

Titan King 401

Chapter 401: I love being dominated by your big cock

Jorik reached out and picked up the nearest scroll, tucking it away.

Seeing his action, everyone else also stored their scrolls.

For the next few days, Whitecliff returned to its usual calm. The arena reopened for betting, but Orion and his companions no longer felt any interest in gambling.

Everyone was waiting for the tide to recede so they could return to their respective territory.

...

Deep in the ocean, compared to the lands that had just suffered a massive tsunami, this place felt unusually serene.

Sunlight shone upon the waves, reflecting brilliant rays of light, as though a layer of golden silk covered the surrounding waters.

High above this golden surface floated a mysterious figure, who seemed to be admiring the boundless scenery, or perhaps just waiting for something.

Suddenly, the ocean churned, and from the deep water rose a dark shape. It roared upward, crashing through the surface and setting off towering waves.

"Damn those humans. In this latest invasion, Slark Merfolk Clan lost two of its lords."

"You'd better have an explanation, or I'll swallow you right here, right now."

It was Reverse Whale Glibb, the one who had previously fought the white dragon's phantom.

"Two lords were lost?"

The mysterious man wore a mask, revealing no discernible emotion. Yet upon hearing Glibb's enraged roar, he seemed startled.

"Lord Glibb, are you saying the Reverse Whale we sent to pursue that giant was killed?"

As he voiced his disbelief, the mysterious man directly brought up the details of the incident.

"The intel you provided was wrong. That giant is definitely more than a mere Legendary-level foe."

"Damn you humans! You set us up!"

Reverse Whale Glibb was truly furious. Opening its maw wide, it spat out a massive Water Spear to strike at the mysterious man.

"Lord Glibb, that giant never appeared in the central region. I was seeing him fight for the first time as well. It was merely an accident."

"This belongs to Slark Merfolk Clan, and now I'm returning it."

Dodging the Water Spear's attack, the mysterious man took out a small box from within his clothing. Inside lay a mysterious crystal ball, which he tossed into the sea.

Reverse Whale Glibb inhaled deeply, and the box was drawn into its mouth.

"This time we took heavy losses. That item alone won't suffice. If you want us to launch a full offensive, humanity needs to retrieve a lost sacred relic for us."

"Otherwise, the plan ends here."

The mysterious man fell silent, as though weighing the feasibility of this demand.

After a long pause, a single "Fine" echoed over the ocean.

Reverse Whale Glibb then sank back into the depths, vanishing without a trace.

...

In a certain palace of Whitecliff, Kitsune Sylvana's entire body was flushed red. Under Orion's relentless thrusts with his big cock, she had fallen into a near-unconscious state.

Although she kept trying not to make a sound, her ragged breathing betrayed her true feelings. When Orion finally stopped, it took Sylvana a long while to recover from that intensely overwhelming orgasm.

"Why do you always hold back your voice when we have sex? Are you not into it?"

Holding Sylvana close, Orion gently stroked her rear, speaking to her with genuine concern.

"I love having sex with you. I love being dominated by your big cock. My body is yours, and I enjoy every bit of it. I just don't like making noises while we do it. Besides, I've been thinking a lot about something lately that makes me feel afraid..."

When the Sea Tribe dispatched the Slark Merfolk Clan to invade, Orion wasn't by Sylvana's side, and she's now lost her eyesight. Of course she must have been terribly frightened.

"I'm sorry. I was careless. I never thought the Sea Tribe would choose to invade at this moment..."

"It's all right, it was sudden. It's not your fault. I've done a reading. While we may suffer some losses this time, it will ultimately bring us immense gains."

Sylvana raised her head, revealing a face of exquisite beauty. Her expression had returned to a calm composure, yet it only made Orion feel more tenderness toward her.

Looking into Sylvana's eyes, which could no longer see, Orion lifted his right hand to reveal a silver necklace.

"This necklace suits you. It's my gift to you."

This silver necklace was a Hero-level item with only one function: if attacked, it would release an Alpha-level protective shield.

Orion had drawn it from a survivor's treasure chest during his invasion in the south.

He personally placed the necklace around Sylvana's neck. It didn't take her long to figure out its purpose.

"Thank you."

She tilted her face up again. Though Sylvana couldn't see, Orion could read the question on her features—she was asking if it looked good on her.

"You look beautiful. Especially with the pendant resting right between your breasts—that's practically a divine masterpiece. Perfect."

Orion couldn't help but kiss Sylvana's breasts.

Soon enough, Sylvana once again became the outlet for Orion's lust.

But this time, Sylvana was no longer silent—she was more enthusiastic in her responses. Not only did she moan, but she sometimes took the initiative to twist her hips, gripping Orion's big cock with her vagina...

Though she couldn't see his cock, she could feel that her inner walls were completely filled. That sensation was truly unique—one of the most exquisite pleasures imaginable.

And so, the two of them made love again until late into the night.

When Sylvana fell asleep, Orion took out the survivor's chest that had dropped from the Reverse Whale, a look of expectation on his face.

The chest opened, and a scroll fell into Orion's hands.

[Instant Impact]

Type: Scroll (Rare)

Quality: Alpha-level

Skill Description: An extreme impact forged in the heat of collision. Instantly appear beside the enemy to launch an attack, accompanied by a powerful sonic blast.

This was the second rare skill Orion had obtained.

The first one was Triple Mirror Image, and given how powerful that skill was, Instant Impact was bound to be extraordinary too. Moreover, it compensated for Orion's difficulty in quickly closing in on an enemy.

In the past, whenever Orion wanted to get up close, he relied on Swift Charge.

But ever since achieving Legendary-level, Swift Charge had shown its limits. Sometimes it was slower than simply using his lightning-element transcendent power.

With Instant Impact, Orion now had a stronger chance of seizing the opportunity for a one-shot kill.

Crushing the scroll to learn the skill, Orion glanced down at Sylvana—who was curled up against him like a little fox—before slowly closing his own eyes.

Early the next morning, outside the palace, the guards Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba were already waiting.

When Orion stepped out, the four Frost Wolves behind the guards whimpered softly at the sight of him.

Those pups from before, after being fed Pet Pills and dark source crystals, had grown into Hero-level Frost Wolves.

Orion came forward, taking out more Pet Pills and patting their heads.

"Excellent. After all these years of hard work, you've reached the peak of Hero-level."

He addressed his words to Dace and the others. These four had followed him for a considerable time, often performing menial tasks and never truly helping with major matters.

"Have you all accumulated enough military merits?"

Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba nodded eagerly, eyes shining with hope.

"My lord, once we return, we plan to request Alpha-level resources from the horde."

"We want to break through to Alpha-level together."

Dace stepped forward and thumped his chest as he reported their plan.

Orion nodded, offering a slight smile of approval, then spoke to them after a moment's thought.

"When we get back to Stoneheart City, I'll have Delilah arrange double the Alpha-level resources for you."

"Serving as the guards of the Giant King without Alpha-level strength doesn't seem right."

Those last words brought a hint of embarrassment to the faces of Dace and the others.

Chapter 402: I imagine you must have some good news to share with me

Balor, another Giant King, had guards who were all Alpha-level.

Two were killed in a siege battle, and two more rebelled when Orion threatened Starveil City, ultimately falling to Orion's hand. Whether they lived or died, all four of those guards showed unyielding resolve.

"The day after tomorrow, the dragons will open the Dragon Nest. I've reserved four spots for you—make the most of them."

Having said that, Orion finished feeding his Frost Wolves and stepped into the palace hall. Inside, Rendall, Drakthul, Dirtclaw, Grulbane, and the others were already waiting.

"Lord Orion!"

"My lord!"

"..."

Orion nodded. Sitting at the head of the hall, he gestured for everyone to take their seats.

"First, let me assign some tasks. Elder Grulbane, you and Sylvana will continue handling negotiations."

