

Titan King 741

Chapter 741: What is there to fear?

"You didn't see this coming, did you? The Ghost Dragon doesn't deal any real damage."

"But it can imprison anything."

"Now you're completely helpless, mwahahaha..."

"I told you I'd kill you and drink your blood."

"Oh, and your skull? I'm going to treasure it."

Arch Lord Kian stared at Orion as if admiring an exquisite piece of art.

For several seconds, Orion felt Kian's gaze linger on his neck, sweeping back and forth.

Orion couldn't move. He was utterly powerless.

Kian's sinister laughter echoed, growing more triumphant.

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Titanion Realm, Ironveil Escarpment.

"Revered Xalathar, a city is planned for this location. We'll need to use a Lord's Stone."

Although Delilah was one of the four senior elders of the Stoneheart Horde, Xalathar, as a Warden, held a visibly higher status.

Before Xalathar, Delilah was exceedingly polite and respectful.

Back when they were mere hero level, Xalathar had already reached the Alpha level. Following Orion, he had performed countless meritorious deeds for the Stoneheart Horde.

In truth, the Stoneheart Horde had never officially recorded Xalathar's accomplishments, nor had it allocated significant public resources to him.

Xalathar's resources for advancement all came from Orion.

It was hard for anyone to feel hostility towards a being like Xalathar, who had given so much to the Horde yet sought almost nothing in return.

Consequently, Xalathar's standing within the Stoneheart Horde was very high, laden with honor.

The dozing Xalathar slowly opened his eyes but didn't rise.

Xalathar looked at the succubus before him. She stood no taller than his lower jaw, and a thoughtful expression crossed his enormous eyes.

"I remember you," Xalathar rumbled, his voice metallic. "You're one of the Master's sex slaves. I've even carried you on my back before."

Delilah was momentarily stunned but quickly recovered. It was no secret that Xalathar could speak.

But hearing Xalathar use the word 'sex slave' to describe her, Delilah found it both exasperating and amusing.

"Xalathar, could you still carry me around the camp for a spin now?"

Delilah's gaze was fervent. She knew very well that if Xalathar, the Abyssal Dragon, agreed to her outrageous request, it would cause a massive sensation. Her status and prestige within the Horde would then be vastly different.

"What did you say?"

However, Xalathar's only reply was a cold inquiry, an icy killing intent gradually coalescing in his massive eyes.

Since reaching the Legendary level, Xalathar's heart had room only for Orion.

Alpha-levels, in his view, were merely weak prey.

Of course, if Orion made a request, that was another matter entirely. Xalathar wouldn't even object to carrying a boar.

"My apologies! I was just joking!"

"Being carried across battlefields by you back then was truly unforgettable, so nostalgic."

"It was my honor to fight alongside you!"

Delilah offered a coquettish smile, her words sounding sincere as she subtly flattered Xalathar.

Battle... the past... Xalathar's enormous eyes flickered with reminiscence.

"Those days were indeed worth remembering!"

The killing intent in Xalathar's eyes vanished. He knew Delilah was important to Orion.

Besides, Orion had given some instructions before he left.

"Set up the castle. I will place the Lord's Stone."

Hearing Xalathar's promise, the corners of Delilah's mouth turned up. Her mood was splendid.

"Could you help me build a Nest?"

"A Nest of my own!"

Delilah was truly surprised by this request, then curious, and pleasantly so.

"Xalathar, what kind of Nest do you desire?"

...

Walking out of the camp, Delilah wore a faint smile.

Xalathar's request was a trivial matter for Delilah.

What delighted Delilah was having established a basis for communication with Xalathar; she had forged a connection with him.

Such a connection might mean little to a Legendary-level powerhouse.

But for someone like Delilah, who had not yet reached the Legendary level, it was exceedingly important.

This relationship was a significant boon for Delilah, and for the succubus race.

Outside the camp, at the canal excavation site.

Dace, Beyn, and Torba stood on a high earthen mound, gazing blankly at the canal stretching towards the sea, lost in a daze.

Otho, one of their fellow guards, had died in battle here. It was a truth the three of them found hard to accept, and they were deeply grieved.

As guards of the Giant King, his death in battle here made them feel indignant, enraged, and humiliated.

"Are we too weak?"

"As guards of the Giant King, we grew complacent. We never thought we'd see a day like this."

"Have we disappointed Orion?"

Otho's death in battle had shattered the guards' honor and dignity. Dace, Beyn, and Torba were reeling from the blow.

"It's those damned Sea Folk! They killed Otho!"

Beyn stared at the distant sea, roaring endlessly, venting his frustration.

"Dace, will this be our fate too?"

Dace didn't answer Torba; he didn't know the future either.

