

Titan King 711

Chapter 711: Bizarre scene

The deep sea of any world is invariably filled with mystery.

The various wonders and sublime beauty of the seabed lie hidden in sunless gloom and vast, boundless expanses.

However, the deep sea also possesses its own unique forms and a kaleidoscope of colors.

Underwater canyons are one such feature.

Zale, mounted on a Lighthouse Jellyfish unique to the Trident Sea region, led a group of his kinsmen as they dove towards an underwater canyon.

This nearby underwater canyon was home to an extremely rare Dragon Blood Coral, a magical plant that concentrated exceptionally pure water elements and was essential for the Waveborn seadragon race's coming-of-age ceremony.

Zale's purpose on this outing was to gather this Dragon Blood Coral.

The faint blue light emitted by the Lighthouse Jellyfish illuminated the pitch-black deep sea—a soft luminescence unique to the depths.

The unique aura of the seadragon race radiated outwards, driving away the sea beasts in the vicinity.

Bubbles occasionally rose from the seabed in shimmering strings, lending the scenery a supernatural, ethereal beauty.

However, just at this moment, a rushing sound of displaced water echoed, and a dense cloud of bubbles ascended from the seabed.

A colossal shadow shot out from the underwater canyon like a bolt of lightning, striking directly at the leading Zale and the Lighthouse Jellyfish beneath him.

"Who might you be, Your Excellency?"

"I am Zale, Twelfth Prince of the Waveborn seadragon race. This is the territory of our seadragon race."

"We..."

As a member of the Sea Race, Zale was highly sensitive to violent fluctuations in the nearby waters; he had detected the attacker the instant it appeared.

Zale announced his lineage, hoping to intimidate the enemy, as most powerful sea beasts or Sea Race members in the vicinity feared their seadragon race.

Regrettably, Zale received no response.

What Zale did encounter was a pair of enormous, greyish-yellow eyes filled with murderous intent. Within those eyes, there was only cold indifference and a thirst for slaughter.

"Tornado Strike!"

An icy voice resounded. A dragon-like form soared upwards, and the surrounding seawater seemed to compress, trapping Zale and his kinsmen within a spherical water prison.

Zale's face contorted in a snarl, his pupils filled with utter despair.

For Zale, the seawater, usually as light as air, now felt incredibly heavy. He couldn't move within this water prison, couldn't even open his mouth, let alone make a sound.

Such devastating water magic could only be unleashed by a Legendary-level expert in person.

This was Zale's final thought before death.

Three days later, Ironveil Escarpment.

A torrential downpour lashed down, creating significant trouble for the Stoneheart Horde members excavating the canal.

The newly dug artificial lake also began to accumulate a large volume of rainwater during this deluge.

"Elder of Stewardship, we have a problem!"

Dace, Otho, Ursa, Drakthul, Gormathar, and other elders all stood behind Delilah.

Raindrops splattered against the shields of blood and life force protecting them, only to be repelled.

The group stared at the still-filling artificial lake, their expressions exceptionally grim.

"It's no great matter," Delilah said. "I have already ordered the Water Lizard tribe to hasten here at full speed. They will arrive in three days at most."

Hearing this, Dace and the others' expressions eased slightly.

The Water Lizard people were a small tribe living in the southern territories of the Stoneheart Horde, one of its vassal races.

This race couldn't compare to the giants in combat strength or population, but they were skilled in a type of water control magic. Moving the accumulated water from the artificial lake would not be a difficult task for them.

"It's a good thing the excavation of the artificial lake is almost complete," Drakthul remarked.
"Otherwise, this rain would have delayed us for a very long time."

Drakthul looked up at the sky; the persistent drizzle made him feel a sliver of thankfulness.

"What is that?"

However, just as Drakthul looked up at the sky, several black dots plummeted from high above, like raindrops.

Those black dots grew larger and larger, their speed increasing rapidly.

Everyone, including Delilah, looked up and witnessed this bizarre scene.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

The dark shadows successively plunged into the artificial lake, sending up massive waves.

"What was that?"

"No idea!"

"If I'm not mistaken, they looked like warriors of the Sea Race."

"Now that you mention it, they really could be sea race beings."

"..."

The speakers were Dace, Otho, and Ursa. All three had been to dragon territory and had seen various types of Sea Race warriors.

They had even clashed with Merfolk in the Colosseum.

"Elder of Stewardship, what do we do now?" Gormathar asked Delilah.

Even using half a brain, he knew the scene before them wasn't just bizarre but also reeked of conspiracy.

Delilah said nothing. She raised her head, looking up at the sky, her beautiful eyes filled with gravity and a trace of fear.

For an enemy to approach so high above without her detecting them, they had to be at the Legendary level.

"Alert!"

After a moment, Delilah issued the command to prepare for battle. Dace, Otho, and the others had looks of shock and bewilderment in their eyes.

An enemy attack?

Where was the enemy?

How many were there?

A series of questions popped into the minds of Dace, Otho, Ursa, Drakthul, and the others. They had no time to think, instinctively executing Delilah's command.

Yet, even after the rain stopped and the dark clouds dispersed, revealing a clear blue sky, the battle did not commence.

There was no trace of any enemy in the azure sky, which allowed the group, who had been braced for a major confrontation, to heave a slight sigh of relief.

"Dace, Otho, take your kinsmen down to investigate. See if those Sea Race members are still alive. Be careful."

Dace and Otho bowed in acknowledgment and then led a troop of giant warriors down the escarpment.

An hour later, Delilah and the other high-ranking members of the horde stood on the bank, watching as Dace's team retrieved corpses one by one.

"It's seadragons! They are the Seadragons and Merfolk that inhabit the sea region near our territory!" Ursa exclaimed. The Stoneheart Horde had obtained some intelligence on the Sea Race from the blood elves.

This western Trident Sea region was the territory of the Waveborn seadragon race—the very Sea Race members the Stoneheart Horde and the blood elves were preparing to face.

Drakthul stepped forward, examined the condition of a seadragon corpse, and poked one of them with his finger.

Pfft!

The skin ruptured, and a foul-smelling, bloody fluid oozed from the corpse.

Drakthul's brow furrowed tightly, his pupils constricting.

"There are no external wounds on any of the corpses. Their internal organs have been crushed and liquefied by concussive force."

"Such a powerful method of attack is definitely beyond the capabilities of an Alpha-level individual."

Drakthul stated his judgment. Amidst the shocked and bewildered gazes of the others, Delilah stepped forward and, from the head of the largest seadragon warrior, extracted an essence pearl.

"Comparing this to the information the blood elves gave us, this largest seadragon should be at the late Alpha-level in terms of strength."

"Its eyes, too, are comparable to Alpha-level beast crystal cores."

Delilah looked up, towards the direction of the coastline, a glint of wisdom shining in her eyes.

Chapter 712: A conspiracy

"Everyone, this is a gift someone sent us. Of course, it's also a conspiracy."

With Delilah's current insight and perspective, she quickly figured out the hidden truth behind this bizarre incident.

Someone did not want the Blood Elves and the Stoneheart Horde to remain in a wait-and-see state in this Sea Race war.

To this end, they had deliberately instigated a conflict involving the Stoneheart Horde.

The moment Delilah finished speaking, the corpses all burst apart, their blood drenching the nearby damp earth.

A blood-red, mystical pattern rapidly took shape under everyone's gaze.

Immediately after, mournful wails echoed from within the mystical pattern, and one by one, white phantoms streamed out—they were vengeful spirits.

The vengeful spirits stared at Delilah and the others with extreme malice, then quickly drifted towards the sea.

"Not good! Disperse them!"

Unfortunately, it was too late!

By the time Delilah and Gormathar made their move, the most powerful of the vengeful spirits had already vanished, its trail completely gone.

"This is a frame-up!"

Delilah's expression was icy, her teeth clenched as she stared at the spot where the vengeful spirits had disappeared. Their group had been played for fools by some unknown entity.

"Elder of Stewardship, what do we do now?"

Dace, Otho, Ursa, Drakthul, and Gormathar also wore grim expressions; the appearance of the vengeful spirits had made them understand what had transpired.

"Continue excavating the canal. At the same time, prepare for battle!"

"The Sea Race's retaliation may arrive soon. And when it comes, it might bring a great tsunami with it."

"..."

Emerald Dream Realm, Lorelia City.

The main army returned from Gloomwood Forest but did not stop at Red Moon Valley. Instead, under Leonidas's leadership, they continued their invasion northwards.

