

Titan King 201

Chapter 201 This is what you deserve

Two days later, Onyx and Thundar returned to Blackstone City with their forces, marking the official end of the invasion.

"Chieftain, the three-thousand-strong cavalry unit has completed the taming process. Every single icefield snow wolf is at hero level!"

"Of the wolves, 1,829 are male, and 1,171 are female!"

Inside the chieftain's tent, Thundar's voice brimmed with excitement. The fact that the Stoneheart Horde had managed to establish a three-thousand-strong wolf-mounted cavalry unit in just a few days was nothing short of miraculous.

"Thundar, from now on, you'll lead the cavalry unit as its commander."

"During training, take Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba with you. Drill them hard!"

Thundar accepted Orion's appointment with great enthusiasm.

Although he had failed to tame the Wolf King, the taming collar was still in his possession, and he knew it was only a matter of time before he secured his own Alpha-level mount.

Leading the three-thousand-strong wolf-mounted cavalry wasn't just a matter of interest or honor for Thundar—it was a symbol of his growing status within the horde.

Compared to Thundar's excitement, Onyx was far more composed.

"Chieftain Orion, most of the icefield snow wolves and frost giants have fled north, but a small number have scattered into the Black Forest. Should we continue hunting them down?"

Orion frowned, pondering for a moment before making a decision.

"Rendall will temporarily step down as commander of the cannon fodder troops and take charge of the hunting party as its commander. He'll lead a full-scale sweep of the Black Forest."

Orion's words sparked murmurs among the council elders.

The position of cannon fodder troops commander was an important one, and changing it so abruptly felt sudden and unsettling to many of the elders.

"Ahem!"

Orion cleared his throat, silencing the murmurs. His tone was calm but firm as he continued.

"Elder of Prophecy Onyx will take over as commander of the cannon fodder troops. He'll organize the troops and assist Rendall in the Black Forest sweep."

Onyx had previously fought alongside the cannon fodder troops during the Myriad Races Invasion, and the troops were familiar with him. This made him the ideal candidate to lead them.

This meeting also marked a significant reshuffling of roles and responsibilities among the senior elders.

The primary reason for this adjustment was Orion's long-term strategy: in future external wars, Rendall would remain in Blackstone City to oversee its defense.

Blackstone City had been established and was now running smoothly, but it required an Alpha-level fighter to hold the fort at all times.

This arrangement also aligned with Rendall's own wishes.

The hunting party, meanwhile, was responsible for ensuring the horde's supply lines and security. It was also a capable combat unit in its own right.

Additionally, the hunting party played a crucial role in training new recruits, helping to cultivate the horde's future strength.

For now, Orion didn't have a perfect plan for nurturing the next generation of warriors, so he entrusted this responsibility to Rendall, who deeply valued the horde.

Another reason for the reshuffle was Thundar's new role as cavalry commander. With the cavalry training program about to begin, the horde's power structure needed to be adjusted accordingly.

This redistribution of responsibilities was also part of Orion's strategy to maintain balance within the horde.

- Elder of Discipline, Rendall, would oversee the hunting party.

- Elder of Combat, Thundar, would lead the cavalry unit.

- Elder of Stewardship, Delilah, would command the Sentinel Corps.

- Elder of Prophecy, Onyx, would take charge of the cannon fodder troops.

Unbeknownst to many, Orion had quietly laid the foundation for the Stoneheart Horde's power structure.

Of course, certain special departments—such as the cave spiders, flying mounts, beast breeding, and magical plant cultivation—remained under Orion's direct control or were managed by individuals closely aligned with him.

After hearing Orion's arrangements, most of the elders were left puzzled, while a few sharp-minded ones either widened their eyes in realization, furrowed their brows in thought, or showed visible excitement.

Delilah stared at Orion, realizing that her giant lover possessed an impressive talent for leadership. In her eyes, Orion's potential had just risen to a whole new level.

Onyx, too, was visibly pleased. His appointment as commander of the cannon fodder troops significantly elevated his authority and status within the horde.

Previously, as the Elder of Prophecy, Onyx had held little real power. But with this new role, he had become one of the biggest beneficiaries of Orion's reshuffle.

At the same time, Onyx couldn't help but admire Orion's decisiveness and leadership skills.

With the horde's major adjustments complete, Orion swept his gaze across the council members.

Every elder who met Orion's eyes felt a surge of excitement, as Orion would give them a slight nod of acknowledgment.

This simple gesture made each elder feel valued and appreciated.

After a while, Orion withdrew his gaze. Under the eager eyes of the council members, he pulled out three wooden boxes from his chest.

The moment the boxes appeared, the atmosphere in the tent shifted. The elders' breathing grew heavier, and their eyes burned with anticipation.

"When I first unified the Black Forest, I thought this land belonged to the giants."

"But after the Myriad Races Invasion, the dark beast tides, and this recent defensive war, I've come to understand that the Black Forest doesn't belong to me alone—or even to the giants. The Stoneheart Horde belongs to all of us."

Orion's words carried a stirring tone, evoking a sense of belonging among the various races that had joined the horde over time.

"And so, Alpha-level resources belong to all of us as well!"

Orion patted the wooden boxes in front of him, bringing the focus back to the matter at hand.

"Elder Dirtclaw!"

Orion's voice, usually clear and commanding, now carried a weighty, oppressive tone that filled the tent.

"Honorable Orion, your most humble servant, Dirtclaw, is here!"

Dirtclaw rose from his seat among the council elders, his demeanor both respectful and deeply emotional. His excitement was palpable, and even a hint of nervousness showed in his trembling hands.

Dirtclaw had already guessed what was about to happen. This moment was something he could never have imagined back when he was struggling to survive in the Thunderwood Forest. It was a privilege no slave could ever dream of.

"Elder Dirtclaw, as the deputy commander of the cannon fodder troops, you joined the Stoneheart Horde during the early days of the Myriad Races Invasion."

"You led us to victory against the Gnoll Tribe and played key roles in the battles at Half-Moon Island, Thunderhawk City, and Stormrage City."

"Later, you led the cannon fodder troops in defending against the dark beast tides and the recent icefield invaders."

"This is what you deserve."

Orion briefly recounted Dirtclaw's achievements, making it clear that the Alpha-level resource he was about to receive was well-earned.

Whoosh!

With a wave of Orion's hand, one of the wooden boxes flew into Dirtclaw's arms.

Silence.

Then, the sound of quiet sobbing.

It was Dirtclaw, overcome with emotion.

The other council elders turned their gazes toward him.

To them, Dirtclaw was neither particularly strong nor particularly handsome.

But he was a hero-level gnoll, the deputy commander of the cannon fodder troops, and a figure of influence within the horde.

And that was more than enough.

Chapter 202 Speak freely

"Dirtclaw, stop crying!"

Delilah gently reminded Dirtclaw, and he immediately stifled his sobs.

Forcing himself to suppress the overwhelming emotions in his heart, Dirtclaw raised his head. He looked at Delilah, then at Orion, and finally at all the members of the council.

"I swear in the name of Anubis, Dirtclaw will protect the chieftain, defend Blackstone City, and serve the horde. I am willing to dedicate everything I have to the great Stoneheart Horde!"

Orion smiled faintly. He wasn't sure if this heartfelt declaration came entirely from Dirtclaw's own emotions or if it was orchestrated by Elder of Stewardship Delilah.

Either way, the result was exactly what Orion wanted.

Dirtclaw's sincere words moved the council members, stirring something deep within them.

For example, Rockwell, the obsidian golem, felt a pang of shame. He had once considered leaving the Stoneheart Horde, a decision he now regarded as a disgrace.

Looking back, Rockwell thought to himself, 'How naive I was back then! '

But he also felt fortunate. He believed he had returned to the right path—a broad and promising road.

"Rockwell!"

Orion's deep voice rang out again, sending a ripple of tension through the tent.

The council elders' hearts trembled, knowing that another share of the Alpha-level resources was about to be claimed.

"Chieftain, Rockwell is here, ready to serve at your command!"

Orion was slightly surprised. Rockwell's tone was much more respectful than before.

In the face of resources, ambition, and survival, all arrogance and immaturity had been set aside.

"Rockwell, as the chieftain of the obsidian golem tribe, you voluntarily joined us, sparing us the need for war in the Black Forest. That alone is a great merit."

"You've led the horde in defending against two dark beast tides and have fought valiantly in both the Myriad Races Invasion and the recent counterattack against the icefield invaders."

"This is what you deserve."

Without further ado, Orion sent one of the wooden boxes into Rockwell's hands.

Rockwell's achievements were well-known and undeniable.

Not only was his identity as a tribal leader significant, but his personal strength was also formidable. In every major battle, Rockwell had charged into the front lines, earning a long list of accolades.

Rockwell's hands trembled slightly as he held the box, his heart surging with emotion.