After a while, Dace's firm voice reached Beyn and Torba.

"It's a shame Otho didn't die protecting the Giant King!"

"But Otho died on the battlefield. He died fighting for our Stoneheart Horde."

"This is his glory, and ours too."

Dace spoke with resounding force, making Beyn and Torba shudder.

"No one escapes death. It might be you next, or it might be me. We will all die."

"But I hope we die a worthy death, a glorious one."

"Beyn, Torba! For the next generation of the Stoneheart Horde, for the future of the Horde—even if we die in battle, what is there to fear?"

After Dace finished, the air fell silent.

Only the whistling sea breeze remained, as if Otho himself were shouting encouragement in their ears.

What is there to fear?

Emerald Dream Realm, Dark Sacred Chalice space.

Facing death, Orion echoed the thought: What is there to fear?

As his body, spirit, and soul were imprisoned by the Ghost Dragon, and Archlord Kian raised the blade, a hidden trump card Orion possessed was finally triggered.

Boom!

Rummmble!

Where lightning struck, all things were annihilated.

Thump, thump, thump... The thunderclaps in the Dark Sacred Chalice space grew louder with each strike, the sound like a roaring thunder dragon, its immense power unstoppable.

In a trance, it seemed someone was chanting, performing ancient sacrifices to the heavens.

Amidst the rolling lightning, divine phantoms slowly coalesced, and a suffocating, chilling aura suddenly descended upon the void.

Even Leonidas and Lestat, still locked in close combat far away, were startled by the immense commotion.

Chapter 742: Can't I be?

"This is...?"

A familiar aura, a familiar scene... Leonidas seemed to recall something.

Similar images had surfaced a few times in Leonidas's distant memories.

"Not good!" Leonidas exclaimed, his flames flaring violently as he desperately tried to break free from Lestat.

Lestat clung to him, biting down hard, but Leonidas paid him no mind.

Steeling himself, Leonidas whipped his dragon tail around, severing the chunk of flesh Lestat was biting.

"This guy... he's ruthless!" Lestat thought, but his surprise quickly turned to confusion.

Because in the next second, Leonidas shot away from him, as if fleeing for his life.

And that wasn't all. As Leonidas retreated, he continuously cast draconic magic, one shield after another materializing around him.

Finally, Leonidas even produced a defensive, shell-like artifact and dived right into it.

"What is he doing?"

Lestat genuinely didn't understand Leonidas's ploy; he was utterly bewildered.

Soon, Lestat realized why Leonidas had acted this way.

Because one streak of lightning after another flashed out, illuminating the entire Dark Sacred Chalice space.

Lightning, like a rampaging army, surged and blazed, as if vowing to destroy everything.

This was a Forbidden Spell, the sole skill of the legendary [Lightning Cloak].

Reflected in Lestat's and Kian's terrified eyes was an endless torrent of lightning.

In that instant, the Dark Sacred Chalice space was filled to the brim with lightning.

Lightning pierced the void, connecting heaven and earth.

Axe-like bolts split the darkness, as rolling thunder cleansed the world of all evil.

Myriad streaks of lightning descended. Phantoms of ancient thunder dragons appeared, coiling in the sky, destroying every obstacle in their path.

The terrifyingly boundless Forbidden Spell descended; everyone present, except Orion, was a target for annihilation.

Few knew that when such lightning appeared, it emitted a distinct buzzing—the harbinger of utter destruction.

The Dark Sacred Chalice space was blindingly bright; no one could open their eyes.

Crack!

In the distance, the darkness upon the slowly rotating Dark Sacred Chalice dissipated, transforming it into a crystalline cup seemingly crafted from pure light.

The next moment, cracks spiderwebbed across the Dark Sacred Chalice.

With a series of sharp cracks, the Dark Sacred Chalice shattered into powder.

"No... no... don't..."

Amidst the booming thunder and dazzling lightning, the void imprisoning Orion and Leonidas was breached and torn apart.

The lightning continued to strike Lestat, Kian, and a nearly shattered seashell—Leonidas's refuge.

Of course, the vast majority of the lightning assailed the Ghost Dragon imprisoning Orion.

Under the bombardment of endless lightning, the Ghost Dragon's aura rapidly dissipated.

It was deeply unwilling; the offering almost in its grasp had escaped.

Awooo!

The Ghost Dragon shattered, the imprisonment vanished, and Orion regained his freedom.

"I told you, among the Archlords I've slain, you don't even rank."

The dense lightning element made Orion, a specialist in lightning, feel incredibly refreshed and supremely confident.

Orion strode towards Archlord Kian, who was trembling amidst the lightning.

Orion raised his trident. Lightning merged into his body, into his trident, Flame of Will.

