

Titan King 691

Chapter 691: Are you willing to become one of my harem?

Lysinthia recounted everything she knew.

Although no major incidents had occurred, the increasingly fierce waves of Merfolk invasions were, in themselves, the strangest occurrence.

Compared to last year, the intensity of the Merfolk invasions had significantly increased.

Orion nodded, the doubt in his eyes dissipating, only to be quickly replaced by new questions.

“That mermaid has been constantly asking about your whereabouts.”

Lysinthia looked at Orion, at the face she longed for day and night, and after a moment’s thought, described Marina’s recent behavior.

“I’ll go see her!”

Orion turned and strode towards the castle in the city center.

Lysinthia hesitated for a moment, then slowly followed.

However, after entering the castle, Lysinthia did not follow Orion to the newly constructed pool.

Splash! Splash!

In the pool, a blue fishtail rhythmically slapped the water's surface, creating one splash after another.

Marina's heart, much like this water, longed for calm but couldn't help but stir with ripples.

"I hear you've been looking for me?"

Orion's voice suddenly sounded in the air.

The fishtail slapping the water stilled, the splashing sound ceased, and the water's surface gradually calmed.

"I actually heard his voice... Am I imagining things?!"

Marina's voice was actually very pleasant, gentle and melodious.

“Foolish mermaid!”

The familiar voice sounded again, making Marina realize it wasn't her imagination.

Marina turned and looked up.

Appearing before her eyes was the strong giant she had longed to see again.

“Respected Giant King, you've come!”

Orion looked down at the mermaid. From his angle, he had a clear view of her full breasts.

Orion was silent for two seconds, then he reached out, unfastened his cloak, removed his leather armor, revealing a body of knotted muscles, and walked into the pool.

“Give me a back rub!”

Orion's tone was flat, neither intimate nor distant.

Just like those nights in the dragon territory of Whitecliff, he had treated Marina as a sex slave sent by the white dragon Frostsire for him to vent his desires.

Therefore, he hadn't been gentle at the time; he was merely venting his sexual desire.

Marina was silent, hesitating, struggling internally.

Orion paid Marina no mind, cupping water in his hands and splashing it onto his face and chest.

A moment later, a splashing sound came from behind Orion, water bursting and ripples spreading out.

A pair of small hands slowly rested on Orion's shoulders, a faint fluctuation of water elements around them.

Two flattened orbs of water appeared in Marina's hands, and she pressed them onto Orion's shoulders.

The water orbs, incredibly soft against his skin, slowly spread along Orion's muscles, conforming to his shoulders with unparalleled malleability.

Then, the water orbs began to pulsate rhythmically, applying a suitable pressure, continuously massaging Orion's shoulders.

It was an extremely soothing sensation!

Orion enjoyed it greatly, occasionally letting out a soft hum.

Perhaps soothed and his fatigue dispelled, Orion turned, pulled the blushing Marina into his arms, and lowered his head to kiss her.

Orion's cock was already erect. He once again inserted it into Marina's vagina, but this time, his movements were much gentler than before.

Two hours later, Orion, carrying Marina, left the pool and entered a nearby room.

"Why were you looking for me?"

Orion leaned against the headboard, his right arm around Marina, and asked.

At this moment, Marina's fishtail had vanished, replaced by a pair of captivating long legs. Her body had changed back when Orion made love to her.

Marina buried her head in Orion's arm, unwilling to answer the question.

"Are you from the Tidefang Clan?"

Marina didn't speak, and Orion didn't press, changing the question.

"Mm-hmm."

"Is your identity that of a mermaid princess?"

"Mm-hmm."

Two soft hums of affirmation let Orion understand that the mermaid princess before him was willing to cooperate, willing to tell him some things.

Orion tightened his arm, pulling Marina towards him, and once again inserted his cock into Marina's vagina.

Women, generally, are most likely to open up when they are happiest and during orgasm.

Soon, Marina reached orgasm. But Orion still didn't stop; he continued to thrust rapidly.

One minute, two minutes... Orion brought Marina thirty minutes of continuous orgasms. Only when Marina was about to lose consciousness did Orion stop.

"Are you willing to become one of my harem?"

"Joining my harem means becoming my woman."

Orion looked at the dazed Marina and extended his invitation.

This decision wasn't something Orion blurted out on impulse, nor was it made with his cock.

The Stoneheart Horde wanted to open up sea routes and clear a path to Serpent Isle; Marina, before him, was an opportunity.

In this sea region adjacent to Lysinthia City, it was best to avoid war if possible.

Because war would make it utterly impossible for this planned harbor city of Orion's to develop.

All these reasons combined led Orion to choose a political marriage.

Marina was a princess of the Tidefang Clan; her identity and status were sufficient. Orion didn't dislike her, and she seemed to be deeply in love with Orion.

Therefore, Orion spoke up, inviting Marina to become one of his harem.

It was a polite invitation, and also a sincere probing.

If Marina refused, Orion would also force Marina into his harem to become his woman.

The moment Marina admitted she was a mermaid princess of the Tidefang Clan, her fate had already been decided by Orion.

"Mm-hmm."

Another soft hum of affirmation; Marina agreed.

Just as Orion was about to say more, Marina proactively raised her voice and spoke.

“But I cannot stay here. I haven’t completed my coming-of-age ceremony, nor have I received the Sea God’s blessing.”

“I cannot leave the seawater for long periods; my transformed state is not yet stable.”

Orion fell silent. Hearing the secrets of the mermaid race for the first time made him curious, yet also hesitant.

This mermaid who had agreed to him but couldn’t temporarily join his harem left Orion at a loss for words for a moment.

“I’m sorry, I’ve disappointed you!”

Marina’s voice was low; she felt somewhat self-reproachful.

“I’ll wait for you!”

Orion tightened his arms, holding Marina close.

“What’s your name?”

“My name is Marina, Sixth Princess of the Tidefang Clan. And you?”

“My full name is Orion Stoneheart, King of Giants.”

“...”

This relationship couldn't exactly be called mutual love.

Orion and Marina, for various reasons, were both heading towards each other.

The former for benefits, for vast territory; the latter for fidelity, for her reputation, and also for status.

After all, Orion was the lord of a horde. Besides his powerful cock, he also possessed peak Legendary level strength—all these were things that attracted Marina.

Chapter 692: Meeting

Stoneheart City.

In the castle garden grew a delicate pink wood sorrel. It was a magical plant capable of neutralizing low-level poisons and reducing swelling, serving as a supplementary ingredient for many potions and medicinal liquids.

This magical plant also had another name: Bells Grass.

Legend had it that when Bells Grass chimed, it would attract pixies, who, drawn by its fragrance, would dance gracefully upon its leaves.

Today, the Bells Grass planted in the castle didn't attract any pixies, but it did attract a voluptuous blood elf.

"Lord Lycanor, welcome!"

In the garden, the hosts were the succubus sisters Delilah and Lilith, along with Sylvana, whom Lycanor knew.

"Stepping in here, I thought I had returned to the City of Blessings, back to my own little garden."

"It's beautiful here. The fragrance of Bells Grass captivates me."

Lycanor was very relaxed. She accepted the fruit drink Delilah offered, smiled brightly, and took a hearty sip of the rare summer fruit cordial.

Without the aloofness of a powerful expert, nor the indifference often worn by Legendary level individuals, Lycanor naturally blended into the atmosphere created by Delilah and Lilith.

“Lord, ever since you entered our Stoneheart Horde, we have been eagerly anticipating this meeting.”

“We just didn’t expect that even the war between the human kingdom and the Sea Race couldn’t disturb your leisurely enjoyment of sightseeing along the way.”

Delilah invited Lycanor to be seated, served a plate of pastries, and at the same time, subtly alluded to the sentinels who had been monitoring Lycanor.

This was a tactful explanation; Lycanor, as a guest and a Legendary level expert, deserved respect.

“The Stoneheart Horde is the fastest-developing territory I’ve ever seen!”