"Even though I've already signed the Five-Race Alliance contract, there are still details that need further discussion."

Grulbane nodded in acknowledgment and accepted this task.

"Elder Drakthul, by tomorrow at the latest, the dragons will be sending a batch of spoils. You'll be in charge of counting and classifying them."

"This batch of Sea Tribe supplies is quite valuable, and we plan to take it all back to the horde."

Drakthul agreed as well, accepting his assignment.

Next, Orion turned his gaze to Rendall, then shifted his eyes to Ursa, who stood behind the arch elder.

"Ursa, the dragons obtained a great many Sea Tribe corpses this time, and in two days, they'll be opening the Dragon Nest."

"The Dragon Nest has a purifying effect that can strengthen one's bloodline. Our Stoneheart Horde has ten spots to enter the Dragon Nest."

"I've personally appointed Dace, Otho, Beyn, Torba, and you, Ursa, to take half of those spots. Elder Rendall of the Arch clan will select five more tribe members based on their merit."

Hearing this, Ursa's eyes lit up. She was thrilled at the possibility of stepping into Alpha-level through this visit to the Dragon Nest.

"Thank you, my lord!"

Rendall and Ursa spoke in unison. Orion using his privilege to list Ursa as one of the participants was not only an opportunity—it was a sign of trust.

"Mhm."

After distributing the tasks, Orion's face grew solemn, his tone more serious.

"As you've seen, yesterday's attack on Whitecliff by a branch of the Sea Tribe was no accident. It was a carefully planned invasion."

"With the dragons' return to the continent, open conflict has broken out between the Sea Tribe and us land-dwelling races."

"This is only the beginning. In the future, any race with coastal territory may face an incursion by the Sea Tribe."

"In the west, both Blackstone City and Stoneheart City have territories bordering the sea. When we return, we must build fortresses in the coastal areas as a precaution."

In truth, erecting fortifications had long been part of Orion's plan.

Neither Blackstone City nor Stoneheart City alone could govern their entire territory. Blackstone City was fine for now due to its northern position and relatively sparse population. For the time being, Blackstone City and the Thunderpeak Mountain in Thunderwood Forest would suffice. Up north, building a few small fortresses in key spots should do.

However, in the south, Stoneheart City alone was far from enough. Orion wanted the southern lands to thrive—not only swelling in population but also building more towns and cities.

Stretching from the Orc territory to the Giants' territory, then extending into Blood Elf regions, there was a vast expanse of territory that would require at least ten cities to fulfill Orion's initial plan.

Constructing ten major cities and interconnecting them with roads would take a great deal of time.

"Lord, were those merfolk we saw yesterday the entirety of the Sea Tribe species?"

This question came from Grulbane, whose long hair was tied into a single braid. Though he was a shaman, his physique was also impressive. By Ursa's standards, Grulbane was an exceptionally handsome male Giant.

Orion shook his head, pondering a moment before deciding to share more details about the Sea Tribe with his people.

"The Sea Tribe you saw yesterday is only one clan among many. Within Jorik's arena, you also saw jellyfish and various water-based beings—they, too, belong to the Sea Tribe."

"The invaders were merely a Sea Tribe. Among them, the stronger members are known as the Reverse Whale clan. Six lords showed up, and they were very formidable."

"The Sea Tribe is ferocious, but when they die, their entire bodies can be harvested for valuable materials—bones, fish hides, and scales are all excellent for crafting weapons and equipment."

Speaking of raw materials, Rendall suddenly produced a bead from his robe and offered it to Orion.

"Lord, we retrieved this from a large whale. It seems different from typical crystal cores."

Orion accepted the orb, examining it closely before addressing the group.

"This is indeed a crystal core!"

"But it's not like the ones we're used to finding. Its energy is decidedly purer."

"Consuming such a core increases your chances of breaking through."

A delighted look spread over Rendall's face at Orion's words. His daughter, Ursa, was already at the peak of Hero-level. Rendall believed that after bathing in the Dragon Nest's power, if Ursa also absorbed this crystal core, she would be guaranteed to advance to Alpha-level. That thought alone made Rendall smile.

Meanwhile, Orion handed the core back to Rendall and fell into deep contemplation.

"Why would the crystal cores found in Sea Tribe creatures contain purer energy than those from land-based beasts?"

"And why do the dark creatures in the Emerald Dream Realm drop dark source crystals, whose energy is also purer than that in ordinary crystal cores? What's causing this difference?"

"Could it be the environment?"

Orion was lost in thought. Exchanging silent glances, Rendall, Drakthul, and the others slipped out of the palace.

Around noon, Guard Dace entered, announcing that Grand Duke Richard of the human kingdom was here to visit, interrupting Orion's musings.

Orion narrowed his eyes, unable to guess the grand duke's intentions.

"Let him in!"

Orion rose to his feet, gave Dace the order, then stepped outside the palace to greet his guest personally.

Moments later, Grand Duke Richard, clad in a luxurious robe, strode forward.

"Lord Orion, I do hope you'll pardon my sudden visit!"

Grand Duke Richard performed a nobleman's bow. Orion placed his hand to his left chest and patted it three times, indicating his welcome.

They exchanged pleasantries and then entered the palace together.

"Orion, you're the winner of the giant-king duel. Your glory has spread across the whole continent."

Orion let out a hearty laugh, feigning relish for Grand Duke Richard's flattery while inwardly keeping his guard up. He knew that human sycophancy usually came with hidden motives.

"Grand Duke Richard, save the formalities. I imagine you must have some good news to share with me."

Chapter 403: Valkorath Realm

Orion stared at Grand Duke Richard, a glint of cunning in his eyes.

Orion was able to quickly deduce that this diplomatic visit could only mean one of two things.

The first possibility was a peace negotiation, where they sought an equal dialogue with the hope of transforming conflict into peace, aiming to resolve disputes and tensions between the two sides.

The human kingdom and Stoneheart Horde hadn't engaged in direct conflict yet, so Orion immediately dismissed this option.

The second possibility was an alliance visit, where both sides would seek a sustainable, equal relationship in order to foster mutual development in areas like economy, technology, and population growth.

In simple terms, in this world, it meant seeking an alliance to gain access to more minerals, crystal cores, rare materials... and slaves.

Grand Duke Richard remained calm under Orion's gaze.

"Lord Orion, in the northwest corner of the human territory, there's a piece of land next to the territories of the insectoids, ogres, and Blood Elves."

"By crossing a small portion of the ogre territory, we can open up a path between the human kingdom and the giant tribe."

"Are you not interested in this?"

Orion fixed his eyes on Richard, knowing that the human before him was eager to seize opportunities in his territory across all sectors.

Orion raised his goblet and drank it down in one go, then said seriously, "Grand Duke Richard, I must correct you on one point—not just the giant tribe, but the stoneheart horde."

The distinction in names between the giant tribe and the Stoneheart Horde was important; it revealed and concealed many things.

The Stoneheart Horde wasn't just made up of the giant tribe.

Although Orion was the king of the giants, he was also the lord of the Stoneheart Horde. Referring to his territory solely as the giant territory would sow the seeds of many future problems.

Other races might view the giant tribe as noble, which could spark division within the horde.

Moreover, it would undermine unity and hinder the gathering of faith.

Orion's ultimate goal for his territory was to increase the population of intelligent beings to gather more faith.

He intended to eliminate any root causes of division or rebellion.

"Sorry, I'll make amends for my mistake," Grand Duke Richard said, his face growing serious as he stood and performed a formal diplomatic gesture.

Orion smiled heartily and waved him off.

"I am very interested in opening up a path to the human kingdom," Orion said. "Richard, the key is how we can cross the ogre territory to open this path."

Orion didn't mention that he and Bluehide were allies, though they were on good terms.

He tossed the problem back to Grand Duke Richard, hoping he would find a solution.

"Lord Orion, to make up for my earlier mistake, I'm willing to personally convince the ogre lord," Richard offered.

