

Titan King 391

Chapter 391: What do you want?

"Everyone, let us drink a toast to the gnoll who gave us an unbelievably thrilling performance."

Orion, Lireesa, Jorik, Dain, and Richard raised their glasses, offering polite smiles.

"Next up, it's the turn of the dwarven warriors!"

Jorik clapped his hands, and yet another cage rose from the dungeon of the arena.

Dwarven prophet Dain glanced at a dwarf behind him, who turned and went down to prepare.

"Dain, how about I join you for a little fun?"

Jorik suddenly said with a smile, after seeing the dwarf warrior leave.

Dain furrowed his brows, eyeing Jorik with suspicion.

Jorik responded with a mysterious grin, a red glow flashing in his hand. A single-handed war hammer, glowing as if it were freshly forged and still radiating heat, appeared in his grasp.

"This is the relic of a certain elder from the dwarven race. I thought this might be something your people could use."

Upon seeing the war hammer, Dain's eyes locked on it. He swallowed hard, raising his drink to mask his desire for the weapon.

"Jorik, what do you want?"

Jorik put the war hammer away, took a sip of his drink, and spoke calmly.

"To the south, near the Dragonflame Island territory."

"If your clan's warrior wins, the war hammer will be yours, hands down."

"But if he dies, that territory will return to the dragon clan."

The room fell silent.

Orion, who had been somewhat slow to realize, suddenly grasped that the Five-Race Alliance meeting had, in fact, started when the arena match began. This was why the dragons had chosen to hold the

meeting in the arena—victory and defeat were decided in the fighting, while conditions were discussed in the meeting.

Orion glanced at Lireesa and Richard. Both turned toward him, their expressions serious.

Orion took a long drink from his glass, not looking at Jorik and Dain, who were at the center of the conflict. His eyes settled back on the arena.

On the other side, Dain lifted his gaze toward the arena, toward the early-stage Alpha-level dark creatures.

As the match was about to begin, Dain spoke with seriousness.

"We have a deal."

Jorik nodded, a victorious smile playing on his lips. He knew full well that Dain would never refuse a bet like this.

The war hammer Jorik had presented was an ancient relic from the dwarven clan(race), one they had lost millennia ago. If they didn't seize this opportunity, they would lose not just the artifact but their faith as well—at least Dain would.

The outcome of the match was revealed half an hour later.

The dwarven warrior was cut into three pieces by the mantis-like dark creature in the arena and was swiftly devoured.

"Dain, two months from now, I will send people to take over that territory."

Dain said nothing in response to Jorik. Instead, he continued to pour drinks down his throat, his thick beard soaked with alcohol.

It was clear that Dain's mood was very low and suppressed.

"Richard, it's your turn next!"

Grand Duke Richard looked up, glancing briefly at Jorik before replying,

"Jorik, my warriors are all knights. Would you allow their steeds to fight?"

Jorik frowned slightly at the question.

He didn't speak immediately, instead turning his gaze toward Orion, Lireesa, and Dain, seeking their opinions. After all, all three had already suffered losses in the previous rounds.

"If the steeds can fight, I believe the Blood Elves and Dwarves would not have died so quickly."

Orion spoke up, remembering that Grand Duke Richard had made things difficult for him when Dirtclaw fought. He had no intention of helping Richard now.

After Orion spoke, Lireesa and Dain both shook their heads, disagreeing with the idea of allowing the steeds to fight.

Grand Duke Richard swept his eyes over everyone, but didn't press the matter. With a wave of his hand, a knight behind him turned and descended to prepare.

"Richard, I have a scroll here. I wonder if you're interested?"

Jorik's voice drew everyone's attention once again.

"What's Jorik up to now?"

"Is he trying to claim all the territories of the dragon race through this meeting?"

Orion lowered his gaze, his expression deepening.

Grand Duke Richard didn't speak but took the scroll from Jorik and began reading it.

As he scanned the contents, Richard's breathing grew noticeably quicker.

A few breaths later, Richard returned to normal, looked up, and spoke calmly,

"Jorik, what do you want?"

This time, Jorik's expression was no longer smiling. It was dead serious.

"The dragon egg you took from Dragon Nest. It's an egg that cannot hatch. It serves no purpose to you."

Grand Duke Richard fell silent, his gaze fixed on the scroll. After a moment of contemplation, he spoke softly,

"Jorik, what you offer isn't equal. It's not enough."

Jorik's smile returned, and he looked at Grand Duke Richard with calm eyes.

"If your human warriors defeat the dark creatures, the scroll is yours."

"But if they lose, the dragon egg returns to us, and the scroll remains yours."

Grand Duke Richard hesitated, but eventually agreed.

"Fine, I accept your terms."

Just as everyone thought the wager had concluded, Richard turned toward Orion and said calmly,

"Orion, do you dare play again?"

His words carried an implied challenge.

Now, Lireesa, Jorik, and Dain all shifted their gaze back and forth between Orion and Richard.

"What do you want?"

Orion raised his head, a sense of caution rising within him.

"If my warriors win, you will unconditionally return the princess and grant my people trade rights in your territory."

"But if my warriors lose, I will add ten times the ransom."

Orion's pupils contracted sharply. Opening trade rights for merchants in the giants' territory? Was Richard mocking the giants for being simple-minded, or was he testing Orion?

Whatever the case, Orion's alertness was at its peak.

The atmosphere in the meeting room grew tense, this time due to the delicate relationship between Orion, Jorik, and Richard.

Orion reached for his drink, taking a sip before speaking in a low voice.

"I refuse."

This was a no-brainer. Orion would never let someone like a human knight or dark creature decide trade rights over his territory.

He looked up at Grand Duke Richard, his voice calm but firm.

"If you truly want the merchant trade rights, let's settle this between us. If you defeat me, I'll agree to your terms."

"Or, you can offer me the human kingdom's trade rights, and we'll exchange them equally."

Chapter 392: I refuse any bet involving territory

Grand Duke Richard chuckled and deftly steered the conversation away from the topic of commercial trading rights.

Orion held a firm stance, believing it was not the right time to continue discussing the matter. Casting a faint smile, he looked at Grand Duke Richard, already pegging him in his mind as a shrewd merchant.

Right then, Grand Duke Richard turned his gaze toward the arena; the battle was about to start.

"For what I trust in my heart, I shall fight. That is my faith, and it defines my knightly spirit!"

"For the human kingdom, for what we believe in!"

In the arena, a nameless knight stood with a shield in one hand and a sword in the other, chanting softly under his breath as though offering a prayer.

Roar!

Amid the roar of a beast, the nameless knight banged his shield with his longsword, becoming more and more roused, his eyes shining with unwavering determination.

Moments later, the Scythe-footed beast (dark creatures) lifted its scythe-like forelimbs and charged. Undaunted, the knight raised his shield to meet the impact.

After the initial collision, upon realizing he wasn't knocked off his feet, the knight's eyes filled with excitement. This was a conservative battle of endurance, a clash between an enormous shield and sickle-like claws.

In the end, after two hours, the knight cast aside his shield—which was battered down to a fragment—and, drenched in blood, managed to slay the Scythe-footed beast.

"Lord Jorik, looks like Lady Luck is on my side."

Grand Duke Richard put away the scroll in his hand, a smile curling at his lips.

Orion glanced at him and began to ponder. The human kingdom had occupied the far southern regions for over ten thousand years, amassing a solid foundation in both equipment and martial techniques—so much so that they had formed a fully developed system.

