

Titan King 731

Chapter 731: God Blood

The flames burned, their sound shifting from an initial whooshing to a fierce crackling roar.

This change in sound signified that the temperature of the flames was continuously rising.

The blood mist that had been pervading the area, upon encountering this extreme heat, instantly vanished like smoke into thin air.

The demons and ghosts, baring their fangs and claws as they leaped from the blood mist, also seemed to have met their bane, being incinerated to ashes within the flames.

Orion stood upon the dragon's back, trident in hand, vigilantly guarding against any potential attacks.

Unfortunately, even by the time Leonidas's flame formation had fully taken shape, there was still no sign of the two Arch Lords.

"Bro, watch closely! Behold the might of my [Fire Dragon Formation]! Hahaha!"

Leonidas roared continuously, the fire elements around his body fluctuating violently; he was in the process of activating a magical formation.

This was no spur-of-the-moment creation by Leonidas, but rather the culmination of the groundwork laid during his flight path moments earlier.

Leonidas's trajectory through this void had been anything but random.

Orion looked back. In his field of vision, the flames Leonidas had left in his wake had not dissipated but had instead formed a continuous path of fire.

These individual flame paths pieced together to form a colossal magical formation blueprint.

At this moment, the demons and ghosts within the blood mist were rushing forward one after another, attempting to extinguish the flame paths.

Evidently, the two hidden Arch Lords had discerned the significance of this magical formation blueprint.

Regrettably for them, Leonidas had employed some unknown secret art, and the flame paths did not extinguish under the assault of the blood mist monsters.

On the contrary, the pouncing and biting of the blood mist monsters seemed to be adding fuel to the fire, causing it to burn even more fiercely.

The blood mist monsters that charged forward became naught but fuel, making the flame paths burn brighter and more intensely.

"Those flame paths can't be extinguished. Give it up!"

"The real key point should be that fire dragon."

"Only by killing him can this magical formation be interrupted."

With the blood mist monsters' attempt to extinguish the flames having failed, Arch Lord Kian gazed at Leonidas in the distance and offered this advice to Lestat.

Lestat replied, "Too late. The magical formation has already taken shape. In that case, let us see what tricks he's up to."

Lestat controlled the Dark Sacred Chalice in his hand, releasing even more blood mist.

After a moment's thought, Lestat extended a slender, pointed finger and activated a magic circle upon the chalice.

Pop!

An invisible, colorless barrier was released. If Kian hadn't been standing right beside Lestat, he would not have been able to perceive the almost imperceptible energy fluctuation.

"What's that?" Kian asked.

Lestat smirked. "Just a Dreamscape Barrier!"

"Dreamscape? Is such power effective against Over-tier powerhouses?"

"Not very effective," Lestat admitted, "but it can make them consume a bit more of their power, making it more convenient for us to strike them down later."

Lestat's face was suffused with a kind of confidence, a smug and sinister certainty that everything was under his control.

Roar!

One dragon roar followed another, and eight enormous fire dragons ascended from the Fire Dragon Formation.

The fire dragons spread their wings, appearing like eight colossal fireballs rising within this blood-mist-filled space.

Seeing the fire dragons successfully summoned, Leonidas became exceedingly excited. "Hahaha... Explode! Burn everything!"

The appearance of the eight giant fire dragons incinerated all the surrounding blood mist.

Amidst Leonidas's roars, the eight fire dragons flapped their wings and, with Leonidas at their center, began to fly in a counter-clockwise direction.

The fire dragons were incredibly fast. Wherever they passed, the void would be seared with paths of flame.

In the blink of an eye, the eight fire dragons had completed their spiraling pattern.

This blood mist space, as if it had completed a cosmic cycle, or experienced a universe-birthing big bang, saw countless torrents of flame energy erupt from an origin point.

In the distance, the Dark Sacred Chalice in Lestat's hand began to tremble violently and was dyed a fiery red.

"What a terrifying flame magical formation!" Lestat's turbid eyes revealed a hint of shock.

"This kind of power, even if our true bodies had descended, we would be unable to replicate it."

If he had known Leonidas's magical formation was so terrifying, he would have done anything to disrupt its formation earlier.

"Can your Dark Sacred Chalice withstand it?" Kian asked, looking at the now-reddened Dark Sacred Chalice, a thought of direct, forceful confrontation rising in his heart.

"Should we make our move preemptively?"

"Now is not the time!" Lestat shook his head. They had currently only forced Leonidas to reveal one of his trump cards; their opponents still retained many methods and a great deal of strength. It was not the moment for a head-on clash.

Lestat had lived for a very long time. Given his personality and style of operation, he did not fight battles he wasn't sure of winning.

In his view, the best time to strike was when the prey had been exhausted to the point of being unable to resist.

"My Dark Sacred Chalice is not as fragile as you imagine!"

After saying this, Lestat retrieved an exquisite black porcelain vial from his storage ring.

Around the mouth of the black porcelain vial was a circle of golden runes; if one didn't look closely, they might mistake it for an ordinary pattern.

The golden runes were a type of sealing method. Lestat undid the seal and poured a single drop of black blood stored within the vial into the sacred chalice.

The next moment, the crimson-red Dark Sacred Chalice was dyed black, reverting to its original appearance, and its aura became even more ancient and mysterious.

"This is..." Kian, standing beside him, stared at the drop of black blood, his eyes wide with disbelief.

Lestat confirmed, "Correct. It is God Blood, bestowed by that important figure!"

God Blood was not necessarily always golden.

If the god in question was a Reaper, then black God Blood was perfectly normal.

Kian exclaimed, "With God Blood present, perhaps we can actually kill them!"

"Killing them isn't certain," Lestat said, his expectations for the God Blood not as high as Kian's. "But at the very least, it can significantly drain their foundational power."

"If we successfully kill them, this campaign is ours," Kian mused.

"When that important figure descends, perhaps we'll even have some unexpected gains."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk..." Lestat's laughter was ancient and very sinister, carrying an unsettling, chilling quality.

Far away, within the dreamscape, within the blood mist.

The entire space around them suddenly plunged into utter darkness.

It was a pure, unadulterated darkness, so profound that even the flames upon the eight fire dragons seemed to dim noticeably.

The layer of blood mist that had constantly pervaded the surroundings also vanished without a trace.

"Be careful!" Orion was the first to notice this change and immediately warned Leonidas.

Leonidas responded, "A familiar, yet suffocating, scent!"

"Bro, we might be in trouble!"

The change in the surrounding environment needed no reminder from Orion; an old fox like Leonidas had already sensed it.

In fact, ever since the eight fire dragons had appeared, Leonidas had been constantly anticipating the enemy's countermeasure.

He just hadn't expected the enemy to be so ruthless as to use God Blood right from the outset.

Chapter 732: illusion

God Blood—that was an incomparably precious existence.

Even demigod powerhouses possessed only a few drops within their bodies.

Moreover, God Blood influenced the strength and quantity of a demigod powerhouse's divine power; it was not something a demigod would easily give away.

Take Orion, for example. He had been a member of the Champions Alliance for so long and had made significant contributions.

However, neither Commander Thresh nor Deputy Commander Edward had shown any intention of gifting him God Blood.

Then again, with Orion's current Legendary-level strength, consuming God Blood would indeed be a waste.

Croak!

Croak! Croak!

Suddenly, a bizarre and terrifyingly strange cry echoed from within the darkness.

Leonidas turned his head, looking towards his right.

It was a bat-like monster with a humanoid beast's body, its physique considerably larger than Leonidas in his fire dragon form.

It had blood-red skin, dull grayish-white pupils, a mouth full of fangs, and claws as sharp as hooks. Its unfurled black leathery wings were covered in a dense array of blood-red runes.

As the black leathery wings flapped, those blood-red runes seemed to flow like liquid—mysterious, mighty, and exceedingly bizarre.

"Bro, be very careful! This is a divine monster. Absolutely do not let it corrupt you," Leonidas warned, his voice grave.

As he spoke, the flames on his body flared intensely, a layer of fiery light covering his entire form and enveloping Orion within it as well.

Orion activated his Battle Will Surge, shrinking the defensive perimeter of his spherical wave field to deploy a protective layer around himself.

Far off, within the darkness.

Arch Lord Lestat glanced at Kian, his voice remarkably calm.

"That bloodsucking demon alone isn't enough. It needs assistance."

"Creating an illusion within my Dreamscape Barrier shouldn't be difficult for you infernal beings, right?"

This battle was not Lestat's solo performance.