"I'm prepared to privately offer some gold coins and take responsibility for building the road through the ogre territory. What do you think?"

Orion immediately realized that the human kingdom was attempting to forcefully open a commercial route through his territory.

Before the white dragon reappeared, the human kingdom, dwarves, and Blood Elves had already established trade routes among themselves, and the roads had been built.

As for the current dragon territory, it used to be human territory, and the roads between them were already open.

Among the Five-Race Alliance, aside from the Blood Elves, none of the other races had roads or connections with the Stoneheart Horde.

Of course, there used to be roads, but all those routes were destroyed in the recent North-South war.

"That would be best," Orion said, showing no resistance.

He then gave Grand Duke Richard a reminder.

"Richard, the lord of the ogre territory is no easy opponent. Do you intend to declare war on them?"

It was both a reminder and a test.

However, Grand Duke Richard quickly understood Orion's intention.

"You may not know, but in this South-North war, the human kingdom suffered great losses and can no longer afford to engage in another war," Richard explained.

"My plan is to unite the lords in the southern region, open up the roads, and bring everyone together."

"That way, the southern environment will return to peace."

Orion was certain that if it were any other lord, they would likely believe Grand Duke Richard's words without question.

Orion put on an "I see" expression, then cheerfully responded, "Grand Duke Richard, I assure you that once you've planned out the route, I'll have my people build the road to connect with yours as quickly as possible."

Hearing this, Grand Duke Richard's face broke into a joyful smile.

"Hahaha... Lord Orion, for the development of our two races, and for the peace of the south, let's have a toast!"

Orion didn't decline. He raised his goblet and clinked it with Grand Duke Richard's.

After the deal was settled, Grand Duke Richard lingered for another half hour chatting casually with Orion before leaving the palace where Orion was temporarily residing.

As Grand Duke Richard left, Orion sat alone in the main seat, lost in thought.

"The plan to open the road between the human kingdom and the Stoneheart Horde has been put forward, and now the cities connecting the Orc, giant, and part of the Blood Elf territories should also be put on the agenda for construction. The sooner they're built, the better."

"Fortunately, there are many cannon fodder troops in Stoneheart City, along with plenty of spiders to help. Plus, with those subordinate races, we'll definitely have enough manpower."

"This time when we return, the Horde will be busy again!"

Orion pondered over the road-opening plan. Grand Duke Richard's initiative actually aligned perfectly with Orion's goals.

Opening the roads between the human kingdom and the Stoneheart Horde indirectly opened the way for communication between the dwarves, dragons, and the Stoneheart Horde.

This was a net positive move, and Orion welcomed it.

After coming to a conclusion, Orion sank his thoughts into the Survivor's Platform and contacted Arthas.

"Bro, about that defense realm issue, can we delay it for a while?"

With the formation of the Five-Race Alliance, there was much for Orion to handle—road planning, new city locations, industry preparation, and anti-monopoly measures—all required his attention.

Thus, defending the realm that the Champions Alliance commander had conquered would need to be pushed back.

"Sure, the defense of a realm is a long-term task and not something a small lord like you can control," came Arthas' reply, which made Orion sigh in relief, though a tinge of being belittled lingered.

Before Orion could retort, Arthas' message popped up again.

"If you want to assist in defending the Valkorath Realm, you should prepare accordingly."

"When you arrive, you'll be given a large territory to develop. It's best to bring some sustainable units and settle there long-term."

"This is the commander's realm, and it will serve as our future base."

Orion's eyes flashed with shock, and a spark of excitement gleamed in his pupils.

Arthas' words had revealed much information to Orion.

Chapter 404: A new contract

First, the realm conquered by the commander of the Champions Alliance has been renamed the Valkorath Realm.

Secondly, if Orion assists in its defense, he will receive a territory, which can be considered a reward granted by the commander. This implies that Orion has secured permanent residence rights in Valkorath Realm. As long as Valkorath Realm remains under Commander Thresh's control, Orion will have a vast territory as his own.

Finally, Arthas suggested that Orion bring sustainable military units, which implies that Valkorath Realm is far from peaceful. Continuous warfare is expected, and the casualties will be significant, which is inevitable.

Considering these factors, Orion realizes that it would be wise to delay going to Valkorath Realm for the time being.

"It seems that postponing this matter is indeed a wise choice," Orion muttered, then fell into deep thought.

In the evening, Guard Dace entered the palace, informing Orion that Jorik had come for a visit.

Orion personally went to greet him at the palace entrance.

Jorik was the current leader of the dragon territory, and the fact that he was polite enough to visit in person was already a great show of respect to Orion. Therefore, Orion needed to reciprocate that respect in return.

"Lord Jorik, coming to visit me so late—I'm sure you must have something important to discuss, right?" Orion asked.

Jorik nodded but didn't immediately dive into business. Instead, he inquired about Orion's living arrangements in Whitecliff and whether he was satisfied with the palace and other accommodations.

Orion nodded. The palace in the dragon territory was not only vast but also luxurious, with a host of maidservants to attend to him. He had no complaints.

"Lord Orion, this is your reward," Jorik said after some pleasantries. He paused for a moment before reaching into his storage space and producing a Lord's Stone, handing it over to Orion.

Orion took the Lord's Stone and studied it carefully, sensing the strong water-based transcendent power emanating from it. Clearly, this Lord's Stone had been obtained by the white dragon's will after defeating a Reverse Whale yesterday.

To be honest, Orion felt deeply moved holding the Lord's Stone. He had initially thought that he would never receive the promised reward from the white dragon Frostsire until he was promoted to Arch Lord. He never expected that this reward would be delivered to him through Jorik's hands.

Orion put the Lord's Stone away and looked at Jorik with a questioning gaze. He knew that Jorik, having delivered the promised reward, likely had something else to discuss.

In fact, Orion wasn't in need of Lord's Stones. Since the North-South War began, and including the one he just received, Orion had accumulated seven Lord's Stones. Apart from the one fused into the Stoneheart Castle and the one given to Lumi, Orion still had five Lord's Stones in his possession.

These Lord's Stones were the foundation Orion was building to reach the peak of the Legendary level. From middle Legendary to upper Legendary, Orion had consumed four incomplete Lord's Stones, and to reach the peak of Legendary, he would need at least four more, if not more.

Orion had planned to gather enough Lord's Stones and trade them with Arthas for purification into attribute-less Lord's Stones. That way, when Orion consumed those Lord's Stones, he could ascend to the Legendary peak.

"Lord Jorik, I think it's time we discuss the real matter?" Orion asked, refocusing his attention.

This time, Jorik didn't deviate from the topic. After staring at Orion for a few seconds, he spoke earnestly.

"Lord Orion, we've known each other since the far northern lands, and together we invaded the South. Over the course of the South-North War, we've forged a deep friendship," Jorik began.

Orion nodded, agreeing with Jorik's statement. Aside from the fact that Jorik had feigned death at the last moment to avoid a catastrophe, his actions during the journey south had been commendable. Moreover, Orion had taken in Jorik's remaining subordinates, which confirmed their alliance.

Seeing Orion's nod, Jorik's face brightened with a smile.

"Giant King Orion, I believe our two races' friendship should endure. Let us form an alliance!" Jorik declared.

The change in how Jorik addressed Orion surprised him. Orion didn't immediately agree, narrowing his eyes as he looked at Jorik.

"Lord Jorik, we've already signed the Five-Race Alliance contract. Isn't that an alliance?" Orion asked.

Jorik shook his head, maintaining direct eye contact with Orion. His gaze was solemn, though he seemed to realize that his previous title was somewhat inappropriate and quickly changed his address.

"Lord Orion, we all know that the Five-Race Alliance is merely an agreement to maintain peace in the southern region," Jorik continued. "That contract has many loopholes."

Orion fell silent, quietly observing Jorik.

Jorik continued without expression, his words heavy.

