

Titan King 361

Chapter 361 Victory will be ours

Orion shifted his consciousness onto the Survivor's Platform.

When in trouble, you turn to friends—nothing beats that.

Jorik had the backing of Arch-Lord White Dragon Frostsire, but Orion, for his part, also had powerful allies. And from the looks of things, Orion's allies were way stronger.

Ignoring messages from Aerin and Julius Caesar—he wasn't in the mood to chat or trade right now—Orion instead sent one to Arthas.

"Bro, I've got a favor to ask."

Arthas replied quickly and opened up a trade window with Orion. Without even checking the message, Orion accepted the trade. Arthas transferred four newly cleansed Lord's Stones, and Orion couldn't hide his excitement.

"If you need my help, just let me know. Your items have been purified."

These Lord's Stones had pieces missing, so all their transcendent power got converted into a neutral form. You won't need to form any bond before you can refine it, which is perfect for boosting your power.

"Just remember: if you use these Lord's Stones to promote your underlings, it'll limit their potential and make future enhancements extremely difficult."

Reading Arthas's reply, Orion practically jumped from his throne with excitement. Four brand-new neutral Lord's Stones—all for him. Didn't that mean he could rocket himself toward Upper Legendary level? With his own power raised, he'd have more options in whatever came next.

"Bro, you really are my lucky star!"

He messaged back, brimming with gratitude. Arthas didn't seem particularly moved, though, simply cutting to the chase.

"Tell me what's going on."

That settled Orion's excitement somewhat, and he laid out his request:

"Bro, I want to set up a long-distance teleportation array somewhere on my continent, so we can send troops back and forth. Do you have the method and materials to build one?"

As soon as the message left him, Orion felt a bit tense inside.

"I do have the method, but I'm short on the materials. At our level, the components for building a teleportation array usually go toward cross-realm teleportation arrays.

But if it's just within the same continent, there's no need to waste such rare materials. You should talk to the Deputy Commander. Your request would be child's play for him."

Arthas's words shone a bright light on Orion's path. Orion thanked him, and that was that—no further response came from Arthas.

Switching to the Champions Alliance channel, Orion shot a message to Deputy Commander Edward:

"Deputy Commander, I need your help!"

Truth be told, this was the first time Orion had ever contacted Edward directly, and to ask a favor, no less. It was a bit awkward, but he braced himself.

Three minutes later, Edward finally answered:

"What's up? Let's hear it."

Orion explained his idea and needs.

Edward simply replied, "Hang on," and then went quiet for ages.

Orion waited three hours. It was getting on toward evening before Edward finally got back to him—not by text, but in the form of a trade request.

Orion accepted it and received two platter-like objects, each covered in dense magical runes. He was still examining them when Edward's message arrived:

"These are two teleportation-star discs. When you place them, channel your lightning-element transcendent power to operate them.

They're not big—each array covers 10,000 square-foot area. So you'll want a courtyard or small plaza set aside for them.

They can teleport up to a hundred people at a time, and every use costs transcendent power.

Of course, you can use crystal cores instead, but that would devour a ton of them."

Reading Edward's words, Orion felt simultaneous excitement and anxiety.

"Deputy Commander, what's the price on these two teleportation discs?"

He knew they had to be extremely expensive, real top-tier gear.

"Once you're free, let me know. At some point, help me invade a Godforsaken Land. That'll make us even."

Not hesitating for an instant, Orion agreed. Helping a demigod invade a Godforsaken Land might be tricky, but if Edward said Orion could manage, then Orion trusted he could.

After thanking Edward, Orion tucked the magic-laced star discs away for safekeeping.

Next, he finally had the breathing room to answer Aerin, trading for another batch of Pet Pills and basic Toughness Potions.

After that came Julius Caesar—who'd basically spammed him with messages. The guy apparently loved to chat.

"What's so urgent?" Orion asked. Caesar's reply was quick—no surprise, since he seemed to be online 24/7, waiting for Orion.

"Big Boss, at last! I want to buy gear. I need a hundred sets of standard-issue armor and matching weapons. Lances for long weapons, one-handed swords for shorts.

Do you have anything in stock?"

Even as he spoke, Caesar sent a trade request, placing an arrow tower into the trade window.

"Hang tight, don't go anywhere."

Orion confirmed the trade and withdrew from the Survivor's Platform.

"Ursa, go fetch Delilah for me," he barked.

"Yes, Lord!"

Since his four main guards were off reorganizing the Giant armies, Ursa had been stationed outside as a temporary guardian of the palace.

Moments later, Delilah walked in, her curvy hips swaying temptingly from side to side.

"Darling Orion, you called?"

She didn't stop at the foot of the throne but instead kept going till she was right on Orion's lap. She pressed her rear against his cock, batting her eyes at him with teasing desire.

Orion responded by ripping off her clothes, and soon the palace resonated with the sound of flesh slapping together and the sultry moans of their lovemaking.

Afterward, cradling a naked Delilah in his arms, Orion spoke to her in a gentle tone:

"Bring me three hundred sets of standard armor from our stash and have them placed here in the throne room. I need them. Save the higher-quality gear for our own warriors."

Delilah leaned against Orion, her face still flushed, her breathing faintly uneven.

"Mm..."

That soft sound she made was laced with both a delicate fragility and a languid sort of teasing, enough to tempt anyone. Orion lowered his head and kissed her, and their fresh wave of passion began anew.

Late into the night, Orion finally wrapped up his trade with Caesar, who overflowed with thanks and praise. Though Orion had made him wait a long time, Caesar remained delighted with the outcome.

Meanwhile, in a small frontier town of the human realm...

In the courtyard of a modest residence, about a hundred teenagers—most around seventeen or eighteen years old—were gathered. A boy, also around seventeen or eighteen, stood atop a makeshift stage of three tables, speaking in an impassioned voice:

"Everyone, starting today, this is our place.

We've officially registered the Shadow Wolf Mercenary Corps, and this is our home base.

From now on, we're no longer just some lowly peasants. We're professionals—free mercenaries.

Tomorrow, we begin taking on missions. And for what comes next..."

The speaker was Julius Caesar. At that moment, he seemed brimming with youthful energy and a confident poise. Wearing a suit of armor marked with their mercenary emblem, he looked downright dashing, voice full of righteous fervor.

The hundred or so teenagers around him were dressed in the exact same standard-issue armor, cheering at the top of their lungs—a newly formed band of mercenaries, proud and unified.

"Everyone, listen up: Three months from now, I'll lead a team outside the city into the forest. We'll hunt beasts and see if we can track down the legendary swordsman, Ares.

..."

Back at Stoneheart City's gates...

Three days had passed, and Orion's newly formed giant armies had come together in basic shape. Delilah and the four guards would need more time to thoroughly integrate and reorganize everything.

For this southern expedition, Orion was bringing the remaining cave spiders, plus over five hundred Starveil Giant bloodline warriors led by Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, Veldrok, and Grulbane.

As for the cannon-fodder troops, Orion left them behind with Delilah and Onyx to intimidate the rest of the Starveil Giants and ensure the city remained firmly in Horde hands.

Roaring into view, the Abyssal dragon arrived. Orion climbed onto its back and closed his eyes, saying nothing. The dragon, Xalathar, turned and snarled at the unfamiliar Starveil Giants, forcing their raptors to drop onto their bellies in submission.

"Let's move, Xalathar!"

With another thunderous roar, the Abyssal dragon started forward, leading the way. Behind it, Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, Veldrok, and Grulbane exchanged glances, eyes brimming with surprise.

They'd seen Abyssal dragons before, but never one quite as terrifying as this. Judging by its aura, Xalathar was already nearing the Alpha-level peak—likely not far from breaking into Legendary.

All of it was thanks to Orion. The Abyssal dragon dwelled within his heart, reaping tremendous benefits that Onyx and the others could scarcely imagine.

"An Abyssal dragon on the verge of Alpha-level peak!"

Marnok gasped—one of the five surviving Alpha-level Giants from Starveil.

"Don't sound so shocked. Our new Giant King far surpasses Balor, and it's our privilege to follow him," someone murmured. "You all know exactly why our king called us on this campaign."

That reminder came from Drakthul, the leader among the five Starveil Giants, both in strength and charisma. He understood perfectly well that Orion had brought them along partly to test their loyalty on the battlefield, and partly so Delilah, Onyx, and the others could reorganize Stoneheart City without interference.

"Our new Giant King is more powerful, and that brings us even greater glory," Shaman Grulbane added.
"Maybe after this war, we'll no longer be labeled vassals of the Blood Elves."

Grulbane watched Orion's departing figure with burning eyes. For a long time, the giant race had yearned to break free of Blood Elf domination. Balor tried long and hard to make that happen, and the Starveil Giants had done their best. Now, perhaps following this northern Giant King was their true path to freedom.

"Let's go—for the sake of the Giants, for the sake of our freedom!"

Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, and Veldrok swapped glances, sharing the same smoldering hope. They'd dreamed of throwing off the Blood Elves' yoke for as long as they could remember.

"Victory will be ours!"

"It will!"

"..."

Orion, unaware of the fervor among Drakthul and the others, was currently chatting with a friend of his.