“Seeing your cities, I know that you, like us blood elves, both desire peace.”

Lycanor raised her glass, and Delilah, Lilith, and Sylvana followed suit. On the general direction, they reached a consensus.

The peace here was the will of both the Blood Elf race and the Stoneheart Horde.

The peace Lycanor mentioned was her way of telling the women she had come for peace.

On this point, everyone was in agreement.

“Lord, what are your thoughts on this war by the Five-Race Alliance against the Sea Race?”

Lilith offered Lycanor a plate of roasted meat sprinkled with salt and pepper, and, as if chatting among friends, proactively brought up the topic of the Sea Race.

This topic was unavoidable; the Sea Race had now become the main subject for the Five-Race Alliance.

“Oh, you all overestimate me!”

“The Sea Race issue isn’t something I can decide, nor is it something we blood elves can decide.”

“Of course, the Stoneheart Horde can’t either.”

“This time, all of us have been dragged into a quagmire by the Dragon race.”

Lycanor picked up a piece of roasted meat, tossed it into her mouth, and chewed heartily, not at all reserved, nor speaking too seriously.

Such conversation was like an intimate exchange between close friends.

Lilith nodded, a gentle smile playing on her lips, then bent down and picked up Pallas, who had crawled out from the flower bushes.

“Lord Lycanor, this is Pallas!”

Lilith held Pallas a little higher, introducing him to Lycanor as the giant prince of their Stoneheart Horde.

The smile on Lycanor’s face grew even brighter, like an auntie looking at her sister’s child, her eyes blooming with curiosity towards the giant youngling.

Lycanor was happy; Lilith’s gesture showed she wasn’t being treated as an outsider, but as a trustworthy friend.

It was this gesture that brought the women present and Lycanor much closer.

“The little one’s eyes are very beautiful!”

“He’s also very sturdy. He’ll surely be a remarkable giant in the future.”

Lycanor took a sip of the fruit cordial, put down her cup, wiped her hands, and then took out an exquisite, bolt-less toy crossbow from her storage pouch, handing it to Pallas.

“This is a toy we blood elves played with as children. It’s a gift for Pallas!”

Before Lilith could respond, Pallas took the crossbow and began to play with it on his own.

Seeing this, the women looked at each other and covered their mouths, giggling charmingly.

“Lord, I suggest our two races declare war on the Sea Race together, simultaneously sending out troops to sweep the coastline.”

“Mutual cooperation on land might grant us more opportunities in the sea regions.”

The atmosphere was harmonious, and feelings had warmed; Delilah skillfully wove the issues they needed to discuss into the gathering, piece by piece.

“Good idea! That’s precisely why I made this journey!”

Lycanor spoke very affably, eating and chatting, putting everyone at ease.

“After some time, once the Sea-Devouring Warships are launched, we can also exchange combat experiences and share intelligence.”

Delilah smiled, a very natural and generous smile.

Lycanor had come this time to cooperate, and she had come with sincerity.

Facing the Sea Race, the Blood Elf race also hoped to join forces with the Stoneheart Horde against the enemy.

One more companion meant one less part of danger.

The upper echelons of the Blood Elf race understood this principle very well.

With these words as a premise, many matters could be further discussed between the two sides.

Thus, Lycanor stayed at the castle and did not go out for two consecutive days.

Only on the third day, when the auction at Seeker's Mart was about to be held, did she leave the castle, accompanied by Saelen and Vaelia.

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Emerald Dream Realm, Stratus Mountains.

The terrain here was mostly steep and folded, with several ridges extending from north to south.

Such mountainous land was densely packed with canyons, cliffs, and peaks; if one were to fall, there would basically be no bones left.

However, such a scene of utter destruction was currently unfolding.

Facing five hundred thousand wyverns, Stratus, as the lord of the Aarakocra race, couldn't remain calm at all.

Upon discovering the enemy, he had summoned all his kin; any who could fly joined the battle.

In the sky, wyverns, like bombers, continuously dove towards the Aarakocra flocks, their sharp dragon claws mercilessly slashing at their opponents' heads and abdomens.

The Aarakocra flocks, not to be outdone, shrieked and flew forth.

The moment the two large flying troop types clashed, the sky immediately turned into a slaughterhouse, with black Aarakocra and yellow wyvern armies battling together.

In an instant, the sky darkened, and a rain of blood fell frequently.

Some wyverns and Aarakocra collided, both plummeting towards the ground.

Other wyverns tore open Aarakocras' abdomens, devouring their flesh and blood, and gnawing on their dark source crystals.

Still others, after wyverns and Aarakocra cleverly dodged each other, would turn and swiftly counter-attack, grappling together.

Of these two flying troop types, wyverns possessed more strength and speed; Aarakocra were smaller and had weaker defenses but were more agile.

Overall, the wyverns were stronger and held the advantage on the battlefield.

Chapter 693: Slumber in this glory

Crucially, all the wyverns appearing on the battlefield were adult specimens, all ferocious beings.

In this region, after the two great clouds of beasts collided, shrill screams and beastly roars echoed ceaselessly.

These sounds pierced the heavens, as if the sky itself had been slashed open and was weeping.

Leonidas had seen such scenes far too many times, and Vexis beside him felt not even a shred of compassion.

"The time is about right. You preside over the summoning formation here. I'll take care of those two big birds."

Leonidas let out a roar, spread his leathery wings, and flew off.

Vexis raised her staff, and with her feet as the center, a massive summoning formation rapidly took shape.

Any Aarakocra that tried to attack her were sent flying by black, ghostly skulls the moment they got close.

The summoning formation activated successfully in a very short time. Those wyverns and Aarakocra falling to the ground awakened from death, returning from the darkness.

Countless falling wyverns and Aarakocra flapped their wings, their eyes becoming shriveled, their muscles rapidly atrophying. As they flew, their entire bodies emitted creaking sounds.

At the same time, streams of black death energy emerged from their nostrils and bodies, continuously strengthening their forms.

Those converted Wyverns and Aarakocra, after a moment of adjustment, rejoined the battle.

Before a lich, death was no escape.

"Truly hideous monsters!"

"No, hideous big birds!"

Leonidas's form appeared at the highest point of the Stratus Nest. Facing the Aarakocra lord, Stratus, who was flying towards him, Leonidas taunted, his dragon eyes filled with disdain.

"Arrogant dragon, do you know that the last giant dragon who spoke to me like this was digested into feces and expelled from my body?"

"Coo coo coo..."

When Aarakocra were angry, they would make 'coo coo' sounds.

This sound possessed a bewitching ability, but unfortunately, this level of bewitchment had no effect on Leonidas.

"You dare show off such inferior tricks? Perish, you ugly bird!!"

If Orion were here, he would definitely quip: He talks so much nonsense! If he encountered a powerful opponent, he might be severely wounded by the enemy's first strike before he even finished his declaration.

Leonidas opened his great maw, gathering fire elements while shouting.

"Roar, Leonidas's Flame Breath!"

Boom!

A massive, scorching fireball was spewed forth by the fire dragon, hurtling like a meteor towards the Aarakocra lord, Stratus.

However, Stratus merely flapped his wings slightly and easily dodged the scorching fireball.

"Arrogant and foolish dragon, you will pay the price for your actions!"

Stratus was an upper Legendary level expert. Facing the peak Legendary level Leonidas, he felt not the slightest fear.

However, just then, at the mountain's summit, the largest Nest in the Stratus Mountains exploded violently.

A small mushroom cloud rose, and the Nest was engulfed in raging flames.

"You... you..."

"Coo coo coo..."

Stratus was incredibly furious. Staring at the great fire burning on the mountainside, he suddenly understood that Leonidas's true target was not him, but his lair.

"Ugly big bird, I will make you and your race perish in flames."

"The great Leonidas shall grant you the privilege of turning to ash. Your fate is sealed."

"Enjoy it! Slumber in this glory!!"

Leonidas flapped his wings, closing the distance with Stratus.

Seeing this, Stratus did not shrink back. His entire human face retracted into his feathers, and he quickly tore off the feathers from his neck with his beak and swallowed them.

