

Titan King 441

Chapter 441 441: I'll go

Golden Pearl—this is a stretch of desert. Before Soraya took up residence here, it had no name. Her arrival is what gave this sandy land its name.

Deep beneath the surface at this moment, Soraya and Orion are having sex, exchanging both emotion and spirit. When their passion subsides, soft words follow.

"I thought you'd ignore me once your wife came back!"

Soraya rests her head on Orion's arm, letting him constantly stroke her clitoris. She feels a pleasurable itch coursing through her body, for her clitoris is her most sensitive spot.

"Lilith has a place waiting for you in the castle," Orion explains. Upon hearing this, Soraya's mood visibly brightens.

"My dear lord, I wouldn't expect you to drop in on this barren desert for no good reason. What brings you here?"

Soraya is a sharp woman, which Orion appreciates.

"I wanted to have sex with you, so I came by. That's reason enough."

Soraya's face lights up again at Orion's sweet talk.

"How long do you plan on staying?"

Orion does not reply—he can't really answer. He simply sweeps Soraya up and settles her on his abdomen.

"Our lovemaking isn't done yet. We'll continue!"

Smiling faintly, Soraya straddles Orion's cock, his massive length filling her vagina completely.

By dusk, they finally finish. Stroking Soraya's hair, Orion says in a calm voice, "I want to take you away from this world."

Snuggled against him, Soraya looks up, curiosity sparking in her eyes.

"The southern climate is fair, but this desert is too small. It doesn't benefit you," he continues.

"It won't help you advance to Legendary level."

His first remark makes Soraya frown; she assumes Orion is about to uproot her from the only place that truly suits the scorpion tribe in this southern territory. Wouldn't that feel like abandonment?

But once she hears him speak of advancing to Legendary level, she feels a sudden rush of excitement.

"My dear lord, where do you want me to go?"

Soraya sits up, leans on Orion's chest, and props her chin on her hands, gazing at him affectionately. From Orion's vantage point below, he catches a glimpse of the faint pubic hair between her legs.

"It's a very dangerous place," he says. "War has broken out there. You'll be able to reach a Legendary level much faster. In that realm, Legendary isn't the highest power, and even an arch lord isn't necessarily invincible."

Orion's voice carries a note of longing, as though enticing her.

"I'll go!"

Before Orion can say anything further, Soraya has already agreed.

"Let's pretend I didn't say that just now. You can take a few days to decide. The place is full of opportunities but fraught with danger."

His tone softens, and he leans in to kiss Soraya.

"My dear lord," she replies, "once Soraya makes a decision, she doesn't take it back. Just like when I decided to be your woman!"

With those words, Soraya lowers her head and kisses Orion's neck. He wraps his arms around her, and they begin another round of lovemaking.

Much later, Orion ejaculates inside Soraya's vagina. Pulling out his cock, he says, "You have two months to prepare. Once that time's up, you'll head into war, and I can't guarantee your safety. Gather the tribe members you're bringing. I'll come for you in two months."

In truth, Orion hadn't come just to relieve his sexual desire. He had already calculated which sustainable force he'd take to the Valkorath Realm: Soraya and the scorpion tribe under her command.

Initially, he had considered bringing Lorelia. However, recalling the teleportation array beneath Blackstone City—along with dealing with his sister—he decided on Soraya instead. She has more experience and combat prowess than Lorelia. Both are broodmothers, but Soraya is better suited for direct warfare.

"Mmh... all right," Soraya murmurs. She's utterly drained; Orion fucked her for a long time today, which she enjoyed greatly, but it has left her exhausted.

Three days later, Orion transforms into lightning and streaks out of the desert, settling onto the thunderhawk's back and once again heading toward the western coastline.

Golden Pearl, subterranean palace.

Only after Orion's departure does High Priestess Selenis appear in the palace. She glances at the nude queen and greets her respectfully.

"Your Majesty, did you summon me?"

"Mmm..."

Soraya responds languidly, sounding half-asleep, almost murmuring in her dreams. No one knows how much time passes before Soraya suddenly rolls over, eyes still closed, and speaks through the sheer curtains.

"Jarex is a fool. I've decided to station him in the northern desert, to guard our homeland there. In two months, I'll follow our great lord with a large retinue of our tribe and head elsewhere. I'll leave Golden Pearl to you; it remains our territory."

She pauses, as though contemplating something. Several breaths later, she goes on quietly, "If I don't come back... never mind—it's not worth saying."

The High Priestess knows her queen's mind is made up. She cannot refuse and can only nod in agreement, though sorrow flickers across her face. She's watched Soraya grow into the woman she is today—fought beside her, guided her. She knows full well the trials Soraya endured to reach this point. It took countless generations of effort for the scorpion tribe to produce such a wise queen.

"Remember, the Scorpion Tribe will always be part of the Stoneheart Horde," Soraya says somberly. "When the horde needs us, do not hesitate or shirk your duties."

She sits up in bed at some point, her tone grave when the subject of the Stoneheart Horde arises.

"Also, never skip the annual offerings to the horde. That's the rule."

In truth, Delilah normally returns the scorpion tribe's tributes every year, since Soraya is Orion's woman and her tribe enjoys certain privileges. However, Soraya knows they must still demonstrate absolute loyalty and obedience to the horde.

"Yes, Your Majesty," the High Priestess replies, bowing her head.

Finally, Soraya gets out of bed and provides further instructions on a variety of matters.

Farther west, along the sea.

Thunderhawk Rayden takes seven days to reach these shores. High in the sky, Orion bids the thunderhawk slow its flight, following the shoreline's winding path.

Relying on his formidable powers of perception, he detects numerous Sea Tribe creatures lurking far below in the depths of the ocean.

Chapter 442 442: Lord Vorluk

"Rayden, grab him!"

Orion was patrolling on his thunderhawk when several merfolk emerged from the sea, trying to scout the sky.

However, the merfolk who timidly surfaced was immediately spotted by Orion and Thunderhawk Rayden alike.

A sharp screech rang out as Rayden folded its wings and plummeted like a meteor.

Orion remained suspended high above, transcendent power surging within him. He floated in midair, continuing to sense his surroundings.

Splash!

The thunderhawk dove into the sea. Fifteen seconds later, Rayden burst back through the surface, clutching a dagger-wielding merfolk in its razor-sharp talons.

"Head for the nearest watchtower!"

Orion landed on the thunderhawk's back and pointed out the direction.

A short while later, they arrived at a watchtower situated ten miles from the coastline.

"Honorable Lord, you're here!"

"May your radiance forever shine upon our horde!"

"..."

Orion gestured to the Merfolk at his feet—fish-tailed, blue-skinned, and barely conscious—and addressed one of the succubi.

"Take charge of this Merfolk. It's your job to interrogate him for every piece of information he knows."

The succubus warrior bowed, then dragged the Merfolk into one of the watchtower's rooms.

Orion glanced at the squad of horde members standing straight before him.

It was a team of twelve: four giants, three gnolls, three beastfolk, and one minotaur.

"Have you encountered any Merfolk attacks these past few days?"

The tallest of the four giants—likely the squad leader—stepped forward with an expression of reverent fervor, responding to Orion's question:

"My king, ever since we received our orders, we've been holding this watchtower. After the first attack, we haven't encountered the Merfolk again."

"Also, they don't dare stay ashore for long."

"From my observations, those Merfolk can only remain on land for at most half an hour before they must return to the sea."

Orion nodded. The information gathered by this team was valuable.

By restricting their time on land and limiting their range of activity near the shore, security could at least be maintained.

Next, Orion asked a few questions about the Sea Tribe, but he received little more from these people.

After a moment, the succubus warrior from earlier emerged from the watchtower. Orion glanced at her, and she followed him toward the coastal area without needing further instruction.

