

Titan King 371

Chapter 371 Your cock has conquered me

"Is the south more suitable for your tribe's breeding?"

Early the next morning, Orion woke up and leaned against the headboard. Soraya was by his right side.

"Yes, the temperatures in the south are higher, which helps the scorpion tribe produce offspring."

Soraya's voice was languid. Orion, with half-lidded eyes, took a moment to think before speaking in a calm tone.

"In that case, out in the western region of Stoneheart City's territory, there are several sandy areas. I'll have Elder Drakthul find a place there for your scorpion tribe to settle.

"But we can't abandon that desert in the north—it's still part of the scorpion tribe's territory."

Orion looked down at Soraya, who seemed only half awake.

Then, with a bit of force, he lifted her up and kissed her. Gazing at her intently, he said:

"I'm going to grant you certain parts of the desert and parts of Thunderwood Forest.

"Trust me, you'll need them if you want to advance to Legendary level."

At the mention of Legendary level, Soraya opened her eyes wide and stared at Orion in surprise. She hadn't expected him to be thinking so far ahead for her.

"My dear Orion, love me one more time!"

Soraya flung herself into his arms, overflowing with gratitude. She pressed herself onto Orion's cock again, rocking back and forth in a passionate show of appreciation for his thoughtfulness.

She had never experienced such tender concern from a lover, and she found herself craving more.

...

Around midday, Onyx and Grulbane arrived at the palace gates and were escorted inside.

"This palace needs some work. I want to expand it, add the necessary setups and secret chambers as soon as possible."

Clearly, Orion was not satisfied with Stoneheart City's current palace.

Since Stoneheart City was bound to develop into a major hub, its palace and other structures had to display a certain grandeur. Orion intended to renovate the old palace into a palace-style Horde Hall. In other words, once the work was finished, Orion would incorporate a Lord's Stone into this palace.

Onyx was familiar with building Horde Halls—after all, he had overseen the development of Blackstone City's Horde Hall. As for Grulbane, since he was extremely familiar with the Starveil giants' original palace, he could offer Onyx a great deal of assistance.

"I'll give you half a month. Make sure Stoneheart City's renovations are completed in that time."

Orion's tone was stern. Only once the Horde Hall was erected would he truly have Stoneheart City under his control.

"My lord, rest assured—I, Onyx, will get it done!"

"My lord, Grulbane will get it done too!"

Mimicking Onyx's manner, Grulbane pounded a fist to his chest in earnest.

Orion nodded, then turned to look out over Stoneheart City. Its renovation certainly looked to be an extensive project.

For improvement and development, there were really only two ways. One was to open new areas—Orion had already planned this, which was why he proposed building an outer city.

The other method was to remodel the old city. That meant tearing down most of its existing buildings, which was fraught with difficulties. After all, the Starveil giants were used to things as they were, and Orion's attempts to rebuild would undoubtedly face obstacles.

He had to think about population relocation, available land, water supplies, food... plenty of issues the elders on the council would have to handle once Orion laid them out.

Rather than sticking around to tour the palace with Onyx and Grulbane, Orion turned back and crossed into the palace, heading to Lumi's room.

Her chamber was cold, airy with swirling frost. Orion pushed the door open and stepped in.

But the room was empty—no sign of Lumi.

"What's this? She doesn't want to see me, or can't face me?"

A gust of snow and wind whirled by, and Lumi materialized near the window, not far from Orion.

Dressed in thin, fluttering fabric, her white hair streaming behind her, Lumi looked serene and distant. She was breathtaking but somehow also chilly toward Orion.

"You recall what I once told you?" he asked.

"I do."

"To become my woman, to please me with your body... and in return, I'll give you new hope."

Orion stepped forward and enfolded Lumi in his arms. She tried to struggle, but his hold on her was too strong. After a while, she gave up, letting her arms fall limp. Even so, she stood there stiffly, making no sign of returning his affection.

"You feel so cold. You need warming up."

Orion didn't let go—he was no gentleman, but a fierce and mighty giant king. In truth, many men would like nothing more than to conquer a cold beauty like Lumi. But she was different from most women: Lumi was an elemental being who didn't really understand sex at all, her nature as pure and cool as ice and snow.

"Are you truly willing to be mine?"

Until now, Orion had reserved such words for Lilith alone. This time, he spoke them to Lumi.

"Yes."

Her voice was low, more of a hushed sound squeezed from her throat. But Orion heard it—he heard it quite clearly.

"Hahaha... then really be my woman!"

He wrapped his arms around Lumi and pulled her close.

A moment later, Orion stood beside the bed, Lumi in front of him.

He was a great deal taller than she was, so as he looked down, the sheer beauty of her features aroused his desire in an instant. His big, hard cock pressed up near Lumi's face, only inches from her lips.

"You know what I'm about to do to you, don't you? If you want to back out, now's your last chance—because once we start, I'm not stopping."

Because Lumi was an elemental being, as pristine as drifting snow, Orion didn't want to force her. As far as he knew, in his territory, elemental creatures had the greatest likelihood—aside from Abyssal dragons—of advancing to Legendary level. Under comparable conditions, an elemental being was even more likely to achieve Legendary because they were born attuned to their fundamental element.

Orion didn't want her to harbor resentment afterward.

"I won't regret it."

She said it clearly. Her body was cold, her temperament icy, but at this moment, something called desire awakened within her. Perhaps it was love. Perhaps it was just a spark of excitement. Compelled by that spark, she declared she had no regrets.

Delight lit Orion's face—he felt confident and satisfied. To him, Lumi was a nature-made spirit. Hearing such a ethereal being say she had no regrets about belonging to him filled Orion with a surge of joy.

He wasted no time pulling off her top.

In that instant, Lumi's snow-white body was laid bare, a stunning sight. What drew Orion's gaze most of all were her plump breasts. Even for someone who had seen much in his lifetime, they made him inhale sharply. "A masterpiece of nature," he muttered.

When Orion slid off his pants, revealing his big, hard cock, Lumi couldn't help a shocked exclamation. "Oh my goodness, is that your cock? It's even larger than I imagined."

"That's right. Though it's big, it shouldn't be a problem for an elemental being like you." Smiling, Orion bent to ease himself into position, guiding his cock toward the entrance of Lumi's vagina and gradually pushing in.

"Ah... it's so tight! Could you... go a bit gentler..."

Orion slowed his pace, steadily pushing in and drawing back, then driving in again, deeper each time.

Unlike other women, Lumi's vagina wasn't warm but cold. When Orion slipped his cock inside, it felt as though it were wrapped in icy snow, bringing a unique sensation.

Her skirt hadn't been completely removed but simply pulled down to her knees, keeping her legs close together and pressing her vagina even more snugly around Orion's cock. The extra tightness made the experience more intense. As Orion thrust in and out, he bent forward and cupped her lovely breasts, his fingertips circling over her pink nipples, fondling their fullness.

Compared to Orion's eagerness, Lumi seemed fairly detached—after that initial gasp, she made little sound at all. She was as still as a frozen lake, watching him pound her body without giving any visible reaction.

In reality, Lumi felt pleasure, and she actually reached orgasm. But she wasn't one to show her emotions, and so she made not a single moan.

Yet from her expressions and the wetness at her entrance, Orion saw that she was, without question, enjoying it.

After a moment's thought, Orion lowered his head and kissed her.

In the next second, Lumi's face changed dramatically, shock all over her features. Her pale eyes were filled with disbelief. She stared at Orion, wide-eyed.

"Don't tell anyone," he said with a shrug, still working his cock in her vagina. "Consider it a gift from me to you."

Lumi remained silent, letting Orion enjoy her body.

Moments earlier, during that kiss, Orion had placed a Lord's Stone inside Lumi—one that had belonged to Blood Elf Faelar, a rare wind-element Lord's Stone. Of the few Lord's Stones Orion possessed, only this wind-aligned one suited Lumi.

"Lumi, didn't Delilah ever mention that I prefer my women to be a bit more... proactive when we're together?"

"...Noted."

Though Lumi's tone remained chilly, her actions showed she was now fully on board with pleasing Orion.

No longer impassive, Lumi slipped off her skirt completely, spreading her legs a bit wider. She revealed her vagina fully to Orion, enabling him to thrust harder, deeper. His cock's tip drove again and again to the depths of her passage, nearly reaching her womb, filling her with an intense sense of fullness.

Lumi finally decided to move things up a notch, changing positions for a different angle of pleasure. She had Orion lie down on the ground, then she climbed on top, reversing their roles so she was straddling him.