Kian chuckled, "Hehe. Not difficult at all. That's precisely what we excel at."

He stepped forward and took out a goat-like skull from within his attire.

Green smoke wisped from the skull. Arch Lord Kian closed his eyes, his entire body's power surging as countless streams of energy flowed into the skull.

When the skull transformed from white to pure black, Kian opened his eyes and sent the skull into the Dreamscape Barrier.

"Watch now, there's a good show to see!" Kian cackled sinisterly.

Far away, within the Dreamscape Barrier, Leonidas and Orion, their defenses raised, were already charging towards the bloodsucking demon.

However, when they were halfway there, Leonidas came to an abrupt halt in mid-air.

Because in that fleeting moment, one bloodsucking demon after another had appeared in the surrounding void.

Countless bloodsucking demons surrounded Leonidas and Orion from all sides, creating a scalp-numbing and immensely oppressive sensation.

Leonidas instantly detected that something was amiss. "Not good! An illusion has been cast upon this void!" he shouted, warning Orion.

The battle they were about to initiate abruptly fizzled out; the target they had previously locked onto had also vanished.

This stifling frustration made Leonidas extremely uncomfortable.

At this moment, the eight fire dragons that had flown out earlier also returned to his vicinity under his control, forming a defensive perimeter.

"Bro, do you have any means to defend against illusions?" Leonidas asked.

"Yes!" Orion answered decisively. When he transformed into an Ancient Giant, he possessed strong resistance to illusions, and his Titan's Roar could dispel them.

Furthermore, when Orion activated Instant Impact, the powerful sonic wave accompanying the attack could also achieve the effect of dispelling illusions.

"Good, then!" Leonidas sounded relieved.

"Bro, from now on, just take care of yourself. We brothers can't be defeated here, you know."

Orion could hear that there wasn't a trace of fear in Leonidas's tone; instead, it was filled with an eager, almost restless excitement.

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Emerald Dream Realm, Marshlight Sanctuary border.

The sky above was still veiled by a black barrier, unshaken by any force.

In the lower sky and on the ground, the battle raged like a wildfire, exceptionally brutal.

Gustalon, Little Four, Little Five, and Rumbold staunchly defended the four cardinal directions, guarding Vexis and Lorelia within their perimeter.

Originally, Skeleton General Rumbold could also summon skeleton warriors, but his death ripple ability was highly effective in a localized area, playing a significant role in protecting Vexis and Lorelia.

Therefore, Rumbold had also been integrated into this combat team.

Outside the death ripple, eight Legendary-level powerhouses from the enemy camp had appeared, completely surrounding Rumbold's group.

Among these eight lords were Wulfric of the Nethervarg Soulflayers, two infernal beings riding hellhounds, an Ashenveil Sprite that had rooted its tendrils deep into the earth, and a petrifying lizard with a body like a giant dragon.

The other three were humanoid Bloodreavers.

At the Legendary-level stage, a five-versus-eight lineup did not represent an insurmountable gap.

Gustalon, Little Four, Little Five, and Rumbold, guarding the outer perimeter, felt no fear.

Furthermore, they still had Soraya and her sand scorpion armies as upcoming reinforcements; everyone was confident.

"Focus on the battlefield. Don't get distracted," Vexis said, glancing at Lorelia, who was surreptitiously looking up at the sky. She kindly reminded her.

"Oh, okay, Vexis!"

This was the first time Lorelia had ever seen so many Legendary-level powerhouses on a battlefield.

Such a grand scene was deeply shocking to her.

Vexis continued, "Pay attention to reinforcing positions. Command those undead and skeleton warriors to charge forward. The warriors on the front lines need them."

At this moment, Lorelia held Vexis's scepter, an artifact that could command a portion of the undead armies.

Ever since Skeleton General Rumbold had arrived, Vexis had received assistance, allowing her scepter to be lent to Lorelia for auxiliary command.

Having had prior experience commanding undead, Lorelia managed to direct her own cave spiders while simultaneously commanding the undead armies with relative ease.

"Go up! Charge up!" Lorelia commanded a squad of skeleton warriors to reinforce the front line.

In the area ahead, the cave spiders fighting on the very front line had all perished. Only a single hellhound, its entire body wreathed in flames, was ferociously tearing at its target.

That was Dirtclaw. He frequently tried to curry favor with Lorelia, so she still paid quite a bit of attention to him.

The Dirtclaw at this moment was like a mad dog; any enemy that appeared before his eyes would be coldly and ruthlessly bitten to death.

As fate would have it, the ones pouncing on and tearing at Dirtclaw were precisely the hellhounds from under Arch Lord Kian.

When hellhound met hellhound, both were filled with mutual animosity.

The way Dirtclaw and his opponent glared at each other was as if they were fighting for territory, and also as if they were contending for mating rights.

The scene was very bloody, and also intensely fierce and cruel.

Dirtclaw, as the sole hellhound on their side, was incredibly conspicuous and also an object of intense hatred for the enemy hellhound race.

In their eyes, Dirtclaw was a traitor, a heretic who deserved to be torn to shreds.

One hellhound after another surrounded Dirtclaw, intending to tear him limb from limb.

After the cave spiders protecting Dirtclaw had all died, just as Dirtclaw was feeling beset by grave danger, a squad of skeleton warriors charged into the battlefield in the nick of time, relieving his pressure.

"Dirtclaw is the strongest hellhound!"

"Awoooo..."

Chapter 733: Eye of Truth

Amidst the roars, Dirtclaw's body tensed, his fur bristling. His cold eyes scanned his surroundings, specifically targeting the enemies' necks, limbs, and heads.

Slightly to the rear, in the cavalry regiment's designated combat zone, lay the domain of Thundar and Fergus.

The demonic wolves, Windfoot Freaks, petrifying lizards, and Hellhound Knights that broke through the first line of defense were all their enemies.

With the help of his dark fiend mount, Thundar fought with relative ease.

At least, when faced with physical bites and tears, the dark fiend beneath him showed no fear, often managing to counter-kill its assailants.

However, when demonic wolves, cloaked in Fire and howling as they activated ghostly stride, charged into his combat range, Thundar found himself embroiled in a bitter struggle.

And it didn't end there. Next came the Windfoot Freaks, capable of unleashing wind blades, and hellhounds wreathed in hellfire, causing Thundar's dark fiend mount immense suffering.

This was a battlefield; even in agony, one had to grit their teeth and fight on.

Elsewhere, Fergus, mounted on his abyssal dragon Nyther, was faring slightly better.

Although Nyther was not immune to damage, it had awakened a devour-type skill upon its advancement to the Alpha level.

By continuously fighting and feeding simultaneously, Fergus's abyssal dragon could constantly heal itself.

Empowered by this ability, Fergus had also managed to slay a considerable number of formidable enemies.

In a more distant part of the battlefield, Onyx had also appeared.

After Orion had finished slaughtering the dark fiends and chosen to head north, Onyx had joined the combat troops.

Mounted on his Dark Armored Beetle, Onyx swung his great axe in wide, powerful arcs; few enemies could even get near him.

Coupled with Onyx's peak Alpha-level strength, the area he defended was truly impregnable.

This was a battle between Alpha-level combatants, but around them, before them, and behind them, countless cave spiders and wolf-mounted cavalry were falling.

Many of the summoned skeleton warriors were also being blasted apart, reduced to piles of dry bones.

From time to time, wyverns would be struck in vital spots by the wind blades of the Windfoot Freaks, plummeting from the sky to be trampled and devoured, becoming offerings to the carnage.

This battlefield had thoroughly and utterly transformed into a Shura field.

From the highest echelons to the lowest ranks, combat was omnipresent, a brutal reality for all involved.

Within the unknown void, inside the Dreamscape Barrier.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The sounds echoed incessantly as the eight fire dragons, under Leonidas's command, self-destructed one after another, attempting to kill the endlessly approaching bloodsucking demons.

However, such mass explosions proved to be of little use.

The number of bloodsucking demons only seemed to increase, an inexhaustible tide.

"Bro, continuing this attrition isn't a solution," Orion said to Leonidas.

"Clearly, those two sinister fellows want to exhaust our transcendent power."

Leonidas replied, "My avatar has many limitations. In a moment, I'll focus on blocking these illusions; you strike and kill the enemy's true body."

"Remember, be fast, the faster the better!"

As he spoke, Leonidas gestured with his claws, and low, guttural dragon roars sounded continuously.

That was draconic magic; Leonidas was employing his own methods.