"I'm sorry, my friend. I couldn't capture Elanor for you, so it looks like you'll have to wait to experience the...er, pleasure of bedding her," Ogre Aldous said with a wry grin. "She's alarmingly strong, and bolted off like a frightened bird. I couldn't catch her."

Orion shook his head slightly.

"My friend, if the Blood Elves end up defeated or forced to concede, will you need my help?"

Looking out at the horizon, Orion was sowing the seeds of an alliance in preparation for whatever chaos came next. From the ogres' perspective, Orion was also a potent and dependable ally.

"Of course, Ogre Aldous needs help—needs friends!"

Aldous had picked up on Orion's meaning at once. In the looming conflict, having Orion in his corner would give the ogres extra security. If the Blood Elves fell and their territory was split among the victors, Aldous would need Orion's support more than ever.

"Then it's settled, my friend. Let's get our troops moving alongside each other, covering each other's backs."

Orion gazed into the distance, where waves of insectoids, cave spiders, icefield snow wolves, and scorpions swept across grasslands and forests, leaving a trail of devastation behind them.

"Then it's a deal!"

Aldous popped a Pet Pill into his mouth, relishing it. He belched loudly, blowing a passing dandelion into the breeze. A certain romantic calm hung in the air, punctuated by the marching footfalls of armies a million strong heading south.

Overhead, thunderhawks and wyverns called in ceaseless chorus.

War was merciless indeed.

Chapter 362 Knights' Honor

Blood Elves territory, deep in a forest.

"Commander, what's our status?"

The one speaking is the coal knight Galahad, posing the question to none other than Princess Ava, commander of the Rose Knight Regiment.

Princess Ava's expression was grim; none of the scouts she'd sent ahead had made it back.

"Your Highness, want me to go check things out?"

Arthur, noticing her worried look, volunteered.

Princess Ava turned toward Arthur, shook her head, and said, "Even if we're inside the Blood Elves' territory, it's still dangerous here."

Arthur smiled, a confident grin that eased her concerns at least a little.

"Trust me, a true knight never fears danger."

With that, he whistled, summoning his beast-blood mount, which trotted up right away.

"Your Highness, catch your breath here. I'll be back soon!"

Arthur leaped onto his mount. Before setting off, he shot a glance at coal knight Galahad. Galahad nodded slightly, allowing Arthur to spur his horse and gallop away.

The forest in Blood Elves territory was choked with ancient trees and teemed with all kinds of beasts. But within that thick greenery stretched an endless darkness.

Half a day later, Arthur led a team of fully armed knights into a particular stretch of forest. The moment they stepped among the towering trees, the horses underneath them refused to move, as though some dreadful predator lurked ahead.

Arthur peered into the shadows of the forest, then glanced at the sky, which was nearly blotted out by layers of leaves. The dirt path cutting through the old wood suddenly felt eerie as hell.

"No need to panic. Thick woods are always like this," he called to the soldiers behind him. Forcing his spooked mount forward, he took the lead.

Truth be told, Arthur's words were partly meant to comfort himself.

The forest was silent—no birds, no beasts, no nothing. That total stillness gave Arthur a bad feeling. He glanced around the darkness, noting no sign of any beasts or lurking enemies.

"My first time in Blood Elves territory; maybe I'm just overthinking it."

But as they rode on, a sudden scream erupted from the rear of the group. By the time Arthur spun around, the screaming soldier was gone—vanished without a trace.

Arthur pulled up beside the missing soldier's horse, scowling in frustration. A mile a minute, his thoughts raced:

"That scream just came out of nowhere. The man's neither dead nor alive right now, and there's no trace of a body. There's no enemy in sight, either.

That means one of two things—either the attacker came from below or above."

Arthur glanced back along the muddy track they'd followed. Hoofprints still showed clearly, and the ground looked undisturbed. That left only one possibility: the strike came from overhead.

He lifted his gaze, only to find the same pitch-black canopy overhead. But this time, his suspicions wouldn't let him shrug it off.

Drawing his sword, Arthur summoned every ounce of his fighting spirit. A brilliant slash cut through a cluster of enormous trees, sending trunks crashing down. Sunlight flooded the newly open space.

In the next instant, Arthur's face drained of color. Hanging upside down in the gloom, cloaked in the shadows of the great trunks, was a mass of spiders. Their eyes flashed crimson in the sudden beams of light—chilling and eerie.

The missing soldier had already had his throat ripped open by one of those spiders, who had drained him of every drop of blood.

"Fall back! It's an ambush!"

Although, in reality, it wasn't so much an "ambush" as a chance encounter.

These spiders were Orion's scouting detachment under the command of Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, Veldrok, and Grulbane. They'd just so happened to run into the Rose Knight Regiment that was heading in to support the Blood Elves.

Arthur's horror spiked—his mind filled with worry, not so much for himself as for Princess Ava. If he'd just stumbled into a trap here, that meant the enemy likely already knew about them, had learned everything they needed. There was a strong chance this forest path was nothing more than bait.

Spurring his horse, Arthur led his small unit back the way they came. But horrible screams kept echoing behind them. Before long, his entire detachment vanished into the forest, not even their mounts left alive.

As an Alpha-level fighter, Arthur managed to cut down every spider that blocked his path, hacking his way out of that dark, haunted woodland.

Two hours later, Arthur finally made it to the main camp—only to see it embroiled in a brutal slaughter. cave spiders, giants, and ogres rampaged together through Princess Ava's two-thousand-strong camp of human soldiers.

"Ava...where are you?!"

Arthur's heart clenched; the woman he loved and swore to protect was nowhere in sight.

Boom!

In the thick of the nightmare swarm, a streak of blood-colored light exploded, slicing an ogre in two.

"That sword—Galahad!"

Seeing that flash, Arthur's desperation faded into a spark of hope. He pressed forward, cutting down any cave spiders or ogres in his way.

Moments later, Arthur burst into the space lit by that blood-red sword-glow. There he found coal knight Galahad being double-teamed by an Alpha-level giant and an Alpha-level ogre. Galahad was drenched in blood, with a gaping wound blown through his stomach.

Behind Galahad, Princess Ava was putting up a fight, sword in hand—but Galahad was shielding her so effectively that she wasn't badly hurt. Arthur breathed a long sigh of relief just seeing her alive.

"Honor demands we defend the ones we love, even if it means sacrifice. Let the gods see our glory!"

With a roar, Arthur stormed into the fray.

"Galahad, I'll tie them up—you get Her Highness out of here right now! Head back to the human kingdom. Blood Elves territory is crawling with hostiles!"

Where does a knight's honor come from? From the heart, from faith, and from the duty to protect. Arthur was willing to give his all, fight to the death, all in the name of honor and guardianship.

"Arthur, remember—never use that technique unless absolutely necessary."

Those were his mentor's words from over a decade ago. That special technique had a ninety-percent chance of killing its user.

"Knights' Honor!"

Arthur knocked aside the Giant Drakthul's spiked club, then forced back that Alpha-level ogre in one swift sword strike. Seizing the opening, he raised his blade to the sky with both hands, letting out a furious battle cry.

In that roar's wake, Arthur's entire body blazed with golden light, as if he were a living sun, every inch of him exploding with radiant brilliance.

Chapter 363 Plan for the attack

After the burst of light faded, Arthur now wore a suit of battle armor, looking noticeably more imposing and broad-shouldered.

"The honor of knights must never be defiled. I will defend it!"

With that declaration, Arthur became a golden streak, charging straight at Drakthul. Midway, he slashed out a sword beam that forced back the Alpha-level ogre poised to chase after Galahad.

"Coal knight, go help Arthur!"

Princess Ava turned and gazed at Arthur, transformed into the gleaming knight in gold. This was the most powerful, most valiant protector she had ever known.

"Princess Ava, we have to get out of here, or all Sir(knight) Arthur's efforts will be wasted."

Coal knight Galahad hacked his way through the cave spiders that blocked him, then hauled Princess Ava onto a beast-blood mount.

He held his sword sideways and sliced the horse's flank. The startled mount kicked into a gallop, speeding toward the human kingdom in a desperate attempt to escape.

"Arthur!"

Giant Elder Drakthul's keen ears perked when he heard the word "princess" from Galahad's mouth, and his eyes practically lit up.

During his march here, Drakthul had picked up plenty of rumors, one of which was that the human kingdom was in a fierce war on the central front.

"A human princess... If I take her back, my lord might find her very useful!"

With this thought, Drakthul let out a snarl, hefted his spiked club, and charged off in pursuit.

"Gurulu, this human is all yours!"

The Alpha-level ogre roared his acknowledgment.

Gurulu was Aldous's mightiest kin and among the strongest of the Alpha-level ogres. Even with Arthur's power boosted, he still couldn't flat-out dominate Gurulu in combat.

Hence, Drakthul peeled away, chasing after Princess Ava, while the ogre Gurulu kept Arthur pinned down. The battlefield split in two.

Astride the beast-blood mount, coal knight Galahad could sense Drakthul following.

"Princess Ava, ride for the kingdom—don't look back!"

He spun his horse around and charged at Drakthul.

"Coal knight!"