"What information did you obtain?"

Orion stopped beneath a massive tree, gazing out at the vast expanse of blue ocean. His eyes narrowed slightly.

"My lord, that hero-level Merfolk we just captured is named Sliggoth, a member of the Tidefang clan among the Merfolk.

They were ordered by Lord Vorluk to patrol these waters and drive off any land creatures that draw too close to the coastline."

Orion frowned, still staring at the sea. He spoke again:

"Tell me about this Vorluk. Has he arrived in these waters yet?"

The succubus warrior behind Orion paused for a second, then answered hesitantly:

"My lord, there's not much information about Lord Vorluk. According to Sliggoth's memories, Vorluk is a mighty being who has dwelled in the deep sea for ages.

As far as Sliggoth recalls, the most powerful Sea Tribe creature in the nearby waters is a Merman called Skalnir, who is on the Alpha level.

Sliggoth was driven into shallow waters by Skalnir and its followers. That Merman, Skalnir, also resides in the deep sea.

Many Merfolk patrol this coastline—Sliggoth doesn't know the exact number, but it's definitely in the hundreds of thousands."

Though the succubus warrior hadn't learned much, the details were still quite useful.

Orion fell silent, already guessing parts of the bigger picture.

"Anything else?"

For a long while, there was no response behind him.

"Very well, you can go. Pass on all of this intel to the Sentinel Corps."

"Understood!"

Once the succubus warrior left, Orion transformed into lightning and reappeared on the thunderhawk's back.

"Rayden, head for the deeper ocean!"

Thunderhawk Rayden gave a cry and sped off toward the open sea.

"All the ones we've seen so far are small fry. Not even an Alpha-level merfolk has shown up.

This isn't a real probe—it's just pretense.

These waters surrounding the continent are vast, and it's unlikely the many clans and groups of the Sea Tribe get along harmoniously.

So it seems the Sea Tribe's presence here is more for show, maybe to fool the Reverse Whale Clan?"

Orion's mind was active, running through various scenarios before settling on a fairly plausible idea.

"In any case, I need to see what's happening in the deeper ocean."

However, after seven days of flying out over the boundless, seemingly bottomless sea, both Orion and Rayden were at a loss.

"Master, we can't go any farther. If we do, I won't have the strength to make it back!"

Orion withdrew his senses, having discovered nothing. He was just as frustrated.

The deep sea is the Sea Tribe's domain. Finding any trace of a merfolk lord here was no simple task for Orion.

"Turn around. We're heading back."

Upon hearing this, Thunderhawk Rayden let out a couple of chirps—relieved yet drained of energy.

"At least there are no Legendary-level Merfolk sightings, so for the moment that western territory should be safe.

And certainly, the Sea Tribe won't launch a massive tsunami."

Truth be told, Orion's concern wasn't that some legendary Sea Tribe powerhouse might appear, but that they'd unite and flood the continent with a catastrophic tidal wave.

A great tsunami would be the real disaster!

"I wonder how the dragons are faring. There hasn't been any word about the Sea Tribe from their side lately."

Right now, the Sea Tribe is lurking about, while the dragons, humans, dwarves, and blood elves seem to form an alliance. Yet in reality, this alliance is not very sturdy. Should anything unexpected occur, the coalition could crumble in a short time.

Orion knew very well that if a large-scale war ever broke out, this so-called Five-Race Alliance wouldn't last under true pressure.

"It looks like I need to put some plans in motion sooner rather than later."

Once he decided, Orion did not hesitate. He sat on the thunderhawk's back, closed his eyes as if dozing, and sent his consciousness into the Survivor's Platform to contact one of his allies in the Champions Alliance.

"You there?"

In a hidden cave within the inland sea of the Valkorath Realm, Kraken had just survived a brush with death, giving half his life to slay a fungus-mutated lord that clung to seaweed. He'd obtained a glob of life essence, a substance much like a Lord's Stone.

Kraken swallowed the life essence in one gulp, and the wounds on his body began healing at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Moreover, Kraken discovered he had grown even stronger.

"Just three more kills of those legendary level fungal creatures, and I'll advance to upper Legendary level. I have to push forward!"

Chapter 443 443: Mother Nest of the Tidecrabs

Just as Kraken was envisioning the future, he received a message from Orion.

"Are you there?"

It seemed like a simple greeting, but it also carried quite a bit of information. The way Orion reached out hinted that Orion and Kraken weren't strangers, but they weren't exactly close friends either.

"I'm here, Hulk. What's up?"

Titanion Realm, on the seas south of the Stoneheart Horde territory in the Utessar continent.

Perched on the thunderhawk, Orion waited half a day before finally receiving Kraken's reply. Seeing the message, Orion thought for a moment before responding to Kraken:

"I want to establish my own ocean faction. Do you have any units for sale?"

Kraken replied almost instantly:

"Sure. What kind are you looking for?"

Yet Kraken's question stumped Orion, because Orion knew nothing about marine creatures or their troop types. With no idea where to start, Orion remained silent for a long moment before giving an honest answer:

"I'm really not sure what type I need."

He continued, "I want to form a Sea Tribe faction. This Sea Tribe needs a variety of creatures, but in the early stages, my goal is to protect the coastline of my territory. I need units that breed quickly, have decent combat power, and can operate comfortably in shallow waters."

Orion laid out what he had in mind, along with the requirements for these units. This time, Kraken did not respond right away—it seemed he was either thinking or hesitating. After quite a while, Orion finally received Kraken's reply:

"I do have something that might fit your territory. Take a look at this."

Along with that, Kraken sent Orion the info of an item:

[Mother Nest of the Tidecrabs]

Type: Special Nest

Nest Description: Every time a Tidecrab waves its massive claw, someone ends up hurt.

Note 1: Once the Mother Nest of the Tidecrabs is deployed, it immediately produces ten thousand Tidecrab Shield Warriors, all male.

Note 2: The first production batch includes one Alpha-level Tidecrab. After that, depending on resource input, the Nest might randomly produce Hero-level or Elite-level Tidecrab Shield Warriors.

Note 3: There are only one hundred thousand Tidecrab eggs in the nest, so use them sparingly.

Note 4: Tidecrab Shield Warriors take anywhere from one to three years to reach maturity.

It was clearly a powerful tool. After reading the introduction, Orion realized it must have come from a "Survivor's Treasure Chest." He was quite tempted—this "Mother Nest of the Tidecrabs" was exactly the kind of item he needed.

Keeping his excitement in check, Orion messaged Kraken back:

"Excellent. It suits me perfectly. What kind of treasure do you want in exchange? I'm open to trading."

Kraken didn't reply with words. Instead, he immediately initiated a trade with Orion. In the trading interface, Kraken placed the Mother Nest of the Tidecrabs and promptly confirmed the transaction.

Orion paused for a second, the corners of his mouth curving upward, then accepted the trade.

"We're allies, after all. We should help each other out."

"To be honest, Tidecrabs are amphibious units—great for shallow waters. But for a deep-sea dweller like me, they're more of a burden."

Orion could only smile and shake his head at Kraken's comments. The allies in the Champions Alliance were all generous like this. Yet he also understood that they were making an investment in him. Eventually, when Orion grew powerful enough, at some point in the future, he would be expected to return the favor.

"Well, since that's how you feel, I won't stand on ceremony!"

Orion remembered something Arthas once told him: sometimes friendship begins with owing someone a debt of gratitude.

"Are you in the Valkorath Realm right now?" Orion asked after receiving Kraken's gift.

"Yes. Are you planning to come?"

Kraken clearly understood Orion's thoughts from that one question.

"In two months, I plan to head over."

"Then you'd better prepare adequately. It's very dangerous here," Kraken warned.