Just like that knight moments ago: yes, his enormous shield gave him an advantage, but without compatible Shield Warrior battle skills, there would have been no way to defeat an alpha-level dark creature that was above his rank. It was a hard-fought victory, nearly a narrow escape.

Looking at that knight reminded Orion of his own Shield Warrior Training Camp. The Thunderstorm Bearmen, who had remained at Stoneheart Horde since Orion headed south last year, had begun training.

According to Lilith's data, only around a hundred had successfully transferred to Shield Warrior status. Forming a large Shield Warrior army would still require time.

"Ugh... time is the only thing we're short on," Orion thought to himself. Both he and the Stoneheart Horde needed time to accumulate strength.

"There's still one last dark creature left, and now it's the Blood Elves' turn!"

With a smile, Jorik snapped his fingers, and the final alpha-level dark creature was released. Although he had lost a bet on the previous fight, Jorik's face was devoid of any disappointment, as though nothing had happened.

After hearing this, the Blood Elf Grand Elder Lireesa glanced at the Blood Elf warrior at her side, personally choosing him to step forward.

Clearly, after their initial defeat, Lireesa had become more cautious. Also, no one wanted to simply hand over an alpha-level dark creature, since it was a precious resource.

When that elf warrior turned to prepare, Lireesa looked at Jorik.

"Lord Jorik, why don't we have some fun with this one, too?"

Jorik heard Lireesa's invitation, shook his head, and offered a lighthearted smile, refusing her request. The Blood Elves, after suffering one casualty, seemed ready to go all-out. This time, the fighter they fielded would surely be their strongest. Betting against them now would almost guarantee a loss. Although the dragon race had some hidden reserves, Jorik was no fool.

"I don't have anything the Blood Elves need, Lady Lireesa. Perhaps you could ask these three gentlemen."

Lireesa's gaze swept over Orion and the others, her eyes roaming with hesitation. Yet when she finally looked at Orion, her eyes lit up.

"Orion, would you be interested in the show to come?"

Orion nodded, taking a swig from his wineskin. In truth, he wasn't even slightly intrigued by the upcoming fight, but he was curious about what Lireesa wanted.

"Lady Lireesa, what do you have your eye on?"

Orion glanced at the group, speaking in a casual tone.

"That territory near the southern border of the giants!"

He understood immediately. During the civil war between the North and South, the Blood Elves had ceded large tracts of territory. The territory bordering the giants to the south was handed over to him by Bluehide and Lokiviria when the lands were partitioned.

"I'm sorry, but I refuse any bet involving territory."

Lireesa's eyes flickered with momentary disappointment, and she did not press the matter. It was impractical to attempt winning back land through a single duel.

Jorik had regained the land near Dragonflame Isle from the dwarves only because of its distinctive geography and its distance from the dwarves' core lands, making Dain the dwarf prophet more willing to agree.

Another hour or so passed, and the Blood Elf warrior used a magical bow and arrows to slowly wear down the dark creature and eventually kill it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the opening show is over. Now, let's move on to the main event."

Once the fight in the arena concluded, Jorik cleared his throat, drawing everyone's attention.

"In the South, we share common interests—and a common destiny."

"No one can predict when the next Northern-Southern war will break out or who will instigate it."

Jorik's smile had vanished, replaced by a grave expression. His voice dropped in pitch, steady and serious, as he addressed the assembled lords.

"The dragons need peace. You humans, dwarves, Blood Elves, and giants all need a stable environment."

"So I propose that our five races form an alliance: avoiding mutual slaughter, reducing infighting, trusting one another, opening trade routes, and establishing free trade to exchange resources."

"I promise that all our dragon cities will be open to you."

Silence fell, and the meeting hall grew still. Orion lowered his head, taking sip after sip of his drink.

If this Five-Race Alliance could be established as Jorik suggested—everyone working together and trading openly—it would be a win-win situation for most.

However, in this scenario, the humans, Blood Elves, and dwarves would be at an advantage, while the giants would undoubtedly lose out. Economically and technologically, humans, Blood Elves, and dwarves had been developing in the South for over ten thousand years, making their internal systems and economies quite refined. The giants, on the other hand, still lagged behind.

Then there were the dragons, who, thanks to Frostsire's formidable power, held an edge in several rare resources—sometimes even a total monopoly.

Chapter 393: You're telling me you want more

"The human kingdom supports an alliance. With it, we can maintain a favorable social order in the South, providing everyone with a peaceful environment that we all desire.

"Once our five races form an alliance, we'll share a united front and stand or fall together. In the South, we can maintain peace for at least several thousand years—maybe even ten thousand."

Hearing this, Orion looked up at Lord Jorik and Grand Duke Richard. He was sure these two were the ones pulling the strings behind the scenes for this Five-Race Alliance conference.

As for Orion, he hadn't been invited directly by either Jorik or Richard; instead, he'd been ushered in through the Blood Elves. In other words, they treated the giants as a peripheral race. The only reason they brought the giants into the alliance, most likely, was due to Orion's considerable strength.

"I agree to the Five-Race Alliance!"

"I also agree!"

Prophet Dain of the dwarves and the Blood Elf Arch Elder Lireesa both spoke in unison, accepting the alliance.

Lireesa, Jorik, Dain, and Richard then turned their eyes to Orion.

"Don't stare at me like that—I agree to the alliance, too," Orion said. "But there's one thing I want to be clear about: I hope our alliance is founded on fairness."

Hearing Orion's response, the others all relaxed and smiled.

Among the five major races present, each boasted an upper Legendary-level powerhouse. If they went to war against each other, the losses would be enormous. Orion's agreement meant that the five races could avoid depleting their top-level forces through open conflict.

"Come on, let's raise a toast to the formation of the Five-Race Alliance!" Jorik, the host, raised his cup. After they set this grand direction, the finer details could be left to their subordinates.

Today's gathering was essentially just a banquet; it didn't last very long. The Blood Elves and giants had only arrived in Whitecliff City that very day, so there hadn't been time for deeper discussions. For now, they had merely outlined their mutual goals.

That night, in a palace somewhere in the city, Orion was lying in bed with the naked Kitsune Sylvana, his arm snugly around her.

Sylvana and Orion had been having sex for two hours, and her vaginal opening was slick with fluids, her body drenched in sweat. Throughout this time, Orion had used his cock to thrust in and out of her repeatedly, bringing her to climax again and again; yet she kept silent, never once letting out a moan. It was obvious she'd been holding it in with difficulty.

Orion stretched out a hand, gently teasing Sylvana's clitoris while stroking her breast.

"Tomorrow, when the Five-Race Alliance talks resume, I want you and Grulbane to attend."

Grulbane was an alpha-level shaman of the Starveil giants; Orion had decided to bring him along right before leaving for this meeting.

In this Five-Race Alliance, Orion intended to put both Sylvana and Grulbane to the test—particularly the latter, assessing both his mental fortitude and combat strength.

Shamans were extremely rare within the giant race. Among the Blackstone, Ironbone, and Starveil branches combined, only this one had emerged. Orion had high hopes for him. If Grulbane passed Orion's test, Orion planned to give him an important position in the horde.

"My requirement is simple. Whatever the other four races ask of us, you two need to make sure we get equivalent benefits or terms in return."

Once he finished speaking, Kitsune Sylvana had steadily regained her composure. Her fingertips glowed white as she lightly ran her hand across her vagina and the inside of her thighs. Wherever her fingers passed—around her clitoris and her vaginal opening—the fluids were wiped clean, leaving her body looking as though nothing had happened.