Orion had come to Lorelia City specifically to deliver the dark fiend lord's corpse to his sister Clymene and the others.

As the dark fiend lord's corpse fell into that pile of bones, the bones absorbed it as swiftly as a sponge soaking up water.

The dark fiend lord's corpse writhed for a moment as some magical changes occurred within it.

A short while later, the corpse visibly shrank and withered, ultimately leaving behind only a hide and stark white bones.

Sensing his sister's aura continuously strengthening, a smile appeared on Orion's face, and he turned and left the secret chamber.

After a brief greeting with Lumi, Orion departed Lorelia City, heading north to catch up with the main army.

North, the ground vanguard unit.

"Haha... This should be our Stoneheart Horde's second Alpha-level abyssal dragon, right?"

"Yes, it is indeed the second Alpha-level abyssal dragon."

As the commander of the cavalry regiment, Thundar was the most knowledgeable about the horde's battle mounts.

Fergus's companion was, in fact, the second abyssal dragon in the horde to advance to Alpha-level.

"Bro Fergus, seeing you reminds me of Orion a few years ago."

In Dirtclaw's eyes, the current Fergus already possessed some of the air Orion had about him years ago.

Of course, he meant the Orion who was at Alpha-level several years prior.

"I must also thank both Elders for their assistance. Otherwise, my companion Nyther would likely have faced dire peril this time."

Fergus showed a grateful expression; Nyther's advancement left him thrilled.

Nyther was the name of Fergus's abyssal dragon, a name Fergus himself had given it.

"With the abyss opening in recent years, some of the younger generation in the giant tribe have also managed to subdue abyssal dragons."

"Unfortunately, their numbers are too few, not even enough to form a single cavalry squad."

"Fergus, after the war ends, you should go back and lead the Raptor armies!"

Thundar glanced at the abyssal dragon beneath Fergus, planning to hand over the command of the Raptor cavalry regiment to him.

The combination of abyssal dragons and Raptors should create a uniquely potent force.

"Elder, can I really do it?"

"If I say you can, you definitely can!"

Thundar was the Elder of Combat; all cavalry within the horde were under his management, so he had the authority to make such an appointment.

"Thundar, let's travel together this time. With Fergus and his abyssal dragon assisting, the three of us can definitely wreak havoc."

"Alright!"

Several days later, as the main army continued its northward advance, Orion appeared beside Leonidas after a flash of lightning.

"What's the situation now?"

Orion appeared beside Leonidas, sharing a wyvern with him.

Leonidas was quite lazy and, in his normal state, generally unwilling to fly.

"That aura is quite distant. That Arch Lord probably isn't with the Nethervarg Soulflayers."

Orion's brow twitched upon hearing this. According to the intelligence he had obtained, the Nethervarg Soulflayers were the most likely faction to harbor an Arch Lord.

However, Leonidas was now giving him a negative answer.

For a moment, information regarding the Nethervarg Soulflayers, the Zephyrkin Swifts, and the Chorghast Infernals flooded Orion's mind.

Ultimately, Orion focused his attention on the Hellhound Knights.

The Shadow Paper Figures had located the lair of the Chorghast Infernals but had not discovered any mysterious, powerful hidden entities.

Nor had they found any strange items similar to the sarcophagus, which filled Orion with doubt.

"Could it be that the Shadow Paper Figures overlooked something?"

Orion pondered, continuously filtering the intelligence he had acquired.

"If it's not the Nethervarg Soulflayers, that's good too. We can take the opportunity to weaken the enemy's forces further."

Leonidas's thinking was simple: if the powerful enemy didn't appear, then they would just eliminate more of their minions.

Just as Orion was about to speak, he sensed something and looked up towards the front.

A wind, seemingly originating from the void, blew towards them—unseen and subtle.

"Lord!"

Orion gazed at Gustalon. The aura emanating from the latter gave Orion an ethereal and insubstantial, almost illusory feeling.

Gustalon, in this state, had already taken a crucial step towards advancing to the Legendary level.

"What's the situation?"

Orion nodded, inquiring about the intelligence. As the Stoneheart Horde's foremost battlefield scout, Gustalon was exceptional and rarely disappointed.

"Lord, the Nethervarg Soulflayers are currently moving north. Their direction of advance is towards the territory of the Hellhound Knights."

This latest news brought back by Gustalon startled both Orion and Leonidas. They then exchanged glances, each seeing the gravity in the other's eyes.

"I understand. From now on, you are free to act independently."

Chapter 713: They're simply too dreadful

Orion showed no emotion. Observing Gustalon's state, he granted him a period of freedom.

Gustalon had been running around non-stop recently, incredibly busy. Orion hoped this brief period of freedom would allow him to calm his mind and advance.

"I don't fully understand wind. The wind I comprehend comes from breath, from cold and heat, from sound, and also from life and death."

Gustalon looked up, gazing at Orion with surprise and uncertainty.

However, after uttering this enigmatic sentence, Orion said no more, clearly having no intention of explaining.

Ultimately, Gustalon, still harboring doubts, vanished into the wind.

"Another elemental life form. Your ranks are quite full of talent, I see!" Leonidas teased Orion. He could, of course, tell that Orion was guiding Gustalon.

As a being at the peak of the Legendary level, Orion possessed a profound understanding of transcendent power and had fought against numerous lords who specialized in wind-based transcendent power.

Orion's comprehension of wind might not be deeper than Gustalon's, but it was undoubtedly far broader.

"Who knows if this fellow can advance in a short time," Orion mused. "If he succeeds, we'll have another helper."

"Hehe, you're right about that."

Leonidas glanced in the direction Gustalon had disappeared, then looked towards the distant horizon.

"The situation isn't looking good. Next, we should be facing that Arch Lord."

Leonidas gazed northwards, a mixture of excitement and killing intent flickering in his eyes.

The Nethervarg Soulflayers migrating north revealed a great deal of information.

Firstly, the awakened Arch Lord had definitely detected Leonidas and Orion's invasion.

The Nethervarg Soulflayers moving north was a clear sign of them concentrating their forces in preparation for a full-scale war.

Secondly, the Nethervarg Soulflayers' northward move towards Marshlight Sanctuary strongly suggested the Arch Lord was based there, likely the Hellhound Knight.

Lastly, with the Nethervarg Soulflayers relocating, Orion and Leonidas's plan to diminish the enemy's combat strength had directly fallen through.

"Bro, let's speed up our northward advance and try to initiate the war before their forces have fully assembled," Leonidas said, withdrawing his gaze from the distant horizon, his voice firm with resolution.

"Good. Your proposal aligns perfectly with my own thoughts."

Their opinions and objectives aligned, Orion and Leonidas quickened their pace.

Subsequently, the wyvern armies flew out first, clearing all dark creatures encountered on the path ahead, paving the way for the cave spider armies and undead armies.

...

Titanion Realm, Northern Lysinthia City.

Waves crashed against the hard stones of the harbor, shattering into countless tiny droplets.

The dilapidated port had been rebuilt, now larger and more robust than before.

The sea breeze lifted Lysinthia's hair; Lysinthia's beauty remained as icy as ever.

If Lysinthia's beauty was cold, then the Ocean Hunters reflected in her eyes were the epitome of frenzy and savagery.

Clawpincher and Slagor stood aboard the Sea-Devouring Warship, directing bloodline warriors to dump beast corpses and magical plant nutrient solutions into Mist Bay.

The Ocean Hunters' teeth were indeed incredibly sharp; they were innately brutal, bloodthirsty, frenzied, and seemingly mindless.

No matter what beast fell into the seawater, it would immediately be torn into a bloody, mangled mess by the Ocean Hunters.

The sight of the Ocean Hunters feeding was exceptionally wild, enough to make one's scalp tingle.

"By the Titan God, where did Orion get these terrifying creatures?"

"They're simply too dreadful!!"

Slagor, watching the Ocean Hunters swimming in the water, gained a new appreciation for this terrifying unit.

It was important to note that under Lysinthia's initial guidance, only a little over twenty thousand Ocean Hunters had hatched.

After a period of nurturing, the Ocean Hunters began to reproduce even before reaching full maturity.

These egg-laying fish were not difficult to breed at all; astonishingly, they could reproduce six times a year, averaging once every two months.

Crucially, the females each laid between three thousand to five thousand eggs every time.

