

Titan King 131

Chapter 131 Skytalon Tribe

Soon, the scavenging team brought Orion a large number of crystal cores and over a dozen Foxtail plants.

"Respected Master, the best quality Foxtail plants were taken by that damned Scrag, (the former gnoll High Chieftain), to Thunderhawk City as tribute to Thunderhawk Knight Reynard," Dirtclaw reported eagerly. Knowing Orion's fondness for collecting magical plants, Dirtclaw had personally led the team, not only harvesting the plants but also looting the gnoll treasury.

Orion stowed away the magical plants and crystal cores, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Dirtclaw, you've done well. I'm impressed."

"Respected Master, I am honored to serve you. I know this forest well and can guide you wherever you wish to go."

"Hmm, if you continue to perform well, I'll make sure you're rewarded," Orion said, feeling generous. He decided to dangle some incentives to keep Dirtclaw motivated.

"See those armors?" Orion pointed to the bone armor worn by his guards. "If you prove yourself, I'll reward you with a set."

Dirtclaw's eyes lit up with excitement. He desperately wanted a set of bone armor—not because of its defensive properties, but because, in his heart, wearing the same armor as Orion's companions would make him feel like he truly belonged. It would give him a sense of recognition.

"Respected Master, if we continue south, before reaching Thunderhawk City, we could visit the Skytalon Tribe nearby."

"The Skytalon Tribe has a very close relationship with Thunderhawk Knight Reynard. It's said that Reynard's Thunderhawk was raised by them."

This piqued not only Orion's interest but also that of Prophet Onyx and Rendall, who both gathered around to listen.

"Respected Master, as everyone knows, Thunderhawk Knight Reynard comes from the Skybond Tribe. Their lineage has a natural ability to communicate with Thunderhawks, making it easy for them to form contracts."

"And the Skytalon Tribe specializes in taming flying beasts. They currently have two Thunderhawks in their care."

"Master, I've also heard rumors that there's an uncontracted Thunderhawk within the Skytalon Tribe," Dirtclaw added, lowering his voice conspiratorially.

Orion's face remained impassive, showing no sign of excitement or displeasure. He simply responded in a calm tone.

"In that case, we'll make a detour to the Skytalon Tribe."

"Of course, respected Master. Dirtclaw is at your service!"

Thunderwood Forest, Thunderhawk City

Inside the castle, Thunderhawk Knight Reynard's face was as dark as if he had soiled his underpants. He had just sensed that the slave contract he had secretly made with the gnoll Vilemaw had vanished.

In other words, Vilemaw was dead.

"Did Vilemaw die in some internal gnoll conflict?"

"Or was he killed by those northern invaders?"

"Who could it be?"

"And why haven't the gnolls I sent out returned with any news?"

Reynard was growing increasingly anxious. Ever since his Thunderhawk companion had died, he had been in a state of suppressed rage, unable to find an outlet for his frustration.

The death of his Thunderhawk had been a heavy blow to him.

What made matters worse was that his sister, Rowena, had yet to form a contract with another Thunderhawk, which only added to Reynard's unease.

"Someone, go fetch Chieftain Elan of the Skytalon Tribe!" Reynard ordered.

A moment later, after the servant had left to summon Elan, Reynard's sister, Rowena, cautiously entered the room.

"Brother, has something happened?"

Reynard looked at his sister, and his mind calmed slightly.

"Yes, there's been a development. The gnoll scouts I stationed in the northern territories have been killed. It seems the northern races have begun their invasion again."

"Sister, I'll have Elan send someone to escort you to the Fireraven Tribe for safety."

Rowena's eyes widened in shock.

"Brother, is the situation really that bad?"

Being sent to the Fire Raven Tribe for safety meant that Thunderhawk City was no longer secure.

"I'm not sure yet, but I don't know who the invaders are."

"Whoever they are, your brother no longer has the advantage of aerial superiority, so the outcome is uncertain."

"That's why, for your safety, you must go to the Fire Raven Tribe now."

"When this invasion is over, I'll personally come to bring you back."

Rowena felt a pang of guilt. If only she had been able to form a contract with a Thunderhawk sooner, she could have helped her brother.

"Brother, I'll do as you say."

Reynard gently brushed his sister's hair and spoke softly.

"These are difficult times. When you reach the Fire Raven Tribe, keep a low profile. Don't put on airs."

"Yes, I understand."

...

Not long after, Chieftain Elan of the Skytalon Tribe arrived at the castle and stood before Reynard.

Reynard personally walked over to greet him, his tone warm and respectful.

"Chieftain Elan, is there really no chance that my Thunderhawk survived?"

Elan shook his head. The Thunderhawk had been missing for months, and it was almost impossible for it to have survived.

Moreover, the Thunderhawks in Elan's tribe had not sensed the presence of any of their kind in the surrounding area.

It was highly likely that Reynard's Thunderhawk had been killed.

"Chieftain Reynard, now is not the time for sorrow. Once we fend off this wave of invaders, we'll have time to bond with another Thunderhawk. Perhaps then, it will be willing to form a contract with you."

Reynard nodded, pushing aside his grief.

"Elan, the reason I called you here today is to ask if you could send some of your people to escort my sister to the Fire Raven Tribe."

Elan didn't hesitate to agree to Reynard's request.

He understood that with an invasion looming, it was only natural to send loved ones to safety.

Even if Reynard hadn't asked, Elan would have arranged for some of his own people to flee south.

"Don't worry. I'll have my son personally escort Rowena to the Fire Raven Tribe."

Reynard nodded, a hint of relief finally showing on his face.

Elan's son, Lorne, was also a Sky Knight, though his mount was only a hero-level Wind Eagle, not particularly useful in major battles.

"Very well, I'll leave it to you."

"Then I'll take my leave and make the arrangements."

"Go ahead."

Half an hour later, Reynard watched as the Wind Eagle took off from the city, carrying his sister to safety. His expression softened considerably.

With his sister safely away, Reynard felt more resolute in his determination to defend against the invaders.

"Come on, then... Let's see who dares to invade my Thunderhawk City."

"I'll make sure the walls of Thunderhawk City are adorned with the head of another Alpha-level warrior!"

Chapter 132 A smart thunderhawk

On the road to the Skytalon Tribe's settlement, Orion rode atop a Frost Wolf, while Dace took on the role of his "driver."

Orion was in high spirits.

Over the past few days, Orion had been consuming a Foxtail magical plant every other day. The effects of the magical plants had caused significant changes in his stats:

- Strength: 2520/5000 (+5240)

- Agility: 2310/5000 (+246)

- Intelligence: 2225/5000 (+200)

- Constitution: 2722/5000 (+200)

Both his Strength and Constitution had finally surpassed 2500, thanks to the nourishment from the magical plants. However, the most notable increase wasn't in Strength or Constitution, but in Intelligence.

Orion understood that Intelligence here didn't refer to IQ but rather to elemental affinity. Sometimes, he suspected that Intelligence might also be linked to mental power. But at other times, he felt that Constitution could also be related to mental strength.

In short, Orion had some lingering doubts about these attributes. He was still feeling his way through, learning and exploring as he went.

"Respected Master, we're no more than a day's journey from the Skytalon Tribe's settlement," Dirtclaw reported eagerly. Over the past few days, Dirtclaw had observed the special relationship between Orion and Delilah, and he frequently sought opportunities to ingratiate himself with Orion.

Orion didn't mind Dirtclaw's sycophantic behavior. After all, it was rare to find such an obedient and capable guide. Orion took the opportunity to ask Dirtclaw about Thunderwood Forest.

"Dirtclaw, tell me what you know about Thunderwood Forest. Talk about the races, the beasts, and their chieftains. And don't forget to mention the distribution of magical plants and any special items."

Orion genuinely wanted to learn more about Thunderwood Forest, and he hoped Dirtclaw's knowledge would be as extensive as possible.

"Respected Master, you may not know this, but the gnoll territory has relatively few magical plants. The truly valuable ones are found in the southern regions."

"Unfortunately, I've never been to the south!" Dirtclaw said, sneaking a glance at Orion's expression. Seeing that Orion remained impassive, Dirtclaw quickly continued, realizing he hadn't hit the mark.

"Respected Master, I've heard that the Skytalon Tribe has many magical plants that flying beasts love to eat. They use these plants to tame and attract flying beasts."

"And Thunderhawk City also cultivates a number of high-grade magical plants!"

Orion nodded, neither praising nor scolding Dirtclaw. For a gnoll, Dirtclaw's knowledge was already quite impressive.

Though Orion didn't show much reaction, Dirtclaw remained enthusiastic.

Suddenly, as if remembering something important, Dirtclaw spoke up again.

"Respected Master, Reynard has a sister, and it's said he dotes on her greatly!"

"Her name is Rowena, and she's known to be a spoiled and willful woman."

Orion was intrigued. What kind of woman would a gnoll consider spoiled and willful?

"Dirtclaw, how much do you know about this Rowena?"

Dirtclaw's face flushed slightly at Orion's question, but after a moment, he spoke the truth.

"Respected Master, I've only seen Rowena from a distance a few times when I accompanied that damned Scrag to Thunderhawk City."

"I don't know much about her; it's just what I've heard."

Orion nodded, not blaming Dirtclaw for his limited knowledge.

"Dirtclaw, here's your chance to prove yourself. Lead the cannon fodder to invade the Skytalon Tribe's settlement."

"Complete the task, and I'll reward you handsomely!"

Dirtclaw's eyes lit up at the prospect of a reward. He quickly retreated to carry out the order, heading straight for the cannon fodder unit.

Once Dirtclaw was out of sight, Orion turned to Delilah and said calmly, "Your slave is quite capable. Make sure to train him well—don't let him die."

To be honest, Orion did want to cultivate Dirtclaw. A sycophant who was both clever and useful was a valuable asset.

Delilah smiled seductively and nodded, already making plans in her mind.

"Prophet, what do you know about the Skytalon Tribe?" Orion asked. He trusted Prophet Onyx's knowledge and insight more than Dirtclaw's.

"Chieftain, the Skytalon Tribe has been around for a long time."

"To be blunt, most of the flying beasts in Thunderwood Forest come from this tribe."

"However, it's strange that the Skytalon Tribe has never produced an Alpha-level warrior."

"Chieftain, if possible, try not to kill them. Instead, enslave them."

Orion nodded. Prophet Onyx's suggestion was practical. If he could enslave the Skytalon Tribe, he could slowly cultivate his own flying beast force for the Stoneheart Horde.

Unfortunately, half a day later, both Orion and Prophet Onyx's plans were dashed.

The Skytalon Tribe's settlement was completely deserted.

Even the immature magical plants had been harvested, leaving nothing behind for Orion.

Orion wasn't the only one disappointed—Dirtclaw was as well.

Dirtclaw, ever ruthless, had personally whipped the cannon fodder troops into invading the Skytalon Tribe's settlement, only to find nothing of value.

The bone armor he had dreamed of was now out of reach, and Dirtclaw was visibly dejected.

"Damn it, it's all your fault, you useless lot!"

"If you had moved faster, maybe the Skytalon Tribe wouldn't have had time to escape!" Dirtclaw lashed out at a disabled gnoll with his whip, venting his frustration.

"It seems they knew we were coming and prepared in advance, leaving before we arrived," Orion sighed, though he wasn't too disappointed.

