx, Thundar, Earthshaker, and Delilah were all gathered there, making the place feel a bit lively.

"Looks like you had a productive night!"

Orion directed his comment at Rendall, who laughed heartily and tossed a leather pouch to Orion.

"Three waves of dark creatures came last night. I had a blast!"

Orion weighed the pouch full of dark source crystals and glanced at Thundar and Earthshaker. Both elders had a gleam of satisfaction in their eyes, clearly having claimed their share as well.

"After a long night, you all should get some rest. It's our turn now."

Elder Rendall laughed heartily, called for Thundar and Earthshaker, and with their spiked clubs in hand, they descended the wall.

Orion admired Elder Rendall's straightforwardness. Despite having reached Alpha-level, his relationship with Thundar and Earthshaker hadn't changed.

Of course, Rendall treated Prophet Onyx the same way.

"Rendall has a bold spirit. He's a warrior who charges forward without hesitation on the battlefield!"

Prophet Onyx sighed, clearly envious that Rendall had become an Alpha-level warrior before him.

"Prophet, you seem to hold Elder Rendall in high regard."

Prophet Onyx nodded, speaking plainly without reservation.

"In the past, even though our Obsidian Golem tribe didn't wage war on the other races, we were well aware of the strongest and most courageous warriors among them."

"For example, Stewardship Elder Delilah—her mastery of illusions is a deadly weapon on the battlefield."

"We've always known that."

Prophet Onyx spoke openly, even in front of Delilah.

In the past, the Obsidian Golems had believed that once an Alpha-level warrior emerged from their tribe, they would unify the Black Forest, and the warriors of the other races would become their warriors.

So, of course, Onyx had kept tabs on them.

Orion glanced at Delilah, who was fully armed, his gaze lingering for a moment on her full, voluptuous breasts.

"You're the Stewardship Elder of the Stoneheart Horde. There's no need for you to be on the front lines. I'll make sure you get your share of dark source crystals."

Delilah smiled seductively, her voice dripping with allure.

"My dear Orion, I want to reach Alpha-level as soon as possible. I don't want to fall behind the other elders."

Chapter 114 Investigate

Orion didn't say another word, because becoming stronger was also Delilah's desire.

According to Orion's rules, the next in line to obtain an Alpha-level core, after Prophet Onyx, had already appeared—Lilith.

Lilith had reached the peak of Hero-level first, leaving behind elders like Thundar, Earthshaker, Delilah, Slate, and Samson.

As for who would be next, Thundar and Delilah had the best chances, as both were on the verge of reaching the Hero-level peak.

As the queen of the succubi, Delilah did not want her younger sister to surpass her.

"Prophet, you and Delilah guard the south gate. I'll check out the other areas."

"As you command, chieftain. Rest assured."

Orion nodded and, along with Lysinthia and a group of guards, began patrolling from the west to the east.

The western mountains of Moonshadow Valley were relatively secure. Below the mountains was a steep slope, and at the bottom of the slope ran a river, forming a natural barrier.

The eastern mountains, however, always gave Orion an uneasy feeling whenever he patrolled there.

Just like this time, as Orion stood on the stone wall of the eastern mountains, a sudden sense of dread washed over him.

"You all wait here. I'm going down to investigate ."

Orion instructed Lysinthia and the others, then, following his instincts, drew his trident and leapt over the stone wall, sliding down toward the canyon below.

Before long, Orion reached the canyon floor. He had explored this area before but had found nothing.

This time, however, as he gazed into the bottomless crevice, he didn't hesitate and jumped in.

Explore more stories with empire

As he descended, the only sound in his ears was the rush of wind.

Thud!

Half an hour later, Orion thrust his trident into the rock wall, standing on it as he peered into the still-bottomless crevice. His nerves were on edge.

This was unbelievable!

The deeper Orion went, the wider the crevice became. It felt as though he was entering some kind of underground world.

This change filled Orion with a sense of unfamiliarity and the unknown, along with a hint of fear.

Orion pondered for a moment. Above him was the pitch-black night, and below him was the abyssal darkness. He decided to take this opportunity to explore further.

Pulling out his trident, Orion continued his descent along the rock wall.

...

An hour later, Orion finally reached the bottom of the crevice.

The environment was eerie. The ground was littered with small stones, and occasionally, he spotted the remains of mysterious beasts.

Seeing this, Orion was certain—this place was far from dead.

Holding his trident, he surveyed his surroundings before heading toward the wider part of the crevice.

As he moved forward, the jagged rocks and strange formations gave the impression that something monstrous was lurking in the shadows, sending chills down his spine.

Squeak, squeak, squeak...

Another hour passed, and Orion began to feel something was off.

The surroundings were unnerving, possibly a trick of the eye.

But the squeaking sound he just heard confirmed that some kind of creature had its eyes on him.

Orion reached into his Bagbird pouch and pulled out a bundle of spears, slinging them over his back.

He stood still, not moving a muscle, even slowing his breathing.

Rustle, rustle, rustle...

This time, the sound had changed from squeaking to a rustling noise. Whatever it was, it was getting closer.

Orion's mind went silent. He listened intently, his eyes scanning every direction, his body tense and ready for battle.

Suddenly, Orion spun around, leaping backward as he hurled a spear.

Thud!

The spear hit its mark, but the creature didn't seem fazed and continued its charge.

Orion retreated again, finally getting a clear look at his attacker.

It was a terrifying, caterpillar-like creature covered in three-meter-long spikes. Its body stretched over sixty feet, thick and grotesque, with eight pairs of uneven, pale green eyes that were downright horrifying.

With just a glance, Orion knew—he couldn't let this thing get close.

No way could he fight this thing in close combat!

Orion turned and ran, his mind racing for a plan.

This creature was definitely Alpha-level, and not just any Alpha-level.

What puzzled Orion was that the creature wasn't emitting any of the usual Alpha-level aura or pressure. Its presence was incredibly well-hidden.

"Damn it! No wonder I always felt uneasy patrolling the eastern mountains. This thing's been hiding here all along!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The familiar sound from behind made Orion's hair stand on end.

