

Titan King 721

Chapter 721: Sharing intelligence

Leonidas: "Deputy Commander Edward, invading the Emerald Dream Realm is probably not as simple as we thought."

Leonidas: "On the half-continent Orion and I are on, there are two Arch Lords, and we've already alerted them."

Valkorath Realm, Soraya City, within the magical plants garden.

The Deputy Commander glanced at his disciple Elara, who sat opposite him in closed-eyed meditation, then slowly closed his own eyes.

Edward: "Alexander, what about your side?"

The Deputy Commander did not immediately respond to Leonidas's complaint, instead inquiring about Alexander's situation on the other continent.

Alexander: "My invasion here is going quite smoothly. I haven't encountered any Arch Lord powerhouses yet."

Alexander: "However, I feel my side isn't simple either. For such a large continent, it's very strange that I haven't sensed a single Arch Lord's aura."

Hearing Alexander's description, even Orion realized that the continent Alexander and Isabella were invading was definitely abnormal.

Edward: "Alright, how about this: you all prepare for your true bodies to descend upon the Emerald Dream Realm."

Edward: "If too many Arch Lords appear, we don't need to be secretive. We'll invade openly and honorably."

Edward: "If any demigod powerhouses intervene, I will take action."

These words from the Deputy Commander were a great reassurance to everyone, meant to soothe their hearts.

Orion stared at the Deputy Commander's message, an eyebrow raised, feeling that this invasion of the Emerald Dream Realm was about to escalate further.

Leonidas: "Squiddy, how are things in your sea region?"

Kraken: "Reporting, Big Boss! My side is great! An endless ocean—this here is my paradise."

Leonidas: "Take it easy, be cautious. This Emerald Dream Realm is mysterious through and through. Don't get yourself buried in the deep sea; no one will be there to collect your corpse if you do."

Kraken: "Thanks for the reminder. I will act cautiously."

Seeing Leonidas and Kraken communicating, Orion quickly shared the decision he and Leonidas had made.

Orion: "Leonidas and I have decided to send reinforcements to the Emerald Dream Realm. Kraken, if you also have plans to send reinforcements, you can use the cross-realm teleportation array in Red Moon Valley as the teleportation coordinates."

Orion: "Also, that Reaper introduced some dark races into the Emerald Dream Realm. We've already encountered demonic wolves and Hellhound Knights."

Orion: "Kraken, Alexander, you need to be careful. Their combat strength is not weak!"

Sharing intelligence—this was what allies ought to do.

Only by first giving could one receive the reminders and goodwill of companions with a clear conscience; Orion understood this point well.

Kraken: "Reinforcements? I'll have to consider that."

Alexander: "Dark species and abyssal species have actually appeared. It seems this world is more chaotic than we imagined."

Leonidas: "Alexander, can your shadow army send some units over to us? Orion and I will likely face a major battle next."

Alexander: "Wait for it!"

...

Marshlight Sanctuary, in an area filled with old palaces and dilapidated churches, cave spiders stood guard on the ground while wyverns patrolled the skies.

In the largest of the ancient palaces, Leonidas and Orion slowly opened their eyes.

"Bro, is the shadow army very strong?" Orion asked.

The shadow army—Orion had heard long ago that Alexander possessed a very special army.

"Very strong," Leonidas replied. "It's an army Alexander specially cultivated for assassinating important enemy figures."

"You can think of them as a group of assassins, or as special forces specifically for decapitation strikes."

Speaking of the shadow army, Leonidas's eyes were bright. From his smile, Orion could guess that the shadow army was undoubtedly very effective.

"Can they assassinate Arch Lords?"

"What nonsense are you spouting!"

"What about assassinating Legendary-level lords?"

"That's possible. There have been successful cases."

"Alpha-level assassinating Legendary-level?"

"Mm-hmm!"

Hearing this, Orion sucked in a sharp breath.

Orion was well aware of the difficulty involved for an Alpha-level individual to assassinate someone at the Legendary level.

The Stoneheart Horde had quite a few Alpha-level powerhouses, but not a single one capable of killing a Legendary-level being.

Not even Gustalon.

"Bro, using the shadow army purely for assassinating enemies isn't the best way to utilize them."

"Hmm?" Orion looked puzzled, listening attentively, clearly eager to learn.

"Given the current situation, if we integrate the shadow army into our own forces, the casualties among our Alpha-level subordinates will be greatly reduced."

"For example, that spider broodmother of yours. With the shadow army protecting her, her death becomes highly unlikely."

"How important a broodmother is on the battlefield—I don't need to tell you; you should know very well."

This point, Orion knew all too well.

Ever since Orion had become a lord, aside from clashes between top-tier powerhouses, in most situations, it was the broodmothers who supported the entire war effort.

"Protecting our own commanders as the primary duty, and on that basis, eliminating enemy commanders—that's the true way to use the shadow army."

"Think about it. If there was a shadow assassin following and protecting your Alpha-level powerhouses fighting on the very front lines, wouldn't the losses among your mid-to-upper-level personnel be greatly reduced?"

Leonidas's words brought a sudden understanding to Orion.

"How many enemies can assassination actually kill?"

"And once the enemy is prepared, sending any number of assassins is just sending them to their deaths."

"Letting the shadow army operate freely on the battlefield—providing protection while also seizing opportunities for targeted slaughter—can leverage their strengths and reduce casualties for both them and us."

This was precious battlefield experience, and also a practical application for the shadow army.

Leonidas told Orion these things because he knew that sooner or later, Orion would come into contact with Alexander's shadow army.

In the distance, while Leonidas and Orion were discussing the finer points of this invasion, a pursuit and a series of skirmishes continued to erupt on the borders of Marshlight Sanctuary.

The roars of icefield snow wolves echoed through the forest, accompanied by the clash of blades and the shouts of bloodline warriors.

Woof!

Dirtclaw sank his teeth into a hellhound's neck, shaking his head with desperate, frenzied abandon, rattling the hellhound until it was dizzy and disoriented.

Only when the hellhound stopped struggling, when no more blood flowed from its body, did Dirtclaw release his powerful jaws.

"Dirtclaw, you've won again!"

This was the second time Fergus had spoken words of praise; Dirtclaw had earned it.

"These filthy things! Instead of obediently submitting, they dare to challenge me in the name of hellhounds. Do they think I'm weak?"

"Fergus, this fellow's dark source crystal is yours."

"Don't be polite. If you and Thundar hadn't been nearby providing assistance, I wouldn't have fought so recklessly."

Fergus nodded, not standing on ceremony.

He lightly patted the eager head of the abyssal dragon beneath him. The latter, having received approval, lowered its head and began to tear ferociously at the hellhound's corpse.

Chapter 722: Over-tier being

Dirtclaw swallowed the hellhound blood lingering in his mouth, looked towards the north, his tone chillingly cold.

"I see it clearly now. These hellhounds have encountered stronger beings; they fundamentally look down on me."

"They are unwilling to submit to me!"

"I won't give them another chance."

At this moment, Thundar, riding his dark fiend, came forward and also gazed northwards.

"We need to get moving. We've wasted a considerable amount of time here."

Dirtclaw nodded and was just about to take off when a sudden gust of strong wind appeared, bringing all three of them to a halt.

A violent tornado materialized, and Gustalon's figure appeared within it.

"A group of Windfoot Freaks is attacking from the west. They're likely enemy reinforcements."

"Their numbers are large. By My Lord's order, do not engage them in a large-scale battle. You should lead your troops and withdraw from this area."

Gustalon, operating as a free agent on the battlefield, brought this piece of intelligence; it was crucial and very timely.

Neither Dirtclaw nor Fergus spoke, instead turning their heads to look at Thundar.

Thundar was the Elder of Combat; in Orion's absence, he held the authority of command.

"We go back!"

Thundar did not hesitate, decisively taking a war horn from his waist and blowing it.

The mournful call of the horn traveled far into the distance, and soon, a corresponding horn call echoed back.

Hearing the answering call, Thundar put away his war horn.

"The retreat order has been given. Let's go back!"

Gustalon shook his head, looked back towards the north, then said to the three of them,

"Gathering intelligence on the enemy is my duty. I will continue to stay in this area."

Thundar nodded, said, "Take care," and then led his troops back.

On the way back, Dirtclaw first glanced behind him, then his ears perked up, trying to sense if any wind continued to blow from that direction, before he finally spoke, questioning Thundar.

"Thundar, that fellow's aura gives me a heart-stopping feeling."

"It's not just you; me too."