"My lord, do you truly intend to open the giants' territory to them?" Sylvana lifted her head, her blind eyes turned toward Orion with a vacant look.

Orion glanced down at Sylvana's sightless eyes, feeling a twinge of regret as he placed a gentle kiss on them.

"What are you trying to say?" He could sense her uncertainty.

"My lord, I think that right now isn't the right time to open up the giants' territory. I don't know the full details of the giant race's situation, but the Beastmen learned many lessons in the past.

"In our dealings with the Blood Elves and humans, no matter how we tried to handle trade, the Orcs and Beastmen always ended up at a disadvantage. We concluded that dwarves, Blood Elves, and humans were all cunning, and that they oppressed us Beastmen."

Orion gave a low chuckle; he understood the core reason behind the Beastmen's oppression: a fundamental lack of resources and production equipment, which caused a deficit in both technological weaponry and trade opportunities. Indeed, if the Stoneheart Horde joined the Five-Race Alliance without boosting its production capabilities, they might end up facing the same fate as the Beastmen—drained by the other four races.

"Sylvana, you have to see that forming ties with the other races is what will increase Stoneheart Horde's income. We can acquire dwarven weapons, human-grown food, and magical artifacts from the Blood Elves. Opening ourselves up to them can broaden our people's horizons, and in this complex landscape of the South, it can ease our own internal strife and raise the horde's cohesion."

Only when the members learned more about the outside world would they see their own limits. Simultaneously, external pressure would strengthen the resolve of the horde's members.

Right now, the Stoneheart Horde encompassed many integrated races, and Orion needed an outside force to help him unify the tribes, rally his people, and collect their faith.

Especially those ordinary folks who had merged into Stoneheart Horde: they weren't under strict military discipline, and Stoneheart Horde's laws and social order were still incomplete. They hadn't received the political education Orion wanted. Many of them still thought only in terms of tribal living.

Orion wanted to unify Stoneheart Horde and gradually push for urban development, and opening up to other races was a crucial step. That was, in fact, his main reason for occupying Stoneheart City in the first place.

Blackstone City, up in the north, simply didn't have Stoneheart City's advantageous geography. Even if Orion had wanted to open up there, no other races in that region would have come to do business. Stoneheart City, by contrast, could trade with the Blood Elves, humans, dwarves, and dragons, offering a solid opportunity for the Stoneheart Horde to enter the mainstream factions of the continent.

Kitsune Sylvana stared blankly at Orion. This was their first chance to truly talk and understand each other.

Orion's power went well beyond his physical strength or sexual prowess; the intelligence he revealed startled her. Compared to Blademaster Grommash, Orion's political insight was on an entirely different level.

"I see countless figures behind you," Sylvana suddenly said. "They're cheering, they're shouting..."

Her words left Orion slightly baffled.

"And in your eyes, I see desire. You're telling me you want more."

Orion burst out laughing, rolling over and pinning Sylvana beneath him again, pushing his cock back into her vagina.

Nights in Whitecliff City were wonderful—there was the sea breeze, and the sound of the ocean waves.

Chapter 394 Sea Tribe

Life is fragile, sometimes ending in the blink of an eye, between a single strike or blow.

"WAAAGH!"

Rendall, holding a spiked club, panted heavily, shouting toward the audience around the arena.

At his feet, an Alpha-level human knight lay dead in a pool of blood, his breath gone.

This was a life-or-death battle in the arena, a duel between two warriors.

In the council hall, the five lords gathered once more.

The five factions had successfully formed an alliance, and the details they needed to discuss next didn't require the involvement of high-ranking figures like Orion.

The lords, now together again, began an unusual contest of their own.

A duel!

Through their warriors' combat, they sought to win territories or supplies from one another.

"Grand Duke Richard, this round is mine."

"When will you send me the thousand sets of refined armor you promised? Don't try to pass off scrap metal on me!"

For this duel, Orion had sent Arch Elder Rendall. With the protection of a blood shield, Rendall had managed to win the battle, though it had been difficult.

Grand Duke Richard's face darkened. The knight who had just died was his personal commander, a strong warrior even among Alpha-level fighters.

He had not fallen in battle but in this duel, and Grand Duke Richard struggled to accept that.

"Hahaha, what an exciting duel! Now, who wants to play a round with me? I'll offer ten slots into the Dragon Nest as a prize."

At the mention of the Dragon Nest, Grand Duke Richard's expression suddenly stiffened. He turned to look at Lord Jorik.

"Lord Jorik, are you serious?"

Jorik nodded, and, seeing the others watching him, casually spoke.

"Our Dragon Nest has the ability to purify and alter bloodlines. Each time it's activated, it consumes a vast amount of resources."

"If you wish for your younger generation to enter, you'll have to defeat our dragon warriors."

"Alternatively, you can offer something of value in exchange for a slot."

Orion, Lireesa, Dain, and Richard all fell into deep thought, considering whether to accept the challenge.

Orion glanced at Drakthul, the only Alpha-level warrior he had with him who could possibly fight.

As Orion hesitated, Grand Duke Richard, from the human kingdom, spoke first.

"Lord Jorik, humans will take this challenge."

Jorik nodded, thinking for a moment before replying seriously.

"Alright, but the stake will be the dragon egg."

Grand Duke Richard nodded in agreement.

"Then let's have them prepare."

While Jorik and Richard were discussing, Lireesa, standing beside Orion, suddenly communicated with him telepathically.

"Lord Orion, don't you find it strange? Isn't Jorik being a little too generous?"

Orion's hand, which had been holding his goblet, stiffened for a moment before returning to normal.

Grand Elder Lireesa of the Blood Elf tribe had lived for a long time, so her words were certainly not without reason.

"Lady Lireesa, what's wrong?"

"According to our tribe's records, every time the Dragon Nest opens, it consumes a massive amount of dragon blood, and only fifty slots are available."

Orion's expression remained unchanged as he continued to sip his drink, quietly asking,

"So what does that mean?"

"This is no ordinary dragon blood. At the very least, it's blood from a Legendary-level dragon. Jorik's blood and life force are strong, so it's clear that he isn't using his own blood to activate the Dragon Nest."

"You mean..."

"This time, they must be using the blood of Arch Lord Frostsire. The slots are incredibly valuable, and I don't understand why Jorik would wager something so precious."

Upon hearing this, Orion's pupils contracted slightly.

Just as Orion was about to ask more questions, the duel in the arena began.

On the human side, an Alpha-level knight appeared, riding a beast-blood mount at the peak of hero-level.

On the dragon side, a half-dragon emerged. This half-dragon hadn't fully transformed but was much taller than an average human.

Just before the match began, his back suddenly tore open, and a pair of dragon wings slowly sprouted.

"Roar!"

"Charge!"

With two roars, the two warriors charged toward each other.

Halfway through the charge, the half-dragon soared into the air and released a blue fireball from his mouth.

The human knight raised his large shield, which flashed with magical runes, and a faint red defensive barrier appeared, successfully blocking the fireball.

Boom!

The sound of the explosion rang out, causing Orion, Lireesa, Jorik, Dain, and Richard to all stand up.

However, the five lords didn't look toward the arena but instead toward the southern sea.

In the instant the fireball and shield collided, there had been a loud explosion from the direction of the sea.

"Crap!"

Jorik exclaimed in shock. Without saying another word, he transformed into a dragon and soared into the sky.

Orion raised an eyebrow and looked at Lireesa, Dain, and Richard.

The first two seemed surprised, but Richard wore a strange expression.

"Grand Duke Richard, do you know what's going on?"

