

Titan King 631

Chapter 631: Cautious enough

"Who should I seek to help me?"

"Onyx?"

"Or Delilah?"

In Selenis's network, these two possessed the most power and strength.

After Soraya left, within the Stoneheart Horde, she had only maintained contact with these two.

Selenis was muttering to herself, contemplating the future.

Beside her, Arden also had his own considerations.

Arden already had a flying mount, and his Storm Vulture had been with him for a long time; they had a tacit understanding and affection.

Arden wasn't very interested in taming collars, but he was extremely eager to advance to Alpha peak, and even to Legendary level.

Having spent some time with Earthshaker, Gronthar, and Drakthul, he had also learned some confidential matters.

Knowing that Orion would provide opportunities to advance to Legendary level was the biggest attraction for Arden.

"Should I be more proactive?"

"My strength isn't bad, I'm not at the bottom of the pile, and I also have my Storm Vulture. I have my own advantages."

"When I go back this time, I should make a trip to Stoneheart City, and it would be best to request an audience with Orion."

Orion's initial plans were very meticulous; he looked far ahead, his vision profound.

As the Stoneheart Horde developed and grew, more and more beings could find what they sought within the Horde.

Items like taming collars were one of the core driving forces uniting everyone to contribute to the horde.

Orion had already considered this when he exchanged for the taming collars and placed them in the treasury.

Restricting access only to council members was also an indirect way of attracting talent and motivating horde members.

"Let's go. There still aren't enough corpses; our mission this time is quite heavy!"

Drakthul interrupted the thoughtful group, shouldered his spiked club, and led the team out of the valley.

Subsequently, Earthshaker, Gronthar, Selenis, and Arden all followed with determined expressions.

What drives killing is always profit.

...

The void passage. Lolth the Spider Queen gave no reaction, which disappointed Orion immensely.

Thus, Orion immersed part of his mind into the Survivor's Platform, went to the Champions Alliance, and informed everyone of the progress.

Hulk: "Deputy Commander, I've sent the scroll out. I saw Lolth the Spider Queen receive it with my own eyes. Has she signed the contract?"

In fact, to know if Lolth had made any further moves, directly asking Deputy Commander Edward was the wisest choice.

The Deputy Commander would know best if the contract had been activated.

Edward: "I have no sensation here, which means she hasn't signed the contract."

Leonidas: "This spider broodmother is too cautious, isn't she? She even doubts a divine power aura?"

Alexander: "Do you think everyone is like you? Easily getting a leash put on?"

Leonidas: "Ahem... Mr. Alexander, let's talk nicely. Don't bring up the past."

This was a rare scene: Leonidas addressing Alexander as "Mr. Alexander" instead of just Alexander.

It seemed Leonidas, Alexander, and Arthas must have had some interesting incidents in the past years.

This was Orion's guess, and also Kraken's.

Kraken: "Big Bosses, what's the story behind the leash?"

Hulk: "Quick, tell us about your glorious past deeds."

Leonidas: "You two little brats, don't ask too much about adult matters. Careful, or I'll beat you up!"

Now, Orion and Kraken were even more curious.

Judging from Leonidas's reaction, it was definitely an embarrassing incident.

However, before everyone could continue their banter, the Deputy Commander spoke.

Edward: "The contract scroll not being opened immediately is actually a good thing."

Edward: "It shows that spider broodmother is cautious enough. Such a temperament means she will keep secrets."

Edward: "Her not signing the contract now means she hasn't encountered real difficulties yet."

Edward: "When she runs into trouble, that will be the time for us to subdue her."

Edward: "I speculate that this spider broodmother will actively surrender, most likely after the dark beast tides end."

Edward: "A cautious next step is often a test."

The Deputy Commander's words quieted everyone down.

No one jumped out to clown around; this was serious business, and they knew their limits.

Hulk: "What does she want to test?"

In the end, Orion couldn't hold back and asked the question on his mind.

Edward: "To test if demigod powerhouses truly exist, to test if this is all a scam."

Edward: "Every naturally evolved race(clan) broodmother possesses extraordinary intelligence, and this spider broodmother is no exception."

Edward: "She will first confirm our existence, then test our strength. Only when there are no doubts left and she has no other way out will she finally choose to surrender."

Edward: "Just wait. She will open the scroll sooner or later."

Orion could tell that Deputy Commander Edward had already developed an interest in Lolth the Spider Queen.

Previously, when Orion proposed this plan and the Deputy Commander provided the contract scroll, it was merely material assistance for Orion, help provided within his capabilities.

Taking in a slave to open an invasion passage for everyone was an ordinary, trivial matter for Edward.

But it was different now; Lolth's cautious nature had piqued Deputy Commander Edward's interest.

If Lolth actively surrendered and also showed good potential and talent...

...it would mean she would definitely receive Edward's cultivation.

To put it bluntly, if Lolth was smart, she would have a great future.

"What a lucky fellow she is!"

"If she knew all this, she would surely be endlessly grateful to me."

"When she appears again, I must continue to demand benefits from her."

These were Orion's inner thoughts; he truly felt that Lolth the Spider Queen had struck it big this time.

Leonidas: "Big fella, you need to speed things up on your end too!"

Leonidas: "When the time comes, we shall join forces. Then you will witness a tide of countless beasts stampeding, the very skies bleeding new colors, and throughout all heavens and earth, I shall reign as the ultimate power!"

Hulk: "Pretty epic, Leonidas! But just 'the world's colors shift'? If we're talking ultimate supremacy here, shouldn't the minimum be something like, 'and the land was so blasted, not even a blade of grass remained'?"

Leonidas: "Hahaha... Exactly!"

Hulk: "Bro, I'm afraid you've forgotten, arch lord beings cannot descend there."

Leonidas: "Who said I have to go personally? Will projection, avatar, duplicate, mirror image... which one can't descend? Don't you have one? Or are you saying you don't know?"

Hulk: "..."

Alright, after seeing Leonidas's explanation, Orion automatically fell silent.

Orion also had two mirror avatars, which he had always kept hidden as trump cards.

Now it seemed that not only Edward had one, but even Leonidas did.

It was even possible that every member in the Champions Alliance had one.

"I definitely cannot become complacent with my current achievements!"

Orion warned himself not to underestimate anyone in the world, especially those survivors. Every survivor had the potential to grow into an extremely powerful being.

Actually, Orion had this idea long ago, but this really wasn't the time to bring Leonidas and Alexander over.

The opening of a void passage would definitely attract the attention of demigod powerhouses.

If void energy fluctuations were caused at this time, they would easily be detected.

Chapter 632: Inflammatory words

Dawn finally broke!

With the arrival of dawn, the Dark Bat Hawk flock reluctantly flew away from Delilah's temporary camp.

"What a troublesome bunch of monsters!"

Delilah looked up, watching the departing Dark Bat Hawk flock, and finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Throughout the entire night, the invading armies had killed many Dark Bat Hawks.

However, many bloodline warriors in the camp had also been ambushed by Dark Bat Hawks, either snatched away in their beaks or dragged into the sky.

None of these companions escaped; all were torn apart and devoured.

The greatest number of casualties were among the human mercenaries and dwarves.

Because their builds were relatively small, they were the easiest to hunt.

"Relay the order: the entire camp is to rest in place and catch up on sleep. We will continue advancing after noon."

This was the order Delilah relayed to all armies. After a whole night's ordeal, most people in the invading armies were extremely exhausted.

Too much stamina had been consumed; everyone needed rest.

"Have the squads that were off-duty last night patrol the camp perimeter and maintain vigilance!"

Delilah issued a second order. She had anticipated such a situation when dusk fell the previous day.

Therefore, there had always been a combat team in the camp conserving stamina, precisely for moments like this.

"You should rest too!"

Delilah walked over and stroked the Four-Winged Blood Bat, which was covered in wounds. Last night, relying on its superior strength, it had single-handedly fought an entire flock.