"Lord Orion, compared to humans, dwarves, and Blood Elves, both dragon race and your stoneheart horde are outsiders. At least, we have been for the past ten thousand years. The Sea Tribe's invasion is a sign—many factions don't welcome us. If not for the strength of my ancestor, we wouldn't have a foothold in the South."

"Lord Orion, you have to admit, everything you possess now is based on the powerful foundation of my ancestor."

Orion remained silent, unable to refute Jorik's words. He knew it was true.

The reason Orion could hold the giant territory in the South without being wiped out by the Blood Elves, dwarves, and humans was precisely due to the protection of Arch Lord white dragon Frostsire's immense power. It was through Frostsire's involvement that Orion, Bluehide, Jorik, and others could settle in the fertile lands of the South.

"All praise to Arch Lord Frostsire!" Orion said sincerely.

"Lord Jorik, what exactly do you want to say?" Orion finally asked, cutting to the point.

Jorik nodded, understanding that the time had come to speak his mind.

"Lord Orion, we dragons are willing to unite with the Stoneheart Horde," Jorik said. "We will form a defensive alliance. The enemies of the Stoneheart Horde will be the enemies of the dragon race, and vice versa."

"If you're willing, we dragons are prepared to sign a new contract with the Stoneheart Horde."

The palace fell silent.

Orion didn't speak, falling into deep thought as he weighed the pros and cons of an alliance between their two races. He wondered whether the dragons, once the contract was signed, might stir up trouble, leading them into the abyss of war.

Clearly, the dragons' main enemy right now was the Sea Tribe, and the Sea Tribe was an enemy to all land races, at least on the surface.

This meant that the dragons wouldn't be instigating trouble until the Sea Tribe was dealt with, maintaining peace in the South for now. But to drive the Sea Tribe back would take a long time, as the dragons needed to recover their former glory before they could confront them.

Jorik stayed in Orion's palace for a long time. Ultimately, he left with a broad smile on his face.

Chapter 405: Mutual cooperation

It was painful—an agony that tore at his soul and burned through his veins.

Gronthar felt as though his body was being ripped apart by countless lines, shattered into pieces, only to be reformed within a warm, amniotic fluid.

After the pain came a rush of pleasure.

Gronthar felt every cell in his body cheer as it absorbed the dense energy surrounding him.

Pop!

As he absorbed energy up to a critical point, Gronthar felt the 'shackles' that had bound him for so long shatter.

A new, stronger, and purer bloodline power surged within him.

Gronthar knew he had become stronger—he had broken through to Alpha-level, becoming the first troll to reach this level in nearly a hundred years.

He wanted to roar, but when he opened his eyes, he found himself trapped inside an eggshell.

The memories from before entering the Dragon Nest quickly returned. Gronthar took a deep breath, clenched his fists, and a burst of power exploded outward from within him.

Inside the Dragon Nest, a massive eggshell shook, and cracks began to appear along its surface.

Crack!

The eggshell shattered, and Gronthar emerged from the dragon egg.

"Troll, please follow the path outside. Your friends are waiting for you!"

A hoarse voice echoed in Gronthar's ear, just in time to remind him to suppress his energy and bloodline power.

Startled, Gronthar realized that he couldn't sense the presence or direction of the speaker, meaning the person was likely a Legendary-level existence.

Grunting, Gronthar walked out of the Dragon Nest.

Outside, Rendall, Dirtclaw, Ursa, and others were already waiting.

"Gronthar, we're here!"

"Gronthar's out!"

"Gronthar has broken through to Alpha-level!"

"..."

Seeing Gronthar, the group cheered excitedly, speaking over one another.

Many of them, especially the nine who had entered the Dragon Nest with him, felt a pang of envy when sensing Gronthar's change. They had missed their opportunity to break through and were left disappointed.

"Arch Elder Rendall, and Elder Dirtclaw!"

Gronthar bowed deeply, expressing his gratitude. Since joining Stoneheart Horde, he had received a great deal of care and attention, particularly from Dirtclaw, under whom Gronthar had worked as a subordinate. Dirtclaw had been exceptionally kind to him.

"Hahaha... Well done! Your breakthrough makes this journey worthwhile!"

Grinning, Gronthar replied. He was thrilled himself. He had been stuck between Hero level and Alpha level for a long time and had waited eagerly for this day.

Moreover, Gronthar had not used any Horde Alpha-level resources for his breakthrough. He had accumulated enough points to redeem extra Alpha resources upon his return. He planned to transfer them to his younger brother to give him the opportunity to break through as well.

"Gronthar, my friend, well done!"

Dirtclaw stepped forward and patted Gronthar on the shoulder with enthusiasm before giving him a hug.

"Hehe... we both broke through to Alpha-level—this is a double celebration!"

"Thank you!"

Gronthar embraced Dirtclaw, sincerely expressing his thanks.

After joining Stoneheart Horde, Gronthar had joined the cannon fodder troops, where he had gained many military merits under Dirtclaw's leadership. Now, both of them had reached Alpha-level and were about to embark on a new journey.

"What about the others?"

Gronthar released Dirtclaw and asked.

"They all came out before you. You're the most capable—absorbing the most energy," Rendall replied, glancing back at the group.

Among them, Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba all lowered their heads, their faces showing shame. As Orion's guards, they had missed the opportunity to break through during their time in the Dragon Nest, which was regrettable. Fortunately, they had made some progress, and their strength had improved.

Then there were Gort, Hammerhoof, and Ursa, who also seemed somewhat embarrassed—they hadn't seized the opportunity either.

Finally, the two Starveil giants also shook their heads, expressing their regret.

"Let's go back. Lord Orion must be waiting anxiously!"

With that, the group gathered together and headed toward the palace where Orion was staying.

Fifteen minutes later, inside the palace.

Orion looked at Gronthar, who had broken through to Alpha-level, with a pleased expression.

"Nice, this trip to Whitecliff was a success. Dirtclaw and Gronthar both performed excellently!"

"From now on, both of you will be promoted to Warden and join the council."

"Dirtclaw, we have a Gnomm Clan in our territory. Once we return, you'll be in charge of managing them."

"I want you to assemble a Gnomm army as quickly as possible."

Orion's words filled Dirtclaw with joy.

"Indeed, only by advancing to Alpha-level can one enter the core of Horde power."

Dirtclaw sighed in his heart, then, very excitedly, knelt and kissed Orion's feet.

Orion smiled and, feeling Dirtclaw's intense faith energy, used a surge of lightning power to lift him up.

As Orion's fervent follower, Dirtclaw could easily be delegated power by Orion.

"As for Gronthar, there's another Beastmen subrace in the Horde. When we return, you will also form a Beastmen army."

In fact, Stoneheart Horde had two Beastmen tribes. One was based in the former Giant Territory, and the other had been brought over by Kitsune Sylvana. These two Beastmen groups weren't particularly friendly, as the ones in the former Giant Territory had been driven out.

These were minor matters that Orion didn't have time to address. The competition between the two Beastmen groups was something Orion could let be.

As for the other Beastmen in the Beastmen territory, almost all of them had been incorporated into the cannon fodder troops.

"Lord Orion, thank you for your trust in me. I will not disappoint you!"

Orion nodded, then continued, "You've been in the Dragon Nest for ten days, and the sea that submerged Whitecliff has receded by most of it."

"Everyone get ready. Three days from now, we will depart for Stoneheart City."

The group was excited upon hearing Orion's declaration of their return.

Truthfully, living in someone else's city made this group feel insecure. Apart from Orion, they lacked a strong sense of safety.

And with the Sea Tribe potentially attacking again at any moment, they all knew Whitecliff was not a place to stay long.

"Lord, are we still returning with the Blood Elves?"

Grulbane asked, and Orion nodded affirmatively.

"With them, it will be relatively safer." Orion explained.