A virtual eye materialized in Leonidas's hand. It was golden yellow, its gaze cold and indifferent.

Leonidas explained, "Bro, this is the Eye of Truth. It can see through illusions cast even by demigods, but it only lasts for three minutes."

Under Leonidas's control, the virtual eye flew into Orion's own eyes, and Orion's irises temporarily turned a golden yellow.

Having the Eye of Truth empower him was an incredibly magical sensation.

It was difficult to describe, ineffable.

However, as Orion's gaze swept across their surroundings, all the illusions vanished. Only a single bloodsucking demon remained, appearing directly in front of Leonidas and Orion.

Under normal circumstances, when unsure of an enemy's position, most would instinctively guard their rear, above, and below.

For this bloodsucking demon to appear directly in front of them was a deceptive tactic, yet also a correct choice, and furthermore, a display of intelligence.

Orion's first thought was that this bloodsucking demon before them was either being controlled by someone or possessed independent thought and cunning.

And it wasn't over. As Orion scanned his surroundings, in the far, far distance, he spotted the presence of Arch Lords Lestat and Kian.

However, now was not the time to cause trouble for those two, because if Orion left, Leonidas would lose the enhancement of the Eye of Truth.

At that moment, Leonidas would be in great danger.

Orion slowly exhaled. The blood-type transcendent power within his body surged into the Flame of Will on his trident.

The flame on the trident, thus empowered, burned with exceptional vigor and swiftly transformed into a blood-red conflagration.

The flames spread upwards, enveloping Orion's entire body.

The next moment, Orion activated Titan Form. His physique enlarged, and his entire body's strength surged explosively.

Aura Lock, Swift Charge, Berserk Aura, Instant Impact—all four skills were activated simultaneously. Orion vanished from Leonidas's back in an instant.

The next moment, blood-red sparks flashed violently in the distance, and a powerful shockwave rippled outwards.

Leonidas, who had been blocking the illusions, seemed to receive a signal. With a furious roar, flames erupted from his entire body, and he too charged towards the spot where Orion had engaged the enemy.

The monster there was the bloodsucking demon's true body.

"They found the bloodsucking demon's true body?" Arch Lord Kian exclaimed from afar. For Orion to accurately strike the bloodsucking demon and inflict such heavy damage upon it was something Kian found hard to believe.

Because he felt that if he were in Orion's position, he would not have been able to achieve it.

Lestat's voice was somewhat subdued. "Perhaps not just that. He might have discovered our presence too." Orion's earlier scan had given him a feeling of being utterly exposed.

Under that gaze, Lestat felt as if he were completely naked, as if even his innermost emotions and thoughts had been seen through one by one.

"Impossible, right?" Kian questioned.

"We were likely seen through," Lestat confirmed. "That dragon used what should be the Eye of Truth. I saw this draconic magic long, long ago."

"Then what do we do now?" Kian asked.

Lestat's voice was sinister. "No hurry. The bloodsucking demon is an extremely powerful creature. It won't be killed so easily."

His purpose in using the God Blood was precisely to exhaust Orion and Leonidas, to force these two to reveal more of their trump cards.

Now that this objective had been achieved, the later the bloodsucking demon died in battle, the more advantageous it would be for him.

When the time came for him and Kian to strike, it would be that much easier.

Pinning down an enemy, then killing or capturing them when they were at their weakest—this was what Lestat enjoyed doing most.

Far away, within the Dreamscape Barrier.

The bloodsucking demon was heavily injured by Orion, its chest blasted open with a gaping hole six feet in diameter.

However, as countless streams of black blood spurted out and writhed, the wound on the bloodsucking demon's body began to heal at a rapid pace.

Seizing this opportunity, the bloodsucking demon grabbed Orion's trident. Blood-red magical runes flowed out from its body, bizarrely spreading towards Orion's trident.

The runes crawled up the trident like sharks that had scented blood, rapidly surging towards Orion's body.

"Be careful! Don't touch those runes!" Leonidas's voice came from nearby.

Orion let out a furious roar. Battle Will Surge activated; the wave barrier that had been merged with his body appeared, repelling all the bizarre runes.

Chapter 734: Two problems

"Outrageous!"

Seadragon King Neptor's voice rose from a low growl to a thundering roar, the fury seeming to erupt from between his clenched teeth.

His face was flushed, the veins on his neck bulging as if he were about to explode—that was Seadragon King Neptor's current state.

The cup in Neptor's hand was crushed to powder, the fragments crackling in his palm before turning to ash and sifting down through his fingers.

"Father, Seventh Brother and Twelfth Brother both died in the Azurecrown Royal Harbor sea region! We must have revenge!"

The Third Prince Voryn was also furious. From the beginning, he had tried to stop his seventh brother, to delay the outbreak of war.

Voryn just hadn't expected the Giant King of the Stoneheart Horde to be such an incredibly decisive individual.

Furthermore, Giant King Orion struck with decisive ruthlessness, taking lives the moment war commenced.

Because of this, the Third Prince Voryn's own companion Tidewyrm had also been lost.

The thought of his Tidewyrm only fueled Voryn's rage, a rage tinged with a deep sense of loss and sorrow.

"Voryn, are you certain it was only a will projection of the Giant King that acted?" Neptor asked, his voice dangerously calm.

His sons being killed one after another—this was unforgivable.

In the current situation, regardless of whether the Stoneheart Horde had assassinated the Twelfth Prince or not, Seadragon King Neptor could not possibly let the matter rest. He had to seek justice for his children.

The Stoneheart Horde had to pay the price for this incident.

The Seadragon race was not so easily bullied!

And he, Seadragon King Neptor, was not to be trifled with!

"Yes, Father. It was an incredibly powerful will projection."

"According to the intelligence gathered, that Giant King is an existence at the peak of the Legendary level."

Hearing this, Seadragon King Neptor fell silent. His furious emotions rapidly dissipated, as if they had never been there at all.

Peak Legendary level—such strength, even among the Sea Race, was considered exceptionally formidable.

Seadragon King Neptor narrowed his eyes. He suddenly recalled a piece of intelligence.

Two years prior, in a report from the Reverse Whalerace, it was mentioned that during the attack on the Dragon race, two lords had also died at the hands of the Giant King.

If the same individual had acted in both instances, it meant there was absolutely no possibility of negotiation between the Sea Race and the Stoneheart Horde.

Such a deep-seated blood feud—this enmity was now firmly established.

After a long period of contemplation, Seadragon King Neptor finally looked up, his gaze falling upon his third son, who sat to the side, drinking wine.

"Go to the Starfall Sea. Bring back all the troops that were sent to support the Reverse Whalerace."

"Tell Glibb that war has also broken out in our Trident Sea region. Inform them about what happened to your seventh and twelfth brothers as well."

"The root of this entire matter is the Stoneheart Horde and the Dragon race." Seadragon King Neptor's voice was low and heavy, filled with anger, and also a hint of regret and unwillingness.

Had he known things would turn out this way, he would never have dispatched his elite forces to support the Reverse Whalerace in the Starfall Sea.

The deaths of his offspring were, to a large extent, retaliation from the Dragon race.

It was just that one instance was a direct assassination, and the other was essentially murder by proxy.

"Remember, do not provoke the Dragon race. Do not get yourself bogged down in that quagmire."

"After explaining the situation clearly, bring the troops back. If anyone obstructs you, kill them without mercy!!"

The Third Prince Voryn stood up. He was of a steady temperament and understood clearly what their seadragon race was about to face.

The return of their elite forces was not just for revenge against the Stoneheart Horde, but more importantly, to safeguard the security of the entire Trident Sea region.

From this recent contact, it was evident that the Stoneheart Horde's strength was not to be underestimated.

That Giant King was so formidable even when his true body had not yet descended.

One could only imagine the danger the seadragon race would face if the Stoneheart Horde were to invade their seas.

These were matters that not only the Third Prince Voryn could foresee; Seadragon King Neptor was even more acutely aware of them.

Without an Arch Lord, who could possibly defeat an existence at the peak of the Legendary level?

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Stoneheart Horde, West Coast Ironveil Escarpment.

Delilah stood upon the escarpment, gazing at the significant progress made on the grand canal excavation, a faint glint of pleasure flashing in her eyes.

Sylvana reported, "Elder Delilah, there are now two problems before us."

"First, our territory's inland rivers mostly flow from east to west. If we connect the grand canal at this moment, the river water will converge here, which will affect our excavation progress and also disrupt the territory's original irrigation system."