Princess Ava cried out, but she neither stopped nor turned. She knew perfectly well that Arthur and Galahad were risking their lives so she could survive.

This was a chance encounter between 20K human regulars and a coalition of spiders and ogres—and the result was plain. The humans were annihilated. Cave spiders and ogres lost their share of fighters, too, though nobody knew precisely how many, since their fallen were quickly devoured by more spiders and ogres arriving on the scene.

Splatter!

Arthur battled the ogre for half an hour, but in the end, he couldn't escape his fate. He wasn't killed directly by the Alpha-level ogre; instead, he was swarmed by a mass of cave spiders and ogres and beaten to death. Even in hero-grade armor, he couldn't handle so many foes at once.

An ogre brought down a bone club on his head, smashing it to pieces.

"So...does my story, my legend, end here?"

"My beloved Princess Ava, did you escape in time?"

"Remain steadfast in faith, defend honor... I... I've reached the end!"

That final spark of consciousness vanished into darkness.

Right before death, Arthur never saw any glimpse of divine radiance.

Meanwhile, coal knight Galahad was no match for Giant Elder Drakthul. The raw difference in physicality was insurmountable; a human Alpha-level was typically weaker than a giant Alpha-level.

Still, Galahad got lucky. Fighting as he fled, once he came upon a raging river, he hurled himself in headlong. The current swept him off, leaving his fate uncertain.

Not too far from the battlefield's center, a bitter, chilling wind stirred. Princess Ava let her hair be tossed about, struggling to understand why humanity had been driven to the brink. Not only had the kingdom's Grand Duke and His Majesty gone to the front lines, but even her Rose Knight Regiment was deployed, and now both of her chief knights' fates were unknown.

Thud!

As Princess Ava grappled with these thoughts, her horse suddenly stumbled, sending her flying and knocking her unconscious.

A small squad of Starveil Giants stepped from the trees on either side of the path.

"Looks like Elder Drakthul was right—someone did try to flee this way."

"So, what now? We cook this human woman, or bring her back to Elder Drakthul?"

After some debate, the group of giant bloodline warriors decided not to kill Princess Ava on the spot, sparing her from immediate death. Instead, they tied her up and carried her back to the Northern Coalition's camp.

At that moment, several lords of the Northern Coalition were gathered in a makeshift tent site.

"We're not far from the Blood Elves' City of Blessings now. So everyone, what's our plan for the attack?"

This was the last objective of the western front assault. If they took this city, it would shape the entire conflict's trajectory: the coalition could either remain in the west or pivot to the central zone, pressing into human territory.

"We can't just attempt a forceful siege of the City of Blessings. Our best bet is to lay siege for a short while without attacking."

Orion's calm voice rang across the temporary command post, drawing the attention of the other five lords.

"Lord Orion," Jorik asked, eyes fixed on him, "can you explain what you have in mind?"

Though Master Jorik's bearing was outwardly composed, the closer they got to this last big fight, the more on edge he became.

"Lord Jorik, lords all—don't forget:

We're operating here on the western front. This isn't the central theater, nor where the main battle will be decided.

The one who'll truly decide the outcome of this war isn't us; it's Arch-Lord Frostsire.

If Frostsire defeats the top forces of the humans, Blood Elves, and dwarves, that means we effectively win.

But if Frostsire loses, even if we capture all the Blood Elves' territory, how do you think we'll hold off the humans and dwarves when they counterattack?

"All we need to do next is encircle the City of Blessings, preventing them from sending reinforcements to the other theaters. That alone fulfills Frostsire's directive.

Once word comes that Frostsire has claimed victory, the City of Blessings will collapse easily.

Of course, there's another possibility: the Blood Elves might abandon their advantage behind the city walls and sally out to face us directly. That's their only shot at winning and supporting the other two theaters."

Chapter 364 Savage lovemaking

Orion's plan impressed all the lords, and they were once again in awe of his wisdom. After the meeting, Orion didn't stick around for small talk. He returned to his temporary tent.

Drakthul had been waiting inside for a while, having brought Orion a special "gift."

Princess Ava lay naked on the carpet, bound by ropes. Her breasts might not have been particularly large, but to Orion, once human, Ava's body was undeniably captivating.

Orion didn't refuse Drakthul's offering.

...

Because Ava was human and a virgin, Orion used a special potion to shrink himself somewhat before having sex with her. He tried to be a "gentleman" during the process, being as gentle as he could, and finishing within an hour.

Even so, his large cock gave Princess Ava sensations beyond anything she could have imagined. It was painful at first, but once her body adjusted, the feeling of being filled by his cock was incredible, both strange and wonderful.

"Tell me, what's your name?" Orion's tone was condescending and dominant.

Princess Ava's chin struggled in Orion's grip as she tried to break free. Being raped left her feeling deeply humiliated. Despite being forced, Princess Ava had experienced an intense orgasm, the flush still lingering on her skin.

Ava was the first human woman Orion had slept with since arriving in this world. Having sex with a human woman again was an intensely pleasurable experience for Orion. He found himself intrigued by Ava and treated her with a modicum of gentleness.

"Kill me!" As a princess of the kingdom, having been raped by a giant, Ava was ready to die.

"My subordinates tell me you're a human princess. I'm curious about your identity." Orion pinched Ava's cheek, a smug smile on his face. "Giants don't kill their women." He added, "Of course, if you're looking to die, try to escape. Then I won't have a choice."

Blonde hair, beautiful features, and a sexy figure – that was Orion's first impression of Princess Ava. He pulled her back into his arms.

"Hee hee hee... Since you don't want to talk, let's try another way to get you to open up!" Orion let out a lewd chuckle. He stood up and forced his cock into Ava's mouth.

Princess Ava refusing to reveal any more about herself despite Orion's treatment.

However, her defiance only resulted in rougher handling. He pushed her down and thrust his cock inside her, his movements much more forceful and rapid than before.

Orion's lovemaking was savage. Ava, unable to resist, could only grip the blanket, moans escaping her lips. The sounds were a mixture of pain, humiliation, and a strange sort of pleasure.

(I'm not sure if you all enjoy this kind of scene. If you don't, I'll tone it down later. Please let me know your thoughts and suggestions here, and I'll take them into consideration.)

...

City of Blessings, the capital city of the Blood Elves.

Blood Elf Elanor stood on the city walls, gazing towards the northern sky after completing her patrol of the defenses. Hippogryph Riders flew back and forth, bringing the latest news of the enemy to the Blood Elf kingdom.

"Ms. Elanor, was Faelar in pain when he died?" Blood Elf Prince Rommath asked sorrowfully. Faelar had been a close friend.

Hearing Faelar's name, a look of guilt crossed Elanor's face. She had been unable to reach Faelar in time to save him from being killed by Orion, Balor, and Ironhoof.

"Faelar is a hero of our Blood Elf race. His name is etched in our history. He will forever bask in the glory of our people." Elanor turned to the young prince, her expression solemn. "Prince Rommath, this war concerns the very survival of our people and our territory. Our fate is uncertain. We must fight for our race. Death and sacrifice are inevitable. We must look forward."

Although Prince Rommath looked like an adult, according to Blood Elf tradition, he had not yet undergone his coming-of-age ceremony and was not considered an adult elf.

Elanor took an arrow from her back and handed it to Prince Rommath. "Prince Rommath, live. Let this war be your rite of passage." Elanor had been one of Rommath's archery mentors.

Prince Rommath took the arrow and nodded gravely.

"Ms. Elanor, His Majesty requests your presence at the court meeting." Another Blood Elf approached, relaying the king's summons before Elanor could say anything more.

Half an hour later, inside the palace of the City of Blessings.

Only three Blood Elves were qualified to attend the court meeting: King Anasterian, Grand Elder Lireesa, and Elanor. They were the three most powerful members of the Blood Elf race.

Both Grand Elder Lireesa and Elanor were upper Legendary level, while King Anasterian was a peak Legendary level being.

"My King, there are only six Legendary level individuals among the Northern Coalition. If they dare to continue their southward invasion of our cities, they must have a hidden ace up their sleeve." Grand Elder Lireesa, despite her youthful appearance, was ancient. Only she could address King Anasterian as "My King." Her tone was certain and worried.

"This war is orchestrated by the white dragon Frostsire. He is surely watching the western front. There must be a will projection of his hidden within the Northern Coalition." King Anasterian nodded, his voice echoing with regal authority. He held a deep respect for Frostsire, an arch lord peak level being, a dragon who had lived for at least ten thousand years.

"Rest assured, I have retrieved the ancestor's relic. With our sacred sword in hand, as long as Frostsire himself does not appear, I am confident I can intercept his will projection. Those six northern lords, however, are troublesome!"

Including King Anasterian, the City of Blessings had only five Legendary level defenders. Two of them, Boarion the Boarfolk and Brimli the Gnome, were not even Blood Elves.

If a major battle erupted, King Anasterian would have to confront Frostsire's will projection, leaving only four to face the northern lords.

Fortunately, Grand Elder Lireesa and Elanor were both upper Legendary level, so while outnumbered, the Blood Elves' Legendary level beings were powerful.

"Elder Elanor, has Boarion the Boarfolk recovered from his injuries?" King Anasterian's thoughts turned to the injured Boarion, another Legendary level being whose presence was crucial for the defense of the city.