The Four-Winged Blood Bat was also injured, but fortunately, they were all superficial wounds, nothing serious; it would recover with some rest.

However, the Four-Winged Blood Bat's stamina was truly and utterly depleted.

"Eat this!"

After tossing some healing magical plants into the Four-Winged Blood Bat's mouth, Delilah then stuffed a ball of Alpha-level life essence into its beak.

"Too extravagant!"

These were the true thoughts of the Bearmen brothers, Brontes and Steropes. They knew very well how precious the thing Delilah was feeding the Four-Winged Blood Bat was.

That was Alpha-level life essence, a truly high-tier strategic resource.

The two brothers had fought tooth and nail in the Valkorath Realm, and all their battle achievements combined had only allowed them to exchange for four balls of Alpha-level life essence.

To advance to Alpha-level, all their Alpha resources had been completely consumed by the two brothers.

And now, seeing Delilah feed Alpha-level life essence to the Four-Winged Blood Bat, how could they not be envious?

Just as Brontes and Steropes were inwardly envying the Four-Winged Blood Bat, a shadow appeared in a corner of the tent, instantly attracting the brothers' attention.

Seeing it was a member of the Sentinel Corps, Brontes' and Steropes' tense bodies slowly relaxed.

Compared to the scorpion soldier standing motionless in the corner of the tent, these Bearmen brothers appeared much more simple-minded and quite a bit cuter.

"What intelligence?"

"Reporting to Your Majesty, the Sentinel Corps has found traces of Drusilla."

"Be more specific!"

"Secret signs, left a day ago. She also left a secret letter."

This was good news. It meant their direction of advance was correct, and they were even closer to that city of dark creatures.

"Dispatch scouts ahead. I want detailed intelligence on the terrain and enemies in front."

"As you command!"

The Sentinel Corps member disappeared into the shadows without attracting anyone's attention.

However, it did draw Saelen over from not far away.

"Your Majesty, is there some good news?"

Delilah nodded but didn't specify what the good news was, instead changing the subject.

"Don't you need to rest?"

"The blood elf clan is naturally strong in mental strength; we can go several days and nights without rest."

Saelen said this very proudly, feeling honored by her noble bloodline.

Delilah smiled without speaking. The blood elf clan's bloodline was indeed quite good, but that only applied to the High Elves.

As for those lesser elves, many were captured by slaver groups and became sex slaves for many races.

However, Delilah couldn't possibly expose these matters to her face.

"You blood elves have outstanding archery skills. Last night, you were the most dazzling warrior, and the greatest contributors were also you blood elves."

This was a tone of gratitude; Delilah spoke very sincerely.

The performance of the blood elf archers last night was indeed very striking.

Large numbers of low-flying, predatory Dark Bat Hawks were forcefully driven to high altitudes by this group of archers.

"Your Majesty, if there's anything our blood elf race can do, please don't hesitate to ask."

"Our blood elf race is very willing to serve you and everyone!"

Delilah nodded, giving Saelen an extra look.

Just for that last sentence, Delilah had to regard Saelen with more respect.

Because Saelen understood a principle: in another world, under such circumstances and encounters, only by following Delilah's lead, with her as the core, could one obtain more benefits.

Of course, Saelen wasn't the only one who understood this principle.

However, they had made the opposite choice.

Inside a temporary tent, by a bonfire, eight humans were sitting upright, roasting meat and drinking.

Conditions were crude; everyone was drinking and eating meat merely to alleviate the fatigue after staying up all night.

Of course, there were also unconventional ones: some were resting with their eyes closed, some were kneeling in prayer.

"This cup, to commemorate the brothers who were snatched away last night."

The speaker poured the wine in his hand onto the bonfire; the flames instantly shot up high, illuminating everyone's varied expressions.

"They're already dead. What's the use of saying so much now?"

Someone, slightly drunk, grumbled resentfully.

"They were merely paying a mercenary's dues to the gods. Returning to the embrace of the gods, isn't that good?"

Someone whispered, showing no attachment to their fallen comrades.

"According to the plan, shouldn't we be leaving?"

No one knew who suddenly brought this up.

The temporary tent fell silent. No one spoke; no one wanted to be the one to take the lead.

"Following the Stoneheart Horde, we can only eat leftovers; we'll always be the ones who get the least."

"Is there really a city ahead? Who can be sure?"

"Even if there is, will our mixed contingent sooner or later become someone else's cannon fodder?"

"Are you willing to hand over your lives to be ordered around like slaves?"

The wine on the bonfire burned out, and the flames receded.

Someone hidden in the darkness began to speak inflammatory words.

Although it was inflammatory, what was said was also true.

Delilah truly did intend for the mixed armies to share the pressure; this was an open strategy that no one could evade.

Because those who went to battle on the front lines were mostly bloodline warriors of the Stoneheart Horde.

If it really came down to the mixed armies, they would have to bite the bullet and go.

"If we're leaving, let's do it soon. Anyway, we're not Stoneheart Horde people."

"After we leave, all the gains will be ours; no one will compete with us for them."

"Staying here, we can't even out-compete those foreign races for loot."

"Besides, you cowards wouldn't dare to do anything underhanded..."

The speaker's mouth was covered by someone, not daring to let him continue.

However, everyone present knew what that person was talking about.

The great fire previously ignited by the Stoneheart Horde had burned many Hatchery Spiders, and many people had entered Shadowcrag Forest to rake in the benefits.

Chapter 633: Dragon egg

That time was the best opportunity for dog-eat-dog tactics.

However, some of those present still possessed rationality and didn't resort to backstabbing.

"What about Knight Godfrey?"

"From the looks of him, he's quite happy to keep following the Stoneheart Horde."

Someone raised a question; after all, Knight Godfrey was, on the surface, the leader of their human group.

"He's a disgrace to humankind!"

"Haven't you heard? He originally came to Stoneheart City with his companions."

"His companions died, but he's still alive."

"He's not fit to lead us!"

"..."

In the temporary tent, more and more people voiced their opinions, and the bonfire in the tent grew weaker and weaker.

Eventually, the bonfire died out, leaving only a few sparks flickering uncertainly in the darkness.

Also in the Emerald Dream Realm, an unknown region.

In the darkness, a golden light burst forth, sweeping across the area.

Torin, holding a greatsword, emerged from the body of an Alpha-level tentacle monster, his face ferocious, covered in bloodstains that made him look like a reaper.

Evidently, Torin had advanced to Alpha-level at some unknown time.

Furthermore, Torin had just killed an Alpha-level tentacle monster.

"Everyone, this is your reward!"

Torin dug out an Alpha-level dark source crystal and tossed it to a group of giant bloodline warriors who had been holding off other dark creatures for him.

To secure these giant guards and to win over the hearts of the slaver groups and Mercenary Corps, Torin had promised everyone many benefits.

And Torin was fulfilling them one by one.

In return, everyone increasingly obeyed his commands, and he operated with growing ease in this dark world.

Previously, Torin knew that any effort would be rewarded.

Now, Torin understood even more clearly that any reward required prior effort.

Torin had only recently come to understand this principle with complete clarity.

"Don't just stand there dazed! Kill these dark creatures, and let's move out quickly."

Torin, carrying his longsword, charged into the midst of the dark creatures, embarking on a killing spree.

Everyone quickly came to their senses, not daring to lower their guard, and continued to fight with all their might.

Not far away, Mike and Wyatt exchanged a glance, seeing excitement in each other's eyes.

Torin's strength was growing, and his temperament was gradually maturing; this was what Mike and Wyatt perceived most clearly and profoundly.

This was a good thing!

Because it meant they were about to welcome a powerful master with a ruthless and sinister personality, yet not lacking in rationality.

Torin had just given out an Alpha-level dark source crystal, fulfilling his promise to those he had hired.