Naturally, the visual and physical impact of that position was far more dynamic. As her body trembled in motion, Lumi could no longer hold herself back—her mouth opened, her jaw quivering slightly, and she began to moan seductively:

"Oh! Yes... your cock has conquered me. I feel like I'm turning into a drifting snowflake, floating into the heavens... I want to give it my all. I want to use my body to please my man. My vagina may feel as cold as ice, but for someone as strong as you, that just makes it more exciting, doesn't it?"

Those unabashed moans seemed to crest with rising pleasure; Lumi's entire body went taut. She gripped Orion's thighs with both hands and bit her lip, trembling from head to toe.

Orion knew from her reactions that she wasn't faking—Lumi was truly feeling every bit of it.

He sensed that the cold, snug grip of her vagina was clamping tightly around his cock. Deep inside, there was a peculiar suction, like a tongue licking at the head, sucking and releasing in waves. It left him tingling all over, lost in an almost overwhelming sensation.

Caught up in that powerful surge of bliss, Orion reached his limit and came, spilling all his semen deep within Lumi's body.

Half a month later, Orion stood alongside his subordinates outside the palace of the Giant King, gazing at the imposing castle with his heart surging with emotion.

This was a castle brimming with a giant's presence, built on an enormous scale.

Massive stones and high-grade rock bricks had been used in large quantities, lending the castle an ancient feeling.

Deep within the castle stood its main structure, shaped like an enormous tent.

Countless intricate patterns were carved upon the tent's exterior, creating a breathtaking sight.

Orion felt very satisfied with how the castle had been transformed. Smiling, he walked in alone.

A while later, a breeze swept across Stoneheart City.

Invisible and formless, this wind was nonetheless familiar to Delilah, Onyx, and the others.

It was the Boundary Wind—Orion's power, unleashed while merging with the Lord's Stone.

"Is that a wind?"

"A wind I've never seen before!"

Gustalon, carried by a soft current of air, appeared beside Lumi, staring at the castle in astonishment.

Lumi briefly glanced at Gustalon and nodded without saying a word.

One minute later, the original greenish-white stones of the castle were suffused by a layer of mysterious energy.

This transformation started from the inside out. The change was clearly visible: the most noticeable feature was the castle's color turning black.

At that moment, the castle looked like a creature shrouded in a bottomless abyss.

Meanwhile, countless runes shimmered across the castle's exterior, tightening its entire structure.

Inside Stoneheart City, numerous Starveil giants residing there witnessed this miraculous sight.

Exclamations and prayers rang out intermittently, echoing throughout the whole city.

Even then, the changes continued. Four lofty arrow towers sprang up at the southeast, southwest, northeast, and northwest corners of the castle—like watchful guardians—making the fortress look even more imposing and forbidding.

Most striking of all was the tower above the enormous "tent"-shaped roof. At its lofty tip glowed a faint lamp.

That was the Tower of Truth that Orion had fused into the structure, a special building granting true sight.

Fifteen minutes later, all movement ceased. The castle too halted its transformation.

"Everyone can go. The castle's renovation is done, and this is a major event for our Stoneheart Horde. A feast shall be prepared for all our people at midday!"

Orion's calm voice echoed from within the castle, simultaneously reassuring and commanding awe.

Shortly afterward, a hundred-strong unit of succubus bloodline warriors was dispatched into the castle to serve as maidservants.

Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba each brought a five-hundred-strong giant bloodline warrior unit to guard the castle.

Most of these warriors belonged to the Starveil giants, chosen for their guaranteed strength and loyalty.

The establishment of the castle allowed Lilith, Onyx, and the other Alpha-level powerhouses to settle at ease.

Indeed, this place had already become the territory of the Stoneheart Horde.

Over the next three days, Orion sat on the throne inside the castle and issued his orders once more.

"Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, Veldrok, Grulbane—you five will be responsible for cleaning up and reorganizing the giants' original territory while I'm away."

"Remember, destroy any non-allied races that do not submit. We Stoneheart Horde do not foster enemies within our territory."

Killing intent permeated Orion's voice. Drakthul, Marnok, and the other four giant elders rose to their feet and pledged to fulfill their duties.

"Delilah, Onyx, do not pause the renovation of Stoneheart City's old district—accelerate it. And for the outer city walls, we have plenty cannon fodder. Mobilize them all. I want the walls built in the shortest possible time."

Delilah and Onyx got up as well, accepting their assignments.

"Gustalon, I hope to see a detailed map of our Horde's territory to the south when I return to Stoneheart City."

Gustalon was someone Orion valued very much.

Orion placed no constraints on Gustalon, for he was like a free wind.

Instead, Orion granted Gustalon considerable authority to move around within the territory as he pleased.

Recording and drawing the map suited Gustalon perfectly, given how he loved to wander everywhere.

As for the territory relinquished by the Blood Elves, as well as the Orc and Beastmen lands, Orion intended to personally lead a sweeping campaign after he got back.

For now, the Stoneheart Horde residing in Stoneheart City could not afford large-scale battles.

Three days later, the cry of an eagle rang out above Stoneheart City.

A flicker of lightning streaked by, revealing Orion and Lumi standing on the back of a thunderhawk.

"Rayden, head directly north. We're returning to Blackstone City!"

This time, Orion only brought Lumi, planning to make a swift trip to Blackstone City.

A teleportation array had already been set up in Stoneheart City; only the one in Blackstone City remained to be built.

"Master, let me tell you—our new territory is huge, absolutely vast."

"Master, in the territory the Blood Elves yielded, I found a flock of thunderhawks. Should we subdue them when we get back?"

"Master, there are so many beasts inhabiting our territory that I can't even begin to count them..."

From the moment Orion mounted Rayden's back, Thunderhawk Rayden had been chirping excitedly, telling Orion all about the interesting and curious things it had seen in their newly acquired territory.

"This is Lumi—you've met her before. She's already your Mistress now."

Thunderhawk Rayden let out a piercing call in greeting to Lumi.

They had, in fact, seen each other during the incursion into the icy plains and Orion's march northward.

"I can sense a powerful surge of lightning elements in its body!"

Lumi nestled in Orion's arms, letting him hold her while she praised the thunderhawk's formidable control over lightning.

Chapter 372 This territory belongs to me as well

Within the human kingdom.

"Earl, my lord, this Blood Elf was captured at great risk from the western elven forest. I can guarantee you she's safe, and absolutely no one knows where she came from.

My lord, just look at her silky hair, her full bosom, that slender waist, and her long, straight legs—she's a peerless beauty!"

Baron Torin Ashvale fought down his revulsion and swallowed the bile rising from his stomach, introducing the Blood Elf he had procured as a tribute to the extremely obese Earl Matej.

"Heh heh heh... A Blood Elf. She's quite the beauty!"

Earl Matej lunged at the Blood Elf, tearing off her top on the spot and kissing and licking her breasts in full view of everyone.

"Matej, my lord, about my fief...?"

Taking advantage of Matej's lustful moment, Baron Torin Ashvale quickly brought up his request.

"Hahaha... Baron Torin, relax. Since you've gone so far as to bring a Blood Elf to my residence, you won't be left out in the cold!"

Baron Torin Ashvale's face lit up at those words.

He cast one last look at the Blood Elf slave—someone he had already slept with—then turned and left the room.

Only after stepping outside the Earl's estate did the fury and heartbreak on Baron Torin Ashvale's face become clear.

"Damn that fat, repulsive pervert. I hope that Blood Elf slave can drain him of his semen and let him die right there in bed!

You disgusting maggots, dare to call yourselves nobles? Bah!"

Baron Torin Ashvale wore a grim expression, muttering curses under his breath at Earl Matej .

Because Matej was a relative of the king, he had secured a lucrative position—he was one of the key officials responsible for parceling out the human kingdom's territory this time around.

That was why Baron Torin Ashvale had no choice but to endure and bribe Matej by surrendering his beloved woman.

Baron Torin Ashvale wanted a fief. He wanted to become a lord.

Due to the war between the north and south, even though the human kingdom had not been outright defeated, it had still ceded a large portion of its territory. As a result, the race's living space was drastically diminished.

With less territory, the noble system painstakingly built up by the kingdom instantly collapsed.

A great many nobles had been enfeoffed with land that was subsequently ceded.

With nowhere to go, these nobles all flocked to the capital—Baron Torin Ashvale was one of them.

To keep the kingdom stable, the king had paid a hefty price, squeezing out a bit of territory from the realm's great nobles to accommodate and appease those who had lost their lands.