Without thinking, he dove to the side in a roll.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Three spikes, like javelins, embedded themselves deep into the spot where Orion had just been standing. Judging by the force, getting hit would have meant serious injury.

The creature, seeing its spikes miss, let out a long screech and charged at Orion again.

Orion didn't dare waste any time. He was already on his feet, sprinting deeper into the crevice, searching for a better place to fight.

And so, the chase began.

Orion activated Shadowstep, weaving in a serpentine pattern, narrowly dodging the creature's relentless attacks.

He felt frustrated. Usually, he was the one throwing spears at others. Now, he was the one being hunted by a giant bug. And to make matters worse, the damn thing was trying to skewer him with its spikes.

About an hour later, Orion came to a halt. He couldn't keep running—there was a massive, bottomless chasm in front of him.

With the abyss ahead and the creature behind, Orion was trapped.

In that split second, Orion's eyes lit up. He had a plan.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Orion hurled all the spears from his back, but they weren't aimed at the creature.

Thud, thud, thud—the spears lodged into the rock wall. Orion leapt, grabbing onto one of the spears and swinging himself across the chasm like King Kong.

Boom, boom, boom...

Meanwhile, the creature's spikes rained down like machine-gun fire, drilling holes into the rock where Orion had just been.

Using the spears embedded in the wall, Orion swung six times before finally landing behind the creature.

The creature turned, charging at Orion once more.

Orion's eyes gleamed, and a blood-red light flashed from his chest. The massive form of an Abyssal Dragon appeared before him.

This time, the dragon didn't charge into battle. Instead, it opened its mouth and began gathering energy for an Abyssal Flame Bomb.

Boom!

The explosion lit up the entire crevice.

Orion squinted, watching closely as the creature was hit by the Abyssal Flame Bomb.

However, the creature wasn't killed.

In the split second before impact, it had curled into a ball, taking the full force of the blast.

Most of its spikes had been blown off, and green liquid oozed from its body, but it wasn't fatally wounded.

Seeing this, Orion's nerves tightened, his mind heavy with concern.

But then, as he noticed where the creature had been blasted to, a smile crept across his face.

Chapter 115 Slaughter Tyrant

The massive body of the terrifying spiked worm was blasted by the Abyssal Flame Bomb, sent flying toward the bottomless abyss.

Roar... Roar...

In mid-air, the spiked worm let out furious roars, its body stretching out as it desperately tried to grab onto the nearby rock walls.

But it was too far away.

The spiked worm plummeted into the bottomless abyss!

Orion approached the edge of the abyss, frowning as he stared into the pitch-black void.

Logically, when something falls, it should accelerate, and eventually, you'd hear the sound of it hitting the ground.

But it had been a full fifteen minutes, and Orion hadn't heard a thing.

"Could it really be a bottomless abyss?"

"Or is there something else going on down there?"

Unable to figure it out, Orion cautiously waited by the cliff for two more hours.

Even so, there was no sign of anything happening.

"I need to head back. If I don't return soon, the others will start worrying about me."

Orion took one last look at this abyss, mentally marking it as a forbidden zone.

Moments later, he gripped his trident and began retracing his steps.

Descending into the crevice had been easy, but climbing back up was much more difficult.

Using his trident for support, Orion made short leaps upward, slowly scaling the rock walls.

Even with this method, it still took him nearly four hours.

When Orion finally emerged at the canyon's edge, Lysinthia and the four guards were already waiting, their anxiety palpable.

"Master!"

"Thank goodness!"

"Chieftain, you're back!"

Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba, the four guards, all breathed a collective sigh of relief upon seeing Orion.

If it hadn't been for Lysinthia using her Medusa abilities to sense that Orion was still alive, the four guards would have ventured into the crevice themselves to search for him.

Before this, both Lysintha and the guards had descended into the canyon several times but hadn't found any trace of Orion.

Climbing out of the crevice, Orion found the canyon's slope much easier to navigate.

It didn't take long for him to return to the stone wall atop the mountains.

"Hm... this aura..."

As soon as Orion steadied himself, he sensed a strange presence—an Alpha-level aura.

It was coming from the southern gate of Blackstone Town, and there was no doubt it belonged to dark creatures.

"Bad news! A large number of dark creatures are attacking the southern gate, and there's an Alpha-level monster among them!"

"Rendall sent word two hours ago!"

Orion nodded, taking a moment to catch his breath. The climb had drained a lot of his energy, and he was exhausted.

"Let's go. Follow me, and let's see what's happening!"

Blackstone Town, Southern Gate.

Elder Rendall and Prophet Onyx stood side by side, their faces grim as they watched the dark creatures assaulting the town.

"I've never seen anything like this. A monster capable of commanding such a large number of Night Stalkers and launching such a coordinated attack."

Prophet Onyx, who had lived for centuries, was genuinely shocked.

In his experience, dark creatures were usually bloodthirsty and chaotic.

But this time, among the attacking monsters was an Alpha-level dark creature, and it was highly intelligent.

"What's going on with the chieftain?"

"Could he have run into some trouble?"

Rendall was growing increasingly worried about Orion's absence.

With over five thousand dark creatures attacking the town, the entire Stoneheart Horde had been mobilized.

Aside from those who were physically unable to fight, even some of the women had volunteered to man the towers, shooting arrows at the monsters.

"Rendall, do you think you can handle that Dark Ravager?"

Prophet Onyx's gaze was fixed on the back of the monster horde, where a towering 25-foot-tall Dark Ravager stood.

The creature's arms ended in spiral-shaped spearheads, a pair of wing-like blades protruded from its back, its feet were like eagle talons, and a 30-foot-long spiked tail swayed rhythmically behind it.

This was an Alpha-level monster among the Night Stalkers, known as the Dark Ravager, or Slaughter Tyrant.

"Our chieftain had the foresight to build these new walls. They've saved countless lives!"

"Our bloodline warriors have also avoided many unnecessary sacrifices!"

While Prophet Onyx was still marveling at the situation, Elder Rendall was growing impatient.

"Thundar, where is our chieftain? Why hasn't he shown up yet?"

"Go check on him yourself!"

Thundar, the Elder of Combat, who had been overseeing the battle, also felt that something was wrong with Orion's prolonged absence. He turned to head toward the eastern mountains.