Stratus was about to use his own feathers to perform a secret art of the Aarakocra race.

"Dragon Flame - Magma Impact!"

A torrent of crimson magma spewed from Leonidas's mouth, rushing towards Stratus.

Just then, Stratus's head, which had been retracted into his feathers, shot out, split into five, and transformed into five heads.

"Coo coo coo..."

Accompanying it was still a quintet of strange cries.

A ring of feathers from Stratus's neck detached from his body, transforming into several shields that blocked Leonidas's dragon flame magma.

After the dragon flame dissipated, Stratus's five heads once again emitted a strange quintet of cries.

Five jet-black chains, engraved with runes and exuding a dim and unstable aura, shot out from the mouths of Stratus's five heads. Like snakes, they sentiently bound Leonidas.

"Kree'tah, it's your turn to strike!"

Stratus, having activated his secret art, had no spare energy to attack Leonidas and could only call for help from his kin.

Atop the mountain, amidst the flames, a massive dark silhouette soared into the sky.

Kree'tah, the other Legendary level expert who had been hiding in the Nest, enduring the scorching flames, made his move.

His talons like hooks, struck straight for Leonidas's head.

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Titanion Realm, Lysinthia City.

While Leonidas was caught in the 'siege,' Orion had already conquered Lysinthia and Marina with his cock.

On the city wall, Lysinthia and Marina flanked Orion, one on each side.

Sensing auras gradually approaching from the distance, Orion turned his head to look at Marina.

"Two lord-level auras are rapidly approaching. Are you sure that's your fourth brother?"

"It should be. My fourth brother has a seadragon mount, which is also Legendary level."

When she said this, Marina sounded somewhat proud.

Among Legendary level experts, there were also different ranks.

If a lord-level expert had a mount or pet of the same level, it was a tremendous honor.

A slight smile touched Orion's lips. Seeing the confidence in Marina's eyes, an idea formed in his mind.

"You two wait here. I'll go meet Marina's fourth brother!"

As his words fell, electricity crackled, and Orion transformed into lightning, vanishing into the

distance.

Marina opened her mouth, wanting to speak but hesitating, but Orion was already far away.

"If my master doesn't allow it, let alone your fourth brother, even if the entire Tidefang Clan came, you wouldn't be able to leave."

Among Orion's women, Lysinthia was only submissive to Lilith.

Now, facing Marina, Lysinthia was as cold as ever.

From that last sentence, one could also see that Lysinthia held a slight animosity towards Marina.

"Do you know how powerful the Tidefang Clan is?"

"Do you know how many Legendary level experts the Sea Race has?"

"Do you know that the Sea Race even has mighty Arch Lord-level beings?"

"Even on Serpent Isle, the Medusas of your serpentfolk race have to be polite and courteous when facing our Sea Race."

Marina was a mermaid princess of the Tidefang Clan; she too was very proud.

Facing experts, facing the Dragon race, facing Orion, Marina was powerless to resist and could only resign herself to her fate.

However, when facing Alpha-level beings like Lysinthia, Slagor, and Clawpincher, Marina's attitude was one of disdain and contempt.

This could be seen to some extent from the interrogation process Marina underwent with Lysinthia, Slagor, and Clawpincher.

Facing interrogation from these three, Marina had stubbornly revealed no information whatsoever.

Chapter 694: Ally?

Far away, in the deep sea region.

Orion stood high in the air, trident in hand, awaiting Marina's fourth brother.

After a moment, Orion looked down, gazing into the deep sea.

The lord named Vorluk had arrived, but he was hiding in the deep sea, showing no intention of coming out to meet Orion.

"Do you really think hiding at the bottom of the sea can evade my perception?"

A smirk played on Orion's lips as he slowly raised his trident.

In mid-air, an immensely large, blood-colored trident materialized and spun as it plunged into the deep sea.

Boom!

A muffled explosion sounded from the seabed. Within the blood-colored trident, different types of transcendent power collided, causing a massive detonation.

This sea region, as if a submarine spring had formed, constantly had seawater gushing upwards.

"Was it you who captured Marina?"

After a fluctuation of water elements, a seadragon, 1000 feet in length, burst through the seawater and emerged from the sea eye.

The seadragon floated on the sea surface, raising its head to stare at Orion in mid-air.

"Peak Legendary level?"

Vorluk was very surprised. He hadn't expected the expert blocking his path to be a small rank higher than him in strength.

However, Vorluk wasn't worried, because he had his seadragon as a companion; he was confident he could fight Orion and remain undefeated.

"Lord Vorluk of the Tidefang Clan?"

"Marina's fourth brother?"

Orion spoke lightly, confirming Vorluk's identity.

"Who are you?"

"Why do you know my little sister's name?"

"What have you done to her?"

Facing Vorluk's persistent questions, Orion smiled but didn't answer.

Orion slowly raised his trident, looking down on Vorluk.

"Take one move from me. Let me see if the Tidefang Clan, in this northern sea region, is qualified to become an ally of the Stoneheart Horde."

These words were very arrogant, very brazen.

At least in Vorluk's eyes, Orion was arrogant beyond measure.

"Ally?"

"When did the Tidefang Clan ever say it would become an ally of the Stoneheart Horde?"

"And, this so-called qualification, where does that even come from?"

Vorluk's eyes were filled with confusion as he looked at Orion before him with extreme displeasure.

In his rush to save his little sister, Vorluk didn't want to bother with Orion.

This fellow had already angered Vorluk by proactively attacking him earlier.

Now, spouting such arrogant and domineering words, Vorluk had absolutely no good impression of Orion.

"Are you ready?"

Just as Vorluk was burning with anger, Orion's indifferent voice also sounded.

"Giant, this isn't land but the sea—our Sea Race's domain, my territory."

"Do you really think a peak Legendary level being can run rampant in the sea?"

A trident also appeared in Vorluk's hand. He prepared to teach this ignorant and arrogant strange lord a lesson.

However, after a ripping sound, there was a dull splash.

Vorluk and his seadragon mount, struck by an ordinary 'Instant Impact' from Orion, both plummeted into the deep sea.

Of course, Orion hadn't used lethal force; Vorluk wouldn't be injured. Orion's locked target wasn't him.

As for Vorluk's seadragon mount, that was another story.

After a few breaths, the seadragon once again parted the waves and appeared on the sea surface, baring its fangs and brandishing its claws at Orion, roaring furiously.

Orion's attack just now, although it hadn't pierced its body, the concussive force had caused the seadragon some internal injuries.

"Before I get angry, you'd better make it shut up!"

"Compared to those whales in the south, this fellow looks easier to slaughter."

These two sentences, filled with killing intent, were like cold water dousing the anger in Vorluk's heart.

With his anger gone, what remained in Vorluk's heart was even more confusion.

Vorluk was no fool; he could see that Orion had held back just now.

"Respected giant, may I ask your name?"

"Orion Stoneheart, Lord of the Stoneheart Horde, King of Giants."

Orion looked at Vorluk, the condescension in his eyes deepening somewhat.

In fact, after sensing Vorluk's aura in Lysinthia City, Orion had conceived the idea of giving him a show of strength.

That attack just now was Orion's show of strength.

Orion wanted to tell Vorluk that he and his mount were very weak to Orion, that he could easily kill them.

"I am Vorluk, Fourth Prince of the Tidefang Clan, one of the lords of the Silvercurrent Sea region."

The Silvercurrent Sea region was vast, not specifically referring to the sea area near Lysinthia City.

The Tidefang Clan, as a branch of the Slark Merfolk, occupied the northern Silvercurrent Sea.

"May I ask, what is your relationship with my sister Marina?"

"If Marina has offended you in any way, I hope you won't take it amiss."

"Marina hasn't completed her coming-of-age ceremony yet; she's still inexperienced."

See? In the face of overwhelming strength, people are always polite and courteous.

