

## **Titan King 651**

Chapter 651: We're back

"Listen to me, those people are not worthy of your worry, nor your sympathy."

"Their abandoning you, their leader, is a sign of distrust in you, and also in us."

"Besides, in their eyes, we are just stumbling blocks hindering their fortune."

Grum Ironfist the dwarf truly had no goodwill towards betrayers.

And this was the inherent flaw of humans; the more dangerous the situation, the clearer this flaw became.

"It must be something I did wrong for them not to trust me."

"I hope they're alright!"

"I know, many of those who left are mercenaries. Behind them stand too many children, elderly, and women."

"If they die, the ones who suffer will be the people behind them."

Once Godfrey said this, Grum Ironfist the dwarf also fell silent.

Godfrey wasn't worried about the group that left; he was worried about the old, weak, sick, and disabled who had no one to rely on.

Such a knight, full of compassion for the weak, this kind of rare kindness, should not be ridiculed.

Grum Ironfist the dwarf understood this.

"The Elder of Stewardship said this invasion will end soon. When that time comes, those who are alive will all be teleported back."

"Godfrey, when you return to Stoneheart City, you'll know if those people are still alive."

Steropes hadn't spoken all this time because he was on guard duty.

After hearing Godfrey's and Grum Ironfist's worries, he spoke up to remind Godfrey.

Godfrey nodded, sighed, and looked up towards the distant horizon, but what was reflected in his eyes was a stretch of darkness.

Miles and miles away, in similar darkness, screams and rapid gasps, like bellows, pumped at an extremely fast rhythm.

Roar!

In the darkness, a terrifying beastly roar was heard.

A fear-inducing scream went from high to low, followed by crunch, crunch chewing sounds.

In the forest, many figures were fleeing.

They were the ones who had left the invading armies.

Looking at the number of those who successfully escaped, compared to when they left, it was at least 80% less.

In the latter half of the night, in a hidden cave, there was no bonfire, no wine, only an atmosphere suppressed to the extreme.

"This is another world, dark creatures are everywhere! We shouldn't have left the main force."

"You shut up, you damn scumbag! I saw you push your own companion to the dark creatures just to save your own skin! You're too shameless!"

"Do I need you to judge whether I'm shameless? If I didn't push him, I would be the one dead! If it were you, how would you choose?"

"Everyone quiet down! Just because the cave is deep doesn't mean it's safe here."

"Everyone stop talking! For us to have survived until now, whose hands aren't stained with blood and lives?"

"Surviving is the only truth!"

"..."

Among these people, some were sinister, some were vile, and some were exceedingly intelligent.

They were mercenaries; what they pursued was adventure, death, and exorbitant profits.

In their hearts, there might be remorse, there might be sighs, but they were not worthy of pity.

Like merchants, in most cases, they were solely profit-driven.

...

Half a month later, the void passage. Orion slowly opened his eyes.

Void energy was rapidly fluctuating; Orion knew very well what this meant.

This cross-realm invasion was about to end. The result would surely be some people happy and some dejected.

But those who got to eat the cake would always be the most powerful group.

"Because of your probing, the contract scroll will become invalid in three months."

"Think carefully, your time is running out."

Sensing the aura of Lolth the Spider Queen, Orion said this to the other side.

This was false information, Orion bluffing Lolth, the purpose being to pressure her, to give her an ultimatum.

And this news made Lolth's heart, on the other side of the void passage, thump wildly.

Lolth felt a little flustered; she somewhat wanted to further question Orion for related news.

But when she looked up, she couldn't bring herself to speak, only able to watch the void passage disappear bit by bit.

Stoneheart City, still prosperous.

Huge spatial energy fluctuations alarmed many powerful individuals.

Those with quicker minds soon realized the invading armies had returned.

Countless mercenaries, merchants, residents, and travelers all stood up in taverns and at home, rushing out towards the gates of the outer city military camp.

Suddenly, a powerful pressure swept over, declaring the majesty and presence of the Stoneheart Horde's most powerful lord.

"The invading armies have won a great victory! All cities will celebrate for three days! All official residents of the Stoneheart Horde may go to the military camp to receive three days of free food."

Orion's voice spread throughout the entire territory, three times in succession, causing the bustling Stoneheart City to instantly erupt in an uproar.

The castle, conference hall.

After Orion and Delilah left, Kitsune Sylvana had always been here handling the Stoneheart Horde's governmental affairs.

Suddenly, thunder roared, a fierce wind blew in, and Sylvana, who was handling official business, was pulled by a large hand into embrace.

"All of you, get out!"

Orion glanced at the old elder of the fox tribe and two succubus maidservants standing to the side, and with a wave of his large hand, closed the conference hall door.

"What you need to do now is not handle official business, but help me release my sexual desire."

Orion looked down, gazing at Sylvana's stunningly beautiful face. His strong male hormones, like a catalyst, stimulated Sylvana.

In the blink of an eye, Sylvana's clothes were all stripped off. She leaned against Orion's chest, then bent down to kiss his cock.

Orion had guarded the void passage for several months; he had long wanted to release his sexual desire.

A moment later, Sylvana's moans and the sound of flesh colliding echoed in the conference hall.

...

Military camp, the square. All personnel descended and returned.

"We're back!"

Gormathar, Taran, Brontes, Steropes, Godfrey, Grum Ironfist, and Saelen all stood near Delilah.

Returning was a major event; everyone would be nervous.

Unconsciously, these Alpha-level powerhouses had all gathered around Delilah, because they all knew that if any accident occurred, Orion would not abandon Delilah.

Staying near Delilah, perhaps they wouldn't be abandoned either.

This was what everyone was thinking; at least Knight Godfrey, Grum Ironfist the dwarf, and Saelen the Blood Elf all had this thought.

"We're finally back!"

Saelen sighed, smelling the familiar air, the familiar clamor of the city, and put away the bow and arrow in her hand.

"Fantastic... Let's go, let's go drinking!!"

Grum Ironfist the dwarf shouted, and was met with a wave of cheers and support; even Godfrey beside him excitedly shouted 'Alright!'.

"Let's go, to the mysterious tavern! Today, we brothers are treating!"

Brontes and Steropes called out to Taran the Pandaren, preparing to head to the mysterious tavern for a round of spending.

Brontes' and Steropes' homes were both located in Blackstone City. They also had residences in Stoneheart City, but no family there.

Therefore, the tavern was their first destination.

"Alright, let's go together! It's been a long time since I've had the fine wine of the mysterious tavern."

Taran the Pandaren nodded in agreement, tidied himself up a bit, and then followed the Brontes and Steropes brothers out.

Chapter 652: I'm very satisfied with your performance

At the military camp gate, a succubus bloodline warrior handed a note with intelligence written on it to Knight Godfrey.

"Total number of humans who deserted the invading armies: two thousand one hundred and twelve. Successfully returned: three hundred and eighteen."

This was something Godfrey had been constantly concerned about. He had originally planned to inquire about related information after the celebrations.

Unexpectedly, Delilah had sent him the intelligence so quickly.

"Hahaha, some of them are still alive! You can rest assured!"

"Leaving was their choice. If they weren't greedy and found a place to hide, their lives wouldn't have been in danger."

"This current situation, they brought it upon themselves."

Grum Ironfist the dwarf jumped up and patted Godfrey hard on the shoulder. The knight's moral standards were indeed very good, just too rigid; he didn't know how to be flexible in some matters.

"Let's go. Orion once said, 'Life and death are destined, riches and honor are up to Heaven!'"

Gormathar, who was with them, also patted Godfrey's shoulder, and at the urging of their friends, headed towards a tavern in the city.

In the military camp, amidst the crowd, a squad of ragged mercenaries looked around. The surrounding giant warriors and Orc warriors actually seemed incredibly endearing in their eyes.

"Son of a bitch, we're back!"

"Light above, You have answered my prayers! From this day forward, I believe in You!"

"We're back!"