Orion's voice was low, sensing a hint of danger, though he couldn't detect any other Legendary-level presences nearby.

"If it's an issue with the sea, it could be an invasion from the Sea Tribe."

When Richard mentioned the Sea Tribe, everyone's pupils contracted.

The Sea Tribe was mysterious and terrifying to land-based races like them.

Every time the Sea Tribe invaded the continent, the number of creatures they brought with them was enormous.

"Whether it's the Sea Tribe or not, we'll find out soon enough."

Dain, the dwarven prophet, was impatient. His transcendent power surged as he flew into the sky.

Orion, Lireesa, and Richard exchanged a look. They no longer cared about the duel in the arena, instead channeling their transcendent powers and heading south.

Far to the south, deep within the sea.

With a loud bang, it was as if the ocean floor had erupted, sending invisible waves rippling outward.

In the deep sea, the water suddenly caved in, creating a massive pit.

The pit was quickly filled by the surrounding water, but the sea surged violently in the wake of the explosion.

On the surface, the waves, which had initially been only a meter high, began to rapidly rise.

By the time the waves reached the shallow waters, they had surged to over a hundred meters.

A tsunami had begun.

In the waters following the tsunami, countless shadows of fish-tailed, human-bodied creatures moved swiftly.

"Hahaha... I smell dragon blood, children, follow me and let's invade the land to seize that dragon blood."

"The pure scent, that's dragon blood, blood that will let us evolve!"

"Seize the dragon blood, devour those half-dragons!"

Chapter 395 Stay alert

Three months ago, in Whitecliff City, Dragon Nest.

The will of the white dragon Frostsire descended upon its homeland and engaged in conversation with Jorik in the Dragon Nest.

"Ancestor, you have returned!"

"Roar."

The white dragon Frostsire let out a soft hum, scanning the Dragon Nest before speaking calmly.

"This Northern and Southern war has taken a heavy toll on the half-dragon clan(tribe). They need to be replenished in numbers soon."

"They are the foundation of our dragon race's territorial defense and our most reliable force."

The will projection of the white dragon Frostsire exuded transcendent power, and as it did, the Dragon Nest around them underwent a dramatic transformation. Secret passages appeared one after another from the surrounding walls.

"This is our dragon race's territory. Even if humans have occupied it for ten thousand years, they can only plunder the visible resources on the surface."

As it spoke, the will projection floated towards one of the secret passages, and Jorik, without a second thought, followed it.

"Jorik, for the most part, I will be on the battlefield between the two realms. The management of the territory is entrusted to you."

"There are five matters I need you to handle."

Jorik followed the will projection closely, speaking with utmost humility, "Please, ancestor, command me."

The will projection of Frostsire waved its hand, opening a hidden door and stepping inside.

"The first matter, as I just mentioned, is to replenish the half-dragon clan's numbers."

"For ten thousand years, the dragon blood stored here has dwindled by more than half, but I have brought back some dragon blood."

"Together with the blood here, it should be enough to give birth to a batch of strong half-dragons."

The voice of Frostsire's will projection was deep and filled with melancholy as it spoke.

"The second matter involves a dragon egg in the human's territory."

"Although the life force of the egg is faint, if we retrieve it and place it in the Dragon Nest, I can use my true blood to nourish it. It should still be able to hatch."

"Find a way to retrieve that dragon egg."

Upon hearing this, Jorik's eyes gleamed with excitement.

On this continent, only two true dragons (winged, flying dragons) currently existed: the white dragon Frostsire and Glacial Dragon Jorik.

Of course, compared to Frostsire, Jorik's bloodline was not pure enough, which is why he hadn't evolved into a white dragon.

The appearance of the dragon egg could directly bring forth another true dragon.

Dragon eggs, aside from being birthed directly by true dragons, could also appear during the reproduction of half-dragons due to bloodline regression.

However, this method would require a long period of accumulation.

This was also one of the reasons the dragon race fostered the half-dragon clan, as it related to the continuation of the dragon race.

"The third matter, the southern tribes have suffered heavy losses in this Northern-Southern war. Like us, they also need time to recover."

"You can use my true blood as bait to grant them some slots, attracting powerful tribes to us."

"Seize this opportunity to form an alliance with the southern tribes."

Hearing this, Jorik was filled with many doubts.

After noticing that the ancestor's will projection had stopped speaking, he quickly voiced his concerns.

"Ancestor, in this Southern-Northern war, the humans, dwarves, and Blood Elves were all heavily wounded. They lost a lot of territory. If we form an alliance now, will they accept?"

The will projection turned back to look at Jorik, its gaze full of both sighs and concern.

"Jorik, remember, when benefits and peace are involved, no race can resist the temptation."

"If we think this way, other races will think the same."

"I've already communicated with the Saint of the human kingdom. You can seek their help when you undertake this task."

Jorik nodded, appearing humble and attentive.

"Ancestor, what about the Blood Elves and the dwarves?"

The will projection of Frostsire let out a soft snort and said indifferently,

"The ones who rule this continent are the dragons and humans. The Blood Elves and Dwarves will merely follow our lead."

"Unless an arch lord appears in their races, they will not have any say."

Such domineering words stirred Jorik's heart, filling him with pride for his race.

"The fourth matter, the Sea Tribe around the Utessar continent's seas is an ancient enemy of ours."

"Now that our dragon clan has returned to its homeland, they certainly won't let us rest in peace."

"After taking control here, you must prepare for defense!"

"The Sea Tribe may not have exceptionally powerful Legendary-level figures, but they have many Legendary-level warriors. Stay alert."

"If they prove too strong, you may need to go to the lowest levels of the Dragon Nest and awaken the two great beings who are sleeping."

At the mention of the Sea Tribe, Jorik's brow furrowed, his expression grim.

"Ancestor, did you mean that the alliance is ultimately to deal with the Sea Tribe?"

Even Jorik, not the sharpest, could sense some underlying truth in the matter.

"Yes, the Sea Tribe is not something we can handle alone, and it's not only our dragon clan's territory near the seas."

"Through an alliance, we can bring the powerful southern tribes together. Only then can we resist the Sea Tribe's invasion."

"Since our dragon clan has not reclaimed all of our territories, the races occupying our lands must join us in resisting the Sea Tribe."

"Is the dragon clan's territory so easily taken?"

Jorik looked at his ancestor, feeling like a fool compared to him.

By gathering the southern tribes, not only could they secure a peaceful environment, but they would also find allies to defend against the Sea Tribe.

This was a matter of information disparity. By the time the southern tribes realized what had happened, the alliance would already be formed, and they would be too late to resist.

"The fifth matter..."

In Whitecliff City, on the day of the tsunami.

A massive tsunami, hundreds of meters high, swept across the sea. The towering waves and surging waters gave everyone an immense visual shock.

"A tsunami! Could it really be the Sea Tribe invading?"

Orion, Lireesa, Dain, and Richard had already arrived by Jorik's side. The seven of them stared in shock at the terrifying tsunami in the distance.

The one who had spoken was Grand Duke Richard. His expression was unsettled, and he seemed absent-minded as he gazed at the waves.

Roar! Roar! Roar!

Nine dragon roars echoed from Jorik, now in his dragon form. All the races residing in the dragon clan's territory seemed to have received a signal and began returning to Whitecliff City.

At the same time, two unfamiliar Legendary-level presences suddenly appeared in the center of Whitecliff City and were quickly heading toward Orion and the others.

Orion turned to look, and instead of seeing two unfamiliar lords(Legendary-level), his eyes landed on the towering structures of Whitecliff City.