This indicated that if resources were sufficient, Torin wouldn't be stingy with them either.

After all, they were master and servants, bound by a contract.

At this moment, Mike and Wyatt truly saw an opportunity to advance to Alpha-level.

"Mike, it seems our good days are about to arrive!"

"Yes, Mr. Torin deciding to leave the joint armies as soon as he arrived here was the wisest choice."

"This time when we return to Soaring Bird City, let's see who can still bully us."

"Soaring Bird City will return to our embrace sooner or later!"

"..."

The void passage. After receiving the contract, Lolth became silent.

To reduce losses, Lolth avoided meeting Orion.

Orion wasn't idle either; he immersed his mind in the Survivor's Platform, Browse the trade channel, looking for goods the horde could use.

After some time, Orion also encountered a few friends who had come online.

"Big Boss, are you there?"

"Big Boss, I want to trade something with you."

"Big Boss, I recently got another good item."

"Big Boss, do you want to take a look?"

"Big Boss..."

The one calling Orion "Big Boss" was definitely Julius Caesar.

This fellow had been listless for a long time; now that he finally reappeared, he must have obtained something good.

"I'm here. Haven't seen you online for a long time. What's up? Just say it."

Orion replied to Caesar, very interested in the good item he had.

"Big Boss, take a look at this first."

Caesar was very proactive, completely without any guard up, and directly traded an item to Orion.

Unknown realm, edge of a certain cliff.

Young Caesar had his one-handed sword stuck in the ground beside him, sitting alone on the cliff edge, gazing at the sea of clouds in the distance.

Caesar swung his feet, like a small child.

"That dragon egg... several people want it, but I believe Big Boss can give me something more suitable."

This was an inexplicable trust, not because Caesar had a particularly good impression of Orion, but because they had built trust through several trades.

Last time, Caesar led his Mercenary Corps to search for the Sword Saint ruins and explore an unknown region.

In the end, the ruins weren't found. Apart from himself escaping, the entire Mercenary Corps was wiped out.

However, it wasn't without any gains.

The dragon egg Caesar traded to Orion was the sole gain, something his Mercenary Corps had brought out with all their might.

The void passage. Orion accepted the trade, but his expression was somewhat unnatural.

This unnaturalness wasn't negative; instead, there was a kind of inexplicable joy.

Orion didn't know that Arthas often felt this kind of joy when dealing with him in the past.

"What a fool!"

Orion muttered softly, took out the dragon egg Caesar had traded him; many magic runes were naturally formed on its shell, the patterns like lava flowing after a volcanic eruption.

Even without understanding magic, Orion could tell this should be a fire dragon egg.

"And a rich life aura, it's a live egg! Really good stuff. Now the gift I promised Elara is accounted for."

Orion had once promised Elara to get her a dragon mount.

Now that the dragon egg was in hand, it could barely be considered fulfilling the promise.

"What do you want to trade for?"

Orion put the dragon egg away and asked about Caesar's needs; this dragon egg wasn't going to slip from his grasp today.

"Big Boss, I'm currently at Great Sword Master peak (Hero peak). What do you think I should trade for?"

Caesar asked Orion in return; he really hadn't thought about what to exchange for.

Previously, a few survivors with whom he had an ordinary relationship wanted to trade with him, but he had refused them all.

"Firstly, the item is good, but it's just an egg, not a grown dragon."

"Whether the dragon egg can be successfully hatched is still hard to say."

"Secondly, the resources needed to raise a dragon—I don't need to tell you, you should be able to imagine."

No matter how good the item, business is business; trading and bargaining require a set of rules.

"If you specify the item, I will buy the dragon egg at full value."

"If you let me pick a suitable item for you, I can only offer 80% of the dragon egg's value."

"Can you understand what I mean?"

Chapter 634: A great deal

Orion pondered for a moment, then replied to Caesar's message.

To be honest, with Orion's current strength and judgment, if he were to select goods for Caesar's current combat power, Caesar would definitely be the one getting the better end of the deal.

Orion's offer was to point out the path forward for Caesar.

"No problem, I'll listen to you."

Receiving Caesar's reply, Orion fell silent, contemplating what items to give Caesar.

After a long while, Orion traded three items to Caesar.

Two balls of Alpha-level life essence, and a set of hero-level leather armor.

The former was a rare resource of the Stoneheart Horde; the latter was a collectible from Orion's personal treasury.

"The life essence is for advancing and enhancing strength."

"The leather armor is of very good quality; it's for saving your life."

Orion explained. Caesar hadn't been online for a while before, likely because he had suffered heavy injuries.

Currently, for Caesar, increasing his strength and adding life-saving measures were the best choices.

Therefore, Caesar, without a second thought, eagerly accepted the items Orion offered.

On the cliff, Caesar leaped up excitedly and took out a ball of life essence.

The rich life energy stirred the energy within Caesar's body, making it restless.

"What is this?"

"Just holding it in my hand, I can feel the energy in my body slowly increasing."

"With this, I can definitely break through to Sword King!"

(Sword King is Alpha-level; some worlds have different naming systems for power levels, and similar instances will appear later.)

To be honest, the items Orion provided were very timely for Caesar.

Under normal circumstances, for Caesar to advance to Sword King, he would have to struggle for at least several years.

This was assuming he had sufficient talent and potential. Of course, since Caesar had the Survivor's Platform, he would certainly encounter some items that could help him break through.

However, he was unlikely to come across items with better effects than life essence.

"This is such a great deal!"

Without any haggling or complaints, Caesar accepted the trade so straightforwardly.

This gave Orion, who had been expecting Caesar to bargain, a sense of inexplicable pleasure.

"Let's wait a bit more. When I advance to arch lord, I'll see if I can bring him into the Champions Alliance."

The Champions Alliance had an unwritten rule: to bring others into the team, one's own strength must be arch lord level or above.

Furthermore, the person being brought in must be Legendary level.

To put it bluntly, currently, Orion, Kraken, and Isabella were not qualified to bring new members into the Champions Alliance.

Of course, a prerequisite for joining the Champions Alliance was good character.

"Character" here didn't mean kindness, but rather having one's own code of conduct that aligned with the Champions Alliance.

These were things Orion had tacitly come to agree with after spending time with Alexander, Leonidas, and Arthas.

It is said that birds of a feather flock together; there's some truth to that.

"Whether Caesar can enter my selection range depends on whether he can grow strong enough."

Survivors had their own advantages, but most weren't as fortunate as Isabella, who had an arch lord-level father upon awakening.

The vast majority of survivors, in the process of rising, would be harvested and lose their lives.

Even Orion himself had found it exceptionally difficult to reach the peak of Legendary level.

Gathering his wandering thoughts, Orion turned his attention to Scarecrow.

It was currently the dark beast tides period; he should be online.

"Bro, are you there? I want to buy grain."

Having known each other for a long time, Orion and Scarecrow had become familiar.

Moreover, Orion discovered that whenever he initiated a conversation with Scarecrow, the guy would always sell him some grain, more or less.

This time was no different.

Scarecrow said nothing and directly put 100,000 tons of grain up for delayed listing.

Orion smiled and instantly bought all the grain.

"Have you become a Legendary level powerhouse?"

"Among my friends, only a few lords are as short on grain as you are."

This was a message from Scarecrow, a test, and a very sincere one at that.

While asking Orion for information, Scarecrow also revealed some information about his own Legendary level friends.

"That's right. As long as one is a lord, they will be short on grain, infinitely short."

These words weren't false at all.

At the same time, Orion indirectly admitted the fact that he was Legendary level and a lord.

As long as one was a lord and a survivor, they would definitely aspire to become an arch lord.

To advance to arch lord, one needed to gather faith and condense a body of faith.

And where did faith come from?

From population, and it had to be an intelligent population.

To have a large population, one needed vast territories and enough grain.