"Second, the closer the canal excavation gets to the sea, the greater the threat from the Sea Race becomes. We still have many defensive fortifications that have not yet been constructed. I personally suggest that excavation in this direction be delayed for a period."

The one speaking and reporting was Sylvana. As Delilah's assistant, many matters passed through her hands.

With Orion absent, Delilah was the supreme commander here, and she was too busy to handle everything herself.

It had to be said, Delilah bringing Sylvana along with her was a very wise choice.

Of course, Delilah would not tell anyone that she had brought Sylvana with her partly to allow Lilith to gradually consolidate control over Stoneheart City, and also to eliminate all potential risk factors surrounding the Giant Prince Pallas.

Delilah replied without turning, her voice drifting over lightly, "Things aren't as complicated as you think!"

The arrival of the scorpion tribe had boosted the number of laborers digging the canal to over a million.

Soon, the grand canal would connect with the nearest river, which was why Sylvana had raised these two problems.

"The canal leading inland can be temporarily delayed; don't connect it just yet."

"The canal leading to the sea can indeed be paused for now. Concentrate our efforts on constructing defensive fortifications."

"According to the Horde's plans for this place, it will become a harbor city in the future."

"Building some strategic structures in advance is very necessary."

Delilah turned, smiling at Sylvana.

The latter blinked her eyes, which lacked their usual luster, her expression unreadable.

Delilah continued, "Looking at it now, that heavy rain not long ago was very timely, wasn't it?"

"And the great tsunami swept in by the Sea Race was like a form of completion."

"See? Our artificial lake is now filled with seawater. It doesn't need any diversion, nor does it require seawater to be channeled in."

"Oh... I forgot, you can't see. Hehe..." Delilah's laughter had a somewhat flirtatious lilt to it, a hint of her teasing Sylvana.

But Delilah was not wrong in the slightest. The artificial lake, as it was now, could directly be used to rear Ocean Hunters, and also allow the members of the horde to gradually familiarize themselves with the Sea-Devouring Warships.

"By the way, has there been any news from the Dragon race?" Delilah asked.

Sylvana shook her head. She paid no mind to Delilah's teasing.

Ever since war had broken out here, Delilah had dispatched an emissary to the Dragon race. Her purpose was to inform the Dragon race that the Stoneheart Horde had fulfilled its promise made when they formed their alliance.

Of course, purchasing more Sea-Devouring Warships was Delilah's true objective.

With this war as a pretext, the Dragon race should be very willing to provide the Stoneheart Horde with more Sea-Devouring Warships this time.

Chapter 735: What's the big deal

This war, in reality, was desired by both the Stoneheart Horde and the Dragon race.

It was just that the Dragon race had been a bit too hasty, orchestrating a frame-up that advanced the timeline somewhat, and also caused the unprepared Stoneheart Horde a measure of suffering.

Those lost bloodline warriors were the price the Stoneheart Horde paid.

The deaths of Elder Otho and the Elder Gormathar in battle were the most costly among them.

Such a price, Delilah would inevitably make the Dragon race repay.

Because, looking at the war superficially, it had erupted precisely because of the Dragon race.

"You keep an eye on things here. I'm going to go have a chat with Xalathar."

Delilah paid Sylvana no further heed, instead walking towards the encampment where Xalathar was currently dozing.

Since Ironveil Escarpment was to become a city, using a Lord Stone here to establish its core was a matter of considerable necessity.

This was the seaside; in the future, it would undoubtedly face attacks from Sea Race warriors and sea beasts. Without a large number of arrow tower defenses, any further construction here would merely be for show.

Orion had killed three lords in previous battles. One of the Lord Stones would be distributed as a reward; the remaining two had always been kept by the abyssal dragon.

To establish a territory core, Delilah needed to discuss it with Xalathar to obtain a Lord Stone from him.

Delilah departed. The wind blowing in from the sea teased Sylvana's long hair, revealing her delicate earlobe.

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Emerald Dream Realm, within the unknown void.

Leonidas's warning had allowed Orion to escape a calamity, avoiding the fate of being corrupted by God Blood.

"Retreat!"

Following Leonidas's voice, Orion did not hesitate. His figure shot backwards, rapidly distancing himself from the bloodsucking demon.

Just at that moment, an incredibly hot volcano suddenly erupted beneath the bloodsucking demon.

Crimson magma surged skywards from the volcanic crater, dousing the bloodsucking demon.

A sharp, bizarre cry howled from the bloodsucking demon's mouth; it felt pain, and also the despair of death.

The bloodsucking demon struggled, trying to escape the magma.

However, countless golden runes flashed above the magma, binding the bloodsucking demon and also eroding it.

This was another of Leonidas's fire dragon avatar's trump cards: the Volcanic Crucible.

Just as the bloodsucking demon was about to be completely consumed by the searing magma, this entire void, in that single instant, shattered as if it were a mere picture.

Everything before their eyes, like a pane of glass, abruptly broke into pieces.

Shattering along with it were the bloodsucking demon, the Volcanic Crucible, and the endless illusions that had surrounded them.

"This is the illusion shattering!"

"Quick! Before the Eye of Truth fades, find that monster!" Leonidas, with his vast experience, immediately knew what had happened.

Orion, hearing this, wasted no time, his wide eyes scanning intently, searching for the enemy's trail.

Far off, within the mist.

"Pity. That was the skull of a rare demon. I sacrificed many offerings to obtain it," Arch Lord Kian lamented, a flicker of regret passing across his face. He had shattered the illusion, liberating the bloodsucking demon from the Volcanic Crucible.

Sacrificing such an exceptionally rare demon skull pained him greatly.

Lestat glanced at Kian. "The bloodsucking demon didn't last long. It's our turn to take the stage!" He had lost a drop of God Blood; now Kian had also lost a valuable item. This brought a measure of balance to his heart.

Within the Dreamscape Barrier, before the Eye of Truth faded completely, Orion caught a trace of the enemy and once again launched an attack.

This time, however, the bloodsucking demon was prepared. It wrapped its wings around itself, and the mysterious runes on its body flowed out, forming a shield that intercepted Orion's Instant Impact.

But Leonidas was a figure of what caliber? He had long since followed Orion's attack trajectory and closed in.

"God Blood creature! Devouring your flesh and blood will surely allow my physical body to advance further!" Leonidas's tone was tinged with a certain madness; in fact, his actions were also quite frenzied.

To Orion's astonishment, runes flashed all over Leonidas's body. He appeared behind the bloodsucking demon, attempting to envelop it with his claws and leathery wings.

The bloodsucking demon's body was considerably larger than a dragon; Leonidas couldn't possibly envelop it completely.

Just as Orion frowned in astonishment, Leonidas's body began to dissolve, transforming into a mass of molten lava, like molten iron, which then covered and engulfed the bloodsucking demon.

This scene not only stunned Orion but also the hidden Lestat and Kian in the distance.

"What on earth is this being?"

"Since when did the Dragon race possess such an ability?"

A sense of dread, of being devoured, and an overwhelming despair at such apparent invincibility, instantly enveloped Lestat and Kian, leaving them with no visible hope of victory.

However, both were Arch Lords, and they quickly broke free from this state of deterrence.

Leonidas's display had unintentionally exerted a powerful awe upon Lestat and Kian.

"Madman! He actually dares to devour God Blood! Is he insane?" Kian's voice was somewhat hysterical. He came from Hell; even he wouldn't dare to commit such a taboo act.

"Isn't he afraid of being corrupted? Afraid of becoming a puppet?"

Kian didn't know where this fire dragon found the courage to devour God Blood. Could it simply be because he was an Over-tier powerhouse?

"Whether he'll suffer a backlash, I don't know. But I know we're in trouble!" Lestat raised his hand, and a black ripple appeared, deflecting an incoming trident.

Far away, Orion, in the final few seconds before the Eye of Truth disappeared, had locked onto Lestat and Kian's position, projected his trident, and in doing so, also shattered the Dreamscape Barrier that had been trapping him and Leonidas.

The Bloodreaver Arch Lord Lestat was indeed proficient in some Dreamscape arts, but he did not yet possess the ability to fully control the Dreamscape, manipulate an enemy's thoughts, and thereby kill them within their dreams.

Lestat's Dreamscape ability was merely an auxiliary method and fundamentally incapable of harming powerhouses like Orion and Leonidas.

The Dreamscape Barrier shattered, and Lestat and Kian appeared within Orion's line of sight.