"Could you tell me more specifics?"

"Things in Valkorath Realm are pretty chaotic. Enemies come from all directions. There are at least five arch lords from other realms who have descended on Valkorath Realm."

Reading that, Orion felt his heart sink. Five arch lords... that was a war on a scale even bigger than the North-South conflict. (an arch lord is a level of power stronger than Legendary, yet weaker than Demigod.)

While Orion mulled it over, Kraken messaged him again:

"Bring plenty of troops or unique individuals capable of purification. Valkorath Realm is basically a breeding ground for bacteria right now.

"Of course, high risk also means high reward. If you defeat the powerful figures here, you'll get Life Essence that can be directly absorbed—stuff that boosts our strength."

Kraken went on to share more information about Valkorath Realm. Thanks to him, Orion now had a preliminary understanding of this unknown place.

Half a month later, Orion returned to Stoneheart City.

After meeting up with Lysinthia, who had been away on duty for quite some time, they shared a passionate reunion. Lysinthia had been guarding the swamp region, and now that it no longer posed a threat, Orion decided to call her back.

Lysinthia treated everyone else with cool indifference, but the moment she saw Orion, she became strikingly warm and eager. She ran her tongue all over Orion's body, leaving no spot untouched—not even Orion's anus was spared.

When Lysinthia's tongue grazed Orion's anus, it brought a special kind of pleasure that Orion found most enjoyable. Before long, Orion's cock was hard, and he pinned Lysinthia beneath him, sliding his cock into her vagina.

"Ah, oh yes..."

Lysinthia let out a low moan as her legs locked tightly around Orion's waist for deeper penetration and greater pleasure.

Two hours later, Orion, with Lysinthia and five hundred Starveil Giant warriors teleported back there. The moment Orion arrived in Blackstone City, Rendall—who was stationed there—sensed his presence.

Before long, Rendall arrived at Moonshadow Valley with a group of giants to greet Orion.

"Arch Elder, I'll leave them in your hands!"

Orion nodded toward the five hundred giants behind him, entrusting them to Rendall.

"Lord, who are these giants...?"

"They're merely curious and want to see Blackstone City for themselves. Just assign them to a Hunting Party so they can make a contribution to the Horde."

In truth, these five hundred giants were all Hero-level—quite the powerful core force. Their presence would greatly bolster Blackstone City's defenses.

Orion then looked at Lysinthia and said, "Go on to the Horde Hall without me. I'm going down to the underground fissure to see Lorelia."

Lysinthia nodded and headed alone to the Horde Hall. At the same time, Thunderhawk Rayden, now back in familiar territory, let out a piercing cry and soared into the air.

"Don't go too far. Tomorrow, I'm heading south to Thunderwood Forest!"

Thunderhawk's only response was another piercing screech.

"Lord, are you returning because of Thunderwood Forest?" Rendall asked. "Is something major happening there? Why haven't I heard anything?"

Orion shook his head, turning to Rendall.

"That's not the main reason I came back. I plan to bring Lysinthia over there so she can retrieve Twilight Viper. Then she and Twilight Viper can guard that bay where the western desert meets Thunderwood Forest. You'll see what I mean tomorrow."

Rendall simply nodded. Since Orion had his own plans, Rendall didn't press the matter further.

Orion left Moonshadow Valley and ascended the city walls, moving toward the underground fissure. After a short walk, the stone doors of the underground fissure swung open, and Spider Queen Lorelia personally emerged to greet him.

"Master, Lorelia hasn't seen you in so long. I've missed you so much."

Orion reached out and gently patted Lorelia's head as she snuggled up to him.

Chapter 444 444: Everything is fine

"Any recent activity in the bottomless abyss?"

As Orion walked ahead, he asked Lorelia this question.

"Half a month ago, my children crawled back up from down below and reported that everything is fine," Lorelia replied.

"Oh, and there's this!"

Lorelia pulled out a Bagbird pouches and held it out to Orion.

"Master, your sister had my children bring this up for you."

Orion took the Bagbird pouches and opened it for a look. It was filled with crystal cores, including four Alpha-level ones.

Seeing these crystal cores actually put Orion's mind at ease, because this meant Clymene's power must have grown substantially. And as the balance of power shifted, fewer beasts lurking underground would mean a better chance for Clymene and her group to stay safe.

A rare smile crossed Orion's face. Then he tossed the Bagbird pouches back to Lorelia.

"Hold on to these. Evolve those four big ones around you to Alpha-level as soon as possible."

"Hehe... I can tell Master likes Lorelia best!"

Lorelia giggled, obviously knowing what lay inside that Bagbird pouches. For Lorelia, Orion bestowing so many crystal cores was the greatest show of favor and support.

"Guard the underground fissure well, and protect Blackstone City!"

With this command, Orion turned and left the entrance to the bottomless abyss. He patrolled the underground fissure once and then returned to Horde Hall.

In Soaring Bird City of the human kingdom.

After a long, exhausting journey, Prince Theodore and Princess Ava finally returned to the territory of the human kingdom, arriving at Soaring Bird City.

Inside a newly erected temporary tent, Torin, along with his servants Mike and Wyatt, gathered once more.

The main tent that had belonged to Torin had been requisitioned by Prince Theodore, so Torin could only have a new one set up by his two servants.

Casting a glance at his former tent now occupied by someone else, Torin felt furious and resentful inside.

He had lost control on his own turf—an exasperating sensation, to say the least.

"Master, the princess has just left the prince's tent. This is our last chance," Wyatt reported quietly, having discovered this news himself, hoping to help his master succeed.

Torin's gloom lifted at once, and he replaced it with a sincere expression.

"You two wait here. I'm going to pay my respects to Her Highness the Princess and will be back shortly."

With those words, Torin left the tent.

Watching Torin's departing figure, Mike and Wyatt whispered to each other in low voices.

"Do you think our master can secure the princess's support?"

"I don't know! Let's pray he succeeds. Only that way will we have a better life and a future."

"The prince achieved a glorious victory on this expedition; after returning, his prestige will surely soar, and he'll most likely be the kingdom's heir."

"What are you getting at?"

"I'm wondering if our master might decide to align himself with the prince. After all, we went to the giants' territory together."

"If so, that would be for the best!"

While Mike and Wyatt exchanged these quiet words, Torin had already put several plans into action.

He did not go straight to the princess. Instead, he first visited Prince Theodore, offering additional benefits from Soaring Bird City. Torin successfully warmed the prince's attitude toward him, and Theodore verbally promised to grant Torin his protection.

Having secured the outcome he wanted, Torin then went in the name of a local lord "concerned about the guests" to pay a visit to Princess Ava.

Inside another temporary tent, Princess Ava stood by the window, gazing out at the sparse scenery of Soaring Bird City.

"Your Highness, Baron Torin requests an audience!"

Guards from the Rose Knight Regiment delivered the message outside, among them Garrett and Lambert.

Garrett and Lambert had inherited Galahad's spirit, becoming members of the Rose Knight Regiment and Princess Ava's protectors.

Princess Ava turned her attention back. She had intended to refuse Torin's visit but changed her mind, recalling that Torin was the lord(master) of Soaring Bird City and also one of those who had traveled to the giants' territory to bring her home.

"Let him in."

A moment later, Torin entered the temporary tent, accompanied by a knight.

"State your reason for coming, Baron Torin."

At that moment, Princess Ava was self-assured and decisive, exuding both authority and an aloof elegance—nothing like the person she had been when Orion had raped her.

Torin kept his head down, not daring to look directly at Princess Ava's face.

After half a minute of silence, he finally spoke:

"I beg Your Highness to spare my life. Torin vows to pledge himself to you and is willing to do anything in your service."