They had traveled together with the Blood Elves before and had developed some mutual trust. Traveling together with two Legendary-level figures would make both sides feel safer.

Of course, Stoneheart Horde and the Blood Elves would still be wary of each other. They weren't merging but merely traveling together along the same path.

In simple terms, it was a mutual cooperation to ensure safety in case of any unexpected events.

Chapter 406 What can you do for the horde?

Human Kingdom, Soaring Bird City.

Soaring Bird City can't really be called a city—at best, it's just a gathering place. This is Torin Ashvale's territory, and "Soaring Bird" implies freedom to fly high like a bird, which is exactly what Torin Ashvale pursues.

At this moment, Torin Ashvale's tent is shaking, accompanied by the sound of a woman's moans emerging from inside.

Fifteen minutes later, Torin Ashvale pulls up his pants and steps out of the tent.

Outside, a burly man dressed in leather armor and two house servants stand waiting.

"Master, how did you find this newly caught batch of Blood Elves?"

The speaker is the burly man in leather armor—he's the commander of the slave-hunting group. Of course, the true master behind that group is Torin Ashvale.

"Not bad. The women of the Blood Elf race are quite beautiful, and their vaginas are so tight. It feels incredible to fuck them!"

Torin Ashvale lets out a lewd laugh, his face radiating satisfaction and a sense of conquest.

"But, Wyatt, you made sure there are no loose ends this time, right?"

Hearing this, Wyatt also breaks into a crude laugh. "Rest assured, Master. These Blood Elves are from a small clan. We were very careful when capturing them."

"All involved parties have already..."

Wyatt doesn't finish his sentence; instead, he makes a throat-slitting gesture.

"Good. Those damned fat pigs in the Royal capital would never guess that the most dangerous region is also the richest."

Torin Ashvale is in an excellent mood. Though his territory isn't very large, to the west it borders the Blood Elf domain, northwest lies the Ogre domain, and further north are the poorly governed territories of various Orcs and beastfolk (beastmen). Geographically, his land is quite advantageous in both location and resources.

"Master, these recent days, a lot of strangers from the kingdom have been arriving."

"They're not only gathering in the camp but also exploring the surrounding area. Should we capture them for interrogation?"

Wyatt speaks in a low tone—he got this news when he returned from his slave hunt.

Torin hears this and frowns, thinking it over for a while before shaking his head.

"Don't touch them yet. I have a feeling something's off. The whole situation has a whiff of mystery."

"After I finish bribing those accursed nobles in the Royal capital, I'll see if I can pry some information out of them."

Wyatt nods, but he immediately offers another suggestion.

"Master, those outsiders can't enjoy our protection for free. They should pay taxes, protection fees."

This idea makes Torin Ashvale's eyes gleam.

Torin Ashvale purses his lips and calls over Mike, the Deputy Commander of the Mercenary Corps who's standing nearby.

"Mike, gather the members of the Mercenary Corps. Around our camp, put up a 10-foot-high barrier. This is my territory—any outsider who wants to enter must first pay a gold coin for protection."

Mike and Wyatt exchange a glance, and both of their eyes sparkle with the thought of coin.

"Understood, Master. I promise to get that barrier built within three days."

"Alright, go!"

Outside Soaring Bird City, along a small road to the northwest, the human embassy that once visited Stoneheart City has returned to the territory of the Human Kingdom.

"Praise the gods, we finally made it through that band of Ogres' territory!"

This group lost half its members while slipping through the Ogre lands to get back to the Human Kingdom's territory. Only upon entering the region of Soaring Bird City do they feel safe enough to relax.

"Jack, take two others and hurry back to the Royal capital. Report everything that happened in the giant territory."

"As for the rest of us, we'll stay here, at Baron Torin's Soaring Bird City, and wait for His Majesty the King's official delegation."

The knight named Jack nods, receives the necessary supplies, and leads two other knights onward to the Royal capital of the Human Kingdom.

"Boys, we've made it back to human land—finally, we can get some proper sleep."

Their leader, Samuel, waves his hand in a grand gesture, and the weary party cheers before heading toward Soaring Bird City.

...

Southward, on the way back.

Riding on the thunderhawk, Orion pulls Sylvana close, one arm around her waist, the other roaming across her body in teasing caresses.

"Tell me, what can you do for the Horde?"

Orion has two reasons for asking this. First, he wants to probe the secrets of the seer. Second, he's thinking about the best position for Sylvana.

When Sylvana came to pledge allegiance, she brought tens of thousands of Beastfolk, most of whom were women, children, and elderly—basically a burden. Moreover, Sylvana is blind; she can't lead troops into battle. She can't command the Beastfolk.

Within Orion's harem, he would never let any of his women just laze about and waste food. Each one must have a role to fill.

"If the conditions are right, I can see the future. I can issue prophecies."

Sylvana raises both hands, pressing down upon Orion's roving fingers.

Right now, Orion's hand is resting precisely on her nipple. Sylvana covers his hand, looks up at him, and speaks calmly.

"My prophecies might be ambiguous, but the future is still the future. It's a possible outcome."

"If there is something you want to gauge for good or ill beforehand, I can give you an answer."

"I need an observatory, a sizable altar, and sacrificial offerings."

Orion doesn't respond immediately. He simply curls his mouth into a grin and lowers his gaze to meet Sylvana's face.

Sylvana isn't asking for authority or money; what she wants touches on the foundations of the theocratic—on faith itself. Though intangible, each prediction she gives could subtly guide Orion's decisions.

"Believe me, if Lilith were here, she'd string you up and whip you."

He's trying to scare her, and also to test her. Yet Sylvana's calm demeanor shows not the slightest ripple of fear.

Her composure only makes Orion trust her more.

"When we get back to Stoneheart City, you can ask Lilith for what you need. We'll see if she grants you those things."

Orion adjusts Sylvana's posture, making her breasts press against his body. By now, Orion's cock is reacting—hardening and swelling, nudging Sylvana's body upward.

In that instant, Sylvana's breathing grows heavier. She knows exactly what's about to happen. She takes the initiative, stripping off her panties and spreading her legs, awaiting Orion's "favor."

Chapter 407 Who can truly see the future?

The group traveled slowly, taking over a month to return to Stoneheart City, riding on flying beasts.

Stoneheart City had undergone a complete transformation over the past three months. The outer city walls were fully constructed, and the buildings in the inner city had been largely renovated. A majestic, imposing city now greeted their eyes.

The area around the city gate, frequently traversed by people, had been compressed into a solid path.

After jumping off the thunderhawk, Orion immediately embraced Delilah, who was waiting on the wall.

Delilah, playful and charming, bit Orion's shoulder teasingly, then whispered in his ear in an alluring voice, "I'll be waiting for you in Palace 1 tonight."

Orion, hearing her words, gave her a playful tap on her seductive backside before setting her down.

"We signed the Five-Race Alliance contract with the dragons, and also had battles with the Sea Tribe, bringing back plenty of rare supplies."

"The items are with Elder Drakthul, make sure to organize them by category."

Delilah nodded, glancing at Rendall and Drakthul, but then froze.

"Dirtclaw, Gronthar, you both reached Alpha-level?"

Before anyone could speak, Dirtclaw had already thrown himself at Delilah's feet, kissing her shoes fervently, while speaking in a tone of utmost reverence.

"My esteemed mistress, the noble Succubus Queen, Elder of Stewardship, and Lord Orion's beloved, your humble slave has been reborn from the ashes in a gladiatorial battle and successfully advanced to Alpha-level."

Delilah smiled, clearly pleased with Dirtclaw's words, especially the reference to "Lord Orion's beloved," which struck a chord deep within her.

"Get up, Dirtclaw. You're a Warden now, you don't need to act so humbly in front of me. It's not good for your reputation."

Dirtclaw stood up, pride now visible on his face.

Since Dirtclaw became Delilah's slave, she hadn't treated him poorly. She hadn't sent him to do suicidal tasks and, on the contrary, had treated him, his family, and his people with great care and respect.