Orion put away his trident. Some things couldn't be said by him; he couldn't bring himself to say them. He couldn't just bluntly state that he had already engaged in sexual relations with Marina multiple times.

"Marina is in Mist Bay. Go to Lysinthia City and ask her yourself if you have any questions."

Orion didn't explain further, transformed into a streak of lightning, and vanished into the sky.

Gazing in the direction Orion had disappeared, Vorluk frowned deeply, a bad premonition settling in.

"Vorluk, you must be careful! That giant is too powerful!"

"I feel like we might not even be able to take a single blow from him."

"His attack speed is too fast!"

Only after Orion left did the seadragon beneath Vorluk's feet let out a terrified voice, expressing its inner fear.

"It's alright. He bears us no ill will; I can't sense any killing intent from him."

These were Vorluk's words to comfort the seadragon; his inner thoughts were quite different.

No ill will meant they might be considered 'on the same side.'

And being 'on the same side' implied that his little sister Marina might have already lost her chastity... Vorluk shook his head; he was unwilling to accept such a consequence.

The Tidefang Clan had no precedent of marrying its mermaid princesses to outsiders; there had never been such a case in the clan.

"Let's follow!"

"Since he bears no ill will, perhaps the situation is better than we imagine."

Vorluk nudged the seadragon with his foot, signaling it to follow in the direction Orion had disappeared.

The seadragon opened its mouth, exhaled several streams of water, then, carrying Vorluk, dived into the deep sea and stealthily departed.

Chapter 695: I've decided to eat you all

"Break through the darkness, undo the shackles! Those who launch sneak attacks will ultimately bring about their own destruction."

Leonidas's voice was deep and low, as if he were murmuring, or perhaps praying.

"Wahaha... I'm done playing! I've decided to eat you all!"

Roar!

A dragon's roar that shook the mountains suddenly erupted, and the wyverns and Aarakocra battling all over the sky momentarily froze.

A ball of flame burst forth from the fire dragon's body, incomparably scorching, incinerating everything.

The chains summoned by Lord Stratus, upon touching that ball of flame, melted rapidly like ice and snow.

At the same time, the fire dragon's body swelled by a size, and its dragon scales and fangs were also secondarily enhanced.

The fire dragon extended its claw, firmly grasping Kree'tah's attacking talons, and flames spread out from its own claws.

Coo coo coo!

Kree'tah let out a terrified, strange cry. It wanted to break free but couldn't.

Soon, the flames spread over its entire body, and a strong smell of burnt flesh emanated.

"It's been so long since I arrived, and this body hasn't eaten yet!"

Squelch! The dragon's maw reached out, bit Kree'tah's neck in one snap, and fiercely sucked down a mouthful of incredibly hot Aarakocra blood.

Then, the fire dragon opened its great mouth wide, revealing a mouthful of sharp fangs, and began to devour Kree'tah mid-air.

The crunching chewing sounds made one's scalp tingle and filled Stratus with immense horror.

This horrifying side of Leonidas made him seem even more terrifying than dark creatures.

Stratus was scared, and he was terrified!

Escape!

This was the thought in Stratus's mind. He forced control over his body, preparing to turn and flee.

However, just as the thought of escape arose in Stratus's mind, the fire dragon, which had been lowering its head to devour Kree'tah, looked up, revealing a pair of crimson eyes.

"You want to escape?"

"If you escape, I won't get to eat my fill!"

His voice was icy, his expression indifferent; the fire dragon's eyes were filled with nothing but slaughter and cold-bloodedness.

The fire dragon crushed Kree'tah's head in one bite, devoured its dark source crystal, then released its grip on Kree'tah's body. The massive corpse of the Legendary level Aarakocra plummeted to the ground.

Immediately after, the fire dragon flapped its leathery wings and flew over, filled with killing intent. The entire process was saturated with violence, blood, and iciness.

"No, respected expert, Stratus is willing to submit!"

Stratus turned to flee, simultaneously shouting for mercy and offering his submission.

Unfortunately, Leonidas turned a deaf ear to this, remaining utterly indifferent.

"Run!"

"Go on, run!"

"I haven't had enough fun yet!"

Squelch!

The fire dragon's speed was immense, completely different from the speed and power it had displayed earlier.

The fire dragon's sharp claws pierced Stratus's body, reaching for his heart.

Gulp!

Amidst Stratus's terrified wails, the fire dragon swallowed his still-beating heart whole in one gulp.

Stratus, the Aarakocra lord, thus perished.

Although he usually liked to joke and appeared easygoing, this was the true Leonidas!

If Orion were here, he would definitely gain a new understanding of Leonidas.

People like Leonidas and Arthas had grown up through countless slaughters.

Words like 'killing like scything hemp' were insufficient to describe their hidden, savage nature.

"Vexis, this fellow would make a decent mount. Do you want to convert it and sign a contract with it?"

The fire dragon shrank, returning to its normal size, revealing the appearance Leonidas had when Orion first met him.

The trace of crimson hanging on the corner of Leonidas's mouth silently spoke of the cruelty of the battle just now.

"Your Majesty Leonidas, thank you for your generous gift!"

Vexis's voice was filled with respect, even more so than when facing Orion.

Arthas and Leonidas had cooperated countless times. Vexis knew very well that although the Leonidas before her usually appeared like a little puppy, he was actually a terrifying existence.

"It's a small thing. If you contract this creature, your future battles will be safer."

Vexis was a lich, considered a mage unit. If she had a Legendary level Aarakocra as a mount, she herself would be much safer.

As they spoke, Vexis had already directed several Aarakocra, long since turned undead, to fly over and drag Stratus's body to the center of the conversion formation.

"Hmm... What a resource-rich world!"

Leonidas stood poised in the air, sniffing the scent of death, filled with curiosity and desire for this species-rich Emerald Dream Realm.

"Vexis, clean up the battlefield for me. Divide this time's spoils into three parts."

"I have to share some benefits with my friends, one way or another."

Leonidas's voice was calm, his manner of ordering the lich Vexis very natural.

"As you command, Your Majesty Leonidas!"

Vexis was very submissive, as if this were something entirely proper and normal.

...

Titanion Realm, Lysinthia City.

"When was a city established in Moonlit Reef (Mist Bay)?"

The water parted, and a seadragon over 100 feet in length broke through the surface, floating and gazing at Lysinthia City.

Vorluk looked at Lysinthia City before him, sensing the special arrow towers on the city walls that were aimed but not firing, and his eyebrows twitched slightly.

Such special structures weren't something an ordinary lord could possess.

"Driftfin, you wait for me here!"

The seadragon let out a roar, submerged the lower half of its body in the sea, leaving only its dragon head exposed, silently watching Vorluk float towards Lysinthia City.

"Fourth Brother!"

On the city wall, Marina joyfully rushed towards Vorluk, nestling in his embrace and laughing happily.

Laughing and laughing, Marina burst into loud sobs, looking just like a little girl who had been bullied outside.

"Fourth Brother, I thought I'd never see you all again!"

"Fourth Brother, I almost became food for the Dragon race!"

"Fourth Brother, I was so scared!"

"Fourth Brother, I..."

Vorluk reached out and gently stroked Marina's back, silently comforting her.

Marina's repeated cries of 'Fourth Brother,' like a cat's paw, scratched at Vorluk's heart again and again, making him feel deeply distressed.

According to the news from the Reverse Whale race, when little sister Marina was abducted by the Dragon race, her chances of survival were virtually nil.

Because of this, a thick fog of grief and resentment had enveloped the entire Tidefang Clan.

A large portion of their clan members had already prepared to rush to the Starfall Sea to participate in the battle between the Dragon race and the Sea Race.

"Tell me, how did you end up here?"

Vorluk softly asked his little sister; he really wanted to know what had happened to her.

Truly, when he received the signal Marina sent out, he couldn't believe it, fearing it was all an illusion.

"Let's go sit in the castle. This isn't the place to talk."

Orion's voice sounded at the opportune moment, extending an invitation.

Hearing Orion's voice, the gentle Vorluk immediately became solemn. He had almost forgotten he was on someone else's territory.