Just as Orion was preparing to advance, intending to engage the two Arch Lords to protect Leonidas, the mass of molten lava enveloping the bloodsucking demon began to writhe and solidify. The fire dragon's form once again coalesced.

Burp!

Leonidas let out a contented burp, an expression of having eaten his fill and being thoroughly satisfied on his face.

Lestat's voice came, very close, speaking from not far from Orion: "You have truly impressive methods, to actually be able to devour a divine creature formed from God Blood."

Leonidas retorted casually, "Just a drop of God Blood. What's the big deal!"

Chapter 736: What a disgusting race

Leonidas put on an air of indifference. God Blood was nothing unfamiliar to him; he knew how to deal with it and had long since prepared his countermeasures.

Orion, however, stared intently at Lestat, his pupils contracting.

Teleportation—Lestat had appeared not far in front of Orion using teleportation.

This method of teleportation was completely different from Orion's Instant Impact. It was a teleportation effect achieved through spatial elements, placing little burden on the body.

If the enemy before him could continuously cast teleportation, it would be very troublesome.

Arch Lord Lestat's attitude was mild, his temperament like that of an aged gentleman. "Your Excellency, could you tell me why you are invading our territory?" In his view, war was merely a means of demonstrating strength.

Now that both sides had displayed sufficient strength, it was possible to sit down and negotiate.

Furthermore, the longer they were delayed within the Dark Sacred Chalice, the more advantageous the war outside would become for his side—this was Lestat's thinking.

"Everyone's here to carve up the cake. What's the point of so much bullshit?" Leonidas responded.

Orion simply watched Lestat and Kian, who had now joined Lestat and stood side-by-side.

Lestat continued, "The cake is large. If a sharp blade helps you cut it, perhaps you'll get more."

Hearing this, Leonidas, for some unknown reason, began to chuckle "hehehe."

Leonidas declared, "Well, that sounds good! I now formally inform you: this entire Dusk Continent belongs to the two of us."

"If you withdraw from this continent now, everything can be discussed. We can sit down and talk slowly."

Faced with Leonidas's utter unreasonableness, Lestat remained silent, a shadow of gloom gathering in his eyes.

Kian interjected, "Want us to leave? Can you even make us?"

"You arrogant fools! This place will be your burial ground!"

"Lestat, stop wasting words with them! Fists are always more effective than mouths."

As Kian spoke, his entire body underwent a violent eruption. His form swelled, the armor on his body stretching and tearing, revealing gnarled, bulging muscles intricately tattooed with grotesque ghost-face patterns.

With Kian's transformation, the surrounding space itself seemed to be affected: distorted human figures, faintly visible, wailing sounds, cries of pain, mysterious and eerie songs... all flickered in and out of existence within the surrounding darkness.

An atmosphere filled with terror and oppression began to coalesce, bit by bit.

A silent, insidious illusion descended, attempting to bind Orion and Leonidas, to imprison them within this endless darkness.

Roar!

WAAAGH!

A dragon's roar and the Titan's Roar sounded simultaneously. Orion and Leonidas broke free from the illusion unleashed by Arch Lord Kian.

Battle, on the verge of exploding.

Leonidas sneered with contempt, "What a disgusting race!"

"Bro, I'll leave this filthy, unseemly fellow to you."

Leonidas was utterly disdainful of Kian. He had encountered enemies similar to these infernal beings before and had experience fighting them.

The "infernal beings" was an almost perfect race; they excelled at illusions while also being proficient in physical close combat.

As long as they didn't encounter holy-type powerhouses, the infernal beings held an advantage.

Leonidas assigned Kian to Orion because Orion's Titan's Roar countered illusions, which would be advantageous for Orion.

Yes, this was indeed care and consideration from a bro.

Lestat, his voice still polite, addressed Leonidas: "Coincidentally, I am also very interested in the pure dragon blood flowing in your veins. I will drain it all."

As Lestat finished speaking, his form also transformed, shifting into that of a Bloodreaver.

The Bloodreaver Lestat had become bore an eighty to ninety percent resemblance to the creature formed from God Blood, only a bit smaller in stature, comparable to Leonidas.

The Bloodreaver's body was massive and very tough. From Lestat's twisting transformation just moments ago, one could see its bulging muscles and wide, hard bones.

Under normal circumstances, such a physique signified immense strength and extreme speed.

Under Orion's and Leonidas's slightly raised eyebrows, Lestat's pair of leathery wings also underwent a rapid change.

One wing turned red, the other black. Blood-red and dark runes alternated and shimmered upon the wings, giving an impression of mysterious and formidable power.

Leonidas spat, "Has anyone ever told you that dark races are very annoying? All of you are disgusting things!"

"Arthas excluded!" Leonidas added this last part silently, in his heart.

Lestat retorted, "Then does Your Excellency know that in our eyes, the Dragon race is nothing but reptiles?"

"Hehehe..."

After this evil laughter, Lestat, in his Bloodreaver form, directly teleported towards Leonidas.

Simultaneously, Orion also seized the initiative, activating Instant Impact and launching a direct assault on Arch Lord Kian.

Lance and trident clashed. Blood-red flames and azure smoke intertwined, becoming an inseparable maelstrom.

Outside the Dark Sacred Chalice, the great war had not ceased.

The slaughter continued, lives becoming a mournful dirge. The number of fallen corpses was so great that Vexis, a Legendary-level lich, could barely keep up with her summoning.

This clearly showed that both sides were suffering heavy casualties in this war.

With the Arch Lords' combat power isolated, the war here depended entirely on the quantity and quality of the warriors.

Even the Legendary-level powerhouses engaged in their own confrontations could not influence the entirety of such a vast battlefield.

Awoooo!

This was the Twilight Howl of the Nethervarg Soulflayers, a deterrence skill unleashed by their lord, Wulfric, and also a signal.

The eight Legendary-level powerhouses surrounding Vexis and her group, after a period of skirmishing and adjustment, finally coordinated their efforts, preparing to destroy Rumbold's death ripple.

Terrifying explosions echoed continuously across the battlefield. Under the enemy's fierce assault, the death ripple catastrophically collapsed.

The moment the formation fell, four of the Legendary-level powerhouses lunged respectively towards Rumbold, Gustalon, Little Four, and Little Five, attempting to tie them down.

The remaining four Legendary-level powerhouses all charged towards Vexis, who was maintaining the summoning formation.

This was an incredibly perilous moment!

At this critical juncture, Vexis was even preparing to halt the formation and join the Legendary-level battle herself.

Just then, another dragon roar resounded across the battlefield. A dragon five times larger than an ordinary adult wyvern flew out from the Dragon Nest, its presence shockingly intimidating.

It was an upper Legendary-level dragon, a progenitor of wyverns.

This dragon was a trump card Leonidas had placed on the battlefield.

Vexis was astonished, because this dragon had flown out from right behind her.

Before the battle began, Leonidas had entrusted the Dragon Nest to Vexis for safekeeping.

At the time, Vexis hadn't thought much of it and had simply let an Alpha-level skeleton warrior carry the Dragon Nest.

Unexpectedly, at this critical moment, the Dragon Nest played such a significant role.

As a series of high-pitched dragon roars resounded one after another, the Wyvern King intercepted the four Legendary-level powerhouses charging towards Vexis.

Instantly, dragon roars, wolf howls, ghost wails, and various other cries rose and fell across the battlefield in a chaotic symphony.

Fighting one against four, the Wyvern King was no match and was injured almost immediately upon engagement.

The situation was critical. Rumbold, Little BloodreaverFour, and Little Five all attempted to rush to Vexis's defense, but their opponents, like mad dogs, bit down hard and refused to let go.

Chapter 737: This is just the beginning

As the Wyvern King's injuries grew increasingly severe, even its roars began to carry a tone of despair and sorrow.

Vexis sighed. If she didn't stop the summoning formation now and go to the Wyvern King's aid, the latter would undoubtedly perish.

Just as Vexis was preparing to halt the formation for the second time, a familiar yet strangely distant voice reached her.

"Leave them to me! Do not stop!!"

If the summoning formation were to stop, the cave spiders and cavalry regiment Orion had brought would be wiped out in a very short time.

Even the wyvern armies Leonidas had brought would ultimately suffer the same fate.

Because those Windfoot Freaks, capable of unleashing wind blades, and the Bloodreavers, who could transform and fly, were both formidable opponents for the wyverns.

The enemy's numbers were simply too great; without the assistance of the undead armies, the subordinates Orion and Leonidas had brought could not possibly resist them.