"Hahaha... the chieftain is here!"

Just as Thundar turned, Elder Rendall suddenly burst into laughter. He had sensed Orion's presence.

"Prophet, hold the wall and wait for Orion. I'm going to deal with that big bastard!"

Elder Rendall had only recently ascended to Alpha-level. He hadn't acted earlier because Orion hadn't arrived, and he needed to stay on the wall to maintain morale.

Now that Orion was here, the battle-hungry Rendall couldn't wait any longer.

Boom!

Elder Rendall, dragging his spiked club, leapt from the 150-foot-high wall. The impact of his landing was so powerful that even the elders on the wall could feel the tremor.

"Go to hell!"

Rendall swung his spiked club, charging straight into the horde, aiming for the Slaughter Tyrant.

On the battlefield, Rendall was like a wolf among sheep. Wherever his spiked club landed, dark creatures were smashed into pulp.

Meanwhile, Orion had already made his way back to the southern wall.

"Chieftain!"

"Chieftain, you're here!"

...

Your journey continues with empire

Orion responded to the greetings of his people as he surveyed the scene, watching as his members shot down dark creatures from the walls.

Nearly all the elders were present, including his wife, Lilith.

Orion looked out beyond the walls and saw Elder Rendall fighting in the midst of the monster horde. He quickly began issuing orders.

"Delilah, you take command and oversee the entire battle!"

"Remember, don't let a single monster breach the walls!"

"Lilith, take Lysinthia, Dace, and the others to reinforce the eastern wall."

"Thundar, Earthshaker, you two guard the western wall!"

After assigning the tasks, Orion turned to Prophet Onyx and nodded, speaking seriously.

"Prophet, you go down and support Elder Rendall!"

"With a three-pronged attack, we can't let that monster escape. This is your chance, and it's also the chance for the Stoneheart Horde!"

Prophet Onyx nodded vigorously, his heart ablaze with determination as he pulled the massive stone axe from his back.

"Follow me!"

Orion leapt from the wall, and before he hit the ground, his Abyssal Dragon appeared, catching him mid-air.

"Charge!"

The Abyssal Dragon roared as it charged forward, its target the distant Slaughter Tyrant.

Chapter 116 Slaughter Tyrant II

With Orion and Prophet Onyx joining the fray, the tide of battle quickly turned in their favor.

The Slaughter Tyrant, sensing the shift, attempted to flee.

Whoosh!

Orion hurled his Bone War Trident from a distance, but the Slaughter Tyrant's tail coiled around it, knocking it aside.

"Damn monster, where do you think you're going?!"

Seeing the creature trying to escape, Elder Rendall roared, his body crackling with electricity as his eyes transformed into glowing arcs of lightning.

Zzzzz...

Electricity surged through Rendall's body as he leapt through the horde of monsters like a bolt of lightning, closing the distance to the Slaughter Tyrant in the blink of an eye.

Boom!

Rendall swung his spiked club, clashing violently with the Slaughter Tyrant's drill-like arms.

The impact sent Rendall flying far back.

Fortunately, the Slaughter Tyrant's escape route was now blocked by Orion.

Prophet Onyx, showing some tactical sense, followed closely behind the Abyssal Dragon, breaking through the monster horde. However, the sheer number of dark creatures soon surrounded him, trapping him in the middle of the battlefield.

Orion raised his hand, and the Bone War Trident reappeared in his grasp. He leapt down from the Abyssal Dragon, instructing it to stand by, ready to deliver a fatal blow to the Slaughter Tyrant at any moment.

Facing a creature like the Slaughter Tyrant, whose entire body was a weapon, Orion didn't dare take any chances. He immediately activated Titan's Rage, and his Ghostbone Armor extended, encasing him in a protective shell.

Now, Orion looked even more formidable.

With Titan's Rage activated, Orion's height surged, making him nearly 30 feet tall—towering over the Slaughter Tyrant.

"WAAAGH!"

Orion let out a battle cry, his killing intent palpable, as he activated Swift Charge and sprinted toward the Slaughter Tyrant.

Hissss...

The Slaughter Tyrant emitted a metallic screech as it charged toward Orion.

Orion could see it clearly—the creature's long tail whipped through the air, its attack arriving before its body.

Orion activated Shadowstep, twisting his body to dodge the incoming tail spike.

At the same time, he swung his Bone War Trident, driving it deep into the Slaughter Tyrant's tail.

Crack!

The trident tore a deep gash into the tail, and the barbed spike at the end looked like it might fall off at any moment.

Orion had successfully wounded the Slaughter Tyrant, but the creature's counterattack came swiftly.

Its arms, sharp and deadly, aimed straight for Orion's heart.

Orion twisted his body again, dodging the drill-like arm, and swung his trident upward, clashing with the wing-like blades descending from above.

Boom! Your journey continues on empire

Orion stood firm, while the Slaughter Tyrant was knocked back several meters by the force of the impact.

This clash made Orion realize just how powerful the Slaughter Tyrant was. Its strength was not something Rendall or the others could handle head-on.

"Be careful! Don't try to take it head-on!"

But it was too late.

Seeing the Slaughter Tyrant wounded and knocked back, Elder Rendall thought he had an opening. He charged forward with his spiked club.

Boom!

Another violent clash, and a massive figure was sent flying once again—it was Rendall.

Not only was Rendall thrown back, but his spiked club also slipped from his grasp, landing on the battlefield.

"Prophet!"

Orion shouted a warning, and Prophet Onyx immediately understood. He rushed over to tend to Elder Rendall.

Meanwhile, Orion launched another charge at the Slaughter Tyrant.

Thud!

Taking advantage of the creature's momentary instability, Orion struck true, driving his trident deep into the Slaughter Tyrant's chest, leaving a gaping hole.

However, the Slaughter Tyrant didn't die.

Instead, it let out a furious roar, coordinating its drill arms, wing blades, and tail spike in a deadly assault on Orion.

Orion didn't have time to retrieve his Bone War Trident, so he let go of it, driving it deeper into the creature's body, further wounding it.