Then, like a Titan God, Orion hurled his trident.

The thrown trident was like divine punishment.

"Ahhh..."

Before Archlord Kian could even attempt to flee, he was consumed by the endless lightning.

A flicker of triumph flashed in Orion's eyes. The enemy was dead and had even dropped a survivor's treasure chest—the best possible outcome.

"Bro, don't just stand there! There's still this one!"

As the lightning dissipated, Leonidas's voice called out. The wings on his back transformed into fiery chains, once again ensnaring Archlord Lestat.

Lestat had survived because the Dark Sacred Chalice absorbed most of the lightning's impact for him.

But Leonidas was cunning.

When Leonidas hid in the shell, he had already anticipated this.

Therefore, before the Forbidden Spell fully dissipated, Leonidas risked injury to intercept the fleeing Lestat.

"You can't kill me! Do you have any idea who stands behind me? An incredibly mighty being!"

"If you kill me, you will definitely attract the attention—perhaps even the wrath—of that mighty being!"

Although Lestat was bound, he could still speak.

Of course, it wasn't Lestat himself speaking, but a Bloodreaver clinging to his back.

"A mighty being?"

"Hahaha... It's not like I haven't faced one before!"

"Kill him..."

Just as Leonidas finished, Orion raised his trident, manipulating the remaining lightning to strike.

However, at that very moment, a voice echoed in their ears.

"Then have you faced me?"

In that instant, space itself froze, and time seemed forcibly halted by an immense power.

Orion, Leonidas, and Lestat were all immobilized, unable to move.

The difference was that Orion's and Leonidas's pupils contracted, clearly showing extreme tension.

Lestat, on the other hand, had eyes full of ecstasy.

If he weren't restrained, Lestat would be cackling maniacally.

"A mighty being such as myself—have you faced one like me?"

That cold, arrogant, and condescending voice sounded again. Blood began to trickle from Orion's and Leonidas's eyes and noses as their auras rapidly weakened.

Killing intent, life and death, desperation, the future... countless thoughts flooded Orion's mind.

Am I going to die?

Is there any hope left?

Are the Deputy Commander and Commander trustworthy?

My own light... it doesn't shine so brightly after all.

Orion didn't actually fear death much; he had died once before.

Furthermore, having weathered so many storms, he had long since made his peace with life and death.

Thankfully, I've left descendants in this world!

If I die in battle, the Stoneheart Horde still has Xalathar, Lumi, Soraya, and Gustalon. The four of them can hold on.

It's a pity... if only I could see my women one last time! I still want to make love to them again.

...

Just as Orion reminisced about his past, wondering if he had any regrets, a familiar voice sounded beside his ear.

"You think you're worthy of being called a mighty being?"

Hearing this voice, the light of survival in Orion's eyes blazed brighter than ever before. Leonidas's eyes shone just as bright.

The true powerhouse of the Champions Alliance had arrived.

Strangely, when Deputy Commander Edward's voice sounded, the restraints on Orion and Leonidas vanished.

"Are you also here for a share of the spoils?" the mighty being behind Lestat spoke again, as if confirming something.

"What? Can't I be?"

Edward's voice was slightly aged but carried an indomitable, majestic aura.

Chapter 743: That was a warning

The cruelty of the battlefield was heart-wrenching.

Pervasive smoke, the reek of blood, the ever-present shadow of death, shattered armor, fallen mounts... no one could escape the Grim Reaper's gaze.

Perhaps in the next moment, a bloodline warrior, bravely felling foes, would be struck down by stray bolts, eventually becoming a pile of bones awaiting a necromancer's call.

Despite this, the battle raged on.

A day earlier, just as Lorelia's cave spiders were on the verge of being annihilated, Soraya and Clymene finally reached the battlefield.

"Leave the rest to me."

Soraya's expression was grave as she took the undead scepter from Lorelia's hand.

"You... you all... finally came. I'm so tired!"

The moment the undead scepter left her hand, Lorelia fainted.

Soraya reached out, catching Lorelia as she fell towards her.

Having just arrived on the battlefield, Soraya was unaware of the specific situation. She turned to Vexis, who was maintaining the summoning formation.

"Her spiritual energy is severely overdrawn. She needs a period of deep sleep."

This was the truth. Lorelia had held on until now not only by overdrawing her spiritual energy but also by depleting her stamina.

If not for the spiritual recovery potions Vexis occasionally sent her way, and the copious amounts of life essence Orion had provided, Lorelia would have long since died from exhaustion.

"How's the war effort?"

Learning the details, Soraya felt relieved; she knew Orion valued Lorelia immensely.

To the Stoneheart Horde's upper echelons, Lorelia was a treasure.