Therefore, Legendary level powerhouses were always short on grain.

Whether waging war or developing territory, grain was indispensable.

"You are stronger than me. I've been stuck at Alpha peak for a very, very long time."

Orion didn't respond to this statement from Scarecrow.

Because if he did, it would likely involve a trade for a Lord's Stone.

Orion didn't lack this item now, but he didn't dare to give it away carelessly either.

The Stoneheart Horde had many Alpha-level elders. Orion believed that even if the probability was small, a few would definitely eventually reach Alpha peak.

Reaching Alpha peak meant one was qualified to strive for Legendary level and would need a Lord's Stone.

Furthermore, the Lord's Stone was also one of the main sacrificial items for the Titan Emblem, a trump card for Orion to strengthen himself.

"I also had good luck and received help from someone, that's how I luckily advanced."

This was also a big truth. To a large extent, Orion had indeed been nurtured by his sponsor, Arthas.

Without Arthas's help, Orion could have advanced to Legendary level, but he would have lingered at the lower Legendary level for a very long time; he had too much foundation to accumulate.

Not to mention other things, just the two opportunities when Arthas invited Orion into the Godforsaken Land and the Valkorath Realm to fight fungal creatures had greatly enhanced Orion's strength.

Especially the fight against the fungal creatures, which directly compensated for the Stoneheart Horde's shortcoming of insufficient innate foundation.

Countless Stoneheart Horde bloodline warriors were strengthened in the Valkorath Realm.

Even those Alpha-levels on the council had their stuck levels raised through the confrontation with the fungal creatures.

Almost all Alpha-levels who had fought against the fungal creatures were no longer at the bottom rank among Alpha-levels.

After the baptism of the fungal creatures, they all became veteran Alpha-level powerhouses.

Such various benefits truly couldn't be repaid by gifting one or two precious items and saying a few words of thanks.

Therefore, Orion was grateful to Arthas, respected him, and also hoped he would awaken from his slumber soon.

When that time came, they could go to the Emerald Dream Realm together to share the benefits there.

Chapter 635 635: The timid are not worthy to bathe in a knight's glory

It was night again, and the Dark Bat Hawks arrived as expected.

Compared to the previous night, the invading armies were much calmer.

All warriors had found cover before dark.

Be it foxholes, fences, or hastily built earthen walls.

In short, whether dealing with Night Stalkers on land or confronting Dark Bat Hawks in the sky, everyone looked experienced.

Inside the tent at the center of the camp, a Sentinel Corps member flickered in the shadows of a corner.

"Have you found out?"

Delilah was expressionless, her face betraying no emotion.

"Reporting to Your Majesty, it has been ascertained."

"Speak!"

Delilah's tone was flat. It was normal for the mixed armies to have wavering morale.

She just hadn't expected those profit-blinded human mercenaries and merchant groups to leave the main force at this time.

"Are they not afraid of death?"

"Or, in their eyes, are we the bait attracting the dark creatures?"

Delilah was analyzing human nature; her guess was not wrong.

Among the human mercenary corps, a small faction believed that leaving the main force at this time would give them a higher chance of survival.

The invading armies were too numerous and would surely become a common target.

Staying here, even if not used as cannon fodder, they would sooner or later be overwhelmed by dark creatures.

This was the thinking of some clever individuals and was agreed upon by most.

"Those human mercenaries slipped into the woods during the afternoon march and separated from us."

"They left in the direction to our left. It seems Sir Godfrey doesn't know their plan."

"Sir Godfrey is still in the camp; he thought those people had merely fallen behind and appears quite anxious."

Delilah waved her hand, dismissing the Sentinel Corps intelligence officer.

Because not far away, Knight Godfrey, Grum Ironfist the dwarf, and Saelen the Blood Elf were walking towards the temporary tent with grim expressions.

"Your Majesty, we..."

The blunt Grum Ironfist began to speak. He had intended to state their purpose directly, but halfway through, he couldn't bring himself to say it, feeling it was too shameful.

Evidently, they had already learned the truth about what happened with the mixed armies during the day.

Under their management, such an incident of abandoning teammates had occurred within the mixed armies; it was truly somewhat difficult to speak about.

"Let me say it. Your Majesty, those human mercenaries under our command..."

Delilah waved her hand, cutting Godfrey off.

"They left in the afternoon, moving in the direction to the left of the main force."

"They were safe when they left."

Delilah didn't blame Godfrey; instead, she gave the three an explanation.

Hearing this, the three of them collectively sighed in relief.

They couldn't, and didn't want to, control the life or death of those people.

This was another world; they couldn't even guarantee their own lives, let alone others'.

However, regardless, Godfrey, Grum Ironfist, and Saelen had to give a reasonable explanation to the people under them.

"Everyone, there's a proverb in the south: fear not the number of beasts, but the disunity of warriors."

"Their departure is actually a good thing, isn't it?"

Delilah said with a smile, turning a bad thing into a good one. For Godfrey, Grum Ironfist, and Saelen, this was a way to save face.

"Your Majesty, the blood elf race is willing to follow your steps in this otherworld."

"We dwarves are too!"

Grum Ironfist and Saelen successively expressed their stance, indicating they would not break away from the Stoneheart Horde's main force.

Compared to those human mercenaries, the Stoneheart Horde clearly seemed more reliable; this was their wariness towards humans, developed from long periods of interaction.

"Your Majesty, I am very sorry!"

Godfrey performed a knight's salute. He felt this was his dereliction of duty and that he needed to take responsibility.

Furthermore, in front of these foreign clans, he felt those human mercenaries were a disgrace.

Those people had displayed the greedy, cowardly, and sinister side of humanity to the foreign clans.

As a human, Godfrey felt ashamed.

This made Knight Godfrey unable to hold his head high, and he didn't know how to face the remaining humans.

"Sir, your bravery, your courage, you already proved it during the last dark beast tides."

"We know what kind of person you are!"

"As for those mercenaries who left, they don't care about you, and you can't control them, so why trouble yourself?"

"The Dark Bat Hawks could attack at any moment. Wouldn't it be more reasonable for us to focus our energy on the enemy?"

Delilah's mental strength fluctuated slightly; she was encouraging Knight Godfrey.

At such a critical combat moment, an Alpha-level powerhouse couldn't afford to have such low morale.

"I understand. I will fight bravely to prove to everyone that humans can also be valiant, and we do not fear any battle."

Godfrey's gaze became much firmer, and he performed another knight's salute to Delilah.

Thus, the matter of the human mercenaries deserting was closed.

The four discussed the night's watch rotation for a while longer before leaving the temporary camp.

West of the camp was the area where the mixed contingent was stationed and also the area they were responsible for guarding.

"Godfrey, if you'll pardon my bluntness, among the humans I know, only you and King Harold are worthy of respect."

"The other humans are all spineless cowards."

The outspoken one was Grum Ironfist the dwarf. He was acknowledging Knight Godfrey and also consoling this newly made friend.

These past few days, the three of them had led the mixed armies together, spending most of their time in each other's company, and had gained a clear understanding of each other's dispositions.

Godfrey's character was worthy of their friendship.

"The human kingdom is powerful and also exceedingly wise. Over countless years, it has nurtured innumerable mighty knights and mages; they are worthy of respect."

"However, the human kingdom also has its sordid side. Over several thousand years, we have witnessed too much of it."

"Sir Godfrey, as an oath-keeper, upholding justice, leading everyone to survive, and completing the holy war against outsiders is far more worthy of remembrance than worrying about those despicable individuals."

Saelen seemed to know something of the knight's background and deeds; she persuaded Godfrey from a different perspective.

The effect was excellent!

Keywords like oath-keeper, survival, holy war, and remembrance invigorated Knight Godfrey like glory itself, making his eyes shine ever brighter.

"You two, the timid are not worthy to bathe in a knight's glory!"