"It's Stoneheart City... the giants' Stoneheart City... Hahaha..."

"Wuwuwu..."

Some people were going mad, some were laughing hysterically, and some laughed until they broke down sobbing.

People are strange.

After luckily surviving, they would regret many of the things they had done before.

However, if time could flow backward, they would still make the same choices.

...

"Relay the order: don't let anyone bother me. I need to sleep for a while."

Walking out of the military camp, Delilah flicked off her cape, tossed it to the succubus maidservants following her, and then turned to head towards her own territory, the mysterious tavern.

As the commander-in-chief of the invading armies, Delilah hadn't had a peaceful night's sleep at all during this period.

She not only had to think about countermeasures but also deal with battles that could erupt at any moment.

More often, she also had to be on guard against possible assassinations.

Compared to handling the Stoneheart Horde's official business, invading another world was, relatively speaking, truly exhausting.

...

Outside the military camp in the outer city, it was half cheers, half tears.

In war, there are always deaths, especially in an invasion war.

Looking at those crying, most people couldn't muster any sympathy.

Because the invasion was voluntary, it was each individual's choice.

If they died, no one could be blamed.

"Hahaha, Maldrak, come on, take me to exchange for a set of bone armor first."

Ragscrape, with an excited expression, pulled Maldrak the giant warrior, about to head to the logistics warehouse to make an exchange.

Maldrak nodded, also with an expression of excitement and joy.

Very fortunately, Maldrak had succeeded in his third attempt at advancement, becoming an Alpha-level powerhouse and a member of the Stoneheart Horde council.

Becoming an elder, Maldrak had the right to exchange for bone armor.

The bone armor Ragscrape specifically mentioned wanting to exchange for was the kind Orion had previously obtained from Arthas, bone armor that could continuously evolve.

This type of bone armor was rare; only one giant army in the horde was fully equipped with it.

Most of the bone armor currently appearing in the horde was imitation-made by the Bureau of Weapons.

Although the current bone armor's defensive power wasn't low, it lacked the ability to evolve.

For many bloodline warriors in the horde's various armies, their greatest wish was to exchange for a set of evolvable bone armor.

However, the quantity of such bone armor in the treasury was small, and only elders had the resources to exchange for it.

"I want to exchange for a set too!"

Maldrak was very happy. He followed behind Ragscrape without putting on any airs of an elder.

His friendship with Ragscrape the Gnoll was forged amidst piles of corpses; they wouldn't become like strangers just because of a difference in status.

"By the way, Maldrak, are your battle achievements enough?"

"Enough! I accumulated a lot of battle achievements from this invasion and haven't exchanged any."

Hearing this, Ragscrape the Gnoll moved behind Maldrak, yielding the leading position to him.

"Maldrak, you have to live up to expectations! Strive to gain the Giant King's favor and lead a cannon fodder troop."

"When that time comes, Ragscrape will be the cannon fodder troop's Deputy Commander."

Deputy Commander—although not as glorious as a commander, it was already a position of real power.

This was Ragscrape's pursuit, and also his dream.

His cousin Dirtclaw had also been a Deputy Commander. Ragscrape felt this was the path Dirtclaw had walked; as long as he kept following it, he could definitely advance further.

This was a path to success!

Maldrak smiled honestly, saying nothing. Like Ragscrape, he longed for Orion's recognition and the cheers of their clansmen.

Having advanced to Alpha-level, Maldrak felt his goal would soon be realized.

...

Night fell. Today, Stoneheart City appeared even more prosperous and flourishing.

Palace Number One. This was Delilah's secret bedchamber, and also where she and Orion often had their trysts.

Delilah had a good sleep and was full of energy, radiant with vitality.

At this moment, Delilah was half-lying on the large bed, her skirt lifted up, revealing a pair of long legs and her alluring pubic area.

Delilah opened her large, seductive eyes, looking affectionately at Orion as he gradually walked in.

"Not bad, you've reached Alpha peak. I'm very satisfied with your performance!"

Orion reached out, held Delilah's chin, and lowered his head to kiss her.

Delilah said nothing; she passionately kissed Orion back.

Orion reached out, tore Delilah's clothes to shreds, and pulled her into his embrace.

Moonlight shone into the bedroom, falling on two naked bodies. The giant and the succubus were passionately making love.

...

Two hours later.

"Well, did you feel anything?"

After ejaculating semen into Delilah's vagina, Orion leaned back on a pillow made of high-tier beast hide, letting Delilah lie on top of him.

"No. I'm afraid I can't enter Legendary level as quickly as Soraya and Lumi."

The resources Delilah needed for cultivation, including the Lord's Stone, Orion had already given her all of them much earlier.

After advancing to Alpha peak, Delilah had attempted to break through to Legendary level, but unfortunately, she hadn't succeeded.

"Take it slow. Transcendent power requires compatibility, requires comprehension."

Orion handed a ball of Legendary-level life essence to Delilah and, seeing her puzzled expression, explained faintly.

"This is Legendary-level life essence. Its effects are similar to a Lord's Stone."

"The difference is, the transcendent power contained in a Lord's Stone is fixed and unchanging; whereas Legendary-level life essence allows you to comprehend transcendent power that is compatible with your own attributes."

"Try both of these!"

Chapter 653: Dragon race envoy

Delilah accepted the life essence, feeling the surging life energy within it; emotions of desire and fear sprouted in her heart.

The desire was to advance to Legendary level.

The fear was because the terrifying energy of the life essence made her feel unable to control or resist it.

"There's no use rushing this!"

Orion offered comfort. Delilah wasn't the only one unable to advance quickly.

The one who had lingered at this stage the longest was the abyss dragon.

Orion had not only given it the resources to advance to lord but also granted it a territory.

The abyss dragon's territory was on the Moonveil Plains, adjacent to Gustalon's Wind Fortress.

However, Xalathar, this fellow, despite being nourished by Orion's blood essence, was still unable to advance to Legendary level after much delay.

Sometimes, Orion also wondered what reason was causing Xalathar to consistently fail to reach Legendary level.

Next was Gustalon; he also hadn't advanced.

As an elemental being, Gustalon remaining stuck at this stage for so long also puzzled Orion greatly.

Also an elemental being, Lumi had advanced quietly without Orion paying much attention.

Orion pondered; he had to find a chance to talk to Gustalon and put some pressure on him.

And then, there was Onyx.

Onyx's and Delilah's situations were similar; their innate potential was slightly lacking. Remaining at the Alpha peak stage was a perfectly normal thing.

To be honest, in Orion's heart, his expectations for Onyx and Delilah were not as strong as those for Gustalon and the abyss dragon.

"Next, you will continue to oversee Stoneheart City."

Orion pillowed his hands behind his head, gazed at the ceiling, and lazily uttered these words.

Although his tone wasn't very serious, Delilah, being extremely astute, immediately detected something unusual.

Delilah looked up, quietly watching Orion. For a fleeting moment, she seemed to see the pressure Orion shouldered.

Delilah blinked, dispelling the illusion before her eyes.

"Has something happened to the Stoneheart Horde?"

When Orion showed such an expression, it usually meant something had happened.

"It's not that something happened, but rather, the previous plan."

"The Ten-City Plan!"

The Ten-City Plan was the Stoneheart Horde's initial development goal in the south, aiming to connect the original Beastfolk territory, giant territory, and blood elf territory.

As well as the part of the territory ceded by the ogre race after the lizardfolk invasion.

"Buffalofolk City, Obsidian City, Delilah City, and Lilith City—these four are not enough. We need to quickly build the ten cities in the plan and gather the scattered subjects in the territory."

Orion wanted to break through to arch lord, wanted the right to speak, so he urgently needed faith.

"Do you have choices in mind?"

If Orion brought it up, he definitely had some ideas.

The one executing the plan was Delilah; there were some things she had to clarify first.