"It's a good thing you arrived. Her million spiders are nearly all dead."

Upon hearing this, Soraya and Clymene were both shocked.

Had the battle reached such a desperate stalemate? Were the Stoneheart Horde's losses truly this severe?

"The enemy is a coalition of two Archlord factions. It's only because of their sacrifices that we've held out this long."

The "they" Vexis mentioned included not only the sacrificed spiders but also the Legendary powerhouses holding back the enemy in the lower sky and within the celestial dome's black barrier.

At this, Vexis, Soraya, and Clymene all looked towards the terrifying hurricane.

Gustalon deserved prime credit for preventing the wholesale slaughter of their mid-to-low-tier forces.

"Prepare yourselves. I'm about to release the enemy."

Gustalon had sensed the arrival of Soraya and Clymene. Having used all his tricks, he too was reaching his limit.

Alerted by Gustalon, Vexis, Soraya, and Clymene focused their minds, ready for battle.

The hurricane that had swept across half the battlefield finally subsided. The Legendary powerhouses who had been tossed about within it reappeared in mid-air.

Not one of the enemy's eight Legendary powerhouses had fallen; all were unscathed.

The Stoneheart Horde's fighters, sensing the arrival of reinforcements, looked ready for a counterattack.

Rumbold, Vexis, Gustalon, Little Four, Little Five, the Aarakocra, the Wyvern King, Soraya, and Clymene—nine Legendary powerhouses now faced the enemy. Having shifted from a disadvantage to a slight advantage, their eyes gleamed with excitement.

Slay the enemy!

Kill these enemies, and the Lord's Stones within their bodies would be their spoils of war—theirs for the taking.

This was the promise Orion and Leonidas had made to them before the battle, and one of the driving forces for their perseverance.

"My friends, now is the time to strike back!"

It was Rumbold who roared. As one of Arthas's powerful lords, he had been incredibly frustrated and constrained since the war began, a feeling he detested.

Now, Rumbold would counterattack; he would turn the enemy into skeletons.

"Kill!"

Equally frustrated was Gustalon.

For the sake of the bigger picture, he had been forced to whip the wind elements into a massive hurricane.

This wasn't Gustalon's fighting style. Normally, when he assassinated enemies, it was clean, decisive, silent, and stealthy.

With a roar, Gustalon transformed into a whirlwind and charged out.

The battle, spearheaded by Gustalon, erupted once more.

...

Silence!

Neither Deputy Commander Edward nor the unknown entity had shown themselves or engaged in a major fight. The movements of demigod-level powers always seemed so hard to fathom.

After an unknown period of stillness, the auras of both Deputy Commander Edward and the unknown entity vanished.

Leonidas was the first to react, and he was laughing.

"Wahahaha... Did you see that?"

"Even the being behind you can't save you! I told you so!"

Leonidas roared and bellowed, tightening his bonds on Archlord Lestat.

"Ah... no... impossible... You can't kill me!"

"Please, I beg you, don't kill me! I... I'm willing..."

Squelch!

The words Archlord Lestat was about to utter were cut short.

Orion, wielding his trident, launched an Instant Impact, interrupting Lestat and piercing his body.

Lestat was grievously wounded, but Orion stopped there, as this prey belonged to Leonidas.

Killing an Archlord(Arch Lord) could drop a survivor's treasure chest. If Orion continued, he risked being accused of kill-stealing.

"Bro, much appreciated! Watch how I devour this damned Bloodreaver!"

"You sucked my blood, you ate my flesh! Now you're going to give it all back to me—every last bit!"

Amidst a torrent of curses, Leonidas once again transformed into a pool of crimson molten iron, engulfing the severely injured Lestat.

Orion knew Leonidas intended to devour Lestat alive to vent his pent-up fury.

Lestat biting Leonidas's neck and sucking his blood had thoroughly disgusted Leonidas earlier.

A quarter of an hour later, Leonidas re-condensed from the molten iron, his aura somewhat stronger.

"Bro, this avatar of yours is quite something!"

"Hahaha, naturally! Back in the day, you have no idea how much effort I poured into forging it."

Leonidas was very pleased. Devouring this Bloodreaver had enhanced the strength of his dragon avatar.

Although it couldn't advance him to the rank of Archlord, a deeper foundation was always a plus.

"Bro, what's next?"

"Will their true bodies descend?"

Orion voiced his doubts. He was certain of one thing: the fallen Lestat and Kian were merely avatars of two Archlords.

The best proof was that neither Lestat nor Kian had deployed a body of faith during this conflict.

"Heh, their true selves descend? They wouldn't dare."

A look of disdain crossed Leonidas's face, an air of utter indifference.