"Your Majesty, Boarion's severed hand has been reattached. His strength has returned, and he is ready for battle." Elanor had witnessed Boarion's recovery firsthand and spoke with certainty.

"Good." King Anasterian continued, "Elanor, tell us more about this new giant king of the north. Be detailed. From the intelligence you've sent back, I have a feeling we've underestimated him. He's only middle Legendary level, yet he can already contend with upper Legendary level beings."

Elanor fell into thought, recalling her encounters with Orion. In their first encounter, he had nearly killed Boarion. Later, he had defeated Balor in the giant's duel for kingship.

Chapter 365 A tempting offer

"Your Majesty, his name is Orion Stoneheart," Elanor began. "Unlike Balor Starveil from the Starveil Giant Clan, he hails from another giant tribe(clan) up north. He's quite adept with the trident. The ones he hurls can easily withstand my bolts, so he's clearly skilled at both ranged and melee combat.

In their duel for the giant throne, he showed off a large-scale spear technique. At first, it wasn't that powerful, but once those spears turned into tridents, their strength skyrocketed. On top of that, he's got a terrifying bloodline ability..."

Meanwhile, in the Northern Coalition's temporary camp, Orion was attending a war council. He, Jorik, Gareth, Ironhoof, Lokiviria, and Bluehide were once again gathered.

"Everyone, in at most three days, we'll reach the Blood Elves' City of Blessings," Jorik said, voice low and charged with excitement. "Our advance party has already clashed with the Blood Elves' scouts. I can smell the final battle coming."

He paused, then continued in a determined tone, "According to our previous plan, we'll begin by encircling the City of Blessings and force the Blood Elves to come out and fight.

However, my ancestor is getting impatient. That means we also need a well-thought-out strategy for breaching the city. Once my ancestor takes down the elven king, we'll need to move on into the central region."

Nobody responded to Jorik. Even Orion stayed silent.

In truth, the Northern Coalition had lost plenty of troops during their southward campaign. Orion, for instance, had lost more than half of his spider forces. Currently, he was down to less than two hundred thousand.

If it weren't for taking Stoneheart City and the support from two vassal races of the Starveil giants—plus reinforcements of Gnolls and Beastmen—Orion wouldn't have enough soldiers left. His situation was tough, but the others were worse off.

Everyone was willing enough to invade Blood Elf territory, because whoever won the final battle would get a slice of that fertile land. But launching a direct assault on the City of Blessings and then pushing ahead to the central region afterward? That sounded like being used for free by White Dragon Frostsire.

White Dragon Frostsire was only their nominal leader. He'd stationed a will projection in the western theater, but he hadn't contributed actual troops.

Everything they'd conquered so far was taken by these six lords pouring in countless cannon fodder and bloodline warriors.

For Jorik to announce Frostsire's impending demands now only drove a deeper wedge within the Coalition. Orion and the others had no desire to be forced further south, especially when it wouldn't benefit them.

Jorik, seated at the head of the table, scanned the room in grim silence. Truth be told, he didn't want to push into the central region either. Among the six, he was actually the weakest; he'd also suffered the most losses. Without Orion and the others to back him up, Jorik wouldn't stand a chance. Yet if the ancestor commanded it, he couldn't refuse. The atmosphere in the tent was stifling.

Orion kept his head down. The final battle hadn't even started, and Jorik was already speaking like this. That move alone was enough to fracture their alliance. The Northern Coalition could very well collapse over this disagreement.

Suddenly, Aldous spoke up in a stern tone, breaking the silence. "Lord Jorik, win or lose, Ogres won't continue toward the central region after we take the City of Blessings."

He shot a hard look around the table. "We're not suited for any long march. My people have traveled all the way south, and we're already exhausted. Once this final confrontation is over, we need time to rest and recover. Our birthrate is low, meaning we can't afford more attrition."

With Aldous's statement, Lokiviria, Gareth, and Ironhoof soon added their refusal to press on to the central region.

Jorik's words could be taken only as a suggestion, not an order.

At that point, a surge of Legendary-level energy flared from Jorik, enveloping the five others inside the tent.

A deep, echoing voice—White Dragon Frostsire's—reverberated throughout the space, carrying the crushing aura of an Arch Lord.

"With me here, the Blood Elves will surely fall! And I can promise that if you're all willing to push into the central region after we defeat the Blood Elves, you won't just get a share of their lands. You'll also be included in the partition of some human territories. Humans have even richer lands, brimming with beasts and resources—more than any Blood Elf realm could offer."

It was a tempting offer, a neat little carrot Frostsire dangled in front of them. Still, none of the lords looked particularly swayed.

Orion, Gareth, Ironhoof, Bluehide, and Lokiviria all knew they lacked the populations and strength to properly manage or defend any bigger slice of territory, especially if they risked overextending themselves far from their homelands. Even if they seized more land, neighboring factions would eventually chip away at it.

Nobody took the bait. The payoff simply wasn't sweet enough.

"I can also promise," White Dragon Frostsire continued, "that when this war is over, each of you will receive a Lord's Stone."

Now that sparked immediate reactions. The sharp, collective intake of breath in the tent said it all. Each lord in the Northern Coalition coveted that precious treasure.

When Faelar of the Blood Elves was killed, a Lord's Stone had dropped, and likewise with the fall of Balor. Orion had claimed both, and although the other five lords said nothing at the time, he knew full well they envied him. Their eyes practically shone with greed, and it was only the looming final battle—and Orion's power—that kept them from ganging up on him.

Ever since Orion took over Stoneheart City, the looks he got from Lokiviria, Jorik, Gareth, and Ironhoof grew sharper.

If they weren't so wary of fighting him while they still needed every ounce of strength to face the Blood Elves, they might've tried to swipe Orion's Lord's Stones already.

After all, a Lord's Stone was one of the most valuable items on the continent. Everyone wanted one.

Chapter 366 This is the battle that decides everything

Three days later, the scene was breathtaking on a massive scale. War drums boomed, and countless beasts roared in unison.

The Northern Coalition launched a large-scale offensive. Banners snapped in the wind, soldiers marched in dense formations, darkening the sky as they advanced on the Blood Elves' City of Blessings. High above the battlefield, Orion, Jorik, Gareth, Ironhoof, Lokiviria, and Bluehide hovered in the air, gazing at the city walls.

City of Blessings had only two gates, to the north and south, because it rose against a colossal canyon. Cliffs flanked both sides, making it an extremely tough fortress to breach. At the highest point of those cliffs stood an imposing ancient tree of unknown origin.

"Are we really starting the siege right now?"

Orion stared at the grand City of Blessings, not entirely confident in the Coalition's plan for a direct assault. White Dragon Frostsire's temptation had been huge, and Gareth, Ironhoof, Lokiviria, and Bluehide had agreed to his request. So the Coalition had come together again, pushing aside any internal splits for the moment. But as soon as Orion sensed the presence of multiple Legendary-level Blood Elves, he felt his spirits sink.

Sure enough, two signatures as powerful as Elanor's now appeared on the city walls: that must be the Elven King and their Grand Elder(Arch Elder). Jorik said nothing; he felt those two unfamiliar auras too, and it weighed heavily on him.

"We're already at their doorstep—if we don't storm the gates, what else can we do?"

Aldous let out a gruff sigh. They were standing right in front of this enormous fortress, and they couldn't possibly rely on trickery to capture a place so well-defended.

"With the troops we have, splitting our forces is a bad call," Orion commented cautiously. "If we split up, there's a good chance we'll draw the Blood Elves out and get our positions cut apart. That's a big no-go in a siege."

His suggestion was a bit reserved, but Jorik and the others seemed to agree. They all knew the stakes were too high to try anything fancy.

"All right, let's get ready," Jorik said. "Let's begin!"

Roar!

With Jorik's furious bellow, a draconic roar trembled through the air, and the battle commenced. Jorik and Gareth both assumed their dragon forms: one white, one black. Vast spheres of magic energy swirled in front of them and hurtled straight for the City of Blessings. They wanted to seize the momentum before their cannon fodder troops even reached the walls.

Boom! Boom!

High above the city, a pale blue barrier shimmered into existence, blocking the enormous blasts.

"It's a magical ward!" Jorik ground his teeth. "We have to hit it together and break that barrier, otherwise there's no way we break into the city."

Before he could finish, Frostsire's will projection suddenly manifested from within Jorik's body, rearing up overhead like a colossal white dragon.

"I'll tear this barrier down!"

Roar!

A deep, resonant dragon cry rippled through the skies, and snow and ice began pouring down from above. In an instant, giant shards of ice formed in the air, plummeting toward the City of Blessings.

Thud, thud, thud!

Icy spears slammed into the magical ward for a solid fifteen minutes. Then came a resounding crash as the barrier splintered. With a roar, the Northern Coalition charged.

"The moment of the final showdown is here!"

"Grand Elder! Elanor! The rest of them are yours!"

As the ward shattered, Elven King Anasterian drew his sacred sword, soared into the air, and flew directly at White Dragon Frostsire. While launching himself forward, chaotic magical energy swirled around him. A golden barrier appeared, enveloping both him and Frostsire's will projection.