As he retreated, the Bloodthirsty Trident appeared in his hand. He swung it horizontally, trying to block the tail spike flying toward him.

Boom!

A powerful shockwave erupted from the clash, pushing Orion back toward the Slaughter Tyrant.

Behind him, the Slaughter Tyrant's tail had been severed by the Bloodthirsty Trident, a portion of it falling to the ground.

Just as the Slaughter Tyrant's drill arms and wing blades were about to strike, Orion twisted his body once more, and the Bone War Trident reappeared in his hand.

Clang!

Orion, wielding a trident in each hand, collided with the drill arm. He used the momentum to propel himself away, causing the Slaughter Tyrant's attack to miss.

At that moment, the Abyssal Dragon behind him unleashed another Abyssal Flame Bomb, aiming directly at the Slaughter Tyrant.

Boom!

The explosion at such close range was intense, and even with his Ghostbone Armor, Orion felt the impact.

The surrounding dark creatures were obliterated, leaving only a few dark source crystals scattered on the ground.

In the distance, Prophet Onyx and Elder Rendall both coughed up blood, staggering as they struggled to stay on their feet.

As the sound of the explosion faded, Orion couldn't see the Slaughter Tyrant's body, causing his brow to furrow.

But then, he spotted the Abyssal Dragon in the distance, its jaws clamped tightly around the Slaughter Tyrant.

Orion finally breathed a sigh of relief.

To be sure, he sprinted over and, with a swift swing of his trident, decapitated the Slaughter Tyrant.

Only then did the creature stop struggling in the Abyssal Dragon's jaws.

Orion sliced open the Slaughter Tyrant's grotesque head, pulling out a dark source crystal the size of an apple. He then turned to the Abyssal Dragon and said, "Its body is yours."

The Abyssal Dragon let out a low growl, using its front claws to assist as it began devouring the Slaughter Tyrant's corpse beside Orion.

"Can you still fight?"

Orion pocketed the dark source crystal, retrieved his trident, and approached Prophet Onyx and Elder Rendall.

"As long as it's not another one of those big bastards, I'm good!"

Elder Rendall coughed twice, raising his spiked club, clearly determined to keep fighting.

"Chie... chieftain, I can still fight too!"

Prophet Onyx's body trembled slightly, and his voice was shaky.

It was obvious that Orion's successful kill of the Alpha-level dark creature had stirred something deep within him, filling him with excitement.

"Alright then, let's finish off these dark creatures and collect the dark source crystals. We'll deal with everything else later!"

With that, Orion rejoined the battle.

Wherever Orion went, bodies piled up, and the battlefield was left in ruins.

Before long, the Abyssal Dragon, having finished devouring the Slaughter Tyrant, also rejoined the fight.

With Orion and the Abyssal Dragon attacking from both sides, the pressure on the horde members atop the walls was greatly reduced.

After a while, the stronger bloodline warriors began jumping down from the walls, joining the slaughter of the dark creatures.

Everyone knew that without the threat of Alpha-level dark creatures, these monsters were nothing more than resources to help them grow stronger—an opportunity they couldn't afford to miss.

Soon after, Lilith and Lysinthia also leapt down from the walls, standing atop the Twilight Viper as they joined the hunt.

This defensive battle lasted over five hours from start to finish.

From anxiety to tension, from bravery to exhilaration, the process was intense, but every member of the Stoneheart Horde witnessed Orion's strength and benefited from the walls he had strongly advocated for.

From that day forward, no one in the horde ever complained about Orion's decision to construct the walls.

Chapter 117 For the horde

The battle had ended, but the bloodstains on the newly built walls gave them a somber, tragic air.

Prophet Onyx supported Elder Rendall as they followed behind Orion. The two of them, with Orion leading, returned to Moonshadow Valley under the reverent gazes of the others.

Orion had left Lilith in charge of the temporary command at the walls, while the rest of the elders gathered in the chieftain's tent for an emergency council meeting.

Orion downed a large bowl of black rye ale, feeling some of the exhaustion lift from his body.

"This time, the dark source crystals we've collected—20% will go to the horde's reserves, and the rest will be distributed according to battle merit."

"From that 20%, take 10% and distribute it to the support staff based on their duties. They've worked hard too."

"This task will be handled by Elder of Stewardship Delilah, with Elder of Combat Thundar overseeing it."

Delilah stood up, nodded, and glanced around at the other elders. Seeing no objections, she sat back down.

Orion could clearly see the joy on the faces of the elders.

Since no one raised any objections or comments, Orion didn't dwell on the topic. He exhaled slowly and pulled out a wooden box from his cloak, containing the Alpha-level dark source crystal.

"According to the rules, this dark source crystal belongs to Prophet Onyx."

From the moment Orion took out the box to the moment he spoke, the entire tent fell into an eerie silence.

Aside from Elder Rendall, who had his eyes closed in rest, every elder's gaze was fixed on the wooden box on Orion's table—especially Prophet Onyx.

Orion's cold eyes swept over the council members.

Then, with a casual flick of his wrist, the wooden box landed in Prophet Onyx's hands.

At that moment, Prophet Onyx held the box as if it were his most precious treasure.

After a long pause, the seasoned and wise Prophet Onyx finally calmed his emotions, pulling himself out of the waves of excitement.

He carefully put the box away, then stood up, his expression solemn.

"I swear upon the soul of our ancestors, Onyx will defend the chieftain to the death, defend Moonshadow Valley to the death, and defend our Stoneheart Horde to the death!"

With these words, Prophet Onyx not only dispelled any envy or resentment from the other council members but also solidified his loyalty.

His declaration not only earned Orion's favor but also the respect of the entire Stoneheart Horde.

"Prophet, I've seen your loyalty."

"There's a cave in the back of Moonshadow Valley, a place of peace and quiet. I'll have Elder Rendall take you there to train."

"When you successfully ascend to Alpha-level, I have an important task for you."

Prophet Onyx nodded in agreement and returned to his seat. He didn't ask what the task was—he was confident that once he reached Alpha-level, whatever Orion had in store for him would be easily accomplished.

After Prophet Onyx sat down, Orion scanned the other council members. He could sense the restlessness in their hearts.

