

Titan King 291

Chapter 291 This is a well-trained army

Orion held the scrolls, feeling the magical energy pulsing from within.

Leonidas: "Two group teleportation scrolls each. I'm really splashing out here, guys."

Leonidas: "For the spoils this time, I'll take 40%, Boney McBoneface(Arthas) gets 30%, and Squiddy(Kraken) and Hulk, you each get 15%. Any objections?"

Hulk: "Nope!"

Kraken: "None here!"

They were kidding themselves if they objected. This invasion of the godforsaken land was basically Leonidas and Arthas, the two big bosses, taking the newbies on a power-leveling field trip. Anyone who complained would be a fool.

Leonidas: "One of the scrolls already has the coordinates locked in. In three days, tear it open, and you'll be transported to my designated location."

Leonidas: "As for the other scroll, record the coordinates of your own world. Just in case you want to, you know, come back."

Leonidas: "Now, tell me how many troops you can each bring. I need to make arrangements!"

As soon as Leonidas finished, Arthas chimed in.

Arthas: "I'll bring a million troops, various levels of skeleton warriors. Plus two Legendary-level subordinates and dozens of Alpha-level ones."

Orion gasped. A million troops was one thing, but two Legendary-level subordinates? That was what truly shocked him.

Arch lords and lords are both Legendary-level, but the difference in power is insane!

Orion had gone through so many trials and tribulations to reach Legendary level. And here Arthas was, casually bringing two Legendary-level underlings to invade some random godforsaken land. It seemed utterly preposterous to Orion.

Kraken: "I can bring 200,000 deep-sea units, and five Alpha-level subordinates."

Kraken's contribution wasn't huge, but not insignificant either. He had to leave a substantial force behind to defend his lair.

Leonidas: "200,000 is a bit low, but you're Legendary-level yourself, and there are no enemies above Legendary-level on those islands, so it should be enough."

Leonidas wasn't entirely satisfied with Kraken's troop count, but as long as Kraken completed his assigned tasks, he wouldn't complain.

Hulk: "I can bring 400,000 cave spider cannon fodder, various levels. Ten Alpha-level subordinates and a small cavalry force."

Orion had stated his contribution. There were actually a million baby spiders slumbering in the underground fissure, but he only planned to bring 400,000. Even if they all died, it wouldn't cripple the cave spider population.

Unknown Realm, Deep Sea.

Kraken was surprised when he saw how many troops Orion could bring. He knew Orion had only recently become a Legendary-level lord. This meant Orion's true strength was far greater than he'd let on.

"He wouldn't bring all his forces, would he?"

"Of course not. He's not an idiot!"

"Then..."

"Well, Hulk was introduced by Arthas. He has to be powerful, right?" Kraken reasoned, trying to reassure himself.

Necro Realm, Bone Throne.

Honestly, Arthas wasn't shocked that Orion could bring 400,000 cannon fodder. What surprised him was the ten Alpha-level subordinates. This wasn't a matter of quantity; it was a matter of quality. It implied that Orion's troops were highly trained and powerful.

"Hahaha, Boney McBoneface, do you think Hulk brought everything he owns?"

"Does he trust you that much?" Leonidas messaged Arthas, teasing him.

"Leonidas, do you think Hulk is stupid?"

"Or are you questioning my judgment?"

Leonidas didn't reply to Arthas, instead addressing the public channel again.

Leonidas: "Alright then, we'll descend in three days. Be prepared!"

Blackstone City, Horde Hall.

Orion opened his eyes, his gaze deeper than before. Arthas's troop numbers had given him a glimpse into the potential growth of his own territory.

Those survivors who had arrived earlier and risen to power had already established vast forces. They were his role models, showing him the path forward.

Outside the hall, Delilah looked at her two guards and said calmly, "Guard this place. No one is allowed to enter."

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Delilah nodded, smoothed her dress, and entered the hall, swaying her hips.

"Darling Orion!"

Orion looked up, his eyes flashing with desire as he watched Delilah enter.

This was their code. When Delilah wanted to make love, she called him "darling." And Orion instantly understood.

"Orion, are you taking me with you this time?"

Delilah, ever bold, walked straight to the throne, sat on Orion's lap, and lifted her skirt. She was wearing very sexy, nearly transparent lingerie. Even through the fabric, Orion could see her intimate area.

Orion shook his head, wrapped his arms around Delilah, and held her close, feeling her breath and heartbeat.

"Sorry, I can't take you with me this time. But Lorelia, Rendall, and Rockwell will help you manage the Stoneheart Horde. With them and your Four-Winged Blood Bat, you'll be more than fine." He stroked Delilah's hair, explaining his arrangements.

Delilah reveled in Orion's tenderness, then leaned in and breathed into his ear.

"Love me."

It was both an invitation and a command.

For the next two hours, Orion and Delilah made passionate love, Orion bringing Delilah to orgasm again and again.

Three days later, Moonshadow Valley.

The valley was teeming with cave spiders, over three thousand cavalry units, and half of the Sentinel Corps.

Lilith, Lysinthia, Onyx, Thundar, Earthshaker, and Slagor, the six Alpha-level commanders, stood at the front of the ranks, clad in armor, their expressions solemn.

Onyx and Thundar, mounted on a Dark Armored Beetle and a Dark Fiend respectively, looked particularly imposing.

The cries of hawks echoed in the sky. Orion was bringing Thunderhawk Rayden along for reconnaissance.

"I never thought I'd see cross-realm combat in my lifetime!" Gronthar marveled at the sea of cave spiders filling the valley square, knowing Lord Orion was about to embark on an extraordinary journey.

Since Earthshaker's promotion to Alpha-level, there had been a vacancy among the eight council elders. After much recommendation, Gronthar had finally been given the opportunity to join their ranks.

Several factors had contributed to his promotion. He was Orion's slave, his loyalty unquestionable.

Also, without consuming any Alpha-level resources, Gronthar's strength had already reached a level between hero and Alpha. This was a remarkable achievement, previously only accomplished by Onyx.

"Elder Gronthar, we should be grateful. Orion allowing us to participate in this battle is a form of cultivation. The lord is giving us an opportunity!" Dirtclaw gazed at Orion, clad in leather armor, his expression calm, eyes filled with fervor.

"Elder Gronthar, think about it. The resources and races of another world, ripe for the taking."

"How much can we gain from this? How much glory can we earn?"

"There are still two Alpha-level resources in the horde's stores. Don't you want to accumulate more merit and exchange it for a chance to advance?"

Dirtclaw's words were laced with a persuasive power, stirring Gronthar's heart.

The number of cave spiders brought along this time was substantial. Orion had mobilized more than half of the cannon fodder troop's management personnel, assigning them to command the spiders at different levels and quantities. This would greatly increase the flexibility and combat effectiveness of the 400,000 spiders on the battlefield.

"This is indeed an opportunity, especially for those of us in this position!" Gronthar nodded, agreeing with Dirtclaw's assessment. At their level, the greatest desire was to ascend to Alpha-level, to unlock more possibilities and gain more of Orion's attention.

"Opportunity is what I desire as well! This might be my last chance." Desdemona, an aging succubus, had failed her previous attempt at advancing to Alpha-level. Orion had brought her along to assist the cannon fodder troop's leadership.

Desdemona was old. She felt that if she didn't seize this opportunity, she would die of old age within a few years.

As Desdemona contemplated her future, Orion raised his right hand. Silence fell over Moonshadow Valley.

Then, under everyone's watchful gaze, he took out a gleaming golden scroll and tore it open.

The next moment, an unimaginable surge of magical energy flooded Moonshadow Valley. Even some of the magical plants on the western ridge bloomed and ripened prematurely.

A golden teleportation portal appeared, enveloping everyone Orion had designated.

A minute later, the golden light flashed and vanished. The bloodline warriors and cave spiders on the square disappeared without a trace. The potent magical energy dissipated as if it had never existed.

...

The Godforsaken Land. This is a fallen continent of perpetual night. A polluted world. A paradise for night elves.

Two main races inhabited this land: night elves and their offshoot, the black-blooded goblins. There were also a few humans, but they were tainted by the land's corruption.

In the north of the Perpetual Night Continent, near the northwest sea, there was a sinkhole.

Suddenly, the void elements fluctuated violently, and a temporary teleportation portal materialized.

Moments later, the sinkhole filled with countless cave spiders. Despite their numbers, they were eerily silent, not uttering a single chirp, their multiple eyes quickly scanning their surroundings.

As Orion sensed the environment, monstrous, hulking black wolves with bared fangs poked their heads over the edge of the sinkhole, their eyes like those of Death itself, fixed on the spiders below.

Orion sensed two powerful auras just outside the sinkhole. They made no move to approach, nor did they speak.

Orion frowned, lost in thought, remaining silent.

His silence, however, didn't extend to the others.

Thunderhawk Rayden let out a sharp cry and soared into the sky.

"Form ranks! Prepare to charge!" Thundar roared, his Dark Fiend echoing his cry.

The cavalry reacted swiftly, their formation quickly taking shape, perhaps due to their smaller numbers. Thundar's cavalry, at least on the surface, appeared well-disciplined.

"Form ranks! Defensive formation!" Dirtclaw yelled, instinctively cracking his whip. However, seeing that his subordinates were cave spiders, not Thunderstorm Bearmen, he held back.

Onyx, Earthshaker, Slagor, and Lysinthia gathered around Orion, protecting him from all sides. Lilith remained at his back.

"Is this a show of force? A test? Or a trap?" Orion wondered, his gaze fixed on the location of the two powerful auras.

Rayden's cries had revealed the likely positions of Leonidas and Arthas.

"Ooh! An Alpha-level thunderhawk, not even tamed with a collar. Interesting!" If Orion were closer, he would have recognized the speaker as a lion, no bigger than a dog. This was Leonidas, a blood lion.

Beside Leonidas stood a towering skeletal knight clad in bone armor that shimmered with gold. Two swords, one large, one small, were strapped to his back.