In truth, with the human kingdom's drastically shrinking territory, the noble class was on the verge of widespread unrest.

Thus, His Majesty the King had issued an edict to partition out land, though there was quite a bit of scheming involved.

Everyone knew that the amount of territory extracted from the great nobles was painfully small.

This meant only a fraction of the nobles would receive land, while most of them would be compensated with money.

Compared to an actual fief, wealth alone was the cheaper option—Baron Torin Ashvale was fully aware of that.

Once news of the territory edict broke, the displaced nobles gathered in the capital stirred into a frenzy.

Bribes in gold, tribute of treasures, offerings of beautiful women... countless methods of buying influence were employed by all those nobles.

Backed by ample resources and the Survivor's Platform, Baron Torin Ashvale successfully established the Mercenary Corps.

And during the period of war within the human kingdom, he even went so far as to lead his mercenaries westward and turn them into a slaving outfit, capturing numerous sexy Blood Elves and bringing them back to the human kingdom.

Currently, Baron Torin Ashvale had money and manpower, but no authority or territory of his own.

"Only by obtaining a fief can I rightfully challenge the other nobles from a position of strength and gain even more land.

For that fief, I'm willing to sacrifice anything—even the woman I love most!"

At these thoughts, Baron Torin Ashvale's face hardened, and something wild and ruthless flickered in the depths of his eyes.

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Seven days later, within Orc territory.

Continuing northward on Thunderhawk Rayden, Orion and Lumi had finally flown out of the Giants' domain, arriving now in the land of the Orcs.

This territory was also rich and fertile, having once nurtured one as powerful as Blademaster Grommash.

"This territory belongs to me as well!

Still, the various armies in Stoneheart City are still reorganizing and fusing together. It's not the right time to deploy troops or engage in full-scale warfare.

Once I'm back at Stoneheart City, I'll conscript every race living here."

Orion was somewhat entranced by Lumi's hair. The wind tossed her locks about, sending them brushing across Orion's chest and face, and every so often he couldn't help but inhale that faint, unique scent.

It was mysterious, pure, and gently intoxicating.

Lumi turned her head to look at Orion, puzzled by the expression on his face.

"I saw you kill that powerful Orc. He was strong enough that I didn't dare go near him at the time. I felt like he would've sensed my presence."

Orion knew she was talking about Blademaster Grommash.

"He made you feel dangerous?"

"Yes. There aren't many Alpha-level powerhouses who can threaten me. That orc was only the second one I've encountered."

Lumi gazed down at the forests and plains below them, recalling the battle that had once raged here.

"Who was the first?"

Curious, Orion tightened his hold on Lumi.

Lumi turned, but said nothing, merely glancing at Orion.

"Was it me?"

"The first time we met, I wasn't using such powerful senses."

Again, Lumi did not respond. Her entire body became noticeably colder.

Orion let out a hearty laugh and gave her breast a playful squeeze—he was in a good mood.

After spending time with Lumi, Orion had picked up on a few of her little habits.

For instance, whenever Lumi's body temperature dropped like this, it meant her emotions were stirring.

"Rayden, fly lower. Let the Orcs and Beastmen living on this land understand that I'm its true master."

Screech!

Thunderhawk Rayden let out a high-pitched eagle cry, sharp and piercing.

At the same time, Orion unleashed the full extent of his Legendary-level aura without restraint.

On the ground—in forests, plains, and beyond—countless Beastmen and Orcs trembled and fell prostrate, overwhelmed with fear.

In one Beastman camp, inside a spacious tent:

Thud! Thud!

Kitsune Sylvana and the elder who served her both collapsed to the floor, bowing low beneath the crushing force of Orion's might, too terrified to move.

Only once the pressure had passed did the elderly fox tribe elder rush from the tent, peering at the already distant Thunderhawk Rayden.

"Prophet...it's the thunderhawk, the flying mount of that giant lord!"

Chapter 373 Fate was already predetermined

A moment later, the fox tribe's elder sounded flustered, at a complete loss.

Meanwhile, Kitsune Sylvana fumbled her way around the tables and chairs. Relying on her memory, she slowly returned to her previous seat. Her expression was perfectly calm, as though everything that had just happened was the most natural occurrence in the world.

"Until now, the Beastmen's fate was always unpredictable. But now, the river of destiny seems much clearer."

"The final destiny of the Beastmen turns out to be under this new Giant King. It must be the guidance of the great Titan god."

After saying this, Kitsune Sylvana reached out, trying to locate the teacup on the table. However, when she had knelt down earlier, she accidentally knocked it to the ground. Seeing this, the fox tribe's elder hurriedly picked up the cup and set it to one side, then poured Kitsune Sylvana some fresh tea.

"Prophet, what should we do now?"

Kitsune Sylvana took the cup, sipped the tea slowly, and carefully placed it back. Clearly, she had lost her sight.

Last time, when the Orc resisted invaders, Kitsune Sylvana attempted to peer into fate and suffered severe backlash. That pair of enchanting, beautiful eyes was robbed of all light. On the surface, nothing seemed different, but in truth, she was blinded, and the damage was serious. She had been healing ever since.

"Tell those who follow me to pack their things. Tomorrow we head south for the Giants' city, Starveil."

"It's better to be the first to surrender than to wait to be persuaded. That way, we'll have more room to maneuver, and perhaps receive better treatment than the Orcs."

Kitsune Sylvana's tone remained calm. There was no sorrow over her people becoming a vassal race, no mourning for those who had died in battle, and no inner conflict over surrendering to a former enemy.

Fate was already predetermined, wasn't it?

...

After crossing the territories of the Beastmen and the Orcs, Orion withdrew his intimidating presence. The next stretch belonged to the Gnomes.

Technically speaking, the lord of this territory had changed hands. Its lord was Orion's friend, Bluehide. From quite a distance away, Orion could sense Bluehide's presence. He found it odd that Bluehide wasn't in the land ceded by the Blood Elves but had instead come here.

"Rayden, slow down. Keep heading north!"

After giving Thunderhawk Rayden this order, Orion leaned down to kiss Lumi softly on the forehead.

"Wait here for me. I'm going to meet my ogre friend!"

"All right!"

With a thunderous boom, Orion transformed into lightning and vanished.

The Giant City was once inhabited by the gnomes. Now, a group of ogres resided there. As for the gnomes, they had become mere vassals—or even food—for the ogres.

Suddenly, accompanied by a deafening clap of thunder, a figure appeared upon the city wall. Down below, the ogre Aldous was leaning against the wall, carefully pinching a flower he had picked from who-knows-where.

He studied it curiously, occasionally puffing air onto its petals. This ogre's demeanor was both savage and gentle at the same time. Meanwhile, the larger head of Bluehide was dozing off, drooling everywhere.

"It's been a while, my friend!"

Orion glanced around the Giant City. Many ogres were living here, and most of the original buildings had been demolished, replaced by makeshift stone fortresses and caverns. Compared to the past, it all looked even more chaotic.

"Orion, my friend, it hasn't been long since you left, but I missed you."

"Imagine having to spend every day with this big dumb oaf. Do you know how frustrating that can be?"

Aldous blew softly, sending the flower in his hand drifting up into the sky.

"My friend, the gnomes don't taste great, but the wine they brew is pretty good. Have a taste."

As he spoke, Aldous pulled out a large wooden barrel from behind him and offered it to Orion. For the two of them, this "large" barrel was more like a cup. Orion took it and drained it in one gulp.

"It's sweet and a little sour. Not bad at all."

After praising it, Orion eyed Aldous and raised the question that had been on his mind.

"The territory the Blood Elves ceded to you is far more fertile and expansive. Why aren't you there consolidating control and making it your own?"

Hearing this, the ogre Aldous looked genuinely annoyed.

"My friend, I just had a fight a while back. Chased off an invader from the central region."

As he spoke, Aldous hefted the spiked club under him and swung it fiercely. The roaring air around it showed how angry he was.

"An invader? A Legendary-level powerhouse from the central region?"

Orion frowned, his eyebrows inching upward.

"Yes, my friend. He came from the central region."

"Now that this north-south war is over, the balance has been broken, and no one honors the lord pact anymore. Thank goodness your territory is to my south. Otherwise, I'd be surrounded on all sides!"

The appearance of these invaders cast a shadow over Orion's thoughts. The territories of the Beastmen and the Orcs were still safe enough—they bordered Giant lands, and Orion had just scouted them without spotting any trespassers.

But Thunderwood Forest in the far north, the black forest, the Abyssal Chasm, and the northern icefields... none of those four areas currently had a Legendary-level guardian, leaving them vulnerable to outside threats.