However, just then, Marina, blushing, whispered a few words in Vorluk's ear, and Vorluk's solemn expression eased slightly.

But after hearing Marina's explanation, Vorluk's face gradually darkened.

Chapter 696: You cannot stop it

Orion glanced at Vorluk and Marina, paid them no further mind, and had Lysinthia go to the castle to make preparations.

A short while later, in the castle's drawing-room, Orion, Vorluk, and Marina sat around a banquet table.

In truth, apart from Orion, Vorluk and Marina had no intention of touching the food.

This scene made Marina blush deeply, her head lowered, at a complete loss.

As for Vorluk, the gloom on his face had not dissipated at all.

“Orion, I am very grateful that you are willing to return my little sister to our Tidefang Clan.”

“However, I express my disdain and contempt for the ungentlemanly treatment my little sister suffered here at your hands.”

“The Tidefang Clan will absolutely not ally with the Stoneheart Horde!”

This was Vorluk’s stance, and very likely the stance of the Tidefang Clan.

Hearing this, Marina, beside them, her expression darkened.

Marina quietly raised her head, wanting to see what Orion’s reaction would be.

Orion chewed his food. After swallowing, he took a sip of wine before finally looking up at Vorluk.

“Vorkuk, I think some things need to be made clear to you.”

“I encountered Marina among the Dragon race. At the time, I didn’t know her identity, but if she hadn’t met me, there would have been only two outcomes.”

“The first possibility: Marina would have become food for the Dragon race.”

“The second possibility: Marina would most likely have been sold to the human kingdom, becoming a sex slave for the noble class to toy with.”

This was the truth. Orion had to face it, Marina had to face it, and the Tidefang Clan, represented by Vorluk, also had to face it.

The root of this disaster was the Dragon race, not Orion, not the Stoneheart Horde.

This point, Orion had to make clear in front of Marina.

Perhaps this would make Marina feel very awkward, but she had to overcome this hurdle.

Otherwise, in her future interactions with Orion, many unnecessary grievances and rifts would arise.

Of course, these words also made Vorluk’s expression even gloomier.

“Initially, when I sent Marina to Lysinthia City, I indeed had the intention of probing the Tidefang Clan.”

“Because according to the intelligence I received, your Tidefang Clan lives in the nearby sea regions.”

“Regarding this point, Marina, I am very sorry!”

Since Orion had laid things bare, he didn’t intend to hide anything further, placing some bloody truths on the table for Marina and Vorluk to see his sincerity.

“My subsequent arrival, everything that happened with Marina, the feelings that developed between us—it was all mutual.”

“This is true, and it was consensual on our part.”

“I am willing to marry Marina, and the Stoneheart Horde is also willing to give her the status she deserves.”

This was his stance, Orion’s stance towards Marina.

Marina, her face downcast, looked up after hearing these words, gazing deeply and affectionately at Orion.

In Marina's large, tear-glistening eyes, the light of love shone.

Orion said all this because he didn't want Vorluk to harbor too much resentment.

Only by knowing the entire course of events would the Tidefang Clan not hate the Stoneheart Horde.

Only in this way could the two races possibly cooperate.

"As for an alliance, Lord Vorluk, you may not know yet."

"The Dragon race, the human kingdom, the Dwarves, the Elves, and our Stoneheart Horde have already formed the Five-Race Alliance and jointly declared war on the Sea Race."

Such intelligence, upon reaching Vorluk's ears, was incredibly shocking.

"How is this possible?!"

Vorluk exclaimed, standing up from his seat, his blue eyes staring fixedly at Orion.

The tiny scales at the corners of Vorluk's eyes twitched rhythmically; his heart was in extreme turmoil.

"Nothing is impossible!"

"The land-dwelling races want to expand into the sea regions. They have been suppressed for many years and have yearned for it for many years."

"Believe me, this will be a war that sweeps across the entire continent and all sea regions."

"Due to the Dragon race, the sea regions are about to undergo a major reshuffle."

Orion wasn't being alarmist; this was the reality.

"The Dragon race suddenly brought so many Legendary level experts from another world; it's impossible that they don't intend to do something."

"Without vast territory, how can they support those Legendary level experts?"

“Stirring up war is inevitable.”

“As you can see, in the north, our Stoneheart Horde also has a piece of territory.”

“Beyond Mist Bay will become our area for exploration and occupation.”

“If the Tidefang Clan is unwilling to ally, then there is only one outcome.”

War!

Orion didn't voice this outcome, but it resounded in the hearts of Marina and Vorluk.

“My strength—you've already experienced it. I don't want to say more.”

“Your Excellency Vorluk, I hope you can convey my wishes, and those of our Stoneheart Horde, to the core of power within the Tidefang Clan.”

“I hope you can give me a reply as soon as possible, because we will soon begin our exploration of this Silvercurrent Sea region.”

After saying all this, Orion looked at Marina and offered an apologetic smile.

“Fourth Brother, we...”

Vorluk raised his hand, stopping Marina, who wanted to speak.

“Lord Orion, I will convey your wishes to the clan.”

“As for whether the Tidefang Clan will ally with your Stoneheart Horde, that is not something I alone can decide.”

This was true. The great war between the Sea Race and the land-dwelling races had too many implications.

Let alone Vorluk, even his father might not be able to decide.

“However, I can tell you with certainty that a princess of the Tidefang Clan will not marry out.”

“It hasn’t happened before, it isn’t happening now, and it won’t happen in the future.”

Vorluk's stance was very clear: he would not support this relationship between Marina and Orion.

Whether for public or private reasons, Vorluk would not agree.

"Fourth Brother, choosing my partner is my freedom."

"No, that freedom does not belong to you."

Vorluk turned his head and glared at Marina. Under his stern gaze, she obediently shut her mouth.

The negotiations broke down!

Orion looked at Vorluk, who was becoming emotional, and then at Marina, who looked aggrieved.

"Your Excellency Vorluk, you cannot stop it."

"The woman I, Orion, have set my sights on—let alone you, not even the entire Tidefang Clan can stop me."

Orion was very serious, his expression hardening.

When it came to feelings and his women, Orion had always been serious.

Chapter 697: Mermaid's tears

"Whether you can stop it or not, that will depend on how capable you are."

"I'll be waiting for you in the Silvercurrent Sea. If you want to marry my sister, you'll need to come and make a formal proposal in person."

"I hope you're not the kind of person who only knows how to make wild boasts but doesn't dare to show up and get things done."

"Little sister, let's go!"

Vorluk's expression was icy. Those words Orion had spoken earlier were subtly threatening the Tidefang Clan.

How could the ever-proud Vorluk accept that?

With that said, Vorluk turned and left the dining table.

Marina looked up, glancing at her fourth brother Vorluk's departing back, then at Orion before her. Her heart was filled with hesitation and conflict.

“Little sister, you don’t want to go back?”

Just then, Vorluk’s voice came from outside the castle, clearly in a foul mood.

“Go on. I will come for you!”

Orion offered a sincere smile. For Marina, who still couldn’t stay out of the water for long, returning to the sea was her best option.

“I’ll wait for you!”

Marina looked at Orion, her eyes filled with deep affection. After whispering these words, she turned and left the drawing-room.

At the dining table, Orion sighed.

Anything involving women always became difficult to handle.

Just as Orion was grumbling internally, soft footsteps sounded from outside the drawing-room.

Orion turned his head. Marina rushed in, threw herself into his arms, and offered him a kiss.

Just as Orion was about to open his mouth to ask, Marina took the opportunity to slip a round pearl into his mouth.

“Mmm... hmph... Swallow it!”

“My dear, that’s my gift to you. It will allow you to walk freely in the water.”

“I believe your words. I will wait for you in the Silvercurrent Sea.”

After saying this, Marina pushed Orion away and turned to run out of the castle.

Orion sat there stunned, unable to react for a moment.

Drip!

It’s unknown how much time passed before something slid down Orion’s face, fell to the ground with a faint sound, and startled Orion awake.