That golden barrier was a containment measure. The king couldn't risk letting the white dragon run amok above the city—it would reduce the City of Blessings to rubble in no time. By separating Frostsire, Anasterian weakened the Northern Coalition's overall strength.

Of course, doing so was incredibly risky. He was intentionally cutting himself off from support. And if he lost, that golden barrier had a second function: it could trap Frostsire for a short time, buying the Blood Elves a window to retreat.

Simultaneously, Grand Elder Lireesa, Elanor, Boarfolk Boarion, and Gnome Brimli burst out of the City of Blessings, charging toward the six Northern Coalition lords.

"This is the battle that decides everything!"

Jorik's glacial dragon voice rumbled, and Orion and the others let out fierce war cries of their own, joining the fray. In the blink of an eye, the Legendary-level fighters were locked into a massive aerial brawl.

"Help me!"

That desperate shout came from Boarfolk Boarion. The Northern Coalition's plan was to pick off the Blood Elves' weakest link right at the start; they'd decided that would be him—still considered injured even if his severed limb had been reattached. Whether or not he'd fully recovered, they'd marked him for a swift takedown.

Crackling with transcendent power, Orion's trident, scorching fire arrows, roaring ballistic rounds, and slicing wind blades all hammered in at once. Boarfolk Boarion stood at the brink of disaster.

Meanwhile, in his draconic form, Jorik faced a coordinated assault from Grand Elder Lireesa, Elanor, and Gnome Brimli. Thick vines bristling with thorns spiraled out from Lireesa's hands, coiling around the Glacial Dragon. Elanor took aim with her bow and released nine arrows in quick succession, each bound for Jorik. And standing inside an enormous mechanical construct, Brimli swung a warhammer with all his might straight at the dragon.

Aaaaargh...

Rooooaar...

In the span of a heartbeat, the Glacial Dragon Jorik and Boarfolk Boarion slammed to the ground like twin meteors, their fates uncertain. Both sides looked on in shock.

Orion, Lokiviria, Gareth, Ironhoof, and Bluehide instinctively grouped together, wary of sharing Jorik's fate.

Across from them, Grand Elder Lireesa, Elanor, and Gnome Brimli did much the same, visibly shaken by the sudden fall of Jorik and Boarion.

Just like that, after a lightning-fast exchange, the fight briefly ground to a halt. Both sides hovered in midair, facing off in tense silence, neither side uttering a word.

Chapter 367 Gnome King's wrath

The battle on the ground had already turned into a blazing inferno.

On the ridge near the City of Blessings, that towering ancient tree suddenly began to shake violently. In the next moment, countless roots as thick as giant pythons burst from underground, yanking, twisting, and trapping the armies closing in on the city walls.

Farther back, endless waves of cave spiders, scorpions, icefield snow wolves, insectoids, centaurs, and ogres pressed forward.

The assault troops weren't about to stop their charge or retreat just because others had fallen. In particular, the centaurs and ogres worked in small squads, hauling rams, catapults, and battering contraptions step by step toward the City of Blessings.

Of course, the Blood Elves had more than those writhing tree roots on their side—arrows, bolts, and massive boulders rained down from the city's defenses. In a flash, the City of Blessings became a hellish battlefield.

Meanwhile, up in the air, after that brief pause in the furious melee, things exploded once again.

"Charge!"

With Orion's thunderous roar, the Northern Coalition turned their combined fire toward Gnome Brimli, the weakest of the Blood Elves' leaders and the easiest to pick off.

Meanwhile, Grand Elder Lireesa and Blood Elf Elanor focused their attacks on the unfortunate Gareth. However, both sides were a lot more cautious this time, and the targets managed to avoid most of the incoming strikes. Even so, Brimli and Gareth ended up taking heavy damage.

"Ironhoof, cover me!"

With a barked command, Orion transformed into lightning and lunged at Blood Elf Elanor, who was drawing her bow. Lokiviria and Bluehide, as if moving with one mind, flanked Grand Elder Lireesa. As for Ironhoof, the moment Orion shouted, he and the wounded Gareth surrounded Gnome Brimli.

"WAAAGH! I hereby declare the Giant Race is no longer a vassal of the Blood Elves! Starting with me, Orion Stoneheart!"

As the battle split apart into separate skirmishes, Orion dropped his mask completely. He unleashed the strength of an upper Legendary-level combatant, sending a crushing aura rolling toward Elanor.

The four attribute-less Lord's Stones he'd gotten from trading with Arthas had all been absorbed, pushing Orion straight to upper Legendary level. Going all-out, he was even capable of fighting those on the cusp of Legendary peak.

Orion's wild laughter filled the air as he cast Eightfold Spear Barrage, locking Blood Elf Elanor in its path.

"That giant's already at upper Legendary power?!"

"No way!"

Elanor's shock was written all over her face. Orion's upgraded strength could completely shake up the battle.

Lokiviria, Bluehide, Gareth, and Ironhoof were just as stunned—yet deep down, they felt a rush of excitement. Riding that surge of adrenaline, they all hammered Lireesa and Brimli even harder.

Inside the Eightfold Spear Barrage, Elanor's figure flickered, and suddenly she flashed right in front of Orion, sword stabbing for his chest. Orion just snorted, twisting the trident in his hands to knock her back with ease.

At the same time, the raging energy of the Eightfold Spear Barrage closed in on them both again, and Elanor, now out in the open, had to shield herself from a rain of spider spears falling from every angle.

Not far off, Gareth and Ironhoof were nearing victory in their own two-on-one assault. Brimli the Gnome was badly wounded, and it looked like he was a goner.

"I'm ready!" Brimli croaked. "For my people! No matter what happens, I'm King of the Gnomes. Take your lumps from the Gnome King's wrath!"

Brimli's tall form shrank drastically, collapsing into a blood-smeared orb not much bigger than a soccer ball. Transcendent power surged inside that sphere, along with mysterious runes flickering into view.

Boom!

A cataclysmic explosion erupted in midair, so great that the blast waves raked across everything around—even Orion and Elanor inside the Eightfold Spear Barrage felt it. As for Gareth and Ironhoof, caught at ground zero, they took the brunt of the devastation.

Brimli used a self-destructive method to perish together with Gareth, while Ironhoof was severely injured and fell heavily to the ground.

When the shockwave finally subsided, two Lord's Stones shimmering with starry light hung in the sky, instantly riveting everyone's attention.

Crackle!

In a flash of lightning, Orion appeared beside one of the Stones, snatching it into his storage ring. Then, turning to grab the other, he saw Lokiviria and Bluehide slammed aside by a swiftly appearing vine. Grand Elder Lireesa seized that second Lord's Stone before Orion could react.

He frowned but held his attack, shifting his gaze groundward to look for Jorik and Boarion, who had fallen from the sky earlier. But no matter how carefully he hunted for their bodies, he saw no sign of them.

Orion glanced up, suspicious that the Blood Elves might have whisked them away. Yet Lireesa and Elanor were both staring back at Orion with the same puzzled expression. It seemed neither side knew where the two had disappeared to.

"Could they have been devoured by ogres or spiders?" he wondered. "No, that's a stretch. Maybe some ambitious alpha-level creature snatched 'em?"

A dozen possible scenarios flitted through Orion's mind as he kept an eye on both the battlefield below and the remaining Blood Elf leaders in front of him.

All of a sudden, Ironhoof burst up from below, not saying a word before fleeing north at top speed. Badly injured in the explosion, he was done gambling with his life; faced with death, he chose to get the hell out of there.

That left Orion, Lokiviria, and Bluehide eyeing each other. Aldous quickly came flying in close to Orion's side. Lokiviria briefly glanced at Orion, hesitated, then ended up drifting over, though he kept a bit more distance than Aldous did.

Now it was three against two, and the battle had slipped into another tense balance. Among these Legendary fighters, only Orion and Lireesa had gained anything—that single Lord's Stone each. Suspicion crackled between the two sides, both unwilling to make a reckless move.

They hovered in the sky, glowering at one another, while below them a brutal siege raged on, and above them Elven King Anasterian clashed with White Dragon Frostsire's will projection within the golden barrier.

No one dared blink, and no one dared back down.

Chapter 368 No matter how many of you show up, I'll slaughter you all

High above, in the golden barrier, the battle was fiercer than ever.

Inside that sealed-off space lay a mysterious void. Elven King Anasterian had transformed into a giant golden sword, clashing relentlessly with White Dragon Frostsire's will projection in midair.

"Whelp, even if you wield the sacred sword of the Elves, you still can't defeat me!"

"The gap between a lord and an arch lord is an unbridgeable chasm—you won't cross it with just one sword."

Roar!

White Dragon Frostsire's hiss echoed across the void, pounding into Anasterian's ears and radiating oppressive force. At the same time, the great white dragon reached out a set of razor-sharp claws, capturing the soaring sword in one iron grip.

In the next moment, Frostsire bared his fangs and chomped down savagely.

Crunch!

Under the horrifying pressure of that bite, cracks began to form along the sword that was King Anasterian.

"When I roamed this continent freely, the Blood Elves were mere vassals to the dragons!"