Orion thought for a moment, then decided to continue stoking their ambitions.

"In the summer, I set the rule that Alpha-level resources would be distributed according to sequence."

"The next to receive resources will be my wife, Lilith, but after her, the next in line has yet to be determined."

"Everyone, the dark beast tides are far from over. Lilith has a chance, and so do all of you!"

Orion paused, taking the opportunity to drink another cup of black rye ale, waiting for the fire of desire to ignite in the eyes of the elders.

Once he saw their breathing grow a little heavier, Orion continued, his tone calm but deliberate.

"If not this year, then next year!"

"If not next year, then the year after!"

"Even if I fall in battle, Elder Rendall and Prophet Onyx will still be here to support our Stoneheart Horde."

"Everyone, this is the best of times. This is the era of our horde's rise!"

"Don't you want to seize this opportunity, to rise with me, and conquer the lands beyond the Black Forest?"

Orion spoke these words while gazing into the darkness outside the tent, his expression distant and profound.

"We do!"

"For the horde!"

"For the glory of the horde!"

The council members' voices rose in unison, their fervor and reverence for Orion palpable.

The Stoneheart Horde was becoming more united than ever.

Elder Rendall opened his eyes, glancing at Orion seated at the head of the table, a smile slowly spreading across his face.

Prophet Onyx also looked at Orion, his eyes filled with visions of the future.

Thundar placed a hand over his heart, feeling it race. He could almost see the day he would become an Alpha-level warrior.

Earthshaker downed a mouthful of beast-blood ale, letting out a satisfied belch before continuing to gnaw on a chunk of beast meat.

Delilah stared at Orion with burning eyes, her panties already soaked through.

"Orion's vision is so deep!"

"If only I had become his wife back then!"

"But... this isn't bad either!"

"I'm also his woman!"

...

After painting a grand vision of the future, Orion had successfully dispelled any jealousy or resentment in the hearts of the elders.

"Everyone, keep working hard. Reach the peak of Hero-level as soon as possible!"

"I look forward to leading a group of Alpha-level warriors from our tribe to conquer the outside world!"

"Land, women, wealth... they're all waiting for us to claim them!"

Orion knew when to stop. He fell silent, waiting for the atmosphere in the tent to settle.

Find more to read at [empire](#)

After a long pause, Orion finally began recounting his experience in the eastern mountains.

"In the eastern mountains, at the bottom of the canyon, there's a massive underground crevice. Below that crevice is a bottomless abyss."

"That terrifying spiked worm was over 60 feet long, covered in spikes..."

"At the time, I..."

Orion spoke in great detail, describing the terrain of the underground crevice and the appearance of the monster.

When he finished, he looked around at the council members. All of them were frowning in thought, but no one spoke.

Orion's gaze fell on Elder Rendall, one of the oldest members of the giant tribe in Moonshadow Valley.

Unfortunately, even Elder Rendall was frowning, his expression one of disbelief. It seemed he had no knowledge of the spiked worm's existence.

"In the past, we only cleared away the fallen trees that collapsed into the crevice to prevent dark creatures from climbing up. We never explored down there."

"A long time ago, your parents did venture down to investigate, but they found no important information was recorded."

"And for hundreds of years, no powerful creatures have ever emerged from the crevice."

After saying this, Elder Rendall shook his head. He had scoured his memory but couldn't recall anything relevant.

Orion felt a bit disappointed and turned his gaze to the well-traveled and knowledgeable Prophet Onyx.

Chapter 118 Faith energy

"The Obsidian Golem tribe has no records related to Moonshadow Valley either," Prophet Onyx said, shaking his head. "From what I know, nothing significant has happened in the Black Forest in the past thousand years."

Although the Black Forest had many entrances to the abyss, those were layered abysses. The bottomless abyss Orion had mentioned seemed far-fetched even to Prophet Onyx.

Orion fell silent. If nothing major had happened in the Black Forest for the past millennium, it meant that the underground crevice outside Moonshadow Valley hadn't caused any disasters. Of course, it was also possible that something had happened, but it had gone unnoticed.

Orion knew all too well how dangerous the terrifying spiked worm was. Was that worm a lone creature, or were there more of them? And where exactly did that bottomless crevice lead?

Orion tapped his fingers on the table, deep in thought.

After a long pause, he sighed. For now, there was no clear solution. The best course of action was to monitor the underground crevice closely.

"Prophet, go ahead and focus on your training. Once you've successfully ascended to Alpha-level, we'll discuss how to deal with the crevice."

Prophet Onyx nodded, understanding that the task Orion had in mind for him was likely related to the underground crevice.

"One last thing—make sure the horde's shamans tend to every injured warrior and help them recover as quickly as possible."

"Elder Rendall, I'll leave that to you."

Elder Rendall nodded. He had sustained some injuries himself, so overseeing the recovery of the tribe while healing his own wounds was a convenient task.

After addressing a few more minor matters within the horde and organizing the rotation of duties, Orion concluded the council meeting.

As the others left, Orion, physically and mentally drained, leaned back in his chair and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

When Orion awoke, Lilith and Lysinthia had already returned to the tent. The two women were busy preparing a meal, the aroma of the meat stew stirring Orion from his slumber.

He didn't disturb them, instead turning his attention to his data panel.

During the dark creatures' assault, Orion had obtained three survivor chests. What made him particularly interested in these chests was that one of them had been dropped by the Slaughter Tyrant.

His luck had been decent so far—the first two chests had yielded elite-level weapons: a large sword and a battle axe.

A flash of light signaled the opening of the final chest.

"What's this...?"

Orion's eyes narrowed as he looked at the statue before him.

[Slaughter Tyrant]

- Type: Statue

- Quality: Heroic (Rare, Growth Potential)

- Effect: Tyrant's Descent

- Effect Description: Once the statue absorbs enough faith energy, it can summon a powerful Slaughter Tyrant.

Experience more tales on empire

- Statue Evaluation: Faith can make it grow. Why haven't you started gathering faith energy?

Orion stared at the miniature Slaughter Tyrant statue in his hand, his thoughts drifting far away.

He knew he had just acquired a rare item of immense value.