"The Ironbone Tribe was the earliest to follow me after your group. Furthermore, Thundar is still the Tribe's Elder of Combat. Count them in."

"The Starveil giant tribe has already proven their loyalty through their actions. The former Starveil City was changed by me to Stoneheart City. Now, I will give them back a new Starveil City, give them back their dignity and pride."

Delilah listened quietly without speaking.

She knew very well that even counting the Ironbone Giants and Starveil Giants, it was only six cities; four were still missing.

"Along this journey, Slagor's lizardmen have also contributed a lot. Count them in."

"The trolls of the Barren Mountains also count. Gronthar and Brakthul have both become Alpha-level; their race has shown some promise."

"Dirtclaw's gnoll race also counts. He's your man; make good use of him."

For the last spot, Orion hesitated, wondering whether to give it to the Beastfolk race or the Orcs.

Just as he was about to say it, Delilah spoke.

"Please give it to the Thunderstorm Bearmen!"

"In this invasion war, we relied entirely on the Shield Warrior armies to hold the front. They are very honest and sturdy. Their losses were somewhat large, but no one uttered a single complaint."

"Moreover, the Thunderstorm Bearmen produced the two brothers, Brontes and Steropes; they have also rendered meritorious service to the horde."

This was Delilah's suggestion. When she spoke, her tone was extremely gentle, and her reasoning was sound.

Of course, in Delilah's heart, the Shield Warrior armies were indeed very reliable.

In fact, this was Delilah's test.

She wanted to see if, while Orion was hesitating, her words could influence his decision to some extent.

This was a very dangerous maneuver; one misstep could incur Orion's wrath.

Therefore, Delilah was extremely gentle and proactively lowered her head to kiss Orion's chest.

Orion withdrew his gaze from the ceiling, looked down at Delilah kissing him, and gently stroked her disheveled hair.

"Since you've spoken up, then give it to the Thunderstorm Bearmen."

"As for the Beastfolk or Orc, carry them over to the next Ten-City Plan."

Delilah said nothing; she lightly bit Orion's muscle, teasing him.

However, Orion wasn't lustful and made no further moves.

"Remember, in the south, what I want is stability."

"Within thirty years, I don't want the Stoneheart Horde to be dragged into any large-scale wars."

Thirty years—this was the timeframe Orion set for himself, a small goal.

Orion hoped that through cross-realm invasions, he could make the Stoneheart Horde stronger and advance to arch lord himself.

"Is there some change in the situation in the south?"

Delilah was very perceptive. Orion's tone was very serious, as if he was setting the tone for her.

Such actions often concealed apprehension.

"Don't ask too much. When you advance to Legendary level, you will naturally understand!"

Delilah was very obedient, didn't ask further, and silently committed Orion's words to heart.

"This is the spoils of war list from our invading armies."

Since Orion was discussing serious matters, Delilah stopped teasing and took out a list from her storage bag, handing it to Orion.

Orion glanced at it and handed the spoils list back.

"Deposit it all into the treasury!"

The meaning of this sentence was that there were no items Orion himself needed.

Items that seemed very rare in Delilah's eyes were just ordinary goods in Orion's.

"Before coming here, I received two pieces of intelligence."

"Tarn has left the blood elf race and gone to the human kingdom."

"An envoy from the dragon race has come to our Stoneheart City; he wishes to request an audience with you."

Orion picked Delilah up, letting her lean against his chest.

"Relay an order to Tarn: have him go see Kronos."

Orion then asked.

"Do you know what matter the dragon race envoy is here for?"

"I don't know. That fellow is very tight-lipped, only saying he requests to see you."

Orion fell silent; he had an indescribable premonition.

This premonition couldn't be called a bad thing, but it definitely wouldn't be a good thing either.

"Bring him to the castle to see me tomorrow!"

Delilah gave a soft hum of acknowledgment and then brought up recent events in the horde to discuss with Orion.

During the discussion, Delilah continuously rubbed her thighs and breasts against Orion. Faced with this temptation, Orion made love to her again.

It wasn't until midnight that the two of them fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 654: Five-Race Alliance

Early the next morning, before the dragon race envoy arrived, Earthshaker, Gronthar, Drakthul, Arden, and Selenis came first to report on their mission.

"Lord Orion, we..."

Orion raised his hand, interrupting Drakthul who was about to speak.

"I already know about the matters in the Emerald Dream Realm. You all did well."

After saying this, Orion turned his gaze to Arden and Selenis.

"Arden, are you willing to be my messenger?"

This was the first time Orion had formally asked Arden. A messenger represented Orion and conveyed Orion's will.

The job of a messenger, in fact, was very difficult; without a certain level of strength, one simply couldn't be competent.

"My lord, Arden is willing! Arden is willing to offer his loyalty!"

Orion didn't say much more and directly signed a contract with Arden.

"According to Soraya's wishes, if the scorpion tribe is willing to stay in the Golden Pearl indefinitely, I will not interfere with your affairs."

"Since you wish to leave the Golden Pearl and want to accomplish things, you are very welcome here."

"Your branch of sand scorpions suffered heavy losses this time and is insufficient to undertake more important tasks. Rest and recuperate for a period first."

Selenis was thrilled by Orion's welcome.

However, upon hearing Orion tell the scorpion tribe to recuperate first, the excitement and brightness in her eyes immediately dimmed somewhat.

"I'm speaking the truth; I don't mean to look down on you."

Orion tossed out a storage bag. Selenis subconsciously caught it and curiously sensed its contents.

The next moment, Selenis's mouth fell agape, her eyes widened, and her face was filled with utter disbelief.

"Use up the resources inside, increase the number of small scorpions to over five hundred thousand, and then come back for missions."

Selenis prostrated herself on the ground, kneeling in excited gratitude for Orion's reward.

"You may leave!"

Orion waved his hand, dismissing the five from the conference hall.

Because outside the hall, Delilah was followed by an Alpha-level envoy of the dragon race.

"Bloodscale greets the esteemed Giant King!"

Bloodscale possessed Alpha peak strength. Orion had met him before; he had previously visited Stoneheart City.

"Why have you come?"

Orion's voice, compared to before, was considerably more indifferent.

In his view, to even grant an audience to an envoy a whole major level below him was already giving Glacial Dragon Jorik a lot of face.

"By order of His Majesty the Dragon Emperor, I am here to invite you to attend the Five-Race Conference to be held in three months at the Dragon Race's Whitecliff."

"His Majesty the Dragon Emperor? Frostsire has returned?"

Orion's voice wavered slightly. The title 'His Majesty the Dragon Emperor' was not something Glacial Dragon Jorik could bear.

"His Majesty has not returned. What has returned is his will projection."

The atmosphere in the great hall became silent; not even breathing could be heard.

A quarter of an hour later, Orion's voice finally sounded faintly.

"You may leave."

Orion didn't respond directly to the dragon race envoy, but he didn't refuse either.

Envoy Bloodscale didn't mind; such a result was what one would expect as the most normal reaction from a powerhouse.

After Bloodscale left the palace, Delilah, who had been standing to the side, frowned and asked.

"Honey, what does the dragon race mean by this?"

"What are they planning to do?"

This was very strange. The dragon race envoy Bloodscale invited Orion to the Five-Race Conference but didn't mention its agenda.

This situation was rather thought-provoking.

"It's not what the dragon race wants to do, but what the white dragon Frostsire wants to do."

Orion was also puzzled. When he said this, it sounded like a statement, yet also like a question.

"No matter what he wants to do, we'll find out by going to see!"

Orion emerged from his surprise, his whole being invigorated in that moment.

Unable to figure out what plan the white dragon Frostsire had, Orion simply stopped thinking about it.

With his current strength, even if the white dragon Frostsire came in person, Orion could match him evenly.

Moreover, it was just a will projection of the white dragon Frostsire.

"In the next few days, relevant personnel from the blood elf and human races should be visiting. Pay attention to their movements."

Orion looked up towards the south, where the human and blood elf territories were located.