Knight Godfrey stood straight and saluted. At this moment, he was like a sharp lance.

And his enemies were the dark creatures endangering everyone's lives.

Chapter 636 636: Four major races

Wo of!

The hyena's cry wasn't as sharp as a wolf's howl, nor as noisy as a domestic dog's bark.

Intermittent and somewhat sparse, it sounded more like a group of shady lurkers hiding in the darkness.

However, it was this very group of "shady lurkers" that led Earthshaker, Gronthar, and Drakthul to take down one dark creature lair after another.

Hyena King Gravehowl split off a duplicate to engage an Alpha-level Dark Armored Beetle from the front, while Earthshaker, riding Gravehowl's main body, leaped onto the Dark Armored Beetle's back.

The massive totem pole slammed down fiercely. Even the heavily armored Dark Armored Beetle couldn't withstand the continuous bombardment from such a blunt weapon.

Facing the dark creature, Earthshaker didn't hold back, smashing with all his might.

After a piercing shriek, the Dark Armored Beetle let out a final whimper and perished.

"The corpses of these big guys will surely satisfy those necromancers."

Gronthar and Drakthul rode their hyenas over, stopping beside Earthshaker.

"This Dark Armored Beetle colony isn't small, with two Alpha-level beings. Adding those killed by our people, it should be enough to meet the urgent need for now."

Drakthul heaved a sigh of relief. As the leader of this team, he treated every mission seriously.

For the valley occupied by the Hyena King to be converted into a graveyard, it first needed to be transformed into deadlands, and only then could it be upgraded to a graveyard.

This process required a large number of corpses and death energy.

"We still have time. With the help of those two necromancers, we will complete this mission."

Gronthar comforted Drakthul from the side; the latter was overly conscientious about the mission Orion had assigned.

"Speaking of which, when we go back this time, with Earthshaker's fighting style, do you think we can try challenging the Prophet?"

This was Gronthar's true thought; he had always considered Onyx a competitor.

"It's different!"

Earthshaker shook his head, refuting Gronthar's idea.

Indeed, Earthshaker had just used the Hyena King's splitting ability to easily kill a Dark Armored Beetle.

However, this Dark Armored Beetle and Onyx, who possessed a Dark Armored Beetle mount, were two entirely different matters.

Others might not know, but Earthshaker knew very well that Onyx's inherited skill, Blood Spirit Summoning, could switch targets.

Onyx hadn't abandoned the Dark Armored Beetle because, apart from it, he hadn't encountered a more suitable mount.

Furthermore, how could a Dark Armored Beetle commanded by Onyx be compared to the one that had just fallen?

Earthshaker was self-aware on this point.

"Prophet Onyx is already attempting to break through to Legendary level. Do you two really think we can defeat him?"

"You should have seen the power of Prophet Onyx and his Dark Armored Beetle when they charge. Can you withstand it head-on?"

"If Prophet Onyx activates Petrifying Skin, the Dark Armored Beetle will also be strengthened."

"At such a time, summoning a duplicate would only accelerate death."

Earthshaker's few questions directly made Gronthar and Drakthul depressed.

They had newly acquired mounts, and their confidence had risen considerably. After Earthshaker's words, they finally realized the gap.

"Let's focus on raising our strength to Alpha peak first. Before reaching that level, it's impossible to know how strong Onyx is."

Since Orion unified the Black Forest, Earthshaker had come all this way, personally witnessing Onyx submit to Orion.

He also personally saw Onyx at that time, a formidable being on the verge of breaking through to Alpha-level on his own.

It could be said that Onyx at that time was already an existence Earthshaker looked up to.

Earthshaker had fought his way here; hadn't Onyx done the same?

Onyx's strength had always been the greatest among the four major races of the Stoneheart Horde.

(The four major races: Giants, Succubi, Buffalofolk, Obsidian Golems)

These four major races had produced talented individuals in succession over the years.

Although the foundation of the older generation was exhausted, the potential of the new generation seemed almost limitless.

The four major races usually didn't seem to have much interaction, but they were very united.

So many new races later joined the Stoneheart Horde, but which race could squeeze into the ranks of the four major races?

The rapidly rising gnoll race?

That was impossible!

Dirtclaw was Delilah's slave; the gnoll race and the succubi had a very close relationship.

Even the rise of the gnoll race was orchestrated by the succubus tribe from behind the scenes.

Behind the gnoll race stood, in reality, the succubus race, or rather, the four major races.

The gnoll race was a protective wall set up by the four major races against outsiders.

Other races within the Stoneheart Horde wishing to challenge the core power and interests of the four major races had to pass the gnoll hurdle first.

Unconsciously, the internal structure of the Stoneheart Horde, under the management of Delilah, Rendall, Onyx, Earthshaker, and others, had been woven into a large net, firmly solidifying the loosely organized horde leadership.

This was tacitly approved by Orion; he had never thought of stopping it, nor was he willing to.

As for being made a figurehead, that was baseless nonsense.

In the face of great strength, power and wealth were always mere appendages.

As the supreme controller of the Stoneheart Horde, having the faction he established become more stable was something Orion was very happy to see.

Because only a stable faction could continuously provide him with support and assist him in gathering faith.

Then again, if even the gnoll race couldn't make it, then the likes of Bearmen, Beastfolk, Lizardmen, Trolls, Orcs... had even less of a chance.

As for the factions represented by the two Wardens, Lumi and Soraya, they couldn't even be counted.

Because behind these two Wardens stood Orion; they represented Orion's interests.

Moreover, these two Wardens were either guarding a region or stationed at the war front; the responsibility on each of them was immense.

From a certain perspective, the entire Stoneheart Horde was serving them.

If Orion was the horde's number one authority, then the two Wardens were the horde's second and third authorities.

If they had any needs, the entire Stoneheart Horde had to serve them.

Because Orion and they were the true pillars of the horde.

And this was also the fundamental reason why all the elders on the council wanted to advance to Alpha peak and obtain the opportunity to strive for lord status.

Only by advancing to Legendary level could they obtain power and status surpassing everything in the horde.

It was so for Onyx, so for Delilah, and also so for Dirtclaw.

Including Earthshaker, Gronthar, and Drakthul; it was the same for them.

"Suddenly, I feel like the Hyena King I'm riding isn't that impressive anymore!"

Gronthar sighed. Onyx was his goal, and being unable to catch up to his target made him very dejected.

"Hahaha..."

"Hahaha..."

Earthshaker and Drakthul exchanged a glance, then looked at Gronthar and burst out laughing.

Gronthar looked up, met the gazes of Earthshaker and Drakthul, and after a moment, also joined in the laughter.

Chapter 637 637: Flashbang

"I was overthinking it!"

"We're in another world right now, full of dark creatures everywhere, and opportunities for breakthroughs are all around."

"Instead of envying Onyx, it's better to work on improving our own strength in a down-to-earth manner."

This was Gronthar's realization, and also that of Earthshaker and Drakthul.

It had to be said, this kind of internal, healthy competition could sometimes lead to an epiphany.

...

The void passage was as calm as still water.

Lolth the Spider Queen seemed to have vanished on the other side, neither appearing nor making a sound.

But Orion knew Lolth was still there.

Lolth's aura was still present; guarding the void passage was her responsibility, and she couldn't possibly leave now.

Lolth remaining silent didn't bother Orion; he immersed half his mind in the Survivor's Platform and sent a message to Aerin.

"Miss Aerin, quickly bring out the good things you've accumulated during this time."

"If there's anything I like, there will definitely be benefits for you."

Orion hadn't contacted Aerin for a while, not because he didn't want to, but because some time ago, when Aerin was striving to advance to Alpha-level, Orion had nearly squeezed her dry of all good things.

To continue exploiting Aerin, he naturally had to give her some time to accumulate more.

Moreover, Aerin, having advanced to Alpha-level, would see her alchemy skills continuously improve as she gained access to more resources.