Though both were at peak Alpha-level, the pressure Gustalon exerted on Dirtclaw was immense.

"Could he have already taken that step?"

"I don't know. As an elemental life form, it's quite normal for Gustalon to step into the Legendary level before us."

"That's true!"

Speaking of elemental life forms, Dirtclaw was reminded of Lumi, who guarded the teleportation array.

She too was an elemental life form and had stepped into the Legendary level very early on.

"Let's go. The hellhounds and demonic wolves in this area haven't been completely driven out. We need to be cautious."

Thundar was not wrong. In this pursuit, many enemies had been left behind as a rearguard, and many hellhounds and demonic wolves had hidden in the forests and caves.

In pockets of resistance, fighting would still erupt from time to time.

Further north, in the Ashenfang Traverse.

"Lestat, an old friend has come to visit. Why don't you come out to greet your guest?"

Hellhound Knight Kian's booming voice echoed through the valley, startling countless slumbering Bloodreavers.

"Come in. I have already poured fine wine for you!"

An old and ancient voice drifted out from the depths of the valley. Arch Lord Kian, mounted on his hellhound, stepped into it.

A short while later, in a cave within the valley, at a stone table, the Bloodreaver Arch Lord named Lestat and Arch Lord Kian sat opposite each other.

"I didn't expect you to be defeated so quickly."

Arch Lord Kian let out a slight cold snort, glancing at the Bloodreaver Arch Lord, whose hair was withered and body shriveled.

"You should recover your blood-qi as soon as possible. Our enemies are two Over-tier beings."

"Two?"

"What else did you expect? If it were just one Over-tier being, would I have been defeated so quickly?"

"Over-tier beings..." Arch Lord Lestat murmured. For two Over-tier beings to suddenly appear on this continent signified that a major change was about to occur.

The so-called Over-tier beings were those entities capable of fighting effectively above their nominal rank.

This category mostly referred to those geniuses at the Alpha-level, Legendary-level, or Arch Lord level who could challenge those of a higher rank.

Such geniuses were not typically born from ordinary racial factions.

"Do you know their origins?"

"One is of the Dragon race, the other is a Giant." Arch Lord Kian answered concisely, then, after a thought, added,

"Their invasion force includes wyverns in the sky, giants riding giant wolves on the ground, also spider beasts, and a considerable number of undead armies."

This was the kind of information Arch Lord Lestat most wanted to know.

Lestat reached out, poured the blood-like wine from his cup into his mouth, and began to murmur again.

"A Dragon race lord, with wyverns as retainers; his bloodline should be very pure."

"Giants... this race possesses a very long history. It is rumored they come from the distant depths of the universe; some also say they originate from the Abyss. I wonder which branch that particular giant belongs to."

"Spider beasts? Also an abyssal race?"

Hearing this, Kian interrupted Lestat's murmuring.

"Those spider beasts are quite ordinary, but they are very numerous."

"In my perception, those spider beasts are likely sacrifices for the undead armies."

"Large numbers of undead crawling forth from the corpses of the spider beasts—that scene was both spectacular and terrifying."

Kian's voice was slightly subdued, his eyes half-closed, as if he were recalling everything he had witnessed on the battlefield.

"Lestat, those who invade us are a group of powerful enemies."

"What has happened here should be reported to that important figure."

Silence filled the cave. The withered Bloodreaver Lestat pondered for a long time before slowly speaking.

"Reporting it is a must, certainly. We cannot disrupt the important figure's plans."

"But before that, we should try to solve the problem ourselves."

"Kian, my friend, we both come from Hell. Would your kind truly fear races from the Abyss?"

Lestat raised his head, fixing Kian with his ancient, world-weary eyes. His turbid pupils, surprisingly, exerted considerable pressure on Kian.

"Infernal beings have never feared war!" Kian declared.

"But, Lestat, you must step up and share the pressure. The enemies are two Over-tier powerhouses."

"Besides, can you guarantee that the enemy doesn't have even stronger forces backing them?"

The atmosphere once again grew silent. As one of the races that had invaded this world, both Lestat and Kian knew very well that demigod powerhouses stood behind them.

The enemy was also an invading race; would they not also have demigod powerhouses supporting them?

"Emerald Dream Realm is getting more and more chaotic!"

After a long pause, Lestat picked up the stone cup of blood-wine from the table and drained it in one gulp.

Chapter 723: I believe in you

"Hehe, Bro, you don't need to dwell on it."

Leonidas took the fine wine Orion handed him and gulped it down in large mouthfuls, feeling immensely refreshed.

Leonidas had previously pointed out a path for Orion to advance to Arch Lord, and Orion had accepted it.

However, Orion was currently hesitating, pondering which of his kinsfolk to relocate here to propagate their lineage and defend the territory.

"This problem is actually very simple!"

"I think your cave spiders, gnolls, succubi, abyssal giants, and Skeletal Knights are the most suitable races to stay in the Emerald Dream Realm."

"Just have these races migrate half their population over. Once they arrive, provide them with supplies and just let them keep popping out little ones."

"Bro, these races I mentioned are all rather dark-aligned. Coming here is more beneficial than detrimental for them."

Orion nodded, agreeing with Leonidas's proposal, as it made a lot of sense.

Having made his decision, Orion closed his eyes and communicated via his will projection, relaying his orders to Delilah, Lilith, and Rendall.

Currently, Rendall was guarding Blackstone City, Lilith was guarding Stoneheart City, and Delilah was on the western coastline of the territory, dealing with the Sea Race.

The mobilization of the Horde's population required the joint coordination of these three individuals to proceed in an orderly manner.

Furthermore, convincing a portion of the succubi and giants to leave their homeland required the personal involvement of important figures like Delilah and Rendall.

Just as the orders were transmitted, Orion's brow suddenly furrowed deeply. He discovered that his connection with the Shadow Paper Figure had been completely severed.

The last scene the Shadow Paper Figure had transmitted to Orion was of a silver-haired, silver-eyed man slowly looking towards the Shadow Paper Figure, and then striking it down.

"Something wrong?"

The change in Orion's facial expression was very obvious; how could a powerhouse like Leonidas not perceive it?

"A sudden incident. When I first proposed invading the Emerald Dream Realm, the Deputy Commander gave me an Owl, you gave me a Teleportation Sphere, and Alexander gave me a Shadow Paper Figure."

"Now, the Shadow Paper Figure has lost contact with me. Perhaps it was destroyed."

Orion told Leonidas what he had just encountered. After listening, Leonidas also frowned deeply.

Leonidas and Alexander were very close and had cooperated countless times over the years.

Leonidas, of course, knew about the Shadow Paper Figure, as he himself had used it before.

Logically speaking, the Shadow Paper Figure was of a very high grade; it shouldn't be detected unless it encountered an Arch Lord-level existence.

Even an ordinary Arch Lord would likely not be able to discover the Shadow Paper Figure.

And yet, now the Shadow Paper Figure had disconnected from Orion; it was most likely destroyed.

"Bro, tell me the specifics."

Orion nodded and explained how he had dispatched the Shadow Paper Figure to cross the Ashenfang Traverse, intending for it to scout the other half of the continent for intelligence.

The Shadow Paper Figure had not failed its mission and had successfully crossed the continuous mountain range.

However, after crossing the mountains and entering a city, it had been eliminated.

Leonidas muttered, "A silver-haired, silver-eyed human race... a large city representing civilization... strange runic weapons...". He was searching his memories, trying to identify a similar race.

After a long while, Leonidas shook his head.

"There is no similar race in my memory. They are likely a high civilization developed by the natives here."

In truth, Orion had a similar suspicion.

Orion said, "Bro, this time, you might really be right."

"To conquer this continent, we must prepare for a long, sustained war of attrition."

Leonidas offered, "Bro, you have to think of it this way: the longer it drags on, the more advantageous it is for us."

"When Arthas awakens, we'll have another demigod powerhouse on our side."

"And if our Commander also awakens from his slumber, then things will get really interesting."

"Hehehe..."

Compared to Orion's deep worry, Leonidas appeared much more optimistic.

Of course, it might also be that Leonidas had experienced more battles and had long grown accustomed to similar situations.

"Bro, don't overthink it. Let's put our heads together, figure out how to take down those two Arch Lords, and unify this half-continent sooner."

"By then, I reckon you'll be about ready to break through to Arch Lord yourself."

Leonidas handed Orion a cask of fine wine, gesturing for him to drink his fill.

After Orion tilted his head back and downed the contents of the wine cask in one go, Leonidas jumped up and clapped him on the shoulder.