If the Stoneheart Horde had received an invitation, they must have received it long ago.

...

The South, human kingdom.

In a secret chamber of the royal palace, King Harold faced a magic mirror, waiting for something.

A moment later, the magic mirror shimmered, and the figures of Grand Duke Richard and Grand Duke William appeared within it.

"This time, for the Five-Race Conference, who will go?"

King Harold asked, but neither of the kingdom's two Grand Dukes responded.

"I want to know, what exactly does the white dragon Frostsire intend to do?"

Grand Duke Richard had attended the previous Five-Race Alliance.

But this time, there was no warning, nor had any news come through.

Even their scouts planted within the dragon race hadn't obtained any relevant information about this.

"Otherwise, how about communicating with the Saint?"

Grand Duke William made a suggestion. On the entire continent, the dragon race was humanity's primary competitor.

Not knowing what the dragon race intended to do, these three were losing sleep and appetite over it, and it was impossible for them to recklessly venture to the Dragon Race's Whitecliff City.

Grand Duke Richard remained silent, which was taken as tacit agreement.

"Then you wait a moment!"

King Harold disappeared from the magic mirror. Three minutes later, he re-entered the magic mirror world.

"The Saint said the white dragon Frostsire cannot return at this time."

"This Five-Race Conference is most likely related to the Sea Race; the dragons want to reclaim some sea territories."

"As for inviting us, apart from deterrence, it's very likely a show for the Sea Race."

King Harold revealed what he had learned, then looked at Grand Duke Richard.

"Richard, you should go this time. You're more familiar with the dragon race's side."

"My suggestion is to unite with the dwarves, giants, and blood elves to, in turn, counterbalance the dragon race."

"If there are no surprises, the other three races would surely be willing to unite under such circumstances."

Weren't the dragons trying to deter the other four races?

Then the other four races would unite and, in turn, deter the dragon race.

Harold wanted to see what tricks the dragon race would pull this time.

Chapter 655: They're cheering for you

"Alright, I have no objections!"

Grand Duke Richard didn't react strongly. He had private dealings with the other three races; they were all partners.

As long as it wasn't a matter of principle, uniting shouldn't be a problem.

"I always feel like something big is going to happen with the dragon race. They want to drag us into a trap they've set."

"Do you think it's possible they found some clues about what happened last time?"

No one spoke. Grand Duke William's suspicion wasn't entirely impossible.

"Don't be overly suspicious. See the situation clearly, figure out the dragon race's objective, and only then can we make the correct judgment."

"Besides, so what if they've seen some clues?"

At this moment, the usually gentle King Harold became incomparably domineering. An aura of looking down on the world with disdain emanated from him, dispelling the doubts in the hearts of Grand Duke Richard and Grand Duke William.

"The southern continent is almost saturated with powerful races it can accommodate. If the dragon race wants to develop, they can only set their sights on the sea regions."

"They want to deter us, reclaim some sea territories, and then in turn encroach upon human lands."

"The premise for the dragon race doing this must be that they have a trump card we don't know about."

"Invading the sea regions is a risky move; the dragon race must have some backing."

"Let's go take a look first, figure out the dragon race's objective, and then decide."

Richard and William nodded. This was King Harold's extraordinariness, and also one of the reasons His Majesty could keep them in check.

...

Giant territory, Stoneheart City.

Orion was stationed here. Lilith also teleported over from Blackstone City with Pallas, allowing the giant father and son to see more of each other.

The VIP box at the Colosseum. This place used to be a conference room, but Nico and Kadir later renovated it, making it much more magnificent, raising its class by several levels.

After the defense of Lysinthia City ended, Nico and Kadir were sent back to Stoneheart City, took over the Colosseum, and became its proprietors, specifically responsible for making money for Orion.

In the box were not only Orion and Lilith, but also Sylvana.

Lilith and Sylvana sat together, one speaking, one listening; at a glance, their relationship seemed very harmonious.

Orion paid them no mind, instead holding the few-months-old Pallas in his palm, walking around following the little fellow's curious gaze.

"Lord, your subordinate has arranged three matches for you this morning."

"One duel between slaves, one duel against lizardfolk, and the final one is a duel against dark creatures."

Nico, sticking out his plump body, followed behind Orion, explaining any perplexities for the latter.

This fellow, after returning from the defensive battle, not only hadn't slimmed down but had actually gotten a bit fatter.

"Yiyaya..."

Reaching the window, Pallas was attracted by the view of the colosseum, pointing at the audience and gladiators outside, babbling incessantly.

"Nico, His Highness the Prince of the Stoneheart Horde commands: today's winners in the Colosseum will have their rewards increased fivefold."

"Give every spectator in the Colosseum a token."

"Tell them, this is a gift from Pallas. His Highness the Prince of the Stoneheart Horde is a generous fellow."

Orion brought Pallas before Nico's eyes, letting the little one see Nico's ugly and pained expression.

"As you command, Your Highness the Prince! Your subordinate will arrange it at once!"

Orion was very satisfied with Nico's form of address.

A moment later, overwhelming cheers erupted from the Colosseum's spectator stands.

"Praise His Highness the Prince!"

"Praise His Highness the Prince!"

"..."

He gently bounced Pallas in his hands and said with a laugh.

"Pallas, see that? They're cheering for you."

"Yiyayo ya..."

Orion came to the open-air platform, held Pallas high; the latter, facing the cheers and shouts of the audience, responded with babbles and waved his little hands randomly.

The Colosseum, after this wave of excitement, directly entered its climax.

"Godfrey, did you see? It's the Giant King and His Highness the Prince! They're watching the duels, just like us."

Brundar the giant waved while introducing this to Knight Godfrey beside him.

Brundar's tone, rather than an introduction, was more like showing off.

"I saw!"

Knight Godfrey had long since averted his gaze. He leaned against the railing, his expression slightly unusual.

In fact, he had also seen the giant prince and had glanced at the Giant King out of the corner of his eye.

Godfrey didn't dare to stare at Orion; he knew very well that with a Legendary level powerhouse like Orion, even a slightly prolonged gaze would attract their attention.

"They're out! It's the Colosseum's gladiators, an orc and a boarfolk."

"Godfrey, who do you think will win?"

Brundar the giant was very serious; he greatly trusted Godfrey's judgment.

"Hard to say!"

Godfrey glanced at the two gladiators entering the colosseum; both were battle-hardened, their strength at the early hero level.

"Ah... then who should I bet on?"

Brundar stared at the two gladiators, finding it hard to choose.

"Bet on the boarfolk. Their life recovery is a bit more formidable."

"Help me place a bet too!"

Godfrey handed out the token in his hand; it was the one the Colosseum had just gifted.

"Alright, I'll listen to you!"

The Colosseum duel began after a horn blast.

Orion handed Pallas back to Lilith, then leaned back in a leather chair, his eyes slightly hazy, lost in thought.

Survivor's Platform, Champions Alliance public channel.

Hulk: "I've got something holding me up here. The time to descend into the Emerald Dream Realm is set for three months later. Any problems?"

Alexander: "No problem. Three months is enough for Isabella to prepare."

Orion didn't respond to Alexander immediately. Besides the dragon race suddenly proposing the Five-Race Conference, giving the allies enough preparation time was also necessary.

Especially Isabella; her gains from killing fungal creatures in the Valkorath Realm needed some time to be digested.

Three months was neither long nor short.

Leonidas: "Still have to wait three months? That's enough time for me to take a nap!"

Edward: "Three months is about right. The void passage just closed, so it's not suitable for teleporting and descending recently anyway."

Deputy Commander Edward was a mage; he had a higher understanding of void passages. His words were truth to everyone.

Kraken: "I don't care about anything else. Big Bosses, after you descend, help me look for some sea areas."

Seeing no objections, Orion raised another question.

Hulk: "Do we need to transfer all our forces over?"