If their roles were reversed and he knew that an invasion by myriad races was imminent, Orion too would have made preparations and found an escape route.

"Let's keep moving south. Don't waste any more time. We're heading straight for Thunderhawk City!"

Orion's orders were quickly relayed, and the army resumed its march southward without delay.

However, just as Orion was leaving the Skytalon Tribe's settlement, an eagle's cry suddenly echoed from above.

At the same time, a wave of Alpha-level pressure swept over the area, causing the gnoll cannon fodder troops to immediately drop to the ground in fear.

Even Orion narrowed his eyes, his trident appearing in his hand as he prepared for a potential attack.

Orion, Prophet Onyx, and Rendall all looked up at the sky, releasing their own Alpha-level auras to intimidate the Thunderhawk that had appeared.

Shriek!

The Thunderhawk screeched, and its initial dive toward the group slowed as it began to ascend, increasing its altitude.

"A smart Thunderhawk, keenly sensing danger!" Orion remarked, watching the flying creature retreat into the sky.

Chapter 133 Can you please me?

Just moments ago, that Thunderhawk nearly entered Orion's kill zone.

Sensing Orion's murderous intent, that Thunderhawk decisively abandoned its hunt and soared away.

It was clear that the Thunderhawk had been targeting the four hero-level Frost Wolves near Orion.

The Thunderhawk circled above the Skytalon Tribe's gathering grounds for about half an hour. When it couldn't find an opportunity to strike, it flew south.

As soon as that Thunderhawk left, Orion's face darkened.

"Do you think that Thunderhawk could belong to Thunderhawk Knight Reynard?"

Orion directed his question to Onyx, Rendall, and Delilah, but none of them spoke up. No one dared to be certain.

A dark cloud seemed to gather over their heads, casting a shadow over the group.

The atmosphere grew heavy and oppressive.

Of course, Orion also considered the possibility that the Thunderhawk might belong to the Skytalon Tribe, as they were currently in the tribe's territory.

And that possibility was quite high.

But then again, it might not be.

The Thunderhawk in the sky had unknowingly become a sword hanging over their heads.

Though danger loomed, Orion's expression remained calm.

Orion didn't consider himself a genius, but he knew that a wise chieftain never showed his emotions. Keeping his enemies guessing was the smart move.

So, Orion stayed composed.

To Prophet Onyx and Delilah, this calm demeanor was a sign of confidence.

"This is the chieftain I want to follow. We can go far with him!" Prophet Onyx thought, watching Orion ride his Frost Wolf, feeling an inexplicable sense of reassurance.

"As expected, the giant who can conquer my body is truly magnificent!" Delilah thought, stealing glances at Orion.

The appearance of the Thunderhawk had made her feel threatened. Her first instinct was to think of Orion—he was the only one she could rely on.

Orion's calm face eased Delilah's anxiety.

Even though she couldn't see or hear reassurance, she felt it deeply.

This same feeling spread throughout the ranks of the warriors.

Orion, Prophet Onyx, and Rendall—three Alpha-level figures—became the backbone of every bloodline warrior.

From the moment they left Blackstone Town, everyone knew the myriad races invasion was dangerous, possibly a one-way trip.

The Thunderhawk's attack was a clear sign that danger was closing in.

But the fact that Orion had scared off an Alpha-level Thunderhawk had, in turn, boosted the morale of the bloodline warriors.

The looming threat made the warriors tense, but also sharpened their focus.

Orion, ever perceptive, noticed the change in his warriors. Their gazes were filled with awe, more fervent than ever before.

After some thought, Orion turned to Dace and said, "Pass the order: set up camp here. Make sure the warriors eat, drink, and rest well."

This was the Skytalon Tribe's territory, and the terrain was favorable—a good place to rest.

With Thunderhawk City just ahead, it was a wise choice to let the troops recover and prepare.

So, Orion made the decision to halt their advance and rest.

Night fell, and inside Orion's tent, the three elders—Onyx, Rendall, and Delilah—gathered.

"According to the information from Dirtclaw, Thunderhawk City is built within a valley, with only one gate for entry and exit."

"And my sister, along with the heads of the other giant elders, is hanging on the city walls above that gate."

"In three days, we'll reach Thunderhawk City. How do you think we should approach this battle?"

Orion laid out the problem based on the intelligence they had.

Of course, Orion already had some ideas.

But it was always wise to hear other opinions during wartime.

"Chieftain, our intelligence is likely unknown to the enemy. They're probably planning to defend the city, sticking to a strategy of waiting us out."

It was Delilah who spoke. Orion looked at her, his gaze soft, encouraging her to continue.

"Reynard likely doesn't know that Clymene is your sister."

"We need to retrieve Clymene's head before Reynard finds out, to prevent him from using it as leverage against us."

"This gives us some room to maneuver."

Delilah's words made Onyx and Rendall's eyes light up. These were things they hadn't considered.

Especially Prophet Onyx, who knew how rare it was to have someone with such strategic foresight.

Orion downed a cup of wine before asking, "How do we maneuver?"

Delilah fell silent, lost in thought.

Orion didn't press her, instead turning his gaze to Onyx.

"Prophet, what are your thoughts?"

Prophet Onyx rubbed his bald head, squinting as he spoke slowly.

"Chieftain, we have, at most, fifteen thousand troops. We're not suited for a direct assault on the city."

This hit the nail on the head for Orion.

He hadn't brought these two thousand elite bloodline warriors to fight a head-on battle. His goal was to gain experience in invasion tactics.

While invading, he also hoped to plunder some resources—that had been his initial plan.

Though they had managed to subdue the gnolls, gaining eight thousand gnoll warriors and nearly five thousand gnoll cannon fodder troops, it still wasn't enough for a direct assault. Their numbers and strength simply weren't sufficient.

This was the reality of the situation, and there was nothing Orion could do about it.

Of course, they hadn't yet factored in their high-level combat power.

With Orion, Onyx, Rendall, and the Abyssal Dragon Orion had hidden away for a surprise attack, the situation could change.

"Prophet, any other suggestions?"

Prophet Onyx shook his head. He, too, was pondering how they could take Thunderhawk City with minimal effort.

Aside from Thunderhawk Knight Reynard, an Alpha-level powerhouse, Thunderhawk City's defenses were formidable. They likely had tens of thousands of bloodline warriors.

For instance, according to the intelligence Orion had received, the former gnoll high chieftain had brought over ten thousand gnoll warriors to Thunderhawk City.

If you added Thunderhawk City's own forces, the enemy they were about to face was no small threat.

In the end, it came down to the fact that Orion's faction was still too weak.

Other subordinates of Lord Gareth, like the Scorpion Queen Soraya of the Desert Oasis, had endless scorpions to use as cannon fodder.

Even Slagor of the Poison Dragon Swamp had tens of thousands of swamp crocodiles to send into battle.

"Ah, if only the Spider Queen hadn't been persuaded by the tigerfolk to attack Moonshadow Valley. I believe she would have become my ally, and if that were the case, things would be completely different now!" Orion thought, his mind briefly wandering as he recalled the cave spiders.

The other three elders in the tent were also deep in thought, their faces grim.

After a long while, Orion snapped out of it and shared his plan.

"Alright, in three days, we'll launch a two-phase attack..."

The tactical meeting lasted for several hours as Orion explained his strategy in detail.

By the end, Onyx, Rendall, and Delilah's eyes were gleaming with understanding.

Eventually, Prophet Onyx and Rendall left Orion's tent.

"You have something to say to me?" Orion asked, noticing that Delilah hadn't left.

Delilah shook her head, then smiled seductively under Orion's curious gaze. Her top vanished in an instant, revealing a pair of enchanting breasts.

"My dear chieftain, we're about to face a great battle. I'm ready to fight for you, but shouldn't you satisfy my desires before the battle? Can you please me?"

Chapter 134 I'm going to fuck her asshole

Looking into Delilah's enchanting breasts, Orion waved his hand and closed the tent curtain.

Delilah lay down directly in front of Orion, her clothes now completely gone, leaving her entirely naked.

Orion parted Delilah's legs, and her pussy was once again fully displayed before him, completely wet inside.

Orion aimed his cock at the entrance and plunged in.

Delilah let out a loud cry, "Ah! That's great... Your big cock feels so good inside me... Don't stop... Fuck me harder!"

Orion continued to thrust his cock into her vagina, and Delilah's emotions reached their peak, her moans growing louder. Breathing heavily and moaning filled the entire tent for a moment.

"Ah... ah... ah..." she moaned intensely. Suddenly, Delilah's body spasmed, and a large amount of love juices flowed from her vagina.

These love juices were abundant and lubricated, creating "plopping" sounds inside the tent as Orion moved.

"It's getting a bit boring to keep fucking alone. Let's change it up!" Orion said as he pulled his big cock out of Delilah's vagina. He asked her to turn over onto her back and grind her clit with his left hand while his right hand held his cock against the entrance of her vagina, gently sliding it around.

After just a few thrusts, Delilah couldn't help but push her ass back, moaning, "Honey, come in... I can't take it anymore... It's so itchy... ah..."

"come in where? There are two holes here, oh!" Orion said as he moved his cock near Delilah's anus.

"Don't, that's anal..." Delilah hurriedly pulled her ass forward and turned her head around fearfully.

Orion stroked her ass gently and said, "Don't worry, my cock is covered in the love juices you're producing. They're very lubricating, and you're going to enjoy this."

"But I'm not ready for that yet. Can you wait before you stick it up my ass?"

Orion agreed and smiled, "In that case, let me fuck your slutty cunt properly first!" He wrapped his hand around her tiny waist and slid his cock gently against the entrance of her cunt.

Delilah couldn't help but moan, "Come on... darling... quickly fuck my little slutty cunt... I can't stand it... It's so itchy inside! Hurry up and come on..."

Seeing Delilah's lustful appearance, Orion decided to tease her a bit. He purposely let the glans slide around the entrance of her cunt, pushing upward against her clit without entering, and grasped her upturned ass with both hands, rubbing it.

Delilah turned her head to look at Orion, her expression lustful and mesmerizing. "Darling... come on... my little slutty cunt... I can't take it anymore, ah..."

Orion stopped teasing her and thrust his cock hard against the entrance of her cunt, his body slumping forward in one smooth motion. His hands grasped both her nipples as he fucked her hard from behind.

"It feels so good! succubi really are a unique race. Both Lilith and Delilah, your cunts are so tight that the layers of folds inside wrap around my cock so tightly it feels like they're squirming on their own. "

"Oh... my dear chieftain... your big cock is going so deep... my cunt is completely filled! I feel so good... Harder... Ahh... Harder..."

Upon hearing Delilah's request, Orion's movements became rougher as he vigorously and wildly fucked her cunt, causing Delilah to gasp continuously.

Orion's size was huge compared to the succubus, and even the hero level Delilah felt a bit overwhelmed by his vigorous thrusts. "Ah... darling... are you trying to kill me... thrusting so hard all at once... My vagina will be broken by you..."

"Delilah, does it feel good? Do you want me to be gentle, or do you want me to fuck you harder?" Orion asked.

"Ahh... I want you to fuck me harder... chieftain... you're so good... Fuck me hard now..."

Delilah's body twisted and turned, her ass shrugging in time with Orion's thrusts, her bright red asshole gently opening and closing!