This terrifying reproduction rate had caused the number of Ocean Hunters to swell to a level Slagor found unimaginable within just the past two months.

"These things are too savage!"

"They can feed themselves as soon as they hatch and grow extremely fast," Clawpincher noted, incredibly envious of the Ocean Hunters' reproduction speed.

Compared to the Ocean Hunters, his Tidecrab Shield Warriors were simply not in the same league.

Just as Clawpincher and Slagor were feeding the Ocean Hunters, signal smoke rose at the mouth of Mist Bay, and a battle horn sounded at that very moment.

"What happened?"

"Don't know. Let's go check it out together."

Just then, Lysinthia swiftly moved across the water's surface, landing on the Sea-Devouring Warship.

"A group of Sea Race warriors has appeared at the bay's mouth. They are fully armed and clearly hostile."

Lysinthia had received the intelligence first because she had preemptively placed some Ocean Hunters outside Mist Bay to act as her eyes.

"Sea Race? From the Tidefang Clan?" Slagor was puzzled. Wasn't Orion said to be discussing an alliance between their two factions with the Tidefang Clan? Why would a Sea Race group approach Mist Bay at this time?

"There are no Tidefang Clan members among those Sea Race warriors. They are likely vassals of the Tidefang Clan in this sea region."

This was Lysinthia's speculation. After all, Orion had only just returned the Tidefang Clan's mermaid princess; it was unlikely the Tidefang Clan would stir up trouble at this juncture.

"Elder Lysinthia, the appearance of these Sea Race warriors probably isn't a good sign," Slagor said.

"Hmm... What are you trying to say?"

Slagor fell silent for a moment, then said with some uncertainty, "I suspect the appearance of these Sea Race warriors is somehow related to the Tidefang Clan."

"Because in previous battles, Merfolk from the nearby waters have attacked us; they are aware of Lysinthia City's defensive strength."

"Under normal circumstances, the sea race from nearby waters wouldn't attack again."

The more Slagor spoke, the smoother his reasoning became, and his thoughts began to race.

"The departure of the mermaid princess and her fourth brother should, at the very least, have bought us a period of peace."

"For sea race to attack again now, does it mean that the mermaid princess and her fourth brother didn't convey our Stoneheart Horde's desire for an alliance?"

"Or perhaps, the Tidefang Clan rejected our alliance?"

"Is it possible that an opposing faction within the Tidefang Clan bypassed the princess and her brother and dispatched troops here?"

Slagor's analysis held some merit, and Lysinthia found herself agreeing.

However, now was not the time to discuss this matter.

"No matter who sent these sea race warriors, they have violated our territory and shown no respect to our Stoneheart Horde."

"This is a perfect opportunity to test the true combat strength of our Ocean Hunters."

"Everyone, conquering this sea region is our goal. I want to offer this sea region to our great master."

Chapter 714: The scent of estrus is everywhere here

The sea is vast and mysterious. At high tide, the surface may appear calm and placid, but beneath it, undercurrents surge.

The tide, in its silence, rises swiftly.

A strong current is now sweeping towards the coastline of the Stoneheart Horde's territory.

This unusual change was detected by members of the Sentinel Corps.

The scouts stationed by the Stoneheart Horde at the seaside were, in fact, a squad of Tidecrab Shield Warriors that Delilah had transferred from the northern city of Lysinthia.

Strictly speaking, this small squad of Tidecrab Shield Warriors could also be considered a Sea Race unit.

By placing them at the seaside, aside from camouflage, Delilah also intended to gain early warning of any danger.

It had to be said, this was a very clever move by Delilah.

"Is the tide coming in?"

Atop the escarpment, Delilah stood at the forefront, with Dace, Otho, Ursa, Drakthul, Gormathar, and the others behind her. All of them were looking out towards the sea.

They all heard Delilah's murmured question.

But in their minds, this observation signified the potential arrival of Sea Race warriors.

War was beginning to brew.

"Elder of Stewardship, what is our next step?"

Faced with Dace's inquiry, Delilah didn't quite know how to answer.

The sudden frame-up and the gradually rising tide had disrupted the Stoneheart Horde's plan to excavate the grand canal.

If they ignored it, they would inevitably be harassed by the Sea Race.

If they prepared for war, the excavation plan would be delayed.

Most importantly, the Stoneheart Horde was not currently prepared for sustained, imminent conflict with the Sea Race.

Thus, Delilah hesitated.

"Dace, Otho, the excavation of the canal cannot stop. Increase the workload of the slave groups."

"Drakthul, make preparations for a retreat. If the situation becomes untenable, we will temporarily withdraw inland and return to continue digging after the tide recedes."

"Ursa, Gormathar, transfer some strategic supplies here. If necessary, you will board the Sea-Devouring Warship and engage the Sea Race's combat teams."

Delilah began to arrange matters in an orderly fashion.

Having received their orders, the others now had a clear direction, and their expressions were all filled with fighting spirit.

After the others had departed to carry out their tasks, Delilah faced the sea, an extremely grave expression on her face.

With the Sea Race attacking, who could guarantee that there wouldn't be Legendary-level powerhouses among the invading forces?

This was Delilah's greatest worry.

As a precaution, Delilah closed her eyes, communicated with Orion's will projection, and reported the situation here.

"Don't worry. Use this opportunity to test the combat strength of the seadragon race and gather more intelligence on the Sea Race."

"I can't return from my side for the time being, but I will have Soraya return to Stoneheart City as soon as possible. She will then come to Ironveil Escarpment with Xalathar to support you."

Orion's voice echoed in Delilah's mind. The arrival of two Legendary-level powerhouses to reinforce her gave Delilah immense confidence.

Delilah opened her eyes. As she gazed at the distant sea, an aura of world-defying dominance erupted from her.

"The Waveborn Seadragon race?"

"This sea region will, sooner or later, belong to our Stoneheart Horde!"

"..."

Emerald Dream Realm, Marshlight Sanctuary.

Marshlight Sanctuary was the domain of the Hellhound Knights.

By the time Orion and Leonidas entered the territorial range of Marshlight Sanctuary, large combat forces of Hellhound Knights and Nethervarg Soulflayers had already gathered there.

Furthermore, the Zephyrkin Swifts from another territory were currently rushing towards Marshlight Sanctuary.

"My Lord, the enemy is already not far from here. That damned Yvaine has still not arrived. This is a sign of her disrespect towards you."

Wulfric, the lord of the Nethervarg Soulflayers, currently in a werewolf-like form, stood in the palace, showing extreme deference to the Hellhound Knight Kian, who was seated on the throne.

"Yvaine is on her way. Her habitat is a bit far from mine; her delay is excusable."

"But My Lord, the enemy is about to arrive."

"No matter. We will first resist the invading enemy. Yvaine can serve as a reinforcement unit, attacking the enemy from the rear in a pincer movement."

From the throne, Hellhound Knight Kian's voice carried a metallic timbre—very ancient, very old.

Kian was not a gnoll; he was completely different from Dirtclaw. He belonged to a dark race, infernal beings who tamed Hellhounds.

For Kian, the term "invaders" didn't quite apply in this context.

On the contrary, the appearance of Orion and Leonidas excited Kian, the Hellhound Knight.

Because his Hellhound mount had not fed in a very long time, and the flesh and blood of foreign lords were its favorite food.

"Wulfric, control your kinsmen. In the face of war, any who retreat shall become food."

"As you command, My Lord!"

Elsewhere, on the border region of Marshlight Sanctuary.

Ever since entering Marshlight Sanctuary, Dirtclaw had felt a sense of familiarity, a kind of homelike belonging.

"Thundar, don't you really think the air here is incredibly fresh?"

"I smell my own kind, and... ooh, the scent of female Hellhounds in heat!"

"Mmm... That's a very wonderful smell!"

Thundar glanced at the utterly enraptured Dirtclaw, whose constantly twitching nose indicated that his excitement was truly genuine.

Thundar sighed. "Yes, Dirtclaw, this is Hellhound territory. And you're acting like one in rut. Focus!"

"Hehehe... Just the mention of Hellhounds is enough to get my blood pumping, Thundar!"

The giant Thundar, hearing this, straightened his posture, deigning not to pay Dirtclaw any further attention.

"Bro Fergus, do you smell it? The scent of estrus is everywhere here."

"Just by the smell, I can imagine how beautiful and sexy the Hellhound chicks here are."

"This might just be Dirtclaw's paradise..."