"Are these intruders the remnants of the races that lost the war in the south and north?"

Orion pressed on, trying to get more details.

"Yes, my friend. As far as I know, the invaders aren't only the defeated; some of them are new lords who rose to prominence during the conflict."

Hearing this, Orion became even more alert. The north-south war had seen more than a few Legendary-level warriors perish.

That meant, in the near future, new Legendary powerhouses were bound to arise. Without any unexpected conditions, Legendary individuals wouldn't suddenly spike in numbers. Of course, over time, someone like Blademaster Grommash might emerge.

With the continental balance destroyed and the lord pact broken, peace on this land was at an end—something Orion had already predicted. He just didn't expect that mere moments after the war ended, the chaos would begin. Those who had lost were eager to find new lands and seize fresh territory.

"Aldous, I promise you I won't expand toward your territory for a good while."

Orion tossed aside the wooden barrel, lifted his gaze north.

"Stay safe!"

Those were Orion's departing words as he once again became living lightning and shot off into the distance. On the city wall, only the sizzling crackle of electricity remained. The ogre Aldous seemed delighted by the sound.

"He's a real Giant right there, someone you can trust!"

Chapter 374 Eagle Nest

Thunder rumbled in the sky as Orion reappeared on Thunderhawk Rayden's back, a hint of worry flashing through his gaze.

"Rayden, full speed ahead!"

Sensing Orion's serious tone, Thunderhawk Rayden wisely held back any remarks about the scenery they passed. Instead, it let out a sharp screech and pushed its speed to the maximum.

Lumi looked back, her expression cool and silent, her eyes brimming with curiosity as she watched Orion. He grinned, realizing that his sober, heavy mood had startled both Thunderhawk Rayden and Lumi. Though Lumi said nothing, Orion knew she was concerned about him.

Wrapping an arm around Lumi, Orion spoke in a calm yet confident voice:

"In this north-south war, many Legendary-level powerhouses fell on all three battlefronts. Countless lords were defeated and lost their territories. Of course, plenty of Alpha-level warriors rose to power and vaulted straight into the Legendary level."

"But no matter which case, they all need somewhere to call home—a place for their race to settle. Now, on our western flank, we've already spotted an intruder from the central region who's reached Legendary status."

Orion did not hold back, telling Lumi everything he knew. He had brought Lumi north with the intention of letting her remain in the Abyssal Chasm and the frozen regions beyond—areas of cold and endless snow that were well-suited to Lumi's affinity with magical elements.

According to Orion's plans, he would grant these two places to Lumi. With her current strength and the resources Orion intended to allocate, she would soon reach the peak of Alpha level. At that point, having her own dominion and successfully communing with the transcendent power within a Lord's Stone would allow her to break through to Legendary level.

For now, Orion's territory was vast enough to bestow upon three or four lords. Precisely because it was so large, Orion urgently needed one or two Legendary-level subordinates to stabilize it.

Whether it was the dark beast tides, invasions from other lords, or a future intrusion by Deputy Commander Edward of the Champions Alliance into the Godforsaken Land, Legendary-level subordinates would be indispensable.

"You mean to say some lord might invade your territory?" Lumi, being quick on the uptake, had already grasped the seriousness of the situation.

"Not just my territory—our territory."

Orion looked off into the distance, as though trying to see through the layers of clouds and mountain ranges to gaze upon his domains: the Thunderwood Forest, the black forest.

"Apart from the black forest, there's a strong chance the Thunderwood Forest and the northern icefields will be targeted by other lords."

Though Orion spoke quietly, Lumi trembled slightly upon hearing his prediction. At least the black forest was guarded by Orion's will projection, and so far, no invaders had appeared there.

"It's possible a stronger lord will set sights on the Thunderwood Forest. Gareth is dead, and I haven't shown up there in time, so someone else could be staking a claim. And as for the Abyssal Chasm and the far northern icefields, I'm sure there'll be lords weaker in raw might but clever enough to head there, thinking it's relatively safe in the far north."

In truth, Orion's suspicions were spot on. Right now, the Thunderwood Forest had already welcomed a half-dragon lord who had claimed the Eagle Nest atop Thunderpeak Mountain—Gareth's former lair.

Thunderpeak Mountain, the Eagle Nest.

"My great lord, I didn't expect that in this barren northern region, we'd find a special place like this eagle's nest. Holding it is a stroke of good fortune for our tribe."

Inside the palace, seated upon the throne was a half-dragon lord. He differed from Gareth in that while Gareth had inherited a dragon lineage without fully transforming, this half-dragon had undergone complete draconic transformation—claws, tail, wings, horns, every recognizable aspect of dragonkind was present on his body.

His name was Seraphon. He was not part of the half-dragon lineage sired by arch lord White Dragon Frostsire, but rather a puppet propped up by humans—a half-dragon of mixed ancestry.

Ten thousand years ago, arch lord White Dragon Frostsire had been sealed away, leaving behind a special construct in his domain known as the Dragon Nest. The humans used it to turn some of their own people into half-dragons. This was how Seraphon had come about.

Now that arch lord White Dragon Frostsire had returned, and Jorik had marched south, Seraphon was lucky to be alive, given he was among the defeated.

Pushed northward along with the remnants of his tribe, Seraphon heard of another half-dragon lord supposedly dwelling in the Thunderwood Forest. Thus, he led his people here. Certain of his own abilities, he couldn't imagine losing to another half-dragon.

Moreover, some time had passed since the north-south war ended, and there had been no sign of that "Half-dragon Lord " in the Thunderwood Forest.

In Seraphon's view, this half-dragon lord had either fallen in battle or found new territory and abandoned these woods. Either scenario was good news for Seraphon.

"My lord, should we continue farther north, stake out the region there as well?" one of the tribal elders proposed, only to have Seraphon refuse.

"Now is not the time to invade other lands. First, we secure our footing here in the forest—this is our new home. Once we firmly control this place, we can head north, march south, or even turn toward the central region as we please."

In truth, Thunderwood Forest was a decent piece of land, but compared to the southernmost regions and their unique resources, it was fairly unremarkable.

"What a pity. If only we could bring that Dragon Nest from the south here!"

Many half-dragons in the palace sighed at this thought. Without that Dragon Nest, their lineage would fade and become muddled over time.

"It doesn't matter," Seraphon declared in an impassioned voice, simultaneously raising the spirits of everyone present. "When I become an arch lord, our tribe will have a Dragon Nest of our own."

He paused, allowing his hopeful words to sink in.

"For now, what you need to do is gather our remaining kin to conquer this forest. Subjugate the other races that live here and make it our own. Arch Elder, you will lead the troops in this campaign."

The half-dragon Arch Elder stepped forward proudly. For any race, going off to stake a claim, to carve out a place of one's own, was a glorious and thrilling duty.

"Remember: be ruthless, be overbearing, and show all the inhabitants of this forest our power!"

Chapter 375 This is definitely not some coincidence

A fierce gale swept across, howling as it passed by.

Thunderhawk Rayden soared within that wind, feeling slightly uneasy.

"Don't panic. Keep heading north!"

Orion's composed voice reached the thunderhawk's ears, calming him considerably.

Lowering his head, Orion surveyed the land beneath him.

In the distance, where Boar City used to stand, uneven stone fortresses now rose one after another.

Those fortresses were the handiwork of the insectoids, and that sudden gust of wind was Lokiviria's way of probing. Once Lokiviria realized it was Orion passing by, he withdrew rather than show himself. He clearly had no intention of cozying up to Orion.

"Lokiviria, my love, what's going on?"

Rowena of the Skybond clan stepped out from a newly built stone palace and rested her head against Lokiviria's broad chest. By now, Rowena's belly was already distended, and the child within her had grown significantly. Usually, insectoids have a six-month gestation period, but unlike other insectoids, the baby in Rowena's womb had yet to fully form even now. She would need at least another six months before giving birth.

"It's nothing. A Legendary-level powerhouse passed by, that's all."

Lokiviria turned his head, glancing at Rowena and her belly. He didn't mention that it was Orion who had been traveling through. Lokiviria was well aware of the hatred between Rowena and Orion—he had no desire to see that animosity affect the child she carried.

"Come on, let's head back inside. We'll stay here for another half-month, and then I'll take you further south."

After the recent war between North and South, Lokiviria had abandoned the northern territory, moving his people into what used to be boarfolk land. Of course, some of the insectoids would continue migrating southward along the territory until they reached the land ceded by the Blood Elves.

"If Orion is heading north, does that mean someone is invading his territory?"