"That's the way! A man should be more straightforward!"

"Bro, I believe in you."

Orion let out a wine-scented burp, a puzzled expression on his face.

Leonidas continued, "Think about it. Once you successfully advance to Arch Lord, will those enemies beyond the mountains still be enemies?"

"Bro, don't tell me that after advancing to Arch Lord, you'll still feel pressured by them."

"Surely not?"

Leonidas analyzed while simultaneously goading Orion, a shrewd glint flickering deep in his eyes.

Perhaps it was due to drinking too much wine, or perhaps he had been successfully goaded by Leonidas, or maybe it was the thought of his own power after advancing to Arch Lord—a light of pride began to sparkle in Orion's eyes.

"That's true. Once I advance to Arch Lord, forget mere Arch Lord powerhouses—even if I face demigod powerhouses, I could... maybe I could... trade one for one."

Leonidas roared with laughter. "Now you're talking, Bro!" He once again handed Orion a cask of wine. The two clinked their casks together, then began to feast on meat and drink heartily.

Leonidas thought to himself just before succumbing to drunkenness, "My heavens, if you're not bluffing and can really trade one for one with a demigod powerhouse, that would be somewhat terrifying."

As good friends, Leonidas and Orion, during this drinking session, did not use their internal blood and life force powers or supernatural abilities to dispel the effects of the alcohol. They both drank to their hearts' content and became thoroughly intoxicated.

Titanion Realm, Stoneheart City.

Void energy fluctuated around the teleportation array located in the military encampment. A graceful and charming beauty in a red dress stepped out from it.

Soraya thought to herself, "I didn't expect to return so soon!"

"Although the time hasn't been long, it really feels like so much has changed."

These were Soraya's innermost thoughts. She recalled how, when she had followed Orion across the realms, she had essentially gambled everything, including her life.

In her heart, Soraya had already been prepared to die in a foreign land.

Unexpectedly, upon arriving in the Valkorath Realm, she had encountered a great opportunity.

Supported by seemingly endless resources, she had broken through to the Legendary level, becoming a Legendary-level broodmother.

Legendary-level broodmother—such a status was akin to a pillar of support in any large faction.

"Welcome back to the Stoneheart Horde, Warden Soraya!"

Just as Soraya was lost in her feelings, Lilith, accompanied by a retinue of succubus maidservants, walked into the teleportation array area, a smile on her face as she looked at Soraya.

Hearing Lilith's voice, Soraya snapped back to reality, a smile appearing on her own face.

"You're too kind!"

Soraya walked forward to meet her, took Lilith's hand, and then gently took Pallas from Lilith's arms.

"It's been so long since I saw the little one! He's grown so big!"

Chapter 724: Is the great battle approaching?

Lilith had stayed in the Valkorath Realm for a period, carrying Pallas to term and giving birth there; Pallas's birth was also witnessed by Soraya.

"Pallas, quickly call Auntie!" Lilith coaxed.

"Aun... tie..."

Pallas's milky, childish voice responded to Soraya.

Soraya planted a firm kiss on Pallas's cheek, then took out a small dagger from her attire and pressed it into Pallas's hand.

This was Soraya's gift for Pallas; she was exceptionally fond of the little one in her arms.

"Go to the castle and rest for a bit first. Xalathar is in the castle and can accompany you to the west side of the territory at any time," Lilith said.

"Alright!"

Returning to Stoneheart City, Soraya was extremely joyful and excited.

As a Warden of the Stoneheart Horde, Lilith also showed her due respect by personally coming to welcome her.

Of course, Soraya and Lilith also shared a very good relationship, built on mutual respect.

Far away, at Golden Pearl.

In the underground palace beneath the sands, High Priestess Selenis was meditating with her eyes closed. Ever since returning from the last cross-realm invasion, the scorpion tribe had entered a busy phase of breeding and hatching.

After Selenis had expressed her willingness to serve Orion, she had received a generous bestowal of supplies and had been quietly accumulating strength.

Today, Selenis felt an inexplicable emotion stirring within her, making it impossible to calm her mind.

Just as Selenis was feeling agitated and restless, a familiar, melodious voice, tinged with pride, resounded throughout Golden Pearl.

"High Priestess, lead our kinsmen and advance to the West Coast."

"How can our scorpion tribe be absent from the battle against the Sea Race?"

Selenis's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Your Majesty!"

"The aura of a Legendary level!"

"Ah..."

A few moments later, Selenis recovered from her shock, which then transformed into exhilaration, into ecstasy.

Rustle, rustle, rustle...

Within the underground palace, all the slumbering small scorpions awakened and began to wave their tail stingers in unison, creating a soft, rustling sound.

It was their way of welcoming their Queen's return and celebrating the emergence of a Legendary-level powerhouse within the Scorpion Tribe.

"Mo... Move... out! Target... West... Coast!"

Selenis issued the command, her voice trembling.

West Coast, Ironveil Escarpment.

Gazing at the seawater that had already encroached upon the forest, Delilah's mood was grave.

"It seems the seadragon race is truly enraged!"

Although Delilah also craved war, she did not wish for it to begin at this very moment; the timing was not right.

Though she had temporarily hatched some Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters, their numbers were still insufficient.

Furthermore, the number of Sea-Devouring Warships was also too small. If they were to fight the Sea Race in the water, they would suffer a great disadvantage.

Fortunately, when she had chosen the campsite, she had selected this highest point on the escarpment.

Also, to face this attack from the Sea Race, Orion would dispatch two Legendary-level powerhouses to reinforce them; this was Delilah's greatest source of confidence.

"Sylvana, can you take another look at the war's outcome?"

"Forget it! Better not to do that." Delilah retracted her request without turning around.

"I can try!"

Sylvana, standing behind Delilah and supported by the old elder from the fox tribe, responded softly after hearing Delilah's request.

"Still, forget it!"

"I don't want Orion to return and blame me for exhausting his beautiful lover, Kitsune."

"Besides, I believe the Stoneheart Horde is capable of repelling the Sea Race."

At this moment, Delilah's aura was imposing, giving one the illusion that she looked down upon the entire world.

"Elder, figures from the Sea Race have appeared one after another in the distant sea region."

The guard Dace stepped forward and reported the latest intelligence he had acquired.

Delilah first muttered to herself, "Is the great battle approaching?"

Then she responded to Dace, "I understand!"

"Elder, our reinforcements..." Dace began, wanting to say something, but did not continue.

What he wanted to refer to were the Legendary-level powerhouses, Xalathar, and Soraya.

"No need to worry. Our Stoneheart Horde's two Wardens have already arrived."

Roar!

The moment Delilah finished speaking, a high-pitched, resounding beast roar echoed from deep inland.

It was Xalathar's roar, a sound incredibly familiar to the bloodline warriors of the Stoneheart Horde.

Accompanying the roar was a powerful Legendary-level pressure.

"It's the abyssal dragon!"

"It's the Warden!"

"Could Lord Orion have come too?"

"Our reinforcements are here!"

"..."

Atop the escarpment, everyone, from the warriors of the guardian armies to the slaves of the cannon fodder troops, let out shouts of relief.

The arrival of Legendary-level powerhouses meant they would not be swept away, would not be left to fend for themselves.

In the distance, a black cloud approached rapidly, growing ever closer, ever larger.

A few moments later, the massive figure of the abyssal dragon Xalathar appeared in mid-air. The black cloud enveloping it, it turned out, was the Abyssal energy emanating from Xalathar's own body.

Although abyssal dragons lacked wings, after reaching the Legendary level, they possessed special methods to achieve flight.

From Xalathar's back, Soraya took a step forward, treading upon the void as she came to land beside Delilah.

"Greetings to the two Wardens!"

Everyone present, including Delilah, Sylvana, Dace, Otho, Ursa, Drakthul, and Gormathar, showed immense respect.

Soraya and Xalathar were the Stoneheart Horde's strongest combatants aside from Orion himself; they were key figures within the horde.

Saluting them was the respect they rightfully deserved.

"Everyone has worked hard! Elder of Stewardship, you are too kind!"

The first part of Soraya's sentence was addressed to all who were saluting; the latter part was specifically for Delilah.

Delilah was also one of Orion's women, and furthermore, one of the four elders holding great power within the horde; her status was somewhat special.

Delilah was worthy of Soraya's particular regard.

Of course, in Soraya's heart, Delilah's status was not as high as Lilith's.

Delilah also perceived this.

Things were different now from how they were before. Soraya was a Legendary-level powerhouse and would not deign to lower her own status.