But he had grown. With a firm and clear voice, he declared:

"Rockwell will not disappoint the horde's expectations!"

"I will protect the horde and safeguard the Blackstone City we've built, piece by piece!"

Orion nodded, signaling for Rockwell to return to his seat.

Orion's gaze then fell on the final wooden box. He suddenly fell silent, and the atmosphere in the tent grew heavy.

"It's unfortunate that no one else has yet qualified to receive this resource."

Orion sighed and put the last wooden box away.

"I'll hold onto it for now, waiting for a worthy member to claim it from me."

The moment Orion said this, the atmosphere in the chieftain's tent reignited with energy.

Many of the elders' eyes lit up with hope.

The fact that the horde still had surplus Alpha-level resources was a signal—a catalyst to drive the horde's leadership to strive for greater achievements.

"Next, we'll review the battle. Speak freely and contribute your thoughts for the betterment of the Stoneheart Horde!"

Orion glanced at Delilah, entrusting her to lead the discussion.

After speaking so much, Orion's throat was dry, and he needed a break.

Delilah took over with her enchanting voice, guiding the council members into a lively discussion.

"Chieftain, I believe this was a one-sided invasion. The enemies from the icefields underestimated our strength. They didn't know we had so many Alpha-level fighters, nor did they anticipate the support of the cave spiders..."

The speaker was Desdemona, a succubus and one of the eight council elders.

As a fellow succubus, Desdemona naturally stood up first to support Delilah's leadership while also taking the opportunity to share her own thoughts.

Orion, Onyx, Rendall, Delilah, and Thundar all nodded in agreement.

Before the ambush, the horde had deliberately concealed the true number of its Alpha-level fighters, catching the enemy off guard.

The lizardman Slagor had naively believed the Stoneheart Horde had only five Alpha-level fighters, when in reality, the number far exceeded his expectations.

During the invasion, both Rendall and the Spider Queen had refrained from taking action, demonstrating that the horde still had reserves to spare.

The moments of chaos during the battle were primarily due to the unique abilities of Lumi and Gustalon, as well as the suddenness of their attack.

"Chieftain, I think we should build more arrow towers and produce more crossbows!"

This suggestion came from a buffalofolk elder, catching Orion slightly off guard.

Orion glanced at Thundar, who leaned in and whispered:

"He's Hammerhoof, a newly promoted elder of the Buffalofolk. He's the half-brother of Earthshaker and has earned significant battle honors."

It was clear that Hammerhoof was a meticulous thinker.

Currently, the only truly effective siege weapons on Blackstone City's walls were the Bone Ballistae gifted by Arthas.

Although the city lacked bone bolts, the enchanted wooden bolts fired by the ballistae were still incredibly powerful.

Orion had long considered upgrading Blackstone City's defensive equipment, and the suggestion resonated with him.

Thanks to the accumulation of survivor's chests, Orion now possessed three mysterious arrow tower mini-structures.

However, these could only be used after he ascended to Legendary level and unlocked the territory construction feature—a fact he had learned from consulting Arthas.

For now, Orion decided to focus on producing more large crossbows. After all, the Black Forest had no shortage of wood.

"Chieftain, I think we should start mining to improve the sharpness of our weapons!"

"Chieftain, I believe we should train the cave spiders to work more closely with us and develop them into true partners!"

"..."

A flood of suggestions poured in—some practical, others less so.

While some ideas were reasonable, the Stoneheart Horde either lacked the resources or the capability to implement them at the moment.

Whenever Orion heard a particularly innovative suggestion, he signaled Delilah to record it for future reference.

Half a day later, the review concluded. The council members, now hungry and parched, were visibly fatigued.

With a wave of his hand, Orion summoned the logistics team, who brought in large quantities of roasted meat and meat porridge.

Taking advantage of the gathering, Orion distributed some of the elite weapons he had stockpiled, rewarding outstanding bloodline warriors.

The recipients were overjoyed.

For example, Rendall's daughter, Ursa, received a shield from Orion.

Ursa cherished the shield, not just for its quality but because it was a gift from Orion himself.

As Orion handed out the weapons, Lilith leaned in close and whispered in his ear.

"Lorelia sent word—one of the spiders that entered the Bottomless Abyss has returned."

Orion's pupils contracted briefly, but he quickly regained his composure and continued distributing the weapons as if nothing had happened.

Chapter 203 Death Spider

Nightfall.

After the council meeting concluded, Orion used the excuse of a patrol to make his way to the underground fissure.

The information Lorelia had shared was something Orion had kept to himself, revealing it only to Lilith. Not even the four senior elders were informed.

"Master, you've arrived!"

Sensing Orion's presence, Lorelia crawled out of the fissure to personally greet him.

Orion nodded, his expression calm. With Lorelia accompanying him, he descended into the underground fissure, heading toward the sealed passage leading to the Bottomless Abyss.

"Spread the word: from now on, no one is allowed to enter the Bottomless Abyss passage without my explicit orders."

"As you command!"

Near the Bottomless Abyss Passage.

When Orion arrived, a hero-level spiderling was already waiting there.

"Master, this is the spiderling that crawled back from the Bottomless Abyss."

Orion stepped forward, carefully examining the spiderling.

The creature before him was noticeably different from a typical cave spider.

First, its skin had turned white, a stark contrast to the usual black or grayish-black of cave spiders.

Second, its once-bright green eyes had turned blood-red, and its entire body exuded an aura of death.

Finally, although it was still at hero level, its energy fluctuated erratically, flickering on and off like a dying flame.

"Can you still communicate with it?"

"Yes, Master. It hasn't lost its mind—it's still my child."

"Then what's wrong with it?"

Orion frowned, turning to Lorelia for an explanation. Lorelia lowered her head in thought before attempting to clarify.

"Master, this spiderling is similar to the rare mutations that occasionally appear among my kind."

"However, it's not exactly the same. It has transformed into a new type of cave spider. Its life hasn't ended, and my connection to it remains intact."

"It's different from the others—its life force is... unique."

Lorelia explained the spiderling's changes from her perspective.

Orion listened, his frown deepening as he stared at the spiderling, lost in thought.

"A new type of cave spider?"

After a long pause, Orion finally spoke again, his tone uncertain.

"Yes, Master. I call it a Death Spider. Its aura feels as though it's already dead."

Orion lowered his gaze once more, studying the motionless spiderling that resembled a lifeless corpse.

"You said it transformed, not died?"

"Yes, Master. It's a transformation."

Orion fell silent again, his mind racing. After a while, a plausible theory began to take shape, and he continued his questioning.

"What about the other spiderlings that went down to explore? Are they all dead?"

"Master, how did you know?"

Lorelia's eyes widened in surprise, staring at Orion as if he had just read her mind. She couldn't understand how he had guessed.

Orion didn't explain or share his suspicions.

"Lorelia, tell me what this spiderling saw. Be as detailed as possible."

"Understood!"

Lorelia lowered her head, organizing her thoughts before speaking in an uncertain tone.

"Darkness... desolation... bones. It's a vast area."

This was Lorelia's description, though it was actually the Death Spider's account, translated through her.

"So, it's a deadlands down there, isn't it?"

Lorelia nodded, her eyes lighting up. She felt that Orion's description of the Bottomless Abyss as a "Deadlands" was spot on.

"Yes, Master. It's the deadlands."

"And the spiderling said the deadlands are enormous—so vast that it couldn't see the end. It crawled for several days, and the environment remained the same."

Orion fell silent once more, his brows furrowed and his expression shifting unpredictably as he pondered.

"Master, what should we do now?"

Lorelia waited for a long time, but Orion didn't speak. She became somewhat bored, her many legs moving idly.

"Send another batch of spiderlings down to explore. Report to me immediately if there's any new development."

Orion stood up, issuing his orders before turning to leave the passage.

Lorelia, now with a new task, seemed delighted to have something to do.

"Oh, and that Death Spider—don't send it out for now."

Before leaving the passage, Orion added one final instruction.

"As you wish, Master!"

Later that night.

Orion, accompanied by his guards, continued his patrol around the ridge before returning to the chieftain's tent at midnight.

Inside the tent, the three women—Lilith, Lysinthia, and Violet—were all exceptionally proactive. They took turns having sex with Orion, continuing throughout the entire night without pause. It was as if they feared Orion might disappear, striving to drain every bit of his semen.

It wasn't until the latter half of the night, when all three women had fallen into a deep sleep, that Orion, half-closing his eyes, began opening the survivor's chests he had accumulated from the recent battle.

There were a total of eleven chests, two of which had been dropped by the Wolf King and Chillrend, making them the most anticipated.

Following his usual practice, Orion started with the nine chests dropped by lower-level beasts.

Initially, he expected the usual haul of elite-grade weapons or items.

To his surprise, one of the chests contained another arrow tower mini-structure.

"This makes four now!"

Orion was delighted, carefully storing the arrow tower before turning his attention to the next item—a skill scroll.