Orion looked down at the ground. There lay a moist, sparkling, translucent crystal.

“So, the legend is true. A mermaid’s tears can turn into crystals.”

Orion picked up the crystal and fell into deep thought.

South, eastern sea region.

In a deserted deep-sea area somewhere, an unknown being hidden in a cloak lingered, waiting for something.

A moment later, a massive whirlpool suddenly appeared on the sea, and an endlessly long Reverse Whale emerged from it, its colossal, icy eyes staring fixedly at the unknown being in mid-air.

The person and the whale stared at each other like this, neither speaking a word.

“Doesn’t the Human race want to explain?”

After an unknown amount of time, the Reverse Whale finally spoke, its tone filled with disdain and accusation.

“It cannot be explained, nor is there any way to explain!”

“However, this thing can demonstrate our sincerity!”

The being in the cloak took out a mysterious sphere the size of a basketball. With a release of its hand, the mysterious sphere fell into the sea.

On the sea surface, waves surged. A cresting wave came and delivered the mysterious sphere into the Reverse Whale’s open maw.

“We have chosen to invade the Eastern Sea. We will not enter the Starfall Sea region, nor will we become a helper to the Dragon race.”

The being in the cloak stated their decision. Such a choice was also the basis for their potential cooperation with the Reverse Whale race.

“The words of humans cannot be trusted.”

The Reverse Whale’s reply caused the atmosphere to become silent once more.

“The Dragon race is powerful. If the demigod experts don’t intervene, no one can stop them.”

“They are different from us; the Dragon race’s main base is not in the Titanion Realm.”

“Cooperation is always better than facing them alone.”

The words spoken by the human hidden beneath the cloak seemed to have touched the Reverse Whale in the water.

“Your words make a lot of sense.”

“However, no matter how sensible your words are, we will not listen anymore.”

“If you want to cooperate, prove it with actions.”

The sea surface churned with waves. The Reverse Whale’s words echoed up from the depths of the water.

Gazing at the vanished Reverse Whale, the human hidden beneath the cloak did not leave immediately.

“The sea race in the east is primarily the Naga race. Not only are they skilled in magic, but they are also notoriously ferocious.”

“The kingdom chose to invade the Eastern Sea... I don’t know if it’s the right decision.”

“...”

—

Leonidas in the Emerald Dream Realm had also arrived at a vast ocean at this moment.

To the west of the Stratus Mountains was a stretch of beach.

The battle had ended, and it didn’t take Leonidas long to fly here.

Leonidas arrived at the seaside, tore open a teleportation scroll, and an oversized teleportation formation took shape.

The rushing sound of water waves arose, making it difficult to distinguish whether it came from the seawater before him or from the other side of the teleportation formation.

Three minutes later, a shrunken massive octopus emerged from the teleportation formation, landed on the sea surface, and looked around.

“Squiddy, over here!”

Leonidas called out. The massive octopus flicked a tentacle and landed lightly beside Leonidas.

“Wahaha... Big Boss, thank you so much!”

A new world, new sea regions—Kraken was full of curiosity about this place.

“Don’t thank me. Hulk found this place for you.”

“Hehe... This world truly is a big cake.”

With Kraken, Leonidas was also very relaxed. If their temperaments didn’t match, he wouldn’t have taken Kraken as an apprentice.

“These are for you. First, cultivate your own Sea Race armies.”

Leonidas tossed out a storage bag, entirely filled with dark source crystals.

The Aarakocra had been slaughtered completely. One-third of all the resources plundered was in here.

“Hehe, thanks, Big Boss! I won’t stand on ceremony then.”

Leonidas couldn’t be bothered with Kraken, who was rummaging through the storage bag with its tentacles. After glancing at the sea race armies continuously leaping out from the teleportation formation, he kicked Kraken and said lightly.

“See this mountain range? Over the mountains, on the other side, is a large expanse of flat land. Hulk’s lair is there.”

“This continent is the area Hulk and I are preparing to invade.”

“This will be our territory from now on. If you’re ever chased with nowhere to go, come ashore here and just keep heading east.”

Facing his apprentice, Leonidas spoke with earnest and well-meaning advice, showing no trace of his earlier ferocity in battle.

Kraken was also a Sea Race being. Here, no one could team up with him; he had to rely on himself for everything.

“Hehe, Big Boss, I know. If I can’t win, I’ll run.”

“Once we’re all gathered, we’ll come back and settle the score.”

Leonidas rolled his eyes and turned his head to continue observing the various deep-sea races emerging from the teleportation formation.

“Big Boss, this dark source crystal is really good stuff! It’s not much worse than the life essence dropped by fungal creatures.”

“Come to think of it, Hulk’s rapid rise must be largely thanks to this stuff.”

Leonidas nodded silently, saying no more.

Hulk sharing this world was the greatest sign of his trust in them.

Chapter 698: Breeding ground

Mist Bay, Lysinthia City.

Marina left with her fourth brother. Departing with them were also the Merfolk who had been trying to invade Lysinthia City for nearly two years.

Moonlit Reef returned to tranquility. The boundless white mist, after the cessation of war, thickened once more.

Orion stood on the coastline, gazing at the damaged harbor, lost in thought for a long time.

“Master, are we to restart the harbor’s construction now?”

Lysinthia came to Orion’s side, nestling into his arm.

“Send all of Lysinthia City’s troops over. Set up a temporary harbor as quickly as possible.”

“This bay will become our breeding ground next.”

“The Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters on the Sea-Devouring Warships will need to breed here for a period.”

Orion gazed at the calm Mist Bay, his eyes filled with yearning and anticipation.

The Stoneheart Horde's exploration of the sea regions truly began here, in Lysinthia City, not in the south.

The southern sea regions were destined not to be calm. War would erupt there, and the situation there would most likely become entangled between war and exploration.

"Lysinthia, our first target at sea is Serpent Isle."

"Your Gorgon population, it's time for it to grow strong."

Hearing this, Lysinthia's body trembled, her eyes brightened, and her entire being seemed to radiate with new vitality.

"Master, are you serious?"

Orion turned his head and pulled Lysinthia into his embrace.

"Don't you want to strengthen the Gorgon population? Or do you feel you can't bring yourself to act against the serpentfolk on that island?"

Lysinthia shook her head, denying Orion's assumptions.

“For you, Lysinthia City is too small!”

“I intend for you to rule the entire Serpent Isle, occupying it as territory for our Stoneheart Horde.”

This was the goal Orion set for Lysinthia, and also his plan for Serpent Isle.

For all Stoneheart Horde elders who had a hope of breaking through to the Legendary level, Orion would consider granting them territory.

And Serpent Isle, in Orion’s plans, was prepared for Lysinthia to use in her bid to break through to the Legendary level.

“Master, thank you!”

Lysinthia pressed close to Orion. She was very moved because she saw herself in Orion’s future.

“You’ll be busy next. The direction to Serpent Isle and the nautical charts—you’ll need to draw them out bit by bit.”

“When the Giant Kelp Water Cannons are formed and can envelop the Sea-Devouring Warships, and when the Ocean Hunters have formed packs, that will be the time for us to enter the sea.”

“During this time, prepare everything that needs to be prepared.”

Orion’s return to Lysinthia City this time was to completely resolve the merfolk menace.

The second purpose was to cultivate Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters here.

As for Marina’s situation, Orion hadn’t expected such an outcome either.

“Rest assured, I will manage things here properly!”

“In two months, I will return here.”

“ ... ”

South, Ironveil Escarpment.

Ever since Lycanor, the representative of the Blood Elf race, arrived in Stoneheart City and settled cooperation matters with Delilah and Lilith, the Stoneheart Horde had entered a phase of intensive preparations.

With Lilith overseeing Stoneheart City, Delilah led a group of elders personally to the western coastline to take charge of all matters concerning the Sea Race.

In an area about twenty miles from the coastline, there was a 300-foot high cliff; this was the Ironveil Escarpment.

And this was also where Delilah set up a temporary camp.