"Heh heh heh, I hope they end up fighting and injure each other badly."

Casting one last look to the north, Lokiviria drew Rowena closer and walked with her back into the newly built stone palace.

High in the sky, on Thunderhawk Rayden's back, Orion wasn't at all surprised Lokiviria didn't make an appearance. But the fact that both Lokiviria and Bluehide had shown themselves in territories farther up north made Orion's heart sink a little.

"This is definitely not some coincidence."

"Lords from other regions must have seized certain areas."

Holding Lumi close, Orion spoke far less than usual on this journey. Lumi was naturally reserved, so she felt no discomfort at his silence.

Sure enough, half a month later, Orion's suspicions were confirmed.

Awooo!

A wolf's howl echoed from the distance. It was both a warning and a reminder.

"This is werewolf territory—outsiders, leave at once!"

The speaker hadn't yet shown himself, but his voice had already reached them.

Moments later, a burly werewolf rose into the air with magic, blocking Thunderhawk Rayden's path.

Orion fixed his gaze on the werewolf lord. He had never seen this individual before, nor was this territory familiar. Previously, it was part of ogre's land, but Aldous had abandoned it. Which meant this newcomer must be a lord who had either migrated or invaded from the central regions.

A faint smile curved Orion's lips as he unleashed the pressure of an Upper Legendary being, forcing the werewolf lord into submission.

"Since we were the victors in the western war, are you seriously trying to keep me from my own territory? Or does your werewolf tribe want to change its habitat?"

Orion's voice was cold, as though he would fight at the drop of a hat.

"Respected Giant Lord, Lycan meant no offense."

"We werewolves only recently took over this area, and we know little about the situation around us. I ask for your pardon."

With a peculiar salute, the werewolf Lycan returned to the ground. Orion wasn't in the mood to press the issue, as he wanted to reach Thunderwood Forest without delay.

"Rayden, let's go!"

Thunderhawk Rayden let out a powerful cry and accelerated northward.

Down below, when Lycan landed back on the ground, several of the tribe's elderly council members gathered around him.

"My king, was that intruder someone we need to drive out?"

An aged, one-eyed werewolf—an arch elder of the tribe and Lycan's mentor—spoke up.

"No, he was merely passing by."

"His power is immense—he's an Upper Legendary. He was part of the recent North-South War and a victor in the western battle. From what he said, his territory lies even farther north."

Lycan's first two statements elicited little response, but the final sentence caused everyone to frown.

"My King, are you saying that lord might invade us from the north later on?"

That was the concern everyone silently harbored, and they looked to Lycan for a more reassuring answer.

"I have no idea."

"Since he was victorious, he likely already has land in the south. It's possible he might abandon land in the north."

The tribe elders were quickly reassured. After all, the south was more fertile, whereas the north was harsh and provided little for growing crops.

"Rest easy. From what I know, our neighbors to the north are those cowardly goblins. If that giant wants to invade, he'll have to conquer those green-skinned goblins first."

Hearing that, the werewolves let out a collective sigh of relief. Having another race in the way meant more time for them to prepare.

Meanwhile, as Thunderhawk Rayden continued flying northward, Orion sensed yet another unfamiliar Legendary-level presence. The moment they entered territory once held by the insectoids, a green-skinned goblin lord—standing close to 10 feet tall—leapt into the air, releasing his own aura to frighten and drive Orion's party away.

However, before that goblin lord could approach, Orion unleashed a powerful surge of energy that forced him to back down.

"Keep going north. Don't stop."

Cowed by Orion's overwhelming display, the green-skinned goblin lord landed back on the ground, offering no further reaction as he watched Orion and his companions disappear into the distance.

"Okara!" (Goblin language)

"Just who is that mighty lord who barged in here?"

"Thank goodness I didn't try to fight him, or I'd have to pack up the whole tribe and look for a new place again!"

Green-skinned goblins are notorious for being bullies to the weak and cowards before the strong.

Though they migrated from the central region in force, they would never risk a direct confrontation with a power they couldn't handle. They might be strong when facing easier targets, but they shrank in fear now that they'd encountered someone legitimately formidable.

Chapter 376 So powerful

Within the human kingdom.

Baron Torin Ashvale was incredibly excited at this moment because he was holding a territory grant in his hands.

"For this little piece of territory, I killed my father, offered up the woman I loved, and humiliated myself like a dog," he thought. "But in the end, I made it!"

"You damn nobles, just wait! All the insults I've suffered here, I'll make sure to repay them a thousandfold!"

In truth, the reason Baron Torin Ashvale had been granted a territory was due to the efforts of his father, Falkor Ashvale, who had carefully managed that land.

The King had first requisitioned his father's territory and later incorporated Torin's subordinates. After the war, during the division of lands, King Harold specifically mentioned the earldom of Falkor Ashvale.

Thus, Baron Torin Ashvale was lucky.

Through twists and turns, he still ended up with his own territory, thanks to his father.

But, Baron Torin Ashvale was also unfortunate.

Because his territory was located in the northwestern part of the human kingdom, a region where Blood Elves, ogres, and insectmen(insectoid) gathered. The situation and environment there were extremely complex.

However, these issues were nothing to Torin Ashvale.

After all, Torin Ashvale was a survivor.

With the Survivor's Platform supporting him, Torin Ashvale was confident that he would soon become stronger, then absorb the territories of other humans and ultimately fight for control of the continent.

"Mike, sell all the slaves we have and exchange them for food and supplies. We are heading back to the territory."

In a rented house in the Royal capital, Torin Ashvale called for Mike, the Deputy Commander of the Mercenary Corps, and gave the order to sell the slaves and buy supplies.

"Commander, don't worry, I'll take care of everything within three days!" Mike replied excitedly. Before serving Torin, Mike already knew he was dealing with a noble. But he never imagined that Torin would gain his own territory so quickly.

To follow a noble with a territory, Mike found this situation almost unbelievable.

And in Mike's eyes, Torin Ashvale was powerful.

"Perhaps one day, I'll go from being a mercenary to becoming a knight!" Mike thought as he walked out of the door, a new dream forming in his heart.

North, Thunderwood Forest.

On the back of a thunderhawk, Orion's face was dark with anger.

From a distance, Orion could already sense the presence of a Legendary-level aura in the Thunderpeak Mountain area.

This meant that the territory he had claimed for himself had been invaded by someone else.

"Rayden, head towards the Half-Moon Lake area!" Orion called out.

Leaving these words behind, he transformed into a lightning bolt, speeding toward Thunderpeak Mountain.

Lumi watched Orion vanish into the distance, wanting to say something, but in the end, nothing came out.

Instead, Thunderhawk Rayden let out a sharp cry, as if encouraging Orion.

The thunderhawk knew very well that a Legendary-level battle was terrifying, and even the aftershocks were something it could not withstand.

So, Rayden changed direction slightly and flew toward the Half-Moon Lake area.

Thunderpeak Mountain, Eagle Nest.

"Not good, we've got an intruder!" Seraphon had already sensed Orion's presence. He rushed out of the Eagle Nest, wings flapping behind him as he soared into the sky.

Seraphon headed toward Orion's location, and half an hour later, the two were close.

"Who are you? This is the territory of our half-dragons! You're not welcome here, leave immediately!" Seraphon shouted.

Swoosh!

In response, a whistling trident came flying toward Seraphon with explosive speed.

Seraphon didn't dare to block the trident head-on, instead using his wings to dodge in mid-air.

"Half-dragon's territory?" Orion laughed. "Hahaha... Are you trying to tell me you're Gareth?"

"You lot from the central region dare invade my territory? You're asking for death!"

Since arriving in this world, Orion had always been taught one thing from a young age.

Invaders of territory must die!

Boom!

With a thunderous roar, Orion appeared right in front of Seraphon, immediately transforming into a Titan.

His massive Titan form, as large as a mountain, stretched out both hands to crush Seraphon into the ground.

At the same time, an overwhelming pressure surged out, causing Seraphon to widen his eyes in terror.

Seraphon never imagined that simply occupying a small forest in the north would attract the wrath of a Titan being opponent.

"Great Titan, I think this is all a misunderstanding!" Seraphon cried out in fear, quickly flapping his wings to avoid the attack, while his body was surrounded by a powerful transcendental aura.

"A misunderstanding?" Orion's cold voice echoed. "This forest is the spoils of the victors. It's my domain now."

"Invaders of territory must die!"

Orion's voice was icy, as his giant hand continued to pursue Seraphon, while an Spear Barrage began to rain down on the surrounding area.