[Aura of the Wild]

- Type: Aura Scroll

- Quality: Elite

- Description: You embody the spirit of a wild beast, fighting with relentless determination and fearless abandon.

Orion tore the scroll apart, learning the new skill.

While [Aura of the Wild] wasn't particularly impressive, it was better than nothing.

The skill was an aura that affected wolf pets and mounts, making the icefield snow wolves in the horde more prone to berserk states, increasing their agility and fearlessness in battle.

The other items were mostly elite-grade weapons, which Orion stored for future use as rewards for the horde's brave bloodline warriors.

Although Orion didn't think much of elite-grade weapons, they were considered top-tier by the other elders.

In truth, the Stoneheart Horde lacked a race skilled in forging, making it impossible to mass-produce high-quality weapons.

Finally, Orion turned his attention to the last two chests.

With great anticipation, he opened them.

Two items appeared in his hands, and after examining their properties, Orion's lips curled into a satisfied smile.

The first item was an egg—a frost giant pet egg.

Orion hadn't expected frost giants to be oviparous creatures.

It became clear that frost giants lacked true giant bloodlines. Despite their large size, they were more akin to beasts than humanoids.

Orion glanced at Lilith, who was lying naked on his chest, her breathing steady and even.

In that moment, he decided where the frost giant pet egg would go.

Chapter 204 If you believe, then it's possible

Late into the night, Orion sat alone in his tent, examining the final item from the survivor's chests.

It was another scroll, but this one radiated a golden glow.

An Alpha-level scroll—the second Alpha-level item Orion had ever obtained.

[Triple Mirror Image]

- Quality: Alpha-level

- Description: Your existence gives birth to reflections. Three mirror images, bound by blood and fate.

Without hesitation, Orion tore the scroll apart, learning the skill immediately.

After reading the description of [Triple Mirror Image], Orion frowned.

The skill was somewhat complex, requiring him to experiment and explore its true potential.

The description reminded Orion of the three identical Wolf Kings he had encountered.

However, this wasn't something he needed to rush. He had plenty of time to figure it out later.

Shifting his focus, Orion turned his attention to the Survivor's Platform, leaving a message for Scarecrow to express his interest in purchasing food supplies.

After waiting for a while, there was no response.

"Winter's over, and Scarecrow's gone offline again?"

Orion sighed, pondering for a moment before sending a message to Arthas instead.

"Is there a way to bring someone back to life in this world?"

The question stirred something deep within Orion, leaving him restless.

"Yes," Arthas replied quickly. "We were all destroyed in a great calamity, yet here we are, resurrected. Haven't you already been brought back to life?"

Arthas's response sent Orion into deep thought.

That's true. If even I was resurrected, then what's impossible?

Orion's previous life on Earth had been in the real world.

Although he didn't know if Earth had somehow merged with this world, the fact that survivors like him were being resurrected was already a miracle in itself.

Arthas's message seemed to be telling him: If you believe, then it's possible.

After a long silence, Orion clarified his question further.

"Can we resurrect someone ourselves?"

This question carried a deeper meaning, one Orion was certain Arthas would understand.

"The stronger you are and the more you know, the greater your chances."

Arthas's response wasn't a direct answer, but it wasn't a denial either.

Orion exhaled slowly.

No confirmation, no rejection—this was the greatest hope he could ask for, wasn't it?

It all depended on how he chose to interpret it.

After another long pause, Orion sent another message.

"Someone close to me has been dead for some time. Do you have a way to bring them back?"

"With my current abilities, true resurrection is impossible."

"What about in a different sense?"

"There is a way—to transform them into an undead being. For example, a lich... or something like me, a skeleton."

Orion let out a long sigh, disappointment and frustration weighing heavily on him.

"You must understand," Arthas added, "that perhaps even you and I are not truly resurrected."

This final message hit Orion like a falling apple, striking him with sudden clarity.

In that moment, everything made sense, and he felt a wave of acceptance wash over him.

If even I am like this, why should I worry about others?

Orion sat in silence for a long time. As dawn approached, he finally replied to Arthas.

"Thank you."

"Recommend a method to me—something that can awaken a soul."

Orion's request had changed. It was no longer rigid or demanding perfection.

"Awakening a soul is no small feat," Arthas replied. "In this world, when life ends, souls are drawn to the gods."

"To retrieve a soul from a god, given your current status, the best method is through sacrifice—offering more and higher-quality souls to the deity."

"Of course, some gods may prefer blood, while others may demand faith."

"But I must warn you: using faith to exchange for a soul is the easiest yet most troublesome method. I strongly advise against it."

Along with this message, Arthas sent detailed instructions for a sacrificial ritual.

"Thanks. If you're charging a consultation fee, just add it to my tab."

Orion waited for a reply, but none came.

"Hmph. Clever bastard. A favor without a price is the hardest to repay," Orion muttered to himself.

The next morning.

After giving Rolan some guidance, Orion returned to his tent.

Lilith handed him a meal of roasted meat and porridge, which he devoured hungrily. After wiping his mouth, he pulled out the frost giant egg from his belongings.

"This was found inside a frost giant's corpse. It's yours."

Lilith accepted the egg, her expression a mix of surprise and delight.

Moments later, she gasped in shock.

"An Alpha-level pet egg?"

Orion nodded, smiling without saying a word, watching Lilith with curiosity.

The Taming Scroll Orion had obtained earlier hadn't been given to anyone else—it had been handed to Lilith.

This was why she was able to sense the egg's Alpha-level nature after a brief examination.

"This is your first pet. Do you like it?"

Orion's tone carried a hint of pride, as if he wanted to show off in front of his woman.

Lilith, understanding his intent, leaned in to kiss him passionately. Then, without hesitation, she stripped off her clothes and offered herself completely...

Time flew by like an arrow, slipping away unnoticed.

In the face of time, all living beings were equal, pushed forward relentlessly.

A month passed in the blink of an eye.

One day, inside the chieftain's tent.

"Chieftain, the number of live captives you requested has been gathered. They've all been delivered to the underground fissure."

A month ago, Orion had approached Rendall with a peculiar request: to capture a large number of live creatures and deliver them to the underground fissure guarded by the cave spiders.

Rendall, assuming it was some strange preference of Lorelia's, didn't think much of it and accepted the task.

Over the next month, the hunting party and cannon fodder troops worked together, not only capturing fleeing icefield snow wolves and frost giants but also hunting high-tier beasts from the Black Forest.

It took an entire month of relentless effort to meet Orion's demand.

"Are you sure the number is exactly ten thousand?"

"Yes. One-third are icefield snow wolves, one-third are frost giants, and the remaining third are beasts."

Orion nodded, his gaze drifting toward Blackstone City outside the tent, his expression contemplative.

"You're not on rotation tonight, are you?"

"No, I'm not."

Rendall looked puzzled, unsure why Orion was asking.

"I'll take the rotation tonight. Why don't you come by and chat with me for a while?"

"Uh... sure!"

Rendall was clearly confused, but he agreed without hesitation.

"Dace, send word to Onyx and Thundar. Tonight, the cannon fodder troops and cavalry unit will conduct a joint drill."

Orion's voice was calm, devoid of any emotion.

Rendall didn't think much of it. It wasn't unusual for Orion to oversee training during his rotation.

Even Rendall was curious to see how much the cavalry unit had improved after a month of training.

Chapter 205 If my sister could see all this, do you think she'd be happy?

Nightfall.

Orion stood atop the southern gate of Blackstone City, waiting for Rendall to arrive.

On the city walls, every twenty meters, a bloodline warrior from the cannon fodder troops stood guard as part of the rotation.

In addition to these sentries, every half hour, a patrol team composed of one hundred bloodline warriors, selected from the ranks of cannon fodder troops, marched from east to west to ensure constant vigilance.

Outside the walls, Thundar led the cavalry unit, their torches casting flickering light as they conducted routine patrols along the perimeter.

Even the skies above were not silent—an occasional eagle's cry pierced the air, adding to the oppressive and heavy atmosphere.

If Rendall hadn't known this was just a drill, he might have thought the dark beast tides were upon them once again.

"Elder, what do you think of the current state of the giants?"

"They're doing well—thriving and prosperous!"

"And what about our Blackstone City?"

"It's incredible. This is a sight I never dared to imagine."

Orion walked ahead, falling silent for a moment after the brief exchange.

"If my sister could see all this, do you think she'd be happy?"

"This..."

At the mention of Clymene, the joy on Rendall's face vanished instantly, replaced by a heavy, somber expression.

He didn't know why Orion had brought up Clymene, but the name cast a shadow over both of them, plunging their conversation into silence.

The two walked side by side, their pace unhurried. It was nearly midnight by the time they reached the underground fissure.

"Elder, come with me. Let's take a look inside."

"Alright."

At the entrance to the underground fissure.

The Spider Queen Lorelia was already waiting, as if she had anticipated Orion's arrival.