As he spoke, Torin dropped to his knees and kissed Ava's shoes in earnest. There was no trace of fakery; he was utterly sincere.

Considering Prince Theodore is the heir apparent of the kingdom as well as a powerful Legendary level warrior, Torin's allegiance wouldn't matter much to him. Whether Torin pledged himself or not, the prince had already taken what he wanted from him—so to Prince Theodore, Torin's fate was of little concern.

That was the crushing effect of power and status. At that moment, Torin didn't dare resist, nor could he even appear to have the slightest will to defy.

Princess Ava, on the other hand, was nowhere near as powerful, and the Rose Knight Regiment currently needed people. Considering Torin had been one of those who helped bring her back, he was indeed the target of her genuine interest.

Torin's visit to the prince was simply a matter of protocol—he couldn't risk offending him. But deep down, Princess Ava was the one Torin truly wanted to serve.

"Baron Torin, are you joking with me?" she asked. "You're a noble of this kingdom, the lord of Soaring Bird City—who would dare threaten your very life?"

Princess Ava was curious yet shrewd. She sensed the situation Torin was about to face.

"Your Highness, we may have just rushed back, but you're not fully aware of what's happening," Torin explained. "Soaring Bird City is the starting point for the trade route from our human kingdom to the giants' territory.

"His Highness the Prince, and you, Your Highness, are benevolent and magnanimous; I know you wouldn't trouble me. But the moment you leave Soaring Bird City, any nobles from the kingdom who show up will carve up all my interests here."

At this, Torin finally looked up, tears welling in his eyes, his expression drenched in genuine dread.

"Princess, did you know that while we followed the prince to the giants' territory, plenty of mercenaries from our kingdom were already swarming into Soaring Bird City?

The thought of those strangers out there robs me of my sleep; I can't even close my eyes."

If the earlier words sounded like complaints, these last words were Torin's honest confession.

Chapter 445: Swear your loyalty to me

After Torin left, many unfamiliar faces indeed arrived in Soaring Bird City—mercenaries, beast-hunting crews, and even covert agents sent by various major nobles.

"Please, Your Highness Princess, protect us. Torin is willing to offer all of Soaring Bird City's future profits."

"Your Highness Princess, Torin only wants to survive!"

Inside the temporary tent, a sudden hush fell over everyone. Torin waited anxiously for an answer, while Princess Ava contemplated in silence.

Princess Ava was no fool. If she were, she wouldn't have survived Orion's wrath. She knew full well that Prince Theodore, with his abilities, must have sensed Torin's recent moves. Since Prince Theodore neither took Torin under his wing nor advised Ava against taking him in, he clearly intended for Ava to gain control over Torin. Realizing this, Princess Ava already had an answer in mind.

Even so, what truly sealed her decision was the memory of that towering giant from Stoneheart City. The moment she thought of Orion—of the humiliation she had endured—she suddenly understood that she was no longer a naive girl; she had to grow stronger.

Beyond her own power, she had the Rose Knight Regiment and other external forces at her disposal. That included Soaring Bird City and its lord, Torin, who held a crucial "port" for trade.

"Swear your loyalty to me, protect me, and defend the kingdom!"

Princess Ava's voice was stern and unyielding. Hearing her words, Torin was overjoyed. He kneeled down and kissed the hem of her dress.

"I vow upon my soul—henceforth, I pledge eternal loyalty to Your Highness, defending you shall be my lifelong mission..."

Torin departed soon after, wearing a delighted smile. When he was gone, Princess Ava exhaled a long sigh. Although she harbored misgivings about accepting him and recognized his ambition, she simply had no better choice. She yearned to increase her own power, and at present, this seemed like the only right path.

Elsewhere, inside the main tent, Prince Theodore withdrew his awareness. He was quite pleased with Torin's approach, which, in truth, he himself had largely orchestrated.

"Better to let my aunt benefit than allow those greedy, entrenched, inflexible nobles from the kingdom to profit here. Torin, that small fry, is smart. I'll have to keep an eye on him going forward."

Shortly after Prince Theodore stilled his senses, Princess Ava was suddenly overcome by nausea, retching for no apparent reason.

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Blackstone City, Horde Hall.

Thunderhawk Rayden carried Orion, Lysinthia, and Rendall as it shrieked and soared southward toward Thunderwood Forest. After half a month, Orion reached Half-Moon Lake, where he dropped Lysinthia off.

"I'll go on ahead with Elder Rendall. You bring twilight viper and swamp crocodiles along afterward."

"All right."

Lysinthia nodded. Orion gently ruffled her hair before turning back to mount the thunderhawk. Shifting course from south to west, he headed straight toward Mist Bay.

Watching Rayden's figure recede, Lysinthia looked on with a hint of reluctance in her eyes.

A soft rustling sounded behind her as Twilight Viper slithered into view, lowering its head to nuzzle against her arm. Behind Twilight Viper, two hundred gorgons arrived and respectfully lined up at Lysinthia's back.

"Gather your essentials. You'll all come with me to guard Mist Bay in the west!"

Lysinthia withdrew her gaze, her expression turning cold. A faint queenly air radiated from her. In front of Orion, she was forever sweet and gentle; before others, she was the ice-cold Gorgon.

A few days later, Orion and Rendall finally arrived at Mist Bay.

"So this is the lair of those crows?"

Standing at a vantage point and surveying the bay cloaked in mist, along with the plague crows darting among the red mangroves on both sides, Rendall let out a sigh.

"Let's go down."

Orion directed the thunderhawk to descend and drop him and Rendall. Simultaneously, an overwhelming aura rippled out from Orion. The nearby plague crows, feeling its force, promptly plummeted from the sky in terror.

Ever the vengeful one, Thunderhawk Rayden remembered well how these crows had once humiliated it. So, after putting Orion safely on the ground, Rayden let loose an ear-splitting shriek and hurtled toward the plague crows, now trembling too violently to take flight.

Moments later, plaintive squawks echoed across Mist Bay.

"What's gotten into Thunderhawk Rayden?" Rendall asked, both startled and intrigued.

"Elder, have you forgotten the time those plague crows dropped their filth all over Blackstone City, spreading their disease? It was revolting. Twice they attacked us, and Rayden was disgusted both times. Now it's just taking revenge."

"Ah, right... I seem to have forgotten that." Rendall burst out in laughter. "So that's why!"

Orion smiled faintly. If he had not advanced to the Legendary level, it would still be a real headache coping with these plague crows. But now that he had grown considerably mightier, every plague crow lay flat wherever he passed, too terrified to take wing, cowering on the ground in surrender.

Paying them no further attention, Orion took Rendall with him toward the shoreline. As they ventured through the red mangroves, the solid ground gradually gave way to a patchwork of boggy waterholes. They had to leap onto the branches overhead, using the towering trunks as stepping stones.

Before long, they reached the edge of the red mangroves. Glancing down at the nearly submerged forest, Orion made a quick estimate of the water's depth—about 1000 feet.

"This place is covered by red mangroves at the surface, and underneath it connects to the sea floor. It's a natural base for a waterborne force," he mused. "Just not sure if something else is living here in the bay."

He spoke in a hushed tone. Hearing him, Rendall frowned in surprise and couldn't help asking, "Lord, do you think there could be creatures from the Sea Tribe here?"

Orion shook his head. "I'm not certain. I hope not. But even if they are here, we'll drive them out. Soon, once Lysinthia and Twilight Viper arrive, they can lead swamp crocodiles to sweep the area."

Rendall, catching the drift, asked in astonishment, "Lord, are we planning to occupy this place? Build a fortress here?"