Seemingly noticing that Orion's frown hadn't eased, Leonidas explained.

"Bro, do you think Deputy Commander Edward appeared in the Emerald Dream Realm just to rescue us?"

"That was a warning!"

"A warning from the Deputy Commander to certain mighty beings. If they personally enter the fray, Edward will too."

Chapter 744: This battle should be over now

Leonidas's eyes held an excited glint, a thirst for war, a love for slaughter.

It was an emotion Orion sometimes shared.

"As for those Archlords, they're all extremely cunning. They'll only commit their true bodies to the fray if absolutely forced."

"They all fear death, all want to live on, desperately seeking the chance to ascend to the demigod level."

"What's more, with demigods active in this world, they're even less likely to show their true faces."

Leonidas grew more animated as he spoke, as if he'd found a familiar, disdainful topic, his words vivid and colorful.

"Bro, are you like that too?"

Orion's sudden interjection, however, made Leonidas immediately stop his tirade.

"Uh... Hulk, that's not how this is supposed to go. You should be despising those cowards with me."

Leonidas's torrent of words ceased. Under Orion's unwavering gaze, he couldn't just ignore the question.

“Ahem... Hulk, today I’ll teach you a proper lesson.”

“You’ll definitely need this when you advance to Archlord.”

“Did you know, among Archlords, there’s a saying?”

“An Archlord must learn to keep a low profile. Remember: lie low and endure. Lie low and endure until the very end, until you become a demigod...”

Leonidas chattered on and, as if fearing Orion wouldn’t trust him, added at the end,

“Arthas is the same as me. That guy is even better at lying low and enduring than I am!”

After saying this, Leonidas chuckled slyly, his gaze towards Orion holding a hint of shared understanding.

In fact, Leonidas wasn’t lying in the slightest.

Not just him, but even Arthas and Alexander, when invading other worlds, would, in most cases, only dispatch avatars or projections of their will.

Only with the backing of a demigod, or when accompanied by trusted partners, would they possibly descend in their true forms.

The invasion of the Godforsaken Land a few years ago was one such example; Leonidas and Arthas descended in their true forms because of their mutual trust.

Of course, the thought of meeting Orion was also a factor back then.

In truth, all these actions were about reducing the risk of death.

Orion understood this principle.

“When I advance to Archlord,” Orion mused, “perhaps I can send out two avatars, while I myself oversee the Stoneheart Horde, focus on developing our territory, and collecting faith energy.”

The thought arose in Orion’s mind. He didn’t know that many Archlords in other worlds made the same choice.

Managing one’s main base well and expanding territory when opportunities arose—that was the way of Archlords.

Awakened ones like Leonidas and Arthas would also immerse themselves in the Survivor’s Platform, using their vast wealth to snap up goods on the trading platform.

“Regardless, we’ve won this battle.”

“This half-continent is pretty much in our pocket now.”

Leonidas roared, a gust of air rushing from his mouth as he unleashed a high-level spell, blowing away the Dark Sacred Chalice’s residual dark aura.

As the dark aura dissipated, the entire battlefield came into their view.

The tragic sounds of slaughter, the howls of various strange beasts, the blare of horns and the thunder of drums from both sides, echoed across the land.

The earth looked as if it were covered with a vivid, intense red carpet.

A chilling, blood-tinged wind blew over them, causing Orion and Leonidas to pause their conversation.

“Damn it, how have my wyverns become so few?”

The battle had been brutal; the losses for wyverns and cave spiders were the greatest.

The survival rate of the wyverns was less than ten percent, which pained Leonidas deeply.

Apart from the contingent guarding Lorelia in the rear, no cave spiders remained on the front lines.

The outcome was plain to see.

“It’s time for them to pay the price!”

Orion raised his trident, lightning coalescing upon it with tremendous momentum. The enemy’s Legendary powerhouses sensed it immediately.

“Who are they?”

“More enemy reinforcements?”

“No, weren’t those two being held up by Lestat and Kian?”

“They broke free? Then where are Lestat and Kian?”

“No... no... impossible!”

...

Lords who could advance to the Legendary rank were no fools.

A wild, unbelievable thought took root in their minds.

The eight lords amidst the battle felt a surge of terror; their very souls trembled.

“Run for your lives!”

It was unknown who, in their agitated and unstable state, had shouted what was truly in their hearts.

The eight Legendary powerhouses turned and fled in different directions.

Unfortunately for them, their pursuer was none other than the Stoneheart Horde’s deadliest trident thrower.

In Orion’s eyes, these individuals were merely helpless prey.

In the sky, lightning boomed and echoed continuously, tridents falling like starlight.

With every flash of lightning, a lord met their demise.