This was Soraya's pride, and also a manifestation of the inherent loftiness of a Legendary-level powerhouse.

"Soraya, your arrival has completely set our minds at ease!"

Upon meeting, Delilah immediately smiled and walked towards Soraya, a gesture indicative of her willingly adopting a more modest posture.

Soraya smiled slightly and came over to take Delilah's hand.

"We received the Lord's command to come here and await your orders. Whatever arrangements you have, please feel free to command us."

A smile appeared on Delilah's face as she laughingly led Soraya and Xalathar into the command tent.

Delilah showed none of the pride befitting a Succubus Queen.

In truth, however, Delilah's heart at this moment was frantic, filled with craving, and also with yearning.

The craving for the Legendary level was driving the proud Delilah almost to the point of madness.

This feeling of being beneath Orion's other women was something Delilah disliked intensely; she was about to go mad, to fly into a rage.

But, Delilah showed no trace of this inner frenzy.

It had to be said, Delilah's mindset had once again improved.

Chapter 725: Perhaps it's an advancement, perhaps it's annihilation

"Truly rare, a wind-attribute dark source crystal!"

"Very delicious!"

Gustalon consumed the dark source crystal in his hand, feeling incomparably refreshed.

Before Gustalon lay the corpses of two Windfoot Freaks; the dark source crystals had been extracted from their bodies.

The enemy forces had successively retreated from the Marshlight Sanctuary territory, but along the border, probing attacks and skirmishes between small units had not ceased.

Gustalon, as Orion's personal intelligence operative, was naturally active in this region.

The Windfoot Freaks were a newly joined race in the battle, a humanoid species that seemed to have evolved from a mantis-like creature.

Blade-like claws and bone wings were the most distinct physical characteristics of the Windfoot Freaks.

"As a favored child of the wind element, you shouldn't be here."

"Surrender to us. I will introduce you to a truly powerful expert."

Just as Gustalon was preparing to depart, a voice suddenly reached him, carried on the wind.

A fierce gust of wind swept through. When the wind subsided, a strikingly imposing female Windfoot Freak, her frame surprisingly petite and her head adorned with a square kerchief, appeared before Gustalon.

"Riding the wind... your understanding and control of the wind astonish me!" Gustalon said truthfully. It was the first time he had ever seen an existence capable of "riding the wind."

Although the Windfoot Freak before him was an enemy, Gustalon was still filled with curiosity towards her.

"Riding the Wind" was an exceedingly rare ability to merge one's body with the wind.

This skill wasn't as complete as Gustalon's own ability to "merge with the wind and depart," but on the battlefield, it was not to be underestimated.

"I also didn't expect to meet an elemental life form on the front lines, and a wind element at that," the female Windfoot Freak replied.

"I am Yvaine, Queen of the Zephyrkin Swifts. I am willing to introduce you to my master."

"The prerequisite is that you must submit to me."

Gustalon stared at Yvaine, a smile playing on his lips, but his eyes were filled with disdain.

Ever since encountering demigod powerhouses like Deputy Commander Edward and witnessing the Storm Avatar in the Valkorath Realm, Gustalon had gained a clear understanding of his own future path.

He had yet to advance to the Legendary level, and initially, he had been perplexed about his path.

However, as his kills on the battlefield mounted, Gustalon gradually came to an understanding.

In the past, he had been lazy, a pursuer of freedom and flowers.

Now, he was a pursuer of strength.

Without strength, his pursuit of freedom and flowers was utterly meaningless.

Gustalon was different from his past self!

"What level is the strongest wind-user you've ever seen?" Gustalon asked Yvaine.

"Legendary? Or Arch Lord?"

"Introduce me to your master? He is not worthy."

At this moment, the image of the Deputy Commander's Storm Avatar was supremely great and imposing in Gustalon's eyes.

"You are a Legendary creature of wind. Do you know, seeing you, I've suddenly had an epiphany!" Gustalon declared to Yvaine.

"I will defeat you, devour your Lord Stone!"

The determination in Gustalon's eyes was dazzling, and also utterly frenzied.

The clouds in the sky were blown away.

The wind began to blow.

At first, it was a soft breeze, then a light wind, steadily strengthening to a persistent breeze.

Leaves began to fall, trees swayed, and a continuous rustling sound filled the air.

The wind grew stronger, becoming an unceasing gale, and then a fierce tempest raged forth.

Crack!

The small trees around Gustalon began to topple and snap—this was a gale.

Yvaine's eyebrow twitched. She could see that the wind force was increasing level by level, and the battle intent enveloping Gustalon was growing ever more intense.

"Good. I'm also very interested in you," Yvaine said.

"By devouring you, perhaps I can advance further."

The Windfoot Freak Lord, Yvaine, raised her twin claws, and the blade-like wings on her back began to beat.

A buzzing sound arose, and the surrounding wind force intensified once more.

Crack! Crack!

This time, even the thicker trees in the vicinity began to fall one after another.

Gustalon glanced at Yvaine, his form dissipating as he completely merged himself into the wind.

On the other side, Yvaine executed her art of Riding the Wind, and she too transformed into a gust of wind.

However, unlike Gustalon, Yvaine's wind would intermittently flash with blade-like glints.

Rumble! The wind force continued to escalate, and even the stones on the ground were being lifted one by one.

The wind force grew even more violent!!

On the battlefield front, a great wind arose, a wind so powerful it threatened to peel the very surface off the earth.

Combatants from both sides, as if fleeing death itself, all retreated from the wind-swept area.

The howl of the wind grew tighter, its force more ferocious.

Strong gale, storm, hurricane!

Ultimately, in the area where Gustalon and Yvaine battled, two colliding, tearing hurricanes formed.

"By the Titan God, is this a death summons from Hell?" someone exclaimed from afar.

In the rear, at the temporary encampment.

Dirtclaw, Fergus, and Thundar emerged from their tents one after another, gazing at the distant hurricanes, sighing in awe.

Thundar frowned. "Hurricanes... Windfoot Freaks... Could it be Gustalon has encountered an enemy?" Among their invading faction, it seemed only Gustalon was capable of stirring up such terrifying hurricanes.

"Thundar, should this matter be reported to the Lord?" Dirtclaw asked.

"He probably already knows!" Thundar shook his head. With such a massive disturbance on the front lines, it was impossible for powerhouses like Orion and Leonidas not to sense it.

"That's true. Orion is so powerful, it's impossible he didn't sense it."

"So what do we do now? Should we go and assist Gustalon?" As Dirtclaw said this, he himself felt a bit embarrassed; it seemed they couldn't really help much. He laughed awkwardly.

"This kind of aura... perhaps Gustalon is about to advance to the Legendary level!" Thundar mused.

Hearing this, Dirtclaw and Fergus both fell silent. Could it be that their Stoneheart Horde was about to gain another Warden?

How far were they from such a lofty rank?

Elsewhere, Lorelia and Vexis, key figures in their own contingent, also stepped out of their tent.

"Vexis, are there Legendary-level powerhouses fighting over there?" Lorelia asked.

Even from a great distance, the aura transmitted by the two hurricanes still made Lorelia feel somewhat suffocated.

Although she too was at peak Alpha-level, she had no clue whatsoever about advancing to the Legendary level.

Vexis glanced at Lorelia, then continued to gaze at the distant hurricanes.

"Indeed, it's the aura of the Legendary level!"

"The hurricanes are immense. One of them might be that wind elemental life."

"Him? Is he advancing to Legendary level?" Lorelia wondered aloud.

"I don't know. Perhaps it's an advancement, perhaps it's annihilation."

Vexis glanced towards the far rear, where Orion and Leonidas were resting among a group of old buildings. Those two great lords had made no response, so they were certainly tacitly allowing something to unfold.

Chapter 726: I believe in you, and I believe in myself too

Marshlight Sanctuary, atop an ancient palace.

Orion and Leonidas stood side-by-side on the tower's peak, also gazing at the two distant hurricanes on the front line.

"Hahaha... Bro, congratulations! You're about to gain another capable subordinate!"

"How so?" Orion turned his head, looking at Leonidas in surprise.

Truthfully, Orion had sensed the distant battle and had been continuously monitoring it.

However, the clash between Gustalon and Yvaine was incredibly fierce, and Orion hadn't perceived any indication that Gustalon would emerge victorious.

"I can only say the enemy is very foolish, very naive!" Leonidas declared.

"Their current fighting method is all about using wind elements to attack each other."

"To fight a wind elemental life form within the wind itself—one can only say that wind-wielding monster's brain has been eaten by zombies."