Whoosh!

A violent wind howled across the battlefield. The one who had just responded to Vexis was Gustalon.

After speaking, Gustalon's figure vanished, and an incomparably massive hurricane immediately appeared on the battlefield.

A furious suction force emanated from the hurricane, drawing all the Legendary-level powerhouses currently locked in combat, as well as the warriors and beasts from both sides fighting nearby, into its swirling vortex.

The only ones not sucked into the hurricane were Lorelia and Vexis.

Vexis said to Lorelia without even glancing at her, "I don't know how long they can last. I will continue summoning; you command the battle."

Lorelia nodded with a soft "Mm-hmm," her small face pale, completely devoid of color.

Vexis's scepter was not so easily wielded; it required a significant expenditure of mental power.

To command those undead and skeleton warriors was impossible without formidable mental strength.

Lorelia, currently only at peak Alpha-level, was already finding it incredibly difficult, pushing herself to her very limits.

However, Lorelia did not complain, because she knew this was a critical moment. She had to hold on.

Just like her other comrades in arms, she absolutely had to hold on.

The war would continue. Both sides embroiled in the battlefield were like fully stretched springs— whoever snapped first would be the loser.

South, on the road from Red Moon Valley to Marshlight Sanctuary.

The scorpion tribe was rushing forward at full speed, never once pausing for rest.

Billowing clouds of dust and sand swirled together, forming a colossal, faceless sand dragon—a truly spectacular sight.

Two figures hovered within the sandstorm.

"There are huge energy fluctuations in the north. They must have engaged the enemy in a fierce battle," Clymene said, gazing towards the north. The energy waves from there were so terrifying that even from such a great distance, she felt a sense of heart palpitations.

Soraya suggested, "Sister, why don't you go ahead first? I'll follow shortly." As Orion's woman, Soraya addressed Clymene as "sister," just as Orion did.

Clymene had awakened and, moreover, had advanced to the Legendary level.

Upon learning of the war raging in the north, how could Clymene possibly sit still? She had immediately decided to accompany Soraya to the front lines.

Clymene replied, "No, that won't do. My strength alone won't make much of a difference."

"Ensuring your safety is what I must do now."

Yes, Soraya was a Legendary-level broodmother. If she were to be ambushed and killed by other Legendary-level powerhouses while en route to provide support, it would be the greatest loss for their faction and could very well lead to the ultimate defeat in the war.

Of course, Soraya's death would also be an incomparably heavy blow to the Stoneheart Horde, and to Orion himself.

Clymene understood this clearly.

Therefore, Clymene had been escorting Soraya all along the way.

Soraya said no more. "I hope the war isn't over when we arrive." She too was aware of her role in this war.

If her presence weren't urgently needed, Orion would not have summoned her.

Clymene sighed. "I hope everyone is alright!" With that, she and Soraya pushed onwards towards the battlefield with all their power.

North, above the battlefield, within the Dark Sacred Chalice's barrier.

Arch Lord Kian, the trident still piercing his chest, declared, "Terrifying power, a bizarre attack carrying sonic waves. Truly an Over-tier powerhouse. You are even stronger than I imagined." He stared at Orion not as a wounded combatant, but as if appraising the most delicious prey in the world.

"The skull of an Over-tier powerhouse will surely be a magnificent collection."

Arch Lord Kian was exceedingly arrogant. When facing an offensive-type lord like Orion, he was very confident.

In reality, this fellow indeed had a few tricks up his sleeve, having easily received Orion's attack.

Orion's face was expressionless, but a flicker of gravity passed through his eyes.

The trident had pierced Arch Lord Kian's body, yet not a single drop of blood had flowed, nor had he sustained any apparent injury.

Orion's attack felt as if it had struck a sponge, or landed in a cloud of mist.

"Your body is somewhat strange!" Orion said slowly, his gaze fixed on Kian.

In Orion's perception, Kian's body was gradually blurring, and a series of overlapping afterimages trembled within his form.

With every gesture Kian made, these afterimages followed.

Kian smirked. "Never seen it before, have you?"

"This is the formidable physique of our race: a multitude of Demonic Shadows!"

Kian let out an evil smile, raised his lance, then swung it.

The tip of the lance, wreathed in an azure ghostly qi, streaked towards Orion's throat like a venomous dragon.

Orion wanted to retreat, but the trident embedded in Kian's body felt as if it were caught by something, momentarily impossible to withdraw.

With no time for further thought, Orion's spherical wave field flashed into existence around his body, deflecting Kian's lance.

Kian cackled. "This is just the beginning!"

The lance continued its dance, like a demon in a frenzy. Its tip changed trajectory, shifting from a sweep to an upward flick—a sinister, insidious offensive, almost impossible to defend against.

Of course, Orion was not one to be easily trifled with. The blood-type transcendent power within his body surged, flowing madly into his trident.

Hong! With a booming sound, the flame on the trident's tip flared to over ten times its previous intensity, engulfing the entire weapon.

The flames burned fiercely. Arch Lord Kian's "Demonic Shadows" body was finally threatened.

The force binding the trident vanished, but Orion, at this moment, had no intention of retracting it just yet.

Orion's voice was icy, his killing intent palpable. "I want to know: flames, lightning, or sonic attacks—which do you fear more?"

"Kill!"

The next moment, lightning enveloped the flames. The flames then exploded amidst the crackling electrical current, and following the explosion came an incomparably violent sonic attack.

"Damn it!"

Arch Lord Kian's "Demonic Shadows" were shattered by this assault. Amidst a series of explosions, Kian flew backwards, putting some distance between himself and Orion.

"Sinful abyssal creature! You dare harm my body! "

Flames were burning on Kian's chest, causing him considerable discomfort.

However, as wisps of azure Demonic covered the area, those flames were quickly extinguished.

Chapter 738: His father is a living legend

"You're an Arch Lord. Do you only kill enemies with your mouth?"

"Honestly, among the Arch Lord powerhouses I've killed, you don't even rank."

Orion was also arrogant, also savage.

It was just that his consciousness and soul were countless times stronger than those of an ordinary giant, so many of his negative emotions and his brutal nature were usually suppressed by him.

When facing Arch Lord powerhouses, these innate tendencies were the best weapons, and Orion was now unleashing them one by one.

Of course, Orion retained his rationality. Those two sentences he had just spoken were a clear insinuation aimed at Arch Lord Kian, an attempt to strike at his will.

Orion was telling Kian plainly: Arch Lords even stronger than him had been slain by Orion's hand.

Such psychological suggestion, if it failed, was inconsequential. But if it took root and sprouted, Kian's fate would very likely be the same as those Arch Lords of the past.

"Damned giant! You will pay the price for your boasts!"

Arch Lord Kian took out a ghost-face mask from within his attire—one that covered only the lower half of his face—and donned it.

Once the ghost-face mask was on, Kian's aura surged dramatically, becoming even more bizarre, more sinister and evil.

"I will skin you, pull out your tendons, drink your blood, and use your skull to offer sacrifice to our great ancestors!"

Arch Lord Kian wore the mask. Although he was speaking, his mouth was not visible, which added an extra layer of mystery to his presence.

Boom!

Kian and Orion collided like two missiles. Sparks flew in all directions, continuously, and the harsh, ear-piercing sound of metal striking metal was incessant.

The clash of trident and lance was like a form of judgment—a judgment upon each other.

Once that judgment was rendered, the result would be death.

At this moment, Orion and Kian were relying purely on their physical strength and transcendent power in their head-on confrontation.

After putting on the ghost-face mask, Arch Lord Kian seemed to become immune to fire and lightning, meeting Orion's direct assault without flinching in the slightest.

Elsewhere, while Orion and Kian were engaged in their weapon-clashing duel, the battle between Leonidas and Lestat was truly a savage melee.

Leonidas's hot blood was surging, his entire body blazing with roaring flames, his eyes filled with an endless, unyielding battle intent.

Lestat was no less formidable. Facing the giant dragon, he showed no fear, his hostile blue-green eyes fixed unwaveringly on Leonidas.

The dragon extended its flaming claws, sinking them deep into the Bloodreaver's body. With an outward exertion of force, the dragon attempted to tear the Bloodreaver's body apart.

The Bloodreaver's own sharp claws had also pierced the fire dragon's body, though the searing flames considerably lessened the damage it could inflict.

However, Bloodreaver Lestat's fangs, gleaming with brutality and a ravenous craving, had already locked deeply onto the fire dragon's neck, and he was, bit by bit, draining the giant dragon's blood.