"So that's it!"

Only at this moment did Orion understand why the buildings in Whitecliff City had such a unique style.

Chapter 396 Reverse Whales

This architectural style was specifically designed to face the Sea Tribe and withstand tsunamis.

Through Orion's gaze, magical runes began to glow on the tower-like structures, with defensive shields and water barriers emerging.

After Jorik's dragon roar, Whitecliff City seemed to activate, quickly entering a state of battle.

Orion withdrew his gaze as two suddenly appearing Legendary-level powerhouses approached nearby, standing by Jorik.

These two Legendary-level powerhouses were one half-dragon and one dragon beast.

"Are they the subordinates of Arch Lord White Dragon Frostsire?"

Lireesa shared the same thought as Orion.

As for Dain and Richard, they had encountered these two Legendary-level powerhouses in the Eastern and Central War Zones during the North-South War.

"Gentlemen, as you can see, the Slark Mermen from the sea are attempting to invade our lands."

"Besides our dragon territory being close to the sea, your territories also have some areas near the ocean."

"By forming an alliance of the five races, we should drive them back together."

Hearing Jorik's words, Orion, Lireesa, Dain, and Richard all furrowed their brows, deep in thought.

Orion glanced at the Glacial Dragon. The huge dragon head was filled with ferocity, making it hard to read any other expression.

"Are the Sea Tribe invading because of the dragon race, or are they just targeting the land?"

This question suddenly appeared in Orion's mind.

However, before Orion could fully think it through, someone in the group spoke up first.

"Since our five races have already formed an alliance, I, representing the Human Kingdom, am willing to join the dragons in driving the Sea Tribe off our lands."

Orion, Lireesa, and Dain all looked up, surprised at Grand Duke Richard's swift decision.

What's his angle for taking a side so quickly?

Orion looked toward Lireesa and Dain, and their gazes met with his.

As the three exchanged looks, Grand Duke Richard continued.

"The Human Kingdom also has territories near the sea, so the Sea Tribe is our common enemy."

After Grand Duke Richard finished speaking, his intense gaze fixed on Orion and the others.

Meanwhile, Jorik, the half-dragon, and the dragon beast standing ahead turned to look at Orion's group.

Four intense gazes were now upon them, creating pressure and subtly forcing the trio into a corner.

"Our Blood Elves also have territories near the sea, and we are willing to resist the Sea Tribe together with everyone."

The first to speak was Grand Elder Lireesa, as the Blood Elf race controlled a vast territory close to the sea.

Her reasoning was simple: by joining the resistance now, when the Sea Tribe invaded Blood Elf territory, she could pull the dragon and human races into the fight together.

"We dwarves are also willing to join!"

After the Dwarven Prophet Dain spoke, Orion chuckled.

"Then let's all join forces to resist the Sea Tribe invasion!"

Orion sighed inwardly, feeling that ever since entering the dragon's territory, everything had become very passive for him.

After hearing everyone's stance, Jorik was in a good mood, roaring loudly with his deep voice.

"Once we've driven off the Sea Tribe, our dragon race will offer forty spots in Dragon Nest. Each faction can recommend ten of their own to enter Dragon Nest for the baptism."

"All the spoils from the Sea Tribe's invasion will also be shared equally among everyone."

The promise of benefits and rewards was a powerful motivator for any intelligent race.

Clearly, Jorik understood this, so he offered precious spots and the post-battle loot.

Orion, Lireesa, Dain, and Richard all nodded. Since they had decided to act together, there was a price to be paid.

"I sense five strong, unfamiliar auras!"

As the tsunami approached, Orion finally detected five unfamiliar, threatening presences amidst the crashing waves.

Earlier, Orion couldn't sense them due to the ocean's cover, and the Sea Tribe had their own secret techniques to hide in deep waters, making them hard to detect.

Lireesa, Jorik, Dain, Richard, the half-dragon, and the dragon beast all turned to look at Orion, their expressions filled with uncertainty.

"Lord Orion, are you sure it's the aura of five Legendary-level powerhouses?"

Orion nodded confidently.

Lireesa, Jorik, and the others frowned. They had only sensed four Legendary-level auras.

The group concentrated, pouring transcendent power into their senses, but still only detected four.

Just as Lireesa was about to ask, it was too late.

Above the surging waves, five giant whales, each around three hundred meters long, leaped from the water, forming a triangular formation with one in the front and four behind. They charged at the seven airborne figures.

"It's the Reverse Whale Clan!"

The Reverse Whale Clan was a branch of the Slark Mermen, one of the more powerful factions of the Sea Tribe.

The one who exclaimed was the Legendary-level dragon beast that had emerged from the Dragon Nest.

This dragon beast, sealed in the far North alongside the white dragon Frostsire, was an existence that had lived for over ten thousand years.

"Let's strike together and slay them!"

Jorik roared, leading the charge.

Orion, armed with a trident, followed him into battle.

Facing the Sea Tribe for the first time, and witnessing such a massive tsunami, Orion felt exhilarated.

Perhaps it was the battle instincts ingrained in his giant bloodline, but he felt an intense excitement at the prospect of this life-or-death battle.

Zing!

A series of electrified tridents shot out, Orion acting before Jorik and the others.

Splash!

The leading Reverse Whale opened its massive mouth, releasing a spray of water.

The water exploded, forming five blue water curtains that enveloped all five whales.

At the same time, the other four Reverse Whales also opened their mouths, spewing water that coalesced into thick water guns, spinning and shooting forward.

The water guns and tridents collided, creating waves of mist.

The transcendent power wrapped around the tridents seemed to dissolve, losing their strength and falling toward the ground.

From this single strike, Orion realized that these massive whales were not to be trifled with.

The clash between the tridents and water guns sent mist scattering everywhere.

Above in the sky, below to the ground, the scene turned white in an instant, the water mist swirling, and the five Reverse Whales vanished from sight.

However, at that moment, Lireesa, Jorik, and the others also launched their attacks.

Lireesa raised her staff, and a vine grew out from it.

The vine grew larger, twisting and tangling together, eventually forming a giant hollow serpent that rushed toward the leading Reverse Whale in the mist.

Chapter 397 The battle had already begun

Glacial Dragon Jorik was even more direct, casting a large-scale ice magic. Countless ice spikes formed in the sky and rained down indiscriminately on the five Reverse Whales.

Dwarven Dain's attack was the simplest: he hurled his warhammer, which was engulfed in flames as it flew toward the enemy.

Grand Duke Richard's attack was the most dazzling. A pair of golden wings appeared behind him.

As he raised his sword high, the wings glowed brightly, and a sword of light, a hundred meters long, materialized, cutting through the air with overwhelming power.

The half-dragon entered dragon form, and alongside the dragon beast, they unleashed a massive energy blast.

Amidst the mist, sounds of collisions and metal scraping echoed as the swirling transcendent power dispersed the water mist that had just appeared.

The five charging Reverse Whales, now exposed after the mist cleared, halted in place.

The leader of the Reverse Whales had a massive wound on its head, deep enough to see bone.

The type of injury suggested it had been caused by Grand Duke Richard's colossal sword of light.

Clearly, the combined attacks of Orion and the others had broken through the Reverse Whales' defensive water shields.

This made them sense the threat and stop their charge.

However, at that moment, the leader of the Reverse Whales opened its massive mouth and emitted a peculiar sound, one like an ultrasonic wave, with a very unique frequency.