Seeing Thundar ignore him, Dirtclaw turned to pester Fergus instead.

While Dirtclaw was smelling wonderful things below, Orion and Leonidas, high above, sensed a tense atmosphere.

"Bro, when the battle starts, deal with those small fry quickly, then we team up and strive to eliminate that Arch Lord as soon as possible."

The notion of a one-on-one duel simply didn't exist for Leonidas.

If it did, it would only appear when Leonidas was bragging.

This was war; Leonidas wasn't foolish enough to engage in duels with the enemy.

Since it was war, they would take whatever path led most easily to victory.

As long as victory could be achieved, Leonidas was capable of employing any means necessary.

"I understand. As soon as I see an opportunity, I will deliver a fatal blow to the enemy."

"Hahaha, bro, on this point, you're much more enlightened than Squiddy."

Evidently, this was not the first time Leonidas had engaged in such underhanded tactics.

His previous talk about dueling Arch Lords one-on-one with Orion was all just a joke.

"That fellow's aura is getting closer. He probably sees us as prey."

"Hehehe, it's been a long time since I've experienced this feeling of being underestimated!!!"

Chapter 715: I will return soon

Blood, copious amounts of blood, dyeing the entirety of Mist Bay a crimson red.

This fresh flesh and blood was the Ocean Hunters' favorite.

Gazing at the feeding scene before them—so bloody it would make any enemy's heart turn cold—the word "brutal" was insufficient to describe the terror they inspired.

Lysinthia, Clawpincher, Slagor, and Drakthul stood upon the Sea-Devouring Warship, staring at the battle unfolding in the waters below. All of them were silent.

Compared to the wars they thought they knew, the current scene didn't resemble a war at all; it was more like a gruesome feast exclusively for the Ocean Hunters.

The blood-dyed seawater was like a layer of mist. The Ocean Hunters, their eyes glinting crimson, moved like phantoms within this mist, appearing and disappearing without a trace, exceptionally bizarre.

Crunch! An Ocean Hunter burst forth from the bloody water, its great maw gaping, and bit down ferociously.

A Sea Race warrior, distinguished by two whiskers beside its gills, was struck in the neck. The hands with which it wielded its harpoon froze.

A gurgling sound arose—the sound of fresh blood gushing from its body, merging into the seawater.

The Sea Race warrior's life rapidly faded amidst this tearing and biting.

Similar scenes played out one after another, a spectacle so filled with death it was horrifyingly suffocating.

In the very center of the battlefield, the seawater seemed to be boiling. Ocean Hunters congregated, forming massive schools, so dense they were impossible to count.

They moved like a unified army, their attacks ferocious, tearing apart any enemy caught within their schools.

"What are these monsters?!"

"Damn it, what kind of sea beasts are these?!"

"These are devils!"

"Help me!"

"..."

Wretched, miserable wails echoed throughout Mist Bay. The feeding Ocean Hunters had descended into a complete frenzy.

Aboard the Sea-Devouring Warship, Lysinthia's expression was icy.

She gazed at the Ocean Hunters, a flicker of uncertainty in her heart. If she were to issue the command to cease the attack at this moment, would the Ocean Hunters, in their current state, obediently listen?

In the brief moment Lysinthia was lost in thought, the gruesome slaughter continued.

Ocean Hunters were tearing at their enemies, rending their flesh with sharp fangs.

Blood sprayed out, splattering in all directions, dyeing the nearby sea region.

Flesh and blood flew everywhere—what a terrifyingly gruesome picture it was!

"All hail the great Orion!!"

Tidecrab Shield Warrior Clawpincher raised his giant, shield-like pincer, cheering for the scene before him, thankful that the Stoneheart Horde possessed such a terrifying army.

Beside him, Slagor and Drakthul were continuously swallowing, their throats seemingly trembling from the bloody spectacle, their speech faltering.

"All hail the great Orion!!"

"Praise the Stoneheart Horde!"

"This sea region will definitely be ours!"

Lysinthia snapped back to reality, her eyes incredibly bright.

Lysinthia raised the longsword in her hand. The terrifying combat power of the Ocean Hunters gave her the confidence to conquer the Silvercurrent Sea, to conquer Serpent Isle.

Death, like a song, has a beginning and an end.

Approximately half an hour later, tranquility returned to the entirety of Mist Bay.

The sated Ocean Hunters returned to the Sea-Devouring Warship, concealing themselves within the fronds of the Giant Kelp Water Cannons, vanishing without a trace.

If not for the strikingly crimson seawater before their eyes, many would not believe the tragic massacre that had occurred here just half an hour ago.

The invading Sea Race army had been completely wiped out; not a single one had escaped.

"Elder Lysinthia, the enemy has been completely annihilated by us!"

As Lysinthia's assistant, Slagor received the battle damage report firsthand.

"According to the number of Ocean Hunters that returned to the warship, we lost eighty thousand Ocean Hunters this time."

"Twenty thousand of those were from the first batch hatched; the other sixty thousand were juvenile fish."

Lysinthia's brow furrowed slightly. The casualty figures for the Ocean Hunters seemed a bit high.

The invading Sea Race army this time had numbered less than ten thousand, led by a few Alpha-level Merfolk.

An eight-to-one loss ratio made Lysinthia soberly realize that the Ocean Hunters were not invincible; they possessed significant drawbacks.

When their numbers were large, the Ocean Hunters' combat power was immense, their battle scenes were exceptionally bloody, and they could even intimidate their foes.

However, the Ocean Hunters were also fragile; they could be killed easily.

Furthermore, after sustaining losses, the Ocean Hunters required rapid replenishment and a period of nurturing.

If the number of Ocean Hunters was insufficient, any losses would prevent them from bringing their full combat power and deterrent capability to bear.

There was another point: rearing Ocean Hunters required vast amounts of resources and would consume enormous quantities of flesh and blood.

This level of consumption was not something an ordinary faction could afford.

"Strengthen the defensive forces at the mouth of Mist Bay. Release those water crocodiles and water pythons; let them monitor a wider area."

"The breeding of Ocean Hunters must not stop. Report to the Arch Elder and request more resources to be allocated here."

"The Tidefang Clan's attitude is still unclear. With this battle having begun, hostilities will certainly not cease now. Everyone be prepared to face more combat at any time."

"..."

Based on the terrifying combat power of the Ocean Hunters, Lysinthia issued one order after another.

Slagor, Clawpincher, and Drakthul nodded; the test of the Ocean Hunters' combat strength had given them some measure of confidence.

Lysinthia stood on the deck of the warship, gazing towards the direction of Serpent Isle.

"I will return soon!" she murmured to herself.

...

Emerald Dream Realm, Marshlight Sanctuary.

While war raged at Lysinthia City, it had also erupted here.

Armies faced off, then charged headlong; bolts flew through the air, and greatswords clashed—the battlefield was a scene of grand and brutal magnificence.

Upon this brutal battlefield, the Alphas from both sides also confronted each other high in the sky.

Perhaps sensing the extraordinary nature of Leonidas and Orion, Arch Lord Kian did not immediately launch an attack.

It was indeed highly suspicious; two peak Legendary-level experts appearing so calm and unruffled when facing an Arch Lord was truly abnormal.

"Unfamiliar powerhouses, I do not sense the aura of corruption from you."

"Can you tell me where you are from?"

"Kian does not wish to start a war without reason. Why are you invading my territory?"

Hellhound Knight Kian was very polite, completely lacking the arrogance typically displayed by Arch Lords when facing Legendary-level beings.

This was a facade; the peaceful tone and attitude were merely Kian's way of trying to extract intelligence.

Leonidas was familiar with such ploys, as he himself often employed them.

When encountering unfamiliar enemies, or before he could ascertain their true strength, Leonidas would play the same game.

Chapter 716: Who gave you the courage to be so arrogant?

"War? Does it need a reason?"

Leonidas retorted, stepping forward, his lips curled in a sneer.

"Just like when you all descended upon this world, did you notify anyone beforehand?"

"You say you don't want to start a war without reason. Are you joking with us?"

"What kind of character do dark races have? Do I really need to spell it out for you?"

"Hahaha..."

Leonidas's laughter was filled with ridicule, a deep-seated contempt and disdain that came from his very bones.

Hellhound Knight Kian's calm expression stiffened, then gradually darkened, becoming bone-chillingly cold.

Kian wasn't particularly angered that Leonidas had seen through his ploy and hadn't fallen for it.