Seraphon was locked in place and could not escape.

Upon hearing Orion's words, Seraphon finally understood the situation.

Although the former lord of Thunderwood Forest had perished, the territory had now become the spoils of war for the victors.

Typically, after gaining the territory in the south, lords would abandon their northern lands. But Seraphon was unlucky. Orion was special—he wasn't the type of lord to easily give up his territory.

"Die!" Orion roared.

Boom!

With a single slap, Orion sent Seraphon flying. Immediately, the Spear Barrage struck, and after a series of devastating blows, Seraphon was grievously injured.

Orion then stepped through the air, reaching down to grab Seraphon.

"Great Titan, I never meant to offend you, nor to invade your territory," Seraphon pleaded in terror.

"Please forgive our impoliteness. We half-dragons will leave immediately!"

Seraphon was filled with dread as he stood before Orion, a Titan. He couldn't even muster the courage to resist.

It was said that Titans were once the rulers of this world in ancient times, controlling everything. Though it was a myth, Seraphon never thought he'd encounter a Titan in person. This was beyond his comprehension. He was afraid.

"Invaders... die!" Orion didn't waste words. He tightened his grip and tore Seraphon in half.

A moment later, the Eightfold Spear Barrage dissipated, and Orion reverted to his normal form.

In his hand, he now held a shining Lord's Stone.

So powerful!

In truth, even Orion was surprised. When he transformed into a Titan, he had easily slain a lord.

Orion still didn't realize that his power now was on par with an arch-lord.

"This feeling... is truly magnificent!" he thought, exhilarated by his strength.

Chapter 377 Did you miss me?

Easily killing a lord gave Orion the illusion that he could extinguish everything with a wave of his hand. However, when he thought about friends like Arthas, Leonidas, and the Champions Alliance's demigods, he quickly suppressed that thought.

With visible examples ahead of him, Orion's emotions soon settled, and he calmed his mind, becoming more composed.

After sensing the situation in Thunderpeak Mountain, Orion found only two Alpha-level half-dragons. He didn't strike them down, planning to leave them for the elders of the Stoneheart Horde to practice with.

"The Thunderwood Forest has been invaded. I wonder if there are any incursions in the northern ice plains," Orion murmured to himself before transforming into lightning and rushing toward Half-Moon Lake.

Half-Moon Lake, Serpent Island.

Since Twilight Viper had been stationed here, the island had been renamed Serpent Island. Not only did it host Twilight Viper, but also a large number of swamp serpents and geckos.

Hissss!

Twilight Viper struck with its tail, sending the attacking half-dragon flying, before coiling up and hissing at the two Alpha-level half-dragons before it.

Above Twilight Viper, Lysinthia stood, holding a one-handed sword, her expression cold. Lysinthia had transformed into her Gorgon form, her hair now countless black snakes. These snakes lifted their bodies and roared at the two invading half-dragons.

"Arch Elder, I didn't expect such a powerful serpentfolk to inhabit this forest. What should we do now?" One of the Alpha half-dragons asked Elder Lassi, another half-dragon.

"Hold her off until the rest of our kin finish fighting, then we'll wear her down together!" Elder Lassi's voice was grim and angry. He had just been struck by Twilight Viper's tail, leaving him wounded.

The half-dragons' bloodlines, though mixed, still carried some dragon heritage. Against the swamp serpents and geckos, they had a significant advantage due to their bloodline's suppression. However, due to the sheer number of swamp serpents and geckos, they were unable to finish the fight quickly.

Lysinthia glared at the two half-dragons invading the territory, her expression darkening.

Lysinthia had come to Half-Moon Lake with two goals in mind: one was to collect supplies for the horde, and the other was to visit Twilight Viper. Twilight Viper had been Lysinthia's guardian beast for years, and their bond had deepened over time.

"This is the territory of my master, the King of Giants! How dare you invade Half-Moon Lake? Who are you?" Lysinthia demanded sharply, hoping to gather information about these half-dragons she had never encountered before. There were no known half-dragon tribes in the area, and Lysinthia was curious about them.

"Heh... Beautiful serpentfolk, once we kill that big snake of yours, we'll fuck you well."

"Ha ha ha... How about we share the spoils?"

The crude words enraged Gorgon Lysinthia.

In an instant, all the black snakes on her head detached and fell to the ground, transforming into giant snakes that rivaled Twilight Viper in size. In just moments, the area was surrounded by massive snakes, and Elder Lassi and the other Alpha-level half-dragon were trapped.

The battle began!

At the same time, snow began to fall inexplicably from the sky.

Lysinthia looked up, her face solemn as she sensed the presence of enemies. But just then, a familiar hawk's cry rang through the air, and Lysinthia's expression immediately softened.

It was Thunderhawk Rayden.

Rayden's arrival meant that Orion might be nearby.

Hissss!

Within the serpent swarm, the two half-dragons were soon gravely injured, their lives hanging by a thread.

Suddenly, a shadow flashed by, and one of the half-dragons was torn apart by Thunderhawk Rayden, dying instantly.

As for Elder Lassi, he had been overwhelmed by the snakes and was now lost in their midst.

Whoosh!

Lysinthia raised her sword, pointing toward Lumi, who had appeared nearby.

Lumi shook her head, signaling that she meant no harm.

At the same time, Lumi began to make hand seals, summoning countless snowlings that leapt from the snow and joined the battle.

Lysinthia was surprised, as the snowlings Lumi had summoned only attacked the half-dragons.

Boom!

Suddenly, trapped within the serpent swarm, Elder Lassi detonated a secret technique, self-destructing. The black snakes were torn apart, and those that remained transformed into wisps of black smoke, returning to Lysinthia's hair.

With the deaths of the two Alpha-level half-dragons, the small invasion was over.

The shadow appeared again, as Thunderhawk Rayden swooped down and landed beside Lysinthia and Lumi.

Rayden cried out a few times before locking eyes with Twilight Viper.

Twilight Viper trembled under Rayden's gaze, its body shaking. Fortunately, Lysinthia reached out to calm it, preventing it from fleeing.

"Where's the master?" Lysinthia asked, hopping off Twilight Viper and walking toward Thunderhawk Rayden. She gently stroked the bird's lowered head and adjusted the feathers around its eyes.

"How about it? Did you miss me?"

Before she could finish, a rumble of thunder sounded from the distance. Three seconds later, lightning flashed, and Orion landed beside Lysinthia.

"Dear Master!" Lysinthia said, her voice soft and shy.

"Hahaha... Let's go back to Blackstone City together!" Orion said, not bothering to address the battle on Serpent Island. Without any Alpha-level half-dragons, they were all simply food for Twilight Viper.

Thunderhawk Rayden soared into the sky, and Orion, holding Lysinthia with one hand and Lumi with the other, ascended with them into the air.

"This is Lumi, you know her. She's joined our horde, joined our family," Orion said.

Lysinthia nodded but said nothing.

Among Orion's women, Lysinthia was only close to Lilith. Although Lumi was a bit special, Lysinthia had no desire to get closer to her.

"How's our horde?" Orion asked as he kissed Lysinthia and held her, inquiring about Blackstone City's affairs.

"Everything's fine. Mistress is busy every day managing the horde and taking care of important matters," Lysinthia replied.

"Mistress has also been helping the crows, hatching many chicks, and the icefield snow wolves have had a new batch of pups as well."

"..."

"And Mistress misses you too!"

Orion said nothing, quietly listening as Lysinthia recounted everything that had happened in the horde since his departure—everything about Lilith, the arch elder, the cavalry regiment, and the younglings.

Chapter 378 I'll go with you

Within the human kingdom.

One day, a special guest entered Garrett's blacksmith shop. The man wore a simple linen robe and had a sword hanging from his waist.

"Garrett!"

The raspy yet familiar voice cut through the sound of the hammer striking metal, causing Garrett to look up from his work.

The visitor's face was scarred and grotesque, with marks so fierce that they would scare children at first glance.

"You... You are Galahad?" Garrett asked in disbelief, barely recognizing his friend.

If not for the sword hanging at Galahad's waist—one that Garrett had personally forged—he wouldn't have believed his eyes.

But after the initial shock, Garrett's face broke into a smile of joy.

He quickly walked around the anvil and embraced Galahad in a big hug.

"My friend, welcome back!"

"I never thought I'd see you alive again!" Garrett exclaimed.

Galahad returned the embrace tightly.

For Galahad, Garrett was his last true friend.

"News from the kingdom said that the Rose Knight Regiment was wiped out, and I thought I'd never see you again," Garrett said, his voice thick with emotion.