Nodding, Orion explained thoughtfully, "Sea Tribe warriors show up along the southern coastline, harassing our hunting. We need to be prepared in advance. The northern seas are colder, so the Sea Tribe likely has fewer numbers there. Eventually, we want Mist Bay to be Stoneheart Horde's naval training base. Besides taking this bay, we'll build a fortified city here as well."

With a small smile, Orion turned to him. "Arch Elder, I'm counting on you to oversee the city's construction!"

Chapter 446: Clawpincher

As soon as Rendall heard there was a job to be done, his spirits instantly lifted.

He had been stationed in Blackstone City for some time, and aside from venturing out to hunt, he was almost bored out of his mind.

"Lord, rest assured. I guarantee that before winter arrives, the city walls here will be built. Even if the dark beast tides descend, I'll make sure construction doesn't get delayed."

Orion nodded. At this point, the Stoneheart Horde could withstand a dark beast tide without needing his direct intervention. Whether Blackstone City or Stoneheart City needed support, elite fighters could teleport instantly from one city to the other.

"Come on, let's scout along the coast and find the best spot to build our new city."

Rendall nodded enthusiastically. The mere mention of building a city made him eager and excited.

While Orion and Rendall were scouting around the bay for a suitable site, Thunderhawk Rayden was off slaughtering the plague crows in the nearby red mangroves. He attacked them like a hawk among helpless prey, effortlessly taking out a large flock of them.

After Rayden had his fill of fun, he found Orion in the highest part of the bay's depths.

At that moment, Orion had already set down the Tidecrabs Mother Nest and was tossing a large amount of resources inside it.

The Tidecrabs Mother Nest was like a giant conch-shaped house—except this "house" was huge, standing around 200 feet tall.

Rayden landed on the ground, tiptoed over to Orion's side, and let out a couple of chirps.

Orion glanced at Thunderhawk Rayden, who was covered in foul-smelling, splattered droppings. It was both repulsive and nasty.

"Stay away from me and go wash yourself in the water!"

Feeling a bit slighted, Rayden screeched once, then glided far off into the sea.

Moments later, he burst out of the water, beating his wings rapidly so that countless droplets scattered in all directions. His feathers shone pristine and spotless.

"Lord, something's happening!"

Rendall, who'd been closely watching the Tidecrabs Mother Nest, called out to Orion. The massive conch had started making noise.

From inside the giant conch came the sound of rock and metal clashing. A moment later, a series of Tidecrabs Shield Warriors, each about 5 feet tall, emerged from the nest, forming a tight circle around Orion.

Seeing all these little creatures staring wide-eyed at him, Orion could only smile wryly.

The Tidecrabs Mother Nest was set up by Orion himself, so naturally, these newly born creatures viewed him as their master.

Just as Orion and Rendall were marveling at the sight, the conch started shaking violently.

The tremor lasted a solid half hour. Then, a Tidecrab roughly the same size as Orion emerged from the shell. This enormous Tidecrab had already reached Alpha level.

"Master!"

The Alpha-level Tidecrab stepped toward Orion. Its voice was raspy and carried an unrefined tone.

"What's your name?"

"Master, I have no name."

Orion locked eyes with the Alpha Tidecrab, staring into its unusually upright compound eyes.

The Alpha Tidecrab gazed back, silent and awaiting orders like a well-drilled soldier.

After a few moments, Orion's expression softened.

"From now on, your name is Clawpincher."

"Thank you. I really like that name!"

Orion nodded and studied Clawpincher's mismatched pincers—one large, one small. The oversize claw, bigger than its own body, was like a shield protecting its flank, while the smaller pincer was razor-sharp like a hidden dagger ready to strike.

Orion considered for a moment, tossed a set of bone armor to Clawpincher, and gave him new orders.

"Take your troops and explore this bay. Find a suitable place to build your Nest."

"As you wish, my master!"

Wearing the bone armor, Clawpincher looked even more imposing.

Under Orion's watchful eye, Clawpincher led the constantly emerging Tidecrabs Shield Warriors into the sea.

"This... this... what sort of creature is that? How can it already possess Alpha-level power the moment it's born?"

Rendall could only mutter in shock once Clawpincher finally disappeared beneath the water.

"It's a special structure I stumbled upon in Dragon territory," Orion said offhandedly.

He casually pointed at the towering conch—making up a random explanation to appease Rendall's curiosity.

Meanwhile, Thunderhawk Rayden hovered nearby like a curious child, watching the Tidecrabs Shield Warriors dive into the water, his eyes glued to them.

Orion turned around, pointed to the Tidecrabs Shield Warriors milling on the shore, and spoke to Rayden.

"Remember, these creatures belong to the Stoneheart Horde. They're on our side."

Rayden gave a very human-like nod, cocking his head at the giant conch.

In that moment, Rayden couldn't help wondering if he could carry the nest off to his own lair so that countless little thunderhawks could hatch from it there, too.

That night, Clawpincher and his clan returned, bringing Orion several cod that were each about 20 feet long.

Orion took the still-wriggling fish, delighted, and tossed them to Rendall.

Since Orion was from a land-based race, he rarely had the chance to eat such large cod, and the same went for Rendall.

So once Rendall sliced them open, he happily began grilling fish on the spot.

"How did it go?"

Orion surveyed the returning Tidecrabs Shield Warriors. Their numbers had obviously dropped.

"Master, we haven't yet found any other Sea race creatures in this bay. However, there are plenty of sea beasts underwater, and we lost quite a few warriors while hunting and driving them away."

Orion felt heartache at the mention of those casualties.

Those that were only around 5 feet tall were all juvenile Tidecrabs Shield Warriors, nowhere near full-grown.

They needed one to three years for their combat strength to reach its peak.

"For now, don't venture far from here. Stay in the vicinity. When our reinforcements arrive, we'll do a full sweep and exploration."

Clawpincher nodded and responded somberly, "As you wish."

It was obvious that coming home empty-handed on his first outing had dampened his spirits.

Orion didn't say more. He turned back to shore and fixed his gaze on the fish Rendall was finishing up.

"Lord, about the mist hanging over the bay... can we clear it away?"

Rendall sliced off a piece of golden-brown fish skin, handed it to Orion, and shared his suggestion.

Orion took a bite; it was springy and chewy at first, then turned crispy as he chewed.

"Elder, your grilling skills are really getting better!"

Rendall chuckled, pulled out a small pouch of spices from his pocket, and showed them off to Orion. He'd gotten them down in Stoneheart City to the south.

Orion smiled, then circled back to Rendall's original question.

"We can't disperse that mist just yet. We can't do much about what's underwater, but the mist above is a natural barrier. Once Lysinthia and those swamp crocodiles get here, as long as we guard the mouth of the bay, the entire bay will become our territory."

Really, clearing away the mist isn't that hard. Just call Gustalon over!

Chapter 447: My fate is far more complicated than you can imagine

"Lord, what about those plague crows nesting in the red mangroves?" Rendall asked.

Orion froze for a moment; he had automatically glossed over this issue.

Given Orion's formidable power, he could afford not to care. But once he left, the people stationed here wouldn't have that same confidence.

Orion narrowed his eyes, quickly formulating a plan.

"When I return to Stoneheart City, I'll have Lilith come back here. I'll leave thunderhawk with her, so she can tame those plague crows before heading home."

Rendall nodded and handed Orion a piece of grilled fish. Having such a wise and mighty lord put him at ease.

Over the next three days, Orion rode thunderhawk, surveying the nearby seas. He found no trace of any Legendary-level Sea race(tribe) creatures, which finally helped him relax.

After that, Orion turned thunderhawk toward Blackstone City, leaving Rendall behind to greet Lysinthia and Twilight Viper.

Half a month later, Orion returned to Stoneheart City.

After explaining some matters to Lilith, she took the teleportation array back to Blackstone City.