"Master, the ritual is ready."

Lorelia's expression was solemn. As Orion and Rendall stepped into the passage, her four spider guards immediately closed the entrance behind them.

Even Orion's personal guards were barred from entering.

The spider guards began weaving webs, sealing off the area outside the passage completely.

Rendall watched all this unfold, his unease growing.

"Orion, what are they—"

"You don't need to worry. Just watch and don't make a sound."

Orion's voice was calm, but beneath that calmness lay an undercurrent of something unknown—something expectant, almost thrilling.

Inside the underground fissure.

In the largest chamber, ten thousand cages were arranged in neat rows. Inside each cage lay various creatures, paralyzed by spider venom.

The majority of the captives were icefield snow wolves and frost giants, with other beasts making up the rest.

Beneath the cages, ancient and mysterious runes had been drawn in blood, forming a sacrificial ritual of unknown origin.

At the center of the ritual lay six coffins arranged in a circle—one large and five smaller.

Inside these coffins were the bodies of Clymene and the five giant elders who had followed her south: Vargrum, Mordak, Zorn, Balgor, and Grendel.

"Is that... Chieftain Clymene's body?"

"What are you trying to do?"

Rendall's voice rose in shock as he turned to Orion, his eyes filled with disbelief.

Orion shook his head, signaling Rendall to remain silent.

After instructing Rendall to stay where he was, Orion stepped alone into the center of the sacrificial ritual, approaching the six coffins.

At the heart of the ritual stood an altar, constructed from the corpse of Chillrend.

Chillrend, a humanoid creature, had no crystal core within its body.

This meant that all of Chillrend's essence was concentrated in its physical form, making its corpse the perfect material for the ritual—a supreme offering.

Orion approached the altar, lighting a dish of blood-infused wax and placing it on the altar.

The altar and Chillrend's corpse were seamlessly connected, clearly treated with the unique methods of the cave spider clan.

Orion pricked his finger, letting a drop of his blood fall into the burning wax.

Boom!

Flames erupted, climbing up Orion's hand.

Enduring the searing pain, Orion circled Chillrend's corpse, igniting it completely.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In an instant, green flames roared to life, illuminating the dark underground space.

The eerie green light cast the shadows of the caged creatures onto the stone walls, creating a sinister, terrifying, and mysterious atmosphere.

The spiderlings dwelling in the fissure, sensing the oppressive energy, began chirping nervously, their sounds amplifying the eerie tension.

"Great being of the Bottomless Abyss, I call upon you with blood as the medium and fire as the guide. Hear my plea!"

"In the name of the sacrificial contract, I offer the lives of these creatures in the cages. Their souls and blood are yours to claim in exchange!"

"The altar is sacred, whole and pure. Let the flames cleanse all impurity..."

Orion recited a lengthy prayer, his voice steady and unwavering.

Only when Chillrend's corpse was completely consumed by the flames did he stop.

The underground fissure fell into an eerie silence—so quiet that Orion couldn't even hear his own heartbeat.

Then, where Chillrend's body had once been, a blood-red mouth with sharp fangs suddenly appeared.

The mouth opened wide and inhaled deeply, sucking in all the creatures from the cages as streams of smoke.

The pull was irresistible, overwhelmingly powerful. Orion didn't even have the will to resist; the titan force within him was almost awakened in an attempt to counteract the force.

Fortunately, the force wasn't directed at Orion, Lorelia, or Rendall, who stood outside the ritual.

After devouring the sacrifices, the blood-red mouth let out a satisfied belch and spat out six faint, grayish souls.

The souls drifted into the coffins, settling inside them.

"I am pleased... good job..."

Orion wasn't sure if he was hallucinating, but he thought he heard a majestic voice echoing in the chamber, its tone almost encouraging him to continue offering sacrifices.

After what felt like an eternity, the oppressive, suffocating pressure in the fissure vanished.

Huff... huff... huff...

The only sounds in the chamber were the heavy breaths of Orion, Lorelia, and Rendall, all of whom were gasping for air.

The creatures that had been in the cages were gone—completely erased, without even a trace of bone or shadow left behind.

Everything about the scene reminded Orion that what had just happened was no illusion—it was real.

Orion lifted his head, his gaze sweeping across the chamber. He noticed that even the blood runes etched into the ground had disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

Finally, his eyes rested on the coffin containing his sister, Clymene.

There was no movement.

"Did the ritual fail?"

"Were the sacrifices insufficient to complete the transformation?"

"..."

As Orion's thoughts spiraled, his sister, Clymene, slowly sat up from her coffin.

Chapter 206: Sister, do you want to make love with me?

"Where... where am I?"

It was a familiar voice—one Orion hadn't heard in so long. It was his sister, Clymene.

Hearing her voice again after all this time, Orion's eyes grew misty.

But he was no longer a child. He was now the chieftain of the Stoneheart Horde, and he had to maintain his composure and authority at all times.

Taking a deep breath, Orion steadied himself and, alongside Rendall and Lorelia, walked toward the center of the six coffins.

At the same time, the other five coffins began to stir. Slowly, the five giant elders—Vargrum, Mordak, Zorn, Balgor, and Grendel—sat up one by one.

"What is this...?"

"Wasn't I dead?"

"Where am I?"

"..."

Each elder reacted differently, but their voices were all hoarse and unclear.

Orion understood why. Their bodies had been dead for a long time, dried and withered. Speaking was naturally difficult for them.

But Clymene was different. Her voice was as clear and vibrant as ever.

When she saw Orion, her tone grew emotional, filled with joy.

"My dear brother, I thought I'd never see you again. I never imagined we'd have another chance to reunite."

Hearing Clymene's words, Orion smiled warmly. He stepped forward and wrapped his arms tightly around her.

"Sister, I've finally found you. Welcome back to the Black Forest!"

"The Black Forest?"

"Yes, our home—the Black Forest. Our tribe has grown stronger than ever before. Our territory is vast now. Not just Moonshadow Valley, but the entire forest belongs to us."

"This..."

Clymene lifted her head, her face shrouded in a faint black mist, making her expression unreadable.

But Orion could imagine the shock, joy, and disbelief she must have been feeling.

"Clymene!"

Rendall stepped forward, wanting to embrace her as well.

But before he could, a thick black mist erupted from Clymene's body, enveloping her completely.

At the core of the mist, Orion sensed a faint aura—one that was incredibly familiar to him.

It was the same aura his mother had carried.

The realization struck Orion like a bolt of lightning.

The other five elders, whose bodies had also been dead for a long time, struggled to even speak. Yet Clymene seemed unaffected. Could this anomaly be connected to their long-lost parents?

As these thoughts raced through his mind, Orion instinctively stepped back, pulling Rendall with him.

"Orion, what's happening to Clymene? Is she... is she alright?"

Orion shook his head.

"This isn't true resurrection. The ritual isn't complete yet."

Indeed, the earlier sacrificial ritual had only been the first step—to retrieve the souls of Clymene and the five elders.

To ensure their souls were intact and unbroken, Orion had prepared an enormous number of living sacrifices.

Orion glanced at the other five elders.

Their bodies were emitting deathly energy, and white bones were beginning to grow from their withered forms.

However, it was clear that Clymene's aura was far stronger than theirs.

Time seemed to stretch endlessly.

Eventually, the black mist surrounding Clymene began to dissipate, revealing her transformed appearance.

Clymene had changed.

In life, she had been incredibly strong, her body packed with muscle. Her arms had once been thicker than Orion's thighs.

But now, while her face remained the same, her body had become slimmer and more graceful—almost mesmerizing.

Her once pale-green skin had darkened to a faint black, as if shrouded in a perpetual mist.

Seeing Clymene's transformation, Orion was filled with awe and disbelief.

With his current abilities, he had known it was impossible to truly resurrect his sister.

When he consulted Arthas, the latter had provided him with a sacrificial ritual, explicitly stating that the process would transform the deceased into Skeletal Knights.

But Clymene was clearly not a Skeletal Knight.

She resembled something far more powerful—a Shade Valkyrie, her body cloaked in a faint black mist.

The other five elders, however, were not as fortunate.

Their once-mighty giant forms had been completely altered. They had become Skeletal Knights, their bodies now entirely covered in bone.

Skeletal Knights were a type of undead being.

Normally, their transformation was best performed in the Necro Realm or other areas steeped in deathly energy.

The Black Forest, lacking such an environment, had previously made this method of resurrection impossible.

But after the discovery of the Deadlands beneath the Bottomless Abyss, Orion had immediately conceived this plan and sought Arthas's guidance.

Orion had another purpose in mind for resurrecting Clymene: to send her into the Deadlands to grow stronger.

The Deadlands beneath the Bottomless Abyss were the perfect training ground for Clymene and the five elders.

There, they could grow stronger at an accelerated pace.

As the transformation completed, Clymene stood silently, her gaze fixed on Orion and Rendall.