Galahad let go of Garrett and looked at him. The deep scars and claw marks on his face told the story of the dangers and hardships he had faced in the war.

"Has the missing princess returned?" Garrett asked. "And what about the knight named Arthur? Where have you been all this time?"

As soon as Garrett mentioned the Rose Knight Regiment, the light that had briefly sparkled in Galahad's eyes immediately dimmed.

"The honorable Arthur has already fallen in battle," Galahad replied.

"I don't know where the princess is, but if she's still alive, she's likely been captured by the Northern Coalition."

"Gareth, I've come back to rally the knights. We need to head west to search for the princess."

"I must find her—our princess. I cannot let evil and despair taint the knightly spirit deep within us," Galahad said, his voice shifting from sorrow to determination, then rising to a fervor.

Galahad looked at Garrett, his eyes full of pleading—a deep, helpless gaze.

"For the sake of a friend, for the sake of saving those who are helpless, a sacrifice is of course worthwhile," Garrett said seriously.

"I'll go with you," Garrett added.

Black Forest, Blackstone City.

"Elder Lilith, everything is normal in Poison Dragon Swamp, and the tributes from various tribes are more abundant than the last time."

"The only issue is that centaurs occasionally wander into the eastern regions. They don't kill recklessly, nor do they raid for resources, which is strange."

In the Horde Hall, located within the outer fortress, three figures were gathered for a meeting.

Lilith sat at the head of the table, with Rendall and Thundar sitting at either side.

It was Thundar who had just finished reporting on the situation in Poison Dragon Swamp.

After hearing Thundar's report, Lilith narrowed her beautiful eyes slightly.

"How many centaurs have entered Poison Dragon Swamp for reconnaissance?" she asked.

This was a crucial question. If there were many centaurs, then it would be a serious matter, perhaps a carefully planned invasion. But if only a few had entered, it could simply be some rogue centaurs scheming behind the back of their leader, Ironhoof.

Either way, the Stoneheart Horde needed to take this seriously, especially since Orion was not around. Lilith did not want any trouble to arise during his absence.

"I'll have the Raven from the Sentinel Corps investigate," Lilith decided. "Elder of Combat, you should rest for a few days before heading to Poison Dragon Swamp to guard it for a while."

Lilith made her decisions quickly. With Spider Queen Lorelia and the arrow towers guarding Blackstone City, Alpha-level warriors could be dispatched for missions.

Just like how Lysinthia had been sent to Half-Moon Lake to collect supplies—an arrangement made by Lilith herself.

At that moment, a triumphant eagle's cry, filled with joy, rang out, shaking the high-ranking members of the Stoneheart Horde.

"Eagle cry?"

"It's Thunderhawk!"

"Our Lord has returned!"

Rendall, Thundar, and Lilith, after a brief moment of surprise, rushed out of the meeting hall at once.

Outside, on the flying mount platform in the east corner, the Thunderhawk had landed.

Orion, Lysinthia, and Lumi all dismounted from the Thunderhawk and looked up toward the meeting hall.

"Orion, you're back!"

"It's Lord! He's back!" Rendall and Thundar shouted, their voices full of surprise and joy.

Lilith gazed at Orion, and only when she saw that he was unharmed did she shift her gaze to Lysinthia and Lumi. Specifically, she looked at Lumi most of all.

A flicker of surprise and interest passed through Lilith's eyes, and a smile appeared on her face as she led Rendall and Thundar toward them.

"My lord!"

"Lord Orion!"

"Lord Orion!"

Unlike Rendall and Thundar, Lilith addressed him as "My lord," rather than using his name directly. The difference in formality carried significant weight, something to ponder.

Orion embraced Lilith and kissed her deeply. After a long kiss, he spoke.

"Let's head to the meeting hall and talk."

A short while later, the meeting hall was filled with fruits, wine, and meats.

Orion picked up his drink, shared a few toasts with everyone, and then began recounting the events from his journey, clearing up any doubts Lilith, Rendall, and Thundar had.

"We left Half-Moon Lake, entered Thunderwood Forest, and passed through Lokiviria's territory..."

Orion told the tale of everything, including events and secrets that only Legendary-level experts would know.

While Lumi had also participated in the Southern-Northern War, her perspective of the events, and Orion's, were two completely different things.

After Orion finished telling his story, the meeting hall fell silent.

In the eyes of Lilith, Rendall, Thundar, and Lysinthia, there was a longing for the fascinating world outside.

But Lumi seemed calmer. After hearing Orion's tale, she fell into deep thought.

"I have three things to do now that I'm back," Orion's firm voice broke the silence and brought everyone back from their thoughts.

"First, Blackstone City and Stoneheart City are far apart. I will set up a portal in the underground of Moonshadow Valley."

"This portal will be closed to the outside for now and only used for military purposes."

"Lilith, you'll be in charge of this," Orion directed.

Lilith stood, nodded, and smiled at Orion.

Once she sat down, Orion turned to Rendall, Thundar, and Lysinthia, assigning them their tasks.

Chapter 379 Mark of the King

"Arch Elder, Thundar, Lysinthia, tomorrow, you will lead the cavalry regiment, the Hunting Party, and 300K spiders south. Meet with Twilight Viper and the warriors of Half-Moon Lake, and together, we will sweep through Thunderwood Forest."

"From now on, Thunderwood Forest will be the territory of the Stoneheart Horde."

Orion's final statement was delivered with a heavy tone, full of authority.

"As for Abyssal Chasm and the Northern Ice Plains, Lumi will be sent to guard those regions," Orion continued, pausing for a moment before continuing, "Let me introduce you properly—this is Lumi, she is an elemental being of ice."

"Of course, she is also one of my women."

Orion glanced at Lumi, who stood up, gave a brief greeting with a simple 'hello' to the others, and then fell silent. This was typical for Lumi—cold and reserved. She was beautiful but preferred to keep her thoughts to herself and was generally introverted.

"This is Lilith, get to know her better," Orion added.

Lilith smiled at Lumi, and Lumi returned a polite smile.

Orion didn't pay attention to the exchange of glances between Lilith and Lumi. Matters between women were best left to them to handle.

"Third, once we have unified Thunderwood Forest, Abyssal Chasm, and the Northern Ice Plains, Rendall and Thundar will travel with me to Stoneheart City," Orion said.

"We need you to help integrate the Starveil Giants into the Stoneheart Horde as quickly as possible," he ordered.

Rendall and Thundar both stood up, pounding their chests in promise that the task would be completed.

However, after sitting back down, Rendall couldn't help but ask, "Lord, did you really kill the Giant King from the south?"

Orion let out a hearty laugh, slowly raising his right hand, and transcendent power surged within him.

A giant's head symbol appeared in the center of his palm.

"The Mark of the King!" Rendall and Thundar exclaimed in astonishment. Orion nodded, smiling.

The mark appeared after Orion killed the Giant King, Balor. Its appearance confirmed that Orion was now a powerful Giant King, one who had slain other Giant King—he was truly a king.

Next, with explanations from Lilith, Rendall, and Thundar, Orion learned about some of the events that occurred in Blackstone City after his departure.

Without any external threats, Blackstone City was prospering. Many grand buildings had been constructed, capable of transforming into fortresses if necessary. The city was developing rapidly, and there had been no incidents in the underground fissure or the bottomless abyss.

In short, Orion's rear was secure and flourishing.

As night fell, the inner keep, which had been quiet for so long, became lively once more.

Orion's return had the succubus maidservants busy, cleaning every corner of the castle.

In one of the rooms in the inner keep, Lilith and Lumi stood by the window, looking out at the bright lights of Blackstone City.

"I'm impressed with you. The last time you came here, it was snowing heavily, and countless snowlings emerged from the snow, causing quite a lot of trouble for us," Lilith said with a faint smile, trying to build rapport with Lumi.

Though Lumi's expression remained cold, she was indeed a rare elemental being.

Since Lumi was with Orion and now in Blackstone City, it showed that Lumi wasn't just a lover of Orion; her position in Orion's heart was significant. Whether important or special, Lilith supported Orion in this.

Truth be told, Lilith had been married to Orion for quite some time, but she still had not conceived a child. This was a heavy burden for her.

Lilith didn't mind Orion having more women. As the Giant King, it would be odd if Orion didn't have multiple women.

Moreover, if Orion wanted to increase the number of women in his harem, Lilith couldn't stop him. To do so would go against the future of the horde, and Lilith was too wise to make such a mistake.