"An Alpha-level flying beast for reconnaissance, rapid response from the combat units, and even the cannon fodder forming a proper battle formation. This is a well-trained army!"

"Let's go. Don't keep our ally waiting." Arthas commented in a raspy voice, then started walking towards the sinkhole.

"Two blended transcendent powers. Our little friend hasn't disappointed us!" Leonidas, despite his small stature, exuded an aura of power. As he moved, every beast in the vicinity, regardless of level, prostrated themselves before their king.

"My friend, don't misunderstand."

Arthas and Leonidas appeared at the edge of the sinkhole, the menacing black wolves retreating at their arrival.

"Wait here. Don't make any sudden moves." Orion instructed his forces, then transformed into a bolt of lightning, appearing before Arthas and Leonidas.

He studied the two powerful figures. This was his first time meeting established arch lord beings.

If the transcendent power within a regular Legendary-level being was a small stream, a spring, then the power within these arch lords was a raging river, a vast lake.

"And you two are...?" Orion asked tentatively, prompting Leonidas to burst into laughter.

"Ohohoho... Hahaha... A scrawny little beast and a rickety skeleton!"

"Hulk, are you disappointed?"

Chapter 292 I smell hidden killer instinct on him

Orion shook his head, smiling. "I may be much larger than you, but I'm sure that doesn't mean much."

Leonidas roared with laughter again. He stepped forward, circled Orion twice, and then said, "You can call me Alexander, but I prefer Leonidas."

Orion nodded, reintroducing himself. "Orion is my current name."

"I think I'll stick with Hulk," Leonidas replied with a grin.

Orion simply nodded. Names were just labels, relics of the past, something to reminisce about, at best.

"Bro, what about you?" Orion turned to Arthas, who was also quite tall, standing at around ten feet.

"Just call me Arthas. I've grown accustomed to it."

Orion nodded, memorizing Arthas's appearance.

Arthas then asked, "Where's your Ghostbone Armor?"

"It was destroyed in my last encounter with a Legendary-level enemy," Orion replied.

Arthas nodded. He hadn't sensed the aura of the Ghostbone Armor on Orion. He'd initially assumed Orion had chosen not to wear it.

"I suppose I'm your guide of sorts. A little something for our first meeting." Arthas handed Orion a bone bead, crystalline and translucent, with a blood-red shimmer within.

Orion accepted the bead without hesitation. The moment it touched his hand, it bonded with him, transforming into a suit of blood-red bone armor that covered his body.

"I forged this from the remains of a Legendary-level bone dragon I killed."

"This Ghostbone Armor is complete, but any further improvements are up to you." Arthas watched Orion intently as he spoke. This was a valuable gift, a sign of goodwill.

Orion clapped Arthas on the shoulder in thanks, then looked around curiously. "Where's Kraken?" He hadn't seen him since arriving.

"Squiddy's a deep-sea creature. His drop-off point is different. He's not here."

"I've already given him his assignment and the location of his battlefield. He has the easiest job of the lot." Leonidas led the way, explaining as they walked.

The sight of the relatively massive Orion and Arthas trailing behind the diminutive Leonidas was somewhat comical, yet strangely elegant.

They entered a temporary tent. Leonidas approached a sand table and gestured towards it. "Take a look. This shows the general geography of the Godforsaken Land."

Orion examined the sand table. It depicted a square continent, riddled with craters and surrounded by floating islands. The most prominent island was to the northwest, as if a corner of the continent had been broken off. That was Kraken's designated area of operation.

Leonidas hopped onto the sand table, crouched at the edge, and pointed to a spot. "Here's where we are now."

The spot he indicated lit up, and a miniature lion roared repeatedly, the sound faint yet incredibly realistic.

"There are three arch lords on this continent. They rule here, here, and here." He pointed to the western, central, and southern regions of the continent. Three red stars appeared on the map, flashing before transforming into human figures: two night elves and a goblin.

"Hulk, arch lords are powerful. You don't need to face them directly. You're responsible for clearing the eastern region."

"Three Legendary-level lords reside there: a night elf, a goblin, and a corrupted human." Leonidas looked up, his tone serious.

"Roar... Hulk, I must warn you. The humans in this world are not like the humans of our old world."

"In fact, any human you encounter from now on will be different from the humans we knew."

"Do you understand?"

Orion nodded, gazing at the eastern region of the sand table, his voice flat. "I understand. I won't show them any mercy."

"Their lives are of no concern to me."

"I have compassion, but it has its limits."

"I am the King of Giants. Any enemy that stands in my way will be destroyed." Orion made his stance clear. He wouldn't let any lingering sympathy or sense of kinship hinder him.

"Roar... Good."

"My friend, remember, this is a new world, a vast and wondrous world!" Leonidas glanced at Arthas, as if to say, "Alright, mate, my part's done. Your turn."

"Answer my summons, my servant...!" Arthas's raspy voice echoed through the tent. A robed skeletal lord entered and stood motionless behind Arthas.

"This is my subordinate, Rumbold, a skeleton general."

"There are three lords in the eastern region. I'm sending him with 200,000 skeleton warriors to help you clear it."

"Any objections?" Arthas looked directly at Orion, his dark, crimson eye sockets radiating an oppressive aura. This was a test of both Orion's courage and his strength. Two against three.

"None," Orion replied calmly. Even in a direct confrontation, two against three wasn't an insurmountable challenge.

"You're in charge of this operation. Rumbold will assist you and follow your orders."

As Arthas finished speaking, Rumbold raised his weapon in a salute to Orion.

Orion responded by thumping his chest, a giant's salute. After the exchange, Rumbold left the tent.

"Hulk, I'll also provide you with a small pack of black wolves. They know the terrain and can serve as your guides."

Orion nodded again, silently accepting the arrangements.

Since entering the tent, Orion had unknowingly been placed in a subordinate position by the two arch lords, Leonidas and Arthas.

With Orion's assignment finalized, Leonidas pointed to the center of the sand table. "Boney McBoneface, there's a massive tree here, suspected to be a World Tree sapling."

"However, according to scout reports, it's withered and dead, devoid of any magical energy."

"I suspect its essence was extracted by some demigod or god."

"That's what led to the decline of this world, turning it into a godforsaken land."

Arthas stared at the center of the sand table, his aura and expression unchanged.

After a moment, he spoke in his raspy voice. "You're suggesting we set up the Source Siphon Array there?"

"Indeed, at this very spot." Leonidas nodded, barked like a small dog, and continued, "The location where the World Tree grew should be the heart of this godforsaken land, the ideal place for the array."

"Once Hulk clears the eastern region, he can join us here!"

"Oh, and Hulk, keep an eye on the public channel. We'll communicate there."

Arthas considered this for a moment, then nodded without objection.

"Then let the invasion begin!"

"Let it begin!"

"Alright!"

Both Arthas and Orion agreed and left the tent.

Rumbold was waiting outside. Arthas gestured towards him and said to Orion, "Your troops will lead the first wave of attacks. After that, Rumbold will charge ahead."

Orion nodded, understanding the implication, though he couldn't be certain.

Moments later, an Alpha-level black wolf approached Orion, bowed low, and spoke in a human voice. "By my master's command, Three-Tails is here to assist you, my lord."

The wolf had three tails, as its name suggested.

Orion couldn't help but marvel. The beasts in Leonidas's territory had embarked on a path of civilization. Unlike other races, they didn't strive to attain human form. Instead, they focused on developing their physical potential.

Leonidas himself was a prime example. He could have transformed into a human, but he chose to remain in his current form, even if it made him resemble a large, yellow dog.

"I'll be relying on you both for this invasion," Orion said politely to Rumbold and Three-Tails. They were representatives of Arthas and Leonidas, not his direct subordinates, so he couldn't simply order them around.

"For my master, I am willing to give my all! My lord instructed me to assist you, and I will do so wholeheartedly." Rumbold raised his weapon in a salute, his demeanor polite and respectful. He was there to help Orion, not hinder him. Of course, he was also there to gather intelligence and assess Orion's strength.

"My lord, I will guide you," Three-Tails added, howling softly.

Orion summoned his abyssal dragon and mounted it. He needed to maintain appearances. Riding a mount was a symbol of status.

Roar!

The abyssal dragon let out a low growl and lumbered towards the sinkhole, carrying Orion on its back.

Outside the tent, Leonidas reappeared beside Arthas. "Boney McBoneface, what do you think of Orion?"

Arthas didn't answer, gazing at the sky. A black sun hung in the sky of the Godforsaken Land, a comforting presence for undead creatures.

"What a waste of a perfectly good world."

"Woof!" Leonidas barked, annoyed by Arthas's non-answer. "Tell me what you think! I trust your judgment!"

Arthas nudged Leonidas, who looked like a large yellow dog, with his foot. "Sensible, pragmatic, knows his place. Lacks ambition, though. Difficult to say what his future holds."

Arthas glanced at the departing abyssal dragon. This was his first time meeting Orion, and he'd gained a deeper understanding of the ally he'd helped cultivate.

"Woof... I disagree. I smell hidden killer instinct on him."

"He may have been quiet in the tent, asking no questions, but he's sharp."

Arthas didn't respond, turning to walk towards his skeletal army. "Let's move out. Let's see what the arch lord in the central region is made of!"

"My blade thirsts for arch lord blood!"

"Woof!"

Leonidas barked and quickened his pace, falling into step beside Arthas.

Within the sinkhole, a large contingent of the Stoneheart Horde's forces waited impatiently for Orion's arrival. The pressure from the numerous Alpha-level and four Legendary-level auras in the surrounding area was almost suffocating.

Roar!

The familiar roar of a dragon echoed from afar. The unmistakable aura of an abyssal dragon.

"It's Orion!"

"Our lord!"

Whispers of excitement rippled through the ranks. Orion's arrival was a morale booster, a reminder that they weren't inferior.