"Had I not been merciful back then, your people never would've survived here. Now prepare to die!"

Roar!

White Dragon Frostsire's draconic might surged. The great golden sword was shuddering on the brink of destruction.

Meanwhile, on the ground, the City of Blessings' wall had collapsed in one section after relentless assault by countless cannon fodder troops and bloodline warriors. A portion of the Northern Coalition warriors had already poured inside, forcing the Blood Elves into close-quarters combat—a style of fighting in which the Coalition had the advantage.

In an instant, chaos engulfed both inside and outside the city. Limbs flew, blood sprayed, and the air filled with war cries. Swords clashed against hammers in a deafening crescendo. Lives kindled and snuffed out in the swirling storm, each warrior battling to the bitter end. It was a spectacle of heroes, even in death.

Such carnage, however, did nothing to sway the Legendary-level fighters still hovering high above. This was a war between races, a war for survival.

The five remaining lords in midair continued their standoff, awaiting the outcome of the siege below, as well as the decisive clash within the golden barrier overhead between King Anasterian and Frostsire.

"Grand Elder, what do we do now?"

"Northern Coalition is inside our City of Blessings. If we don't head down and help, our people will suffer even heavier losses."

Transcendent power rippled around Blood Elf Elanor as she used telepathy to speak with Lireesa, pleading for a way to save their folk.

"Elanor, hold your ground. Our current standoff is actually the best we can manage. If we rush to defend the city, we'll only lure disaster right where our people are. Then the City of Blessings truly would see its final day."

Grand Elder Lireesa offered that warning while keeping her gaze fixed on Orion. She could clearly sense an aura of threat from the giant king before her—an upper Legendary being whose power was strong enough to make even her wary. That danger was the main reason she refused to make a rash move.

Simultaneously, Orion, Lokiviria, and Aldous were communicating likewise.

"My friend," Aldous said, voice grim and anxious, "what do we do now?"

Things had reached a stage none of them had anticipated.

"We wait," Orion replied. "We hold position and see who triumphs between the Elven King and Frostsire."

Indeed, so much hinged on whether King Anasterian or Arch Lord White Dragon Frostsire's will projection prevailed. Should Anasterian somehow claim victory, Orion would say nothing and simply retreat to Stoneheart City with whatever remains of his cave spiders and a handful of giant warriors. He'd then seek aid from Arthas or other allies, hoping to secure survival and growth despite the murky conflicts still to come.

If White Dragon Frostsire's projection won, the City of Blessings would fall, and the Blood Elves would be obliterated. Orion, Lokiviria, and Bluehide stood to reap the real spoils of this campaign.

...

In the central region—on the human battlefield.

Even as the City of Blessings standoff continued, White Dragon Frostsire was already locked in combat with a human Saint. In a separate, unnamed void, the wounded Saint was on the losing end.

However, in the far southern reaches of the continent, within a coastal city, the intercontinental teleportation array suddenly flared to life. The next moment, an enormous griffin stepped through the portal, unleashing a terrifying power that forced every human in the city to the ground.

"Sir Paladin, this is Utessar, our continent!"

Grand Duke William of the human kingdom had come through the portal with him, speaking urgently into the paladin's ear.

"No need to say more. The war's already begun—I can sense the presence of two arch lords clashing."

From atop the golden-feathered griffin's back, a paladin clad head-to-toe in gold armor lifted his gaze skyward, toward that distant void.

Screech!

The griffin roared and took flight, heading straight for that war-torn space. White Dragon Frostsire caught the griffin and paladin's aura at once, and his expression changed drastically.

"Crawlers from another land... you never learn!"

He was furious. The human Saint he'd cornered was already on the verge of collapse. But just when it seemed the Saint would succumb, reinforcements from a distant realm had arrived in the nick of time.

"Come on, then—no matter how many of you show up, I'll slaughter you all!"

Seething, White Dragon Frostsire recalled the three will projections he'd posted to the eastern, central, and western battlefronts. The newcomers were a veteran Legendary golden-feathered griffin and an equally seasoned Legendary paladin. Frostsire would need everything he had if he didn't want to be sealed away for another ten thousand years.

...

Western Front, City of Blessings.

Back in the skies above Orion, Lireesa, and the others, something huge changed within the golden barrier.

Crack, crack!

The giant golden sword Anasterian had become began splitting apart, breaking into shards. The king himself was blown backward from the remains of that sword. Gravely injured, he tumbled through the air.

But White Dragon Frostsire's will projection wasn't about to let him go. It lunged in a blur of motion, jaws closing around King Anasterian, swallowing him whole.

Everyone who saw—especially the Blood Elves—stared in open-mouthed horror.

"My king!"

"Your Majesty!"

Grand Elder Lireesa and Blood Elf Elanor cried out, their eyes blazing with sorrow.

Conversely, Orion, Lokiviria, and Bluehide exchanged exultant looks. Perhaps the western theater's battle was now decided.

Chapter 369 Would his cock be bigger than that of other creatures?

Boom!

Inside the golden barrier, the will projection of the White Dragon Frostsire suddenly grew agitated. His form swelled larger, his roars grew louder and more piercing.

With a deafening crash, the golden barrier shattered, and the unrestrained roar of the dragon echoed across the region. All creatures present, except for a few at the Legendary level, were overwhelmed by the pressure.

After breaking free from the barrier, Frostsire's will projection did not linger but soared into the sky. This sudden action left Orion, Lokiviria, and Bluehide frozen in shock, their expressions of joy turning to confusion.

Elf King Anasterian had perished in battle, but why had Frostsire's projection also departed? The five Legendary beings in the air displayed a mix of emotions, and the atmosphere shifted from a tense standoff to the brink of eruption.

"Orion, what do we do now?"

"My friend, what should we do now?"

Lokiviria and Bluehide were at a loss, unsure of their next move. Even Orion, with his furrowed brow, had no answers.

As everyone stood in confusion, the sky above changed dramatically.

Boom!

An explosive sound, suffocating in its intensity, came from the endless void, accompanied by the roars of dragons and lions. Above the continent, a vortex resembling a black hole appeared, from which the sounds of explosions, dragon roars, and lion roars emerged.

The vortex lasted only three seconds before vanishing, leaving the sky calm once more.

Then, a majestic, sacred voice resonated in the ears of all Legendary beings present.

"The war between the north and south ends here!"

"The humans will cede the original territory of the Dragon race, while the Dwarves and Blood Elves will each cede half of their territories."

This divine voice repeated three times, silencing all Legendary beings. It was the decree of a demigod.

"It's over!"

Orion sighed, looking toward Lireesa and Elanor of the Blood Elves.

"Let's cease hostilities. This land no longer belongs solely to the Blood Elves."

Grand Elder Lireesa and Elanor's eyes reflected sorrow; their king had fallen, and they could not defend their land.

"Let's stop. We'll cede the territory," Lireesa's mournful voice finally allowed everyone to exhale in relief.

Just then, a dragon's roar came from the ground. Jorik, transformed into the Glacial Dragon, took to the skies, heading south. This was unexpected, yet Orion wasn't too surprised.

Jorik and Boarfolk Boarion had both been severely injured in battle, their bodies nowhere to be found, suggesting foul play. Now, with Jorik's reappearance, the mystery was somewhat solved. Boarion's body and the Lord's Stone must have been claimed by Jorik.

Despite his injuries, Jorik flew south with an excited expression, likely having received some directive or promise. After all, as a descendant of Frostsire, there must have been some communication between them.

"That bastard was playing dead! Did he plan to swoop in at the end of the fight?" Lokiviria was furious, feeling deceived.

Aldous, watching the direction where the Glacial Dragon vanished, whispered to Orion, "My friend, does Jorik's departure mean we three will divide this territory?"

Orion nodded, silent.

Frostsire's projection leaving abruptly, the terrifying explosion, Jorik's feigned death, and the demigod's message—all indicated that both human and dragon races had demigod-level intervention, with the dragons gaining the upper hand in this unseen struggle.

"The North-South War has ended!"

"But this might just be the beginning of chaos!"

This was Orion's conclusion after all these events.

With many Legendary warriors likely dead on these three battlefields, new lords would soon emerge. Outside the City of Blessings, as the Northern Coalition's retreat horns sounded, the bloodthirsty allied forces did not immediately withdraw but continued to fight.

Seeing this, Orion, Lokiviria, Bluehide, Lireesa, and Elanor used their powers to communicate, finally ending this brutal siege.

"Ironhoof avoided the war; he has no right to a share of the Blood Elves' southern territory. Do you agree?"

In a temporary camp, Orion sat at the head, with Lokiviria and Bluehide on either side. The proposal not to share with Ironhoof came from Lokiviria, and both Orion and Bluehide nodded in agreement.

Even if Ironhoof couldn't claim the southern territories, he could still take portions from Jorik and Gareth's lands. However, in the division of spoils from the Beastmen, Orc, Gnomes, and Boarfolk territories they had conquered, Ironhoof would be at a disadvantage.

Over the next few days, while the Northern Coalition did not leave, they set up camp outside the City of Blessings. Orion, Lokiviria, Bluehide, Lireesa, and Elanor spent three days negotiating the new boundaries for half of the Blood Elves' territory.