Watching the corpses fall in arcs, Leonidas was quite envious.

“Bro, your trident-throwing skill is truly exceptional!”

Orion smiled, noncommittal.

Orion’s intervention swiftly ended the conflict between the Legendaries.

His purpose was simple: to reduce the attrition of his own lord-level powerhouses.

Because among that group of lords, Orion had sensed the auras of Gustalon, Soraya, and Clymene.

Since he could act, Orion didn't want them to bear any additional risk.

"This battle should be over now!"

Leonidas spread his wings, transforming into his fire dragon form, his terrifying wingspan momentarily blotting out the sky.

With a roar, Leonidas swept towards the ground, his dark shadow descending, startling countless combatants lost in the frenzy of slaughter.

Leonidas actually has quite a penchant for showing off! Orion muttered to himself, gaining a deeper understanding of his friend.

With a flicker of electricity, Orion appeared at the rear of the battlefield, beside Vexis and Soraya.

"What happened to her?"

Orion reached out and gently touched Lorelia's forehead. After fainting, she had completely lost her ability to defend herself.

"Orion, Lorelia overexerted her spirit and fainted. She'll likely need to sleep for some time to recover."

Vexis respectfully explained Lorelia's condition. Orion nodded, checked Lorelia's physical state, then withdrew his gaze.

"Experiencing a war of this intensity might actually be a good thing for her."

Orion looked at Soraya, his eyes full of affection.

“I arrived on the battlefield a day ago. My sister and I are fine.”

Mentioning Clymene, Orion glanced towards the battlefield. She was clearing the area with other Stoneheart forces.

Judging by Clymene’s aura, she had indeed successfully advanced to the Legendary level.

“Very good!”

“You two continue to command. I’ll be watching over you.”

Chapter 745: Bloodier truth

The slaughter continued. Orion and Leonidas’s forces had suffered vast losses.

To replenish their forces quickly and continue north, their only option was to summon a large undead army.

Summoning an undead army required corpses—it required sacrifices.

The countless enemies before them were the designated offerings.

Therefore, they had to die!

Of course, Orion didn’t need to handle these matters personally. Once he gave the orders, his Legendary powerhouses could carry them out.

What Orion needed to do now was to relocate suitable members of his Horde to the Emerald Dream Realm, one by one.

If half the Dusk Continent was managed well, Orion could soon ascend to the Archlord level.

This matter was both urgent and crucial for Orion.

“Hahaha, did you see that? Wherever the dragon passed, they all pissed their pants and fled in terror!”

Perhaps having had his fill of fun, Leonidas reverted to his human form and rejoined Orion.

“Bro, according to you, those two Archlords wouldn’t dare to intervene personally. Would they really be willing to let their kin and soldiers here be slaughtered by us?”

Before relocating his people, Orion wanted to confirm a few more things.

Leonidas understood the question behind Orion’s question. He pointed to the battlefield and asked,

“Little bro, if the enemy wiped out all the people you and I brought, what would happen to us?”

“We’d suffer heavy losses, but our foundations would remain. We could still stage a comeback.”

Orion answered without a second thought.

And indeed, it was true. Orion’s foundations were in the Valkorath Realm and the Titanion Realm.

“See? You haven’t even advanced to Archlord, yet you have your own lines of retreat. Do you think those veteran Archlords wouldn’t?”

“To put it bluntly, before the war even broke out, they would have already transferred away important personnel and resources.”

Orion had a sudden realization and nodded in deep agreement.

“Bro, what if they are the native inhabitants of their original world?”

Orion raised another question, wondering about the fate of native populations.

“A native’s home base generally doesn’t change, but that doesn’t stop them from sending their descendants to other worlds to spread and flourish.”

“How do you think the other races in your Horde’s world came to be?”

“Which races there are truly native?”

“When a new world is discovered, weak natives either submit immediately or are wiped out at the first opportunity.”

From Leonidas, Orion learned an even crueler, bloodier truth.

Of course, the implications of this information made Orion even more expectant.

“Bro, are you saying there are still undiscovered new worlds?”

Orion gazed at Leonidas, hoping for the answer he envisioned.

“That’s for sure. Think about it—wasn’t our old world vast?”

“Even a universe that enormous could merge into this world.”

Leonidas’s voice suddenly became profound and ethereal, lending him an inscrutable air.

“Now, try to imagine: how big is this world really?”

“Endless? Or a world in a grain of sand?”

“Bro, there will be many more bizarre things in the future. Don’t be surprised by anything you see.”

“What we need to do is lie low and endure. Lie low and endure until the very end.”

Only when this final sentence was uttered did Leonidas emerge from that ethereal state.

“Thank you for your guidance!”

Leonidas nodded.