Orion had already moved the cave spiders race to Red Moon Valley's Lorelia City. Since it was a large-scale invasion, that bit of military strength wasn't enough.

According to Orion's thinking, transferring Soraya and her small scorpions over as well would provide more assurance.

Also Vexis and Rumbold; Orion was preparing to get them over there too.

Edward: "Not necessary. In the initial stage, maintain your military strength within the normal range for a lord, so as not to attract too much attention."

## Chapter 656: Fishy

Leonidas: "Hulk, you have to listen to the Deputy Commander on this. We're a third party invading secretly; we need to keep a low profile."

Leonidas: "When the Deputy Commander intervenes in the battle and reveals our identity, that's when it'll be time for us to steamroll all enemies."

Leonidas: "Listen to me, what we need to do now is secretly plunder the resources of the Emerald Dream Realm."

After the Deputy Commander made his suggestion, Leonidas also shared some invasion experiences with Orion.

When it came to invading a large world, Leonidas, Alexander, and Edward understood the rhythm and timing better than Orion.

Alexander: "Invading another world isn't something that can be solved by brute force alone."

Alexander: "The current situation, intelligence gathering, target benefits, invasion plans... none of these can be missing."

Alexander: "Most critically, we still need a demigod powerhouse to rely on; otherwise, even an arch lord going there would just be courting death."

Following Leonidas, Alexander also shared some of his experiences.

Within the entire team, Orion, Kraken, and Isabella were extremely lacking in experience in this regard.

Leonidas's and Alexander's few words greatly benefited Orion, making him understand that invading another world required a lot of preparation.

Isabella: "I have a bit of a problem on my end. Food, medicine, and troop sources might be in short supply."

Speaking of invasion, when it came to serious matters, Isabella didn't dare to hide anything and revealed her shortcomings.

Although Isabella had an arch lord-level father, her father didn't just have her as a daughter; he had many offspring.

In Isabella's world, the supplies she could get her hands on weren't very plentiful, not enough to support a war of indefinite duration.

Edward: "Food, equipment, medicine, weapons, and other related supplies—you all should prepare more of these in the next three months."

Regarding basic war supplies, the Deputy Commander gave a comprehensive reminder.

Deputy Commander Edward didn't offer to support Isabella because such basic supplies weren't an issue for a Legendary level being.

With so many goods on the Survivor's Platform, spending some time searching would definitely yield results.

Edward: "Also, the Emerald Dream Realm has an evil dark aura. You'll need to periodically dispel the evil elements from your bodies, so prepare more dispelling-type treasures and spells."

The Deputy Commander continued to speak, and everyone listened attentively.

Edward: "Speaking of the dark aura, I have a suggestion for you."

Edward: "The Emerald Dream Realm can slowly transform a creature's attributes. If the aptitude and potential of your subordinates are average, you can try letting them transform into dark creatures."

Edward: "To be honest, the environment of the Emerald Dream Realm is quite suitable for dark-attribute species to survive."

Edward: "Of course, after transformation, purification is necessary, or they could easily become servants of that evil being."

To be honest, this suggestion from the Deputy Commander made Orion's heart beat a little faster.

The potential of the Stoneheart Horde's older generation of powerhouses had been almost completely exhausted; it was extremely difficult for them to continue growing.

Even with Orion favoring them with resources, there still wouldn't be much change.

For example, the two senior elders, Rendall and Thundar, received no fewer resources than Onyx and Delilah.

However, they had all encountered bottlenecks and were stuck at the Alpha-level late, unable to reach Alpha-level peak.

This was the most obvious manifestation of talent and potential being exhausted.

Not only that, but the guards Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba were also successively stuck in the mid and late Alpha stages.

Within Orion's own giant clan, not a single one had managed to advance to Alpha peak.

Thinking about it in detail, Orion also felt somewhat regretful.

Now, the Deputy Commander's suggestion gave Orion an idea.

This might perhaps be a way out for the Arch Elder and the others.

Kraken: "I don't have grain, but I can provide everyone with various types of fish."

Speaking of grain, Kraken wasn't short at all.

Kraken's food supply consisted mainly of fish.

However, no one asked Kraken for it in the public channel, not even Isabella.

Because at this moment, Isabella had received a private message from Alexander.

"You don't need to worry about supplies. For this invasion of the Emerald Dream Realm, what you need to do is improve your strength and gain combat experience."

Isabella was very self-aware; she obediently replied, 'Understood.'

From this discussion, Isabella could see that the gap between her and the others was enormous.

Needless to say about Leonidas and Alexander; those two were powerhouses who had stepped into arch lord peak long ago.

Even Hulk and Kraken were not people she could compare to.

Regarding Kraken, Isabella had no thought of comparison at all, because the former was a Sea Race creature; they weren't comparable.

As for Hulk, just Soraya residing in Soraya City and the million small scorpions made Isabella extremely envious.

If she had a subordinate like Soraya, let alone sweeping away fungal creatures, she would even dare to return and invade her current world.

Edward: "Let's leave it at that. If any problems arise, don't keep them to yourselves; speak up in the channel."

Edward: "The difficulties you encounter might just be trivial matters in others' eyes."

Stoneheart City, the Colosseum. Orion slowly opened his eyes.

At this time in the Colosseum, the first duel had already ended. Appearing in the arena was a lizardfolk. This was a creature that could transform into a large lizard mount.

"The lizardfolk are highly sought after!"

"For a lizard mount, many people have sent me gifts."

"Not just humans and dwarves, but also some of our Stoneheart Horde clansmen."

At some unknown time, Delilah had come up behind Orion. Gazing at the lizardfolk in the arena, she sighed with some emotion.

Orion glanced at Lilith playing with Pallas nearby, and at Kitsune Sylvana, who was listening with pricked ears.

Saying nothing, moving nothing, Orion continued to keep his gaze on the Colosseum.

"Is there news?"

Delilah coming here at this time definitely meant that the humans, blood elves, or dwarves had relayed intelligence regarding the dragon race.

"Grand Duke Richard of the human kingdom completed a trade with us and asked if you would personally go to Whitecliff."

"Grand Elder Lireesa of the blood elf race sent an invitation, hoping to travel with you to the dragon race territory."

"The attitude of the humans and blood elves is very consistent; they want to reach an agreement with us on certain matters."

Orion narrowed his eyes slightly but didn't respond to Delilah.

The intelligence Delilah brought made him have to ponder what position the Stoneheart Horde would be in at the upcoming Five-Race Conference.

Also, Orion and Glacial Dragon Jorik had an alliance.

Although this relationship wasn't public, it existed.

With this alliance in place, Glacial Dragon Jorik hadn't informed Orion in advance; there was definitely something fishy about this.

Chapter 657: Xalathar has advanced to Legendary level

In Orion's speculations, there were several possibilities.

The first scenario: the dragon race had abandoned its alliance with the Stoneheart Horde.

This possibility wasn't nonexistent; mainly, Orion couldn't figure out what reason would lead to this outcome.

The second scenario: Glacial Dragon Jorik had been usurped, and the dragon race was not currently under his administration.

It was even possible that for a major event like holding the Five-Race Conference, Jorik's opinion hadn't even been sought.

There was another possibility: the dragon race wanted to go to war with the other four races.

This possibility was the smallest, but not ruled out.

"Reply to them, I..."

Just as Orion was about to speak, he suddenly stood up, a look of pleasant surprise on his face.

Balls of black mist appeared around Orion, inscribing mysterious runes upon his body.

The runes and Abyssal energy quickly vanished, and everything returned to calm.

A moment later, Orion restrained his smile and slowly sat back down in the leather chair.

"What's wrong?"

Delilah, of course, saw Orion's strange reaction; she cautiously expressed her concern and inquired.

"Hehe... Xalathar has advanced to Legendary level!"

The conference room at the Colosseum suddenly became frighteningly quiet.

Delilah, Lilith, and Sylvana were all stunned after hearing what Orion said.