What made Orion fall into deep thought was the concept the statue introduced: faith energy.

How was faith energy collected? And even if he managed to gather it, how would he control it?

A series of questions flooded Orion's mind, forcing him to reconsider the nature of the world he lived in.

"Darling... darling..."

Lilith's soft voice pulled Orion out of his thoughts as she gently shook his arm.

Orion put the statue away and turned to her with a smile.

"What is it, my Lilith?"

Lilith kissed him lightly, assuming he was still thinking about the underground crevice in the eastern mountains.

"Darling Orion, you must be hungry. It's time to eat."

Orion reached out, lifting Lilith effortlessly into his arms, and gave her a long, passionate kiss.

"Mmm... tell me, what delicious things have you prepared?"

...

Orion was indeed hungry. With Lilith and Lysinthia tending to him, he ate until he was completely satisfied.

After the meal came the inevitable lovemaking. The two women were eager to please him, using their bodies to help him unwind and relieve his exhaustion.

The next morning, Orion woke to a tickling sensation.

Opening his eyes, he was greeted by a beautiful face—rosy cheeks, dark hair, large eyes, and most strikingly, a pair of red irises.

"Mas... Master!"

Orion blinked in surprise, his eyes widening as he looked at the small figure lying on his chest.

It wasn't a little girl, but rather the Spider Queen's juvenile form.

The Spider Queen's upper body resembled that of a young girl, while her lower body was that of a spider. She was oddly cute.

"Orion, look! I've been raising your little queen, and she's grown a bit!"

Lilith emerged from beneath the furs, her face playful and proud.

Clearly, Lilith had known about the Spider Queen's transformation for some time.

"She's evolved?"

Orion carefully examined the Spider Queen juvenile in his hands. He had high hopes for this pet.

In Orion's future plans, the Spider Queen would play a crucial role.

"Mas... Master!"

The Spider Queen seemed to enjoy the warmth of Orion's palm and the way he looked at her.

However, her intelligence was still quite low, and she could only manage to say the word "Master."

Despite this, her cute appearance won the affection of Orion, Lilith, and Lysinthia.

"Take good care of her for me."

Orion handed the Spider Queen to Lilith, along with a pouch of dark source crystals.

"Feed her with these. I want her to grow strong as soon as possible."

Lilith nodded, immediately giving the Spider Queen a dark source crystal.

The Spider Queen eagerly bit into the crystal, her small mouth gnawing at it.

"This little one's teeth are impressive—she can actually bite through dark source crystals!"

"Hehehe..."

Lilith giggled, casting a flirtatious glance at Orion, her thoughts clearly wandering.

Orion, puzzled by her reaction, playfully slapped her on the butt before turning to Lysinthia.

"You're coming with me for the next rotation."

"Yes, Master!"

Outside the tent, the wind and snow continued to blow.

Fortunately, the walls now protected the horde, allowing even the ordinary members to step outside during the winter to clear snow and contribute to the community.

As Orion walked through the camp, every giant, succubus, buffalofolk, and obsidian golem he passed greeted him with respect.

With the various tribes gradually integrating, Orion could feel the Stoneheart Horde coming together in a unique way.

Though there were still some stubborn members in each tribe who resisted the intermingling of races, Orion paid them no mind.

In the grand scheme of survival and progress, these people were like ants trying to stop a rolling boulder—doomed to fail.

Upon reaching the walls, Orion found Delilah and Earthshaker on duty.

"Darling, you're here!"

Orion nodded, his gaze sweeping over the cleared plaza outside the walls as he asked softly, "Any dark creatures last night?"

"Not a single one."

Delilah brushed a strand of windblown hair from her face, her eyes filled with seductive intent as she gazed at Orion. Her thighs rubbed together suggestively, and if Orion had wanted, she would have gladly made love to him right there.

But Orion had no intention of doing so in front of others. He shot Delilah a glance before saying, "Elder Rendall is injured, and Prophet Onyx is in training. We're short on hands for the next few days. Go get some rest."

Chapter 119 Lysinthia Stoneheart

Orion stood watch at the southern gate, having sent Elder Slate of the giants and Elder Vespera of the succubi to patrol the eastern and western mountains. Now, only four guards and Lysinthia remained by his side.

He gazed into the distant darkness, noting that the scent of blood in the air had faded significantly.

"Those three tribesmen you chose—how are they doing?" Orion asked suddenly, his question catching Lysinthia off guard.

"Master, are you asking me?" Lysinthia looked up, her beautiful face showing a hint of confusion.

"Yes, I remember Elder Rendall gave you three slots to choose from," Orion replied. "Did you not make your selections?"

Lysinthia shook her head, then nodded, her voice filled with a mix of sadness and conflict. "I saved three of my tribesmen, but they hate me. They curse me."

"I don't understand why. I saved them, so why do they hate me?"

Lysinthia's voice trembled with a sense of injustice as she looked up at Orion, seeking an answer.

Orion reached out and gently stroked her head. "Kill them. They're not worth your sorrow."

Lysinthia froze, her eyes widening in disbelief.

Orion smiled, clearly enjoying the stunned expression on her face.

Without hesitation, he leaned in and kissed her deeply.

After a long moment, Orion pulled away, leaving Lysinthia breathless and gasping for air as he drew her into his arms.

"Dace, tell me, who is this in my arms?" Orion asked in a cold, detached voice.

Lysinthia, still recovering from the kiss, heard Orion's question and turned her head slightly.

"Chieftain, she is Lysinthia Stoneheart, your woman," Dace replied without hesitation.

Orion laughed heartily, lifting Lysinthia's chin and speaking with a wild arrogance. "Lysinthia, did you hear that?"

"Your name is Lysinthia Stoneheart. You are not only my servant but also my woman!"

Lysinthia's eyes filled with emotion, and she slowly leaned into Orion's embrace.

The night passed quietly on the southern wall, with Orion standing watch in the cold wind. Not a single dark creature appeared.

When Elder Rendall arrived to take over the watch, the situation remained the same.

"Elder Rendall, I leave this to you," Orion said.

"Rest assured, Chieftain!" Rendall replied confidently.

Orion nodded, exchanged a brief word with Elder Thundar, and then descended from the wall with his entourage.