By the seventh day, the Northern Coalition finally began to retreat. Orion did not partake in the division of the Blood Elves' territory. However, at Aldous's suggestion, the area next to the Giants' territory was annexed by Orion.

The division of territories belonging to the Beastmen, Boarfolk, and Gnomes followed, with Orion claiming a significant portion of the Orc's land, expanding the territory around Stoneheart City.

Orion was also compensated with Gareth's territory and part of Jorik's, stretching from the Ice Plains to the Abyssal Chasm, through the Desert Oasis, to the Thunderwood Forest—all now under his control.

Thus, after the North-South War, Orion's territories on both sides had expanded, but the political landscape he now faced was complex and fraught with challenges.

One month later, in Stoneheart City.

Orion led the surviving cave spiders, as well as the remaining Gnolls and Orcs, back to his own territory.

At that moment, the collapsed city walls of Stoneheart City had already been fully repaired. Numerous watchtowers now stood atop those ramparts.

For the giants, the return of Orion—King of the Giants—was a tremendous honor. When the Starveil Giants heard that they were no longer subjugated by the Blood Elves, they wept with relief and then burst into fits of laughter.

Not only that, the news that part of the Blood Elves' territory and the Orc's lands had been taken over by the giants sparked cheers and celebration throughout Stoneheart City. Orion's triumph instantly earned him the devotion of the Starveil Giant population.

At this moment, 99% of the Starveil Giants truly felt a sense of belonging and pledged their loyalty.

...

Inside the palace bedroom, Delilah was completely naked, breathing heavily. She sat on Orion's penis, her body constantly moving up and down, his large penis rubbing inside her vagina, bringing her intense pleasure. After a deep moan, she collapsed onto Orion's body.

"Orion, those two sluts just arrived in Stoneheart City. When are you going to fuck them and make them truly yours?" Delilah was referring to Soraya and Lumi.

Now that Gareth has fallen in battle and Jorik has gone off on her own to the south, Soraya and Lumi have no choice but to come here and make a living under Orion's rule.

In particular, Scorpion Queen Soraya understands that with Orion's expanding territory, his armies are bound to grow. The scorpion tribe itself happens to dwell within Orion's domain, giving Soraya a natural advantage. What's more, she and Orion had a friendly relationship during those past years of invading southward.

"Let's wait. Some things can't be rushed."

Orion draped his arm around Delilah, his thoughts drifting to Soraya's alluring attire and curves. Of course, there was also Lumi. Though she was an elemental being, she was still a knockout. To any male creature, those two women were undeniably tempting.

The next morning, an unofficial council meeting convened inside Orion's palace.

On the palace's left side sat Delilah, Onyx, Rockwell, Earthshaker, and Slagor, all elders from what was once the Stoneheart Horde.

On the right side were Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, Veldrok, and Grulbane, five Wardens from the Starveil Giants.

Seated after them were six Alpha-level powerhouses: Soraya, Arden, Ryker, Lumi, and Gustalon. Soraya, Arden, and Ryker had all originally served under Gareth—Ryker was subdued after she took control of Thunderwood Forest. Lumi and Gustalon had followed Jorik prior to this.

Orion cast his gaze over the assembled Alpha-level elites and couldn't help musing to himself. With his territory expanded, capable individuals were flocking to him, and the number of Alpha-level champions under his command was climbing steadily.

He especially valued Lumi and Gustalon, talents he had yearned for long ago. Both of them were elemental beings, and in large-scale battles, their power was terrifying. Gustalon, in particular, had taken down more than ten Alpha-level opponents during this recent southward invasion.

Now, everyone here had signed a contract and so was permitted to enter the palace.

"Everyone," Orion began, "our Stoneheart Horde's territory is vast, and there's room enough for all of you."

"We have lands to the north and to the south. I can grant you a choice of where you'd like to settle."

Orion's confident, resonant voice filled the palace, drawing everyone's full attention.

"Many of you are new to the Stoneheart Horde, so let me be upfront about one thing:

"In the Stoneheart Horde, in my territory, there's one rule: every position and resource is earned through your battle achievements and your loyalty."

Orion swept his gaze around the room, meeting the eyes of each Alpha-level being.

Once he had locked eyes with everyone, he withdrew his stare and slowly raised his right hand.

A moment later, a Lord's Stone glimmering with starlight appeared in his palm.

"This is a Lord's Stone. It's the crucial item for advancing to Legendary level.

If any of you here reach the peak of Alpha-level, prove yourselves in battle, and display unwavering loyalty, I will give you the chance to commune with the Lord's Stone."

"I will not hold back your progress or sabotage your opportunities, because I'm far stronger than you can imagine."

A hush fell over the palace. No one spoke.

Soraya could hear her own racing heartbeat. Before this day, she'd never dared to dream of the Legendary level. But now, seeing the Lord's Stone in Orion's hand, Soraya felt a new flame igniting within her.

"I'd sacrifice anything for that," she thought. "Even my body. Hell, I'd let Orion flood me with his semen. I want to bear his children!"

For Soraya, becoming Orion's woman wasn't an embarrassment; it was moving up in the world.

Not far from her, Lumi appeared outwardly calm, though inside she was overwhelmed by tumultuous emotions.

As an elemental being, Lumi could come and go as she pleased—most lords had no way of tracking her. Yet she had still chosen to arrive in Stoneheart City, her ultimate goal the Lord's Stone held by Orion's hand.

Back during the duel of the two giant kings, Lumi had witnessed Orion seize the Lord's Stone. That was why she was here now.

"Delilah promised me that if I became Orion's woman, I'd receive the Lord's Stone. Are they lying to me?" she wondered. "What would it feel like to be the lover of a giant? Would his cock be bigger than that of other creatures? If so, what would it feel like during sex?"

Lumi lifted her gaze toward Orion's strong, chiseled face, sinking deeper into thought.

Others among the Alpha-level group were equally stirred—some even verged on delirium. They stared at the Lord's Stone in Orion's hand, eyes gleaming with greed and desire.

Orion observed every look of longing on their faces, a slight, satisfied smile tugging at his lips. For those still at hero level, Alpha-level resources were immensely desirable. But for Alpha-level beings, the prospect of moving up to Legendary level was almost impossibly distant.

Now, with the Lord's Stone presented before them, ascending to Legendary level no longer felt so intangible. It was something real, visible, and within reach.

"I'm looking forward to seeing which of you will earn the chance to commune with the Lord's Stone. I need subordinates of that caliber. I'm willing to make room for you in my grand vision."

Orion's voice was cheerful, laced with a subtle enticement.

He possessed four Lord's Stones in total—the ones left by the Giant Balor, Blademaster Grommash, Blood Elf Faelar, and the one that dropped after Gareth's death had all ended up in Orion's hands.

Chapter 370 My vagina yearns for your semen

Orion took out a Lord's Stone and won over the hearts of this entire group of Alpha-level subordinates without hesitation—it felt like a worthy trade to him.

The moment Orion flipped his hand and made the Lord's Stone vanish, everyone else in the palace gradually calmed down.

"Well then, let's talk about the council reform and the renovations we need for Stoneheart City."

" ... "

This incomplete council meeting was about the redistribution of horde rights.

In the old Stoneheart Horde, some members of the council were at hero level. Now that Orion's territory and faction had once again been enlarged, the council had to keep pace.

From this point on, all council members must be Alpha-level. Orion raised the standard for council membership. Naturally, those former elders who weren't strong enough were all given the status of "reserve elders."

Because of his recent southern invasion, Orion now had five cannon fodder troops, four Giant armies, one Orc army (a mixed force of Orcs and Beastmen, with Orcs in the majority), and one Gnoll army.

And that wasn't even counting the newly absorbed beast armies led by Soraya and Ryker.

With so many new additions, Orion's faction had suddenly grown by a great deal, and there were numerous matters he and the council needed to reorganize. Plus, with the newly partitioned territories came many tribes that needed their involvement to clean up and integrate.

In short, both Blackstone City and Stoneheart City of the newly restructured Stoneheart Horde were going to be extremely busy.

After that, the topic moved to the renovation of Stoneheart City.

Although Stoneheart City was already quite large, it still needed to be expanded, including the construction of an outer city.

Previously, Stoneheart City was the exclusive home of the Starveil giant (tribe)clan. But now that Orion had assumed control, he intended to develop it into a comprehensive city—a large metropolis of commerce and economics.

Later, Stoneheart City would also open its gates to outsiders. Located far south, it was a more suitable place for all races to thrive and populate. As for the northern Blackstone City, Orion intended to classify it as a key military stronghold.

Orion possessed a set of teleportation discs. Once he installed the teleportation arrays in both cities, Blackstone City and Stoneheart City could support each other from north to south.

This council session lasted a good long while. Under the guidance of Delilah and Onyx, many tasks were delegated.

It wasn't until evening that the council meeting finally adjourned.

Soraya and Lumi moved directly into the palace where Orion resided. This was a sign—a declaration that both women were willingly accepting Orion as their man.

Lumi still felt rather shy, needing time to settle her emotions. That night, it was Soraya who entered Orion's chambers.