Her body trembled slightly, and her voice, choked with emotion, broke the silence.

"Incredible... I can't believe I've been brought back to life!"

"Brother!"

"Sister!"

The familiar voices, the long-awaited reunion—it was overwhelming for both of them.

Orion and Clymene embraced tightly once more.

Clymene kissed Orion's forehead and cheeks, unable to hold back her emotions any longer. Only this heartfelt kiss could express the depth of their bond.

Orion didn't shy away from her affection. Instead, he responded with an even more passionate kiss, their embrace filled with the love and longing of siblings reunited after so much time apart.

Seeing the two siblings lost in their reunion, Rendall chose not to interrupt.

He quietly turned and led the others away, leaving the space to Orion and Clymene alone.

Clymene grasped Orion's hand, guiding it to her breast. She looked at him expectantly. "Brother, do you truly desire me? I want to hear the truth."

Orion embraced Clymene with his other arm and said affectionately, "You're my sister, but I love you."

Clymene smiled. Although her appearance wasn't the most beautiful among Orion's women, in Orion's heart, he had loved his sister since he was very young.

A black mist flickered, and Clymene's clothes vanished, leaving her naked before Orion.

Such a scene would arouse any man, let alone Orion, for whom she was his sister.

Quickly, Orion's penis became erect.

Clymene skillfully removed Orion's pants, cupped his cock in her hands, and said with a smile, "My dear brother, your cock has grown bigger than before."

Orion looked down at Clymene and asked again, "Sister, do you want to make love with me?"

"Of course, my dear brother. Please love me well with your cock." Clymene stood up and gazed tenderly at Orion.

Orion didn't hesitate. He grasped Clymene's full breasts and kneaded them. He leaned forward, licked her breasts a few times, then took her engorged nipple into his mouth and sucked, as if nursing.

"Mmm...good brother...you're licking me so well...ah..." Clymene moaned softly.

Clymene's vagina was completely wet, and her legs began to rub together, eager to welcome Orion's large cock.

Clymene squatted down, kissed Orion's large cock, then lay down on the ground, spreading her legs and completely exposing her vagina to Orion.

Although Orion had seen Clymene's vagina when he was young, it was mysterious and alluring, something he could never tire of seeing.

Clymene spread her labia with her hands to make it easier for Orion to enter.

Orion aligned his cock with the entrance and thrust it in.

"Ah!"

As the large cock entered his sister's vagina, both Orion and Clymene moaned comfortably. The tight, slippery feeling, the fullness, the sensation of being enveloped was so captivating.

"Sister, I love you."

"Ah...ah...good...brother...I...love you too."

"Ah...sister...your vagina is so tight, making love to you is so wonderful." While fucking Clymene, Orion shared his feelings about making love to his sister.

"Dear...brother...ah...oh yes...your cock is so amazing..." Clymene writhed beneath Orion, her moans continuous, accompanied by the "squish, squish" sound of his cock thrusting in and out of her vagina.

Orion vigorously fucked his sister's beautiful pussy, and with his hard thrusts, Clymene experienced orgasm after orgasm.

Time passed unknowingly. As Clymene reached another climax, Orion's glans hit the depths of her cervix again, releasing a large amount of semen.

Tonight, both Orion and Clymene reached the highest peak of lust.

Chapter 207 Bearing child

By dawn, Orion and Clymene had returned to the eastern ridge of Blackstone City's walls.

Rendall and the five resurrected giant elders soon joined them.

"Orion, you're far more suited to be chieftain than I ever was."

Clymene gazed at the unfamiliar yet thriving Blackstone City. It was far more prosperous than she had imagined.

Turning to Rendall, she spoke with a very serious tone.

"You might be wondering what Orion and I were doing down there, and why it took us so long to come back. What I want to say is this: we had a long and grueling duel, and in the end, I lost!"

"As the former chieftain of the giants, I officially recognize Orion as the rightful chieftain of our people!"

Traditionally, the transfer of the chieftain's title among the giants required a duel. Sometimes it was merely ceremonial, but other times it was a life-and-death struggle.

Although the ritual held little practical significance, it was a long-standing tradition of the giant tribes.

When Clymene had died, this process had been skipped. But now that she was resurrected, the ritual had to be honored.

However, Clymene had chosen an unconventional method for the duel—one that involved making love to Orion. And, clearly, she had "lost."

Clymene looked at Orion, her tone much gentler, "My dear brother, do your best. I believe in your future, and in the future of the horde!"

"But for now, the five elders and I are not yet fully restored. There are still matters we must attend to. Once everything is resolved, I will return to your side..."

With the chieftain's title officially passed, Clymene turned and led the way back toward the underground fissure.

The five resurrected giant elders followed her without hesitation.

Orion sighed deeply and trailed behind them, returning once more to the underground fissure.

At the edge of the Bottomless Abyss.

Clymene stood at the precipice, her gaze fixed on the darkness below. Her tone was heavy with seriousness.

"You may not feel it, but we can. Standing here, we can sense a thick, oppressive deathly energy rising from below. I have a strong feeling that if we descend, our strength will grow exponentially."

"Don't go down yet!"

Seeing the eagerness in Clymene's eyes, as well as the anticipation of the five elders, Orion quickly stopped them.

Clymene was now a Shade Valkyrie, and the five elders had just been transformed into Skeletal Knights. Not only had they retained their former strength, but they had also grown stronger.

The unique energy emanating from the Bottomless Abyss was undeniably alluring to them, but Orion knew the risks.

"Wait a little longer. In two days, another batch of spiderlings will return. Let's see if they bring back any useful information."

"Alright, I'll listen to you."

Clymene nodded, accepting Orion's suggestion. This meant she could stay by his side for two more days.

"The deathly energy here is thick. We'll wait nearby," Clymene said, turning to the five elders.

They all nodded in agreement.

Orion sat down beside Clymene.

"Sister."

"Hmm?"

"I killed Reynard with my own hands."

"I know. You've told me before."

"I left you two small gifts."

As he spoke, Orion removed a small curved dagger from his belt and placed it in Clymene's hand.

Then, he reached into his Bagbird pouch and pulled out a skull goblet, handing it to her as well.

"The dagger was crafted from the beak of a thunderhawk. It's incredibly sharp."

"And the skull goblet... it was made from Reynard's skull."

Clymene stared at the two items in her hands, momentarily at a loss for words.

"I love these gifts."

"Thank you, Orion."

Orion smiled and pulled out six sets of bone armor from his Bagbird pouch, placing them in front of Clymene.

"The bone armor will adjust to your forms. In your hands, it'll be far more effective."

Given Clymene's new dark-aligned attributes, the bone armor was the perfect equipment for her and the elders.

Orion then retrieved six weapons, including a hero-grade warhammer, which he personally handed to Clymene.

Clymene said nothing. She simply donned the bone armor, her figure becoming even more striking. She now looked every bit the part of a Valkyrie.

The five elders, as Skeletal Knights, were even better suited to the bone armor. They eagerly equipped the gear Orion had provided, clearly delighted with their new equipment.

"My dear brother, promise me this: live well. Lead the horde to a brighter future. Make the giants the greatest force in this world."

Clymene clutched the warhammer, her gaze fixed on Orion. He could feel the depth of her care and concern for him.

"For us to be resurrected like this—it's nothing short of a miracle. Orion, I'm deeply grateful for everything you've done."

Clymene placed a hand on Orion's shoulder, her tone heavy with meaning.

"Orion, the Black Forest follows the law of the jungle. The outside world is even harsher—where only the strong survive, and the weak are destroyed."

"I hope that what happened to me never happens to you."

After saying this, Clymene fell silent, her gaze lingering on Orion with deep affection.

"Chieftain Orion, we'll head into the Bottomless Abyss and claim a new territory for the horde!"

"Yes, chieftain. Wait for our good news!"

"Orion, we won't let you down after everything you've done for us."

"..."

The five elders took turns speaking, their voices filled with determination and gratitude.

Orion nodded. He planned to stay near the Bottomless Abyss for the next two days to spend more time with his sister.

"Orion, will Clymene and the elders leave in two days?"

"Yes, but don't worry. Once their strength is fully restored, they'll return to the horde. Elder Rendall, let this matter end here. No one else can know about it—this will remain a secret of the giants."

Rendall opened his mouth to speak but was cut off by Orion.

After a moment of thought, Rendall nodded. He quickly understood that resurrecting the former chieftain of the giants was an extraordinary and incomprehensible event.

Two days later.

Two spiderlings returned from the Bottomless Abyss, now transformed into Death Spiders.

Unfortunately, they brought back no useful information, leaving Orion disappointed.

Even so, Orion didn't hesitate. He assigned all three Death Spiders to Clymene.

He also allocated ten thousand spiderlings from Lorelia's brood to accompany Clymene into the Bottomless Abyss as her helpers.