This was why Dirtclaw held Delilah in such high esteem.

"Thank you, Elders, for your hard work. I'll have the logistics prepare enough food, drink, and fruits for you all."

"Of course, if you need female slaves to serve you, you can come to me to adopt some."

Delilah's words caused the guards who had accompanied Orion on his visit to the dragons to stir with excitement.

However, once they descended from the wall, everyone scattered to return home and tend to their families.

In the castle, inside a bedroom, the Fox Tribe's old elder, holding Sylvana's hand, led her back into her room.

"Seer, you're finally back. The tribe has been worried about your safety."

Sylvana gently reassured the old elder, "There's no need to worry. L... Orion has been protecting me along the way."

Sylvana almost said "Lord Orion" but stopped herself. She remembered how, having become Orion's woman, she had learned all kinds of intimate techniques at his request and had grown more and more decadent.

Finally, she simply said Orion's name, feeling a sense of relief wash over her as she did so.

"This is where Sylvana belongs. Stoneheart City is also the haven for our Fox Tribe and the Beastfolk(beastmen)."

The old elder of the Fox Tribe paused for a moment, then sighed deeply.

"Seer, will the prophecy ever change?"

Sylvana shook her head as she walked into her bedroom, speaking casually, "Fate is always hard to decipher. Who can truly see the future?"

"I've seen one possible future, and it's beautiful. It has strengthened my heart and my faith."

The Fox Tribe's old elder looked at Sylvana's profile, bathed in sunlight that poured through the window, illuminating her form in a beautiful, almost holy light.

Meanwhile, in the castle, Orion withdrew his symbolic pressure and calmly sat on the throne, waiting for the various project leaders of the Horde to report.

The appearance of this pressure signaled to the members of the Horde that Orion had returned.

Soon, Gustalon, Thundar, and Delilah entered the palace one after another.

"Gustalon, how is the territory of the Blood Elves?"

"Lord, we have taken control of the territory and built some small fortresses there. We've already stationed troops there."

"What have you gained?"

"My lord, other than the Beast and Beastfolk, there are no other races. The Blood Elves have relocated them all."

Orion nodded and took out a ring embedded with a mysterious gemstone from his storage ring, tossing it to Gustalon.

"This ring is a reward for you. Don't wander too far; I'll need you for something soon."

Gustalon eagerly took the ring, carefully examining it.

Soon, an expression of surprise appeared on his face.

"Wow, is this really a reward for me?"

Orion nodded without explanation.

The ring was a piece of hero-level auxiliary equipment that would enhance Gustalon's windblade attack power. It was a rare item.

Orion's caution about Gustalon not wandering too far was because he planned to take him to the Valkorath Realm.

"Thundar, what about the Orc territory?"

Thundar stood up and, after organizing his thoughts, spoke slowly.

"My lord, we've cleared the Orc territory, and we've built fortresses at some of the major border areas. Bloodline warriors are constantly patrolling and guarding the boundaries."

"Some Orcs left the territory before we even arrived."

"This time, we captured over 250K Orcs, but most of them were the elderly, weak, or sick."

The fragmentation of the Orcs was something Orion had anticipated.

Some Orcs had their own beliefs and only followed Orc leadership. Since Stoneheart Horde had taken control of their territory, they were forced to flee and find new homes elsewhere.

This was actually a good thing, as the troublesome Orcs had left, leaving behind those who were more obedient.

"250,000 Orcs..." Orion muttered as he leaned back in his throne, considering his options.

The current Orc territory, with its sparse population and vast land, was a great opportunity for development.

Orion pondered, while the others remained silent, not daring to interrupt.

Gustalon continued to admire the ring, unable to stop examining it.

Thundar stood in the center of the palace, quietly awaiting Orion's orders.

Delilah, standing nearby, seemed lost in thought, contemplating something of her own.

Chapter 408 I'm honored to be your woman

After a long silence, Orion finally spoke.

"Thundar, next you will join the two elders, Marnok and Gormathar, to form three patrol armies. Divide the men into three groups and start patrolling our territory from south to north.

Take your cavalry regiment and the Raptor armies from Stoneheart City with you. Your task is to suppress any tribes or outsiders who refuse to submit to our rule."

Thundar bowed and accepted the order.

"Delilah, what's the current situation with the Flame-Tiger beast pens in Stoneheart City?"

Mentioning the cavalry regiment made Orion think of the Flame-Tiger beast pens. Apart from the castle, Stoneheart City has two special facilities: one is the Raptor Nest, and the other is the Flame-Tiger beast pens.

Right now, Delilah's expression was solemn, her demeanor dignified—no trace of her usual seductive manner.

"My lord, the Raptor Nest can produce one hundred Raptors every year. Before the war in the North and South began, there were more than three thousand Raptors here.

After the war ended, we only had about one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven left in total.

Among them, over twelve hundred have already matured and became mounts for our people. The remaining ones aren't producing well.

In my opinion, for the next five years, it's best not to keep letting them out of the beast pens. We should raise them inside to increase their population."

In fact, before the northern and southern war started, the Giant King Balor had already squeezed the Raptor Nest dry. By the time Orion took it over, the Raptor Nest was a specialized facility in dire need of recovery.

When Orion didn't respond, Delilah continued.

"As for the Flame-Tiger beast pens, the situation is even worse.

Aside from a single Alpha-level female Flame-Tiger, there are only ten adult Flame-Tigers and eight young cubs.

Among those ten adult ones, three are female and seven are male; two of the females are currently pregnant."

Hearing this, Orion immediately understood that his plan for a large-scale Raptor army and a Flame-Tiger army could not be realized just yet.

"My lord," Delilah went on, "I believe the Raptor Nest and the Flame-Tiger beast pens should both be entrusted to your wife Lilith. She is the best candidate to oversee taming."

Orion looked at Delilah, puzzled. But upon noting her completely matter-of-fact, sweetly smiling expression, he knew exactly what she was thinking.

"In two days, I will bring Lilith from Blackstone City to Stoneheart City. Make sure you're prepared to hand things over."

Delilah nodded, a cunning gleam flashing in her eyes.

After Orion asked a few more questions, everyone else left the hall. However, Delilah soon returned. She swayed her alluring figure as she approached Orion on his throne.

Delilah lifted one of her long, slender, and sexy legs onto Orion's thigh. With her toes, she began stroking the area around his crotch. Her movements were bold and filled with temptation, especially since this position revealed everything beneath her skirt. From Orion's vantage point, he noticed Delilah wasn't wearing panties, her enticing sex silently inviting him.

"Honey, have you forgotten something?"

Orion pulled Delilah into his arms and stripped off her clothes. Delilah kissed him all over, from top to bottom, every motion gentle and attentive. She removed Orion's underwear, kissing his penis and testicles.

Meanwhile, Orion stroked her clitoris, and soon Delilah's vagina was secreting clear fluid. With just his fingers, she reached climax.

Delilah wanted more. She knelt with her back against Orion, lifting her hips. This position made it easy for Orion to enter her and also heightened the pleasure during sex. Orion held his cock in one hand and guided it straight into Delilah's vagina.

In the next moment, the palace filled with the sounds of Delilah's moans and the rhythmic slap of flesh on flesh.

After several months apart, Delilah had yearned for Orion, not only sexually, but emotionally and with genuine concern. Seeing him again made her so happy that she poured all her desire into satisfying him. She wanted Orion to feel good and would do anything to achieve that.

...

Their lovemaking went on for a long time. It was only after five hours that Orion finally stopped.

"Have you handled everything I asked of you?"

When the passion subsided, Delilah was still seated astride Orion's cock, her legs wrapped around his waist. She seemed unwilling to part.

She raised her head, her beautiful eyes brimming with unending delight.

"My dear Orion, have I ever failed to deliver on anything you asked?"