As the door eased open, the extinguished lamps flared back to life—not in their original bright hue, but a soft pink glow that infused the room with a gentle radiance.

In that light, Orion opened his eyes and saw Soraya standing before him.

Soraya's features were exquisite, and she wore a bewitching outfit that complemented her tall, voluptuous figure, showcasing her allure to its utmost.

Her top, with a distinctly ancient Persian flair, revealed her smooth midriff and left her shoulders and ample chest exposed. Her full, rounded breasts stood firm, and the deep cleavage revealed at the neckline was impossible not to notice.

She wore a pink skirt—a very short one that showed off her long, shapely legs, while her full hips formed a near-perfect curve.

With her striking figure and lovely face, combined with this sensual attire, she was irresistibly alluring. Just one glance was enough to make Orion reluctant to look away; he wanted to keep gazing at her.

Orion, who had been lying down, now sat upright. His cock had already reacted, straining insistently against his pants.

"Lord Orion, I want to be your woman. I long to please you with my body. My vagina yearns for your semen. I want to bear your children..."

Swaying her hips, Soraya approached him with an enticing smile, circling around him. Every step she took caused the pink skirt to flutter gently, revealing the perfectly rounded contour of her bottom—truly captivating.

"Soraya, you're dangerously seductive. Have you made up your mind to be mine?" Orion asked with a smile.

"Of course. I love you, and I desire to be a strong man's woman." Soraya took Orion's hand and guided it against her breast.

She was extraordinarily bold. One quick hop placed her on Orion's thigh. She pressed her shapely figure into his embrace, her rear shamelessly grinding against his crotch.

"Mmm... It seems you can hardly wait..." With those words, Orion made his move. He slipped a hand under her skirt, and since Soraya wore no panties, his fingers went straight to her clit.

"Ah... oh..."

Caught off guard by that sudden touch, Soraya let out a soft gasp. The unique stimulation quickly aroused her entire body. At the same time, with a light tug from Orion's other hand, her skirt tore apart, leaving her top half nearly exposed.

In the faint light, her breasts, hips, and legs were all so alluringly curved. When she arched her body backward, a sinuous line extended from her shoulder, across her chest and down her slender waist, creating an unbelievably enticing sight. Her body trembled from the clit's stimulation, producing a captivating visual effect.

Leaning back, Soraya eased herself just enough so that the tip of Orion's cock met her backside. Breathing heavily, she said, "My lord, I'm ready. Please take me with your cock!"

Confronted with such a willing Soraya, Orion chuckled softly. He stood up at once, wrapped both arms around Soraya's legs, and, in that raised position, drove his cock directly into her vagina.

"Mmm... oh my god... it's so big, you're filling me completely. This is... incredible!"

Soraya was shockingly sensitive. After only a few thrusts, her reaction grew intense.

Orion held Soraya's legs in his hands, moving his cock in and out of her vagina at a brisk pace. In just five hundred strokes, Soraya couldn't hold on any longer. Even an Alpha-level being couldn't withstand such a powerful orgasm.

Though she kept moaning, Soraya was genuinely happy and content. After all, a legendary-class powerhouse was pleasuring her, and just by having sex, she could improve her own power. Hence, Soraya made no attempt to dodge. She let Orion take full enjoyment of her body, of the tight, alluring sensation of her vagina.

After 30 minutes, Orion set Soraya back down. He placed one of her legs over the other and lay beside her, positioning himself behind her, cock sliding straight in from the back. Meanwhile, one of his hands kneaded her voluptuous breast.

A fresh wave of sensation rose within her. Soraya was drenched in sweat, and in the throes of renewed climax, she moaned once more.

"Mmm... my lord, you're amazing. I'm completely conquered by you... being your woman is an honor... ahh, it feels incredible..."

Soraya, her long hair cascading over her shoulders, began rocking her hips up and down around Orion's cock. With every movement, her full breasts bounced in tandem.

At this point, Orion gripped Soraya's waist, guiding her body to rise and fall. Soraya herself could no longer control her body; she automatically met Orion's thrusts, swiveling her hips to help him penetrate her more easily.

"Oh..." Soraya arched her upper body all the way back in sheer ecstasy. "I'm about to come again. Let's do it together... let's reach the ultimate pleasure together... my lord..."

Orion sped up his thrusts, pushing Soraya to the peak of their lovemaking.

"Oh, oh, oh... oh my god! Yes, yes!" Her long hair hung disheveled over her face as she cried out, wantonly undulating her hips in time with Orion's movements.

Orion too reached his climax, releasing a torrent of semen deep inside Soraya's vagina.

"Ah... ah... oh..."

Soraya clamped her legs together and, breathing heavily, murmured, "My lord, you're unbelievable... you came so much all at once! It feels like my womb is almost overflowing with your seed..."

...

Half an hour later, Soraya finally recovered some of her strength. She conjured a fresh outfit for herself—less revealing than the previous one, but still enchanting.

She looked almost like a pure, divine figure, impossible to connect with that brazenly lascivious woman from before. Although Soraya was a Scorpion Queen, her behavior during sex was as bold and passionate as a succubus.

Leaning against Orion's chest, Soraya spoke in a low, husky murmur.

"My lord, do you love me?"

"I do. Even when I was still weak, from the first moment I saw you, I wanted to push my cock inside your pussy."

Orion gave a small kiss to Soraya's pink-hued neck. One unique trait she had was that whenever Orion got a bit more ardent, her skin would turn a soft pink color—a natural allure for any male.

"I never imagined I'd willingly become your woman," she confessed. "But here I am, ready and willing."

Soraya reached out and wrapped her arms around Orion's neck, returning his warmth.

"You won't look down on me, will you? Think I'm some kind of wanton woman? But I swear, you're the first man to ever possess my body. I'd never had sexual experience before this. Everything I did today—I learned it from the horde's succubi..."

Orion laughed heartily and pulled Soraya close, half-reclining against the bed.

"In my women, there are two other women I captured as well."

"As long as none of you betray me, you're all mine."

"My women aren't meant to be looked down on; they're meant to be cherished."

Indeed, Orion was telling the truth. Saintess Violet had been taken by him, but once she became Orion's woman, he treated her kindly and with leniency. Soraya was no exception.

Hearing this, Soraya finally breathed a sigh of relief and continued to rest her head on Orion's chest.

"So this is my man?"

"His heartbeat... it makes me feel so safe!"

While Soraya was momentarily lost in thought, Orion suddenly tightened the arm around her waist.

"What do you plan to do next?"

"Would you rather stay down south or return to the desert?"

Soraya looked up, meeting Orion's gaze. The depth in his eyes fascinated her.

"What do you want me to do?"

Orion chuckled, pleased that Soraya was both clever and submissive. She not only gave her body to him but would also obey him unconditionally.

"Pick the method that best helps your species multiply."

"I remember Slagor telling me that you're the one who reproduces all your scorpions. Is that really the case?"

Soraya paused, then playfully bit Orion's cock, just a slight nibble.

"Can't you feel whether they're all mine or not?"

She glanced at him softly.

"Ever since our scorpion tribe produced our first humanoid queen, the queen herself no longer had to reproduce our kind. Neither I, nor the elders, nor the scorpion warriors need to do that. What we must do is become stronger and protect our tribe."

"All regular scorpions breed on their own. As their numbers increase, the odds of powerful humanoid sand scorpions emerging also goes up."

"I'm just like you—a member of an intelligent race."

Afraid Orion might misunderstand, Soraya briefly explained the general knowledge of scorpion tribe reproduction.

"I was only curious, that's all."

Orion lowered his head and kissed Soraya's breast, brushing aside any awkwardness with his affectionate gesture.

"My dear, may I call you Orion?" Soraya asked suddenly.

"Sure." Orion shrugged. He saw nothing wrong with it—calling him by his name was more intimate.

Receiving his confirmation, Soraya's lips curved into a charming smile. She leaned down to kiss Orion's cock, then spoke:

"My dear Orion, I want more. I want my vagina filled with your seed again. I crave that big cock of yours thrusting into the depths of my body..."

Apparently rested and ready for more, Soraya voiced another invitation in sinful, seductive words.

...

In a different chamber, Lumi stood by the window, gazing at the bustling streets and bonfires of Stoneheart City, her expression somewhat uneasy.

The lovemaking between Soraya and Orion was so wild that Soraya's moans were impossible to ignore. Along with the unmistakable sound of their bodies colliding, Lumi, settled in the next room, was unable to sleep.

For a moment, she almost wished she could transform into a flurry of snow and vanish from Stoneheart City.

Try as she might, Lumi couldn't quite make sense of her decisions. She didn't understand why she had agreed to the terms proposed by the succubus queen, why she had followed Soraya to Stoneheart City, or why she had dragged her friend Gustalon along.

"All of this was for the Lord's Stone!"

Lumi could only cling to that explanation to reassure herself. But then, an image crept into her mind—she recalled how Orion first entered the Legendary level, then came north and encountered her.

At that time, Orion had extended an olive branch and made it very clear that he had set his sights on Lumi, wanting her to become his woman.

"Am I really going to be a giant's lover? His cock is huge... if he tries to fit it inside me, what would that feel like? Would it hurt, or would it be... pleasure?"