Leonidas spread his wings, and once again they transformed into flame chains, binding Bloodreaver Lestat's body in coil after coil.

It was precisely this binding that slowed Lestat's speed in siphoning Leonidas's blood.

However, before his body was bound, Lestat had already split off several avatars.

A swarm of basketball-sized Bloodreavers flapped their leathery wings, circling Lestat's main body. Emitting sharp, terrifying screeches, they attempted to tear apart the flame chains and free him from his bonds.

Yet, Leonidas also had his own way of dealing with them. His dragon tail, like a steel whip, or a venomous snake, whipped and lashed out with a whistling sound, continuously driving back the swarm of smaller Bloodreavers.

The battle raged on, both sides constantly wearing each other down.

Who would ultimately emerge victorious was still unknown.

...

Titanion Realm, Human Kingdom, Rose Manor.

Kronos, now a little over one year old, could already walk, and quite steadily at that.

"Kronos, from now on, I will teach you some combat techniques specific to giants," Tarn said.

"Tell me, what weapon do you like?"

Tarn stood ramrod straight, as tall and unyielding as a lance, his burgeoning aura also making him seem like a fierce beast.

"I don't want weapon. Don't like. I want Bone Python. I want to be like big brother," Kronos lisped, his pronunciation still a bit unclear. But having spent much time together, Tarn could naturally understand what Kronos was trying to express.

Tarn smiled. He neither agreed with Kronos nor dismissed his dream.

The Bone Python had a fierce and imposing appearance, and its combat power was also very impressive.

However, it was not a conventional mount for giants.

In his heart, Tarn hoped that Kronos would follow in his father's footsteps—to be a warrior who subdued an abyssal dragon, to be the glory of the giant tribe.

Tarn continued, "Kronos, before that, I want to tell you a story."

"A story about how to subdue a Bone Python, how to obtain it."

Tarn began with the Bone Python, familiar to Kronos, and started to tell the story of the Giant King.

"In the far north, there is a place called the Black Forest."

"Our Blackstone Giants' ancestral land is there. Some twenty-odd years ago, a frail giant was born there. His name was Orion Stoneheart."

"Later, Orion's parents suddenly disappeared..."

In the distance, on the balcony of Rose Manor castle, Princess Ava and Prince Theodore stood leaning against the railing.

Ava remarked, "That's his father's story. This is the first time I've heard Tarn speak of it." She gazed at Kronos, her eyes filled entirely with affection, radiating a motherly glow.

In Ava's eyes, Kronos was her everything.

Theodore added, "Undoubtedly, his father is a living legend."

"Father has mentioned to me many times that if he were in Orion's position back then, given the circumstances at the time, he might also have been able to lead the Stoneheart Horde south."

"But, the Stoneheart Horde could not have resided in the south for long." Prince Theodore was also watching Kronos, though his gaze held something more, something different.

"What do you think of Kronos's talent?" Ava asked, not particularly concerned about Orion, shifting the topic to her son.

"As the son of a Legendary-level powerhouse, Kronos's talent must be excellent," Theodore replied.

"But whether Kronos can reach the same heights as Orion, that's hard to say."

"The growth of every powerhouse is related to his talent, the environment he is raised in, and the quantity of resources consumed."

On this point, Prince Theodore was qualified to speak with authority; his own growth was, in a way, a future reflection for Kronos.

However, Prince Theodore's status and position were completely different from Kronos's.

Prince Theodore represented the future of the human kingdom; the resources he could enjoy were far beyond what Kronos could ever hope for.

So, Prince Theodore considered for a moment, then turned to Ava to speak his heartfelt thoughts.

Chapter 739: My father is that King of Giants?

"Aunt, if you want Kronos to fully develop, once he's a bit older, you should frequently send him to the Stoneheart Horde."

"You should be able to imagine what Kronos's growth environment would be like within our Human Kingdom."

Ava remained silent, but the way she looked at Kronos had already changed.

Amidst her selfless affection, an inexplicable firmness had appeared.

"My older brother deployed you to the East Coast. What was he thinking?" Ava asked Theodore.

"My trip to the East Coast this time is to assist Grand Duke William. The war with the naga race has already begun in the east. The Grand Duke is the main leader of this maritime invasion."

"Isn't my brother afraid you'll suffer losses out there?"

A hint of sadness finally touched Prince Theodore's confident face. "I suppose my battle achievements are still insufficient to convince everyone!"

"Could it be," Ava mused, "that my brother has other plans involving his second and third children?"

"Perhaps!" This was the first time Prince Theodore had shown a vulnerable side in front of Ava. He had recently received news that his second and third younger brothers might advance to the Legendary level in the near future.

Three Legendary-level princes would completely nullify the prestige Theodore had painstakingly accumulated.

Ava turned her head and offered Theodore a kind smile. "You are different from them. They have no foundation, no path of retreat."

Yes, Prince Theodore had a solid foundation and deep roots.

The lizardfolk territory he had conquered previously was Prince Theodore's foundation.

To put it bluntly, even if he failed in the competition, Prince Theodore would still be among the most powerful individuals in the Human Kingdom.

"Be careful out there. I don't have much I can give you here."

"But if you grow weary, Rose Manor will always welcome you."

"I will support you. Kronos will support you too."

Hearing Ava's words, a confident smile returned to Prince Theodore's face.

He had not failed, but he had already prepared countermeasures for any potential failure.

Because Prince Theodore's wings were already full-fledged; he had his own territory, his own allies, and importantly, his own supporters.

In the distance, the conversation between the giants was also drawing to a close at this time.

"The King of Giants led his kinsmen and joined the world-renowned North-South War."

"He was victorious, and the Stoneheart Horde was victorious. They occupied vast territories in the south and established a firm foothold there."

"He is Orion, the King of Giants. His mount is an abyssal dragon, even more powerful than a Bone Python."

"Kronos, he is also your father."

Speaking up to this point, Tarn was filled with pride.

Because according to recent news, Orion's abyssal dragon had also advanced to the Legendary level, becoming a Warden of the Stoneheart Horde.

A Legendary-level abyssal dragon—what a glorious and magnificent existence was that?

"You said my father is that King of Giants?" Kronos asked.

"Yes!"

"You're not tricking me?"

"Why would I trick you?" Tarn gestured towards a troop of Raptor Knights guarding the four corners of the manor not far away, and also towards Brom and James, who had been constantly watching Kronos from nearby.

"They were your father's childhood playmates and are also members of the Stoneheart Horde council. They are all Alpha-level powerhouses."

"They, and that troop of Raptor Knights, were all sent by your father to protect you."

"Within this manor, only you can give them orders."

As he spoke these words, Tarn was overcome with extreme pride. For the first time, he truly felt the honor that Orion had brought him.

The glory of being a giant!

On the castle balcony, Prince Theodore sighed. "He is very proud!"

"Aunt, I believe Kronos will also make you proud in the future."

Ava nodded, basking in the sunlight, gazing at the roses blooming in the distance.

She was very glad that she had decided to give birth to Kronos back then.

He was a gift bestowed upon her by the heavens, and Ava was deeply grateful for it.

...

Emerald Dream Realm, Central Battlefield.

Death is, and always will be, the main theme of war.

Beneath this theme lie courage, slaughter, unspoken battlefield bonds, and the fierce clashes between opposing sides.

The earth had long since been dyed red. Where enemies fought and died, mangled flesh and blood were everywhere.

Even the sky, unbeknownst to those below, had become veiled by a thin layer of mist—a blood mist.

The blood mist was heavy and stagnant.

All warriors enveloped by this blood mist, regardless of friend or foe, seemed like chess pieces, or like insignificant motes of dust.

The dense blood mist, not even the Legendary-level powerhouses battling fiercely within the hurricane could disperse it.

Dirtclaw roared: "Kill..."

"You all must die! All enemies must die!"

"Dirtclaw will achieve boundless battle achievements, will become the greatest existence among gnolls, will marry the most women!"

"Dirtclaw will advance to the Legendary level! Dirtclaw will become a Lord! Dirtclaw wants to become a Warden of the Horde!"

"Awoooo..."

This was a cry from the depths of his heart, radiating from Dirtclaw's unwavering, decisive, and murderous eyes.

Dirtclaw had bitten too many hellhounds to death, had devoured countless knights, and regarded demonic wolves as mere ants beneath his notice.

The slaughter had driven Dirtclaw into a frenzy, and it had also numbed him.