Being the wife of the Giant King, Lilith had grace and confidence. As a succubus, she was skilled in seduction, knowing how to please Orion and seeing his affection for her.

"I'm sorry for what happened earlier," Lumi said, her gaze still fixed on the lively Blackstone City. This was a feeling she had never experienced before.

The transition from enemy to lover left Lumi at a loss for words.

"There's no need to apologize. The past is the past," Lilith replied. "As Orion's women, our role is to protect this foundation for him and manage our rear guard."

A glimmer of understanding and joy passed through Lilith's eyes as she observed Lumi's nature. Lumi was cold, uninterested in complex emotional matters, and didn't like stirring trouble—exactly the kind of woman Lilith welcomed for managing her 'harem.'

In Lilith's opinion, Lumi was easier to get along with than Saintess Violet. Thinking of Violet and the child she was carrying, Lilith suddenly felt a pang of sadness.

Of all of Orion's women, the one thing Lilith didn't want was for Violet to be the one to bear Orion's child—at least not first.

"From today on, this room will be yours," Lilith said with a gentle pat on her hands.

"Whenever you want to come or leave, no one will dare stop you."

With a clap of her hands, two succubus maidservants entered the room.

"They are maidservants I selected for you. You don't need to question their loyalty," Lilith continued. "If you don't like them, you can choose others, but the number is limited to two. They must be absolutely loyal. Do you understand?"

Lumi, though simple, wasn't naive. She understood Lilith's meaning.

"Thank you, I'll keep them," Lumi replied.

Lilith smiled, clearly pleased with Lumi's response.

"Lumi, now I understand why Orion took you into his harem," Lilith said with a teasing smile. "With your personality and alluring figure, Orion must be very fond of you!"

"..."

The conversation between the women continued in private, with Lilith sharing her knowledge of sex and the positions Orion liked.

Through their interaction, Lilith and Lumi's bond was gradually strengthening as they came to understand each other more.

Meanwhile, Orion had finished his inspection of the underground fissure and spent some time with Lorelia near the bottomless abyss before heading out.

The cross-realm teleportation array was Orion's greatest concern—a ticking time bomb for Stoneheart Horde. However, the appearance of the teleportation plate had given him some room for maneuver.

"I need to reach a higher level of power before I activate this cross-realm teleportation array to avoid unnecessary risks," Orion thought to himself.

Chapter 380 Mammoth

"Submit, or die!"

"Fiend serpent Gurnar is willing to submit!"

Orion gazed at the Alpha-level powerhouse, fiend serpent Gurnar, and nodded in satisfaction.

Here was the Abyssal Chasm. Ever since Gareth moved to the Thunderwood Forest, fiend serpent Gurnar had been guarding this area. In addition, fiend serpent Gurnar had another task: to oversee the two serpent dens located here.

"Relax and do not resist!"

Orion stretched out his hand and etched a slave contract sigil onto fiend serpent Gurnar's forehead, forging a pact with him.

"All right, show us around this place."

"As you command, Master!"

Gurnar got to his feet and led Orion and Lumi deep into the underground caves. In truth, the Abyssal Chasm no longer held anything of real value, since Gareth had already moved everything away. After roaming the area for half a day, the trio paused beside a pool of water.

"Master, this is the passage to an Abyss branch. However, Lord Gareth has sealed it. If you want to enter, you'll need to break the seal."

Orion didn't respond. That sealed entrance was likely the most worthwhile thing around here. However, at the moment, Orion had no use for that Abyss passage, so it was unnecessary to unseal it.

"From now on, you will obey Lumi and continue to guard this place. Also, within three years, I want you to restore those two serpent dens to their prime. I'll have someone deliver a batch of supplies to you."

Orion looked at fiend serpent Gurnar. He was an Alpha-level powerhouse who knew how to read the situation. During the recent southern invasion, Gareth had taken away ninety-nine percent of the cannon fodder, leaving the fiend serpent population here practically wiped out. Fortunately, a few remained. With enough time and resources, they could recover in a few years.

"Gurnar hears and obeys!"

Gurnar spoke to Orion and Lumi with great humility, his tone so meek that he hardly dared to speak loudly. With Gareth's death, those like Gurnar had seen their status drop significantly.

Half a day later, Orion and Lumi rose into the sky and settled back onto the thunderhawk's back.

"From now on, the Abyssal Chasm and this expanse of ice are your territory."

Orion wrapped an arm around Lumi's waist. In the sky filled with drifting snow, Lumi's body felt much warmer against him.

"Thank you."

Lumi turned her head to look at Orion. A complex emotion flickered in her gaze. Orion chuckled softly, signaled the thunderhawk, and continued flying northward.

If it had been any one of his other women, they probably would have offered kisses by now and used their bodies to please Orion. However, this was Lumi—a woman of icy demeanor, hesitant to make any sort of bold move. Even a simple kiss made her blush and feel shy, something she just couldn't bring herself to do.

On an icefield, high atop a snowy mountain.

The mammoth lord Drakmar stood covered in thick fur, with two long tusks pointing skyward. He appeared brutally fierce.

The previous mammoth lord had actually died during the southern invasion, and Drakmar only assumed leadership because the former lord, before dying, had left the Tribe with a backup plan: a Lord's Stone to ensure the Tribe's survival.

After the Tribe lost its leader, Drakmar quickly led his people back north, back to their original snowy mountain home. But at the war's end, the defeated lords were driven northward.

One of those lords took a liking to the mammoth clan's great snowy mountain, driving the mammoths out. Drakmar led his Tribe west and, partway through the journey, was fortunate enough to ascend to Legendary level, seizing this icefield for himself.

"Lord, there's word from the Desolate Plains that the centaur khan was badly injured during the recent great war."

"Lord, lead our people to conquer the Desolate Plains in one fell swoop!"

Drakmar turned to look at the line of elders, reading the frustration etched on their faces. The mammoth clan's combat strength had always been formidable, but their numbers remained relatively small, which kept them from expanding.

"Did any of you see for yourselves that the centaur khan was wounded?"

Drakmar's voice was grave. It wasn't that he was unwilling to take the risk—he simply saw no point in doing so. Their Tribe was already short on numbers; launching an invasion of the Desolate Plains, regardless of the outcome, would further diminish the clan. That was the last thing Drakmar wanted as their lord.

"Elders, what our people need right now is time to rest and recover, and—"

He never finished the sentence. Drakmar's expression suddenly changed.

"This is bad—there's a Legendary-level intruder!"

"Elders, go hide our people at once!"

With a roar, strange red light flared behind Drakmar, and in the next moment, he soared skyward, racing toward the northwest.

Meanwhile, atop the thunderhawk.

Orion could sense the Legendary-level energy rapidly approaching. He pinched Lumi's nipple, then spoke softly.

"Wait here for me. I'll be back soon."

A rumble of thunder echoed as Orion transformed into a streak of lightning, roaring away amid the wind and snow.

Lumi stared after him, watching the snow swirl through the air. Suddenly, she felt a trace of longing for Orion.

"Who are you, and why have you intruded upon the territory of the mammoth clan?"

Fzzzt!

A spear shot out from the swirling snow. A flash of crimson light behind Drakmar allowed him to dodge just in time.

"My apologies, mighty giant lord. Perhaps there's been a misunderstanding?"

Orion ceased his attack; he noticed the mammoth lord in front of him wasn't fighting back.

"This icefield is my territory. You have crossed the line."

Hovering in the air, Orion released the pressure of his Upper Legendary-level power, making Drakmar's pupils contract.

"Mighty giant lord, our mammoth clan has been migrating west and had no idea this was your territory. We will withdraw from these icefields at once."

Orion studied the mammoth before him and let his thoughts race. After a moment, he spoke coolly.

"Everything north of the Poison Dragon Swamp is my territory. Stepping into this area, I will view you as invaders. You have three days to move out."

Forming this plan on the spot, Orion recalled that in his original layout, everything north of the Desolate Plains was to become his territory. Yet now, looking at the mammoth, he thought of Ironhoof.

Perhaps, if he placed them close together, the two parties would inevitably clash, sparing the Stoneheart Horde from their combined threat. Letting these neighbors fight would grant Lumi a quieter place in the north—and free Orion to focus on rearranging Stoneheart City in the south.

"Understood. We will leave at once!"

Relieved that Orion showed no intention of continuing the fight, Drakmar immediately agreed to the boundary Orion had declared.

Drakmar gave a slight nod and then flew back toward the snowy mountain.

Many moments later, Drakmar returned to his mountain, where the elders were waiting.

"Lord, what happened?"

"Lord, did you drive away the intruder?"