Building the camp in an area 300 feet above sea level gave Delilah and her group a slight sense of security; at least half of all tsunamis wouldn't endanger this location.

"Elder Drakthul, I'll have to trouble you with the matter of digging the canal."

"Rest assured, Elder of Stewardship. I have been to this area before and am very familiar with the terrain."

"Dig from below the cliff all the way to the seaside. Let the slave corps and cannon fodder troops begin work."

Delilah stood on the edge of the cliff, extended her finger, and pointed to the area below the cliff, stretching all the way to the sea.

Excavating a canal was a major undertaking.

The reason for doing so was to prevent and guard against active invasions by the Sea Race, and to prevent the Stoneheart Horde from being disturbed while taming the Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters.

When the elders were in a difficult situation, Orion opportunely proposed the idea of constructing a canal.

The Stoneheart Horde's initial objective on the battlefield was to excavate a twenty-mile-long canal.

"The significance of this river is profound!"

Dace, Otho, Ursa, and Gormathar stood not far behind Delilah. Gazing at the distant coastline, they too sighed with emotion.

"Dace is right. This river's significance is profound. With this river, we can rely on this cliff and build a city here."

"No matter how ferocious those Merfolk are, they wouldn't dare to follow the river inland."

“If they really did come in, we have a hundred ways to keep them on our territory.”

Ursa was very confident; she seemed to already possess the decisiveness her father once had.

“Let’s go! We’ll go down and help too!”

“While digging, we also need to build fortifications. I can’t trust those slaves with these matters.”

With that said, Dace and Ursa descended the cliff hand in hand to supervise the work.

“Elder, this canal is probably not as simple as the lord said, is it?”

Otho and Gormathar still stood behind Delilah, waiting there to be called upon at any time.

“Certainly. Taming the Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters is just the primary goal. Once the canal is built, it will bring many benefits to our horde.”

“Besides the fact that seawater cannot be used directly for irrigation, this canal can also bring more benefits and conveniences to our Stoneheart Horde.”

Delilah still remembered, before Orion left, in Palace Number One where they often had their trysts, Orion, while being intimate with her, had told her about his future plans.

“Digging the canal is just the beginning. After our military objectives are achieved, we will use this canal as a starting point and continuously dig further inland.”

“Our ultimate goal is to connect the canal with all inland rivers and cities.”

“By then, we will have a waterway transportation network connecting all important cities in the territory.”

“With this network, transportation will be more convenient, material transport will be faster, and cultural and economic exchanges between cities will be more frequent.”

“Most importantly, the establishment of this waterway transportation network will facilitate irrigation for the horde’s cultivation and agriculture.”

“If we encounter a rainy season, the canal can also help with flood diversion, drainage, and water supply.”

Chapter 699: This wish of yours will definitely come true

That night, Orion had revealed a great deal. The emergence of the Sea Race war had given him new plans for this southern territory.

The establishment of the canal would not only meet the needs of military conquest but also facilitate the collection of faith within the horde and economic exchange.

Once the canal was completed, all the subjects in the Stoneheart Horde's southern territory would have an external route for communication.

Only then would the people in the territory know who their lord was and to which Tribe they belonged.

Naturally, Orion would then be able to acquire more faith.

If the canal could be constructed according to Orion's wishes, it would stimulate the entire socio-economic activity of the Stoneheart Horde.

Among these, the canal held great significance for situational stability, agricultural development, transportation, regional development, economic and cultural exchange, and more.

It could be said that achieving the initial military objectives was merely the tip of the iceberg for this canal.

"My dear Orion, rest assured, I will definitely carve out this grand canal according to your wishes."

Delilah stood atop the cliff, gazing out at the sea.

At this moment, her breadth of mind, her decisiveness, her determination—they were vaster than this great sea.

North, Lysinthia City.

Like Delilah, Orion was also facing the sea at this moment.

Before leaving, Orion wanted to personally see the cultivation plans for the Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters come to fruition.

In Mist Bay, ten Sea-Devouring Warships had already been launched.

Under Orion's supervision, the Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters had successively entered the parasitic and incubation stages.

"Tell me more about the situation on Serpent Isle!"

Orion withdrew his gaze from the Sea-Devouring Warships and turned his head to look at Lysinthia.

In the sea breeze, Lysinthia's long hair fluttered. Orion pulled her into his embrace.

"Jynx, Queen of the Serpentfolk, she is the most powerful Medusa."

"She stands at the very apex of Syltharion, looking down upon all serpentfolk, the most revered being among them."

Lysinthia gazed at the sea, her beautiful eyes slightly glazed over, as if she were recalling something.

"What kind of place is Syltharion?"

"The Serpentfolk's Royal Capital. I don't know its exact location either."

Lysinthia shook her head, indicating she wasn't clear either.

On Serpent Isle, apart from the royal clan, the serpentfolk have many branches.

Among the Serpentfolk branches, if a snake-woman evolves into a Medusa, she becomes eligible to be an heir of the serpentfolk, with a chance to ascend the throne.

Back then, Lysinthia's branch of serpentfolk lost in a regional competition. Not only did Lysinthia fail to advance to Medusa, but a portion of her kin was also driven out of Serpent Isle.

"Do you want to become the Queen of the Serpentfolk?"

Orion was very confident. He tightened his arm around Lysinthia, dominantly pressing her back, making her soft body cling tightly to his.

"It can't be done!"

"Hmm?"

Lysinthia looked up at Orion, whose face was full of confusion.

"When we land on Serpent Isle, there will be no more serpentfolk, nor will there be Medusas."

"There will only be the Gorgon population!"

"And the Gorgon population has no queen, only a Demon Lord!!"

Lysinthia stared at Orion, a sentence unspoken.

The Demon Lord... would not be her, but Orion.

If that moment truly came, Lysinthia could only be the Demon Queen of the Gorgons.

“This wish of yours will definitely come true!”

Orion laughed heartily and lowered his head to kiss Lysinthia. This was his promise to her.

Splash, splash... Splash, splash...

Just as Lysinthia was gradually becoming aroused and preparing to make love with Orion, a series of splashing sounds came from Mist Bay.

That was the Ocean Hunters feeding!

The Ocean Hunters were very ferocious. Just hatched, they could devour the Merfolk corpses Orion had ordered thrown into the water, leaving not even bone fragments behind.

The Ocean Hunters' bodies were very fragile, but their mouths were full of sharp teeth, exceptionally keen from birth.

A pack of Ocean Hunters gathered together could devour all the Merfolk corpses in an area within two minutes, leaving nothing behind.

That scene, just watching it, was enough to make one's skin crawl.

"Th-these little things... are actually so terrifying!!"

Slagor stammered a bit as he spoke. The Ocean Hunters in the seawater made him shudder.

It wasn't that the Ocean Hunters were overwhelmingly powerful, but the bloody and cruel scene they created when feeding as a group affected him deeply.

The sight of Ocean Hunters tearing at their enemies made Slagor understand that if lizardmen encountered these Ocean Hunters in the water, the result would be the same: death.

Many of the Merfolk corpses thrown into Mist Bay were clad in scales, possessing high natural defense.

But those scales, before the Ocean Hunters, were as brittle as paper.

“Look at the teeth in their mouths. Each one is like a cone, completely different from the teeth of those carnivorous beasts on land.”

“One can imagine that when these little things’ teeth bite into anything, they will cause a localized crushing effect.”

Standing beside Slagor and pointing to the nearest Ocean Hunter was Brakthul.

Brakthul was Gronthar’s younger brother. Ever since escorting Fergus back from the Blood Elf territory, Brakthul had been dispatched to garrison the Black Forest, and later sent to Lysinthia City as support.

As for Fergus, he had already gone to the Emerald Dream Realm with Thundar of the cavalry regiment.

“Where did these things come from?”

“This is too savage!”

Slagor sucked in a cold breath, looking up at the Tidecrab Shield Warrior Clawpincher standing on his other side.