Only a faint flicker of hope for the future supported Dirtclaw, compelling him to open his jaws and continue tearing into his foes.

This kind of slaughter, disregarding all consequences, distinguishing only between friend and foe, caused the hellfire engulfing Dirtclaw's body to burn even more intensely, even more purely.

Unbeknownst to himself, Dirtclaw was passively absorbing the death qi and blood qi from the battlefield.

The enemies were innumerable. Through kill after kill, Dirtclaw was sublimating, progressing.

Perhaps, such slaughter was the true fate of a hellhound.

Compared to Dirtclaw, Thundar and Fergus's performances were far inferior, and also far more rational.

When Thundar and Fergus felt exhausted and their strength depleted, they retreated from the front line.

Positioning themselves behind the cave spider and undead armies, they led the cavalry regiment to cut down any enemies that broke through their faction's lines.

Although Thundar and Fergus had the assistance of an Alpha-level dark fiend and an abyssal dragon respectively, they were still no match for Dirtclaw in this environment.

The darkness of the Emerald Dream Realm, the death qi of the battlefield—these made Dirtclaw feel like a fish in water.

Fergus voiced his concern to Thundar: "Thundar, should we try to pull Dirtclaw back from the front line?" He was worried about Dirtclaw; he had learned a great deal following him during this period.

Dirtclaw's fawning adulation towards superiors, his generous spirit towards comrades, and his cruel brutality towards the cannon fodder troops under his command—all these had taught Fergus many things and allowed him to comprehend many principles.

Thundar replied, "No need. Dirtclaw's state isn't quite right. Don't go near him."

"Lorelia has been watching him and also providing him with assistance. The area he is guarding has not been breached, not even once. That is the best proof."

Chapter 740: Ghost Dragon

Few people knew what the scene inside a hurricane was truly like.

It was a disorienting, world-spinning experience, like being swept along in a whirlpool, utterly unable to control one's own body.

Rumbold, Wyvern King, Little Four, Little Five, Vexis's Aarakocra, and the eight opposing Legendary-level powerhouses were all drawn into Gustalon's vortex.

Within the hurricane, everyone was not only subjected to the crushing pressure of the air but also affected by the centrifugal force emanating from the eye of the storm.

Even beings at the Legendary level found it difficult to maintain their footing within this hurricane.

Moreover, the hurricane was laced with Gustalon's razor-sharp wind blades, which could strike at any moment.

One of the enemy Legendaries advised his comrades, "Everyone, just defend yourselves! Don't resist! The more you resist, the greater the force against you will be."

Another added, "Yes, move with the whirlwind, and be constantly on guard against sneak attacks to ensure your own safety."

A third chimed in, "Such a powerful hurricane—that enemy elemental life form definitely can't sustain it for long."

A fourth declared, "When the hurricane stops, it will be their death knell!"

"Well said! We'll kill them all then..."

"..."

And indeed, events unfolded much as those enemy Legendary-level powerhouses had predicted.

For Gustalon, newly ascended to the Legendary level, to be able to manipulate the wind element to create such a massive hurricane and trap over a dozen Legendary-level powerhouses within it was an incredible feat.

Such an exploit also placed an immense drain on Gustalon.

However, Gustalon, by his own power, had managed to stall the enemy's advance.

As long as they could hold out until Orion and Leonidas returned, or until reinforcements arrived, this war of attrition could continue.

Outside the hurricane, Vexis, while maintaining the summoning formation, observed the maelstrom. "This elemental life form has great potential!"

Her Aarakocra puppet had also been swept into the hurricane when Rumbold's death ripple had been broken.

At this moment, the only ones protecting her and Lorelia were the few Alpha-level undead and spider guards in their immediate vicinity.

Precisely because of this, the enemy's command seemed to have spotted a tactical opportunity. Large numbers of Alpha-level powerhouses forcibly broke through the front lines and surged towards the area where Vexis and Lorelia were located.

However, this assault was quickly detected by Fergus, Thundar, and Onyx. They rushed over to join the battle, intercepting the enemy midway.

Fierce combat erupted once more.

This was war; upon meeting, life and death were decided in an instant. Sparks and sonic booms continuously exploded, blurring the battlefield and obscuring the outlines of the warriors.

High in the sky, the barrier veiling the heavens remained, still as undisturbed water.

Orion and Kian, like two peerless gods, were locked in a standoff.

Orion's physique was strong and tall, exuding an aura of savagery and brutality, fierce and awe-inspiringly majestic.

Arch Lord Kian, in contrast, held his lance, his eyes fierce and gloomy, like an evil ghost, staring intently at Orion, as if wishing to swallow him whole.

Orion's voice was as cold as before, the arrogance in his eyes strikingly evident. "I said, among the Arch Lords I've slain, you don't rank!"

In the fierce exchange just moments ago, Orion had held the upper hand.

Arch Lord Kian had been repelled by Orion twice. Although no grievous harm had been inflicted upon him, it was nonetheless a trampling of Kian's dignity.

"Sin-laden giant race, I will make you die!" Kian snarled. Though his words were venomous, his face and eyes betrayed no overt sign of anger.

Having advanced to become an Arch Lord, Kian had lived for many years and experienced countless wars and battles.

He paid Orion's goading no mind.

Instead, after assessing Orion's strength, Kian's expression became even more resolute, his eyes flashing with a deep, cold light.

Suddenly, Kian strode forward a step, his lance a blur as he feigned an attack, revealing an apparent opening under Orion's surprised gaze.

When Orion launched an attack targeting this opening, Kian remained chillingly calm.

He thrust his lance forward, opting for an "injury for injury" tactic.

Lance and trident crossed. With two sharp impacts, Orion and Kian both struck each other.

This instantaneous change left Orion no time to think.

Orion was currently in his Titan Form; his self-healing ability was extremely potent.

Relying on this, Orion had chosen to clash directly with Kian.

However, things were not as simple as Orion had thought.

Did Kian really just want to trade injuries?

Bang!

Arch Lord Kian's body blurred, and a powerful rebound force erupted, throwing Orion back.

Kian, now some distance away, raised his lance, its tip stained with Orion's blood.

"Did you really think this was all my strength?"

"What wonderful blood!"

A sinister smile, indicating a successful ploy, spread across Kian's face. He licked the drop of Orion's blood from the tip of his lance, swallowing it entirely.

Kian began to chant: "Dragon's Ghost slumbering in endless darkness, heed my call! With this blood as a medium, I offer your beloved sacrifice! Please descend, Ghost Dragon!"

Awooo!

A dragon's roar sounded from within Kian's abdomen.

Immediately after, Kian's body surged with energy, so dense that it dyed his surroundings pitch black.

Boom!

As his opponent, how could Orion allow such a bizarre transformation to occur right before his eyes?

So, Orion hurled his immensely powerful trident.

Transcendent power and demonic aura collided, but the former was quickly annihilated within the latter.

Just as Orion was about to throw his trident again, a series of dragon roars rose one after another, and a Ghost Dragon darted out from Kian.

To be more precise, it was an avatar of a Ghost Dragon.

Nearby, Orion watched the Ghost Dragon, his brow twitching violently.

The Ghost Dragon before him was completely different from Leonidas's fire dragon avatar.

The Ghost Dragon's form was more akin to an Eastern dragon from Earth.

However, because it was an avatar, the Ghost Dragon's entire figure appeared incomplete and blurry.

"Sin-laden giant, your time of death has arrived!" Kian proclaimed with an evil smile, charging towards Orion.

Even before that, the Ghost Dragon had already launched an attack on Orion.

The Ghost Dragon merely let out a roar, and Orion felt an illusion of being imprisoned.

Fortunately, it was merely an illusion.

However, Kian, after his evil smile, had eight more indistinct creatures erupt from his abdomen.

Those creatures were filled with an evil aura, but they did not attack Orion.

The eight demon creatures took up positions in eight directions, completely surrounding Orion.

The next moment, a pitch-black barrier appeared, trapping both Kian and Orion within.

Kian cackled, "In this barrier, with the Ghost Dragon assisting me, let's see how you escape with your life! Hahaha..."

Just as Orion was preparing to sacrifice his legendary equipment, the [Titan Emblem], to gain even greater power, the Ghost Dragon also struck.

The Ghost Dragon opened its massive jaws and bit down.

Orion was not injured; the Ghost Dragon also came to a halt directly in front of him.

However, Orion found himself completely immobilized.

Orion's body, his spirit, even his very soul—all were imprisoned.