"If they used a different fighting style, your subordinate would undoubtedly lose."

"But as it is now, he's guaranteed to win!"

Orion fell silent. He had to admit that Leonidas had a very valid point.

When facing any enemy, one should dictate their own rhythm.

One must never use their own shortcomings to counter an enemy's strengths.

That Windfoot Freak, although also wind-attribute, possessed a very impure affinity for wind compared to Gustalon—this was her weakness.

"Actually, I've always had high expectations for him!" Orion murmured, gazing into the distance. With Lumi as a precedent, he indeed held great hopes for Gustalon.

He just hadn't expected Gustalon to embark on his path to the Legendary level in such a manner.

"Haha... Elemental life forms are different from us; they have natural advantages," Leonidas said.

"Bro, Arthas and I once both tried to create our own elemental avatars. Unfortunately, we both failed."

"These elemental life forms have resistance to many secret arts."

Orion's pupils dilated, and he looked at Leonidas, somewhat astonished.

Leonidas continued, "Don't look at me like that. When you reach the peak as an Arch Lord, and countless years later find yourself unable to see the path ahead, you too will try any possible method to enhance your own strength."

"Demigod level isn't that easy to achieve!!"

This was the first time Orion had seen such dejection on Leonidas's face. A wave of powerlessness emanated from Leonidas's body.

At this moment, Leonidas seemed somewhat disheartened.

"Bro, I believe in you, and I believe in myself too," Orion said, a statement of mutual encouragement.

Hearing this, Leonidas chuckled, "Hehe."

In the blink of an eye, the negative emotions surrounding Leonidas vanished completely.

"That's right! When the time comes, we'll step into the demigod level together and wreak havoc."

Orion nodded, his expression firm. However, upon seeing the distant hurricanes again, his brow furrowed once more.

"Bro, why do you think those two Arch Lords haven't made a move?"

This was a doubt Orion couldn't quite resolve in his mind. Logically, with a Legendary-level battle erupting on the front lines, as faction leaders, they should have appeared to investigate.

Leonidas explained, "They're observing. These Arch Lords who have lived for countless years are powerful yet cautious, timid yet suspicious. They generally won't take risks themselves."

As he spoke, Leonidas chuckled "hehehe," perhaps because he felt he might also be describing himself.

"Through these subordinates, they want to learn more about us and our underlying strength."

"Mark my words, as long as we don't show ourselves on the front lines, they won't either."

Leonidas was very confident; over countless years, he had fathomed the intentions of too many hearts.

"It's not just us mobilizing troops; they are also preparing for a major war."

"Bro, Marshlight Sanctuary's northern border will become a battlefield meat grinder next."

"Small-scale conflicts cannot stop. Whoever stops first shows weakness, and they will then suffer a full-scale offensive from the other side."

"To buy some time, we must be prepared for attrition and sacrifice."

Leonidas spoke these words calmly, seemingly unconcerned about the lives of the cave spiders and wyverns.

"I understand!" Orion replied.

In the distance, the collision of the two hurricanes grew increasingly violent. The storm's center had long since become a no-man's-land, filled only with stones and trees flying chaotically through the air.

The scene was like the advent of an apocalypse.

...

Titanion Realm, Ironveil Escarpment.

Unlike the initial rising of the tide, as the Sea Race grand army approached, a great tsunami gradually formed.

The kinsfolk of the Stoneheart Horde witnessed the terror of the Sea Race for the first time. The sight of the tsunami striking chilled all land-dwelling races to the bone.

However, many bloodline warriors showed no fear in their eyes.

Because after the scorpion tribe's arrival, an enormous sand mountain had been piled up at the foot of the escarpment.

Especially after Soraya intervened and summoned a sandstorm, the effective altitude of the area around the escarpment had risen even further, granting everyone a measure of security.

Roar!

Just then, the abyssal dragon Xalathar, which had been lying prone on the ground, abruptly stood up and roared towards the distant sea region.

"They're here!" Soraya spoke, drawing everyone's attention.

Delilah, Dace, Otho, Ursa, Drakthul, Gormathar, and the others quickly gathered by Soraya's side, looking out towards the horizon together.

"I can't see anyone!" Dace exclaimed.

"They are in the seawater!" Soraya answered Dace's doubt, simultaneously reminding everyone else.

In the distance, the ocean waves began to churn, becoming exceptionally turbulent.

Giant, swirling waves rolled towards the shore, crashing and churning with sounds like the roars of deep-sea monsters.

Awooo! Awooo!

Two strange dragon roars emanated from beneath the sea. The seawater grew violent, the waves stacking up like mountain peaks, exerting an extremely oppressive feeling.

The abyssal dragon Xalathar, not to be outdone, and as if its territory had been violated, continuously issued warning roars.

Following this, a series of loud splashing sounds erupted as two giant seadragons broke through the water's surface, hovering above the sea, facing Xalathar and Soraya from afar.

Behind the seadragons, batch after batch of Sea Race warriors emerged from the water, their disciplined ranks gazing at everyone on the escarpment.

"Your Excellencies, I am Voryn, Third Prince of the Waveborn seadragon race. The Trident Sea is the territory of our people."

Voryn, looking at Soraya and the abyssal dragon on the escarpment, introduced himself first.

In Voryn's view, among all those present, only Soraya and the abyssal dragon were qualified to converse with him.

"I am Soraya, Warden of the Stoneheart Horde."

"Your Highness the Third Prince, for what reason have you stirred up a great tsunami to sweep Stoneheart Horde's territory?"

Soraya stepped forward. The Sea Race showing a willingness to communicate was something she was very happy to see.

Chapter 727: Companion beast

"The Twelfth Prince died in your Stoneheart Horde's territory. Shouldn't you give us an explanation?"

This time, it was the Seventh Prince Aurelian who responded to Soraya.

His tone was aggressive, his attitude belligerent, clearly indicating he was ready to fight at the slightest disagreement.

"Your Highnesses the two princes, whether the Twelfth Prince truly died within our Stoneheart Horde's territory is still a matter for discussion."

"I can only tell Your Highnesses that the Twelfth Prince's body fell from the sky."

"The Twelfth Prince's vengeful spirit has returned to the sea. You should be able to obtain the relevant intelligence from him." This was a fact, and Soraya stated it with righteous conviction.

The Third Prince Voryn said nothing. The answer Soraya provided was within his expectations.

From this, the Third Prince Voryn's thoughts turned to the Dragon race, pondering whether they might be plotting something further.

"Hahaha... My twelfth brother died in your Stoneheart Horde's territory, and you think a few mere words will settle the matter?" Aurelian scoffed.

"Dream on!"

"Even if you didn't kill my twelfth brother, it's definitely related to you."

"Since my twelfth brother died here, then you all shall accompany him in death!"

Splash! The Legendary-level Tidewyrm mount beneath the Seventh Prince Aurelian whipped its tail, stirring up massive waves and a storm; the entire sea surface began to churn violently.

The tsunami struck, a colossal wall of water surging upwards, crashing against the cliffs and sand dunes like a mountain range.

Soraya waved her hand, and a sandstorm instantly arose, reinforcing the sand dunes that were being washed away.

"Seventh Brother, don't be impulsive!"

The Third Prince Voryn snapped back to his senses and tried to stop Aurelian. He truly did not wish to go to war with the Stoneheart Horde at this juncture.

A portion of the seadragon race's forces had already been dispatched to support the Starfall Sea; this was truly not the opportune moment for war.

"Third Brother, this is hardly the time for hesitation! They are our enemies!" Aurelian retorted.

"Twelfth Brother died right here! I want them to accompany him in death!"

"Or are you saying, before all these Sea Race people behind me, that you don't want to avenge Twelfth Brother?"

The Third Prince Voryn looked at the Seventh Prince Aurelian, then at the dense ranks of Sea Race warriors.

Facing those scorching, doubt-filled gazes, the Third Prince Voryn backed down, ultimately falling silent.

"Alright," he conceded internally, "they only have two Legendary-level powerhouses. We'll make this quick."

Since he couldn't prevent it, he would fight alongside him.

The Third Prince Voryn was not an indecisive individual. He decided to end the battle quickly; an earlier return to the deep sea would bring some peace of mind.

"Hahaha, Third Brother, now this is the style of our seadragon race!" Aurelian exulted.

Exchanging a glance, Voryn and Aurelian spurred the Tidewyrms beneath them and charged directly at Soraya and Xalathar.