Orion himself had been apprehensive during his journey. His allies were powerful.

Besides the hundreds of Alpha-level individuals, there were four other Legendary-level auras. Leonidas had brought two Legendary-level subordinates of his own. Orion was truly astounded.

The abyssal dragon landed at the edge of the sinkhole. Orion addressed the skeleton general beside him. "General Rumbold, will 400,000 cave spider cannon fodder be enough for the first wave?"

This wasn't false modesty. Orion knew his forces were no match for Leonidas's or Arthas's. Rumbold, as Arthas's confidant, must have received specific instructions.

"Lord Orion, your troops are well-organized and easily commanded. The number is sufficient."

"I will deploy 100,000 skeleton warriors to support your forces."

The first part was flattery. "Well-organized" also meant simple and predictable, easily countered. The second part was the key, the reason for Rumbold's presence.

Chapter 293 Goblin Blightmire

Roar!

Just then, a thunderous dragon's roar suddenly reverberated throughout the area.

The roar continued to escalate, growing louder and more overwhelming with every second. It was so powerful that it seemed to shake everyone's very soul.

In the next instant, a bone dragon with a crystalline skeletal body soared into the sky. Its pair of tattered, fleshy wings spread wide, blotting out the sun.

Behind the bone dragon, a tail covered in razor-sharp barbs swayed through the air, creating a deep, resonant whoosh.

"It's a flying dragon!"

"What a terrifying aura!"

"Oh my god...there really is a dragon..."

"..."

Orion looked up at the flying bone dragon, his pupils contracting to the size of pinpricks.

Not only was it a flying dragon—it was a Legendary level dragon.

Furthermore, it was an undead dragon that wielded ice-based transcendent power as well as the energy of undeath.

And that dragon was merely Arthas's mount.

In other words, counting that bone dragon, Arthas arrived this time with three Legendary level powerhouses.

"That bone dragon has accompanied my Master for ages. It's at the peak of Legendary level!" Rumbold likewise gazed upward. The bone dragon's appearance signaled Arthas's departure. Rumbold's tone, tinged with pride and honor, made others envious of such a dramatic sight.

Roar!

After circling the sky once, the bone dragon gradually flew off into the distance. The poor Thunderhawk Rayden had been so frightened by the dragon's high-pressure aura that he plummeted straight out of the air.

A moment later, Xalathar, the Abyssal dragon beneath Orion, finally let out a low rumble as if to remind Orion of its presence.

"Feeling smothered by that dragon's pressure?"

"Then train well—eat more, grow stronger!"

Orion patted the Abyssal dragon, calming the creature that seemed newly fired up, then turned to Three-Tails.

"Lead the way!"

Three-Tails nodded, took its wolf pack, and turned toward the eastern region.

"That showy bastard...such a damn poser... Wait, let's be accurate: that skeleton's definitely not a man, so he's just a showy bag of bones!"

Outside the temporary tent, Leonidas grumbled under his breath as he watched Arthas fly away.

...

Seven days later, in the eastern region.

"Lord, there's an Alpha-level Goblin territory up ahead. They have a population of two hundred thousand!"

In a dark forest, Three-Tails came to Orion's side and reported the intel on that Goblin outpost.

Black-blooded Goblins are a race in this godforsaken land. Their blood runs black, and they possess a dark, treacherous nature.

Exiled by curses, ravaged by the environment, and tainted through their bloodline, black-blooded Goblins have dark skin to match. Their trademark features are their red eyes and short stature. Only their pair of elf-like ears suggests a possible blood connection to Night Elves.

"Lord, these black-blooded Goblins are unbelievably filthy."

"People call them 'the fallen elves.' They're considered monsters among elves and aren't acknowledged by the Night Elves."

"Black-blooded Goblins are cowardly yet greedy, base and evil, known all across the continent as con artists!"

Orion glanced down at Three-Tails, whose eyes shone with hatred and anger. He wondered why Three-Tails harbored such animosity toward black-blooded Goblins.

"Maybe, while gathering intel for Leonidas, Three-Tails had some interesting encounters with these black-blooded Goblins."

Orion kept his thoughts to himself. Three-Tails's attempt to influence him didn't stir any particular reaction in him.

"A black-blooded Goblin only at Alpha-level?"

"Wipe them out."

Orion turned to the silent Rumbold.

Rumbold gave a slow nod, then swung his weapon. In response, the Skeleton Warriors hidden behind the forest raised their weapons in unison.

Seeing this, Orion spoke to Thundar at his side. "Pass the order: the little spiders get to feast now!"

...

Fallen City. This was the territory of the Alpha-level Goblin named Blightmire.

At this moment, Blightmire was asleep in a crude underground palace. Lying next to him were more than a dozen naked Night Elves and female Goblins.

Suddenly, a Goblin patrol in simple iron armor burst into Blightmire's chamber.

"Chieftain, bad news!"

Blightmire had just had sex with one of the female Goblins and was now extremely exhausted. He'd barely closed his eyes for a dozen seconds before this Goblin guard stormed in, ruining his blissful rest.

"You worthless runt, if you don't have a damn good reason for this intrusion, I'll seize everything you own and throw you into the deepest pit to mine for the rest of your pathetic life."

"Runt" is how other races typically insult and belittle Goblins. Ironically, Goblins also use this term among themselves to mock and ridicule one another.

"Chieftain, it's really bad!"

"We found intruders in the forest outside Fallen City. They triggered all the traps we set!"

Blightmire's eyes flew open. Stepping on a Night Elf's body for leverage, he sprang up.

"What did you say?"

"Did those bitch Night Elves not learn their lesson last time?"

The Goblin guard stared at the completely nude Night Elves sprawled on the bed, swallowing hard and refusing to look away.

"Chieftain, this time the intruders aren't those bitch Night Elves. They're some kind of spiders we've never seen before."

"Spiders?"

"Yes, spiders of a kind we've never encountered. They're huge."

"Huge, so you're telling me they're beasts?"

"Yes!"

"Beasts...beasts...holy shit...I want their meat!"

Muttering about his craving for flesh, black-blooded Goblin Blightmire threw on his armor and climbed out of the underground palace.

Within the forest, all was eerily silent.

"Dusk has arrived. Begin the assault!"

Chitter...rustle...

Sounds of cave spiders crawling echoed through the air, branches and undergrowth snapping beneath their weight. The tense atmosphere pressed heavily with every skittering sound.

Meanwhile, one hundred thousand Skeleton Warriors marched from the forest with synchronized steps, their movement increasingly thunderous.

"Prophet, Thundar, you two take the lead, serve as the vanguard!"

Orion's voice rang out as Onyx and Thundar summoned their mounts and charged ahead.

On the walls of Fallen City.

Goblin Blightmire was dumbstruck. From a distance, an unending horde of cave spiders advanced like a tidal wave—impossible to count as they swarmed in.

Leading that spider onslaught, Blightmire could sense four auras even more powerful than his own.

They belonged to Thundar and Onyx, who were each riding a Dark Fiend and a Dark Armored Beetle. Overwhelmed with terror, Blightmire trembled uncontrollably. He wanted to flee, but his body refused to move.

"Oh my god. Is this the day the Perpetual Night Continent gets wiped off the map?"

War is cruel—blood flooding the streets, walls crumbling, everything consumed by ruin.

Every black-blooded Goblin and Night Elf who dwelled in Fallen City was slaughtered; none survived.

"Orion, now's not the time for the cannon fodder to feast."

As Skeleton General Rumbold followed Orion onto Fallen City's walls, he looked down at the spiders devouring corpses below and spoke up.

Orion merely nodded without asking why. He beckoned to Earthshaker and had him relay the order to halt the feeding.

Moments later, all the small spiders stopped eating.

"Orion, now it's my turn to shine!"

Skeleton General Rumbold raised his weapon, chanting incantations in a mounting crescendo.

Simultaneously, one hundred thousand Skeleton Warriors who hadn't fought earlier raised their weapons, chanting along with Rumbold.

In just a single minute, a ghostly green, spherical magic array shrouded all of Fallen City.

Then came a chilling scene: the slain black-blooded Goblins and Night Elves began rising to their feet once more.

These reanimated black-blooded Goblins and Night Elves looked nearly the same as they had in life, except their eyes were dull and their bodies emanated a dense aura of death.

The bloodline warriors from the Stoneheart Horde, witnessing this bizarre spectacle, stood frozen, gaping in disbelief.

Orion had somewhat expected to see undead risen from corpses, yet the actual sight still made him want to exclaim, "Holy shit."

Rumbold's ability to command the bodies of the dead meant that Orion's spiders could suffer considerably fewer losses, keeping more of them alive.

In fact, neither Leonidas nor Arthas ever intended Orion's forces to be the main ones.

Both had gone through similar experiences themselves and knew Orion, having only recently advanced to Legendary level, lacked a profound foundation.

The two hundred thousand undead skeletons led by Skeleton General Rumbold were the true main force, the gateway to sweeping through the godforsaken land.

Placing Orion in charge of clearing the eastern region was merely a trial run of his command skills.

What truly tested Orion's personal prowess would be the three Legendary level existences inhabiting the east.

"Fallen City...ha, this pathetic excuse for architecture has no magical energy flow or population movement. They actually dare call it a city?"

"Lord Orion, what do you think?"

Skeleton General Rumbold turned his gaze on Orion with a cryptic smirk. His dark eyes gleamed as if he were watching a performance.

"A territory ruled by a mere Alpha-level Goblin is hardly worthy of being called a city."

Orion stared at the undead creatures within Fallen City, pensive.

Rumbold had shown off just now, but he was also probing.

To Rumbold, anyone capable of allying with his Master, Arthas, must have some unique ability.

Orion's response, however, revealed nothing; he merely followed Rumbold's lead.

Yet Orion astutely picked up on that mention of "population flow."

"Does that mean Arthas's territory has outsiders traveling through it?"