Back in the chieftain's tent, with no battles to fight, Orion spent the entire night making love to the succubus and the medusa. It wasn't until 3 a.m. that he finally fell into a deep sleep.

Shortly after Orion drifted off, the animal hides covering the tent stirred slightly.

Lysinthia quietly slipped her head out from under the furs, carefully observing Orion and Lilith. Once she was sure they were both sound asleep, she gently rose, dressed, and slipped out of the tent.

As Lysinthia left, Lilith slowly opened her eyes.

"Beautiful Medusa, what are you up to?" Lilith thought to herself, a faint smile curling at the corners of her lips.

She didn't get up, though. Instead, she wrapped her arms around Orion's back, found a comfortable position, and nestled back into his embrace to continue sleeping.

Outside the tent, a shadowy figure darted after Lysinthia, following her silently.

Deep within Moonshadow Valley, in a prison carved into the rock, Lysinthia's figure appeared. She stood outside a stone door, looking in at three serpentfolk who were bound tightly.

"You bitch! You've disgraced the noble Medusa bloodline of the serpentfolk! You'll die a miserable death—I curse you!" one of the serpentfolk warriors spat as he lifted his head and saw Lysinthia through the stone door.

At this point, Lysinthia no longer had a serpent's tail, a clear sign that her bloodline had successfully evolved. The serpentfolk warrior could sense that Lysinthia was no longer a virgin, which meant that even if she returned to the serpentfolk tribe, she would never be accepted. In fact, she would likely be executed.

"Damn traitor! You're a disgrace to our people!" the warrior continued to hurl insults, his voice filled with venom.

Lysinthia remained expressionless, silently watching them.

"Is that you, Lysinthia?" a soft voice came from another corner of the cell.

The female serpentfolk slowly lifted her head, her eyes widening as she saw Lysinthia, now fully transformed into a Medusa.

"Naja, it's me," Lysinthia replied, her voice soft as she addressed the elder who had once cared for her.
Read the latest on empire

Lysinthia had once been a contender for the throne of the serpentfolk tribe. However, after losing the competition, her status was stripped, and she endured endless humiliation within her former tribe. Eventually, she was traded away as a bargaining chip and became Orion's servant.

Naja had been one of the few who still cared for Lysinthia after her fall from grace.

"Lysinthia, you shouldn't have come," Naja said, her voice filled with sorrow. "Elder Vhisss is dead. Even if you save us, it won't matter. We have no future."

Lysinthia remained silent, her expression unreadable.

"Lysinthia, you damned bitch! How dare you show your face here?" another female serpentfolk, one of Lysinthia's former friends, had also woken up and immediately began hurling insults.

"Are you here on behalf of those foolish giants to convince us to surrender?" she sneered. "Hahaha... Don't even dream of it! The serpentfolk are the strongest—we will never submit!"

Lysinthia glanced at the woman, her voice calm as she spoke. "Venoma, I'm not here to ask you to surrender."

Her words left the three serpentfolk stunned.

"I'm not here to save you either," Lysinthia continued, her tone still flat.

With that, any flicker of hope the three serpentfolk had was extinguished.

"The Lysinthia of the serpentfolk is dead," she said, pausing for a moment as the three serpentfolk stared at her in confusion.

"I am now Lysinthia Stoneheart, the woman of the great chieftain Orion of the Stoneheart Horde."

"I came here today to sever my last ties with the serpentfolk."

Clang!

Lysinthia pushed open the stone door and stepped into the prison, walking up to the serpentfolk warrior who had first spoken.

"You bitch! You've disgraced the Medusa bloodline!" he spat.

Crack!

Lysinthia reached out and snapped his neck with a single motion.

As the life drained from his body, Lysinthia looked down at him and said coldly, "My Medusa bloodline was awakened and evolved by my master using a large amount of dark source crystals. It has nothing to do with you."

She then turned to Venoma, her former friend.

"You once taught me swordsmanship, and just now, you insulted me. We're even now."

Crack!

Lysinthia snapped Venoma's neck as well.

Finally, she approached Naja, but this time, she didn't raise her hand to kill her.

"Lysinthia, don't hesitate. Do it," Naja said softly. "Our bloodline has fallen. You are the last hope."

"To renew, you must first remove the old. I believe you think the same way."

"If my death helps you sever your ties, then I will die without regret."

"Lysinthia, live well."

Lysinthia remained still, her hand frozen in place. Naja suddenly chuckled, her laughter tinged with sadness but also a sense of relief.

Lowering her head, Naja began to chant softly, her voice mysterious and eerie.

As the chant ended, Naja's body began to wither, her flesh shrinking before Lysinthia's eyes.

"Lysinthia, if you're going to sever ties, do it completely," Naja said, her voice barely a whisper before her body crumbled into ash.

At the same time, dark lines, like vengeful spirits, swirled around Lysinthia's body, eventually gathering at her forehead to form a black, mysterious mark.

Simultaneously, Lysinthia's hair turned completely black.

Her eyebrows, eyes, lips, and nails followed suit, all turning a deep, inky black.

Chapter 120 Gorgon

The next morning, when Orion awoke and saw the transformed Lysinthia, his eyes narrowed slightly.

"Lysinthia?"

"Yes, Master? Is something wrong?" Lysinthia asked, her voice soft but filled with concern.

Orion pointed at her hair, signaling for her to explain.

"Master, I've killed the three serpentfolk. I've been reborn—I've transformed from a Medusa into a Gorgon."

Orion remained silent for a long moment before asking calmly, "What's the difference between a Medusa and a Gorgon?"

Lysinthia reached up and gently plucked a single black hair from her head, placing it in the palm of her hand.

The next second, something miraculous happened.

The strand of hair began to change, growing and shifting until it became a small black snake, about the thickness of a thumb, writhing in Lysinthia's hand.

"Master, this is my new ability—Serpent Transformation."

"This little snake is venomous. Right now, it's only at the standard beast level, but it will grow stronger as I do."

"I've been cursed by the serpentfolk tribe, transforming into their mortal enemy— Gorgon."

"Gorgons are a cursed race, a race abandoned by the gods."