Only Pallas, the giant youngling, was in Lilith's arms, energetically waving his limbs.

Seeing his mother ignore him, Pallas made yiyaya sounds, trying to attract everyone's attention.

"Legendary level?"

Delilah's throat moved with a swallowing motion.

The Stoneheart Horde had another Legendary level being: Orion's mount, the abyss dragon.

"You need to work harder; I have high expectations for you too!"

Orion was in a very good mood. He stood up, turned, gently caressed Delilah's cheek, and then strode out.

No one had expected the abyss dragon to advance at this moment.

Furthermore, this advancement of the abyss dragon provided Orion with a perceptive ability.

It was a wild instinct, a strong premonition for danger.

Military camp, underground plaza.

Orion arrived here, and a bright light shone from his heart area.

After the blood-red light vanished, the abyss dragon appeared in the plaza.

Compared to before, the abyss dragon had changed a lot.

Firstly, Xalathar's size hadn't increased.

Three sharp horns had appeared on its head—one long and two short, forming an inverted triangle, growing obliquely upwards, looking extremely ferocious.

Next, rows of huge bone spikes had appeared on Xalathar's back.

The bone spikes extended downwards, completely encasing Xalathar's heart area, as if it were wearing a layer of armor.

"Xalathar, if you hadn't advanced to Legendary level soon, I would have almost forgotten about you."

Roar!

A deep, sonorous beastly roar sounded, long and powerful.

"Master, I have advanced!"

A thick, deep voice sounded; this was Xalathar's voice.

Orion stepped forward, reached out to stroke Xalathar's proffered head; beneath the tough skin was a layer of fine, cool scale armor.

"Very good. There will be plenty of opportunities for you to appear next!"

Orion took out some dark creature corpses from his storage ring. Xalathar had just successfully advanced and needed to eat.

Next, after learning more about Xalathar, Orion put it away.

...

Outer city, dwarven blacksmith shop.

Saelen walked into the dwarves' territory.

"I'm looking for Grum Ironfist!"

Saelen didn't give her name but instead released her Alpha-level pressure, displaying her status.

"Respected powerhouse, please wait a moment!"

A dwarven apprentice led Saelen into an adjacent reception room, then headed towards the extremely hot forging room.

In less than half an hour, Grum Ironfist the dwarf walked into the reception room, muttering.

"They said a formidable blood elf was looking for me; I guessed it was you right away."

"Lady Saelen, what can I do for you?"

Saelen sized up Grum Ironfist; the latter was drenched in sweat, his skin roasted red by the high temperature.

"Didn't you hear the dragon's roar earlier?"

"Heard it. Damned dragon's roar! If not for its influence, I would have just successfully forged an incomparably sharp greatsword."

"I feel that should be Legendary level!"

Saelen was somewhat uncertain. When Xalathar roared, it didn't release any pressure; she hadn't felt the suppression of a Legendary level being.

However, just the dragon's roar alone made Saelen very uncomfortable.

Saelen had only felt this kind of situation from Legendary level powerhouses.

"I heard the Giant King has an incomparably formidable abyss dragon; maybe it was the one roaring."

"It definitely isn't Legendary level; many people in the south have seen the abyss dragon."

Saelen frowned; she didn't deny Grum Ironfist's statement.

She had come this time to confirm if the dwarves had any related news.

Not getting the desired answer, Saelen could only suppress her doubts. She decided to relay her suspicions back to her clan as soon as possible and let the higher-ups investigate.

"I need to custom-order a batch of bolts specifically for our blood elf race."

"The materials must be good, the kind that can be enchanted."

Putting aside her thoughts, Saelen began to discuss business with Grum Ironfist.

...

Valkorath Realm, Soraya City.

It was three days later when Orion returned here.

Behind Orion, elders like Gormathar, Taran, Brontes, Steropes, Maldrak, Erythros, Thalion, and Torvald all had excited expressions.

They knew very well that Orion allowing them to descend into the Valkorath Realm was giving them a perk, hoping they would continue their training here.

"All of you go and prepare. Replace the Arch Elder and the others back."

"As you wish!"

A group of people responded in unison and ran towards the military camp, familiar with the way.

Watching his subordinates run wildly, Orion smiled, shook his head, and then walked towards Dusk Castle.

At the castle gate, two figures appeared, gazing at Orion from afar.

Orion took a step, and after just two steps, his shoulders suddenly felt heavy; his adopted daughter Elara was already riding on his neck.

"Daddy... Daddy, Elara missed you!"

Orion reached out and patted Elara's little butt with two fingers.

"Sit tight!"

Elara reached out, grabbed Orion's ears, and giggled.

Orion had a smile on his face, his mood even more cheerful.

Unlike his disciple Rolan, Rolan lived in the Giant Tribe. He had known from a young age that he had lost his father and his mother had remarried, and that his situation was not good.

Therefore, Rolan's mentality was precociously mature.

While learning from Orion, Rolan's mind was full of effort, diligence, and glory.

Chapter 658: She is also a princess of the stoneheart horde

Elara was different; her nature was more easygoing and more tolerant.

As long as there was no malice towards her, Elara could play together with anyone.

Such an Elara allowed Orion to experience the happiness and joy of being a father in advance.

"Isabella, you're even more beautiful than I imagined!"

Walking closer, Orion and Soraya nodded to each other; they didn't say much.

However, Orion immediately guessed the identity of the unfamiliar woman before him.

"Your sturdy build is also quite shocking to me!"

Isabella extended her right hand, wanting to shake hands.

Orion paused for half a second before reacting.

"Hahaha... This kind of etiquette, only found on Earth, had almost vanished from my memory!"

Orion reached out, lightly touched Isabella's tender right hand, and quickly withdrew his.

"Welcome to Soraya City. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask."

"I believe my dear Soraya will not refuse."

Soraya gave a charming smile, walked over to link arms with Orion, and the three of them headed deeper into the castle.

Castle garden: strong liquor, roasted meat, drinks, fruits, various cakes—nothing was lacking.

Of course, those cakes and desserts were provided by Isabella.

"Isabella, we are companions. If there's something to say, I'll say it directly."

Orion lay on a huge sun chair, holding roasted meat in his hand, enjoying it bite by bite.

With every bite of roasted meat Orion took, little Elara, sitting in his lap, would lift the wine jug in her hand and pour a mouthful of wine into Orion's mouth.

"I believe that in our territories, there are always some valuable resources worth exchanging to complement each other."

"Barter, exchange of equal value—any problem with this?"

Suddenly, a parchment scroll appeared in Orion's hand; recorded inside was a list of some of the Stoneheart Horde's special products.

"Take a look. Mark anything you need."

Isabella took the list and read it carefully, a joyful expression gradually creeping onto her cheeks.

Isabella put down the list, took a quill pen and scroll from her own storage bag, and also wrote down a list of her territory's special products on the spot.

"If we're trading, we'll have to wait three months!"

Orion nodded. He knew very well that Isabella would definitely have to return to her own territory.

The forces she brought this time were simply insufficient to invade another world.

"By the way, Isabella, I'd like to ask you for a favor."

Orion devoured the roasted meat in his hand in a few bites, gave the last scrap of meat to little Elara, then dusted off his hands and took out the fire dragon egg from his storage ring.

"You're a dragon rider; you should have experience with this."

"Help me see, can this egg hatch?"

"If it can hatch, what conditions are needed?"

Isabella didn't respond to Orion immediately but took the dragon egg and examined it carefully.

"The life energy is very rich, and fire elements are even diffusing into the nearby air. This is a fire dragon egg of excellent quality."

"Place it in an area dense with fire elements, and the little one inside will be able to break out of its shell soon."

Isabella returned the fire dragon egg to Orion, gaining an even clearer understanding of the latter's capabilities.

However, Orion's next move astonished Isabella.

"Elara, this is the gift Daddy promised you. Inside is a little fire-breathing crawler."