However, Leonidas's mention of dark races, and the undisguised scorn in his laughter, was something Kian could not accept, nor tolerate.

"Who gave you the courage to be so arrogant?"

"The power of us dark races is beyond your imagination."

Leonidas didn't answer, continuing his wild laughter, even more wantonly than before.

"I will go kill him!"

Behind Kian stood two figures: one was Wulfric, the lord of the Nethervarg Soulflayers, and the other was a member of the infernal beings. Both were upper Legendary-level powerhouses. It was the infernal being, Dren, who spoke.

Kian said nothing, tacitly approving Dren's intention.

Dren and Kian were of the same race, and even from the same branch. Even if the enemy was at the peak of the Legendary level, Kian believed Dren possessed the strength to fight above his apparent rank.

"Arrogant reptile, prepare for pain!"

Dragons, in the eyes of many races, were indeed considered reptiles.

Evidently, in Dren's eyes at this moment, Leonidas was also a reptile—and an extremely arrogant and presumptuous one at that.

Zzzla!

Lightning flashed. A trident wreathed in violent, crackling electricity shot forth from Orion's hand, hurtling with imposing momentum.

For this strike, Orion had used his Aura Lock skill, and the transcendent power imbued in the trident was exceptionally dense.

Just as the trident was about to reach Dren, the terrified infernal being hastily threw up a defense. A bizarre black sphere materialized, completely enveloping Dren.

Boom! The electricity crackled violently against the dark sphere.

Dren, halted before he could launch his attack, stared gravely at Orion, who had intervened.

Many elemental attributes in the world naturally countered or supported one another.

Evidently, the lightning power Orion wielded was one of the forces that countered infernal beings.

Then again, to effectively counter an enemy, the intensity and quantity of one's power also had to meet certain requirements.

Otherwise, instead of countering, one would be countered.

"Hahaha... What, scared now?"

"Come on over!!"

Leonidas's taunting laughter reached Dren's ears. The latter was now caught in a dilemma, unable to advance or retreat.

"Dren, come back!"

Just then, Kian spoke, recalling the conflicted Dren.

Dren shot Leonidas a fierce glare and flew back.

The atmosphere froze. Neither side spoke further; instead, they stared at each other, observing, and continuously building up their power.

On the ground, icefield snow wolves galloped, exotic beasts roared, and cave spiders relentlessly charged.

The two armies clashed, forming sprawling battle lines in a vast and brutal tableau.

Awoooo... Dirtclaw snarled, his sharp fangs bared, his face contorted in a ferocious grimace, his pupils shot with blood.

A horrifying, jagged claw mark ran from above his right eye downwards, nearly splitting his head open.

Dirtclaw's opponent was a hellhound even stronger than himself.

Nearby, Thundar was entangled with a peak Alpha-level infernal being, their fight a desperate stalemate.

If not for the aid of his dark fiend mount, Thundar would have been no match for the infernal being.

Not far off, Fergus was also besieged by two Alpha-level demonic wolves. The two demonic wolves coordinated their attacks on Fergus from front and back, their tactics extremely clever, their teamwork seamless.

The trio, who had initially planned to cut through enemies as a group, had been cut off and separated on the battlefield.

Far behind the "meat grinder" of the main battlefield, Lorelia stood beside Vexis. As per Orion's request, she was learning from Vexis how to command on a large-scale battlefield.

And, based on the evolving situation, how to allocate local forces accordingly.

"Pay attention. Before the battle begins, you must memorize the terrain of the battlefield, every blade of grass and every tree in the vicinity—forests, grasslands, rivers... Based on the different scenarios, arrange your combat personnel reasonably, and also take measures to avoid any known unfavorable factors."

With no Legendary-level powerhouses currently attacking her position, Vexis was quite composed, simultaneously directing the undead armies in battle and instructing Lorelia beside her.

"After the battle commences, you must maintain a view of the entire battlefield. Try your utmost not to overlook any areas where defenses have been breached; dispatch combat teams to those points promptly."

"Timely reinforcement, at many critical junctures, can alleviate the pressure on our combat personnel. When pressure is reduced, the combatants' morale will rise."

Vexis looked up, glancing at a black aura that appeared and then dissipated in the sky, her face showing no emotion.

"This is very important. Morale is something that can influence others; it affects the combat effectiveness of the entire unit."

"The higher the morale, the more easily a unit's combat potential can be unleashed."

"To achieve this, you need to be level-headed, decisive, and flexible. From now on, you must make corresponding decisions based on the actual situation."

"..."

Lorelia's gaze was fixed on the battlefield. While directing her own young spiders, she responded to Vexis with "Mm-hmm, mm-hmm."

Learning and applying simultaneously—this was the fastest method of learning, and also the quickest way to grow.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

In the distance, volleys of bolts pierced the air, targeting distant demonic wolves and hellhounds. The bolts slammed against the shields and armor of the dark races, creating harsh, clanging impacts.

Only a small fraction of the bolts managed to kill some of the injured demonic wolves and hellhounds on the spot, their blood staining the ground.

The twang of bowstrings, the screeches of beasts, the roars of wyverns... all sorts of sounds intertwined, transforming this part of Marshlight Sanctuary into a terrifying field of slaughter.

This was the most brutal battle Lorelia had ever encountered. Before her eyes, batch after batch of her young spiders were bitten to death, devoured by hellhounds.

One young spider after another was blasted apart by the Flame Burst unleashed by demonic wolves, or ignited and ultimately reduced to ashes.

Countless young spiders were trampled underfoot amidst the howls of the demonic wolves.

The enemy was not to be trifled with. Whether it was the demonic wolves or the hellhounds, most of them were cloaked in a layer of Fire.

Most of the time, it took over a dozen cave spiders to kill a single demonic wolf.

However, this brutal battlefield, this arduous and hard-fought struggle, seemed to have entirely escaped the notice of the figures facing off high above.

Chapter 717: A war of attrition

"Bro, this fellow is very sinister and cautious. We can't wait any longer!" Leonidas transmitted to Orion telepathically. Then, with a roar, he charged towards Arch Lord Kian.

Simultaneously, Orion also unleashed Instant Impact, determined to deliver a one-hit kill to Dren.

The battle erupted with astonishing speed, but the opponents reacted just as swiftly, as both sides had been intently watching each other.

"Dren, Wulfric, you two surround and kill the other enemy. Don't let him escape."

"After killing him, go down and eliminate that lich."

Arch Lord Kian also let out a roar. Energy surged from his body, coalescing into roiling black clouds that enveloped Leonidas and Orion.

Arch Lord Kian's ambition was vast; he intended to wipe out all his enemies in one fell swoop.

Beneath the shroud of black clouds, wisps of acrid green smoke rose from Kian's body, transforming into swarms of bizarre, venomous snake-like insects.

The grotesque insects wriggled their tails, darting through the black clouds to assault Leonidas and Orion.

"Lmao... You dare show off such petty tricks before me? Shatter!"

"Roar..."

A pure, resonant dragon's roar echoed. Leonidas opened his great maw, and an invisible sonic wave rippled outwards, shattering all the insectoid creatures.

At the same time, Orion activated his Titan Form. His physical strength, power, and the potency of his bloodline rapidly surged.

"Go to hell!"

Orion, like an indomitable Titan god, fearlessly charged towards Dren.

Meanwhile, Leonidas on the other side blazed with an intense firelight, his entire being like a miniature exploding sun, incredibly dazzling.

Upon closer inspection, one would discover that every single one of Leonidas's dragon scales was inscribed with magical runes, which, under Leonidas's activation, glowed with a potent magical aura.

The twin wings on Leonidas's back suddenly elementalized, transforming into two chains forged of crimson flame.

The chains tore directly through the void, binding Hellhound Knight Kian in place.

"Over-tier magic! You truly are an Over-tier powerhouse!"

Arch Lord Kian, though bound, showed no signs of panic. Instead, this confirmed some of his suspicions.

For the dragon powerhouse before him to dare initiate a battle, how could he not have profound confidence and hidden trump cards?

"If this is the extent of your Over-tier magic's strength, you are dead." Kian stared at Leonidas, his tone sinister, his eyes incomparably vicious and malevolent.

Being bound by the flame chains, Kian already knew this was a magic that could not only restrain the body but also seal the spirit.

In other words, Arch Lord Kian and Leonidas had entered a state of mutual struggle and attrition.

At this moment, it was difficult for either of them to join any other ongoing fights.