Tidewyrms were Legendary-level sea beasts, a special kind of companion sea beast. Each member of the seadragon race was born with a Tidewyrm companion.

Furthermore, the Tidewyrm's strength would increase in tandem with its seadragon race member. It could be said that the seadragon race possessed a significant congenital advantage.

Once they became Legendary-level, their Tidewyrm would also advance accordingly.

The Waveborn seadragon race could arguably be called the strongest sea race in this world, which was why they occupied the Trident Sea region.

The richness of the Trident Sea was no less than that of the Starfall Sea; however, because the Starfall Sea contained a Sea Race holy land, its fame somewhat eclipsed that of the Trident Sea.

With four Legendary-level foes attacking, Soraya and the abyssal dragon would certainly be at a disadvantage.

However, they showed no fear, instead rising to meet the challenge head-on.

Within the seawater, accompanying the great tsunami, were countless sea race warriors.

They advanced, shouting and riding the waves, the battle on the verge of erupting.

"Prepare for battle!" Delilah commanded from atop the escarpment, overseeing the entire situation.

The guards, led by Dace, boarded the Sea-Devouring Warships one after another.

Elders Ursa, Drakthul, and Gormathar, not wanting to be outdone, followed them.

Simultaneously, the schools of Ocean Hunters hidden within the Giant Kelp Water Cannons were also released.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

As the sound of colossal waves crashing against the cliffs thundered, the battle exploded.

The initial engagement between the Stoneheart Horde and the seadragon race had begun.

In the lower sky, the two seadragon princes also clashed with Soraya and Xalathar.

The two clawless Tidewyrms, moving like sea serpents, intertwined with each other, attempting to constrict the abyssal dragon Xalathar to death.

Soraya, meanwhile, was surrounded by the two princes.

"Today, all land-dwellers here shall accompany my twelfth brother in death!" The Seventh Prince Aurelian's face was a mask of cold fury and murderous intent. He not only wanted to kill Soraya but also to slaughter every Stoneheart Horde member present.

"Is that so? You foolish fellow!" Soraya retorted.

Zzz-zzz-zzz! The sound of arcing electricity filled the air as a current flashed from between Soraya's eyebrows.

Immediately following, a pulling force manifested. On the escarpment, Delilah too had a current of electricity flashing from her forehead.

Two will projections merged, and Orion's figure appeared, coldly staring at the two Sea Race princes.

Although the will projection's face was indistinct, Soraya knew it was the Lord of the Stoneheart Horde.

Delilah also knew it was Orion.

The combatants on the escarpment also knew it was the Giant King of the Stoneheart Horde.

"Kill!"

"Repel them!"

"I want to eat meat!"

"..."

Countless excited war cries erupted from the bloodline warriors; the Stoneheart Horde's morale soared to an even higher level.

Orion's will projection declared, "Since the Sea Race wants war, then war it shall be!"

The will projection vanished in a flash, disappearing from its original spot. When it reappeared, it was already behind the Seventh Prince Aurelian.

A trident composed of lightning pierced through his chest. The Seventh Prince Aurelian's pupils contracted sharply, and he looked down in disbelief at the trident protruding from his chest.

"Impossible... How could..."

The electricity vanished. Orion's will projection now held a Lord Stone.

"Die!"

Zzz-zzz! With another flash of electricity, the Seventh Prince Aurelian's corporeal body was blasted apart.

"Seventh Brother!"

Not far away, the Third Prince Voryn witnessed this scene, his eyes almost splitting with grief and rage.

But the next second, an intense sense of fear and the aura of death enveloped the Third Prince Voryn. Without a second thought, he abandoned his attack on Soraya and dived directly into the sea, attempting to flee.

Electricity leaped once more. Orion's will projection swiftly pursued him.

Bang! A muffled explosion sounded from beneath the seabed.

A few moments later, the seawater parted, and Orion's will projection shot out, dragging a Tidewyrm with it.

"The other one died too?" Soraya came to the will projection's side, gazing at the massive Tidewyrm corpse, gaining an even clearer understanding of Orion's combat power.

"He escaped. This Tidewyrm sacrificed its life with a desperate blow to save him."

Soraya looked at the Tidewyrm, then, as if something had dawned on her, towards the spot where the abyssal dragon Xalathar was fighting.

There, the abyssal dragon was currently gnawing on the corpse of the other Tidewyrm.

"How could this be?"

As if sensing Soraya's confusion, Orion's will projection spoke calmly.

"The Tidewyrms and the seadragon race are somewhat strange. When I killed that Sea Race prince, one Tidewyrm also died."

This was a secret the Orion's will projection had discovered, and also a secret of the seadragon race.

Members of the seadragon race were born with companion beasts. Although they could increase their strength together, if a seadragon race member died, their companion beast would also die.

However, if the companion beast died, the seadragon race member would not necessarily perish as a result.

This was the seadragon race's greatest reliance, and also the secret of their strength.

Chapter 728: The victor is about to be decided

"After the battle here concludes, make your arrangements and immediately return to Valkorath Realm."

"Prepare for battle. You are needed over in the Emerald Dream Realm."

Having relayed all instructions, Orion's will projection transformed into a current of electricity and once again drilled into the space between Delilah's eyebrows.

In this battle, Orion's will projection had expended a great deal of energy and could no longer divide itself.

"Alright!"

Soraya watched the will projection disappear and responded softly.

For her to be needed in the Emerald Dream Realm—that was definitely no small matter. It could be a major war, possibly even a decisive one.

Soraya landed beside Delilah and pointed towards the sand scorpions that were stirring up dust and those continuously repairing the sand dunes.

"Delilah, I entrust the scorpion tribe to you. If you have any use for them, please feel free to command them as you see fit."

"Rest assured, I will look after them well!"

Soraya nodded. After telepathically relaying some further words to Selenis, she flew directly back towards Stoneheart City, intending to depart from there via the teleportation array.

Soraya left, but the battle did not cease.

Although the Sea Race was retreating in disarray, Delilah had no intention of letting them off so easily.

Because just moments ago, under the onslaught of the great tsunami and the Sea Race warriors, the Stoneheart Horde had suffered devastating casualties.

Fortunately, with the abyssal dragon joining the battle, its higher rank clearly suppressed the lower-ranking combatants.

Half a day later, when the tide receded and most of the Sea Race warriors lay dead, the initial engagement between the Stoneheart Horde and the Sea Race finally came to an end.

Atop the escarpment, an atmosphere of grief and sorrow lingered.

In this battle, due to the appearance of Orion's will projection, the conflict between the upper-echelon combatants had concluded swiftly.

The Sea Race, seeing the situation turn unfavorable, had scattered and fled.

However, during the phase of the great tsunami's impact, the Stoneheart Horde's casualties were still immense.

The newly hatched schools of Ocean Hunters were completely wiped out, and Otho had unexpectedly fallen in battle.

Gormathar, an Alpha-level powerhouse from the Starveil giant tribe, had also died in the fighting. For the Stoneheart Horde to lose two elders in battle was a rare occurrence.

"My condolences."

Delilah walked among the crowd, looking at the grief-stricken faces of Dace, Beyn, and Torba. They had served as Orion's guards, and now one had fallen—a great loss for the Stoneheart Horde.

"Have his kinsmen take him back to Stoneheart City for an honorable burial."

Next, Delilah looked towards Drakthul. Gormathar had submitted to Orion alongside him and had also rendered many meritorious services to the horde.

"Gormathar as well. I will arrange for the Sentinel Corps to escort their remains back."

Having said these words, Delilah raised her head and scanned the assembled crowd.

"Everyone, as you've seen, the Sea Race is very strong, even stronger than we imagined."

"In this battle with the Sea Race, the battlefield was near the escarpment, giving us a geographical advantage."

"Imagine if we encountered them in the deep sea. What would the consequences be?"

This was a heavy topic. If they were to fight the Sea Race in the deep sea now, the Stoneheart Horde would undoubtedly be annihilated.

"Therefore, this grand canal connecting our territory—we absolutely must dig it through."

"We must have our own aquatic armies; we must have more Sea-Devouring Warships."

"Our Stoneheart Horde is now at war with the Sea Race. The war will not stop here. Many more battles await us."

"For the Horde! For our descendants! And for ourselves! Strive on, slay the enemy!"

Delilah, as the Succubus Queen and the Grand Steward of the horde, rarely spoke with such impassioned fervor, rallying everyone's spirits.

Such matters were usually Orion's domain.

"For the Horde!"

"For our descendants!"

"..."

Gradually, the sound of rallying cries grew louder, and the atmosphere of grief and sorrow on the escarpment was alleviated.