The fire dragon egg wasn't small; Elara held it as if she were hugging a tumbler toy as big as herself.

"Daddy, Elara can sense the little crawler."

"Daddy, Elara promised Mentor to show him the little crawler."

Orion extended a finger and gently rubbed Elara's little cheek.

"Go on then!"

Spatial energy fluctuated for a moment, and Elara, hugging her fire dragon egg, directly teleported and vanished.

"That's a fire dragon egg! If you raise it, it can definitely advance to Legendary level in the future."

Isabella had stayed in Soraya City for many days; she knew Elara was only an adopted daughter.

She hadn't expected Orion to be so generous as to give away such a precious item.

"Although Elara is only an adopted daughter, she is also a princess of the Stoneheart Horde."

Orion had now established Elara's status.

The Stoneheart Horde acknowledged Elara's existence, and with that came corresponding resources and status.

Isabella looked up, her beautiful eyes wide, sizing up the giant before her who was stretching his limbs and relaxing his muscles in the sunlight.

This was a very strange feeling!

Isabella surprisingly didn't feel uncomfortable; the atmosphere was, on the contrary, incredibly harmonious.

Orion also had this feeling.

Facing Isabella, Orion didn't treat her as a beautiful woman, but rather as a familiar person.

To be precise, as a fellow countryman—the kind who understood each other's past.

"Isabella, if you need any help, just say it."

"Although I can't compare to your Alexander, compared to you, I'm still a bit better off."

Isabella shook her head, politely declining.

"Mr. Alexander said I don't need to worry about anything this time; I just need to bring what I'm supposed to bring. I'm going to see the world."

Orion nodded. If Alexander said so, then he must have arranged everything perfectly for Isabella.

Just as Orion was about to lie back down on the chair, Isabella pointed to the half-finished World Tree not far away and said.

"That World Tree, I know a way to cultivate it."

Hearing this, Orion instantly sat bolt upright, staring intently at Isabella with bright eyes.

Isabella was silent for a few seconds, organized her words, then looked at Orion and said.

"A true World Tree is born naturally, a self-evolution of the cosmic world."

"Therefore, that World Tree of yours cannot grow to full maturity."

If anyone else had said this, Orion would definitely have flown into a rage and questioned them.

But Isabella was a member of the Champions Alliance, an ally; Orion trusted her.

Seeing Orion didn't get angry, Isabella secretly thought a bit more highly of him.

"Condensing a World Tree requires a very complex process. Your World Tree has only absorbed remnants of a World Tree."

"Even if you let it absorb vast amounts of world essence, it ultimately cannot become a World Tree, only infinitely close."

Seemingly having guessed Orion's thoughts, Isabella ruthlessly crushed his hopes.

"Therefore, its evolutionary direction needs to be changed."

Deep down, Orion himself had a premonition, but he just didn't dare to voice it.

To cultivate a World Tree with individual strength—just thinking about it felt impossible.

Chapter 659: Just right

"How to change it, and what will the result be?"

Orion took a deep breath, trying his best to keep his tone calm.

"One evolutionary direction I know is called the Miracle Divine Tree."

"Since it cannot self-evolve into a world, it can be made to evolve miracles instead."

Isabella pointed at the incomplete World Tree, her tone very serious.

"I believe you can also sense that three consciousness bodies have already been born within that World Tree."

"If you want them to break free from the World Tree's restraints, you must change its evolutionary direction and shorten its evolutionary process."

"Complete the evolution before those three consciousness bodies disappear."

Orion said nothing, staring fixedly at the incomplete World Tree.

The consciousness within was Violet, his child.

"Speak. What is needed to change the evolutionary direction?"

Orion uttered this sentence word by word; he had already made a decision.

"The Spring of Life, an Abyssal Springhead, and World Fragments."

"Every world, when it evolves, will produce a Spring of Life; it is the source of all vitality in the world."

"This item exists in the Valkorath Realm."

A look of joy appeared on Orion's face but quickly vanished.

"An Abyssal Springhead—that is a product of the Abyss, a springhead condensed from darkness."

"This thing only exists in the Abyss. I've never seen what it looks like either."

Orion frowned; regarding this second item, he wasn't entirely clueless.

The Black Forest and Abyssal Chasm in the northern territory both had tributaries of the Abyss; those were paths leading to the Abyss. Even in the early days of the giant tribe, there was a trial ground leading to the Abyss.

However, something like an Abyssal Springhead could probably only be found in the depths of the Abyss.

"World Fragments are world essence, the shattered world's core."

Orion understood this; he had previously absorbed a very small world essence. This thing could not only directly improve strength but also enhance potential.

Every world has a world's core. If a world is destroyed, its world's core will shatter and become world fragments.

After world fragments are further pulverized, they become world essence.

"The Spring of Life in the Valkorath Realm cannot be given to you!"

Just then, an aged voice suddenly sounded. Deputy Commander Edward, carrying Elara who was hugging the fire dragon egg, appeared in the medicinal garden.

Orion, Isabella, and Soraya all rose. The being before them was a demigod powerhouse; whether as a senior or based on strength, everyone had to show respect.

"The Valkorath Realm was violated by fungal creatures, suffering a great loss of vitality itself. This world needs the Spring of Life to nurture it."

"If it loses the Spring of Life, the Valkorath Realm will fall into a very long period of desolation."

"For a second Spring of Life to evolve might take a thousand years, or perhaps tens of thousands of years."

Orion said nothing, but the light in his eyes gradually dimmed.

Deputy Commander Edward came before Orion, patted his shoulder, and said calmly.

"Apart from the Abyssal Springhead, we can find both the Spring of Life and World Fragments in the Emerald Dream Realm."

"As long as we can ultimately succeed, obtaining these two items will be an effortless matter."

At this moment, the gradually dimming light in Orion's eyes suddenly brightened again.

"Work hard. If you were a demigod powerhouse now, successfully invading a slightly larger Godforsaken Land would allow you to obtain World Fragments."

Deputy Commander Edward's gaze shifted, landing on Isabella to the side.

"And you, your strength is too weak. You need to grow up quickly."

After admonishing Isabella, Deputy Commander Edward turned, his figure dissipated, and he took Elara off to an unknown location.

"I'm going back!"

Isabella looked at Orion and Soraya. Being told to her face by Deputy Commander Edward that her strength was too weak was truly unbearable for the proud her.

Isabella decided to go back and cultivate; she was not one to admit defeat.

"Thank you!"

"If there's anything I can help with, don't hesitate to ask."

Orion understood that sometimes, intelligence was the most valuable thing, priceless.

Isabella being able to point out a clear path for Orion's World Tree was a big favor to Orion.

Isabella nodded, her delicate and charming figure leaping up, appearing in the sky, landing on the colossal dragon's back, and rapidly soaring into the distance.

"For the invasion of the Emerald Dream Realm, I will help you!"

Soraya came forward, hugged Orion's arm, and rested her head on his arm.

Soraya somewhat envied that saintess of the Garland Tribe; Orion keeping her matter constantly in mind showed she held a place in Orion's heart.

While envious, Soraya also felt somewhat fortunate, because this meant that as long as she genuinely gave, Orion would also care for her.

Women, ah, are such emotional creatures. In the face of true love, they will pity others, empathize, and be moved by their own feelings.

"I can't stay here for many days. You will still be in charge of guarding the Valkorath Realm."

"Only when the situation in the Emerald Dream Realm becomes clearer will I let you descend there."

Orion turned and pulled Soraya into his embrace, lowered his head to kiss her, and explained his arrangements.

"I understand!"

"I will always be ready!"

After a passionate kiss, Soraya proactively stripped off her clothes, straddled Orion, and began to enjoy long-awaited sex.

...

Three days later, Rendall, Grulbane, Dace, Otho, Beyn, Torba, Thundar, Ursa, Slagor, and others returned to Soraya City.

Orion tore open a teleportation scroll, and everyone first returned to Blackstone City.