That very day, several Elders and Wardens were summoned by Orion to the castle.

Inside the castle stood Gustalon, Onyx, Earthshaker, Gronthar, Dirtclaw, Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, and Veldrok, and Thunderclaw—a total of ten Alpha-level powerhouses—lined up on either side.

From atop his throne, Orion surveyed his subordinates. His dignified voice echoed down the hall:

"Prepare yourselves. Gather supplies and lead your armies to arrive at Golden Pearl within half a month. Anyone who defies orders or causes delays will be executed without mercy!"

"Elder Drakthul, you will lead one giant armies, with Elder Marnok assisting."

"Elder Gormathar, you will lead another giant armies, with Elder Veldrok assisting."

Thus, Orion planned to take the following forces into the Valkorath Realm: Soraya's scorpion tribe, two cannon-fodder troops—one gnoll armies and one beastfolk armies—one thunder beast armies, and two giant armies.

"Gustalon, you're coming with me. I may have tasks for you at any moment."

Orion turned and looked at Gustalon. Being a being of elemental life, Gustalon was highly effective both in battle and in intelligence gathering—Orion intended to bring him along to Valkorath Realm.

There, Gustalon would have a better chance of advancing to Legendary level.

"Go now. Start your preparations!"

Orion spoke with authority, explaining neither the specifics of the operation nor who their enemies might be. Fortunately, these subordinates were all unfailingly loyal; after declaring "As you wish," they departed to make ready.

"Gustalon, head to Golden Pearl first. Go let Soraya know she should prepare in advance."

"Lord, is there anything else I should pass on to her?"

"Don't ask too many questions—you'll understand in due time."

Gustalon nodded. Since Orion spoke that way, it was best not to pry.

With a brief farewell, Gustalon transformed into a gust of wind and sailed out of the castle, swiftly speeding west toward Golden Pearl.

Orion remained seated on his throne, sending his consciousness into the Survivor's Platform to message Deputy Commander Edward.

"Deputy Commander, I'm ready. I can deploy to the Valkorath Realm anytime. I'll be arriving with three hundred thousand troops."

Of that three hundred thousand, aside from the fifteen thousand bloodline warriors among the seven major armies, the rest would be members of the scorpion tribe.

Two hours later, Orion received Deputy Commander Edward's reply.

"Arthas has already spoken to me. You'll arrive in the area he's responsible for defending. The Valkorath Realm is in chaos right now. Once you arrive, exercise caution. If you don't understand something, ask around."

After advising Orion, Deputy Commander Edward sent him a gold scroll through their trade interface—a large-scale targeted teleportation scroll.

Even for a demigod-level mage, creating such a scroll was no trivial task.

Orion tucked the scroll away, exited the Survivor's Platform, and turned to walk through the castle corridors.

From Sylvana's bedroom came the sounds of bodies colliding and seductive moans.

As a blind woman, Sylvana was both passive and happy when experiencing intimacy with her mate. When one sense is compromised, other senses become more acute. Sylvana could feel Orion's cock moving in and out of her vagina with striking clarity, each thrust bringing her to another climax.

After Orion fully released his desire, he pulled Sylvana into his arms and kissed her cheek.

"Tell me, will the Stoneheart Horde safely survive this dark beast tide?"

Orion didn't believe in divination; he believed in power over everything.

But now, as he was about to leave for the Valkorath Realm and would be unable to guard the Stoneheart Horde, a bit of reassurance wouldn't hurt.

And Kitsune Sylvana's divination just happened to satisfy that need.

Sylvana gazed at Orion with unwavering focus. Though her eyes were blind, it felt as if they were piercing layers of mist to glimpse something beyond.

A quarter of an hour later, Sylvana, spent and exhausted, lay limply on Orion's chest and spoke weakly.

"I 'saw' an extraordinary scene: dark creatures at every turn, yet the Stoneheart Horde remains unscathed!"

That was exactly the answer Orion wanted to hear, and it delighted him.

Filled with pleasure, Orion decided to reward Sylvana. He reached down and began to fondle her plump buttocks, sliding his fingers lower until he found her clitoris.

Sylvana tried her best to endure it. Her legs clamped together involuntarily.

Realizing this, Orion increased the pressure in his kneading, causing Sylvana to let out another soft moan.

"Behave. Don't try to use me as a starting point to peer into any uncertain futures. My fate is far more complicated than you can imagine. My origins are a massive mystery, and behind me stand forces you can't even dare to look upon."

Orion spoke these words in earnest.

Neither the Flower Goddess nor the ancient Titans were things Sylvana could pry into at will.

Sylvana lowered her head and accepted Orion's advice.

She was clever enough to detect Orion's hidden worries from his earlier question.

In her mind, if someone as powerful as Orion was concerned about unknown dangers, it must be something truly formidable.

Hence her initial desire to glimpse Orion's destiny.

But the man with his fingers currently inside her vagina was both her lover and her only support.

Even so, Sylvana relented. Orion was right—if she forced her way into the fate connected to such mighty entities, she'd suffer a severe backlash.

"Assist Delilah well, contribute more to the Horde. And of course, wait for me here at the castle—like a good girl."

Orion withdrew his fingers, then pressed Sylvana underneath him once more, sliding his cock into her again.

She let out a gasping moan, her hands gripping his arms tightly, fully feeling the powerful thrusts Orion drove into her.

Early the next morning, Stoneheart City remained a hive of activity.

They were still expanding the outer city, remodeling the inner city, and welcoming the first batch of merchants and Mercenary Corps arriving from the Blood Elf and human kingdoms. Various Stoneheart Horde legions coming and going added to the city's thriving scene.

Led by a succubus, Orion arrived on the second floor of the mysterious tavern.

Delilah was a stunner, a vixen in every sense of the word, a succubus born purely for sex.

Orion felt great pleasure, and Delilah was obviously enjoying it too. Her hips thrust high, relishing the feel of Orion's enormous cock pumping in and out of her body. A satisfied smile spread across her face.

Chapter 448: Lich Vexis

"Grulbane, Dace, Otho, Beyn, Torba, Thundar, Ursa—these are all people you know well. I'm leaving them under your care to maintain the overall situation in Stoneheart City."

Orion thrust his body, letting his cock slide in and out of Delilah's vagina.

"My dear, I can feel your cock getting so hard. Are you about to come?"

Delilah's voice was enchanting and alluring. She gazed at Orion with a bewitching look, mesmerizing in her every move.

After Orion ejaculated, Delilah curled up against him like a cat, letting out a languid sound.

"Orion, you are the mightiest. You are my god!"

Once again, Delilah spoke of how important Orion was to her.

Orion let out a soft hum and continued to hold Delilah close, savoring their intimacy.

Two days later, Orion transformed into lightning, left Stoneheart City, and caught up with Onyx and the others en route.

Orion summoned forth the Abyss Dragon and strode at the head of the group like a king.

...

Valkorath Realm, Northern Region.

Valkorath Realm has only one continent, yet that continent takes up more than half of the entire realm. Beyond the continent, the seas account for merely around 40% of the space.

Under Deputy Commander Edward's modifications, this continent was reshaped into a six-pointed star. A massive magical formation is set upon it.

However, most areas of Valkorath Realm are now covered by a layer of colorful slime molds. Within these slime molds, countless fungal creatures have emerged; they are the invaders.

Cryptopolis, the City of the Undead.

This is a city Arthas established in the north. Compared to the very front lines, Cryptopolis is essentially on the second line. Unlike the cities of other races, an undead city has no concept of prosperity—no extensive architecture, and no large population of the living.

At this moment, fierce fluctuations of void energy ripple across a grand plaza. A moment later, giants, succubi, gnolls, minotaurs, obsidian golems...large armies made up of over a dozen races materialize in the plaza one by one.