"Is that because of Alexander from the Champions Alliance?"

"Or something else?"

For a moment, Orion's thoughts drifted.

"Lord Orion, should we move on immediately or rest here?"

Rumbold's question made Orion frown.

Only then did Orion recall that undead skeletons and newly summoned undead creatures require no rest.

But since forty thousand small spiders had crawled all this way and just participated in the assault, they were undoubtedly exhausted.

"The army's tired. We'll rest for a day."

"All right, if that's your call."

Orion gave a nod. He suddenly realized that compared to Arthas's undead troops, most races' bloodline warriors would struggle to gain any advantage—especially in a protracted battle. Fighting the undead in a war of attrition was basically suicide.

"However, Lord Orion, there's something I need to warn you about."

Orion looked to Rumbold without speaking, signaling him to continue.

"Lord Orion, it's quite possible this place is already part of some ruler's domain. We may well have been detected."

"If we slow down, the upcoming battles might become even tougher."

Rumbold wasn't wrong; that possibility was very real.

Although Rumbold could raise the dead, those ghoulish pawns were purely cannon fodder with poor agility and mobility.

If the next settlements were ready for them, clearing the eastern region would become significantly more difficult.

Orion felt a twinge of annoyance, suspecting Rumbold was intentionally complicating matters, yet he had no proof.

Besides, Rumbold's words made logical sense, leaving no grounds for rebuttal.

"Lord, we captured that Alpha-level Goblin alive—how should we handle him?"

Just then, Thundar arrived on his Dark Fiend and dumped the tiny Goblin Blightmire at Orion's feet.

Blightmire now had both Achilles' tendons severed and couldn't even crawl.

Seeing this Goblin, Orion felt a headache coming on.

He sensed no signs of crystal cores or dark source crystals in Blightmire.

He was still indecisive when Rumbold spoke up to clarify.

"Lord Orion, the godforsaken land is a forsaken world. All races who dwell here are cursed.

They can't produce any more world essence in their bodies. The only thing of value on them is their black blood, tainted by curses.

As an Alpha-level Goblin, his black blood is truly deadly poison—excellent for forging hidden weapons and for alchemy!"

Orion waved a hand in a slicing gesture toward Thundar, indicating Blightmire should be taken away and bled.

"Noble Lord, in my underground palace, I've hidden some big-breasted, big-assed Night Elves. I can round them up and present them to you as sex slaves.

If you like female Goblins, Blightmire can help find those too.

Lord, Goblin Blightmire surrenders—he swears to be your most loyal servant and provide you with all the intel in this region!"

At the mention of intel, Orion told Thundar to hold off.

"Blightmire, spit out any useful information. I might spare your life if I'm in a good mood. And remember—this isn't a negotiation. You don't get to bargain."

Relieved he wasn't about to die immediately, Blightmire clung to this thread of hope like a drowning man to driftwood. He began spilling whatever important details he could recall.

"Respected Lord, southeast of Fallen City's outskirts lies the domain of a Legendary level Goblin named Murktooth.

Murktooth is also a Goblin King. He has five Alpha-level Goblins under him, four hundred and forty thousand troops, and countless slaves!

Please, my Lord, I'm willing to take up arms and fight for you!"

Chapter 294 This world deserves to be annihilated

Blightmire tried spewing some other useless intel, but eventually ran out of things to say. He collapsed in front of Orion and Rumbold, weeping.

"So, you're telling me you're not one of Lord Murktooth's subordinates?"

"Respected Lord, Blightmire is not under Murktooth. Murktooth is a Goblin from the central region."

A Goblin from the central region would be a subordinate of one of the arch lords. Unfortunately for him, that arch lord is too busy with their own problems and definitely isn't going to bother Orion.

So Orion waved at Thundar, signaling him to drag that Goblin away for bloodletting.

"Black-blooded Goblin Blightmire, sorry, but I don't plan to spare your life."

As soon as Orion spoke those words, Blightmire's sobs came to an abrupt halt. Lifting his head with a look of utter disbelief, he stared at Orion.

Orion shrugged, showing he had little choice.

Moments later, Blightmire's shrieks echoed through Fallen City.

"Orion, it's a good thing you didn't keep that Goblin, or your territory would be in deep trouble."

Orion was annoyed by Rumbold's smug hindsight. Rumbold often acted and spoke as though he were testing Orion, which got under Orion's skin.

"Mr. Rumbold, please enlighten me."

Though Orion was frustrated with him, he still held back and asked for more information.

"The races of the godforsaken land are all forsaken and cursed by the gods. If you sign a contract with them, there's a huge chance it'll catch some god's attention.

"In my master's territory, making contracts with these lowly races is prohibited.

"Besides, I can sense a whiff of evil on them."

Hearing "races forsaken and cursed by the gods," Orion immediately thought of himself—and of Lysinthia behind him. Orion, after all, was cursed by a god. Only, the curse wasn't very powerful and didn't seem to have merged with the titan blood running through his veins.

As for Lysinthia, she'd turned into a Gorgon—practically a traitor to her own people—though Orion wasn't sure if that meant she was "abandoned by the gods."

"Mr. Rumbold, thank you for the warning."

Orion was grateful for the new insight. Still, regardless of that gratitude, he found Rumbold's attitude irritating.

"Lord Orion, don't mention it. I'm just following my Master's orders to assist you."

Orion couldn't tell if Rumbold realized how arrogant he sounded, as if he stood on a higher rung and looked down on everyone else.

In the end, Orion only nodded without replying. He knew Rumbold was Arthas's subordinate, and Orion wouldn't create unnecessary friction with his ally's man.

Besides, Orion really did need Rumbold for this cleanup mission—he was a Legendary-level powerhouse, after all.

Deep down, Orion detested how his own lack of strength denied him the respect he craved. Another point that stung was the fact that, under Rumbold's gaze, Orion's subordinates all seemed to lose their luster.

In the central region of the godforsaken land.

This was the territory of arch lord Gollum, the black-blooded Goblin King. The buildings here radiated a distinct aura of evil.

In the city that bore arch lord Gollum's name, countless Goblin warriors stood both in the streets and atop the walls.

Within the Goblin hierarchy, an arch lord is called a Goblin King, and a lord is referred to as a Goblin Prince—the highest tiers of their power structure. Following below them are Goblin Leaders, Goblin Guards, and Goblin Soldiers, lining up with Alpha-level, Heroic-level, and Elite-level, respectively.

Right now, all those Goblin warriors had their gazes fixed skyward.

Above them hovered a bone dragon and a Blood Lion with four wings sprouting from its back.

At that moment, Leonidas—who had been in the form of a scrawny yellow dog—had transformed into a Blood Lion three times bigger than the bone dragon. The sheer power rolling off him was astounding.

His eyes glowed a dark red, radiating a pressure so intense that the Goblin warriors of Gollum City couldn't budge.

"My friends from another realm—what do you want?"

"I believe that any dispute over interests can be solved through negotiation!"

A raspy voice echoed from a castle deep within Gollum City. In the blink of an eye, the black-blooded Goblin King, Gollum, kicked off the ground and flew up, placing himself opposite the bone dragon and the towering Blood Lion.

"Boney McBoneface, that guy sure seems cunning. Why don't you handle him?"

Leonidas let out a ferocious roar to intimidate the enemy, then fell silent.

"Surrender your territory, or bow to us and become our enslaved subjects!"

From the moment Arthas opened his mouth, it was clear this wasn't going to be a fight solved by talking.

"I see you come bearing ill will. I don't understand...why would intruders be drawn to this land the gods abandoned?"

Still, Goblin King Gollum didn't back down just because of Arthas's overbearing words.

"The Lord's Stone...a resource. And it happens to belong to an arch lord."

"Keh-heh-heh..."

Arthas let loose a disturbing laugh and pulled the colossal sword off his back.

Boom...boom...boom!

Purple-black flames ignited along the blade, radiating a chill that could freeze a man's soul.

"This world deserves to be annihilated. Are you ready?"

Arthas wasn't taking no for an answer. Before he'd even finished speaking, he swung his sword.

These purple flames blazed fiercely across the sky, as if they would burn a hole in the very heavens, heralding doomsday.

"Damned invaders! The sun may be setting, but Goblins still have their pride!"

"Let our black blood smolder!"

Goblin King Gollum roared in rage, screaming at the top of his lungs.

On the ground below, strange buildings across Gollum City began to glow. One after another, Goblin warriors burst where they stood, their blood absorbed by these bizarre structures.

In the end, a pitch-black sun the size of a millstone rose above Gollum City. It ascended into the sky, shining bright until it finally exploded.

That black sun's detonation made no sound—there was only a flash of brilliant light.

A moment later, though the blast had faded, the black sun remained high in the sky. A fierce wind swept through, carrying away the dense veil of blood mist.

"Goblins are such a despicable race—cowardly, sneaky, and always switching sides."

Leonidas's voice echoed down from above. He was back to his tiny form, perched atop the bone dragon.

"The display of that black sun was pretty dramatic, but its actual power wasn't that impressive. Something's fishy here."

Arthas glanced in the direction Goblin King Gollum had fled, then turned his gaze toward the structure that had just created the black sun.

"Fishy my ass. That guy just put on a show and then ran while we were busy gawking!"

"Soon he'll join up with the other two arch lords, and then we'll have to deal with all of them."

Leonidas, still in a talkative mood, kept spouting complaints.

But then he caught sight of a few of those peculiar buildings on the ground, and his eyes sparkled.

Chapter 295 Your subordinates sure have some nerve

"Cool...these weird buildings have some real intrigue. Should we snag them for ourselves?"

"So, who's gonna do it, you or me?"

While Leonidas was speaking, Arthas was already guiding his bone dragon to land on the ground.

Arthas tossed out three peculiar creatures in safety helmets. They had mechanical arms and bodies shaped like metal barrels.

The three oddball creatures landed with a thud and rushed straight for those special buildings.