Simultaneously, Orion, Lireesa, Jorik, Dain, Richard, half-dragon, and dragon beast all felt a sudden dizziness.

Especially Orion, who felt as though the air around him had turned into massive iron hammers, relentlessly pounding against his eardrums.

This pressure gradually spread throughout his body as the Reverse Whale's sound continued.

It didn't stop there; the other four Reverse Whales joined in, producing similar, rotating, vibrating sound waves.

Orion's vision blurred, and he felt a nauseating sensation in his stomach, almost as if he might vomit.

WAAAGH!

Orion roared, instinctively activating his Titan Form. Endless energy surged from his body, and with his powerful physique, he was able to withstand the strange sonic attack.

Opening his eyes, Orion saw Dwarven Dain and Grand Duke Richard still clutching their heads, crying out in pain.

Blood Elf Lireesa, however, had a light barrier forming in front of her, blocking the sound waves and preventing her from taking much damage.

Meanwhile, the three dragon race powerhouses relied on their formidable bodies to endure the sonic assault and charged at the Reverse Whales, aiming to engage them in close combat.

But what happened next would remain etched in Orion's memory forever.

In the distance, amidst the tsunami, countless water spears shot out like arrows in a downpour.

The sheer number of water spears, stacked in layers, was overwhelming.

The speed and scale of the attack left the three Legendary-level dragon race powerhouses wide-eyed.

Roar! Roar! Roar!

The three dragon race powerhouses didn't dare to face this barrage of water spears head-on. They spread their wings and soared higher into the sky, avoiding the incoming attack.

Orion and Lireesa, who were positioned slightly behind, reacted quickly as well, flying into the air in the blink of an eye.

But it was Dain and Grand Duke Richard, still at the rear, who were shaken awake from the sonic attack by the barrage of water spears.

Transcendent power surged within their bodies, and defensive barriers rose before them. They withstood the water spears and ascended into the air as well.

However, after this round of water gun fire, the tsunami completely arrived, sweeping over and submerging much of the dragon race's territory.

The five Reverse Whales, who had been battling Orion and the others, also hid beneath the water, their figures vanishing.

Orion and the others could only rely on faint aura sensing to detect the shadowy forms under the water.

But those shadows would flicker and disappear, making them nearly impossible to catch.

"Dain, Richard, are you alright?"

Dain and Richard shook their heads. After they activated their defenses against the water gun barrage, the threat had subsided.

Despite this, both Dain and Richard had sustained some minor injuries from the sonic attack.

"Everyone, the seawater has submerged this city. Let's return to Whitecliff; it's our stronghold."

"The Slark Mermen will be suppressed in our dragon city."

Upon hearing this, Orion and the others immediately turned around and made their way toward Whitecliff.

Moments later, the sounds of splashing echoed as seven figures entered the water, following Jorik.

When Whitecliff was submerged by the sea, the battle had already begun.

Whitecliff was a city of wonder. Though submerged by the sea, its buildings radiated a mysterious power that expelled the seawater.

In other words, at that moment, Whitecliff seemed unaffected by the flooding.

Inside the city, the half-dragons and mermen were engaged in close combat, like ground troops battling fiercely.

Meanwhile, numerous Sea Tribe mages were casting water-based magic, attempting to flood the city with more seawater.

But the magical formation in the city continuously expelled the water, and no matter how hard the Sea Tribe mages tried, the towering structures remained dry.

Various races' bloodline warriors, stationed within Whitecliff, relied on these buildings to fight the Sea Tribe invaders.

At this moment, Whitecliff, the dragon race's capital, was a scene of bloodshed.

The battles between different races were brutal, merciless, and devoid of any compassion.

As Orion, Jorik, Lireesa, and the others drew closer to Whitecliff, they were once again attacked by the five Reverse Whales.

But this time, the attack came in the water—Sea Tribe's domain.

"Everyone, our numbers are greater than theirs; let's divide the battlefield."

"Roar!"

Jorik roared, unfazed by water combat as a Glacial Dragon.

He locked onto a target in the water and charged forward.

"I'll hold off one Reverse Whale; the rest of you handle the others!"

Orion raised his trident, his transcendent power swirling, and the surrounding seawater parted.

Orion focused on a dark shadow and quickly moved toward it.

In the water, aside from the three dragon race leaders, Orion, Lireesa, Dain, and Richard's energy consumption would be enormous. They had to defeat or repel the enemy in a short amount of time.

"Dain, Richard, let's work together to take down one Reverse Whale."

Lireesa waved her staff, her transcendent power surging, and immediately enveloped Dain and Richard in a protective shield.

"Got it!"

Chapter 398 You can't escape

"Dirtclaw, Drakthul, do you two know where our lord has gone?"

Rendall swung his spiked club, sending a Mermen flying that had come too close.

This was the arena, and the audience who had once gathered here to watch the spectacle had long since disappeared, hiding somewhere unknown.

Now, the arena was filled with Mermen warriors, invading Whitecliff City in droves.

Woof! Woof!

Transformed into a Hellhound, Dirtclaw bit down on a Mermen's head, crushing it and swallowing it whole.

"Master flew out, and we don't know where he is!"

Rendall had participated in the arena's duel earlier and hadn't returned in time to see Orion's departure.

"Arch Elder, some of our kin are still in the lower floors of the conference hall. Should we go assist them?"

Drakthul swung his battle axe, creating a whirlwind that cleaved through nearby Mermen.

Arch Elder (Rendall) was a little unsettled. He knew Drakthul was referring to Grulbane and Sylvana, who had gone to negotiate.

After the battle broke out, Rendall had been worried when he hadn't seen Orion immediately.

After a few moments of consideration, Rendall made a decision.

"Let's go. We'll meet up with Grulbane and Sylvana and bring the rest of our kin with us."

Dirtclaw and Drakthul nodded, and the three of them led the Stoneheart Horde members forward to the lower floors of the arena.

When the seawater flooded Whitecliff, a large number of Mermen infiltrated from below.

Grulbane and Sylvana were trapped in a meeting room with negotiators from the other four races.

The combatants had already gone to guard the passage to the meeting room, leaving Sylvana and the others—who were non-combatants—behind.

Sylvana took out three beast bones from her storage pouch, one large and two small. Without hesitation, she threw them onto the ground.

With a crack, the smallest bone shattered, while the other two remained intact.

Sylvana crouched down, slowly picking up the pieces of the smallest bone.

When she touched a shard of the shattered bone, she was pricked, and a drop of blood flowed from her finger.

"This is a disaster for the weak."

After saying this, Sylvana fell silent.

She sat quietly, as though the ongoing battle outside the meeting room had nothing to do with her.

Above Whitecliff, the area covered by seawater.

Orion, holding his trident, scanned the surroundings. Bubbles kept rising in the water, and a shadow swam nearby, hard to catch.

Everywhere Orion looked, faint streaks of red blood tainted the water.

Without a doubt, Orion knew that Whitecliff had been in battle, and the blood had been diluted and carried by the seawater.

The strong smell of blood stimulated countless sea creatures, who howled and charged toward Whitecliff.

The faint sounds of their roars were even audible to Orion.

"We can't delay any longer. If Rendall and the others don't get protection from the dragons, they'll be in danger!"

A sense of anxiety filled Orion's heart. Just then, a shadow in the water loomed larger, charging directly at him.

Roar!

In the urgent moment, Orion threw his head back and roared.

This was Titan's Roar, a sonic attack.

The attack, coming unexpectedly, rippled through the water, indiscriminately striking nearby Sea Tribe creatures.

Especially the shadow closest to him, which faltered in its charge.