Zzz-zzz-zzz!

That was the sound of arcing electricity. Orion appeared directly in front of Dren, his gaze coldly fixed upon him.

"How can this be... How can you be so powerful? Do you truly possess the bloodline of a Titan? This..."

A series of crackling sounds erupted within Dren's body. Before he could finish his last words, he died under Orion's trident.

Orion remained silent, a spherical wave field rapidly materializing around him.

The next second, ka-ka-ka sounds echoed behind Orion as an enormous pair of wolf jaws snapped shut, attempting to swallow him whole.

Fortunately, the wave field blocked Wulfric's sneak attack.

Orion thrust his trident backwards, a violent surge of transcendent power erupting. Wulfric sensed the danger, released his bite, and his entire form once again vanished into the void.

This was Wulfric's ability, Ghostly Stride, which allowed him to render his body ethereal, diminish his presence, and conceal himself within the void, facilitating ambushes and escapes.

Orion hovered in the void, vigilantly scanning his surroundings.

When his abyssal dragon Xalathar had advanced to the Legendary level, Orion's perceptive abilities had been enhanced through the feedback.

Despite this, Orion still couldn't pinpoint Wulfric's exact location, only sensing intermittent flickers of danger.

It was precisely this faint sense of danger that prevented Wulfric from launching another sneak attack.

A standoff thus formed: Leonidas binding Arch Lord Kian, while the demonic wolf Wulfric hunted Orion.

Compared to this high-level confrontation, the battles raging at lower altitudes and on the ground had long since reached a white-hot intensity.

Hellhounds, with bared fangs and claws, pounced on their enemies, leaving trails of fire in their wake.

Within these paths of fire, one cave spider after another was incinerated or torn apart.

However, from the corpses of the fallen cave spiders, skeleton warriors soon began to climb out, rejoining the battle.

The skeleton warriors, fearless of death, assaulted the hellhounds, dragging many of them down to their doom as well.

The wolf-mounted cavalry regiment did not opt for a direct charge; in a massive battle like this, those who charged headlong were often mere cannon fodder.

The wolf-mounted cavalry regiment guarded the area behind the cave spiders, intercepting any demonic wolves and hellhounds that broke through the defensive formations.

The snow wolves raced across the battlefield, their movements agile, tearing into their enemies with no lack of speed.

Of course, the wolf-mounted cavalry regiment also provided a defensive wall for Vexis and Lorelia, who were commanding the battle from the rear.

In the rear, Lorelia was wholly focused on directing the battle. She had a portion of the cave spiders weave expansive webs behind the main battle lines.

Many of the demonic wolves and hellhounds that broke through the front lines fell into these webs, their movements restricted.

Naturally, under the searing flames, the webs were quickly destroyed.

However, Lorelia would immediately have the young spiders spin new ones.

This was a war of attrition, a battle of endurance. Thoughts of life and death had been cast aside; the only thing that existed in everyone's mind was the fight.

"Take this. You can command those skeleton soldiers too," Vexis said, handing Lorelia a scepter.

Lorelia looked at the scepter in her hand, then turned her head to look at Vexis, somewhat stunned.

Lorelia wanted to ask something more, but Vexis was already controlling her Aarakocra mount, soaring into the sky and heading towards the center of the battlefield.

In the center of the battlefield, another Hellhound Knight had appeared—a Legendary-level lord, and the hellhound he rode was also Legendary.

If such a terrifying powerhouse on the front lines went unopposed, no matter how many little spiders and wyverns there were, they would simply not be enough to defeat it.

Lorelia blinked her large, pretty eyes a few times, then suddenly raised the scepter and shouted to a nearby squad of undead guards.

"Kneel!"

The squad of Alpha-level undead guards knelt neatly in unison. Seeing this, the light in Lorelia's eyes shone even brighter. To her, this was immensely amusing.

As if she had obtained a very rare and entertaining new toy, Lorelia began to control the skeleton warriors on the battlefield, having them coordinate with the cave spiders.

"Left side... Pounce... Bite them to death..."

"No, no... Go right... There are enemies there..."

On the front lines, after Lorelia took command of the skeleton warriors, Dirtclaw and Thundar found themselves fortunate.

Because Lorelia dispatched an Alpha-level undead to each of their positions, the two, who had been constantly at a disadvantage, could finally catch their breath.

Chapter 718: Such a huge difference

Dirtclaw was furious, and also deeply frustrated. Ever since evolving into a hellhound, this was the first time he had been bested, and by another hellhound at that.

Grrr... Dirtclaw's roars were low and guttural, flames blazing within his eyes. He swore to devour the flesh and blood of the hellhound before him, piece by piece.

"Kill!"

Elsewhere, Thundar was in a difficult struggle. Although the dark fiend he rode was immune to the hellhound's bites, it couldn't withstand the searing incineration of hellfire.

From the moment the battle began, Thundar had been at a constant disadvantage.

Fortunately, the arrival of an Alpha-level undead to assist him had provided some relief.

Not far away, the abyssal dragon that had just advanced to Alpha-level was once again injured.

Fergus was besieged by two demonic wolves, one of which was a late Alpha-level power.

Under the demonic wolves' relentless assault, the abyssal dragon's newly regrown tail was bitten off yet again.

Now, one of the abyssal dragon's hind legs was also savaged. The situation Fergus faced was extremely dire.

"Nyther, are you still okay?"

"Roar..."

Fergus's question was answered by the abyssal dragon's low, guttural roar. Though it was heavily injured, its enemies had not escaped unscathed.

The weaker of the two demonic wolves had nearly had its neck snapped by the abyssal dragon.

Just as Fergus was intently watching the demonic wolves, a gust of wind swept past, fluttering the ribbons and feathers tied to his headband.

Tszla!

A razor-sharp wind blade materialized. The injured demonic wolf was instantly bisected at the waist, its upper body, head still attached, flailing reflexively, unaware of what had just happened.

The other demonic wolf, witnessing this, turned to flee.

Tszla! Another wind blade appeared, and the remaining demonic wolf was also slain.

Gustalon's figure flashed past in an instant, continuing its advance towards the center of the battlefield.

"So strong!"

"Such a huge difference!"

These were Fergus's thoughts. He too was Alpha-level, yet when facing the demonic wolves, he had been pushed to the brink of death.

And Gustalon?

The moment he appeared, Fergus's seemingly invincible enemies were effortlessly slain.

With no time for further reflection, Fergus extracted the dark source crystals from the two demonic wolves, mixed them with a portion of life essence, and stuffed the concoction into the abyssal dragon Nyther's mouth. He then rushed towards the area where Thundar and Dirtclaw were fighting.

High above, after a long standoff, the stalemate was shattered by a sneak attack.

Boom!

Orion, trident in hand, instantly appeared to intercept Wulfric's attack on Leonidas. He thrust his trident forward, aiming for the enormous mouth of the demonic wolf.

Wulfric, currently in an enlarged demonic wolf form, seeing he couldn't ambush Orion, had, after a long standoff, switched his target to Leonidas, who was occupied with restraining Arch Lord Kian.

Unfortunately for him, Orion had seen through this maneuver and had intervened in time to rescue Leonidas.

The demonic wolf was repelled. Orion had no intention of letting him hide in the void again. Even as he was making the rescue, his Eightfold Spear Barrage had already coalesced, surrounding Wulfric.

Awooo!

The demonic wolf Wulfric materialized, threw back its head and roared at the sky, a Fire Cloak erupting around its body.

Wulfric exhaled deeply. Moonlight, as if summoned, streamed down from the heavens, bathing his form.

In that instant, Wulfric's aura intensified significantly.

"Fall!"

Witnessing this, Orion would not give the demonic wolf a chance to absorb more moonlight. The moment the Eightfold Spear Barrage descended, he himself flashed out using Instant Impact.

The next second, a continuous series of thunderous explosions rocked the sky. Demonic fire, moonlight, blood-red light, and lightning flashed and clashed across the heavens.

At the center of the battle, a shockwave resembling a mushroom cloud appeared, terrifying and grand.

When all had settled, Orion hovered in mid-air, vigilantly scanning the surrounding void.

Under Orion's fierce assault, this peak Legendary-level demonic wolf had somehow not died and had once again escaped into the void, concealing itself.

"Bro!" Leonidas called out from a distance.

Orion's figure instantly vanished.

The next moment, having used Instant Impact, Orion appeared behind Arch Lord Kian.