An idea came to Orion: I'm going to fuck her asshole!

He reached down and felt a handful of Delilah's lust from her vaginal opening, smearing it all over her asshole. He gently stroked his index finger over the folds around her anus.

Slowly, Delilah's asshole began to show signs of opening. Taking advantage of the moment his cock was thrusting into her pussy, Orion forcefully poked his index finger in.

Maybe Delilah was still enjoying the pleasure from her pussy being fucked and didn't feel Orion's index finger entering her asshole.

Orion kept thrusting his cock while his finger followed, gradually inserting his entire index finger.

Lubricated by the love juice, Delilah's asshole expanded, so Orion added his middle finger, thrusting both fingers simultaneously.

"Ahh... dear chieftain... what are you putting in my asshole? Ah... it's so good!... Faster... Keep going harder, ah... it's like two cocks are fucking me... So good!... Keep going, ah..."

"Would you like to have a little more fun?" Orion asked with a grin.

"Ahh... want to... I want it a little better... dear chieftain... you're so strong..."

"As you wish. I will make you remember this moment forever!"

Orion pulled his cock out of Delilah's vagina and aimed his glans at her asshole, pushing up against it slowly and watching the folds around her anus slowly loosen.

What a treat!

"Ahh... it's so tight... honey... gently... come in more... Comfortable... Please keep going harder..."

"What a slut! "Orion was fucking her ass hard, grabbing her plump breasts with both hands. To Orion's surprise, Delilah could not only secrete love juice from inside her vagina but even from her anus!

A large amount of love juice was secreted from inside Delilah's anus, making her asshole tight and smooth.

Orion alternated between fucking her anally and inserting his cock into her vagina. This made Delilah totally addicted... "Dear chieftain... you're so good... ah... so deep... harder... ah... ah..."

After an extended session, Orion felt an overwhelming sense of relief all over his body. Without pulling his cock out, he ejaculated directly inside Delilah's anus.

Delilah felt it and tightened her grip on Orion's hand, her entire body tensing as she lay on top of him, panting violently...

"Dear chieftain, joining the Stoneheart Horde and becoming your woman is the best decision I have ever made in my life..."

Three days later, Orion's forces halted for another rest in a dense forest near Thunderhawk City.

Inside Orion's tent, Dirtclaw knelt before him.

"Dirtclaw, tell me, do you want to personally kill Scrag and rightfully become the true and only chieftain of the gnoll tribe?"

"Yes, Chieftain! Dirtclaw dreams of it every night!"

With a wave of Orion's hand, the guard Dace emerged from a side chamber, carrying a set of bone armor.

"This is a reward I'm giving you in advance. I hope it helps you keep your hide intact during the battle."

"Ah... Master, is this really for me?"

"What, you don't want it?"

"I do! I do! I do!"

Orion smiled faintly and gestured for Dace to help Dirtclaw don the armor.

As the bone armor was placed on Dirtclaw, the bones seemed to come alive. Starting from his spine, the armor fused with his body, extending across his entire frame.

Moments later, Dirtclaw was fully encased in the strange armor. Not only did it cover his vital areas, but it also wrapped around his long, thin tail.

And that wasn't all—the bone armor formed a sharp, conical spike at the tip of Dirtclaw's tail, turning it into a weapon.

Dirtclaw caressed the armor as if he were stroking a lover's skin.

"So beautiful, so familiar!"

"I swear I'll never take this armor off!"

Dirtclaw's bizarre praise for the bone armor amused Orion.

"Dirtclaw, now that you're suited up, remember—you have a mission to complete."

Dirtclaw knelt on one knee, his voice filled with reverence and devotion.

"Master, Dirtclaw will complete the task you've given me!"

"Good. Go and prepare."

As Dirtclaw left, Orion's gaze sharpened.

Orion's strategy was simple. The so-called two-phase attack was just a ruse.

In Orion's plan, Dirtclaw would lead the gnomish bloodline warriors and cannon fodder troops in a frontal assault on Thunderhawk City.

Of course, Orion wasn't just sending the gnolls to their deaths.

Accompanying them in the charge would be the Alpha-level powerhouse, Prophet Onyx.

With his massive frame and Alpha-level strength, Prophet Onyx would undoubtedly draw the attention of Thunderhawk Knight Reynard.

In fact, in Orion's ideal scenario, Prophet Onyx would even provoke Reynard into a direct confrontation.

There were two goals for this provocation. First, to focus Reynard's attention on Onyx.

Second, to test whether Reynard's mount, the Alpha-level Thunderhawk, was still around.

This second goal was crucial, which is why Prophet Onyx was the only suitable candidate for the charge.

Even if the Thunderhawk was still present, Prophet Onyx's petrified form, with its immense strength and defense, could hold out for a while.

That was the key!

Of course, if Reynard's Thunderhawk wasn't there, then Reynard would be in serious trouble.

Once Prophet Onyx successfully diverted Reynard's attention, agile succubi emerged from among the gnolls and used their arrows to sever the ropes binding the heads of Clymene and the other giant elders.

The ultimate goal was to retrieve the heads of Clymene and the other giants.

Only after that would Orion launch the real assault on the city.

On the walls of Thunderhawk City, Thunderhawk Knight Reynard stood fully armored, gazing out at the dense forest beyond. He wished he could send men out to chop down every last tree.

The forest's cover made it impossible for Reynard to get a clear view of the enemy's movements.

Every scout he had sent out had failed to return.

Even the hero-level flying beasts he dispatched for reconnaissance were thwarted by the thick canopy, unable to gather any useful information.

One of the flying beasts had even been killed by a spear thrown from the forest, which pained Reynard deeply.

"Elan, recall the flying beasts. We can't afford to lose any more."

Skytalon Tribe's chieftain, Elan, nodded. If Reynard hadn't been there overseeing the defense, Elan would have already called back the flying beasts.

Though the Skytalon Tribe was skilled at taming flying beasts, they had fewer than ten under contract.

Two of those beasts had already been sent away to escort Rowena to safety at the Fireraven Tribe.

With their limited number of flying beasts, and one already killed, Elan's heart ached.

Flying beasts were incredibly rare and valuable, no matter where you were.

"Chieftain Elan, when do you think the enemy will attack?"

Elan shook his head. He was just as clueless about the enemy's plans.

"Chieftain Scrag, what do you think?"

Gnoll Scrag frowned. He had something on his mind but was hesitant to speak.

In the past, Reynard had never cared about the opinions of the gnoll tribe.

With the presence of the Alpha-level Thunderhawk, Reynard had always been aloof and untouchable.

The gnolls had long been kept at arm's length by Thunderhawk City.

Scrag couldn't understand why Reynard, who had always been so high and mighty, was suddenly treating him with such respect.

This made Scrag extremely cautious, afraid to voice his thoughts.

Just moments ago, Scrag had caught the scent of his kin in the air. He wasn't sure if he could believe it, and he didn't dare confirm it.

And because of Reynard's past authority, Scrag feared that if he spoke up and couldn't explain himself, he might be executed on the spot.

Chapter 135 Revenge for Clymene

Thunderhawk Knight Reynard had been waiting for an attack for what felt like an eternity, and the longer he waited, the more uneasy he became. Just as he was about to take a break, as dusk settled and night began to fall, Orion personally sounded the horn deep within the forest.

The horn of war!

Wooooooo...

Along with the horn came Orion's [Berserk Aura].

A horde of berserk gnoll bloodline warriors, driven by Dirtclaw, charged toward Thunderhawk City.

Seeing the gnoll warriors rushing forward, Thunderhawk Knight Reynard flew into a rage, grabbing Scrag by the collar.

"You filthy dog! Are you betraying me?!"

Scrag, panting heavily, shook his head vigorously.

"Honorable Thunderhawk Knight, I swear I haven't betrayed you!"

"The 15,000 bloodline warriors I brought are standing on the walls, ready to defend the city."

"I have no idea who these attacking gnolls are!"

Reynard was furious, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

But fortunately, he didn't lose his composure entirely.

Reynard released Scrag's throat, suppressing his anger, and spoke in a more controlled tone.

"My apologies, Chieftain Scrag. I acted rashly."

"Honorable Thunderhawk Knight, I think we should focus on the enemy in front of us," Scrag said, pointing toward the gnolls nearing the city gates, as well as the towering figure of Prophet Onyx among them.

"Hmm... an Alpha-level warrior!"

"An Obsidian Golem?"

"From the Black Forest?"

Reynard turned his head, locking eyes with Prophet Onyx, who was staring back at him from the crowd and making a throat-slitting gesture.

Seeing the provocation, Reynard's pupils contracted.

Though he felt a twinge of fear, he also breathed a sigh of relief.

Reynard knew that while the Alpha-level Obsidian Golem was powerful, its massive size gave him confidence that he could hold his own against Prophet Onyx, ensuring he wouldn't be easily killed.

"Elan, Scrag, you two defend the flanks. I'll go draw that Alpha-level obsidian golem away."

Prophet Onyx's size and strength would indeed cause significant trouble if he got too close to the gates. To avoid that, Reynard leaped off the city wall, intending to lure Prophet Onyx away.

This move played right into Prophet Onyx's hands, forcing him to swallow the taunting words he had been preparing for Reynard.

But the real fun was just beginning.

Thunderhawk Knight Reynard, in an attempt to provoke Prophet Onyx, began taunting him while subtly moving away, trying to lead him further from the city.

"Obsidian Golem from the Black Forest, I'll rip off your head and have it made into a statue for my people to spit on!"

At that moment, Prophet Onyx felt a surge of joy.

It seemed like he hadn't done much, yet the task Orion had given him was already halfway complete.

And the best part? Thunderhawk Knight Reynard was doing all the work for him.

"You little ant, I'll crush you!" Prophet Onyx roared, pretending to be enraged as he chased after Reynard.

With the two Alpha-level warriors gone, both the defenders on the walls and the attackers below breathed a collective sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, the succubus warriors hidden among the attacking gnolls began drawing their weapons, ready to complete their assigned tasks.

The battle had truly begun!

"Charge!"

"Shoot the arrows! Ram the gates!"

"Break through the gates! Whoever kills Scrag will be promoted to gnoll leader and enjoy the spoils and the right to mate with the female gnolls!"

Dirtclaw, overseeing the gnoll horde, was doing his utmost.

At that moment, Gnoll Dirtclaw knew he was fighting for Master Delilah, for Chieftain Orion, and for himself.

From the moment Dirtclaw had been enslaved, he had no other choice.

Since there was no choice, Dirtclaw had resolved to overthrow Scrag's rule.

In the forest, Orion and Rendall stood together, both showing signs of slight anxiety.

It wasn't until they saw Delilah, unnoticed by anyone, successfully retrieve Clymene's head from the city walls that both Orion and Rendall let out a long breath of relief.

"Orion, it was a wise decision for Clymene to arrange that marriage alliance with the succubus tribe back then."

"Delilah is already your woman. Why not let her move into your tent?"

Rendall, impressed by Delilah's success in retrieving Clymene's head, was now speaking highly of her.

"She said she didn't want to."

Delilah was the queen of the succubus tribe and the Stewardship Elder of the Stoneheart Horde. She had power and status—why would she want to move into Orion's tent and compete with her twin sister for his attention?

Being her own queen, ruling her own domain, was far more appealing.