Among these people, Rendall and Slagor remained in the northern territory to guard it.

Grulbane, Dace, Otho, Beyn, Torba, Thundar, and Ursa accompanied Orion into the teleportation array and returned to Stoneheart City.

Just after Orion left the Valkorath Realm, Deputy Commander Edward, carrying his disciple, arrived at the bottom of a volcano.

"Mentor, this Absolute Defense Barrier, when will Elara be able to learn it?"

"Probably at Legendary level!"

The Deputy Commander put little Elara down. A holy barrier enveloped her, preventing her from feeling even the slightest discomfort in this place of churning lava.

"The aura of this fire dragon egg of yours is just so-so. Fortunately, the little crawler inside hasn't hatched yet; there's still a chance for improvement."

The Deputy Commander took the fire dragon egg from little Elara's hands and casually tossed it into the lava.

Afterwards, the Deputy Commander cast a spell and summoned a phoenix egg that had been preserved at the bottom of the lava.

This was a dead egg, one Orion had found for him back then.

Deputy Commander Edward had already used this dead egg to complete his fire-based magic.

Now, this dead egg was being used for Orion's adopted daughter; everything was fated, just right.

"Elara, use the contract sigil your mentor taught you and sign a contract with this fire dragon."

Deputy Commander Edward looked at the fire dragon egg trying hard to get close to the phoenix egg, a slight, contemptuous smile on his face.

Without his help, for this fire dragon egg to want to absorb the phoenix egg was simply wishful thinking, even if it was a dead phoenix egg.

Chapter 660: All benefits and power are built upon strength

Mornings in Stoneheart City, besides the fresh air, featured rows upon rows of merchant caravans, quite a sight to behold.

Over time, under the meticulous development by various merchants, the outer city's districts and roads became more and more numerous.

Main streets and alleyways, exotic beasts and carriages, slaves and vendors, coming and going, gave the city more of an atmosphere of daily life.

"Let's go, time to set off!"

Orion knew very well that the current Stoneheart City definitely couldn't be considered a golden age.

At most, it could only be described as thriving.

Orion leaped up onto Thunderhawk Rayden's back.

Rayden, this fellow, seemed to have recently become a father, having conquered several female thunderhawks and produced a good nest of little thunderhawks.

"Master, when His Highness the Prince grows a bit older, let him sign a contract with my offspring."

"We'll talk about it when the time comes. It depends on Pallas's own attitude."

Orion didn't immediately agree to Thunderhawk Rayden; it was too early to talk about these things now.

Neither Pallas nor Rayden's offspring had grown up yet.

Besides, for such matters, it was best if both parties were willing, a mutual commitment being more reliable.

Behind Rayden, Ursa and the four guards—Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba—leading a hundred squad mounted on various flying creatures, also took off one after another.

Following them was a combat team of five hundred harpies.

This harpy unit was specially transferred by Delilah from the Sentinel Corps. Their existence wasn't for actual combat but more like the Giant King's honor guard, a show of the Stoneheart Horde's prestige.

"To the blood elf race's territory!"

Thunderhawk Rayden received the instruction and led the way, flying towards the City of Blessings.

Before heading to the dragon race territory, Orion planned to first visit the blood elves' City of Blessings.

During the North-South War, the blood elf race's Elf King Anasterian died in battle, and Elf Prince Rommath succeeded the throne. Orion had not yet met this Elf King.

Now was the time to meet this neighbor.

On the ground, a large group of flying mounts taking off from the city attracted a lot of attention.

"Lord Orion is personally leading a long journey; something big must be about to happen again."

At the Colosseum, Nico and Kadir stood on an open-air balcony of the main building, watching Orion's departing group, Kadir frowning in thought.

"No matter how big the matter, it's not as important as us earning Blackstone coins for the Horde, and for ourselves."

Fatty Nico withdrew his gaze, glanced at the Colosseum where spectators were already entering, and his mood brightened considerably.

A few days ago, Orion had casually said a word, and the Colosseum had given out quite a few tokens.

Now, it was time to earn it back.

"My friend, some matters are not for us to participate in right now. Not knowing is most likely better than knowing."

"What we need to do now is to openly and honorably win all the Blackstone coins from the hands of everyone in Stoneheart City into our own."

Kadir nodded. Since participating in the defense of Lysinthia City, he found that Nico had changed.

This fellow had become more timid, more cherishing of his own life.

Of course, he had also become shrewder.

"Within three days, we need to come up with a new gimmick, a new way to play that will make those duelists' fighting spirit surge and make those gamblers willingly offer up their Blackstone coins."

"My friend, on our shoulders, we still bear the monthly performance assessment."

"You used to be nobles; you wouldn't want to bear the bad reputation of being incompetent and perfidious, would you?"

"I don't know where Lord Orion learned this set of practices, but I feel like we're locked in."

"..."

Kadir shook his head; he knew his friend very well.

Nico's current garrulousness was actually an expression of excitement and joy.

Earning money was Nico's hobby.

If this hobby could simultaneously bring Nico status and power, it would be a perfectly wonderful thing.

Therefore, Nico was enjoying it; he relished all of this.

"We can't possibly leave now. This counts as taking root in the Stoneheart Horde, right!"

In the north, while defending Lysinthia City, Nico and Kadir had learned many things about the Stoneheart Horde, either directly or indirectly.

Both Nico and Kadir knew clearly that unless they died, Orion would not possibly let them leave.

...

Miles and miles away, while Orion was rushing to the City of Blessings, Soaring Bird City was also undergoing changes.

These changes stemmed from shifts in power and authority.

"Speak... Speak up... Who... Who was it exactly?"

This was a very bloody scene. Torin, holding a leather whip, was publicly flogging a guard of Soaring Bird City outside the palace gate.

This guard was the one who had demanded an entrance fee from Torin at the city gate back then.

Now, this guard had been miserably tortured and had his tongue cut off, completely unable to speak.

And Torin, the city lord, acted as if he didn't know, continuing to flog the guard while loudly interrogating him.

In the city center, within a magnificent building, was the headquarters of the Golden Apple Chamber of Commerce in Soaring Bird City.

Henrik angrily pushed open Mateo's door, ignoring the latter who was in the middle of making love, and loudly questioned him.

"Mateo, our man has been taken! That damned Baron, he's retaliating!"

His interest interrupted, Mateo pulled up his trousers and waved away the two human female slaves beneath him.

"Henrik, can you knock first next time?"

"Didn't Sebastian teach you manners and a sense of shame?"

Mateo was very calm; compared to the hot-tempered Henrik, he appeared more composed.

"Sense of shame? You're talking to me about a sense of shame?"

"Where is this? This is a branch of the Golden Apple Chamber of Commerce!"

"What was that just now? Female slaves! Sex slaves for you to vent your lust on whenever you want!"

"Mateo, the enemy is bullying us right at our doorstep, and you still have the nerve to talk to me about a sense of shame here."

Mateo shook his head, took out a goblet, and filled it for himself and Henrik.

"Friend, let me ask you, where is this?"

"Soaring Bird City!"

"Then whose territory is Soaring Bird City?"

"That damned Baron!"

Henrik downed the wine in one gulp, but the anger in his heart still hadn't subsided.

"Hehe... You see, you said it yourself, this is Baron Torin's territory."

"Killing a mercenary who offended him in his own territory—where is Baron Torin wrong?"

Henrik abruptly looked up, staring incredulously at Mateo who had said this.

"Man, have you forgotten?"

"All benefits and power are built upon strength."

"Baron Torin is now an Alpha-level powerhouse; he already has the ability to share benefits."

"Besides, this is still his territory."

Mateo swirled the goblet in his hand, as if everything was under his control.

"We should be thankful that when we controlled Soaring Bird City, he didn't have his current strength."

Mateo wasn't wrong in saying this.

In human kingdoms, every noble who advanced to Alpha-level strength was a pillar of the kingdom, considered an upper-middle-class figure with real power.