This was the understanding between Orion and Leonidas; it was also a signal.

However, just as Orion launched his assassination attempt, the surrounding air seemed to stagnate. A colossal black shadow rose from Arch Lord Kian's body, its hand reaching out to grab Orion.

Sensing the imminent crisis, Orion instinctively activated Battle Will Surge.

Furthermore, a furious roar erupted from Orion's throat—the sonic attack, Titan's Roar.

At the critical moment, the black shadow pierced through the Battle Will Surge and collided with the Titan's Roar. A fierce gale exploded outwards with Orion at its center.

And the flame chains with which Leonidas had bound Arch Lord Kian, at this very moment, completely extinguished, dissipating into the void.

"Those two fellows ran away!" Leonidas appeared beside Orion, having transformed from his full dragon form into his half-dragon, half-human state.

"Bro, how are you?" Orion asked.

"I'm fine, just expended too much energy, a bit drained." Leonidas wasn't lying in the slightest. While he had been binding Arch Lord Kian, Kian had also been relentlessly launching mental attacks against him.

Leonidas was not in good shape. The words, "Should we still pursue them?" which had risen to Orion's throat, got stuck, and he didn't ask.

More importantly, Arch Lord Kian, at the critical moment, could still unleash a trump card to deal with Orion's sneak attack.

This point alone was enough to show that Arch Lord Kian was not among the weakest of the Arch Lord rank.

"What about that demonic wolf? Can you sense it?" Orion asked.

"Also ran. When that Arch Lord released the black shadow, he tried to ambush me, but one look from me scared him off."

Orion fell silent. Clearly, in terms of perception, Leonidas was many times stronger than him.

"Bro, our invasion plan probably won't go so smoothly now." Leonidas looked down, surveying the battle raging on the earth below.

With Kian and Wulfric's departure, the core forces of the Nethervarg Soulflayers(demonic wolves) and hellhounds on the ground were also quietly retreating.

This was the general trend. Although top-tier combat power couldn't entirely decide the outcome of a war, its influence on the result was nonetheless immense.

Through initial contact and some probing, one could roughly ascertain the enemy's strength and underlying depth.

The experienced Leonidas could see this general picture.

"Never mind that the Arch Lord is hard to kill, that demonic wolf is also very troublesome," Leonidas added.

Orion deactivated his Titan Form. Holding his trident, he shifted his gaze to Vexis, who was fighting below.

Vexis was engaged in combat with a hellhound lord. The latter, likely having received orders to retreat, was preparing to flee.

Unfortunately for him, Orion had spotted him.

Whoosh!

The trident tore through the air, plummeting directly from the sky, and impaled both the knight and his hellhound, pinning them to the ground.

Bang! A massive crater appeared on the ground. Combatants in the vicinity, regardless of whether they were friend or foe, were all heavily injured by the shockwave.

"Bro, that trident skill of yours is incredible! Good aim, great power too!"

Chapter 719: I won't hold us back

With the last Legendary-level powerhouse on the battlefield slain, the battle did not end, but it could be said that the tide had begun to turn.

Vexis returned to the rear, reclaimed command of the undead armies from Lorelia, and began to hunt down the demonic wolves and hellhounds that had not managed to withdraw from the battle in time.

A war doesn't conclude merely because the top-tier combatants cease fighting. On the contrary, this is often a rare opportunity to cull the enemy's ranks and diminish their underlying strength.

The war would shift from a standoff to a pursuit, and this pursuit would continue until the hellhounds had fled this territory entirely.

"Don't just stand there in a daze. Chase the enemy! Those are all food for your kinsfolk."

Vexis glanced at Lorelia, whose gaze had not once left the scepter in Vexis's hand.

Having had a taste of its power, Lorelia truly coveted Vexis's scepter.

"For the Horde! For Lorelia! For Master! Charge!"

Lorelia reluctantly withdrew her gaze, raised her longbow high, and shouted, urging all her young spiders to surge forward in attack.

Vexis shook her head. She felt that the personality of this subordinate of Lord Orion's was a contradictory combination.

This spider broodmother was clearly very timid, yet at times, she appeared excessively flamboyant and excitable.

An interesting little girl!

Orion saw Lorelia's display. He withdrew his gaze, glanced at Gustalon and Dirtclaw leading the pursuit at the very front, and then responded to Leonidas.

"Such a throwing technique can only suppress those whose strength is lower than mine."

"Against those Arch Lords, it's pretty much like tickling them."

Leonidas remained noncommittal. When one's strength reached their level, problems couldn't be solved merely by throwing a trident or a spear, unless that weapon carried some special power.

"Bro, what was that black shadow just now? It looked a bit like a body of faith to me."

"It wasn't a body of faith, nor was it a spiritual entity. I'm guessing it was something akin to a soul."

Leonidas's flame chains, whose full name was Flames of Dual Lock Spirit Seal, could seal both physical movement and spirit, so the black shadow just now was definitely not a spiritual entity.

And Orion had his reasons for asking.

It was the first time Orion had encountered a mysterious power capable of bypassing his Battle Will Surge defensive shield.

This was incredible. If his Titan's Roar hadn't played a countering role, Orion suspected he wouldn't have come out of that last exchange unscathed.

"Bro, that roar of yours just now was quite something. The intensity of the sonic attack was even more terrifying than a typical dragon's roar."

"Since that black shadow was destroyed by your sonic attack, it must indeed be something soul-related."

Leonidas stated his deduction, his tone now somewhat more certain.

Orion nodded. He had similar thoughts but wasn't entirely sure.

"Bro, what should we do next?"

Facing a single Arch Lord, neither Orion nor Leonidas had managed to secure a decisive victory. Next, they would be facing two Arch Lords; the situation would be even more difficult to handle.

Leonidas reached up, cupped his chin, and gazed down at the earth, lost in thought.

Truthfully, the difficulty of invading the Dusk Continent was proving to be even greater than Leonidas had initially imagined.

The tenacity of the enemy also exceeded his expectations.

Leonidas could even imagine that Alexander and his forces on their side were probably not faring much better.

"Bro, the blitzkrieg has failed. We need to consider a protracted war of attrition."

Hearing this, Orion's brow furrowed slightly.

It wasn't that Orion was dissatisfied with this outcome, but rather that a war of attrition meant both he and Leonidas would have to send reinforcements here.

Otherwise, facing two factions each possessing an Arch Lord, the cave spider armies and wyvern armies alone would not suffice.

Even with the addition of Vexis's undead armies, it still wouldn't be enough.

They lacked sufficient combat personnel and top-tier powerhouses.

If, this time, there had been another powerful lord to tie down that demonic wolf, perhaps Orion and Leonidas could have truly finished off that Hellhound Knight Arch Lord.

"Hehe... No need to be tense. At worst, we'll temporarily halt the cleanup mission in Valkorath Realm and bring Skeleton General Rumbold over as well."

"With Rumbold's death ripple assisting, the battles between Legendary-level combatants will be somewhat easier."

Orion turned his head, looking at Leonidas with a puzzled expression.

"I'll also transfer two more of my Legendary-level subordinates over. Then, we probably won't need to participate in the Legendary-level fights ourselves."

"However, the cannon fodder needed for those large-scale battles—that's something you'll have to take care of."

Leonidas chuckled. Although he also had many beast subjects, their growth period was too long, making them unsuitable as cannon fodder.

Leonidas would also feel the pain if too many of those beasts died.

He still hadn't replenished the beasts lost during the last confrontation with the fungal creatures.

Orion understood. Leonidas was telling him to bring Soraya and her scorpion armies over as well.

Only with a Legendary-level broodmother joining the battle would they have the confidence to wage a war of attrition.

As for Lorelia, she was still a bit too weak at present.

"Don't worry, I'll transfer Soraya here as soon as possible."

Leonidas nodded, a smile on his face. Interacting with Orion now felt somewhat like being with Arthas.

Some things didn't need to be explicitly stated; they could both arrive at the same understanding and consider the other's situation and feelings.

It was complementary: Leonidas would provide the Legendary-level powerhouses, and Orion would provide the cannon fodder, each playing to their strengths.

"Bro, when the time comes, it'll be you and I facing the Arch Lords alone. Do you have the confidence?"

Leonidas smiled broadly. He knew Orion had the strength to withstand pressure but still wanted to solicit his opinion.

"Make the arrangements. I won't hold us back!"