Leading his force of three hundred thousand, Orion successfully arrived in the Valkorath Realm and entered Cryptopolis.

"Honorable Orion, welcome to Cryptopolis, an undead city of another world!"

High in the air, a female lich dressed in a black gown and sporting long hair hovered in place, extending her greetings to Orion.

As soon as the void energy stabilized, before Orion could even look up, the lich had already floated not far from him.

"Honorable Orion, I am Lich Vexis, here under my lord's command to assist you in defending Cryptopolis."

"One moment, please!"

Orion's voice was calm, neither warm nor distant. Turning around, he spoke to all his kin behind him.

"Everyone, stand by!"

Having said that, Orion turned to Soraya, who stood beside him.

"Keep your people under control. Everything here is full of unknowns and danger!"

"Got it!"

Soraya gave a light nod, then made a hissing noise. The scorpions, agitated by the teleportation, all quieted down.

Meanwhile, Orion transformed into lightning and appeared atop the city wall alone. In the distance, a swirl of colorful lights could faintly be seen, reminiscent of Arctic auroras.

"Bro, I've arrived at Cryptopolis!"

Orion looked into the distance and sent a message to Arthas. This served both as a notification of his arrival and as an inquiry regarding Lich Vexis.

Soon enough, Arthas responded.

"I've already pulled the main forces stationed at Cryptopolis to the front lines. The city is now yours to command, and you'll be in charge of its defenses.

"Vexis is a lich of Upper Legendary level. I left her behind to assist you.

Whatever you need done, feel free to command her. Her task is to answer your questions and lend you her aid.

I'm stationed at the front lines and can't leave. Once you've settled in, come find me there and get a sense of the situation."

Arthas was clear. Orion understood the situation and knew what to do next.

"Got it. See you later!"

Boom!

Orion returned to his kin, standing beneath their watchful gazes. His imposing voice rang out.

"This city is called Cryptopolis, and now it's ours!"

"Onyx, Earthshaker, take your armies and guard the North Gate."

"Gronthar, Dirtclaw, take your armies and guard the West Gate."

"Drakthul, Marnok, take your armies and guard the East Gate."

"Gormathar, Veldrok, take your armies and guard the South Gate."

"Soraya, within three days, see to it that the scorpion tribe's Nest is constructed."

"Gustalon, within one day, map out the terrain around Cryptopolis."

"Veldrok, send out the beast armies you brought to gather intelligence."

"..."

Orion's voice was deep and resolute, allowing no dissent. Those who received his orders brightened and answered in unison, taking on their tasks.

Only when everyone began carrying out Orion's commands did he turn to look at Lich Vexis.

"Ms. Vexis, our troops have only just arrived. If there's anything we're not doing right, please feel free to advise us."

Vexis chuckled. Though a smile seemed to grace her face, her voice was rasping, making it impossible to tell her mood or even her gender.

"Lord Orion, I've just witnessed a disciplined force, fully united from top to bottom. This is a formidable army."

Orion smiled and nodded, neither affirming nor denying her praise. He believed in his own people and in their boundless bravery and resolve.

"Next, I'd like to trouble you to introduce me to the situation in Cryptopolis and the specifics of its surroundings," Orion said.

Vexis nodded, gestured politely for Orion to follow, and led him toward the city walls.

"Lord Orion, Cryptopolis is situated relatively close to the front lines. Until recently, it was heavily guarded and equipped with multiple large defensive towers."

As she spoke, Vexis raised her hand, pointing at the arrow towers standing along the city walls.

"Those are Ghost Towers built by the undead. They can shoot bone arrows to kill enemies with physical bodies, and also release undead energy to strike down any spiritual entities that come near Cryptopolis.

"Beneath the walls, in the graveyard, lie five hundred thousand skeletal warriors in slumber. They are a gift from my master to you."

Chapter 449: You're pregnant

Standing at the base of the wall, Vexis motioned toward the ground once more. Orion nodded. He had previously encountered another of Arthas's subordinates, the skeleton general Rumbold.

Like Rumbold, Vexis was absolutely loyal to Arthas. At the same time, they both harbored a subtle sense of pride in their hearts.

Orion nodded. Just thinking about five hundred thousand skeletal warriors slumbering beneath the city walls gave him an immediate sense of security.

"Lord Orion, this is a war zone, so there aren't many unnecessary buildings in Cryptopolis. Besides, we undead don't need any food. As for your own rations, you'll have to handle that yourselves."

"We've come prepared. No need to worry."

Seeing that Orion was ready, Vexis nodded, her impression of him improving slightly. At least it showed he hadn't come to Valkorath Realm to loaf around—he was here to fight.

"To our north, a little over 100 miles away, lies the front line of battle.

"My master is stationed there, holding off the brood mother lurking within the slime molds' Nest—she's a peak Arch Lord."

"Combat can erupt at any moment, and no defense line is perfect. There will always be some who slip past the front and spill into the rear."

"Lord Orion, that's when we need to hold Cryptopolis at all costs."

"Cryptopolis is not just a fortress; it's also a critical supply hub."

Orion kept nodding, listening attentively. Slime molds' Nest, the brood mother, peak Arch Lord, supply hub—all these keywords fleshed out his mental map of Valkorath Realm.

"But rest assured, any Arch Lord or beings of Legendary level and above won't be allowed anywhere near the back lines. My master won't let that happen."

"What we must guard against are those under Alpha level."

Orion said nothing, merely walking along the city walls with Lich Vexis. They made their way from the southern wall to the northern wall.

"Our enemies mainly come from the northern region. The slime molds' brood lies hidden to the north.

Behind us are my master's friends—great beings in their own right."

Having delivered her explanations, Vexis fell silent, gazing into the northern distance. Then Orion spoke, his tone somewhat enigmatic.

"Let's head to the front lines and take a look."

"Huh...the front lines?"

Before Vexis could comprehend his intention, Orion had already transformed into lightning and streaked rapidly toward the north.

Snapping out of her thoughts, Vexis watched the receding bolt of lightning and frowned slightly.

"Is this giant reckless or just foolish?"

"Or is he in a hurry to get himself killed?"

That was precisely what crossed Lich Vexis's mind. Yet, recalling the task Arthas had given her, she had no choice but to channel the transcendence within her and chase after Orion.

...

Titanion Realm, Northern Region, Mist Bay.

While Orion descended upon Valkorath Realm and headed to the front, Lilith arrived at Mist Bay.

"Mistress!"

Upon seeing Lilith, the chill on Lysinthia's face faded somewhat, revealing genuine happiness.

"Orion asked me to come assist you in subduing the plague crows here."

Lilith smiled seductively, took Lysinthia's small hand as though they were sisters, and led her toward the bay city under construction.

"This place will be yours from now on. Make sure you take good care of it!"

Something about Lilith's words seemed puzzling, causing Lysinthia to tilt her head and give Lilith a quizzical look.

Lilith reached out, brushing aside a few strands of hair from Lysinthia's forehead. With a smile, she said, "Orion told me that from now on, this place will be called Lysinthia City."

Hearing that, Lysinthia's hand trembled. Her eyes suddenly shone with boundless gratitude.

"So don't let Orion's thoughtful gesture go to waste."

"Mm!"

Lysinthia composed herself and walked arm in arm with Lilith toward what would become Lysinthia City.

"So this place will be called Lysinthia City. My territory?"

A quiet fascination—and joy—stirred in Lysinthia's heart.

Lysinthia City's outer walls were already being laid out. From a raised vantage point, Rendall directed troops and expendable forces from the Black Forest and Thunderwood Forest, all busily constructing the city's foundation.