“Little bro, let’s put aside those vague and ethereal matters for now.”

“Let’s talk about the current situation.”

Orion nodded, his expression one of respectful attention.

Leonidas pointed to the great northern mountain range, his tone grave.

“The fact that the races over there can coexist with our enemies on this side, separated by mountains, indicates only one thing: their strength is no less than that of those here—possibly even greater.”

He used “enemies” to describe both factions because when Orion and Leonidas invaded the factions on this side, those from the north sent no aid.

“Also, the fact that your Shadow Paper Figure was destroyed means the races over there are very wary of us.”

“It will be very difficult to just steamroll your way through.”

Leonidas concluded that a direct, overwhelming push was not viable.

Orion agreed with this point.

“Bro, what do we do next?”

Orion deferred to Leonidas, who had more experience invading large worlds. His understanding of such situations was, in most cases, deeper than Orion’s.

“First, rest and reorganize. Second, accumulate strength. Third, improve your own power.”

Rest and reorganization were for the wyvern and cave spider armies; both needed time to breed new generations.

Fortunately, after this war, Orion and Leonidas would receive countless dark source crystals and corpses for food, giving them the resources to mass-produce cannon-fodder troops.

Accumulating strength was for the undead armies.

Many undead would be summoned next, and these undead armies would need graveyards for the undead and skeletons to slumber in.

They would only be awakened when war began.

Without deadlands to sustain them, many undead and skeletons would naturally dissipate.

With too many undead, Vexis and Rumbold simply couldn't manage them all.

Thus, building deadlands and graveyards became a necessity.

Furthermore, if war broke out with the northern enemies and the conflict once again reached a stalemate, having graveyards to fall back on would ensure the undead armies' supply lines remained intact.

Vexis and Rumbold would have an easier time then.

The point about improving personal strength was mainly directed at Orion.

"Little bro, if you can advance to Archlord before we go to war with those on the other side of the mountains, our subsequent battles will be much easier."

"A shift in top-tier combat power has a greater impact on the overall strategic situation."

Leonidas said this very seriously, with utmost gravity.

"You saw it too: the avatars of those two Archlords weren't weak. Their true bodies are likely even stronger."

"They might even be at peak Archlord strength. When they can no longer sit still and decide to enter the fray personally, the pressure on us will increase significantly."

This was also the truth, and a prediction for the future.

Of course, if it truly came to that, Leonidas's true body would also descend; he wouldn't fear his opponents.

But then again, as mentioned before, if he could avoid using his true body, Leonidas absolutely would.

Wouldn't it be far better for the true body to lie low and pull strings from the shadows?

"I understand!"

Orion took Leonidas's advice to heart.

Their next steps were to recuperate while gathering intelligence on the northern half of the continent.

"Little bro, to tell you the truth, I can vaguely sense that the number of Archlord powerhouses on the other side of those mountains will be greater than here."

"The next war will likely be even tougher."

Leonidas's tone was heavy, and his gaze towards the north was solemn.

Chapter 746: Silvermoon Empire

Dusk Continent, the northern Dark Jade Rampart.

Several days ago, south of the Ashenfang Traverse, terrifying energy fluctuations had erupted, alarming the Grand Sage and Grand General of the Silvermoon Empire.

Such intense energy fluctuations—it was obvious that a battle, perhaps even a heaven-shattering war, had occurred in the south.

"The energy fluctuations have subsided; the battle should be over. I wonder which side was victorious."

On the walls of the Dark Jade Rampart, Grand General Dorian and Grand Sage Merrick sat opposite each other, a circular Go-like game board placed between them.

Their ability to sense such distant energy fluctuations indicated that both Grand General Dorian and Grand Sage Merrick were Archlord-level powerhouses.

“Grand Sage, has there been any news from our esteemed patron regarding this sudden situation?”

Grand Sage Merrick shook his head. Though his hair and beard were entirely white, his white robes still gave him a remarkably vigorous appearance.

“Not long ago, while patrolling the Ashenfang Mountains, I discovered a spy.”

“A spy?”

“Mm, a magical and hard-to-detect shadow. If not for the warning from the artifact provided by our esteemed patron, I might not have detected its presence.”

“And the spy?”

“Killed!”

Speaking of this, Grand Sage Merrick retrieved a shredded paper figure from his robes.

The paper figure was tattered and bore marks of being stitched together; clearly, the Grand Sage had later pieced it together himself.

“This was the spy!”

Grand General Dorian took the paper figure, examining it closely for a moment, but could make nothing of it.

“Is this an artifact or some special equipment?”

“I don’t know either.”

After placing a piece on the game board, Grand Sage Merrick glanced at the paper figure, then turned his head to look south of the Ashenfang Traverse.