This revelation left Orion momentarily stunned, but he quickly regained his composure.

"So, you're saying you're no longer a Medusa?"

Lysinthia shook her head, then nodded. "A Gorgon is still a Medusa, but a Medusa is not necessarily a Gorgon."

Discover stories at [empire](#)

Her words might have confused others, but Orion understood.

He reached out, cupping Lysinthia's head in his hand, and said calmly, "Medusa or Gorgon, you're still my woman."

"Get ready. You'll be joining me on the next rotation."

Tears glistened in Lysinthia's eyes, touched by Orion's words. She nodded, pushing aside her feelings of sorrow and rejection, and soon after, she grabbed her weapon and followed Orion out of the tent.

Not long after, a shadowy figure entered the chieftain's tent, standing respectfully before Lilith.

"What did you see last night?" Lilith asked, her tone casual.

The shadowy figure took a moment to organize their thoughts before speaking.

"Reporting to Princess Lilith, I followed the Medusa to the prison in the back of the valley."

"However, there was a Hero-level beast, the Twilight Viper, guarding the entrance, so I didn't dare get too close."

"After the Medusa left, I entered the prison to investigate."

"There were three serpentfolk. Two had their necks broken, and one seemed to have used some kind of forbidden technique, turning into a pile of ashes."

Lilith lay half-reclined on the furs, her upper body exposed, her breasts alluring.

"You weren't discovered, were you?" she asked, her tone still light, but the shadowy figure trembled slightly.

"I was very cautious. No one noticed I was following her."

Lilith yawned, her mind drifting back to the previous night when Orion had relentlessly pounded her with his large cock. A faint smile of satisfaction played on her lips.

"Alright, you may go."

"And make sure to hunt more dark creatures for the horde. Your strength is still lacking."

The shadowy figure bowed and quietly left the tent.

"Medusa... Gorgon... I hope you're not hiding any ill intentions," Lilith murmured to herself, her smile fading as she stared into the distance.

At the southern gate, atop the walls, Orion stood with his trident in hand, overseeing the battlefield. From time to time, he intervened to save horde members who found themselves in danger.

This was the latest wave of dark creatures to attack since the last major battle.

With Orion commanding the defense, the bloodline warriors of the Stoneheart Horde were filled with excitement, many of them complaining that there weren't enough monsters to fight.

Indeed, this wave of dark creatures, though numbering around 300, was nothing compared to the 5,000 they had faced before.

Orion was in a good mood. According to recent reports, the overall strength of the horde's bloodline warriors had increased significantly.

Many warriors had used the spoils from the last battle to ascend to Hero-level.

Even Orion's personal guards—Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba—had all reached Hero-level.

With the help of their four wolves, the four giant warriors had slain many dark creatures in the previous battle, earning a substantial share of dark source crystals.

Not only had Dace and the others grown stronger, but their wolves had also matured significantly.

The wolves had grown larger, now fully capable of carrying the giants on their backs.

Orion's vision of giant wolf riders was finally beginning to take shape.

Unfortunately, after this wave of dark creatures was defeated, no more appeared, even by the time Elder Rendall arrived to take over the watch.

After giving a few instructions, Orion returned to his tent.

Winter in the Black Forest was a time when various races focused on reproduction, a season when male hormones ran high.

Orion, Lilith, and Lysinthia were no exception. After eating and drinking, they all participated in the grand endeavor of trying to conceive offspring.

Of course, whether they succeeded or not was another matter.

The days passed in a blur of cold winds, heavy snow, and occasional dark creature attacks. Two weeks went by like this.

One day, as Orion was having a meal with Lilith and Lysinthia, a sudden surge of energy rippled through the depths of Moonshadow Valley.

A moment later, a loud, ancient roar echoed through the valley, like the cry of a 90-year-old virgin experiencing orgasm for the first time.

Orion set down his knife, a smile spreading across his face.

"Prophet Onyx has successfully ascended to Alpha-level. Let's go. We should go greet him."

With that, Orion stood and walked out of the tent.

Lilith and Lysinthia quickly followed, their faces filled with curiosity.

Outside the tent, it didn't take long for Prophet Onyx to arrive, surrounded by a crowd of cheering tribesmen.

"Honorable chieftain!" Prophet Onyx knelt on one knee, his voice filled with gratitude.

Orion smiled and stepped forward, personally helping Prophet Onyx to his feet.

Orion was pleased. Prophet Onyx had shown the same humility and respect as Elder Rendall, perhaps even more so.

Looking at the now taller Prophet Onyx, Orion spoke loudly for all to hear.

"Prophet, I bet you didn't expect to ascend to Alpha-level so quickly!"

Prophet Onyx shook his head, clearly still in disbelief. He had never imagined that his dream of reaching Alpha-level would come true so soon.

Orion, equally pleased, turned to Dace and said, "Dace, spread the word. The horde will celebrate for three days and three nights—plenty of meat, plenty of ale, and the bonfires will burn without end!"

"This is Prophet Onyx's celebration, but it's also a celebration for the entire Stoneheart Horde!"

"Let's all rejoice in the addition of another Alpha-level warrior to our ranks!"

As Orion finished speaking, the entire Moonshadow Valley erupted in cheers.

Many tribesmen shouted the names of Prophet Onyx and Orion, while others chanted the name of the horde itself.

The Obsidian Golem tribe, in particular, felt a surge of pride as one of their own had ascended to Alpha-level.

"Prophet, spend some time with your people. Later, come to my tent for a drink. I'll invite Elder Rendall to join us."

Orion glanced at the crowd of Obsidian Golems surrounding Prophet Onyx, their eyes filled with fervor and reverence, and decided to give the prophet some personal time with his tribe.

At the southern gate, atop the walls, Elder Rendall also sensed Prophet Onyx's ascension, but he was on duty and couldn't leave his post.

However, a messenger had already informed him that he would be invited to Orion's tent later for a celebratory drink.

"Thundar, you'd better step up your game!" Rendall said with a chuckle.

"I can sense that Elder Delilah is close to reaching the peak of Hero-level."

"Even if you lose to her, you can't let that oaf Earthshaker surpass you, can you?"