How many of those spiderlings would transform into Death Spiders remained uncertain, but with three successful transformations already, there was reason to hope.

"That world is shrouded in darkness. In the darkness, there's a red sun—distant and unclear."

Clymene leaned close to Orion, whispering softly.

"My dear brother, I'm leaving now. Don't worry about me..."

Some reunions are sudden, and some farewells are fleeting.

Watching Clymene and the elders disappear into the abyss, Orion sighed deeply.

"Rendall, shouldn't we be happy?"

Rendall gazed at the fading figures of Clymene and the elders, his expression filled with emotion.

"Hahaha... yes, Clymene's resurrection is proof of the Titans' blessing upon us! I believe she'll reach new heights."

Orion looked at Rendall, his laughter carrying a rare sense of relief.

After Clymene's departure, Orion's life suddenly became much quieter.

For the first time in a long while, he found himself with rare moments of leisure.

The Stoneheart Horde was free from immediate threats, both near and far.

Everything within the horde was progressing smoothly, and Blackstone City had entered a period of rapid development.

If there was anything of note, it was two pieces of news—one good and one bad.

The good news was that Rockwell, of the obsidian golem tribe, had successfully advanced to Alpha-level.

The bad news was that Dirtclaw had failed in his attempt to advance. While his strength had improved, he was still far from reaching Alpha-level.

When Orion heard the news, he wasn't surprised.

Rockwell and Dirtclaw came from vastly different backgrounds. Dirtclaw's foundation and talent simply couldn't compare to Rockwell's.

Moreover, Dirtclaw had been too impatient in his cultivation. If he had waited for the Blood Mushrooms being cultivated by the horde to mature, his chances of advancing would have been much higher.

As for Rockwell, his successful advancement to Alpha-level earned him the title of Warden of the Horde, and he stepped down from his position as a council elder.

Inside the chieftain's tent.

Saintess Violet was straddling Orion, her body moving rhythmically as she rode him.

Tonight, she had been making love to Orion for five hours straight, showing no signs of fatigue. She seemed to be savoring every moment of their intimacy.

"You have something to tell me?"

For some reason, after Lilith and Lysinthia had left the tent, Violet had become unusually passionate. Even tonight's lovemaking had been initiated by her.

"My dear master... flowers have their blooming seasons, and so does Violet."

"Blooming season?"

"Yes, master."

Violet lay on Orion's chest, her face flushed from her recent climax. Beads of sweat glistened on her forehead.

"When a flower matures, it blooms, is pollinated, and then withers. That's its life cycle."

"Master, my blooming season is coming to an end."

"What does that mean?"

"This time, when I enter dormancy, it could last three years... or ten."

Orion held Violet close, confused by her words.

"Master, you must be careful. When my blooming season ends, there will be a strange fragrance. It will attract beasts."

Orion gazed at Violet, kissed her forehead, and reassured her not to worry. He would handle everything.

Violet responded passionately. Tonight, she used countless positions to please Orion, as if trying to make the most of their time together.

But her beauty was fleeting, like a flower in full bloom.

Suddenly, a gentle breeze swept through the tent.

As the wind passed, the stunning Violet dissolved into a flurry of petals, scattering throughout the tent.

The petals were strange, emitting a unique fragrance that spread outward with the breeze.

In Orion's hand, only a single pink seed, about the size of an apple, remained. It was translucent and glimmered faintly.

"Violet!"

Orion called out in shock, but it was too late.

Violet had vanished—so suddenly, so completely.

"Dace, Otho, summon Lady Jasmine and Ivy from the Garland Tribe immediately!"

Orion carefully stored the seed Violet had left behind and, with a steady voice, ordered his guards to fetch the two women.

What had just happened was beyond comprehension.

Moments ago, Violet had been making love to him. Now, she was gone, leaving behind only petals and a seed.

Orion's heart was filled with both shock and unease.

Before long, Lady Jasmine and her attendant, Ivy, were brought into the chieftain's tent.

Orion expression calm but his emotions turbulent. After taking a moment to compose himself, he asked:

"Violet said her blooming season is ending, and she needs to rest for three or ten years. Do you know what this means?"

At the mention of "blooming season," both Lady Jasmine and Ivy's faces turned pale.

Lady Jasmine, in particular, had been puzzled upon entering the tent and not sensing Violet's presence.

"Honored chieftain, the saintess was born from flowers, nurtured by their essence. The cycle of blooming, pollination, and withering is a natural phenomenon."

Lady Jasmine's explanation left Orion both understanding and confused.

"Explain it more clearly."

Orion's tone grew heavier, his voice carrying an undeniable authority.

"Honored chieftain, Saintess Violet is a flower spirit. When she wishes to bear offspring, her blooming season ends. Through the process of blooming and pollination, she produces a seed."

"Honored chieftain, Violet is bearing your child."

The word "child" struck Orion like a bolt of lightning, leaving his mind buzzing.

It was a long time before he snapped out of his daze.

"Tell me everything you know about this blooming season."

Orion's voice was calm, yet tinged with a complex mix of emotions—part joy, part apprehension.

"Honored chieftain, you may not know this, but all members of the Garland Tribe are born from flowers."

"To reproduce, we enter a blooming season, during which we are pollinated and fertilized. Afterward, we wither and return to seed form, where new life is nurtured."

As Violet's guardian elder, Lady Jasmine spoke with a maternal warmth that added to her charm.

"Saintess Violet is unique. She was born from a hundred flowers. When her blooming season ends, the seed she produces will emit a fragrance that attracts beasts and other unknown entities seeking to claim it."

"Honored chieftain, we must prepare in advance. The Black Forest may soon face a beast tide—one that comes from all directions."

Silence.

But in that silence, Orion's aura grew heavier, his presence more commanding.

"And what about this dormancy? What does it mean?"

Orion's voice was colder now, his demeanor more imposing.

"Honored chieftain, the dormancy Violet mentioned is the process of nurturing life within the seed."

"For ordinary members of our tribe, this process takes three to ten years."

"But for Saintess Violet, her dormancy will likely last much longer. How long, I cannot say."

Orion said nothing, his sharp gaze fixed on Lady Jasmine and Ivy, as if trying to discern the truth in their words.

"Alright, you may leave."

"Keep today's events to yourselves. I don't want anyone else to know."

After Lady Jasmine and Ivy left the tent, Orion frowned, muttering to himself.

"Blooming season... offspring... beast tide... dormancy..."

His emotions were complicated. The thought of having a child had never crossed his mind.

And yet, here it was—unexpected and unavoidable.

Still, Violet's successful nurturing of their offspring would take at least ten years. This left Orion feeling both hopeful and strangely empty.

"Perhaps... it's because of this."

Orion lowered his gaze to his chest, where, beneath his armor, the Curse of a Hundred Blossoms had bloomed another flower.

The curse's activation had shortened his remaining time by another year.

"It seems I'm still not strong enough. Violet must have sensed my weakness."

"That's probably why she chose to end her blooming season now."

Orion's thoughts spiraled as he searched for answers, blaming himself for Violet's decision.

In truth, his guess was almost entirely correct.

Violet's true intention was to ensure that, before either of them faced death, they would leave behind a child—a legacy of their love.

She knew that their future held a confrontation with the Flower God, a being of immense power.

Violet lacked confidence in her ability to challenge a god. She had no faith in herself, nor in Orion's current strength.

Perhaps only the mightiest dragon or titan could stand against such a divine force...

Chapter 208 Mutated Salamander

Bottomless Abyss.

The darkness seemed endless, stretching infinitely in every direction.

"Clymene, this Bottomless Abyss is ridiculously deep!"

"Yeah, I've lost track of how many days we've been climbing down!"

"It's pitch black, no sense of day or night, and so eerily silent. It's even more oppressive than when the dark beast tides hit!"

The three giant elders—Vargrum, Mordak, and Zorn—followed behind Clymene, grumbling as they descended deeper into the abyss.

They had been climbing down for what felt like an eternity, with no end in sight.

Even though they had been transformed into Skeletal Knights, their bodies adapted to the deathly energy of the abyss, the oppressive silence still weighed heavily on them. Their complaints were a way to ease the tension.

"When we were alive, we never managed to fully explore this place. Now, in our current state, we're perfectly suited to this environment. So stop whining—you're getting on my nerves!"

The speaker was Grendel, another giant elder and the strongest of the Skeletal Knights.

"Just endure it a little longer. If we want to grow stronger, we have to go through this."

Clymene's voice cut through the complaints, silencing the group.

Squeak, squeak, squeak...

Just as Clymene was about to offer some words of encouragement to her five subordinates, a series of sharp, urgent squeaks came from the spiderlings ahead.

"Stay alert—something's coming!"

Clymene gripped her warhammer tightly and carved out a foothold in the stone wall, bracing herself as she stared intently into the abyss below.

The five giant elders followed her lead, each carving out their own footholds in the rock.

Rumble... rumble...