After a series of loud metallic clanging, they pried the structures open and pulled out miniature versions of the buildings inside.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa—Boney McBoneface—if you see something, you share it, right? You know the rules?"

"Quit nagging and get our troops teleported here ASAP. We're gonna turn this central region into our lair in no time."

"Got it!"

As Leonidas spoke, he spat a scroll out of his mouth and tore it apart.

Moments later, Gollum City was enveloped by a teleportation array, and countless undead skeletons and monstrous beasts were beamed onto the scene.

"So where is this World Tree you mentioned? Don't see it anywhere."

Arthas took the special building from one of those strange creatures, frowning a bit. Then he put it away, scanned the area, and asked again.

"That's the World Tree. Even if it's dead, we wouldn't be able to sense it, not with our usual methods!"

"The World Tree lies underground. I only found out through...special means!"

"Woof!"

Leonidas howled, issued a string of orders, then took off with Arthas, heading deep into Gollum City.

...

Meanwhile, on the eastern front, the battle had begun.

Orion was now invading the territory of Goblin Murktooth.

Watching the hundred-thousand-plus undead thralls charging at the very front made Orion's scalp tingle.

Even though he was a lord, a mighty being who wielded transcendent power, the sight of those undead mobs, utterly ignoring pain, destruction, or friendly fire in their onslaught, left him deeply shaken.

And if Orion felt that way, how could Lilith, Lysinthia, Onyx, and the others not be rattled as well?

"My Lord, are we dreaming or what?"

That was Slagor talking. The guy's terrified of dying, and his face was twisted in horror.

"They're just lower-tier rotting corpses, nothing worth freaking out over!"

It was Lilith, not Orion, who answered Slagor.

"In the Abyss, even on its outskirts, you'd see hordes of corpses way nastier than these," she said.

Succubi are, after all, a race born of the Abyss, so this kind of undead horde doesn't scare them.

"Sure, they're numerous, which can make them tricky to control. But that skeleton general is definitely tough."

Thundar, riding on his Dark Fiend, stared at Rumbold with a grim expression.

He used to be the chieftain of the Ironbone Tribe, had trained in the Abyss, and had come across mass swarms of undead corpses before. But those didn't even begin to compare with what he saw now.

"There are tons of formidable beings across these other worlds. We're just not there yet."

Onyx, who was handling the shock more rationally than the rest, felt his determination grow stronger—he was resolved to keep powering up.

"Lord Orion, your subordinates sure have some nerve—quite commendable!"

Thundar and Lilith's conversation had caught Rumbold's attention. He threw Orion a glance and praised Lilith and the others.

Yet in that "praise," Orion still heard an undercurrent of smugness.

Orion didn't respond. His focus stayed on the battlefield. Behind those hundred thousand plus undead thralls skittered a massive wave of cave spiders.

Honestly, Orion was worried those thralls might mistakenly hurt his precious little spiders.

Whether or not they actually could do harm was one thing, but the worry still ate at him.

"Lord Orion, rest assured, your spiders are currently controlled by me and my skeleton warriors. In principle, they won't strike your side by accident!"

Orion whipped around to glare at Rumbold, a hint of lethal intent in his eyes.

"Lord Orion, I believe you've misunderstood."

"We often collaborate with other races—naturally we've learned a few of our allies' concerns!"

The flicker of killing intent in Orion's gaze vanished, but he felt his guard go up.

Rumbold was probably telling the truth, but Orion couldn't be sure there wasn't some hidden ability in play—like mind control.

"Let's hope so."

For the first time, Orion spoke to Rumbold in a tone that was noticeably stark, laced with caution.

Rumbold let out a dry laugh, apparently unfazed. In truth, whenever he laughed, his face was totally blank—only a slight tremor in his body hinted at it, something most people wouldn't catch.

The mood was tense. Both Orion and Rumbold fell silent.

In the distance, more and more Goblins and Night Elves were getting slaughtered, and even the newly raised undead were toppling over.

Corpses lay piled everywhere on the ground. Steeped in black blood, they exuded a dark, ominous vibe.

Yet the invasion was hardly done.

The undead surged like a tidal wave, unstoppable in their assault.

Before long, sizable hillocks of bodies formed, scattered across this nameless city.

"Lord Orion, as for your little spiders—if they want to feast, they'll have to wait a bit longer."

Skeleton General Rumbold raised his weapon, prompting a chant from a hundred thousand skeleton warriors. They began summoning the fallen Goblins.

Orion watched wordlessly.

They didn't have enough thralls yet, and once the thralls got destroyed during an invasion, they couldn't just be re-summoned.

In other words, if they wanted to let these undead snowball into a bigger horde, they needed time and constant slaughter.

Narrowing his eyes, Orion realized after these two invasions that the undead army had two big drawbacks:

First, to field a large horde of undead thralls, you need sacrificial bodies or there's nothing to summon.

Second, once a thrall is crushed, it can't be summoned again.

If you exploit these weaknesses properly and strike swiftly, there's still a shot at beating the undead in battle.

Inside the city, the slaughter of Goblins went on.

Orion never caught the name of the Goblin Leader stationed here—Earthshaker had already dragged him off to bleed him dry.

"Lord Orion, that arch lord must've sensed us by now!"

"So, do you want to deal with him, or should I?"

Rumbold halted his chanting. He'd picked up on a Legendary-level presence closing in on the region.

Orion shot Rumbold a quick glance and responded calmly, "You've spent quite a bit of energy. I'll handle it."

"Besides, that arch lord isn't going to show up for at least half a day."

Rumbold nodded and said nothing more.

The fact that Orion could so precisely state that Goblin King Murktooth wouldn't arrive for another half-day caught Rumbold off guard. That meant Orion's perception range was huge—definitely bigger than Rumbold's.

Chapter 296 Beat me, and I'll tell you

Generally speaking, the greater one's detection range, the stronger their command of transcendent power.

"Orion truly is worthy of being my Master's friend. He's clearly no ordinary figure."

"Still, we'll have to see how his actual combat skills measure up in this fight."

Orion had guessed right: Rumbold, as Arthas's capable subordinate, was sent not only to help but also to keep tabs on Orion.

This wasn't his first time doing something like that; during the Kraken incident, Rumbold had also been dispatched to "assist." He was well-versed in gauging a person's potential.

Rumbold's specialty lay in treading the line between being downright irritating and offering just enough genuine help to evaluate the target's temperament and resolve.

Half a day later, an inky black beam shot over from the southeast.

"He's here!"

Rumbold looked skyward, his expression grim. Though he disdained Goblins, he'd never underestimate any Goblin who'd reached Legendary level. Yet just as he was about to warn Orion, Orion had already transformed into a streak of lightning, launching himself straight at that black beam.

Boom!

High above, Giant King Orion and Goblin King Murktooth clashed once, neither side going all out, and no clear victor emerged.

"Sir, who are you, and why are you invading my territory?"

Deep down, Murktooth was both shocked and frightened. Apart from Orion, he sensed another Legendary-level being as well.

"Beat me, and I'll tell you."

Gripping his trident, Orion was fired up at the chance to battle a Legendary-level foe from another realm. He could sense that the Goblin King wielding two bronze hammers was, like him, only at the lower tier of Legendary level.

Murktooth tried to speak again, but Orion cut him off in a flash.

"Take this seriously!"

Transcendent power surged within Orion. As he raised his trident, he simultaneously set up an Eightfold Spear Barrage around Murktooth. Only now, the Spear Barrage looked very different from before.

Its spider spears glowed blood-red, formed by Orion's blood-based transcendent power. Sparks of lightning arced along their length as well, courtesy of Orion's lightning abilities.

The appearance of these two types of transcendent power clearly showed Orion's distinct strength.

Under normal circumstances, even most Legendary-level powerhouses can control only a single transcendent power. Unless it's a lord who can construct an entire territory, it's rare for anyone to wield two.

On the ground, Skeleton General Rumbold watched, finally understanding why his Master would send him to evaluate Orion.

"No wonder he's a friend of my Master. Orion can handle two different supernatural powers at once—he can probably fight opponents two small tiers above his own!"

"Guess that means this clean-up mission will be a lot smoother."

From that display alone, Rumbold's appraisal of Orion was quietly shifting. Reality is what it is—if you want to garner respect, you'd better show you can pack a punch.

High above, Murktooth trembled at the sight of Orion's ability. Knowing the Eightfold Spear Barrage was infused with two layers of transcendent power, the Goblin King was certain he couldn't match Orion. And with another Legendary presence waiting below, Murktooth's heart pounded even harder.

"WAAAGH!"

Before Murktooth could stew in his panic any longer, Orion took control of the Eightfold Spear Barrage, attempting to rip him to pieces.

"Black Sun Radiance!"

Boom!

Within the Eightfold Spear Barrage, a black dot about the size of a ping-pong ball formed abruptly, unleashing a blinding light that tore right through Orion's spear formation.

The collision of transcendent powers raged on for three whole minutes.

Once everything calmed, Murktooth was nowhere to be seen in the sky.

Raising an eyebrow, Orion reached out with his senses; he discovered that Murktooth had already fled, far beyond his immediate perception.

Orion was hesitating whether or not to chase when Rumbold called out from below, stopping him.

"Lord Orion, let him go. The Lord's Stone may be valuable, but our mission comes first."

Descending to the ground, Orion fixed Rumbold with a stare. Facing Orion's gaze, Rumbold shrugged and gave a wry smile, dropping his aloof demeanor for the first time.

"Lord Orion, to fully unleash the magic formation we're assembling in the central region, we have to purge every living thing from this godforsaken land.

Living creatures, lingering resentment, sentience, mental energy...even souls—any or all of these could stand in our way."

Rumbold's words were cryptic; Orion struggled to grasp them since he had no clue how the Source Siphon Array worked.

Seeing Orion frown, Rumbold knew the questions in his mind weren't answered yet, so he continued:

"Lord Orion, he can't actually get away. Think about it: which part of this godforsaken land could possibly still be intact at this point?"