The tavern in the outer city has been built, and I had it decorated according to your taste. Even the maidservants in the palace were carefully selected from among our people—they're all clever and seductive succubi."

Orion closed his eyes, enjoying Delilah's playful charm in his embrace.

"In a little while, I'm going to use my transcendent power to transform the mysterious tavern. From now on, that place will be the headquarters of the Sentinel Corps. I'm assigning it to you.

The mysterious tavern is a special facility. Once you manage it, you'll understand its benefits."

Delilah's breathing grew more rapid. She took the initiative, placing her hands on Orion's thighs for leverage. She moved again, her body rising and falling.

Orion closed his eyes, speaking as he enjoyed her attentions.

"With the founding of the Five-Race Alliance, Stoneheart City will open to the outside world. Vagrelly—giant territory to the south—will also attract a flood of outsiders. The mysterious tavern is meant to recruit talented people among them."

Delilah's movements stirred intense pleasure in Orion. He grabbed her close and switched from passive to active, thrusting vigorously. Delilah couldn't stand it for long, moaning incessantly and grabbing Orion's back with both hands.

"Ah... yes... my dear, you truly are the strongest giant in this world. I'm honored to be your woman... I'd do anything for you!"

An hour later, Delilah came yet again, completely spent.

Orion stroked her back, speaking softly of his plan for ten cities and the roads that would connect them. Hearing about the future he envisioned, Delilah's eyes sparkled.

"We must map out the ten-city plan in the short term. I'll have Onyx choose new city sites around the territory, according to the local conditions. Your Sentinel Corps will cooperate."

Delilah gave a soft, affirmative noise and lay against Orion's chest. The vigorous sex just now had drained her of energy.

"In the coming days, the dragons, Blood Elves, dwarves, and humans will all send delegations and trade envoys into our territory. You'll be in charge of negotiations with them, and you'll also need to pick some of our people to visit those four territories and set up our gathering places."

At this, Delilah opened her eyes, seemingly understanding Orion's intention.

"Honey, are you planning to use this opportunity to spread out all those hidden sentries the Sentinel Corps has raised?"

Orion nodded, his hand sliding down her back as he spoke calmly.

"Not only will we send them out, but we'll let them take root and multiply—growing more fruitful with time."

"I see!"

Clearly exhausted, Delilah closed her eyes again, draping herself across Orion's chest. She let his hands roam over her body, especially the gentle circling of her clitoris, which brought a delight she couldn't describe.

"I intend for Sylvana to work alongside you when those delegates and trade groups arrive from other races. With her temperament, she'll make an excellent partner for you."

Upon hearing how Orion planned to assign Sylvana, Delilah lifted her head and gazed at him in surprise.

"Sylvana is different from Lumi. Lumi is simpler in what she desires, but I can't quite figure out Sylvana's ambitions."

"That's why I'd rather place her at your side—I'll feel more at ease."

Delilah laughed.

"Don't worry, dear. I'll be sure to train Sylvana properly for you!"

At that moment, Delilah seemed positively confident.

Orion shrugged it off and continued using his fingers to stroke her clitoris. Before long, Delilah's legs went rigid and her body arched backward as she climaxed once more.

Chapter 409 Wherever you go, I'll go

Early the next morning, when all the free members of the tribe stepped out of their dwellings to begin their training, a tall building in Stoneheart City's outer district suddenly shone with a burst of rainbow colors, drawing the attention of many onlookers.

"Wow, that building is glowing! How amazing!"

"You haven't seen much, have you? That's a special building, just like the lord's castle!"

"Special building? Is it something like the Raptor Nest?"

"It looks so unique!"

"Look, the door's opening!"

"..."

Under the gazes of countless horde members, the doors of the Mysterious Tavern swung open, and out came a group of succubus maidservants. Each one was strikingly beautiful, with enchanting curves and an alluring presence.

The Mysterious Tavern opened for business without any celebration or visitors; it just quietly appeared in Stoneheart City.

In the depths of the castle, Orion relaxed only after sensing that Delilah had settled into the Mysterious Tavern. He had fused the miniature Mysterious Tavern building into the territory core earlier.

"Putting you in charge of the Mysterious Tavern finally eases one of my worries," Orion sighed. Because of Lilith, Delilah and Orion had never publicly acknowledged their intimate relationship.

In Blackstone City, Delilah's reluctance to move into the Horde Hall had seemed natural. But even after arriving in Stoneheart City, she still refused to reside in the castle, insisting that Lilith remained the castle's mistress. Every time they stole a moment of intimacy, they picked a different place, causing Orion to feel guilty for not being able to provide Delilah with a permanent space of her own.

As soon as Orion obtained the Mysterious Tavern, he chose Delilah to be its hostess. Her temperament was ideal for such a role. The Mysterious Tavern would be her residence, or rather, her home.

Previously, when Orion went south to invade during the war, the southern territory had been left unsecured. Now that the five factions had formed an alliance and opened the territory to outsiders, it was time to officially establish the Mysterious Tavern.

With this matter finally settled, Orion, feeling pleased, headed to the castle's reception hall. By the time he got there, Rendall had already been waiting for quite a while.

"Lord, you wanted to see me?"

Orion nodded and invited Rendall to take a seat. Only then did he share his idea.

"Arch Elder, the Raptor Nest and the Flame-Tiger beast pens here in Stoneheart City require dedicated beast trainers for proper care. I'd like you to return to Blackstone City and have Lilith come to Stoneheart City. Are you willing to do that?"

The moment Rendall heard this, he sprang to his feet.

"Lord, I'm ready to give everything I have for the horde. If Blackstone City needs me, then that's where I should be. Besides, though the southern Stoneheart City is large and beautiful, I still prefer Blackstone City in my heart."

"And this time, Ursa, Dace, Otho, and the others have all gone into seclusion to train. I believe it won't be long before they advance to Alpha-level. Then you'll have enough people here to help you."

Rendall's words were exactly what Orion was hoping for. None of the Blackstone Tribe members—beyond Orion and Rendall—had reached Alpha-level for a very long time. It was a bit of a disgrace, especially now that the Stoneheart Horde had so many powerful individuals. Many of the Stoneheart elders had noticed this and felt worried.

Orion felt the same. As a giant, he didn't want his people looked down upon or discriminated against by other races. Thanks to the Dragon Nest's bloodline baptism, Ursa, Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba had all seen an increase in potential and strength. Orion believed that once they consumed Alpha-level resources, there was a good chance each would advance to Alpha-level.

Should they succeed, Orion would have far more people to rely on in Stoneheart City.

"In that case, let's head back to Blackstone City right away."

Rendall nodded. He had always preferred being in Blackstone City, so returning suited him perfectly. Traveling to Stoneheart City wouldn't be hard either—there was a teleportation array connecting Blackstone City to Stoneheart City, so if he really wanted to come south, all it would take was a single trip.

Back in Blackstone City, ever since Orion led the upper ranks away, the place had felt much quieter. Within Moonshadow Valley, near the teleportation array, there was a fluctuation of energy followed by Orion's formidable aura appearing for just an instant.

Out west by the ridge, where Lilith was cultivating magical plants, she sensed Orion's arrival. At once, she abandoned the vial of cultivation liquid she was holding and hurried toward the Horde Hall.

"Orion! Arch Elder! This is great; you're finally back!"

The moment she reached the Horde Hall's inner keep, Lilith called out to them from afar.

"It's been so long since I've been home, and I miss my wife. I'll leave you two for now," Rendall said, laughing in a mischievous way as he departed.

With Rendall gone, Lilith rushed straight into Orion's arms, pressing her body against him with reluctance to part. Orion bent over, scooped her up, and carried her deeper into the inner keep.

The two of them had been separated for many days. Reunited at last, they were overflowing with affection. Orion played the role of a dutiful husband, making love to Lilith until late into the night before they finally fell asleep.