And if she ever felt lonely, Delilah could always find an opportunity to be with Orion.

Orion knew this was exactly how Delilah thought.

Though she was a lustful woman, she also loved power and status.

"Rendall, are you ready? It's our turn now!"

"Of course! I've been waiting for this!"

Orion stepped aside, took the horn from a nearby guard, and blew it once more.

As the horn sounded, the gnoll cannon fodder troops, as if they had found a lifeline, began retreating en masse.

Their speed was astonishing, nothing like the slow, weak creatures they appeared to be.

But less than ten minutes later, the war horn sounded again.

This time, it was accompanied by a terrifying dragon's roar.

Roooooar...

The deep, raspy, metallic growl echoed from afar, growing closer.

At the same time, three Alpha-level auras swept across Thunderhawk City, unrestrained.

The entire battlefield froze for a moment.

In the distance, Thunderhawk Knight Reynard, who had been skirmishing with Prophet Onyx, nearly wet himself when he saw the Abyssal Dragon appear.

The Abyssal Dragon was Lord Gareth's mount, and its power was Legendary-level!

Boom!

Distracted by the dragon's appearance, Reynard was struck by Prophet Onyx's stone axe, sent flying, coughing up blood, his body wracked with pain.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As the Abyssal Dragon entered the fray, Orion commanded it to unleash three Abyssal Flame Bombs.

The explosions obliterated not just the city gates but large sections of the surrounding walls.

Wooooooo...

The war horn sounded once more, signaling the true charge.

Leading the assault was the Alpha-level giant bloodline warrior, Rendall.

Orion, meanwhile, was riding the Abyssal Dragon, slowly making his way toward the battle between Prophet Onyx and Thunderhawk Knight Reynard.

Boom! Boom!

The Abyssal Dragon's heavy footsteps reverberated through the battlefield, exuding an overwhelming sense of dread.

Reynard, clutching his chest, struggled to his feet, staring at Orion in disbelief.

"Prophet, leave this to me."

"Chieftain, be careful!"

"Understood."

Prophet Onyx hefted his stone axe, casting a pitying glance at Reynard before turning and charging toward the city gates.

"Thunderhawk Knight Reynard, I've heard your name since last year."

"My name is Orion, the new chieftain of the Stoneheart Horde, and Clymene's younger brother."

Orion's voice was calm, cold.

He spoke of his relationship with Clymene as if recounting a story that had nothing to do with him.

"Clymene's brother?"

Reynard was momentarily stunned, still reeling from the shock of the Abyssal Dragon's appearance. It took him a moment to realize that the Clymene Orion was referring to was the giantess whose head he had hung on the city walls.

"Her!"

"You're her brother!"

It took a while for Reynard to fully grasp the situation, and when he did, he let out a startled cry.

But Orion had no interest in continuing the conversation.

He urged the Abyssal Dragon forward, charging at Reynard.

Seeing this, Reynard turned and fled in terror.

But Reynard was smart—he didn't flee toward Thunderhawk City. Instead, he ran toward the forest.

After all, Thunderhawk City was now a bloodbath, with Alpha-level warriors Prophet Onyx and Rendall slaughtering their way through the defenders.

Orion's lips curled into a smile as he hurled his trident.

Whoosh!

The trident flew through the air, piercing the already wounded Thunderhawk Knight Reynard.

Orion had held back much of his strength; otherwise, Reynard wouldn't have just been pierced—he would have been blown apart.

Orion dismounted from the Abyssal Dragon and approached Reynard.

He pulled the trident from Reynard's body and, under the knight's pained gaze, severed his limbs one by one.

Reynard lay on the ground, unable to move, howling in agony.

Thud!

Orion drove the trident into Reynard's abdomen, pinning him to the ground.

"Reynard, look at you now. Pathetic. I've decided to tell you some even worse news."

"I've captured your sister as well."

"How's that for bad news?"

Orion crouched down, staring at Reynard with a twisted smile.

"No... no... impossible. My sister... she's already gone to the Fireraven Tribe for safety!"

Orion suddenly laughed, a genuine, hearty laugh.

"So, the Fireraven Tribe, huh? Now I know where to find her!"

Orion could swear he had only been trying to break Reynard's spirit, to make him die in despair and regret.

But with just a little bluffing, he had managed to extract a valuable piece of information.

Seeing Orion's expression and hearing his laughter, Reynard realized he had been tricked. He had unwittingly revealed his sister's location.

"Damn you, giant... you'll die a horrible death... you'll—"

Before Reynard could finish, Orion drew a small curved knife from his belt, a weapon he had prepared for this very moment.

"Reynard, do you know what this is?"

Orion held the knife up to Reynard's face. The blade crackled with electricity, and the familiar scent made Reynard's eyes widen, blood vessels bursting in his eyes.

"No, my Aero..."

Orion let out a mock sigh.

"So, it's called Aero. Its meat was delicious."

"Want a taste?"

"I saved some. Made it into jerky."

With that, Orion pulled a piece of dried meat from his Bagbird pouch and forced it into Reynard's mouth.

"No... no..."

Cough, cough...

Orion watched as Reynard choked and coughed, his voice suddenly turning cold, like ice that had never thawed.

"Reynard, you took someone from me. You took my sister, someone who cared about me."

"During that time, I was furious."

"So, I've long since decided how I'm going to kill you."

"Don't worry. I'll reunite you with your sister soon. You won't have to wait long."

Orion raised the curved knife, his face twisted with rage.

"Please... please... spare... spare me..."

Snap!

Thunderhawk Knight Reynard's head was severed by Orion's hand.

Orion had destroyed Reynard's dignity and then taken his life.

Taking a deep breath, Orion retrieved his trident and impaled Reynard's head on its tip.

Orion turned, mounted the Abyssal Dragon, and began walking toward Thunderhawk City.

The Abyssal Dragon, sensing Orion's command, lifted its hind leg and crushed Reynard's body into a bloody pulp.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As Orion and the Abyssal Dragon entered Thunderhawk City, the chaos gradually gave way to silence.

Everywhere Orion went, the defenders of Thunderhawk City saw Reynard's head impaled on the trident.

Standing atop the Abyssal Dragon, Orion raised the trident high and shouted, his voice echoing throughout the city.

"Thunderhawk Knight Reynard is dead! His head is here!"

"Lay down your weapons, and you will be spared. Resist, and none of you will be left alive!"

Orion's cold voice rang out three times, and the bloodline warriors defending Thunderhawk City stood frozen in place.

For a moment, no one reacted.

Clang!

It wasn't until a gnoll on the wall dropped his weapon that a chain reaction occurred, and bloodline warriors of all races began laying down their arms.

"Orion!"

Rendall, overjoyed, raised his spiked club and shouted Orion's name.

"Orion!"

"Orion!"

"Orion!"

Soon, the giant, succubus, buffalofolk, and obsidian golem bloodline warriors joined in the chant.

Gnoll Dirtclaw trembled with excitement, his entire body shaking.

Gnoll Dirtclaw felt like he was dreaming—they had really taken Thunderhawk City.

Even the once untouchable Alpha-level warrior, Thunderhawk Knight Reynard, had been slain!

Staring at Reynard's head and Orion's towering figure, Gnoll Dirtclaw joined in the chant.

With Dirtclaw leading the way, the gnoll bloodline warriors and cannon fodder troops also began chanting Orion's name.

This, in turn, further boosted the morale of the invading forces.

At that moment, the Stoneheart Horde's invasion force had reached the peak of its momentum, their morale soaring to its zenith!

Chapter 136 Sister, I'm taking you home

This night, Orion stood atop the undamaged walls of Thunderhawk City, watching the chaos and slaughter unfold below.

Thunderhawk City wasn't just home to the bloodline warriors defending the walls; it was also filled with civilians. The various bloodline warriors rampaged through the city, looting, burning, and killing, and Orion did nothing to stop them.

Because this was what Orion allowed—what he wanted.

Clymene's head had hung on the city walls for nearly a year, a symbol of humiliation. Only the most savage plundering could quell the fury burning inside him.

With Orion's tacit approval, Thunderhawk City had descended into complete anarchy. The warriors who stormed the city began looting everything of value.

For some, Thunderhawk City had become a living hell.

For others, like Gnoll Dirtclaw, it was paradise.

At this moment, Dirtclaw was doing something significant. In front of all the surrendered gnolls, he beheaded Scrag.

And, mimicking Orion, Dirtclaw impaled Scrag's head on his javelin.

"Follow me, boys! Let's loot the best treasures for our great chieftain, Orion!"

"Tonight, any woman you fancy is yours to ravage!"

Strangely enough, Dirtclaw's brutality didn't inspire hatred. Instead, it earned him the loyalty of many gnoll bloodline warriors.

On the walls, Orion watched everything happening in the city below.

Aside from searching for treasures for Orion, many bloodline warriors were indulging in rape and pillage.

Orion imposed no restrictions, no limits on his subordinates' violent urges.

Because, in his mind, this was what they deserved.

"My dear chieftain, here's what you asked for."

Delilah appeared behind Orion, carrying a wooden box and accompanied by a squad of succubus bloodline warriors. Her voice was sultry and soft, with a hint of fervor if one listened closely.

Orion turned, took the box from her, and opened it.

After a year of exposure to the elements, his sister Clymene's head had shriveled, her features barely recognizable.

"Sister, I'm taking you home."

Orion muttered softly, then took the other boxes handed to him by the succubus warriors. These contained the heads of the giant elders—heroes of the giant race.

"You did well this time. I'll reward you when we return."

Delilah's face lit up with a smile, her heart swelling with joy.

No matter how much loot they gathered from this battle, Orion was already satisfied.

Because his primary goal—retrieving his sister Clymene's head—had been achieved.

Moreover, after killing Reynard, Orion had also obtained a Survivor's Chest.

"You should go too. I'm sure Thunderhawk City has plenty of things your people would enjoy."

"As you wish, my dear chieftain!"

Delilah beamed with delight. If it weren't for the tasks Orion had assigned her, she would have already led her people to plunder the spoils.

This was Delilah's first time participating in the [Myriad Races Invasion], and she was eager to claim her share of the spoils.

After Delilah left, Prophet Onyx ascended the wall, escorting a prisoner.

"Prophet, you're not interested in Thunderhawk City's resources?"

Orion asked, glancing at Onyx.

Onyx shook his head, though there was a hint of regret in his expression.

"I'll pass. Those resources aren't of much use to me. But Rockwell, on the other hand, seems quite excited."

Orion nodded, understanding Prophet Onyx's perspective.

Aside from magical plants that could enhance his strength, Onyx had no interest in women, weapons, armor, or slaves.

Orion glanced at Prophet Onyx, then shifted his gaze to the prisoner standing beside him.

He said nothing, waiting for Prophet Onyx to explain.

"This is Elan, the chieftain of the Skytalon Tribe. The Thunderhawk we encountered earlier was one of their tamed beasts."

"He's willing to submit to you, but he has conditions."

At this, Prophet Onyx fell silent, signaling for Elan to speak for himself.

Orion remained quiet, his gaze fixed on Elan.

Elan stood there, just about to speak, when Orion unleashed a powerful aura, overwhelming him.

Thud!

Caught off guard, Elan was forced to his knees by the sheer pressure.

"Prisoners don't get to speak to me while standing."

Orion's voice was cold, the voice of a victor.