Without waiting for Orion to reply, Rumbold tapped the ground with his weapon and spoke flatly:

"Obviously, right here where we are."

At that, Orion understood: the central, southern, and western regions were all being invaded by Arch Lords Arthas and Leonidas. So, relatively speaking, the east was the safest. Once Murktooth realized how dire things had gotten, he'd know there was no point running anywhere else.

"Let's press on."

Orion lowered his trident, his power settling back to normal. He seemed unmoved by the cheers from his people behind him.

"Lord Orion, I've rarely met a Legendary-level fighter with as much potential as you."

Rumbold's flattery and sweet talk drew little more than a slight smile from Orion. Deep inside, Orion had doubts. He couldn't identify exactly which element of transcendent power Murktooth had been using.

Pondering that for a moment and coming up empty, Orion turned and asked Rumbold, who trailed behind him:

"General Rumbold, do you know what category that Goblin King's transcendent power falls under?"

"It's Black Sun. Not light-based, not demonic—just your run-of-the-mill evil power."

Orion said nothing, merely continued to watch Rumbold.

"Lord Orion, truth is, I don't know all that much.

But I've followed my Master through plenty of godforsaken lands, seeing all sorts of strange evil powers. I can tell them apart, at least somewhat.

"No matter which brand of evil power it might be, the gods look upon it with disgust. They won't tolerate it.

"Of course, to my knowledge, there are those who've mastered such wicked forces and can stand on equal footing with the gods themselves!"

"..."

Chapter 297 Doesn't matter if they come or not

After listening to Rumbold, Orion glanced up for no apparent reason at the Black Sun hanging at the highest point of the sky.

That unsettling Black Sun never budged, never dipped, making it impossible to tell day from night in this godforsaken land.

"Could it be that all the power here in the godforsaken land actually comes from the Black Sun above?"

It was a ridiculous thought, but the idea was definitely circling in Orion's mind.

A bizarre, low growl suddenly erupted, interrupting Orion's train of thought.

He realized the noise came from some of the undead mobs, which had gorged themselves on enough flesh that they actually began to morph.

"What in the world is that..."

Orion pointed toward the undead cannon fodder troops that were undergoing transformations, genuinely puzzled.

"Eh...they're evolving on their own," Rumbold replied.

"Even though they're simply corpses raised by the summoning array, they still count as a kind of living organism—just at a very low level of life.

"As they evolve, the rotten flesh on them gradually sloughs off, and ultimately they become part of our skeleton clan.

"Orion, I'm sure you've already gotten a feel for our clan's power."

As he spoke, Skeleton General Rumbold was visibly proud. He also cast a glance at the Ghostbone Armor on Orion.

Even in Arthas's territory, not every Legendary-level powerhouse qualified to possess Ghostbone Armor—seeing Orion's armor in action during the fight had only made Rumbold that much more polite and forthcoming.

"Add in those regular Goblins that just converted into zombified bodies, and our total undead army is sitting at half a million," he continued.

"Lord Orion, at our next stop, your little guys can finally have themselves a good meal."

Orion nodded. The cave spiders had been fighting non-stop and were clearly starved by now. Although Orion had brought along some backup supplies, they were hardly enough.

From the get-go, Orion's idea for this cross-realm invasion was to let the cave spiders devour their way forward. In the end, whoever survived would be the best of the bunch in level and combat prowess.

He was also halfway hoping to use this invasion to weed out the weaker cave spiders. Though Lorelia had a million offspring, the vast majority were low-level with too little combat ability. If he didn't need them stationed at the underground fissure, Orion would likely have dragged almost all the spiders—aside from Lorelia—on this trial by fire.

From start to finish, Orion's goal was to upgrade the overall quality of the cave spider army.

"Once we pass through this territory, we'll be close to Goblin King Murktooth's lair. You think we might draw the other two Legendary-level figures over?"

Orion asked while heading down from the city wall.

"Doesn't matter if they come or not," Rumbold said.

"If they show up, we can just wipe them out in one go. If they don't, we'll have to do all the grunt work ourselves—scouring this entire region."

Rumbold's tone was wildly confident—facing a two-versus-three situation still didn't seem to shake his faith in himself and Orion.

In truth, Orion wasn't so sure. After all, ever since ascending to Legendary level, he hadn't gone toe-to-toe in many life-or-death battles against other Legendary-level beings. He had yet to develop a crystal-clear sense of his own limits.

Two against three left him both eager and uneasy.

Not long after, someone torched the city they'd just conquered—nobody knew who set it ablaze once Orion and his group had departed.

Illuminated by the flames behind him, a calm-faced Orion sank into his own thoughts.

Survivor's Platform, four-person public channel:

Leonidas: "Squiddy, Hulk, how's it going on your ends? We've already taken the central region and are building our base camp.

Leonidas: "Once you guys finish, bring your troops over to help out in the center. It's risky, sure, but it'll definitely get your blood pumping."

By joining forces, Leonidas and Arthas had driven away Goblin King Gollum and taken over the central region of this godforsaken land.

Now that they had some downtime while constructing their new lair, Leonidas messaged the public channel to check on the others' progress. After all, he and Arthas were here this time to help the newcomers "level up," not just to drag them to their deaths.

Kraken: "Mr. Leonidas, I've already secured the smaller big island over here, so I'll wrap up soon."

Leonidas: "Be careful. Don't draw too much attention from other lords; we might not get there fast enough to bail you out if they swarm you."

Kraken: "Got it!"

Orion waited until Leonidas and Kraken were basically done talking, then shared his own update.

Hulk: "Bro, I've run into a Goblin Lord's domain. I've beaten him back and I'm pushing into his territory."

Leonidas: "Hahaha... Goblins are all alike. If they can't win, they run—greedy, cowardly, scummy to the core.

Leonidas: "But anyway, be careful: there are three lords living in that eastern region. You two versus three—watch your backs.

Leonidas: "Plus, from what you mentioned, Hulk, you missed your best chance to take them down one by one!"

His words were both a heads-up and a hint, which set off some waves in Orion's mind.

Leonidas was absolutely right: Murktooth's successful escape meant Orion had lost a golden opportunity. Had he been strong or fast enough to kill Murktooth right away, then taking on the other two Legendary-level enemies later would've been a much more manageable scenario.

Letting Murktooth slip away basically gave those three Legendary-level foes time to join forces.

The moment to strike had passed, he hadn't entirely missed the thought of finishing Murktooth—he'd considered chasing him down. Orion's reflexes told him to seize that moment, but Rumbold persuaded him to let it go.

Not that Rumbold was trying to sabotage anything or made a bad call. The rationale Rumbold offered was persuasive, and Orion had accepted it. The only real issue was that Orion hadn't stuck firmly to his own instincts.

Rumbold had also taken note of that hesitation and quietly lowered his estimation of Orion.

For any true powerhouse, being steadfast—right or wrong—is critical. Some people stay so committed to their path that they can even turn a mistake into a victory.

Hulk: "Thanks for the advice. I've missed my shot, so I'll just have to wait for the next."

Leonidas: "Remember, once you're ready to strike, do it like a bolt of lightning—so fast your enemy can't respond. That's how you avoid unnecessary trouble!"

Arthas: "Leonidas, will you shut your yap, you mangy puppy? If you keep running your mouth, we'll have the enemy knocking on our front door in no time!"

Chapter 298 The prettiest slut among the night elves

The conversation on the public channel was abruptly cut off by a single remark from Arthas.

It was clear that fighting had erupted in the central region once again.

In the godforsaken land, within the northwest region, on a certain island.

Kraken slowly opened his eyes and started to mutter under his breath.

"Hulk invaded the eastern region, and there are actually three Legendary-level powerhouses there. Is it one against three, or two against three?"

"Considering how cautious everyone is and the tone Leonidas just used, it's more likely two against three."

Growing ever more certain of his guess—because Kraken almost never got things wrong—he continued:

"In other words, Hulk can at least take on lords above his own level. Only then would he have the right to fight two against three."

"Hulk is new around here. Could it be that one of the purposes of this godforsaken land is to test him?"

It has to be said, every member of the Champions Alliance is quite clever.

"Hulk was recommended to join by Arthas, so of course there'd be a trial."

"That explains everything!"

"Still, that Hulk guy... He just stepped into Legendary level and is already fighting two versus three. That's crazy strong!"

"So, I absolutely have to befriend this Hulk guy!"

This conclusion left Kraken deeply astonished.

"As one of the sea folk, I have more room for development, but my combat environment is restricted."

"I need to figure out a way to break free from my racial limitations. Then my potential would be even greater."

People who are not only clever but also strong-willed excel at picking up on others' experiences and strengths, using them to empower themselves. Kraken is precisely that kind of being.

In the central region, war broke out.

The black-blooded goblin king Gollum, who had previously fled in a panic, returned once more. Joining Gollum this time was a human—an arch lord named John.

"Gollum, I'll help you this time, but don't forget what you promised me!"

"Sir, rest assured. As long as you help me reclaim my territory, I swear I'll assist you in capturing that bitch Mia."

"She's not a bitch, she's a slut—the prettiest slut among the night elves!"

"Uh...right. A slut, the prettiest slut!"

"Heh heh heh..."

Gollum and John exchanged glances and grinned lewdly. When they pictured that sexy night elf Mia being impaled by their cock, their laughter carried an unmistakable whiff of depravity.

In this godforsaken land, there isn't a single pure soul. Justice and compassion were taken away by the gods long ago.

What remains are the cursed, the damned. And at least from the perspective of those living here, that's just the way it is.

"Gollum, I'm laughing now, but if those two arch lords turn out to be a big headache and refuse to back down, don't blame me if I just walk away."

"Mr. John, if we join forces, I doubt there'll be any real risk of dying. All you have to do is help me scare them off so I can reclaim my territory. Then everything will go smoothly."