Seeing Lilith, Rendall paused his supervision and came over to greet her. Lilith greeted him warmly in return, knowing full well the crucial and special standing Rendall held for Orion and the rest of the giants.

"Lady Lilith, you're finally here!"

"Those damn crows are driving us all insane."

"As soon as the lord left, the place started reeking everywhere, full of plague."

"If we hadn't brought loads of detox potions back from the south, we wouldn't have made any progress building the city at all."

For Rendall and others who can't fly, the plague crows were truly exasperating. Foul droppings everywhere would test anyone's patience.

"Don't worry, Arch Elder. I've brought Thunderhawk Rayden with me this time. Give me some time, and I'll bring those plague crows into our horde."

"That's great. Now we can finally live up to the progress schedule we promised the lord."

Lilith grinned. She quickly scanned those working on the walls, searching for someone she wanted to see.

"Arch Elder—where is Clawpincher?"

At the mention of Clawpincher, Rendall broke into a broad smile. Recently, every time Clawpincher returned, he'd bring Rendall some fresh seafood from the bay.

"Him? Once Twilight Viper arrived with that group of swamp crocodiles, he led them out to sweep through Mist Bay."

"If you want to see them, you'll have to wait until evening!"

He sounded pleased, quite content with how Stoneheart Horde had grown beyond his wildest dreams.

Just as Rendall was about to fill Lilith in on the city's situation, Lysinthia suddenly looked at Lilith with a puzzled expression. She pointed a small finger toward Lilith's belly.

"Mistress, what's...that?"

She never got to finish the question because Rendall's gaze followed Lysinthia's pointing finger to Lilith's stomach. Even Lilith herself seemed startled, glancing down at her midsection.

"I can sense it—it's Orion's bloodline!"

The moment Lysinthia said that, both Lilith and Rendall froze in place, speechless.

Oh heavens! I really am pregnant?

That was Lilith's first thought, and it was a huge surprise.

"Lysinthia, are you absolutely sure?"

Lilith's voice quavered, urgent and full of anticipation.

"Yes, it's definitely Orion's bloodline. You're pregnant!"

Chapter 450 450: Did you think we only came here to gawk?

Lilith gradually eased her mind, placing a hand over her belly. In that moment, a maternal radiance seemed to bloom from the succubus.

Lilith herself hadn't immediately sensed it. Lysinthia was able to detect it because she had a pact with Orion, and after transforming into a Gorgon, her perception had grown significantly.

Moreover, Lilith's successful conception must have been recent, or else Orion would certainly have sensed it himself.

"Hahaha...by the Titan God above, your radiance shines upon the Stoneheart Horde!"

"Our Stoneheart Horde finally has a future...at last, we have an heir!"

"Lord, do you know? Lilith is carrying your bloodline..."

"Hyperion, Phoebe—your child has grown up, and now he too has his own offspring..."

All of a sudden, Rendall, who had been standing off to the side, threw back his head and burst into exuberant laughter, the excitement clear in his voice. He and the other giant elders of the Stoneheart Horde had waited for this day a very long time. As the horde continued to expand, that wait felt endlessly drawn out—agonizingly so.

In fact, Lilith herself wasn't as visibly moved as Rendall. Yet in his excitement, Rendall even called Hyperion and Phoebe by their names.

Lilith didn't mind. Whether at the Horde Hall in Blackstone City or in the castle at Stoneheart City, she knew countless eyes had been observing her, watching for any sign that she might be pregnant.

The entire succubus tribe(race) had long been mobilized to ensure Lilith's successful conception. For a considerable stretch of time, their most pressing and vital mission had been to help Lilith bear Orion's child.

"Your efforts have paid off. Thank you," Lilith thought silently, then composed herself.

"Lilith, return—return to Blackstone City, return to the Horde Hall."

"Leave everything here to me. You shouldn't be tiring yourself out."

Coming back to his senses, Rendall was both emotional and insistent, speaking like a senior family member. He firmly directed Lilith to head back to Blackstone City.

"Go to Blackstone City; that's the safest place."

Seeing how full of concern and excitement Rendall was, Lilith felt deeply moved. She began to understand why he held such a special position within the Stoneheart Horde.

"Arch Elder, I'm fine. I'll finish subduing these plague crows here and then go back. It won't take long."

"I've even done this before, so I know how to deal with them. Give me no more than half a month, and I'll have them all under control."

"Besides, this is Orion's task for me, and I don't want to let him down."

Lilith's tone was gentle as she smiled.

Hearing that this was Orion's assignment, Rendall scowled. He looked up at the plague crows circling overhead, cursing vehemently.

"Damn these stupid birds!"

After venting his anger, Rendall seemed to think of something. "Lysinthia, from now on, stay by Lilith's side at all times. You must ensure Lilith's safety, no matter what."

His voice was stern. It wasn't a request; it was an order. Lysinthia nodded, tightening her hold on Lilith's arm.

Looking at it all, Lilith broke into a warm smile. Thoughts of the child and of Orion filled her heart with happiness.

...

Valkorath Realm, Front Lines.

What Orion saw could make anyone's scalp tingle and heart jolt. Where once grass green and earth brown stretched out, the land was now blanketed by countless red-green speckles of foul-smelling slime mold layers.

It was a spectacle nauseating to behold with the naked eye. Sticky secretions flowed across the surface of these molds, making Orion feel as though he had stepped into a damp, decaying world of fermentation.

Numerous skeletal warriors were locked in battle against various slime mold mutants atop this bizarre, multicolored terrain. These mutants writhed with tendrils of fungal fiber. In motion, these fibers not only boosted their defense but also reduced incoming damage.

The shapes of the slime mold mutants were wildly varied—roughly humanoid, spindly, fuzzy, spider-like...all sorts of bizarre forms that drew a deep frown from Orion.

"These are the slime mold mutants. Never underestimate them. Their adaptability is beyond your imagination."

Floating in midair, Lich Vexis approached Orion's side and gazed downward at the slime mold mutants with a grave expression.

"Lord Orion, this isn't somewhere we can linger. We should really—"

Before she could finish, two massive bulges suddenly swelled up through the slime mold layer. Cracking through that surface, two towering slime mold mutants lifted their heads to regard Orion and Vexis.

"Damn it, the brood mother has noticed us. She's teleporting two Legendary-level slime mold mutants here."

"Run!"

Vexis's face went pale. Her words were rapid and urgent. In contrast, Orion paid no heed to her warning.

"Ms. Vexis, did you think we only came here to gawk?"

His icy voice reached Vexis's ears, and when she glanced his way, she saw a formidable warrior clad in Ghostbone Armor and wielding the Flame of Will.

"Since I'm already here, I need to see if these slime mold mutants are truly as formidable as the rumors say."

As he spoke, a layer of ice spread from the trident, encasing Orion completely.

"Charge!"

Orion roared, rushing at one of the slime mold mutants down below.

In the distance loomed the Bone City. It stood at the front lines, serving both as a military camp and a fortress of war. Right now, on its walls, Arthas gripped his sword and stared into the northern horizon.

"Master, I can sense Lich Vexis and an Unfamiliar Lord on the battlefield," said a cloaked legendary-tier subordinate of Arthas.

"Leave them be. Just keep your eyes on the brood mother's mutated minions, and they'll be fine."

Arthas's voice was detached. He didn't inherently trust Vexis's strength, but he firmly believed in Orion's. If Vexis ever found herself in danger, Orion would certainly protect her.

Casting a sidelong glance toward where Orion was, Arthas's gaze grew a little gentler, and also a bit more confident.

"If my estimates are correct, Orion, you should already have combat power sufficient to stand against a low-level Arch Lord.

With you assisting me in the northern region, it's only a matter of time before I slay that slime mold brood mother mutant and overcome my final barrier to becoming a Demigod."