This was also a show of dominance.

As a prisoner, Elan had better think carefully before trying to negotiate with Orion.

"If you have something to say, you'd better think it through. My time is limited," Orion said, his tone icy.

Elan, the chieftain of the Skytalon Tribe, now truly felt the weight of Orion's authority, and fear gripped his heart.

"Honorable Orion, I represent the Skytalon Tribe, and we are willing to submit to you. All I ask is that you spare my people."

"To show our sincerity, we are willing to offer all our resources and treasures."

"And if possible, we can even help you form a contract with the other Alpha-level Thunderhawk."

Orion's lips curled into a smile. Now, this was how a prisoner should behave.

To survive, one must offer everything of value.

"Prophet, what do you think?"

Orion had already decided to accept Elan's submission, but he didn't want to say it outright.

Since Prophet Onyx had brought Elan to him, asking for his opinion was a way of showing respect and giving him face.

Prophet Onyx, despite his massive size, was sharp. He immediately understood Orion's intentions.

Before the invasion, the Stoneheart Horde had already considered subjugating the Skytalon Tribe, and now the timing was perfect.

Prophet Onyx felt both excited and gratified.

After steadying his emotions, Prophet Onyx spoke in a measured tone.

"Chieftain, the Skytalon Tribe has a long history, and they are skilled in taming flying beasts. They are a rare and valuable race. Given their small population, it would be a waste to kill them."

"Their submission is a good thing."

Prophet Onyx glanced at Elan, choosing his words carefully.

Then, his tone shifted, becoming much more severe.

"However, to be safe, I suggest you have Elan sign a slave contract."

Orion's expression remained neutral as he exchanged a glance with Prophet Onyx. Then, he turned to Elan and spoke coldly.

"Are you willing to sign a slave contract with me?"

Elan hesitated. In his heart, he had hoped to sign a soul oath with Orion, which would allow him to retain some freedom.

Elan wrestled with his thoughts for a moment, remaining silent.

Orion didn't press him. Instead, he turned his gaze toward the distant flames engulfing Thunderhawk City.

"Some things, once burned, are gone forever."

Orion's words were calm, but they carried a deeper meaning.

Some things, once burned, are gone forever.

Some opportunities, once missed, are lost forever.

As a chieftain, Elan was no fool. He knew that his hesitation had displeased Orion.

"Honorable Orion, I am willing to sign the slave contract."

"Hmm."

Orion responded with a simple grunt, not even turning to look at Elan.

Orion's reaction wasn't what Elan had expected. He had thought the Skytalon Tribe's submission would excite Orion, but it seemed their rarity wasn't as valuable to him as Elan had imagined.

After a long pause, Orion finally turned back and signed the slave contract with Elan.

And true to his word, Orion kept his promise.

"Dace, Otho, go with Elan and release the members of the Skytalon Tribe."

"Yes, chieftain!"

Orion's command to his guards, Dace and Otho, to accompany Elan and free his people, eased Elan's worries.

"Elan's submission is something worth celebrating for our horde!" Prophet Onyx chuckled, standing behind Orion as they both watched the fires and chaos of Thunderhawk City. "Chieftain, the view here is quite beautiful."

"Hmm."

Orion responded with another grunt, saying little, but he agreed.

This was the first victory in the Myriad Races Invasion, and it brought joy not only to Prophet Onyx but also to Orion, who felt a sense of release.

Orion suddenly realized that this world, compared to Earth, was far more vast and thrilling.

The bloodshed and slaughter had given Orion a taste of victory, bathing him in glory.

And this feeling of satisfaction was intoxicating.

"Prophet, Thunderhawk City is just the first step."

"I will follow you to the death! We will make our horde great forever!"

"Good!"

Orion suddenly burst into laughter, pulling the trident with Reynard's head impaled on it from the ground and handing it to Prophet Onyx.

"I've heard you're quite the craftsman. Could you carve me a skull goblet?"

"Chieftain, Onyx would be honored!"

Prophet Onyx's eyes gleamed as he took Reynard's head, already imagining how to preserve the skull to its fullest potential.

The next day, the sun shone brightly over the land.

The battle had begun at dusk the previous day and ended before midnight.

But the post-battle cleanup continued well into the early hours of the morning.

Orion had taken up residence in Reynard's castle, establishing a temporary command center.

Rendall, after indulging in his fill of looting, had returned to Orion's side early.

"Chieftain, where do we go next?"

Thunderhawk City had fallen, but Rendall wasn't satisfied. He was eager to know their next target.

"Don't be in such a rush. Let's wait for Delilah to finish tallying the spoils, and then we'll discuss it together."

Just as Orion finished speaking, Delilah entered the command center, a smile on her face.

"My dear chieftain, I've brought you a gift!"

Orion didn't say anything, but his eyes lit up with anticipation as he looked at Delilah.

"My dear chieftain, I've found you a beautiful woman. Her face is exquisite, and her body is quite... alluring."

Delilah giggled, clapping her hands twice.

Two succubus bloodline warriors dragged in a woman bound with ropes and pushed her in front of Delilah and Orion.

"My dear chieftain, this woman was hiding among the captives, wearing a veil. She must have some secrets."

"Her aura is strange too. I couldn't quite figure her out."

Orion narrowed his eyes. If Delilah couldn't figure her out, then this woman was definitely something special.

Orion reached out and personally removed the veil from the woman's face.

How to describe her? She was stunningly beautiful.

But such beauty alone wouldn't have made Delilah envious.

When Delilah had entered earlier, there had been a hint of jealousy in her voice.

"Chieftain, this isn't her real face!"

Delilah stared intently at the woman, unsure what kind of magic she had used to alter her appearance.

But as a succubus, Delilah was well-versed in illusion magic, so she knew this wasn't the woman's true face.

"A member of the Garland Tribe!"

At that moment, Prophet Onyx, who had been dozing off nearby, suddenly opened his eyes and exclaimed.

Orion, Delilah, Rendall, and the woman all turned to look at Prophet Onyx.

"Chieftain, the flower mark on her forehead indicates she's from the Garland Tribe. They're known for their expertise in enchantment magic."

Prophet Onyx's words piqued Orion's interest.

"Last night, the runes glowing on Thunderhawk City's walls—were those their work?"

"Yes, chieftain. That was the result of their enchantments."

Orion vividly remembered that it had taken three Abyssal Flame Bombs from the Abyssal Dragon to bring down Thunderhawk City's walls.

If it had been the walls of Moonshadow Valley, two bombs would have been enough.

At the time, Orion had been puzzled, but now he understood.

"Delilah, I have a task for you. Go through the captives and see if there are any more members of the Garland Tribe."

"If there are, imprison them all."

Delilah smiled seductively, already guessing what Orion planned to do next.

"As you wish, my dear chieftain!"

Then, Orion turned to Prophet Onyx, continuing his inquiry.

"Prophet, tell me more about the Garland Tribe."

Prophet Onyx nodded, glancing at the bound woman with a hint of curiosity.

"Chieftain, the Garland Tribe is a rare race that resides in the south. They are skilled in cultivating magical plants and are masters of enchantment magic."

"In Thunderwood Forest, the Garland Tribe is directly protected by the local lord."

"It's said that every member of the Garland Tribe is incredibly beautiful, and there's a rumor..."

Prophet Onyx hesitated for a moment before continuing.

"There's a rumor that every member of the Garland Tribe is female, and they are born from flowers."

Well, that was something Orion hadn't heard before.

Even Rendall, standing nearby, looked intrigued.

Orion stepped forward, lifting the woman's chin with his hand, his expression curious and domineering.

"You have two choices. The first is to submit to me and be enslaved. If you have any kin, I will spare their lives."

"Look outside at the fires. My warriors need to vent their lust. I'm sure you wouldn't want to choose the second option."

Chapter 137 Be enslaved by me

The woman bound by ropes remained silent, her gaze filled with curiosity as she looked at Orion.

Another rare race had appeared before him, and this was indeed a pleasant surprise.

Orion thought for a moment but decided not to pay further attention to the quiet woman. He allowed the two succubus warriors to continue holding her captive.

Returning to his seat, Orion sipped his drink, waiting for news from Delilah. He was also waiting for updates from others.

The Skytalon Tribe had already submitted, but their resources and wealth needed to be thoroughly inventoried. Then there were the gnolls—though they had suffered significant losses, over ten thousand gnoll bloodline warriors remained.

Dirtclaw had become the sole chieftain of the gnoll tribe, but he hadn't yet fully consolidated his power. Orion was waiting for his report as well.

Additionally, there were the satyrs and minotaurs who had taken refuge in Thunderhawk City. Orion intended to integrate them into his forces.

During the fall of the city, Orion had even spotted two harpies flying away. It was likely that news of Thunderhawk City's defeat would soon reach the ears of the lord of Thunderwood Forest.

The various races in Thunderhawk City weren't numerous, and the satyrs and some of the minotaurs had been enslaved. They served not only as part of the city's defense but also as food for Reynard and his sister.

In that sense, the gnolls were actually fortunate.

By noon, Dirtclaw finally entered the command center, looking utterly exhausted.

"Honorable Master, Dirtclaw reports!"

Orion glanced at Dirtclaw, noting the dark circles under his eyes. The gnoll hadn't slept for several nights, and it showed.

Last night, Dirtclaw and his gnoll subordinates had gone on a rampage, capturing and mating with the female satyrs. Only after receiving Orion's orders had Dirtclaw reluctantly stopped and completed his assigned task.

"Rise. Tell me about the gnolls."

Dirtclaw, still somewhat excited, began speaking animatedly, gesturing as he did.

"Honorable Master, I've executed all of Scrag's loyalists and kin!"

"As for the remaining bloodline warriors, they all follow me now. No, they all follow you, Chieftain Orion!"

Dirtclaw quickly corrected himself, realizing his mistake.

Orion didn't bother to chastise him, instead cutting straight to the point.

"Focus. How many gnoll warriors are there? How many are unscathed, how many are injured, and how many show potential?"

Orion's tone grew serious, and Dirtclaw immediately felt the weight of his authority pressing down on him.

Kneeling on one knee, Dirtclaw quickly reported the details Orion wanted to know.

"Honorable Master, I've gathered a total of 12,429 gnoll warriors. Of those, 2,000 are fully armed and equipped with leather armor."

"About 8,000 gnolls have partial armor, and over 2,000 are only armed with weapons."

Hearing this, Orion narrowed his eyes, falling into deep thought.

Dirtclaw, still kneeling, couldn't guess what Orion was thinking. He remained prostrate, waiting in silence.

The atmosphere in the temporary command center was heavy and oppressive. Dirtclaw felt the weight of it, especially since Prophet Onyx and Rendall were also silent, adding to the pressure.

After a long pause, Orion finally refocused his gaze on Dirtclaw.

"Dirtclaw, I have two more tasks for you."

"First, break up the gnoll forces. Integrate the fully armed gnolls into your own troops."

"Second, take the remaining gnolls, along with the satyrs and minotaurs, and organize them into cannon fodder troops."

"Tell them that if they perform well in battle, they can be promoted into your ranks."

Orion's orders were clear, and after a moment's thought, he added more.

"The cannon fodder troops performed well during the siege. Select a small number of elites from them and add them to your forces."

"Also, go to your master Delilah and request food. Make sure every member of the cannon fodder troops is well-fed."