The next day, while Orion was still asleep, he suddenly felt an itch on his nose. He gradually woke to the sensation of Lilith's hair lightly teasing him. Her hair smelled wonderful—probably from all the time she spent working with magical plants. The scent clung to her and her hair.

Orion rubbed his itchy nose and pulled Lilith into his arms.

"This time, I asked Rendall to take your place guarding Blackstone City and had Slagor watch over Thunderwood Forest. You, Lysinthia, and Earthshaker will come with me to Stoneheart City. There's a Raptor Nest and a Flame-Tiger beast pens there—both special facilities—and they need your care."

"Besides, I need you to help oversee the castle in Stoneheart City as well."

Listening quietly, Lilith rested her head on Orion's broad chest, tuning into the rhythm of his heartbeat. She spoke calmly:

"Honey, ever since I've been away, how many women have joined your harem?"

Orion's hand, which had been fondling Lilith's shapely backside, froze briefly but soon relaxed.

He didn't lie. He told her about every woman he had slept with, from Soraya to Sylvana, and then on to Princess Ava—every single one who had shared his bed.

Lilith stayed nestled against Orion's chest, breathing steadily, smiling sweetly. Yet when Orion finished recounting his story, she looked up at him, then lowered her head and bit him—hard.

Orion hardly minded her reaction. He just kept speaking.

"This time, I also plan to bring some of the horde's younglings to Stoneheart City. The younglings are our future. Stoneheart City has a much bigger population and greater variety of races. Letting them see more of the world early on will help them grow faster and stronger."

Lilith murmured her assent and let go of her bite. She gently touched the red mark on Orion's abdomen where her teeth had left an imprint. The mention of "younglings" filled her with momentary sadness.

"Honey, from now on, just keep me with you. Wherever you go, I'll go."

Sensing Lilith's sorrow, Orion held her tight and murmured reassuringly, "Okay."

Chapter 410 Do your best

Night fell, and news of Orion's return to Blackstone City spread. In keeping with tradition, a grand bonfire celebration was held.

Orion appeared before the crowd and introduced his 'youngling plan,' which received the support of many of his kin.

Amidst the crowd, a voice, tender and youthful, rose.

"Mother, I'm Lord's disciple! I must go to Stoneheart City! I will make my mentor proud and bring glory to the Giant Tribe!"

Rolan, no longer lacking in meat and occasionally consuming Dark Source Crystals, had grown significantly taller. His strength had reached the peak of the elite level, just one step away from reaching hero level.

"Go ahead, my child, your mother agrees!" his mother replied.

"But once you're there, you must always heed Lord's words, listen to the counsel of our people, and never neglect your studies."

Rolan's mother gazed at him with eyes full of love. Though he was not yet an adult, she understood well that wherever Rolan went, the horde would keep a watchful eye on him.

As Lord's disciple, Rolan's path would be one of both challenges and glory.

Rolan's mother gently caressed her belly; she was pregnant again and could no longer care for him as she once did. She had made up her mind—helping Rolan grow independent as soon as possible was the best way.

"Rolan, you must strive for greatness. Don't let Lord's expectations of you go unfulfilled!"

She patted his head, her eyes filled with both reluctance and hope.

He was her son, and one of the most talented giants among the younger generation of Blackstone Tribe.

"Rolan, do your best!"

"I hope your achievements will surpass your father's, and that you will become Lord's trusted supporter, bringing pride to our people whenever your name is spoken."

Orion stayed in Blackstone City for three days before heading south alone to inspect the territory.

Thunder rumbled as it started from the Black Forest, crossed the Poison Dragon Swamp, and lingered near the boundary of the Desolate Plains. Only when he sensed the presence of Ironhoof did he continue south, reaching Half-Moon Lake, then turning toward Thunderpeak Mountain.

Two weeks later, Orion arrived at the location of Eagle Nest on Thunderpeak Mountain.

At the entrance of the palace, Slagor, accompanied by over a hundred harpies, waited to greet him.

"My lord!"

Slagor stepped forward, his face beaming with a wide smile.

Orion nodded and, with Slagor by his side, made his way into the Eagle Nest.

Eagle Nest was a hollow structure shaped like a bird's egg.

Slagor waved, signaling his subordinates to stay outside, leaving only himself and Orion to enter.

"The Eagle Nest, just a few years ago, seemed like an unreachable place to us," Orion mused, looking around the complex structure. "I never imagined it would become part of our Stoneheart Horde."

Slagor bowed with respect. "It is Lord's radiance that has blessed this place."

Orion glanced at him, his tone indifferent. "Don't flatter me."

"You're the most familiar with the Poison Dragon Swamp, Half-Moon Lake, and Thunderwood Forest. I trust you to guard this place."

Slagor chuckled, silent but content. His loyalty to Orion was guaranteed by their contract, and he was more than satisfied with the trust Orion had placed in him.

"Are the harpies outside reliable?" Orion asked, his concern clear.

"Rest assured, these harpies were bred here in the Eagle Nest. They have no connection to the previous harpy tribe(clan)," Slagor explained quickly.

Eagle Nest was once the domain of Lord Ariel, who had used it to enhance the harpies' bloodline, granting them the ability to fly. Now, under Stoneheart Horde's control, it was being used again to breed more harpies.

Orion nodded, turning to Slagor.

"In that case, I have a task for you," Orion said, his voice steady. "Use the harpies as a base to create an aerial army of over ten thousand."

Slagor was stunned, and Orion continued, "I'll speak to the Arch Elder, and all the tribute from Thunderwood Forest over the next ten years will be allocated to you."

Slagor was impressed. He had previously created a cannon fodder troop, but now, with such an important task, it was clear the weight of responsibility on his shoulders had increased.

"One more task," Orion added. "Don't let the newly bred harpies sit idle. Organize them to patrol the northern border of our territory."

Orion looked at the harpies outside and then turned back to Slagor, entrusting him with even more authority.

"My lord, I will order them to patrol immediately," Slagor said, his voice firm with resolve.

Orion nodded without further comment, allowing Slagor to continue showing him around the Eagle Nest.

Half a day later, Orion continued his journey south. He released his aura freely as he passed through the border region, marking his presence.

He then veered west, crossing Thunderwood Forest and heading into the desert.

Orion's inspection of the territory was deliberate—he wanted the surrounding lords to feel his presence and be reminded of his power. It was both a warning and a reminder.

At the boundary of Thunderwood Forest and the desert, Orion stopped at a bay. He knew this place—it was Mist Bay, the lair of the broadskull ravens that had once attacked Blackstone City.

Mist Bay was surrounded by red mangroves, the dwelling place of the plague ravens. The bay was constantly shrouded in mist, its underwater world both mysterious and dangerous. As Orion gazed out over the bay, his mind wandered to the Sea Tribe.

"Perhaps, in the future, the Stoneheart Horde's naval power will be centered here."

Indeed, looking at Mist Bay, Orion couldn't help but think of how to cultivate a water-based military force for the Horde.

The bay's unique geography made it an ideal training ground for naval forces.

Orion sighed. Currently, he had no pure aquatic units, only swamp crocodiles from the Swamp Tribe, who were amphibious at best.

Thunder rumbled again as Orion swept over the desert. Most of the scorpions from the Scorpion Tribe had settled in the southern part of the desert, leaving the region quieter.

He didn't linger long, moving north again and spending a few days traveling to the Abyssal Chasm.

There, he met Gurnar, the fiend serpent who had surrendered. Unlike Ridi, who had once attacked Blackstone City, Gurnar seemed more composed, rational, and calm—likely why Gareth had left him behind to oversee matters.

Gurnar reported on the progress of breeding fiend serpents in two serpent pits, which satisfied Orion.

Afterward, Orion pressed on northward.

Before even reaching the northern ice plains, Orion encountered Lumi, who appeared in the midst of the snowstorm. Compared to before, Lumi's presence was far more powerful.