But due to momentum, the shadow continued its assault, though its speed slowed.

"Come at me!"

This was the opportunity Orion had created himself, a chance to strike for the kill.

He raised his trident, and terrifying lightning, blood energy, and Abyssal energy swirled around it.

Orion stomped through the water and launched a Swift Charge at the shadow.

One thousand meters, eight hundred meters, five hundred meters... and when he was just one hundred meters away from the Reverse Whale, Orion saw it clearly—the whale's body, struggling and swaying, finally came to a stop.

The next moment, the Reverse Whale locked its gaze on Orion, its once blank expression gradually shifting to one of fierce hostility, with murder and coldness growing in its eyes.

"You're not getting away!"

One hundred meters—this distance was too close for both Orion and the Reverse Whale.

But even so, Orion didn't see fear in the whale's eyes. At this critical moment, the Reverse Whale whipped its tail, spewing seawater from its mouth and charging at Orion.

Boom!

The explosion in the water was a heavy, muffled sound.

After the thud came a sizzling sound of electricity, and the surrounding seawater quickly turned red as if dye had been poured into it.

At the same time, a painful scream echoed, horrifically loud.

In the turbulent waters, Orion gripped his trident tightly and drove it into the Reverse Whale's head.

The Reverse Whale writhed in pain, roaring continuously as it shoved Orion and began to swim deeper into the sea.

"Heh heh heh... you can't escape!"

Orion's eyes gleamed with lightning, and he let out a strange, excited laugh, inhaling the scent of fresh blood from the whale's head.

It was as if the primal bloodlust of his giant lineage had been unleashed. Orion held the trident, ignoring the whale's efforts to shove him back.

"Go to hell!"

Sizzling, the overwhelming lightning-element transcendent power surged from Orion's hands, consuming the Reverse Whale through the wound created by the trident.

The Reverse Whale let out a series of sharp, painful screams. At first, the sounds were full of rage and defiance, but they soon turned into sorrowful, tragic cries.

The whale's momentum slowed, and its life force began to drain.

Seeing this, Orion pushed more transcendent power into the attack, channeling Abyssal energy into the Reverse Whale's body, deepening the corruption within.

Just as the whale seemed to be nearing death, something strange happened. It suddenly became more energetic, as if revived.

The Reverse Whale roared, and with renewed vigor, it continued to charge deeper into the sea, bearing Orion's massive form along with it.

Even though Orion had transformed into Titan Form, he still felt the effects. At such a close distance, the sonic attack made his entire body tremble.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Suddenly, the Reverse Whale's speed increased, as if some innate ability had been triggered. It began to shift through the water, moving with incredible speed while carrying Orion along.

In Orion's eyes, the surrounding sea seemed like a curtain made of countless blades, cutting into his back and leaving a web of deep scars.

Ahhh!

In the agony, Orion's anger only intensified. His transcendent power surged like a flood into the Reverse Whale's body.

WAAAGH!

Orion roared, and the Reverse Whale continued its desperate charge, the sound of slicing water echoing in his ears.

Chapter 399 War will not end here

Gradually, Orion lost track of time as the Reverse Whale ceased its charge.

He exerted force, pulling the Lord's Stone from the whale's head.

As he collected the stone, his eyes gleamed with surprise—the kill had dropped a survivor's chest.

Picking up the chest, Orion stamped the ground, allowing the Reverse Whale to sink to the ocean floor.

Quickly, he swam upward toward the surface.

With a splash of water, lightning flashed, and Orion surged out of the water, floating in mid-air.

Looking down, he saw nothing but the vast expanse of ocean. Whitecliff and the land were nowhere in sight.

Uncertain where the Reverse Whale had taken him, Orion decided to rise higher, searching for the direction of the mainland.

Howl!

Suddenly, a massive, abyss-like maw emerged from the waters below him, aiming to swallow Orion whole.

With a rumble, Orion transformed into lightning and narrowly dodged the ambush.

In the sky, Orion remained on high alert, his heart pounding as he looked down. A Reverse Whale, over ten thousand meters long, breached the surface and was coming after him.

"Legendary-level peak!"

Orion gasped, sensing the terrifying power of the whale—it was at the peak of Legendary level.

At that moment, most of Orion's transcendent power had been depleted, and he didn't dare confront the Reverse Whale head-on.

"Damned giant, give me Lord's Stone!"

The Reverse Whale leaped from the water, swinging its enormous tail toward Orion.

Once again, Orion became lightning, soaring to a higher altitude. He spotted a hint of green in the direction of one o'clock and began fleeing toward it.

Behind him, the massive Reverse Whale showed no signs of returning to the water. Instead, it swayed and pursued him at an incredible speed.

For half an hour, the chase continued, with Orion narrowly escaping the whale's pursuit.

As the land grew closer, Orion finally sensed familiar auras.

At the same time, a dragon's roar echoed from beneath the water.

A white dragon's phantom surged from the sea, charging directly at the Reverse Whale pursuing Orion.

In an instant, the sound of the dragon's roar and the Reverse Whale's special sonic waves clashed in the area.

Orion stepped out of the lightning, watching the struggle between the white dragon's phantom and the Reverse Whale from afar, hesitating whether to intervene.

Just then, another set of special sound waves emanated from beneath the water. Three wounded Reverse Whales leaped from the depths, targeting the white dragon's phantom.

The white dragon's phantom, sensing the attack, collided with the Reverse Whales and retreated toward Orion.

In that brief moment, figures began emerging from the water—wounded Lireesa, Jorik, Dain, Richard, as well as the half-dragon and dragon beast.

"Damn Sea race, go back to your deep sea! This is the dragon race's territory."

"If it weren't for Arch Lord being unable to leave the two-world battlefield, I would've wiped your entire race out."

The voice of the white dragon phantom was commanding and grand—clearly, it was the voice of Arch Lord White Dragon Frostsire.

"Hmph... don't think you're the only Arch Lord. When our ancestors return, we'll crush the dragon race, unleash endless waves, and claim this land as ours."

The massive Reverse Whale showed no fear of the white dragon phantom.

After speaking, it opened its mouth and made a provocative statement.

"War will not end here!"

With a series of massive splashes, four enormous waves erupted as the four Legendary-level Sea creatures entered the deep water, vanishing from sight.

The white dragon's phantom also dove back into the water, returning to the depths of Whitecliff.

Orion turned to look at Jorik, seeking answers.

Orion was unsure what had happened in Whitecliff during his absence.

"Orion, are you alright?"

Jorik, noticing Orion's gaze, spoke with concern.

Orion shook his head and briefly explained the events he had experienced.

"I was knocked into the deep sea by a Reverse Whale, and then encountered another Reverse Whale. I was being chased back here."

"What about you? What's been happening on your end?"

Jorik chuckled bitterly, looking at the sea with a troubled expression.

"When I first chose to divide the battlefield, we had the advantage. Lireesa, Dain, and Richard almost killed a Reverse Whale."

"But then, for some reason, those Reverse Whales desperately broke free and summoned countless Mermen to surround us."

"With the Reverse Whales and the Mermen working together, we were all heavily injured."

"If it weren't for the timely appearance of the ancestor's will projection from Dragon Nest, which killed a Reverse Whale, we might have perished."

As Jorik spoke, he glanced at the five Legendary-level powerhouses—Lireesa, Dain, Richard, the half-dragon, and the dragon beast.

Lireesa, Dain, and Richard were all struggling. Blood trickled from their mouths, and Dain's arm hung limp at his side, thin and pale.