Dirtclaw's eyes lit up as Orion spoke.

At that moment, Dirtclaw felt his forces growing larger and more powerful.

"Oh, and send out your scouts. I want to know the situation within a ten-mile radius."

Orion's tone was particularly serious with this last command.

Dirtclaw understood the importance of this task and nodded immediately.

"Understood! Dirtclaw will complete the chieftain's orders!"

"Go."

With that, the gnoll situation was temporarily settled.

Orion's arrangements had not gone unnoticed by the woman from the Garland Tribe.

Violet, the saintess of the Garland Tribe, was an extraordinarily beautiful woman.

Her worldview had been shaken. She had assumed that these invading horde warriors were nothing but violent and reckless brutes. But the chieftain before her was not only powerful but also displayed a strategic mind and a sense of control.

Violet couldn't understand it, but she dared not speak.

Half an hour later, Elan, the chieftain of the Skytalon Tribe, entered the command center, escorted by Dace and Otho.

Elan noticed Violet immediately, recognizing the flower mark on her forehead.

He was surprised to see a member of the Garland Tribe still in Thunderhawk City.

"Elan, how are your people?"

Orion asked, showing concern for the Skytalon Tribe. After all, they had submitted to him, and Orion didn't want them to suffer losses that might hinder his plans to mass-tame flying beasts.

"Thank you for your concern, Master. We arrived in time, and most of my people are unharmed," Elan replied, his tone filled with gratitude.

"Good."

Orion nodded, then gestured toward the woman from the Garland Tribe.

"She's from the Garland Tribe. Do you know her?"

Elan shook his head, indicating that he didn't.

However, eager to make a good impression on Orion, Elan shared what he knew.

"During the summer, I heard Reynard mention that the lord had sent a team of Garland Tribe enchanters to reinforce the enchantments on Thunderhawk City's walls."

"I imagine she's one of those who stayed behind."

Elan's information brought a smile to Orion's face.

Good. It wasn't just one person—it was a whole team.

Teammates, family, kin—these were the perfect leverage for moral coercion.

Unconsciously, Orion's gaze toward Violet became more calculating, even a bit sinister.

Violet, sensing the shift in Orion's demeanor, felt a chill run down her spine.

...

A few hours later, Delilah entered with a smile, leading three veiled captives behind her. Seeing the captives, Orion's mood lifted—his targets for moral leverage had arrived.

However, things didn't go as smoothly as expected.

"My dear chieftain, just as you predicted, she wasn't alone..." Delilah began to report, but before she could finish, the three captives behind her suddenly glowed with magical energy, breaking free from their restraints.

Two of the captives charged directly at Orion, while the third rushed toward the bound woman, attempting to free her.

"Fools."

"Idiots!"

Prophet Onyx and Rendall were the first to react, both shouting in anger as they swiftly moved to block the attackers. In an instant, they grabbed the two captives charging at Orion.

"Leave them alive!" Orion commanded, standing still but releasing a wave of pressure that forced the third captive, who was trying to rescue the woman, to the ground.

In the blink of an eye, the three would-be assassins were subdued.

This level of attack was laughably futile.

Orion stepped forward, approaching the woman who had remained silent. His voice was calm, almost polite.

"Now, can you tell me who you are?"

The woman glanced at the three captives but remained silent, her lips pressed tightly together.

"Elder!" Orion called out.

Rendall understood immediately, grinning wickedly as he grabbed one of the captives and twisted their arms behind their back, locking them in place.

A blood-curdling scream echoed through the room, causing the woman in front of Orion to flinch.

"What's your name?" Orion asked again, his tone still gentle.

The woman from the Garland Tribe remained silent, her lips trembling as if she were holding something back.

"Prophet!"

At Orion's command, Prophet Onyx calmly reached out his massive hand, moving toward the legs of one of the captives.

"Stop!" the woman cried out, her voice breaking the silence.

Orion raised his hand, and Prophet Onyx halted his movement.

With a smile, Orion stepped closer to the woman, his face nearly touching hers.

"Now, tell me, who are you?"

Orion was pleased. He had won this psychological battle.

"My name is Violet. I am the saintess of the Garland Tribe."

Orion nodded, unsurprised. Someone important enough to warrant a rescue attempt was bound to hold a significant position.

"And who are they?" Orion gestured toward the three captives who had just attempted the rescue.

"One is an elder of my tribe, and the other two are my handmaidens."

Orion nodded again, satisfied with Violet's cooperation.

"Why didn't you speak earlier?" Orion asked, his tone still polite but with a hint of curiosity.

"I was... afraid," Violet admitted, her voice barely above a whisper.

Orion paused, then chuckled softly. This saintess, Violet, was starting to intrigue him.

But his smile quickly faded, replaced by a cold, indifferent expression.

"Submit. Be enslaved by me."

"Otherwise, you die, and they die."

"And in the future, your entire Garland Tribe will die as well."

"I, Orion Stoneheart, will not allow a race as unique as yours, with your enchantment abilities, to serve my enemies."

Orion's words were harsh, filled with a deadly seriousness.

He wasn't bluffing. A race capable of enchanting walls and objects was a significant threat if left unchecked. If they couldn't be used by him, they had to be eliminated.

"Saintess, don't listen to him! Our chieftain and lord will come to rescue us!" one of the captives, still uninjured, shouted, trying to persuade Violet.

Orion turned his head, glancing at the captive with a cold, detached look.

"Rescue you?"

"Too bad. You won't live to see it."

With that, Orion called out, "Prophet."

Crack!

Prophet Onyx's massive hands closed around the captive, and with a sickening crunch, the captive's body was crushed, blood splattering across the floor.

"No...!"

"Stop...!"

But it was too late.

Violet and the remaining two captives screamed in horror, but Prophet Onyx ignored them completely.

"Submit. Be enslaved by me."

This time, Orion didn't ask. He summoned the power of his bloodline, forming a magical contract sigil in his hand, which he pressed against Violet's forehead.

The sigil met resistance, a strange force pushing back against the contract.

But Orion's Titan bloodline surged through him, and with a burst of power, he shattered the resistance, forcibly binding Violet to him with the contract.

Once the contract was sealed, Violet didn't panic. Instead, she remained calm, her expression serene.

"Your calmness surprises me," Orion remarked, deactivating his skill and looking at her with curiosity.

"Master, you are strong. Those two leaders of yours are also strong. We had no chance of escaping."

"Violet begs you to spare my two tribeswomen. I will convince them not to cause you any trouble."

Orion studied Violet for a moment, sensing something about her that he couldn't quite figure out.

"Don't worry. They're useful to me. I won't kill them."

Orion smiled, then turned to Delilah.

"Delilah, these two are yours to train. Teach them the rules of our horde."

Delilah grinned, stepping forward to bind the two remaining captives with slave contracts.

Orion watched the process closely, wary of another potential escape attempt.

Fortunately, the contracts were signed without incident. The two captives, still dazed from the illusions they had been under, submitted easily.

The smoothness of the process only deepened Orion's curiosity about Violet.

"What secrets does she hold?" Orion wondered, staring at Violet, lost in thought. There was something about her that made him both curious and slightly uneasy.

Uncontrollable elements were something Orion despised.

"Never mind. As long as I keep her close, I'll find out eventually."

Pushing his thoughts aside, Orion returned to his seat.

He looked at Violet and spoke in a calm, commanding tone.

"Violet, come here and tell me about your Garland Tribe."

He gestured for her to approach.

Violet hesitated but eventually walked over.

As she stood before him, Orion suddenly grabbed her, pulling her into his lap. His hand roamed freely over her chest, squeezing her breasts without restraint.

Violet tensed, wanting to resist, but quickly remembered her position. She remained still, not daring to move.

Orion grinned, signaling for Prophet Onyx, Rendall, and Delilah to sit down.

Rendall and Onyx returned to their seats without a word, their expressions indifferent.

Delilah, on the other hand, feigned jealousy, pouting as if she were upset about bringing Orion such a beautiful woman.

However, as the queen of the succubi, Delilah was always open-minded. In fact, she believed that only by doing so could she prove her man was a powerful chieftain and truly feel proud.

Chapter 138 Violet

"Master, our Garland Tribe is a peaceful race. We dislike conflict!"

Hearing Violet's first sentence, Orion couldn't help but sneer internally.

A peaceful race? In this world?

If they were truly peaceful, why would they work for Ariel, the lord of Thunderwood Forest?

Orion squeezed Violet's breasts together with his hands, clearly uninterested in hearing useless information. He cut straight to the point.

"How many people are in your Garland Tribe?"

Violet looked at Orion, noticing the hunger for talent in his eyes. A flicker of worry crossed her face.

"Fewer than a hundred."

Orion exhaled quietly, relieved, but his nerves tightened.

The Garland Tribe's enchantment abilities indirectly confirmed that Ariel, the lord of Thunderwood Forest, was likely very powerful. Otherwise, Gareth wouldn't have tasked Orion with assisting her.

"Where is your tribe's home?"

Orion's tone was calm, devoid of aggression, which put Violet slightly at ease.

"In the southernmost part of Thunderwood Forest, amidst a sea of flowers. I came here at the invitation of Lord Ariel."

Orion narrowed his eyes, mentally mapping out the general layout of Thunderwood Forest.

"What is the name of the southern territory in Thunderwood Forest? Who rules it?"

Violet hesitated briefly but then answered.

"Lokiviria. It's the home of the Twin-Horned Green Insectfolk, ruled by their king, Lokiviria."

"Lokiviria?"

"Yes, Master. The Green Insect King's name is Lokiviria, and the territory is named after him."

Orion's eyes lit up, and his heartbeat quickened slightly.

He felt as though he had lifted a corner of the grand stage of this world, though he was not yet the main character on it.

"Who is the chieftain of your Garland Tribe? Has she been enslaved by Lord Ariel?"

Violet shook her head, then hesitated and nodded.

Orion frowned, clearly displeased by her ambiguous response.

Sensing his dissatisfaction, Violet quickly added, "Master, I don't know for sure!"

"But our chieftain is very respectful toward Lord Ariel. I think she might have been enslaved."

Orion nodded. That made sense.

A rare and special race like the Garland Tribe would never be left unchecked. If Ariel wasn't controlling them, he wouldn't have risen to his current position.

"What do you know about Lord Ariel?"

Violet thought for a moment, then sighed.

"Master, I've only seen Lord Ariel from a distance a few times. I don't know much about him."

Orion felt a twinge of disappointment at the lack of useful information.

But some things required patience.

He released Violet and gestured for the succubus warriors to escort her to his tent.

Once Violet had left, Orion turned to the three elders of the Stoneheart Horde with a serious expression.

"What do you think?"

Prophet Onyx took a sip of his drink and spoke in a low, steady voice.

"Chieftain, the Garland Tribe is indeed a peaceful race. In all my years of battle, I've never seen them participate in war."

"They didn't appear during our siege either."

"However, since they enchanted the enemy's walls, they are our enemies."

Orion nodded in agreement with Prophet Onyx's assessment.

He then turned to Rendall and Delilah, who both had no additional opinions to offer.

After a moment of thought, Orion decided to set aside the matter of the Garland Tribe for now.

"There are a few things we need to confirm together."

"First, the inventory of spoils. Aside from what the warriors took for themselves during the siege, I want Thunderhawk City stripped clean."