Good things would only become more and more numerous.

"Hulk, you're either really lucky, or you've been spying on me!"

"Why is it that every time I concoct something good, you appear?"

Seeing Aerin's reply, the corners of Orion's mouth turned up.

In fact, Orion always left an interval between contacting Aerin.

That is, he timed his contact for when Aerin was likely to have new results.

"Stop rambling and bring out the goods quickly!"

Aerin didn't initiate a trade; it seemed the long period of no contact had made her think she held the initiative.

Orion thought for a moment, then initiated a trade with Aerin, placing a ball of Alpha-level life essence in the trade slot.

And then, Orion cancelled the trade.

Sure enough, in less than three minutes, Aerin's message came through.

"What was that just now?"

"I sensed a rich life aura."

Orion didn't answer Aerin's question but continued.

"Bring them out. Let me see what you've concocted recently."

"You'd better not disappoint me, or you won't get what you want."

These words were spoken nonchalantly, but Aerin on the other end couldn't sit still.

Aerin didn't know if Orion was referring to the item he had just shown or the legendary Lord's Stone for advancing to Legendary level.

Whichever it was, Aerin didn't want to lose it.

So, Aerin initiated a trade with Orion, offering a large batch of high-tier Pet Pills and mid-tier Toughness Potions, and finally, the new products: those Mysterious Artifacts packed in countless small black bags.

"Mr. Hulk, let me tell you, this last item is a superweapon I concocted."

"It was made using Flash Flowers, Fluff Mushroom Powder, and several rare Putrescent Fungi."

Aerin seemed very excited; the message she sent was quite verbose.

"And there's the Magic Dust I bought from the platform at a high price; that's the key for detonation."

"Let me tell you, every single one of these items is quite expensive."

"For this batch of goods, I want thirty thousand C-rank Crystals... No, I want three of that item you just showed me; only then will I agree to the exchange."

Orion snorted coldly. He didn't reply immediately but instead studied the last items Aerin had offered in the trade.

What kind of thing would be a superweapon in Aerin's eyes?

Orion took out a small black bag and tossed it.

Transcendent power surged slightly, and the black bag burst with a pop, emitting a blinding flash of light.

The explosive force was too weak; it probably couldn't even injure some stronger hero-level beings.

But the intense light just released was rather intriguing.

"Flashbang?"

This was Orion's guess, and also his question to Aerin.

"Hahaha... Not bad, you're a real smarty-pants."

"But it's not a flashbang, it's Flash Powder."

"This thing I concocted, if used in a duel or on the battlefield, isn't it a superweapon?"

"This is a true strategic material, something that can make money..."

Orion could imagine Aerin at this moment, dreaming of becoming bigger and stronger, making money even while lying down.

"Stop dreaming!"

"This little gadget of yours, its power is hero-level at most; it has no effect on Alpha-levels at all."

"For a large faction, such an item is just small potatoes."

Disparaging Aerin and her concoctions was something Orion had to do before negotiating business with her.

This tactic worked every time on the naive Aerin.

"Impossible, Mr. Hulk! Let me tell you, I've already tested it with my clan members."

"They said this is definitely... good stuff... a strategic material."

Aerin didn't sound very confident with this last sentence.

It wasn't that the Flash Powder was bad, but when Aerin tested it on her clan members, as peace-loving Wood Elves, they detested combat and war.

And an item like Flash Powder, good for ambushing and confusing enemies, was something those Wood Elves found extremely repugnant.

After reading Aerin's message, Orion sneered inwardly.

Aerin was starting to wise up, beginning to seek external validation.

"This thing's power is average. I don't need it myself; it's not very useful."

"However, equipping my subordinates with it... that's something to consider."

Orion once again disparaged the Flash Powder, playing hard to get.

"I'm not too satisfied with what you've offered me in the trade; it's impossible for me to give you that rare material from before."

"Bring out what you've hidden. Don't tell me you don't have anything."

Sometimes, changing the subject was also a good way to bargain down the price.

Having known her for a long time, Orion had Aerin's personality figured out.

Aerin was the type of woman who was a bit stingy, thought herself clever, and liked to secretly keep something up her sleeve.

Actually, this wasn't a bad habit; rather, it was a means of protecting herself.

It was just that, in front of Orion, such tactics were as good as nonexistent.

Perhaps because they had known each other for a long time, Aerin wasn't very guarded against Orion.

Moreover, ever since Orion helped her advance to Alpha-level last time, Aerin clearly understood that Hulk was the one who could truly help her.

"Hulk, you're just a slaver!"

Despite her words, Aerin still traded over the things she had hidden.

"Is this a flock of small birds, or perhaps a brood of small chicks?"

Looking at what Aerin had traded, Orion was somewhat bewildered because he didn't understand the purpose of these items.

Chapter 638: Alchemical bird

"These are alchemical birds. They fly very fast and can complete medium to short-distance intelligence transmission."

"Once I find suitable materials, I can even create alchemical birds that can help armies transport supplies in the future."

"How about it? Isn't this very valuable?"

"Hulk, I'm going to be rich!"

Thinking of the wonderful future, Aerin began to let herself go.

Orion examined the alchemical bird in his hand, his brow furrowing slightly with gravity.

This thing could complete medium to short-distance intelligence transmission; it was definitely a good item.

However, Aerin seemed not to have considered some of the finer details.

"Don't get too happy too soon."

"Let me ask you, if an alchemical bird is intercepted by the enemy, or accidentally damaged, does it have any self-defense measures?"

"Also, the energy source for the alchemical birds—can these things be used continuously without consumption?"

"If not, what provides their energy?"

"Finally, how are the alchemical birds located, and how do you ensure they can deliver intelligence to the designated location?"

Upon receiving this item, Orion instantly knew the importance of the alchemical birds.

This gadget would definitely be useful on the battlefield, especially when the Sentinel Corps was gathering intelligence.

Precisely because it was useful, Orion thought of related problems and pointed out the obvious shortcomings of the alchemical birds.

"Hehehe... these are not problems, because I also have this."

Aerin seemed to have anticipated these questions long ago. She initiated another trade with Orion, putting up something resembling a bird's nest.

Just as Orion was about to confirm the trade, Aerin cancelled it.

"The alchemical bird's nest is the positioning center and also where the alchemical birds replenish their energy. This nest only needs to consume crystal cores."

"As long as you have the alchemical bird's nest, all alchemical birds will automatically fly back."

"As for defensive measures, if an alchemical bird suffers even a little damage, it will immediately retract into a mechanism ball form and destroy everything stored inside."

Aerin was very pleased; she felt she finally had Orion in her grasp.

With the alchemical bird's nest in hand, she could make Orion obediently hand over that good stuff full of life essence.

"Elf, since when did you start being so cunning?"

Aerin's move of keeping something up her sleeve slightly surprised Orion.

However, it was just something to be laughed off.

Orion initiated a trade with Aerin, putting up three Lord's Stones at once. After Aerin had more or less seen them, he cancelled the trade again.

Tempting a trading partner with good things—Orion knew this trick too.

"Do you know what these are?"

"You continue researching your alchemical inventions. Only when you've saved up enough money to buy a Lord's Stone will you be able to get what you want."

"Quickly, trade over all the private stash you've hidden."

After saying this, Orion initiated another trade, putting up a ball of Alpha-level life essence.

The things Aerin concocted this time were only worth this much.

On the other side, Aerin seemed to still be in a daze and indeed obediently traded over the alchemical bird's nest.

Also traded over were a batch of high-tier Pet Pills and Flash Powder.

"This woman really did keep a private stash!"

Completing the trade, Orion also sighed inwardly.

Even Aerin was shrewder than before; it seemed everyone was growing.

Unknown realm, Forest of Nature.

In a certain large wooden house, Aerin's shriek suddenly rang out.