Orion's expression was composed. As long as he wasn't facing a peak Arch Lord with profound foundations like Arthas, he too had his confidence.

"Hahaha... Then it's decided!"

"Oh right, Bro, those territories we've conquered, you should take them for yourself first. Develop them."

Leonidas's words stunned Orion.

Orion realized something. He looked at Leonidas, meeting his gaze.

"This war of attrition won't end anytime soon. Those territories we've taken, find a way to develop them quickly, gather faith."

"I have a feeling that the other half of the continent, beyond those mountains, will also be an exceptionally difficult war."

"Bro, this period is your opportunity."

Develop territory, gather faith, and then what?

Of course, it was to break through to Arch Lord!

During this special period, with vast swathes of ownerless territory available, Leonidas saw the opportunity and had pointed it out to Orion.

"Bro, I..."

"Want to thank me? Then hurry up and break through to Arch Lord. Conquer the other half of the continent, and then we'll split this entire continent, half each."

Orion nodded, his heart filled with gratitude.

Although Leonidas said it this way, he was the one taking a significant loss.

Because the Emerald Dream Realm would be destroyed sooner or later, the later Orion advanced to Arch Lord, the fewer benefits Leonidas would receive.

Furthermore, even if Orion did advance to Arch Lord, whether he could successfully conquer the other half of the continent was still far from certain.

Chapter 720: Opportunity

The deep sea is vast and mysterious; at high tide, the surface may appear calm and placid, but beneath it, monstrous waves churn.

"Zale is dead!"

"His vengeful spirit last appeared in the territory of the Stoneheart Horde on the east coast!"

"Revenge! I will avenge my twelfth brother!"

Within a trench in the Trident Sea region, there existed an ethereal, dream-like undersea city named Azurecrown Royal Harbor.

This was the fiefdom of the Seventh Prince of the Waveborn seadragon race, and the one roaring for his twelfth brother's revenge was none other than its lord, Aurelian.

The Twelfth Prince Zale, killed in an ambush by a Dragon race powerhouse, had died within Aurelian's fiefdom.

"Aurelian, calm down. This matter isn't as simple as you think."

"Third Brother, do you even realize? Twelfth Brother is dead! He died within my fiefdom!"

The Third Prince Voryn's attempt to console him did nothing to calm Aurelian's emotions; instead, it only fueled his agitation and fury.

The deceased Twelfth Brother Zale and the Seventh Prince Aurelian were full brothers, and their relationship had always been very close.

Aurelian had already prepared a gift for his twelfth brother's upcoming coming-of-age ceremony.

"Seventh Brother, I too am grief-stricken and furious about what happened to Twelfth Brother."

"But think about it. We have no past grievances or recent enmity with the Stoneheart Horde. Why would they attack Twelfth Brother?"

The Third Prince Voryn's tone softened somewhat. He attempted to use reasoning, however tenuous, to persuade his seventh brother, who was currently blinded by rage.

"The Dragon race only recently launched a war against our Sea Race in the neighboring Starfall Sea. If we now go to war with other land-dwelling races, we'll be attacked from both front and rear, which is extremely disadvantageous for us."

"I have reason to believe this is a frame-up orchestrated by the Dragon race, precisely to incite a war between us and the Stoneheart Horde."

The Third Prince Voryn was much older than Aurelian and very rational.

Voryn had come to Seventh Prince Aurelian's fiefdom on this occasion, partly accompanying his twelfth brother, and partly to oversee matters here, assisting Aurelian and guarding against any potential aggression from the Stoneheart Horde.

According to intelligence obtained by the Sea Race high command, the humans, dwarves, blood elves, and Stoneheart Horde would all declare war on their Sea Race, subsequently aiming to expand their maritime territories.

Although the intelligence indicated this, the timing of these declarations of war, and whether the ensuing conflicts would be genuine, hard-fought battles or merely perfunctory gestures—all these aspects contained many opportunities for manipulation.

The Sea Race and these land-based races did not necessarily have to engage in a life-or-death struggle.

Considering the current situation, all Sea Race high command members believed that the wars with the four major races could be resolved through negotiation.

The true factors influencing the course of the war were the Dragon race and the Reverse Whalerace in the Starfall Sea.

If the seadragon race and the Stoneheart Horde also went to war, then a true, large-scale conflict between the Sea Race and the land-based races would be one step closer.

"Third Brother, I don't care if this is a frame-up or not! I only know that Twelfth Brother's vengeful spirit appeared in the territory of the Stoneheart Horde!"

"No matter what, the Stoneheart Horde must give me an explanation!"

The Seventh Prince Aurelian was a Legendary-level powerhouse; he was not foolish. To have reached this stage, he possessed considerable wisdom.

However, this matter involved his deceased twelfth brother. Regardless of the circumstances, he had to demand justice for his own sibling.

"Seventh Brother, I have already relayed the news to Father. I believe a directive will arrive soon."

"Just wait a little longer. Be patient!"

The Seventh Prince Aurelian rose from his throne. An exquisitely crafted lance appeared in his hand, and he stared coldly at the Third Prince Voryn.

"Voryn, I'm warning you. If you try to stop me again, I'll beat you up too."

The Third Prince Voryn and the Seventh Prince Aurelian were only half-brothers; their relationship was not as close as that between Aurelian and Zale.

The Third Prince Voryn's repeated attempts to dissuade him had already filled the Seventh Prince Aurelian with indignation and dissatisfaction.

"You have two choices now: either shut up, or come with me to avenge Twelfth Brother."

The Third Prince Voryn looked at the grief and fury on his seventh brother's face, words failing him. He ultimately shook his head helplessly, realizing he might be compelled to assist. He knew that stirring up a great tsunami could indeed create a favorable combat environment for any Sea Race expedition that might follow.

Voryn sighed, only hoping that his father's orders and opinions would arrive quickly; otherwise, the seadragon race would truly be plunged into war.

East of the coastline, Ironveil Escarpment.

While the Sea Race stirred the ocean waters, whipping up wind and waves, Delilah continued to drive the slave groups, excavating the planned grand canal.

With the arrival of the horde's water lizards, the rainwater that had accumulated in the artificial lake was also being progressively drained.

"Elder, the seawater has risen again; it has already surged past the coastline."

Dace and Drakthul stood behind Delilah. The three of them were on the escarpment, looking down at the throngs of people digging the canal.

Delilah had been aware of the rising tide all along, as she had been continuously monitoring it.

For Elder Drakthul to bring it up now, he was certainly worried.

After all, if the Sea Race were to attack and flood the area, the excavation plan for this grand canal would likely be ruined again. Dealing with the seawater would delay things until at least next year.

"Do you know why humans and dragons are the dominant powers on this continent?"

"Because humans have Saints, and dragons have Dragon Emperors. They are all powerhouses at the Arch Lord level." Delilah did not answer Drakthul's question directly, instead speaking of seemingly unrelated matters.

Drakthul glanced at Dace, who shook his head, indicating that he too was puzzled.

"Do you know the true strength of our Lord, the King of Giants?"

"He is at the peak of the Legendary level—the strongest giant, the greatest lord, an existence comparable to an Arch Lord." Delilah seemed to be asking and answering herself, and also perhaps admonishing the two behind her.

"This is our pride, and also our glory."

"But peak Legendary level is not Arch Lord. It does not gain true acknowledgment."

"For Orion to advance to Arch Lord, our Stoneheart Horde needs more territory." Delilah's voice became somewhat deeper, somewhat lower, yet her tone was gradually growing more fervent.

"I only recently came to understand something. Those northern lords, who appear chaotic and disorganized, actually have the shadows of humans and dragons behind them."

"So, do you understand now? This is why our Lord dares not rashly launch wars of invasion."

"On one hand, there is the peace of the horde; on the other, its future prospects."

"Our own limitations, the humans, and the dragons have all become obstacles to Orion's further advancement."

"The appearance of the Sea Race is an opportunity—an opportunity for him to break through."

In truth, regarding this war with the Sea Race, even if the Sea Race hadn't come to invade, Delilah would have initiated an invasion herself after the grand canal was completed.

The fact that the three major races—humans, dwarves, and blood elves—could be drawn into the conflict by the dragons was not merely because the benefits offered by the dragons were sufficiently great, but because these three races all shared the same line of thinking as Delilah.

As long as a race produced an Arch Lord powerhouse, that race could not possibly decline for a very long time to come.

It might even usher in an unprecedented golden age of prosperity.