Dain, noticing Orion's gaze on his arm, spoke casually.

"My original arm was severed by that damned merman. Luckily, Lireesa's magic saved me, and now it's grown back, but I still can't use it."

Orion nodded and turned his attention to the half-dragon and dragon beast.

These two were covered in bite marks, clearly having suffered greatly from the Mermen's assault.

"Lord Jorik, the Mermen have retreated. We'll return to Dragon Nest now!"

Jorik nodded. The half-dragon and dragon beast, both Legendary-level, bid Orion and the others farewell before diving into the water and returning to Whitecliff.

Orion watched them disappear into the water, sighing.

Frostsire, the white dragon, had been sealed for millennia, yet the dragon race could still field three Legendary-level powerhouses—this spoke volumes about their deep reserves.

At the same time, Orion realized that obtaining the Lord's Stone promised by Frostsire during the North-South War would be no easy task.

"Lord Jorik, what exactly are the Mermen? Where did they come from?"

The question came from Dain, the Dwarven Prophet.

Since becoming a lord, he had never encountered such a large number of Mermen.

Before, he only knew them by name.

Jorik stared thoughtfully at the distant sea, his expression grave. After a moment of reflection, he spoke with concern.

"The ones who attacked us are the Slark Mermen, also known as Merfolk. They live in the deep sea, inhabiting the waters surrounding our continent."

"Thousands of years ago, when our dragon race was at its peak, we could easily suppress the Merfolk."

"And because we crushed them so hard, we made powerful enemies."

"Now, with the return of the dragon race to the heart of this continent, they've received word of it, and that's why we're seeing this massive tsunami."

Chapter 400: Meeting

Hearing the dragon race's secret history, Orion was curious, so he asked his own question.

"Why, then, in the past ten thousand years, hasn't the Merfolk Clan attempted to invade the continent?"

Jorik shook his head, indicating he wasn't entirely sure.

However, this question was answered by Grand Duke Richard, who was standing nearby.

"Ten thousand years ago, after several battles between the Saint of our Human Kingdom and the Arch Lord of the Slark Merfolk, a non-aggression pact was signed."

"The exact results of the battles weren't recorded, but our Human Kingdom's plans to open sea trade routes were extinguished."

"For this reason, the Royal Capital of our Human Kingdom wasn't built here."

In fact, when the Human Kingdom claimed the southernmost region, taking control of White Dragon Frostsire's territory, they didn't make Whitecliff the capital, partly because of the existence of the Merfolk Clan.

Orion raised an eyebrow. If what Grand Duke Richard said was true, the Human Kingdom's Saint hadn't fared well against the Merfolk's Arch Lord.

Still, the fact that they managed to sign a non-aggression pact brought a thousand years of peace to the continent.

Looking at this, it seemed that the Utessar Kingdom hadn't been entirely useless after all.

"Gentlemen, although the Merfolk clan invaded our dragon race's territory, but the real reason isn't hatred toward us."

"They want to plunder the resources of this continent, treating us like livestock—killing when they want, eating when they want."

Jorik looked at everyone, his tone now more sincere, but that wasn't enough.

"At the same time, the Merfolk clan's invasion has brought us countless resources."

"Although they are called Merfolk, I believe they actually appear and are more closely related to Murlocs. Most of the weapons of the Merfolk(Murlocs) are made from magical minerals from the sea floor; their crystal cores are the purest magical materials; and their scales, eyeballs, fins... all are top-tier water magic materials."

"And when we return to Whitecliff, everyone here will receive a share."

This was the carrot Jorik dangled in front of them.

Though small, it was sweet.

Jorik was confident that after tasting the sweetness of this 'cake,' the group wouldn't give up fighting against the Sea Tribe.

"Lord Jorik, were the whales we encountered earlier different from the merfolk clan?"

Lireesa, from the Blood Elf race, had a fierce gleam in her eyes. Magical materials were scarce for the Blood Elves, and they were quite covetous of the Merfolk's resources.

Of course, it was best to gather more information about the Merfolk before acting.

"The ones that attacked us were from the Sea Tribe's Slark Merfolk clan. The Reverse Whales we saw earlier are Slark Merfolk who have evolved to Alpha level and mastered transformation techniques."

"The Slark Merfolk who can transform are known as the Reverse Whale Clan."

"The larger the Reverse Whale, the stronger it is. The one that just clashed with my ancestor was already at Legendary level peak."

Jorik didn't keep any secrets about the Slark Merfolk.

With the Five-Race Alliance now formed and the Sea Tribe being a shared enemy, there was no need to hide information.

After Jorik's explanation of the Slark Merfolk, everyone, including Orion, fell silent, deep in thought.

"Lord Jorik, Whitecliff has been submerged. When will the waters recede?"

This was Orion's most pressing question. He was already thinking about leaving; the dragon territory didn't bring him peace.

"In no more than half a month, the seawater will flow back into the ocean."

"Whitecliff has magical protections that will automatically expel the seawater. Such a miraculous and splendid scene is rare. Let's go see it."

With that, Jorik led the way, diving into the water, sending waves crashing in all directions.

Orion and the others exchanged glances before following him into the sea.

Whitecliff, aside from the blood that had soaked the giant buildings, looked clean.

Most of the blood had been flushed out with the seawater.

When Orion, Lireesa, Jorik, Dain, and Richard arrived at Whitecliff, the city, once tense and oppressive, erupted in cheers and victory shouts.

At the meeting hall, when Orion returned, the guards he had brought with him were waiting.

"How is the situation?"

Orion raised an eyebrow, feeling a bit troubled.

The reason was clear: the number of guards had decreased by almost half.

"My lord, twenty-eight of our kin were killed. Aside from the Alpha-level members, most of our kin have sustained injuries," Rendall reported with sadness.

Orion took out the last half-bottle of healing medicine from his storage ring and handed it to Rendall.

"Mix it with clean water and distribute it to the kin. We'll rest here in Whitecliff for half a month before setting out to return."

Seeing the high-quality medicine, Rendall smiled, going to prepare the medicine.

After the kin left, a maidservant approached Orion.

"Lord, His Highness requests your presence at the meeting!"

Orion nodded and followed the maidservant through a corridor lit by glowing night pearls into a clean and refreshing meeting room.

Inside, Lireesa, Jorik, Dain, and Richard had already gathered.

"Lord Orion, I've already instructed our kin to tally up the spoils. Within two days, your share will be delivered to you."

Orion nodded. After all, the five of them had fought together to help the dragon race resist the Sea Tribe's invasion, and it was only right they be compensated.

Once Jorik finished speaking, his expression grew more serious. With a calm, resonant voice, he said,

"Gentlemen, after this baptism by the Sea Tribe, the Five-Race Alliance is officially formed. Everyone here is a founding member of the alliance."

"From today onwards, our five races will exchange with one another, working together to establish a peaceful environment in the southern region and resist the Sea Tribe's invasion."

With a snap of his fingers, a scroll of the pact was brought into the meeting room and placed on the central table. The scroll was covered in dense text.

Orion focused his attention on it.

"Article One: The five parties of the pact declare their joint commitment to maintaining a peaceful environment in the southern region for the sake of safety."

"Article Two: The five parties guarantee that they will develop trade relations based on equality, mutual benefit, and respect..."

The scroll was filled with numerous clauses. After reading through it, Orion didn't find anything wrong and signed the contract along with the others.

After the pact was completed, the scroll glowed with a mysterious magical light, and then it split into five identical copies.

"Each of us will hold one copy of the pact scroll."