"Lord's Stone... My... My... Lord's Stone!"

"Hulk, you clearly have such good things, yet you don't give them to me! You're tempting me again!"

Truly, Aerin was truly shocked by the Lord's Stone.

Previously, when Orion said he had related resources, Aerin was only half-convinced, thinking it was just an excuse.

Aerin knew very well that Orion himself definitely needed related resources too.

She had cooperated with Orion for so long; even if Orion hadn't used this to tempt her, she would still have completed the trade.

However, just now, she had suddenly seen three Lord's Stones.

This meant Orion didn't lack Lord's Stones at all, and he himself had surely also become a Legendary-level lord.

In other words, Lord's Stones were superfluous to Orion.

Thinking of this, Aerin completely submitted.

In a daze, Aerin obediently handed over all her private stash.

"What a clever giant!"

Now, Aerin came back to her senses and found her pockets completely empty; everything she had accumulated recently was gone.

"It's over. I have nothing left."

At that moment, Aerin was utterly dejected; her life had lost its joy.

"No, it's impossible that I gained nothing."

Aerin's eyes brightened, and she quickly took out the life essence Orion had traded to her.

"This is... pure life energy?"

"Wahahaha... I've struck it rich!"

"I'm rich!"

Inside the wooden house, Aerin's joyful laughter rang out again.

Life essence, for Orion and the Stoneheart Horde behind him, was an item for enhancing strength.

However, for a Wood Elf versed in nature magic, the uses of life essence were far too many.

With this ball of life essence, combined with moonwater, Aerin could cultivate many high-tier magical plants.

This was just the basic application; with life essence, Aerin could also exchange for some rare materials and magical items from the elven elders.

So, Aerin smiled through her tears; she became happy again.

On the other side, Orion put away the items Aerin had traded, planning to give them to Delilah after returning.

Good things like alchemical birds—prioritizing their allocation to the Sentinel Corps was the best strategy.

Having made some gains, Orion was in a cheerful mood and wanted to continue Browse the Survivor's Platform.

Just like Browse Amazon, the joy of online shopping and finding good things was quite stimulating.

However, just then, Orion seemed to receive some information, and his eyebrows raised slightly.

Emerald Dream Realm, unnamed city.

Delilah, leading the invading armies, followed the marks left by the succubus bloodline warrior Drusilla and arrived here.

Under normal circumstances, upon the appearance of invaders like Delilah, the defending side should react cautiously, consolidate their forces, and remain constant in response to all changes.

However, that was not the case.

When Delilah arrived outside the city, while the invading armies' excitement had not yet faded and they hadn't yet formed their attack formation, the gates of this city, inhabited by countless Night Stalkers, suddenly swung wide open.

Countless dark creatures surged out from within the city, directly counter-charging Delilah and her group of invaders.

For a moment, Delilah, Gormathar, Taran, Brontes, Steropes, Godfrey, Grum Ironfist, and Saelen felt that the roles must have been reversed; the other side was the invader.

The battle erupted in an instant, before the invaders could react.

It was a horrifying scene: Night Stalkers and dark crawlers appeared at the city gate, on the city walls, and even from beneath the ground.

These dark creatures, like beasts that had smelled blood, crazily charged the invading armies.

After just a brief contact, the number of casualties and deaths in the invading armies began to skyrocket.

Chapter 639: Valor is a virtue every knight possesses

"Hold steady! Don't panic! Form a defensive line!"

"Knights, to horse! Form up and charge with me!"

"..."

Coincidentally, those standing at the very front, on the outermost perimeter, were precisely the mixed armies.

At this moment, the one mounted on horseback and shouting commands was Knight Godfrey.

Although Godfrey was very responsible, in this sudden encounter battle, the mixed armies they led simply couldn't react in time.

In this kind of close-quarters engagement, scenes of death followed one after another, making it unbearable to watch and striking terror into people's hearts.

And fear and terror could only lead to defeat.

"Your Majesty, what do we do now?"

At the center of the armies, Gormathar, Taran, Brontes, Steropes, and Saelen all gathered around, everyone's gaze fixed on Delilah.

At this moment, Delilah was everyone's spiritual leader, the command center.

Delilah's gaze was currently fixed on the front lines. She withdrew her eyes from Godfrey, her expression incomparably solemn.

"Brontes, Steropes, you brothers take the Shield Warrior armies to the front line and block the dark creatures' assault."

"As you command!"

Receiving the order, Brontes and Steropes, without another word, turned and went to dispatch the Shield Warrior armies.

The Shield Warrior armies were the Thunderstorm Bearmen armies; having the Bearmen brothers Brontes and Steropes lead them was most fitting.

"Saelen, go relay orders to Godfrey and Grum Ironfist. Have them take the mixed armies to the left flank to intercept the dark creatures trying to circle around."

The mixed armies were already in disarray, their morale wavering; they were not suitable to remain on the front line.

There would be fewer enemies on the flank; using superior numbers against inferior ones would allow the mixed armies to gradually regain their confidence.

It had to be said, Delilah's arrangements were very thoughtful.

"Afterwards, you don't need to return to my side. Stay with the mixed armies; with your abilities, you can reduce their casualties."

"But..."

Saelen hesitated. She was a blood elf with first-class perception and also a formidable sniper.

Sniping dark creatures attempting to approach their commander was Saelen's duty.

"As long as you hold the front and both flanks, the enemy won't be able to break through."

"This crucial moment in battle must not be lost. Go quickly."

Saelen was still hesitating, but Delilah's words made her turn and hurry towards the front line.

Roar!

In the sky, the Four-Winged Blood Bat hovered above. It didn't enter the front line so it could support Delilah at any time and help her avoid unknown dangers.

Delilah glanced up at the Four-Winged Blood Bat, then withdrew her gaze.

"Gormathar, Taran, lead your two armies to reinforce them and reduce the pressure on the Shield Warriors."

"The Shield Warriors are our guarantee for stabilizing the situation; we cannot let them suffer too heavy losses."

Gormathar the giant and Taran the Pandaren both accepted the order, leading the Beastfolk armies and the giant armies to reinforce the line.

As the various armies successively took their positions, the situation gradually stabilized.

"Godfrey, to the flank!"

"By Her Majesty's command, our mixed armies will defend the flank!"

Shouting from not far away was Grum Ironfist the dwarven warrior, continuously swinging his warhammer.

Saelen relayed the order; this contingent of the mixed armies, not strong in combat, prepared to withdraw.

"You go! Don't mind me!"

"This is the primary battlefield! Bathed in a knight's glory, I will not and cannot flee!"

"Grum Ironfist, if I die, remember to give the Flame-Tiger cub I fostered at the Colosseum to my giant friend, Brundar."

"Tell him that valor is a virtue every knight possesses."

Knight Godfrey squeezed his horse's belly with his legs, pulled the reins, and his beast-blood mount reared its front hooves, kicking a Night Stalker to the ground.

Puchi!

Knight Godfrey raised his lance and delivered a clean finishing blow.

Then, Godfrey charged directly into the very front line, arriving behind the defensive formation of the Thunderstorm Bearmen Shield Warriors, promptly clearing out the dark creatures that had broken through to them.

Instantly, snarls and roars intertwined.

Amidst the clash of shields, the swing of great blades, and the thrusts of lances, blood and fire played out their symphony, while slaughter and faith continuously collided.

Darkness, moonlight, bonfires, blood, dirt, bloodthirsty eyes, bloodied claws... this was the battlefield.

Amidst the battle formations, above power, commanding a vast army, watching life after life fall before her eyes, Delilah had a new realization.

"Life is so fragile. If one is weak, they can only passively be reduced to fresh meat or dust."

"Stability is hard-won; everything must be supported and fought for with strength."

At this moment, Delilah felt immense pressure.

This was a pressure that previously only Orion could feel and bear.

Now, Delilah also felt it.