"..."

Meanwhile, the battle in the central region had become extremely intense.

Beasts thundered across the battlefield, undead howled, skeletons charged, and goblins wailed in despair.

All the blood, the shouting, the attacks—it all came down to one simple choice:

Live or die!

"I smell something foul, and it disgusts me!"

High up in the sky, Leonidas ignored the fierce fighting below. His deep, resonant voice carried across the air—he had caught the scent of Gollum and John.

Especially John: this was a human corrupted by evil energies, reeking of darkness even more strongly.

"If I were reincarnated into a human so polluted, I'd rather kill myself and come back as a skeleton!"

Leonidas kept complaining. Arthas, hovering beside him, remarked coolly,

"Is he even human anymore?"

John was indeed human, but he was uglier than Gollum.

He was enormously fat, a flesh mountain with three faces on his head—one twisted by greed, one by rage, and one dripping with lust.

And that wasn't all: each of John's three mouths protruded with crooked teeth, and his conical tongues slithered out constantly, licking at his own snot and the pus seeping from his body.

"Boney McBoneface, you handle that human. I'm worried I might vomit myself to death."

"Woof!"

Leonidas bellowed midair and charged forward from a distance.

Arthas said nothing, silently drawing the huge sword from his back and commanding his bone dragon to follow.

The battle raged fiercely. Transcendent power boiled like hot steam, blasting the clouds out of the sky, leaving only flickers of black light shining through every now and then.

...

In the eastern region, within the goblin king Murktooth's territory—Murktooth City.

When Orion and Rumbold arrived, they could no longer sense Murktooth's presence.

Inside Murktooth's city, a massive army had assembled, clearly warned in advance.

"Lord Orion, there are hundreds of thousands of goblins here. I bet your little spiders can feast to their hearts' content."

"Let's hope so."

Standing beside Rumbold, Orion watched as Rumbold directed the undead throngs to attack Murktooth City.

In the first wave of assaults, the undead were held at bay outside the city walls of Murktooth City, failing to break through.

Seeing the undead fall wave after wave, Orion turned to Rumbold and said,

"This is too slow, and the losses will pile up."

While speaking, a bloody glow emanated from Orion's chest. Accompanied by a low growl, the abyssal dragon made its appearance.

"Go, Xalathar—kill to your heart's content!"

With a roar, the abyssal dragon kicked off with its hind legs and lunged forward.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As it drew closer, the abyssal dragon fired off three consecutive Abyssal Flame Bombs at the same spot.

Murktooth City's wall collapsed amid crashing rubble and goblin screams, leaving a gaping breach.

With that opening made, Rumbold and his skeleton warriors pushed the undead force into Murktooth City.

Hot on their heels came four hundred thousand cave spiders. Anywhere they passed, not even a scrap of goblin bone was left behind.

Only then did the Stoneheart Horde's main army pour in, led by Thundar's knights, alongside a mixed contingent of Onyx, Earthshaker, Slagor, thunderhawk, and others.

Orion could sense several Alpha-level auras within Murktooth City, erupting the moment the walls fell.

But those were targets for Orion's subordinates; he had no intention of interfering. One of his goals in bringing so many Alpha-level fighters was to temper them.

"Lord Orion, your mount is impressive—it's got huge potential!"

Orion nodded in agreement.

He had two prized mounts: thunderhawk and the abyssal dragon. The former was functional, a true means of travel, while the latter was more of a companion mount—closer and more intimate.

Chapter 299 Celebrate the slaughter and flames

Moreover, the Abyss Dragon holds even greater potential, making it easier to reach Legendary level.

The reason is simple: the Abyss Dragon was hatched by Orion, and for the most part, it resides within Orion's Titan's Heart.

Since Orion is a Legendary-level powerhouse, and his Titan's Heart is brimming with blood that works like a massive boost for the Abyss Dragon.

More importantly, the Abyss Dragon shares a connection with Orion's mind. Through Orion's growth in power, the Abyss Dragon can draw on that experience and learn from it. That's precisely why the Abyss Dragon's potential is so immense and why Orion values it so much.

Murktooth City takes its name from the Goblin King, Murktooth.

Honestly, Murktooth picked up this little trick of naming a city after himself from Gollum, the Goblin King before him.

Although Murktooth warned his subordinates about the incoming enemies, he himself went into hiding.

More accurately, Murktooth went to bring in reinforcements.

At the easternmost edge of the godforsaken land lies the territory of the night elf lord Jarod.

"Murktooth, Caleb, this is night elf territory. You two aren't welcome here!"

Jarod was furious that two foreign lords had barged into his territory. His face darkened with rage.

"Could it be that those filthy goblins have teamed up with those disgusting humans?"

"They want to attack our territory together?"

That was Jarod's first thought, and it worried him a bit. However, in his own territory, he showed no fear.

"Heh... If it weren't for the apocalypse, I'd never show my face in your territory, you wretched night elf!"

This came from Murktooth. Goblins and night elves are natural enemies, and they loathe each other. There's a rumor that goblins and night elves share a common ancestry, but in reality, both races refuse to acknowledge any connection.

Night elves still maintain the attractive features of the elf race—handsome men, gorgeous women, quite the sight to behold. Ironically, that beauty has turned many night elves into captives of both goblins and humans, kept around purely for amusement.

Of course, among goblins, night elves are mostly used for breeding.

There's a running joke on the Perpetual Night Continent: night elf females carry a child for twelve months, but once they're forced to breed with a goblin, the pregnancy period magically shortens to three months.

Goblins capture night elves for breeding, while night elves kill goblins to wash away the shame of their tainted bloodline. Perhaps this is the real reason goblins and night elves hold such deep hatred for each other.

"Damn you, goblin! I'll spill your blood to cleanse the filth you've brought to my territory!"

Jarod was so enraged he immediately drew his bow and loosed an arrow infused with transcendent power.

The bolt blasted forward like a streak of black light, hurtling toward Goblin King Murktooth.

Clang!

A metallic ring echoed as Murktooth swung his bronze hammer and deflected Jarod's bolt.

"Jarod, you wretched creature. Your arrows are as soft as a night elf chick's tits, huh?"

Murktooth taunted while twirling his bronze hammer. Furious, Jarod drew again, this time releasing three arrows at once.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Black flashes zipped across the air, and Murktooth only managed to block two bolts. He remained unscathed, though. The third was parried by Caleb—the other corrupted human lord.

Caleb was a shield warrior; his gigantic shield seemed to have a magnetism that dragged Jarod's bolt right onto its surface.

"Jarod, Murktooth wasn't lying. The end of the Perpetual Night Continent is upon us."

"We have to join forces if we want any chance of surviving this crisis."

"My master, the great Arch Lord John, relayed a message through will projection, telling me that powerful beings from another world are intruding on their territory."

"They've started roaming this region, and I can sense the presence of two Legendary-level powerhouses. They're here."

Despite Caleb's words, Jarod didn't believe him for a second.

"Filthy human, your lies are pathetic!"

Jarod lifted his longbow once more and shot nine bolts at once—this time, he planned to fight for real.

Clang! Clang!

Caleb raised his shield, transcendent power surging around him. Working together with Murktooth, they blocked all nine bolts.

"Caleb's telling the truth. The Perpetual Night Continent is doomed!"

"Jarod, Caleb, Murktooth—join forces and take out those two lords. After that, head for the central region and support us!"

"This comes from me, Arch Lord John, and it's also the will of Night Elf Arch Lord Mia!"

A powerful will projection emerged from Caleb's body, addressing Jarod and laying out the situation. Confronted with John's will projection, Jarod finally lowered his bow.

"Caleb, I'm about to withdraw this fragment of will projection to prepare for the upcoming war. You'll have to handle whatever happens next on your own!"

Hearing this, the three lords—Murktooth, Caleb, and Jarod—each looked grim.

Caleb in particular wore a dark expression. That shred of will projection from Arch Lord John had always been his trump card, and he never expected it to be used up in such a way.

"Jarod, now do you believe us?"

"The three of us have to work together—three against two gives us better odds."

With his trump card gone, Caleb's sinister nature still shone through. His gaze toward both Murktooth and Jarod wasn't exactly friendly.

"So what do we do next?"

Night Elf Jarod ultimately trusted Arch Lord John's message.

"Bring your forces into my territory. Take out the invaders!"

"I've already lured them into my territory with my own people."

Just then, the voice of Goblin King Murktooth echoed—sounding both furious and hysterical. But there was also a heartless tone to it, a complete disregard for his own kind.

In the godforsaken land, though, that sort of behavior is basically par for the course. After all, their power doesn't rely on faith energy but on the mysterious, evil Black Sun.

...

Inside Murktooth City, the battle raged on.

Ever since the Abyss Dragon blasted a gaping hole in the city walls, bloodshed and death had run rampant. Swarms of undead poured into the city, sinking their teeth into any living thing they found, leaving a trail strewn with corpses. Then came the little spiders, which left nothing behind but black blood wherever they scuttled.

"Lord Orion, this city was built by a local lord, so I figure there's gotta be some decent loot around."

"Let's head in and check it out!"

Orion nodded, a hint of expectation showing on his face.

"I'm acting under orders from my master to assist you. All the spoils in the eastern region are yours—we won't touch a thing."

Skeleton General Rumbold gestured for Orion to go first, then offered a statement that made Orion pause just a moment. According to Rumbold, he'd been sent here by Arthas to help Orion clear out the eastern territory—no strings attached.

"Your master is a generous one."

Orion didn't mind throwing in a mild compliment, given the potential haul awaiting him. Of course, Arthas likely had zero interest in what Murktooth City held anyway, since there's no special building here. Special buildings are exceedingly rare.

From what Orion understands, there are only two ways to acquire one:

First, you can get a Lord's Stone and transform it into a territory core, then establish a base—like the Horde Hall in Blackstone City.