From the depths of the Bottomless Abyss, two eerie blue flames suddenly appeared, flickering in the darkness as they rapidly approached.

At the same time, a wave of Alpha-level pressure swept through the cavern, pinning the spiderlings in place. They squeaked in fear, unable to move.

"It's an Alpha-level monster!"

Clymene reacted instantly, leaping into the air with her warhammer raised.

As the blue flames drew closer, Clymene finally saw the creature's form—a black-armored salamander.

The two blue flames weren't its eyes but a pair of glowing, fan-shaped appendages used to lure prey.

"Charge!"

With a roar, Clymene swung her warhammer and dove toward the salamander.

The black-armored salamander was climbing upward, greedily devouring the spiderlings clinging to the walls as it ascended.

These spiderlings were a gift from Orion, and Clymene cherished them deeply. She wouldn't allow any creature to harm what Orion had entrusted to her.

Boom!

Her warhammer didn't land on the salamander. Instead, its massive black tail swept her attack aside, sending both the hammer and Clymene flying.

As she tumbled through the air, Clymene got a closer look at the creature.

It was a mutated salamander, its body covered in thick black armor. It had no eyes, only sharp claws and rows of razor-like teeth in its gaping maw.

The glowing blue appendages weren't eyes but lures designed to confuse and attract prey.

Frustrated but uninjured, Clymene planted her feet against the wall and grabbed hold of the rock, preparing to pursue the salamander.

But the creature showed no intention of stopping. It continued climbing upward, quickly disappearing into the darkness above.

"Clymene, are you alright?"

The five giant elders gathered around her, their faces filled with concern.

"I'm fine!"

"My body is far tougher than you think."

Clymene pulled her warhammer from where it had embedded itself in the rock and stretched her limbs. She felt no pain or injuries.

Unbeknownst to her, her transformation into a Shade Valkyrie had significantly enhanced her defense and regenerative abilities.

The five elders, while not as powerful as Clymene, were still formidable as Skeletal Knights.

Once they acquired mounts, their combat effectiveness would increase even further.

"What should we do next, Clymene?"

"Yeah, that thing went up. Should we head back the way we came?"

Clymene shook her head. She glanced upward into the darkness before speaking in a low voice.

"We keep going down. As for that black-armored salamander, we'll leave it to Orion to deal with."

Clymene's decision was well-reasoned. The Stoneheart Horde had plenty of Alpha-level warriors. A single black-armored salamander wouldn't pose much of a threat.

Besides, the entrance to the Bottomless Abyss was constantly patrolled by cave spiders. Clymene trusted that Lorelia and Orion would detect the salamander's presence immediately.

If the salamander were killed, it might even provide an opportunity for the horde to gain another Alpha-level warrior.

This was the reasoning behind her decision.

"Now that we know Alpha-level monsters are here, we need to stay on high alert."

"And make sure the spiderlings are more cautious!"

Blackstone City – Underground Fissure.

Orion frowned, his expression puzzled as he stared at Lorelia.

Lorelia, meanwhile, was acting strangely. She paced around him in circles, occasionally sniffing the air near him with her small nose.

"Master, you smell so good! Lorelia loves it!"

"Master, do you have a gift for Lorelia?"

"Master, what are you hiding on you?"

Lorelia's behavior was unusual. She seemed both restless and intoxicated, unable to control herself.

And it wasn't just Lorelia. The cave spiders in the underground fissure were also acting erratically, squeaking incessantly and creating a cacophony of noise.

Screech!

A sharp cry echoed from above. Orion looked up to see Thunderhawk Rayden circling overhead, its piercing eyes locked onto him.

"Lorelia, can you control yourself in this state?"

Orion's gaze was sharp, his tone cold as he studied Lorelia.

"Master, Lorelia can control herself! But... you smell so good!"

Orion said nothing more. He turned and began walking out of the underground fissure.

"Keep the spiderlings in check. Don't let them run wild or make too much noise."

By now, Orion understood what was happening.

The source of the beasts' agitation in Blackstone City was undoubtedly the pink seed Violet had left behind.

"Dace, bring me Thundar!"

Orion climbed the city walls and ordered his guards to find Thundar.

Thundar's cavalry unit included three thousand icefield snow wolves, and it was likely in complete chaos.

Orion needed to confirm the extent of the beasts' agitation.

If the seed's fragrance was truly this potent, it would be a massive problem—one so severe that Orion didn't dare keep the seed on his person.

The consequences could be catastrophic.

Chapter 209 I want to bear your child too

Inside the Chieftain's Tent.

The senior elders, council elders, and Wardens had all gathered.

Among them, the only new face was Hammerhoof, a member of the Buffalofolk.

After Rockwell's promotion to Alpha-level, he had automatically become a Warden under Orion's direct command. The vacant council elder position had been filled by Hammerhoof, who had impressed everyone during the last council meeting.

Orion scanned the faces of the horde's key leaders. After some deliberation, he decided to share the matter of Saintess Violet with them.

"It all started yesterday..."

Orion recounted everything he could, leaving out only the most private details. He glanced nervously at Lilith, who stood behind him, before continuing.

"Violet's withering... it's because she's bearing my child. What do you all think of this?"

The tent fell into a brief silence.

Moments later, Rendall slammed his hand on the table, his voice booming with excitement.

"Orion, this is great news! You're going to have a child! This means the giants have a future, and the Stoneheart Horde has an heir!"

"As for the beasts that come for the seed, they'll just be more resources for us and food for the cave spiders!"

Rendall glared around the room, as if daring anyone to disagree. His posture made it clear he was ready to fight anyone who objected.

"I agree with Rendall."

Onyx spoke with a calm, pleasant tone, his expression relaxed. He looked at Orion and said:

"Chieftain, you've never had a child before. While none of us have said it out loud, we've all been worried about it."

"For any race, for any faction, having an heir is a critical matter."

"We've always hoped Lilith would be the one to bear your first child. But it seems fate had other plans, and your first heir will come from the Garland Tribe's saintess."

As Onyx finished speaking, his gaze shifted to Lilith.

Lilith stood behind Orion, smiling serenely. Her face and eyes betrayed no hint of displeasure.

Seeing her calm demeanor, Onyx nodded slightly, acknowledging her composure.

"Chieftain, I also think this is a good thing—a blessing for the horde!"

Delilah spoke earnestly, her gaze fixed on Orion. She truly believed this was good news.

However, there was a flicker of bitterness in her eyes—a quiet resentment on behalf of her twin sister, Lilith, and herself.

After all, she had shared Orion's bed many times, yet there had never been any sign of pregnancy.

Even Lilith and Lysinthia, who lived with Orion, had shown no signs of conceiving.

"Chieftain, I am willing to lead the charge. I'll stand on the front lines and defend the horde against any beast tide!"

Thundar's declaration was bold and resolute, setting an example for the others.

"Master, don't worry! No matter how many beasts come, Lorelia will crush them for you!"

The Spider Queen Lorelia mimicked Thundar's enthusiasm, raising her tiny fists and punching the air with determination.

"Chieftain, I agree with Rendall and Onyx. The beast tide will be a blessing in disguise—a feast for the horde!"

Rockwell added his voice to the growing consensus.

Orion nodded, pleased to see the unity among his leaders. This was exactly the outcome he had hoped for.

"Then from this moment on, prepare for battle!"

Orion's expression grew serious, his gaze sharp. A commanding aura radiated from him, his presence exuding the authority of a true leader.

"Delilah, deploy the horde's scouts. I want the area within a six-mile radius of Blackstone City monitored at all times. Report any beast activity immediately."

"As you command."

Delilah accepted the task. At her signal, Dirtclaw, one of the eight council elders, rose and left the tent to begin the preparations.

"Onyx, split the cannon fodder troops into two groups. One will rotate patrols along the city walls, while the other will join the hunting party to sweep the surrounding area for beasts."

"During this time, don't let a single adult beast escape."

Onyx nodded and accepted the order.

"Lorelia, send some of your spiderlings to assist with the patrols around Blackstone City. I want the city under constant surveillance."

"Also, assign another group of spiderlings to join Rendall and Onyx in their hunts."

Lorelia nodded enthusiastically, eager to contribute. She had been bored out of her mind and was thrilled to finally have something to do.

Finally, Orion turned his attention to Thundar.

"Thundar, your cavalry unit is the most mobile force we have. You'll act as a rapid-response team, moving between the city and the surrounding area to support any units that encounter enemies."

"Understood, chieftain. I'll ensure we're the first to arrive on any battlefield!"

"Good."

The council meeting concluded quickly. The leaders left the tent, each heading off to carry out their assigned tasks.

Inside the Chieftain's Tent.

Only Orion and Lilith remained.

"She's really gone?"

"Yes."

Orion pulled Lilith into his arms, answering her softly.

"This is the seed she left behind."

Orion placed the pink seed Violet had become into Lilith's hand.