At this moment, Delilah profoundly understood that no matter who the enemy was, she could not lose, and the Stoneheart Horde could not lose.

Orion, even more so, could not lose.

If they lost, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Huu!

Delilah slowly exhaled, glanced around, then leaped up onto the back of her flying mount, the Four-Winged Blood Bat.

Just then, where Delilah had been standing, the soil erupted, and an Alpha-level dark crawler leaped out, looking exceptionally ferocious.

Dark Crawlers were somewhat different from Night Stalkers; the former had more beast-like bodies and moved by crawling, while the latter were more humanoid, often with limbs mutated into blades or swords.

Upon appearing, the dark crawler was immediately besieged by bloodline warriors.

Delilah looked down, glanced at the dark crawler, then withdrew her gaze.

Daring to infiltrate the center of the army, that dark crawler was doomed.

Delilah had sensed danger earlier but couldn't pinpoint the dark crawler's location, so she had timely left the ground.

Being in the sky, standing on the Four-Winged Blood Bat's back, was relatively safer.

"To the front line!"

Delilah spoke, and the Four-Winged Blood Bat followed her instructions, flying to the front line.

Then, Delilah began to chant, the sound like a blessing, yet also like a prayer.

The voice was melodious and continuous. Upon hearing it, the Stoneheart Horde's bloodline warriors felt their blood boil and their fighting spirit soar.

Conversely, when the dark creatures heard it, weariness overcame them, their concentration wavered, and their attack movements became slightly slow and stiff.

This was Delilah's Nightmare Arts, and also the mental illusions of the succubus race.

This was the Song of Bewilderment; those bloodline warriors from the Black Forest had witnessed it before.

With Delilah joining the battlefield, the invading armies not only stabilized the situation but even faintly gained the upper hand, beginning to slowly push forward.

Just like that, the battlefield fell into a recurring, continuous rhythm of defense and advance. In this rhythm, the life flames of numerous dark creatures and bloodline warriors were extinguished one after another.

Chapter 640: Fight bravely

Shadowcrag Forest, unknown region.

For some time now, Earthshaker, Drakthul, and their group had been sweeping the areas around the valley.

However, the Hyenas' territory wasn't large, and the surrounding areas were filled with similar dark creatures, so Earthshaker's group soon ran out of targets.

At this moment, Earthshaker, Gronthar, Drakthul, Arden, and Selenis were gathered together, gazing at the dark forest ahead.

Not a single Splitting Hyena dared to enter this forest, as if some terrifying presence lurked within.

"Gravehowl says it's very dangerous inside, that it's the Blind Spiders' territory."

"Should we go in and take a look?"

Earthshaker asked, but no one responded.

Gronthar and Drakthul had also bound Hyenas as mounts, and they too felt a similar sense of fear.

It was a fear originating from the soul; the hyenas were terrified of the forest before them to an extreme degree.

"Nothing found!"

The Storm Vulture returned from afar, and Arden shook his head, indicating his companion had found nothing.

Finding nothing was actually the worst-case scenario.

Judging by the hyenas' fear of this forest, something must be hidden within.

And the Storm Vulture obtaining no intelligence meant its abilities were insufficient to discover the hidden presence or items.

"What do we do now?"

"Return to the valley where the hyenas dwell?"

Selenis frowned deeply; she also vaguely sensed a crisis.

This kind of crisis usually only appeared when facing beings of the same level or kind.

Selenis glanced at the scorpions she had brought, thought for a moment, and proposed an idea.

"I'll send a squad of small scorpions in to see if they discover anything."

Everyone nodded, tacitly agreeing to this proposal.

"In there, there are the auras of many living things."

"Their auras aren't very strong. Killing them should be enough to gather the materials for the graveyard."

Just then, one of the two accompanying necromancers spoke in a hoarse voice, telling everyone the information they wanted to know.

Everyone turned and looked in unison at the two necromancers hidden under their cloaks behind them.

This was the first time they had spoken since leaving the valley.

"Let the skeleton armies take the front. As long as you can hold out for the first half of the battle, leave the rest to us."

This was a kind of confidence, the confidence of the undead race.

Earthshaker, Gronthar, Drakthul, Arden, and Selenis exchanged glances, and finally, Drakthul stepped forward to speak.

"Sir, we'll do as you say!"

There was no choice; fulfilling the necromancers' request was Orion's instruction before they descended.

The graveyard currently needed a large amount of bone and corpse materials, and the dark forest before them could provide it; they had to go in, even if it meant biting the bullet.

"Have the skeleton warriors lead the way, with small scorpions guarding both flanks. We'll follow behind and provide support when the time is right."

After discussing and coming up with a plan to enter the forest, they followed the route taken by the previous squad of small scorpions and entered.

The forest was eerily quiet, utterly silent.

There were no crow caws, no sparrow chirps, not even the sound of mosquitoes.

Too strange!

Precisely because it was too quiet, gradually, Earthshaker, Gronthar, Drakthul, Arden, and Selenis all grew tense.

"Enemies approaching! Prepare for battle!"

In this oppressive moment, the hoarse voice of the necromancers behind them sounded.

Before the five could even ask, pairs of greenish-red eyes lit up in the darkness ahead.

To be precise, they were pairs of compound eyes of varying sizes.

Boom!

Without any hesitation, Earthshaker, Gronthar, and Drakthul threw their torches into the darkness.

The torches were imbued with the power of blood and life force, which exploded with the flames.

In the flickering firelight, everyone finally saw the enemy clearly.

They were Blind Spiders, some hanging upside down from giant trees, some clinging between tree trunks, some prostrate on the ground... all silently watching them.

"Prepare for battle! It's a Spider colony!"

"Prepare for battle! Circular defensive formation!"

Earthshaker and Drakthul shouted almost simultaneously, and after these two cries, the silent Shadowcrag Forest filled with dense hissing sounds.

The number of Blind Spiders before them was too numerous to count, but this, paradoxically, put everyone somewhat at ease.

The unknown is what's truly terrifying.

But the Blind Spiders they saw now were prey, were dark source crystals.

Under the command of the two necromancers, the skeleton warriors spread out, shielding the main group from the front.

Selenis also reacted quickly, dispatching the small scorpions into the dense forest to establish a defensive line for everyone.

"Watch above!"

Arden reminded everyone. At some unknown point, Blind Spiders had also started attacking from above, hanging upside down from the giant trees over their heads.

In reality, with skeleton warriors and small scorpions as cannon fodder, the Blind Spiders attacking from all sides posed no real threat to the main group.

However, those enemies from the giant trees above were very difficult to deal with.

"Fight bravely! We will summon skeleton archers shortly, and then they will no longer be a threat."

The necromancer's voice sounding at this moment was reassuring and calming.

"Arden, summon the Storm Vulture! Tear open these giant trees above our heads!"

"Also, protect the two necromancers and High Priestess Selenis."

This was Drakthul's command. After issuing it, he, Earthshaker, and Gronthar split in three directions, rushing towards areas where Alpha-level auras were present.

In this desperate struggle, the Hyenas beneath them also suppressed their inner fear and charged out with their masters.

The battle began: it was life or death.

...

The void passage. Orion's expression turned slightly grave.

He hadn't expected that Delilah's and Earthshaker's two invasion teams would both start major battles almost simultaneously.

Orion didn't think this was a coincidence; there had to be some underlying issue.

"Giant King Orion, I have to say, the combat prowess of those subordinates of yours is truly astounding."

Just as Orion was pondering, Lolth, who hadn't appeared for a long time, suddenly spoke.

It was only at this moment that Orion understood Lolth must have been involved in these two incidents.

"It seems you've left quite a few will projection within your territory!"

Knowing the mastermind, the doubt on Orion's face vanished, and he became calm again.

"Giant King Orion, are you angry? Or worried?"

"How about you return some materials to me, and I'll let them off?"