The abyssal dragon Xalathar approached, its footsteps shaking the ground, and stopped before Delilah.

Its great maw opened, and a Lord Stone, still covered in saliva and mucus, landed in Delilah's hand.

Xalathar telepathically conveyed a few words to Delilah, then walked back to the encampment and lay down prone to rest.

In the recent battle, Xalathar had also been injured while being besieged by two Tidewyrms.

"Everyone, Lord Orion has instructions!"

Delilah called out, drawing everyone's attention, the Lord Stone in her hand gleaming with a bright light.

"Lord Orion has decreed: this Lord Stone, after the grand canal is completed, will be awarded to the kinsman with the most battle achievements."

"Simultaneously, the Horde will allocate a large batch of Alpha-level resources to reward everyone."

Great rewards bring forth brave warriors; this principle applied in the Stoneheart Horde as well.

The next moment, the lingering traces of sorrow were dispelled, replaced by rapid breathing and fervent gazes.

"Praise My Lord!"

"King of Giants!"

"The Lord's glory shines upon us..."

"..."

Soon, Ironveil Escarpment was drowned in a tide of praise and adulation.

Delilah surveyed the scene before her, a slight sense of relief in her eyes, a hint of pride slowly appearing in their depths.

Emerald Dream Realm, Marshlight Sanctuary.

As the two hurricanes churned, the sky turned gloomy, laden with an unbroken expanse of dark clouds.

Wherever the hurricanes passed, only devastation remained.

"The victor is about to be decided!" Leonidas declared, gazing at the distant, colliding hurricanes, his expression growing more serious.

Hearing this, Orion focused his attention even more intently.

With Leonidas's insight, it was unlikely he would be mistaken.

"Bro, will the victor really be Gustalon?" Orion had held this question back for a long time, but finally voiced it.

"Hehe, Bro, I thought you'd keep holding it in and not ask," Leonidas chuckled.

Leonidas's words made Orion clearly realize that his own composure was still lacking.

He needed to continue cultivating it.

"Thank you for the reminder!" Orion nodded to Leonidas.

Leonidas looked towards the distance, a smile on his face, and did not immediately respond to Orion.

Only after Orion's mood had calmed did Leonidas speak quietly.

"Bro, some things, some people—their happening, their appearance, is enough. There's no need to deliberately try to hold on."

"Otherwise, in the end, the one who becomes exhausted will be you yourself."

Orion was stunned. He turned his head to look at Leonidas, but the latter was still gazing into the distance, not choosing to meet Orion's eyes.

Those words, sounding like a piece of experience, yet also like a lesson, instilled in Orion a sense of sadness, of cold detachment.

Orion was exceedingly intelligent; he immediately understood the deep meaning behind those two sentences.

Orion had too many attachments!

Leonidas had seen it, Arthas had seen it, and even the Deputy Commander Edward, Alexander, Kraken, and the others had seen it.

People with many attachments value relationships deeply; this is a good thing.

However, such people are also often the ones who ultimately get hurt.

Orion's move to the Valkorath Realm was a clear indication: he had brought almost everyone with him—his wife, children, lovers, subordinates... All these were things others had taken note of.

Leonidas was an experienced man. He too had once had a wife, and countless children. He too had once cared deeply, and so he too had once suffered immense heartbreak.

Leonidas did not wish for these things to hinder Orion's growth.

Of course, some things needed to be personally experienced to be truly understood.

Therefore, Leonidas only hinted at it, saying no more.

Chapter 729: He made it

Orion gazed into the distance, his mind already racing with thoughts.

Ever since becoming acquainted with individuals like Leonidas and Arthas, Orion had genuinely never met their families or children.

Even their relationships with their subordinates were a kind of cold, hierarchical one.

Contrasting this with himself, and the family and kinsfolk behind him, Orion's thoughts became somewhat tangled.

"Leonidas's reminder surely isn't for me to abandon emotions and walk a heartless, unrighteous path."

"So, what Leonidas wants to tell me is to learn to let go?"

"For example, with my sister Clymene, or with Gustalon who stands before me now?"

"Or is Leonidas telling me that they have their own paths to walk, and I shouldn't intervene too much?"

"..."

The reminder from Leonidas had indeed caused Orion to begin a deep introspection regarding his handling of kinship, friendship, and the bonds between a lord and his subjects.

"Bro, trust my insight, it won't be wrong!" Leonidas turned his head and chuckled at Orion.

In the distance, the heavens and earth changed color; the hurricanes howled, and also wailed.

A sound akin to weeping and lamentation emanated from the colliding hurricanes. Terrifying wind and waves, like a stampede of a million horses, surged forth, impacting everything in their path.

At this moment, all the bloodline warriors standing upon the earth felt as if they would be blown away by this gust, scattered and turned to dust.

Rumble!

Suddenly, the two distant, colliding hurricanes began to fluctuate violently. Lightning flashed and danced between them, and a torrential downpour began to fall from the sky.

One of the hurricanes, amidst the lightning, seemed as if it could hold out no longer and was utterly blasted apart.

Of the terrifying hurricanes, only one remained, and it had become somewhat thicker and more robust.

"He made it!" Orion exclaimed, a smile appearing on his face.

The final victor was indeed Gustalon.

"Hahaha..., next we'll have a Legendary-level elemental life form assisting us. We won't need to worry about the mid-to-upper-tier battles at all!"

Gustalon's advancement to the Legendary level made Leonidas quite happy as well, because it meant that the upcoming major war would be somewhat easier.

"Leonidas, your insight is incredible!" Orion had to admit, immediately offering a piece of flattery.

As the two spoke, the hurricane began to move in their direction, its force and sound gradually diminishing.

Far away, in Ashenfang Traverse, the atmosphere was slightly oppressive.

The two Arch Lords, Lestat and Kian, sat opposite each other at the stone table, neither speaking.

Both their faces were rather grim, filled with apprehension.

"The situation is becoming increasingly unfavorable for us!" After a long silence, the aged Lestat finally sighed with regret.

Kian snorted, "That waste Yvaine couldn't even handle an Alpha-level being. Her death is not worth pitying."

"You can't entirely blame her," Lestat countered. "That elemental life form was able to transcend its limits and become an Over-tier powerhouse. It's not to be underestimated."

Although Kian was complaining, his eyes flashed with the anger and frustration of having lost a valuable commander.

"Newly advanced Legendary powerhouses, more and more undead troops; the enemy is constantly growing stronger," Kian stated.

"Lestat, we cannot sit idly by and await our doom. If we wait any longer, the enemy will eventually defeat us completely." This was Kian's thought, and also a suggestion to initiate hostilities sooner.

Arch Lord Lestat also realized the severity of the situation. He pondered for a moment, then made his decision: "In three days at most, the Ashenveil Sprites can reach the border. It will be safer to start the war once they arrive."

The Ashenveil Sprites moved very slowly because they were in a giant tree form.

However, precisely because of this giant tree form, the Ashenveil Sprites' combat power was immense.

Lestat would only feel at ease with this race joining the battlefield.

Lestat had delayed launching the war precisely because he was waiting for the Ashenveil Sprites.

Kian responded, "Alright then, I'll make the arrangements now."

"I refuse to believe that the combined main forces of our six major races cannot defeat these invaders."

The six major races Arch Lord Kian referred to were the Hellhound Knights, demonic wolves (Nethervarg Soulflayers), Windfoot Freaks (Zephyrkin Swifts), Ashenveil Sprites, petrifying lizards, and Bloodreavers.

Originally, there had been eight major races; the Aarakocra and dark fiends among them had been wiped out in Orion and Leonidas's blitzkrieg.

Lestat added, "Also, inform that important figure about the situation here beforehand."

"I will!"

Having concluded their discussion, Arch Lord Kian rose and walked out of the valley.

South, Marshlight Sanctuary.

While the enemy was preparing for a major war, Orion also received good news.

The Legendary-level powerhouses Leonidas had mobilized arrived via teleportation scroll, materializing directly before Orion.

Meanwhile, Soraya and her small scorpions had, at this moment, only just passed through the teleportation array in Red Moon Valley and all arrived in Lorelia City.

For Soraya to appear on the northern battlefield, at least another half a month would be required.

"My Lord, the enemy is making unusual movements." A gentle breeze swept by, and Gustalon's figure appeared beside Orion.

Compared to before, the current Gustalon seemed like a changed being.

Firstly, Gustalon's appearance had undergone a significant transformation; he looked more mature.