As Orion spoke, Delilah pulled two bagbird pouches from her panties and placed them on the table.

"This is the first batch of magical plants and crystal cores we've collected, including what we took from Reynard."

Orion extended his hand, channeling his bloodline power to absorb the pouches into his palm.

A quick glance revealed a large number of crystal cores, many of which were B-grade or higher.

In addition, there were hundreds of high-grade magical plants—far more than Orion had expected.

He looked at Delilah, who smiled and explained.

"One-third of the magical plants were contributed by Elan of the Skytalon Tribe."

Orion nodded. That made sense.

"And another third came from your new female slave."

At this, Delilah feigned sadness, wiping away imaginary tears.

Orion ignored her theatrics, his expression turning serious.

"Keep a close eye on the spoils. I don't want to hear about anything valuable slipping through our fingers."

Delilah nodded, her demeanor becoming more serious.

"Second, what do you think we should do with Thunderhawk City? Should we occupy it or abandon it?"

This was a critical decision, and it was why Orion had invited the three elders to discuss it.

Their choice would shape the horde's next moves.

"Chieftain, I think we should abandon Thunderhawk City!"

Orion wasn't surprised by Prophet Onyx's suggestion.

He gestured for Onyx to elaborate.

"Thunderhawk City is a valuable asset, but we don't have enough manpower to manage it."

"Occupying it would also go against our initial plan and disrupt our mobility and pace."

"I don't recommend holding onto Thunderhawk City."

Prophet Onyx was well aware that their elite force of 2,000 warriors wasn't enough to manage, build, or defend a city.

Orion remained silent, turning his gaze to Rendall.

Rendall finished his drink, smacked his lips, and spoke.

"Chieftain, I also think we should abandon Thunderhawk City."

"If we want to continue south, holding onto Thunderhawk City would mean splitting our forces, which would be dangerous."

Rendall's tone was heavy. He hadn't forgotten that Clymene had died because of a divided force.

If Clymene had stayed with Orion, she wouldn't have fallen.

Now that Rendall was fighting alongside Orion, he didn't want to be separated from him.

Rendall believed that if they faced mortal danger, he should die before Orion because Orion had immense potential and his future achievements were boundless.

Orion could hear the concern in Rendall's voice. He was worried that Orion might meet the same fate as his sister.

"And you?" Orion finally turned to Delilah.

"My dear chieftain, I agree with Prophet and Rendall."

"As long as we stay together, our strength will always be at its peak, and we can face any danger."

"I don't support occupying Thunderhawk City, nor do I support splitting our forces to move south."

Delilah's words were laced with charm, but her reasoning was sound.

Orion leaned back in his chair, his fingers tapping lightly on the table as he considered their input.

The thoughts of the three elders surprisingly aligned with Orion's.

Of course, Orion sought their opinions not just for validation but to identify any blind spots he might have overlooked.

"My thoughts are the same as everyone else's—we won't occupy Thunderhawk City."

"My reasoning has four points. First, as Prophet Onyx mentioned, we simply don't have enough manpower."

"Second, Thunderhawk City isn't the target of our southern campaign. Our goal is to plunder resources, not seize territory."

"Third, now is not the right time to occupy it. If Lord Gareth is defeated, taking Thunderhawk City would be akin to digging our own graves."

"Fourth, as long as we continue to grow stronger, we can retake Thunderhawk City anytime we want."

"Next year, the year after that... every year we head south, we can raid Thunderhawk City again. Isn't that even better?"

To be honest, Orion was treating Thunderhawk City like a chicken farm—harvesting it annually. Why not enjoy the benefits repeatedly?

Orion's reasoning was clear and methodical, earning him the admiration of Prophet Onyx, Rendall, and Delilah. Their gazes were filled with respect.

"This is the chieftain I follow—truly farsighted!" Prophet Onyx thought, convinced that the Stoneheart Horde's future would be unimaginably powerful.

"If only Clymene were still here. The horde now is exactly what she dreamed of!" Rendall felt a pang of nostalgia as he looked at Orion's confident expression.

"This is my man—strong and brilliant!" Delilah's cheeks flushed as she gazed at Orion, her eyes brimming with admiration and desire. Her panties were already damp from her arousal, and she craved Orion's cock with an almost unbearable intensity. Not just her body, but even her thoughts were consumed by the idea of being taken by him—forcefully, passionately. She even fantasized about the pleasures of both her most intimate places being claimed.

"Now, let's discuss how to handle the prisoners from Thunderhawk City!" Orion's voice brought everyone back to the pressing matters at hand.

This was indeed a critical issue. Setting aside the other races inhabiting Thunderhawk City, there were over 20,000 gnolls alone. Compared to the 2,000 elite warriors Orion had brought from Moonshadow Valley, the sheer number of gnolls posed a potential threat. If they organized themselves, killed Dirtclaw, and united under a single banner, they could easily overwhelm Orion's forces.

"Delilah, I need you to quickly absorb the elite scouts from the gnoll tribe and make them truly loyal to you."

Delilah's expression turned serious. She understood Orion's meaning—"truly loyal" meant enslaving them, erasing any possibility of rebellion.

"To be honest, I don't think much of the gnoll bloodline warriors' strength," Orion continued. "But as cannon fodder, they'll do just fine."

"In the upcoming battles, the cannon fodder troops will be our main force. Once their numbers are reduced by more than half, we'll retreat to the Black Forest."

Orion's voice was calm yet commanding, exuding an undeniable authority.

"So, all the prisoners from Thunderhawk City, except for the women and children, will be conscripted into the cannon fodder troops."

"Rendall, I appoint you as the commander of the cannon fodder troops, with Dirtclaw as your deputy. You have seven days to organize them."

This was a critical task, and Orion had to entrust it to someone reliable. Having an Alpha-level warrior like Rendall lead the cannon fodder troops would not only deter any troublemakers but also boost morale and confidence among the ranks.

"Rest assured, chieftain. I will complete the task!" Rendall replied firmly.

Orion nodded and offered some additional guidance. "When organizing the cannon fodder troops, divide them into small squads. Assign a leader to each squad and provide them with special privileges."

"All squad leaders must sign slave contracts."

Given the current situation, only slave contracts could ensure Orion's peace of mind.

"I'll handle it as you instructed, chieftain!" Rendall promised.

Orion then turned his attention to Onyx. "Prophet, have you started mapping out our territory?"

If Delilah was responsible for supplies and reconnaissance, and Rendall managed the cannon fodder troops, then Prophet Onyx had been tasked with leading a group to map out the Stoneheart Horde's territory since they left the Black Forest.

Maps were invaluable.

"Rest assured, every piece of land we've traversed has been recorded," Onyx replied. "However, the magical plants, beasts, minerals, and racial distributions in each area are still based on rumors. We haven't had the chance to verify them yet."

Orion nodded. The specifics of resource distribution weren't the top priority right now and could be addressed later.

Although the Stoneheart Horde had long prepared for the Myriad Races Invasion, Orion still felt rushed. For instance, he had no clear idea of their next route.

Ideally, there would be multiple options to choose from. Unfortunately, for now, Orion could only temporarily settle in Thunderhawk City and wait for updates from Delilah and Dirtclaw.

The impromptu meeting lasted late into the night before everyone finally left the command center.

Orion returned to his temporary tent. Although Thunderhawk City had a castle, neither Orion nor Onyx chose to stay there. Reynard had built the castle for smaller races, and it wasn't suitable for their kind.

Inside the tent, as the flap was lifted, the slave girl Violet trembled slightly.

A wicked smile curled on Orion's lips as he stepped forward, scooped up the trembling Violet, and tossed her onto the animal hides.

"Your Tribe doesn't have some ridiculous rule about not marrying outsiders, do they?" Orion asked, his tone teasing yet firm.

Violet, though nervous, answered truthfully. "No, we don't."

Orion lifted her chin with his hand, his gaze serious. "Remove the enchantment. Let me see your true face. I won't accept a woman whose real appearance I've never seen."

Violet stared into Orion's eyes, wanting to etch his face into her memory. "Is this the man who will be my future? A powerful giant!"

In the end, Violet resigned herself to her fate and dispelled the magic concealing her appearance.

A glow of magical light shimmered across her face, and moments later, a breathtakingly beautiful visage was revealed to Orion. Her beauty was indescribable, like a goddess descending to the mortal realm.

Orion was captivated, utterly entranced by Violet's stunning features.

Violet was even more exquisite and radiant than Delilah or Lilith. Her eyes held a natural gentleness that made her beauty all the more enchanting.

The next moment, Orion stripped Violet naked and used his already thick and large cock to press against her vaginal opening. He repeatedly pounded Violet's vagina with his sizable member. Her vaginal fluids dripped out like nectar.

Violet was much smaller than Orion, so her vagina was completely filled by his large cock at that moment. Fortunately, the nectar-like lubrication prevented any particular pain, instead providing a unique sense of satisfaction.

She was a virgin, and the feeling of being forcefully penetrated by such a large cock was something she had never even imagined before.

"Ah, ah, ow," Violet let out soft moans with each of Orion's thrusts.

"Don't hold back. Don't you like the feeling? We're alone together—you can scream louder and be more lustful!" Orion said.

Orion increased the frequency of his thrusts, and this time Violet could no longer hold back, beginning to moan loudly.

"Oh... oh... I... I can't hold back anymore..."

"You really are a sex slave with no patience! But it doesn't matter! You'll gradually get used to it and even come to love this feeling!"

However, just as Orion continued to pound Violet's vagina with his large cock, an accident occurred.

From the center of Violet's forehead, a brilliantly dazzling light shone forth—it was divine radiance.

"The audacity of a lowly giant to defile the seed I have sown!"

A cold, commanding female voice echoed, carrying an air of divine authority.

The moment the voice resounded, Orion immediately had a thought flash through his mind: A deity.

Being interrupted during such an intimate act ignited Orion's temper instantly. His fury surged like a wildfire.

Without hesitation, Orion activated his Titan' Rage and Berserk Aura, plunging himself into a state of unbridled rage.

Chapter 139 Curse

"How dare you interrupt my pleasure? Begone!"

Orion roared, his Titan bloodline surging with power. Without hesitation, he channeled this immense energy into the contract sigil on Violet's forehead.

The divine radiance that had invaded the tent was obliterated in an instant under the sheer force of Orion's power.

Just as Orion let out a sigh of relief, a multicolored flower emerged from Violet's forehead and floated toward him. Before he could react, it imprinted itself onto his chest.

"Creature who defiled my seed, bear my curse!"

"When the last flower withers, so shall your life end!"

Orion looked down at his chest, where a tattoo had appeared—a bouquet of flowers, with a hundred blooms. The topmost flower had already wilted.

Orion narrowed his eyes, trying to suppress his emotions. He knew immediately that he had been cursed—cursed by an unknown deity.

"Master, I'm so sorry! I didn't know this would happen!"

Saintess Violet, still trembling from the unexpected event, was overwhelmed with guilt. The intense pleasure she had been feeling moments ago had vanished, replaced by shock and fear. When she opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was the curse marking Orion's chest.

Orion didn't respond. Instead, he pulled Violet closer, holding her tightly. He needed to vent his frustration, and he chose to do so through the act they had been interrupted in.

By dawn, Orion lay on the animal hides, holding an utterly exhausted Violet in his arms.