Second, you can use secret rituals combined with transcendent power over many years to nurture an existing building until it gradually evolves into a special structure.

In the Thunderwood Forest region, for instance, Lord Ariel painstakingly cultivated the mountaintop eyrie on Thunderpeak Mountain, turning it into a special building that gave the harpy race the ability to fly.

Even though Lord Ariel fell in battle, most of the harpies escaped, thanks to that eyrie. Now that Gareth occupies it, her faction will only grow stronger as time goes by.

While mulling all this over, Orion led Rumbold into Murktooth City. The place was in utter chaos—screams everywhere, black blood splattered across the streets, and a reek of death in the air.

"I honestly can't see how a dump like this would have anything valuable," Orion muttered as he climbed Murktooth City's walls. The city, built by goblins, wasn't even as solid as Blackstone City back when it was first raised.

"Lord Orion, the goblins' civilization is still pretty underdeveloped, but they've got an inherent knack for mining and underground construction. They may be pint-sized, but they're definitely not weak.

"I've traveled to other worlds and seen goblins who coexist with dwarves, humans, elves, and orcs—some even open up shops in those cities."

Rumbold was effortlessly flaunting his knowledge, speaking in that haughty voice of his.

"Lord Orion, I suspect any goblin treasure would be hidden underground. Maybe you should have your subordinates do a thorough search."

He raised his weapon, pointing toward the ground. Orion nodded. He could sense Rumbold's thinly veiled contempt for any loot found in the city.

"Mr. Rumbold, thank you for the suggestion."

Orion had grown used to Rumbold's style by now. Gazing at the bloodbath still unfolding in Murktooth City, Orion took out a pouch of bloodwine from his storage ring and handed it to Rumbold.

"Mr. Rumbold, as we celebrate the slaughter and flames here, have a drink on me."

Rumbold accepted the pouch, popped off the flexible wooden stopper, and inhaled deeply. It was an almost comical sight, a skeleton literally pausing to smell the bouquet.

"Thank you for this gift, Lord Orion!"

"While I can't actually smell the aroma, I can sense the tang of blood inside. There's blood from at least a hundred different beasts in here... I like it!"

With that, Rumbold tipped the pouch back, swallowing several heavy gulps before carefully storing it away.

Orion watched the bonfires in the distance and surveyed his own forces—Onyx, Thundar, Earthshaker, Slagor, and the others—as they fought on.

From when the cross-realm invasion began up to now, Orion had quietly gained two crucial insights.

The first was realizing that, since ascending to Legendary level, whenever citizens of his territory kill enemies, there's a small chance for a Survivor's Chest to drop.

Although the drop rate is low, Orion has gathered quite a few of these chests across the string of invasion battles.

He had glimpsed some clues the year before during the dark beast tides, but back then, he'd assumed that only thunderhawks and a few of his personal slaves had triggered those monster loot drops.

Now, it seems that any citizen killing monsters can spawn these Survivor's Chests—including the little spiders.

Just minutes ago, he witnessed one of the spiders devour a goblin, leaving a Survivor's Chest on the spot, which was automatically collected. That sort of thing never happened before the Horde Hall was established.

"Looks like you have to be Legendary level and able to build your own territory. That's the real key to the world's core power!"

That was Orion's fresh revelation about how territory development and the forces of this world all connect.

As for the second insight, which came to him thanks to Rumbold's offhand remark: black-blooded goblins are a cursed race, their blood profoundly evil. Contracting them would likely attract the attention of certain gods and twisted entities, something Orion is absolutely not interested in.

However, Orion can at least make use of dead goblins and capture a few living ones as sacrifices. The ultimate plan? Do what Rumbold does—turn these dead goblins into undead skeletons.

They'd serve as the lowest-level miners for the Stoneheart Horde, requiring no food, no pay, and never threatening betrayal. A perfect plan!

Orion was already imagining future invasions playing out the same way. The only snag is that it demands a lot of sacrificial material, and it definitely can't be done in broad daylight.

Chapter 300 Death ripple

Cross-realm invasion—cruel and all too real.

In Murktooth City, hundreds of thousands of goblins fell prey to the cave spiders. Bones cracked under relentless gnawing in every corner of the city, accompanied by the shrill squeaks of feasting spiders. The scene was spine-chilling. Even Orion, witnessing it for the first time, found it impossible to erase from his memory.

"They've arrived!"

Orion pulled himself away from the sounds of Murktooth City's carnage and looked southeast, where three Legendary-level auras were closing in.

"Lord Orion, I've been ordered to help sweep this region. Whatever you decide, I'll follow your lead."

Rumbold raised his weapon, letting his energy surge steadily higher.

"Then let's go meet them. And if we can, we kill them right away."

"Understood."

With that, Orion transformed into lightning, shooting toward the trio of Legendary-level foes in the distance. Rumbold stayed put only for a moment, exhaling roughly before opening a pair of bony wings from beneath his ribcage. As transcendent power flowed into the wings, he flapped once and followed right behind Orion.

"It's them!"

"Damn these outsiders—they wiped out all my people!"

"What are they even after? Do they plan on killing us all?"

Murktooth was panicking, furious at the thought that Orion and Rumbold weren't there merely to seize territory but had launched a full-on massacre.

Even if Murktooth managed to reclaim his land afterward, it wouldn't matter—everything was gone. The female goblins and night elves and humans he delighted in, his children he worked so tirelessly to breed, all of them were dead.

Seething with rage, Murktooth tried to stir up Caleb and Jarod's emotions, pushing their hatred for the invading enemies.

"Are they some faction of lords from another realm? These tactics are more brutal than anything we've pulled."

Night Elf Jarod spoke up. The godforsaken land might be riddled with lost morals and faith, but it had never been utterly consumed by annihilation—until now, with the arrival of these invaders.

"Is the apocalypse truly here?"

Truth be told, Jarod might be a lousy piece of work in his own territory, but even he had never considered massacring every race wholesale. Evil confronted with pure destruction can sometimes feel desperation just the same.

"Look out!"

Jarod snapped back to the here and now, instantly drawing his bow.

Zzzzap!

A trident wrapped in crackling lightning ripped through the air. Jarod's arrow glowed black as it shot out, but what happened next horrified Murktooth, Caleb, and Jarod all at once—the arrow shattered upon impact with the trident.

The trident's momentum didn't slow for a second, tearing past the fragments of dark light and barreling straight for Murktooth.

Clang!

Shield Warrior Caleb bolted forward, raising his shield to intercept Orion's trident.

Murktooth, who had been half-ready to defend himself, let out a sigh of relief. Then, his face twisted with rage, and he unleashed a feral roar.

"Kill these damned foreign invaders!"

Still, even as he brandished his bronze hammer and bellowed threats, Murktooth wasn't actually fighting—further evidence that goblins are sneaky, cowardly, and not to be trusted.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Night Elf Jarod fired three arrows in quick succession straight at Orion.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Orion hefted his trident, the Flame of Will, knocking the bolts aside. The force behind them was surprisingly heavy.

"Interesting!"

A manic excitement crossed Orion's face—giants crave the thrill of combat and the smell of blood.

"Powerful strangers from another realm, what is it you want?"

"Maybe we can talk. We can probably meet your demands," said Caleb, the corrupted human, standing behind his colossal shield and eyeing Orion and Rumbold as they drew nearer. He was clearly trying to negotiate, hoping to stop the war altogether—typical human approach when they sense they're outmatched.

"Hahaha... you want a chat? First, survive a fight with me!"

"Rumbold!"

Orion shouted, again transforming into lightning and charging forward. At the same moment, Rumbold—who hung suspended in midair—chose not to advance but instead unleashed his attack.

"Ugh... Om... Ha... Ah..."

He chanted, his voice resonating at a deep, almost inaudible pitch—a sound of death and agony. After that somber hum, Rumbold spoke in a tone of supreme arrogance and cold detachment:

"I sow torment, reap life, and embrace death..."

"Mwahaha... you pitiful, vile, filthy captives—revel in my ripples of death!"

The moment Rumbold's words faded, a soft buzzing stilled the air. A faint green death ripple formed, drawing Orion, Murktooth, Caleb, and Jarod into its grasp.

Pop!

Before Orion's follow-up strike could land, the death ripple struck first, hurling a wave of deathly energy straight at Murktooth, Caleb, and Jarod.

"Black Sun, shine upon us!"

At the critical moment, Caleb violently gripped his shield, unleashing a torrent of transcendent power. Centered on his shield, a pitch-black barrier flickered into being, enveloping the three of them.

Thud!

The collision of the death wave against that black shield caused air currents to erupt around them.

Boom!

Then, Orion hurled his trident, which smashed against the barrier, detonating in a thunderous burst. Moments later, the dark defensive shell finally cracked, and the trio emerged, looking utterly stunned.

Orion's strike was no joke—he'd activated his Titan Form and let loose a full-force blow.

Titan Form is a supernatural skill that massively amplifies all his attributes.

"Jarod, take the offensive. Murktooth, defend Jarod. I'll hold off their attacks!"

"We'll combine our efforts and take down that giant first!"

Caleb's orders were swift and decisive, and though Goblin Murktooth and Night Elf Jarod said nothing, they tacitly agreed to follow his plan.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

A second later, Jarod fired nine arrows in unison, all homing in on Orion.

With Shadowstep active, Orion's massive body moved with surprising agility, sidestepping the bolts.

Meanwhile, outside of the death ripple, Rumbold threw his weight behind a furious bombardment—a series of invisible sonic blasts hammering into Caleb's shield with ring after ring of jarring clangs.

"Go to hell!"

Ducking Jarod's bolts, Orion activated his Eightfold Spear Barrage inside that void of death. In an instant, countless phantom spears appeared, raining heavily on the trio.

While unleashing this assault, Orion pulled out a stash of throwing spears, eager to wipe out his enemies.

But Jarod kept up a relentless volley of bolts, knocking aside most of Orion's spears before they could find their mark.