If the Gustalon of before was a young man, his face now resembled that of an adult male, with only about sixty percent similarity to his past self.

Secondly, Gustalon had conjured an azure cloak, upon which magical runes faintly shimmered, concealing his entire body.

At a glance, it was now difficult to discern Gustalon's unevolved lower half.

Furthermore, the tornado that had previously constantly lingered around Gustalon had also vanished.

Orion's and Leonidas's gazes fell upon Gustalon. Gustalon nodded slightly in greeting, then began to elaborate.

"On the front lines, the enemy's troops are massing and show a tendency to gradually advance south."

"The main forces of the Ashenveil Sprites, petrifying lizards, and Bloodreavers, as mentioned in our intelligence, have also begun to enter the combat zone."

"Adding to that the Hellhound Knights, Nethervarg Soulflayers, and Zephyrkin Swifts, who have been constantly engaged in battle with us, the enemy is forming a crescent-shaped formation, attempting to envelop us."

"According to the enemy's current speed of advance, they can launch a full-scale battle on the border within four days at most."

Hearing this, Orion and Leonidas exchanged a glance, not looking overly surprised.

In fact, the moment Gustalon had successfully advanced to the Legendary level, Orion and Leonidas had discussed the situation together. Even then, they had anticipated that the enemy would not continue to sit idly by.

After all, Vexis had been continuously summoning undead armies on the front lines; the longer things dragged on, the more Orion's side would gain the advantage.

Orion said to Leonidas, "Bro, Soraya has already set off for the north. She'll need half a month to get here."

"Meaning, we need to resist for at least ten days or more to await reinforcements."

This was the reality of the situation. Originally, according to the plan, Orion and Leonidas would have launched an offensive once Soraya arrived at the front.

However, Gustalon's unexpected advancement had made the enemy restless, leading to the major battle erupting prematurely.

Leonidas added grimly, "Those two fellows, Kian and Lestat, are also on the move!"

Chapter 730: Dark Sacred Chalice

Leonidas gazed towards the north. He could sense the auras of Arch Lords Lestat and Kian also moving towards the front line.

Such a maneuver signified that war was now unavoidable.

"Retreat is not an option. If we retreat, our morale will be gone."

"Since we can't retreat, then we fight."

An intense killing intent and battle spirit erupted from Leonidas's eyes. His aura, which he had kept suppressed, now burst forth without any concealment.

The powerful pressure impacted the others present; aside from Orion, Gustalon and Leonidas's two subordinates all felt a degree of discomfort.

"Your small scorpions aren't present. In a direct confrontation, we'll definitely be at a disadvantage."

"In the upcoming battle, we'll have to be more passive."

Leonidas retracted his aura, then glared with wide eyes at the two Legendary-level beasts he had summoned—they were two purple flame lions.

Next, Leonidas looked at Gustalon and continued.

"But that doesn't matter. At worst, we'll fight more passively and conservatively in the early stages."

"Next, our strategy must revolve around Vexis and Lorelia, ensuring their safety."

"As long as they can command the troops and control the overall situation, this battle can be won."

In truth, in such large-scale campaigns, Leonidas was overestimating Lorelia's role.

The truly crucial figure was Lich Vexis; only if she didn't die could this war truly be fought.

As for Leonidas and Orion, it went without saying that before the battle even began, they would have to engage and tie down the enemy's two Arch Lords.

If they didn't neutralize them, the consequences would be unthinkable.

Conversely, Arch Lords Lestat and Kian would also try every means possible to hold up Leonidas and Orion.

Only by doing so could their side, which held the advantage in troop numbers, hope to quickly annihilate the invading forces brought by Orion and Leonidas.

The combined combat units of the six major races already numbered no less than eight million.

And this was just Gustalon's preliminary estimate of the enemy's strength. Compared to Orion's forces, which numbered less than three million, the enemy's numbers were vast and terrifying.

In fact, of their three million, over one million were undead troops summoned by Vexis.

The combat effectiveness of the undead was uneven and difficult to accurately assess.

All things considered, this was truly a disadvantageous situation.

"Little Four, Little Five, when the battle begins, you will obey Vexis's commands," Leonidas instructed his subordinates. Then, he looked at Orion.

Orion turned his head to look at Gustalon and also gave his instructions.

"Follow Vexis's deployments. Protect Lady Vexis and Lorelia well."

"As you command, My Lord!" Gustalon replied.

With the arrangements made, Leonidas let out a hearty laugh, gazed northwards, and said boldly to Orion.

"Bro, the enemy can't wait to rush to their deaths! Let's go meet them together."

With that, Leonidas took to the air, flying swiftly towards the north.

Orion transformed into a bolt of lightning and accompanied him.

The remaining Little Four, Little Five, and Gustalon exchanged glances, then followed closely behind.

It wasn't that Leonidas was being hasty, but rather that Arch Lords Lestat and Kian had accelerated their advance towards the front line.

To prevent the combatants on the front lines from falling victim to the enemy's treacherous attacks, Leonidas and Orion had to go and stabilize the situation.

Three days later, at the dawn of the fourth day.

The blare of horns, the roars of dragons, the howls of wolves... all sorts of sharp cries mixed together, high-pitched and resounding, deafeningly loud.

At this moment, the very earth trembled, and the clouds vanished from the sky.

Amidst waves of battle cries and ferocious roars, the invisible meat grinder, representing death and reaping lives, slowly began to turn, emitting a creaking sound that only souls could hear.

And high above, the battle between the absolute top-tier combatants had already begun half an hour prior.

A layer of profound darkness, appearing at some unknown point, had veiled the sky above the battlefield.

If anyone were to look up, what they would see was a black hole that almost completely filled their field of vision.

Within this unknown space, everything was shrouded in darkness; there was no light, nor any sound.

This place was like a dreamscape, space itself twisting and distorting, darkness spreading ubiquitously.

A sinister atmosphere, like a deadly plague, was slowly attempting to corrupt the minds of Orion and Leonidas.

Fortunately, this suffocating environment did not make either of them feel uneasy.

Before the main battle on the ground erupted, Orion had been standing on Leonidas's dragon back; they had been pulled into this unknown void together.

"Bro, do you know what happened?" Orion asked, holding his trident, a ball of flame burning at its tip, illuminating a small area around them.

But the surrounding dark void was empty.

"We were instantly pulled here," Leonidas replied. "This isn't a spell, nor is it a secret art. The enemy must have used some kind of mysterious artifact."

"We might be inside some mysterious artifact, or we might have been transported to an unknown space."

"The former is more likely, as I didn't sense any spatial energy fluctuations."

As he spoke, Leonidas exhaled a plume of dragon breath, illuminating the area further ahead.

Simultaneously, Leonidas's every dragon scale began to burn, a layer of flame erupting from within his body. Leonidas became like a small sun, casting light upon even more distant reaches of the void.

Orion watched in amazement as the flames passed through his own body yet caused him no harm whatsoever.

From this, it was evident that Leonidas's control over fire had already reached a level that Orion could only look up to in awe.

In the same void, within a layer of dark mist, Lestat and Kian stood side-by-side.

Lestat spoke, "This is the internal space of the Dark Sacred Chalice. Only by defeating us and breaking the barrier can they leave this space."

"Without their interference, on the battlefield outside, we hold an absolute advantage."

In Lestat's hand, a black goblet was continuously spinning. It was the Bloodreavers' sacred chalice, an inherited artifact of mysterious and extraordinary power.

Kian added, "They are very clever, always staying together, giving us no chance to divide and kill them."

Lestat made a gesture with his hand, and the Dark Sacred Chalice's rotation sped up again, one clump after another of blood-red mist ceaselessly spewing forth from it.

As the blood-red mist appeared, this dark space immediately became suffused with a sanguine fog.

Within the blood fog, strange sounds began to echo, like demons muttering in their sleep, or ghosts whispering their secrets.

The sounds seemed both distant and near, and listening to them for too long induced a hair-raising sense of dread.

"Bro, focus your mind! This is the Sound of Bewitchment," Leonidas warned, flapping his wings, remaining vigilant of their surroundings while not forgetting to alert Orion.

"Bro, cover me! Let me test the reality of this space."

Leonidas let out a roar, his great maw opening wide as a torrent of searing hot dragon flame spewed forth.

Leonidas continuously sprayed the dragon fire, charging recklessly forward into the blood mist.

In an instant, the surrounding blood mist began to change. Images resembling demons and ghosts materialized within the sanguine fog, and countless kinds of monsters began to evolve and take shape within this space.

Here, it had become like a living nightmare.