"Do you know what this curse is?" he asked casually, his gaze drifting to Violet's swollen, leaking pussy, where his thick cum was still oozing out. His tone was calm, almost indifferent, as if the curse didn't concern him much.

To Orion, a curse was just another obstacle. In this world, there were always ways to break curses. He believed that as long as he grew strong enough and had the right resources, he could overcome it.

"It's the Curse of a Hundred Blossoms," Violet explained, her voice trembling. "A hundred flowers bloom, one wilts each year."

"Master, I'm so sorry. Because of me, you'll only live for a hundred years now!"

The Curse of a Hundred Blossoms. When all the flowers wilted, Orion's life would come to an end.

"A hundred years, huh?" Orion mused, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "Not bad."

Hearing Violet's explanation, Orion felt a bit more at ease.

Sure, he had taken a loss this time. For the sake of a beautiful woman, he had been cursed by a deity.

But as he looked at Violet's breathtakingly beautiful face and her gentle, adoring gaze, he felt it wasn't such a bad trade after all.

What Orion didn't know, however, was that the deity's curse was far more insidious than he imagined.

When the curse fully activated in a hundred years, Orion's death would not be the end. Everything he owned—his soul, his body, and even the horde he had built—would belong to the deity.

It wouldn't just be death. It would be complete and utter domination.

"Remember, this is a secret. If you tell anyone, you'll die."

Orion lifted Violet's chin, locking eyes with her as he spoke in a cold, commanding tone.

"Master, I understand," Violet replied, her voice soft but resolute.

Orion set her down and stood, dressing himself.

"Stay here and wait for me."

With that, Orion left the tent.

Orion first patrolled Thunderhawk City, ensuring there were no suspicious activities. Once satisfied, he headed to the temporary command center.

The matter of the divine curse was something Orion intended to keep to himself. He had no plans to share it with anyone. If word got out, it would undoubtedly cause unrest within the Stoneheart Horde.

Inside the empty command center, Orion took out the survivor's chest dropped by Reynard and opened it.

[Voice of Thunderhawk]

- Skill Type:Language

- Quality: Hero (Rare)

- Learning Requirement: Intermediate Beast Taming Proficiency

- Skill Description: "Hear it—the cry of the hawk, the soaring of the eagle, the flash of lightning."
Learning this skill grants the ability to communicate with Thunderhawks.

The contents of the chest were within Orion's expectations.

After opening so many chests, Orion had discerned a pattern: the items inside were often related to the creature that dropped them. Whether it was a skill or a weapon, it always had some connection.

Coincidentally, just as Orion finished learning [Voice of Thunderhawk], a piercing hawk cry echoed across the skies of Thunderhawk City.

Moments later, Elan, the chieftain of the Skytalon Tribe, rushed into the command center.

"Master, the Thunderhawks that went out to hunt have returned. Would you like to try forming a contract with one?"

"Take me there," Orion said bluntly, wasting no time.

At the highest point of Thunderhawk City, Orion finally saw the Thunderhawk he had once scared off.

The massive bird tilted its head, curiously observing Orion. It could sense a familiar aura emanating from him.

"We meet again," Orion said, his voice carrying a subtle vibration. Though he spoke in the common tongue of this world, it now carried a unique resonance.

The Thunderhawk understood him. Its large eyes sparkled with recognition.

Elan, standing nearby, looked as though he had seen a ghost.

"My gods, what am I witnessing?"

"A giant... speaking with a thunderhawk?"

Orion ignored Elan, his attention fully on the majestic bird before him.

The Thunderhawk let out a series of chirps and cries that Elan couldn't comprehend. But to Orion, it was perfectly clear.

"I have something you might like—a little gift to mark our reunion," Orion said, pulling out a bottle of Pet Pills from his Bagbird pouch. He poured a few out and tossed them toward the Thunderhawk.

"These might help you evolve, if you're lucky."

Orion didn't mind sweet-talking the bird. Of course, he knew the chances of the Pet Pills triggering an evolution were practically zero.

The Thunderhawk hesitated for a moment before catching the pills in its beak. It carefully examined them for a long time before finally swallowing them.

"I remember you. You're strong... and dangerous," the Thunderhawk said, its voice resonating in Orion's mind.

Orion's eyes lit up. The Thunderhawk had finally responded. Judging by its tone, it was a male.

"Well, I think you're not strong enough," Orion replied with a smirk. "Forming a contract with you might just hold me back."

The Thunderhawk tilted its head, its large eyes gleaming with a look that seemed to say, *Are you kidding me?*

Orion chuckled and summoned his Abyssal Dragon. The dragon's oppressive aura of chaos and destruction filled the air, instantly intimidating the Thunderhawk. Its wings flapped nervously as it backed away, eventually taking to the skies in fear.

Orion didn't say a word. He simply pulled out another bottle of Pet Pills and fed them to the Abyssal Dragon, calming it down before dismissing it.

Looking up at the circling Thunderhawk, Orion called out, "Come down. My companion is gone now."

The Thunderhawk hesitated for a long time—nearly half an hour—before cautiously descending.

Even then, it kept its distance, its wariness evident.

"See? I wasn't lying. But I still think forming a contract with you might be a bit of a burden for me," Orion teased.

This time, the Thunderhawk didn't argue. Its gaze toward Orion was filled with a mix of respect and caution.

"But if you form a contract with me, I'll make you stronger," Orion continued. "As strong as my other companions."

Chapter 140 Geckos Tribe

"I need to think about it!"

With those words, the Thunderhawk flapped its massive wings and soared away from Thunderhawk City.

Orion watched its retreating figure, unbothered by its departure.

Pet Pills were a delicacy for beasts, an irresistible treat. Once they tasted it, they would never forget the flavor. Orion was confident that the Thunderhawk would eventually return on its own.

Not far away, Prophet Onyx and Rendall had been drawn to the scene by the Thunderhawk's powerful aura.

Orion strode toward them and explained what had just transpired.

"Chieftain, you should've killed that Thunderhawk," Rendall said, his tone tinged with regret. "If we had, we might've gained another Alpha-level warrior."

Prophet Onyx remained silent, but it was clear he didn't entirely disagree with Rendall's sentiment.

Orion shook his head, a knowing smile on his face. "An Alpha-level flying beast is far more valuable to us than an Alpha-level warrior."

Having made contact with the Thunderhawk, Orion wasn't about to walk away empty-handed.

He could understand the Thunderhawk's thoughts, offer it the irresistible Pet Pills, and had Elan, a skilled beast tamer, at his disposal. As long as the Thunderhawk wasn't completely foolish, it would return.

Once the contract was signed, the Thunderhawk would be his to command.

With the Thunderhawk under his control, Orion's horde would gain a mobile scout, a living radar that could make their operations far more efficient.

After giving Elan a few instructions, Orion led Prophet Onyx and Rendall back to the temporary command center.

Inside, Delilah was waiting, standing beside a restrained Poison Dragon (lizardman).

"Chieftain, he claims to be a messenger from Chieftain Slagor. He arrived riding a swamp crocodile," Delilah reported, handing Orion a piece of animal hide.

"This is the letter we found on him."

The Lizardman, upon seeing Orion, immediately adopted a respectful tone.

"Honorable Chieftain Orion, my chieftain has sent me to deliver a message. He hopes you will assist us in attacking the Geckos Tribe."

"My chieftain says that once the city falls, half of the spoils will be yours."

Orion glanced at the lizardman but didn't respond immediately. Instead, he carefully read the contents of the letter.

After finishing, he spoke in a calm, measured tone.

"Tell me about the difficulties you're facing. What's the situation with the Geckos Tribe? Where are they located? Is their leader strong?"

The lizardman bowed respectfully.

"Honorable Chieftain Orion, our tribe has encountered fierce resistance from the Geckos Tribe. Their Alpha-level leader is as strong as Slagor."

"To complete Lord Gareth's mission, we need your assistance!"

"The Geckos Tribe is located about 500 kilometers southeast of here, near a shallow lake."

Hearing this, Orion's thoughts grew heavy.

Five hundred kilometers. That was no small distance. Even with a well-organized march, it would take at least half a month to reach the location with the main force.

Orion gestured for a giant warrior to escort the lizardman out.

"Dace, go summon Dirtclaw and Elan from the Skytalon Tribe for me."

Fifteen minutes later, Dirtclaw and Elan entered the command center. Orion wasted no time and had Prophet Onyx spread out a map.

"Dirtclaw, Elan, are you familiar with the locations of the Geckos Tribe and the Fireraven Tribe?"

Orion's sharp gaze swept over the two, hoping for a definitive answer.

"Master, I don't know," Dirtclaw admitted, lowering his head. His status was too low to have access to such information.

"That's ok. Go back to your duties. Return here before dusk and give me a detailed report on the cannon fodder troops."

"Understood!"

With that, Dirtclaw was dismissed to handle his tasks.

"Master, I know the locations of both tribes," Elan said, drawing the attention of Orion, Rendall, Onyx, and Delilah.

Orion gestured for Elan to continue and pointed to the map.

"Master, the Geckos Tribe is located here, near a place called Half-Moon Lake. It's several hundred kilometers away. If we march there, it will take over half a month."

Elan marked Thunderhawk City's location on the map, then pointed southeast to indicate the area around Half-Moon Lake.

"As for the Fireraven Tribe... they're located within Lord Ariel's direct territory."

"Master, that area is extremely dangerous!"

Orion's lips curled into a faint smile as he looked at Elan. "Elan, I think you know what I'm asking about."

"Master, are you referring to Reynard's sister, Rowena?"

Orion nodded silently, his smile unwavering.

"Master, my son used a flying mount to help Rowena escape back then. She's likely already reached the Fireraven Tribe by now."

"Additionally... two Harpies escaped from here. Lord Ariel probably already knows what happened in Thunderhawk City."

Elan's voice trembled with unease. Not only did he have to face Orion's scrutiny, but he was also deeply worried about his son's fate.

Orion stared at Elan for a long moment before speaking in a calm, detached tone.

"Elan, I'm assigning you the task of capturing Rowena. How you accomplish it is up to you."

Elan's face paled, but he had no choice but to accept the mission.

After Elan left, Orion turned to the others and said, "Reynard's sister, Rowena, can also communicate with Thunderhawks. She seems to be quite talented. But her brother killed my sister, so she must die."

Orion briefly explained Rowena's situation before shifting the focus back to the Geckos Tribe.

"What do you think? Should we help Slagor?"

Orion didn't immediately share his own opinion, instead throwing the question to the group.

"Chieftain, I think we should first confirm the authenticity of this information before making a decision," Prophet Onyx suggested.

Orion nodded. Onyx's point was valid.

However, Orion's tone shifted as he continued.

"The information is likely true."

"It's not that I trust the messenger or the letter, but because Lord Gareth warned us about this before we set out."

"At that time, Lord Gareth had already anticipated the situation Slagor is facing now."

Hearing this, Onyx, Rendall, and Delilah recalled Lord Gareth's earlier warning.

Back then, Lord Gareth had instructed Slagor to seek Orion's help if he encountered an enemy he couldn't defeat.

"If the information is accurate, I think we should help Slagor," Delilah said, breaking the silence.

She brushed a strand of hair behind her ear and locked eyes with Orion for a few seconds before voicing her thoughts.