"Violet ended her blooming season early to bear a child, and she had her reasons."

Orion lifted his leather shirt, revealing the Curse of a Hundred Blossoms etched onto his chest.

"This is the Curse of a Hundred Blossoms. It was placed on me by a god known as the Flower God. No matter how long my natural lifespan is, this curse will activate after one hundred years, and I'll die."

"For now, I haven't found a way to break it."

Orion explained everything to Lilith, leaving nothing out—not even the details of how his relationship with Violet had triggered the curse.

"You really are insatiable."

"Wasn't having me and my sister enough to satisfy you?"

Lilith cupped Orion's face in her hands, her expression filled with love rather than anger.

"Orion, we'll figure this out together. I believe there's a way to break the curse."

Orion lifted Lilith into his arms and kissed her passionately.

Despite everything that had happened with Violet, Lilith didn't blame Orion or lash out.

In that moment, Orion felt the unique blend of loyalty and sensuality that defined a succubus.

"Orion, I want to bear your child too."

Orion smiled, a fire igniting in his eyes. Lilith's words were both an invitation and a challenge.

In an instant, he tore apart her dress and panties...

Nightfall – Southern City Wall.

Two shadows stood a short distance apart, both gazing into the darkness beyond the city.

"What will you do?"

"What do you mean? That's Orion's child. I'll make sure it's born safely."

"But it's not your child."

"If it's Orion's, then it's mine too."

Silence fell between the two succubus sisters.

Lilith and Delilah stood quietly, their thoughts unspoken.

Chapter 210 Strengthen defenses

"Perhaps your choice was the right one."

"The bad habits of the succubus race have no place in the Stoneheart Horde."

Delilah sighed softly, her voice as melodious as ever.

"Of course. I'm Orion's wife, and my vision is far greater than you think!"

"As Orion grows stronger, countless women from different races will inevitably become his partners. Am I supposed to guard against every single one of them?"

Though Lilith spoke with confidence, there was a hint of sadness in her tone.

As Orion's wife, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of bitterness. After all, his first child wasn't hers.

"That child is special. It might take over a decade to be born. You still have a chance."

"I know."

"Do you need the succubus tribe to help you with anything?"

"Help me find a way to conceive. I want to get pregnant as soon as possible."

"..."

Tonight, the Stoneheart Horde was anything but peaceful. There was joy, but also unease.

And by the next morning, the horde was bustling with activity.

The bloodline warriors of Blackstone City were once again busy preparing for potential threats.

However, the beast tide Orion had feared didn't come.

Instead, the first disturbance occurred within Blackstone City's underground fissure.

The Alarm Sounds.

Orion was outside his tent, teaching Rolan how to wield a trident, when the alarm bells from the eastern ridge suddenly rang out.

The disturbance was coming from the underground fissure.

"Rolan, head back for now!"

Leaving those words behind, Orion sprinted toward the source of the commotion.

When he arrived at the underground fissure moments later, the scene before him made his eyebrows rise slightly.

A swarm of cave spiders had surrounded a monster, layering themselves three or four deep, blocking every possible escape route.

The monster thrashed and lunged, but it couldn't find a way out.

"Master, you're here!"

"What's going on?"

Lorelia, holding a crossbow, approached Orion with a smug expression.

"Master, this monster climbed up from the Bottomless Abyss. My children spotted it immediately!"

"I sacrificed a few of them to lure it up here and cut off its retreat."

Orion gripped his trident tightly, his expression growing serious as he observed the monster slaughtering the spiderlings.

It was a black-armored salamander, the same type of creature that Clymene had encountered in the abyss.

"Master, Delilah and Thundar are outside. Should I let them in?"

The spiderlings had relayed the news, and Lorelia had immediately informed Orion.

"Let them in."

"We'll work together to kill this thing as quickly as possible."

At Orion's command, Lorelia waved her hand.

Moments later, two figures darted into the fissure—Delilah and Thundar, who had rushed over after hearing the alarm.

"This thing climbed up from the Bottomless Abyss. Let's take it down together!"

Orion explained briefly before charging forward with his trident.

The Battle Begins.

As Orion charged, a flash of blood-red light erupted in front of him.

His Abyssal Dragon emerged with a low, guttural roar that echoed through the underground fissure.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The moment the Abyssal Dragon appeared, the black-armored salamander locked onto it.

Ignoring the surrounding spiderlings, the salamander let out a furious roar and lunged at the dragon.

The Abyssal Dragon's icy eyes glinted with killing intent as it opened its massive jaws to bite down.

But the black-armored salamander was incredibly agile—more so than the dragon.

With a quick sidestep, it dodged the dragon's attack.

At the same time, the salamander swung its massive tail, aiming for the dragon's exposed underbelly.

Smack!

At the last moment, the Abyssal Dragon countered with its own tail, colliding with the salamander's in a bone-shattering impact.

Crack!

The sound of breaking bones echoed through the fissure, sending chills down everyone's spines.

The salamander's tail had fractured.

Though both creatures were protected by armor, the Abyssal Dragon's additional layer of bone armor had absorbed much of the impact.

"Seizing the opportunity, Orion activated Titan's Rage, greatly enhancing his attributes."

With all his strength, he hurled his trident at the salamander.

Thud!

The trident pierced the salamander's body, causing it to howl in pain.

It turned to face Orion, letting out a furious roar.

But beneath its rage, fear flickered in its glowing eyes.

The salamander's fear was justified.

The Abyssal Dragon, Orion, and Thundar were all charging toward it simultaneously, while Delilah began chanting an ancient spell.

The Abyssal Dragon reached the salamander first, engaging it in a brutal melee.

Orion leapt onto the dragon's back, using it as a platform to launch himself toward the salamander's head.

Thundar, meanwhile, jumped onto the salamander's back, wielding his massive greatsword.

At that moment, Delilah's Nightmare Arts took effect.

The salamander's mind wavered, its movements faltering for just an instant.

Death Descends.

In that brief moment of hesitation, the battle ended.

The black-armored salamander collapsed to the ground, lifeless.

Orion stood atop the salamander's head, pulling his Flame of Will trident from its skull.

Thundar retrieved his greatsword from the creature's neck.

"No crystal core in the head. Check its heart."

Orion searched the salamander's head but found no crystal core. He instructed Thundar to cut open its chest.

The Abyssal Dragon, meanwhile, kept its jaws clamped around the salamander's body.

Orion had ordered it to do so through their mental connection, wary of the creature playing dead.

"Chieftain, I found it!"

Thundar pulled a black Alpha-level crystal core from the salamander's heart.

The presence of a crystal core confirmed that the salamander was a beast, not an undead creature.

This discovery brought Orion a sense of relief.

To be honest, Orion was still worried about Clymene.

Although she had been transformed into a Shade Valkyrie, the Bottomless Abyss was an unknown and dangerous place. No one could predict what she might encounter.

"This one's yours."

Orion patted the Abyssal Dragon's head, signaling that it could devour the salamander.

The dragon, having been injured in the last invasion, had been recovering inside Orion's heart. It hadn't eaten in a long time and was ravenous.

In moments, the salamander's body was reduced to a pile of bones.

Orion glanced at Lorelia, who snapped her fingers.

The surrounding spiderlings swarmed the bones, devouring them in less than ten seconds.

Thundar handed the crystal core to Orion, who stored it away before addressing his companions.

"The unexpected has already happened. Lorelia, strengthen your defenses here."

"As you command, Master!"

Orion nodded and began walking toward the Bottomless Abyss, with Thundar and Delilah following close behind.

"This black-armored salamander had a crystal core, meaning it's a beast."

"I suspect it was drawn here by the scent of the seed."

"And it came from down there."

Orion's gaze lingered on the abyss as he spoke, his thoughts drifting to Clymene and her group.

"Chieftain, are you saying there might be more beasts down there?"

Delilah quickly grasped Orion's implication.

"Without a doubt. Not just beasts from the underground caves, but possibly undead as well."

Orion's tone grew heavier. Including the terrifying spiked worm from before, this was the second Alpha-level beast to emerge from the abyss.

Delilah and Thundar exchanged uneasy glances.

The underground fissure was the cave spiders' nest and one of the horde's most fortified locations.

If even this place wasn't safe, the horde would suffer greatly.

"Don't worry too much."

Orion's confident voice broke through their anxiety, steadying their nerves.

"No matter what comes out of the Bottomless Abyss, as long as we hold this position..."

"Alpha-level monsters? We'll kill them one by one. If two come, we'll kill them both!"

"Besides, the elders' hopes of advancing might depend on this place."

Orion's words carried both temptation and madness.

Delilah and Thundar quickly realized the significance of the Bottomless Abyss.

If Alpha-level beasts continued to emerge, the abyss could become the Stoneheart Horde's greatest resource—a proving ground for their warriors.

Of course, if they failed to hold it, the abyss would become their greatest disaster.