“Don’t look at me. If it’s only resisting for a short time, these Ocean Hunters can’t harm me.”

“But if besieged for a long time, no one could withstand it.”

Clawpincher, however, didn’t feel much. He actually felt a sense of affinity towards these Ocean Hunters, because his master Orion had personally fed them with his own blood.

“Elder Slagor, with this group of little things, your future exploration of the sea regions will be very convenient.”

“Hehehe, that’s true. If we encounter those clueless merfolk again and unleash these little things, the scene will definitely be wonderful.”

“They’re just too small; they still need to be cultivated for a while!”

“That’s no problem. Orion has given us two months. During this time, we brothers will hunt more beasts to let them eat their fill.”

“...”

In the distance, Orion handed some Pet Pills to Lysinthia, giving her some final instructions before parting.

“Mix these Pet Pills with beast corpses and feed them to the Ocean Hunters; it can increase their chances of evolution.”

“And for the Giant Kelp Water Cannons, dissolve the Pet Pills in water and continuously irrigate them with it; this can promote their growth.”

Chapter 700: Don't you agree?

South, Dragon race territory of Whitecliff.

On the highest balcony of the castle, the white dragon Frostsire was draped in a magnificent white robe, appearing exceptionally noble.

“Your Majesty, the Reverse Whale race's nearest Nest-Palace has been destroyed. Their main armies have fled to the depths of the Starfall Sea. Shall we pursue them?”

“Also, all the treasures and slaves plundered from this great battle have been sent back.”

Zephyros stood behind the white dragon Frostsire, respectfully reporting the gains from this great war between the Dragon race and the Sea Race.

“Don’t pursue a cornered foe. Now is not the time to use our full strength.”

“Send out those treasures; sell them at half price to the Humans, Blood Elves, and Dwarves.”

“They will definitely be interested. Among the Sea Race’s treasures, there are surely some items that belonged to their ancestors.”

“Before shipping them out, remember to use secret techniques or blood to imbue these items with the Sea Race’s aura. It would be best if it could incite curses or resentment.”

“These fellows want to continue observing from the sidelines? No way.”

The white dragon Frostsire spoke these words with great indifference and cold-bloodedness.

The other members of the Five-Race Alliance had made no move so far; the white dragon Frostsire needed to force their hand.

“Your Majesty, what about the Stoneheart Horde?”

The Stoneheart Horde was a newly risen faction with an insufficient historical foundation. Those treasures couldn’t be sold to the Stoneheart Horde, which put Zephyros in a difficult position.

“The Stoneheart Horde is even easier to deal with. Aren’t they acquiring slaves?”

“Bundle up those Sea Race and Merfolk slaves and sell them to them at a low price.”

“Hmph... Living Sea Race beings will attract more hatred and attention.”

The white dragon Frostsire snorted lightly; he recalled the scene of Orion releasing his oppressive aura in the castle to resist him.

Although Orion was very powerful, the white dragon Frostsire did not have a good impression of him.

“I understand!”

Zephyros knew very well that since those Sea Race slaves were to be disposed of at a low price, some unsavory methods would certainly be used to shift a portion of the hatred onto the Stoneheart Horde.

Only in this way could the Stoneheart Horde and the other three races bear a part of the Sea Race’s pressure.

“Ancestor, is this really alright?”

The one who raised the question was the Glacial Dragon Jorik.

Jorik walked onto the balcony, standing one step behind the white dragon Frostsire, following his ancestor's gaze into the distance.

"What do you want to say?"

The white dragon Frostsire glanced at Jorik; he was still quite satisfied with this descendant.

A trip to Dragon Island had greatly increased Jorik's strength, and he had actually reached the peak Legendary level.

"Ancestor, I feel that since we are to ally with them, we should be more sincere."

"Using deceitful methods to achieve the goal of an alliance, won't it cause a backlash? It could easily lead to those races backstabbing us."

These were the Glacial Dragon Jorik's true thoughts. He didn't mean to speak for the Humans, Dwarves, Blood Elves, or Stoneheart Horde; he simply felt that their relationships could be handled in a gentler way.

“Jorik, you are too young, and too weak!”

“As long as our Dragon race’s strength remains formidable, these few races wouldn’t dare to harbor any crooked thoughts.”

“Only the weak try to attend to one thing only to lose sight of another.”

The white dragon Frostsire’s voice gradually became deeper, his tone holding a lofty indifference, yet also the earnest, well-meaning advice of a senior guiding a junior.

“What we need to do is to constantly pressure them, make them obediently follow the general trend of events.”

“If our Dragon race were weak, no matter how we tried to curry favor with them, as soon as they saw an opportunity, they would pounce on us like mad dogs and tear at us with their teeth.”

“Jorik, you must understand, between different races, there is no such thing as true cooperation, only mutual interests.”

Jorik fell silent. He felt that what the white dragon Frostsire said also made sense.

This trip to Dragon Island had broadened his horizons, giving him a new understanding of the factions in this world.

It was just that he hadn't yet adapted to handling these relationships.

"So, what should we do next?"

"Continue to drive those Sea Race beings towards the core region of the Starfall Sea?"

"Won't this attract even more Merfolk?"

Jorik had returned this time to fight; he did not fear the Sea Race.

However, not fearing them didn't mean the Sea Race wasn't powerful.

In this world, the Sea Race's strength was actually greater and more substantial than that of the Dragon race.

The Dragon race currently held an advantage because the Sea Race's major branches were scattered and couldn't easily gather together in a short time.

"Mm, not bad. You've seen the key point of this war."

“If we continue to apply pressure, the Merfolk coming to support the Starfall Sea will only increase in number.”

“Therefore, we need fighting to break out in other sea regions as well.”

“Up to now, the Humans, Dwarves, Blood Elves, and Stoneheart Horde still haven’t declared war on the Sea Race. From this, we can tell they are still observing the situation, waiting to take advantage.”

“But is it that easy to take advantage?”

“Hehehe...”

As he spoke, the white dragon Frostsire actually let out a sinister, strange laugh.

“Ancestor...”

The white dragon Frostsire raised a hand, interrupting Jorik who wanted to ask further, and proactively revealed his arrangements.

“Rest assured, I’ve already made arrangements.”

“By this time, the Dragon race experts I secretly dispatched should have reached the major sea regions.”

“Next, important figures from the Sea Race’s various branches will successively encounter ambushes and assassinations.”

“War, how could it only happen in the Starfall Sea?”

“Jorik, don’t you agree?”

“Hahaha...”

Jorik was speechless. He hadn’t anticipated that his ancestor was so adept at using such methods of framing others.

Compared to his ancestor, Jorik felt his own vision and strategy were far too lacking.

Emerald Dream Realm, Red Moon Valley.

Orion stepped out of the cross-realm teleportation array. After sensing that Lorelia City was completely normal, he felt much more at ease.

“Are things over there all arranged?”

“Mm, more or less!”

Orion reached out and embraced Lumi.

Lumi’s personality always gave Orion a sense of tranquility.

Orion symbolically released a bit of his oppressive aura. Soon, Lorelia, Dirtclaw, Onyx, and Thundar entered the cave one after another.

“Master, you’ve finally come!”

Orion reached out and patted Lorelia’s head. She seemed very happy to see Orion.

“How is the intelligence gathering on the dark fiend’s territory progressing?”

Orion turned his head to look at Dirtclaw.

Dirtclaw hadn't come to the Emerald Dream Realm empty-handed; he had brought a gnoll cannon fodder troop and a Sentinel Corps squadron.

The fact that Delilah could entrust a Sentinel Corps squadron to Dirtclaw's management showed her extreme trust in his abilities and loyalty.

Precisely because of this, reconnaissance missions usually fell to Dirtclaw.

"Respected Master, your glory illuminates the Stoneheart Horde and brightens Dirtclaw's heart."

"Master, the relevant intelligence has been obtained."

"The dark fiend race's core Nest is in the Gloomwood Forest to our south."

"Now we just wait for that expert to return, and we'll wipe them all out in one fell swoop!"