“War has broken out in the south. If the victors take an interest in us, they will likely send more scouts our way soon.”

“Dorian, you are garrisoned at the Dark Jade Rampart. You must make preparations.”

This was both a well-intentioned reminder and the purpose of Grand Sage Merrick’s visit to the Dark Jade Rampart.

“Grand Sage, there are some things I don’t understand.”

Grand General Dorian didn’t continue discussing specific defensive measures; that was his business, a soldier’s domain.

Grand General Dorian changed the subject, wishing to voice the doubts in his heart.

Grand Sage Merrick retracted his gaze, looked at Grand General Dorian, and gestured with his eyes for him to speak freely.

“According to our intelligence, those occupying the south are foreign dark races—very powerful and very cunning.”

“There are no longer any native inhabitants of Tri-Leaf World in the south. I am very curious: who is waging war against those dark races?”

“Is it the Sea Folk? Or the vassal races of our esteemed patron?”

Hearing this, Grand Sage Merrick said nothing. In fact, he too wanted to know the answer.

The demigod powerhouse supporting them had not sent any information. They could only prepare to defend against a southern enemy.

“It’s not the Sea Folk, nor could it be those vassal races.”

“The Sea Folk of the deep seas are themselves suffering from foreign invasion. They can barely manage their own territory, so it’s impossible for them to meddle in continental affairs.”

“As for the vassal races, if they were to descend, our esteemed patron would surely inform us.”

“Furthermore, no aura characteristic of vassal races has been detected from the south.”

After Grand Sage Merrick’s explanation, Grand General Dorian became even more curious about the potential enemy in the south.

“Prepare yourself. The Silver-Eyed People may face war at any moment!”

Grand General Dorian wanted to say more, but Grand Sage Merrick had already risen and was treading air, departing towards the Silver Sanctum.

Grand General Dorian did not rise to see him off but instead stared at the unfinished game on the board, lost in deep thought.

“Your Majesty the King, Grand Sage, where are you leading the Silver-Eyed People?”

After a long while, Grand General Dorian uttered these words. The confusion in his eyes receded, replaced by unwavering, steadfast resolve.

In the south, the slaughter continued.

The mop-up operations had not ceased.

Orion and Leonidas oversaw the situation from the rear of their camp, communicating with other members of their alliance while maintaining an overview.

Leonidas: "Alexander, little bro and I have already conquered half a continent. Do you need our support over there?"

Leonidas was very smug; under the guise of offering support, he was showing off and mocking.

Alexander: "Don't get cocky. Although you won the war, according to my intelligence, your losses were severe."

Alexander: "I heard your wyvern armies suffered heavy losses. If not for Hulk's broodmother arriving in time to provide support, the wyverns you brought might have been completely wiped out."

Alexander and Isabella's progress wasn't slow, but they had also encountered significant difficulties.

The number of Archlords on the other continent was not small, and over there, only Alexander could face an Archlord.

Alexander and Isabella's invasion team had been intercepted after occupying the territories of two Legendary-level lords.

Leonidas: "I can hear the envy in your tone, hahaha!"

Leonidas knew his old friend's character very well.

Alexander avoiding discussion of his own situation meant that things were very tough for him.

Hulk: "Kraken, what about the situation in the seas?"

Seeing Alexander remain silent, Orion quickly interjected to ask Kraken about his situation.

Now that half the continent was conquered, Orion was busy relocating his people. If the coastal sea regions were unstable, it would affect his development.

Kraken: "Uh, this is really a bit hard to say!"

Leonidas: "Squiddy, stop dithering! Tell us about your situation; maybe we can give you some ideas."

Kraken: "Big Boss, it was okay at first on my end. I killed or subjugated all the lesser Sea Folk(Race) in the coastal areas."

Kraken: "But as soon as I venture slightly into the deep-sea regions, I encounter massive attacks from deep-sea races."

Kraken: "And I've discovered that the deep-sea races attacking me might not even be a single faction!"

To put it plainly, Kraken's progress also wasn't going well.

His area of activity was limited to the coastal waters.

This was frustrating for Kraken, completely different from what he had imagined.

However, upon hearing this, Orion felt a surge of joy inwardly.

Because Kraken being entrenched in the coastal waters indirectly meant that the relocating members of the Stoneheart Horde had a measure of security.

Thus, Orion said nothing more, offering neither comfort nor advice to Kraken.

Leonidas: "Isn't that simple? The deep-sea races of this world must also be facing invasions from Sea Folk from other worlds."

Leonidas: "Based on our current understanding, those two groups are definitely competing."

Leonidas: "If you go stirring up trouble in the deep sea now, anyone who sees you will treat you as an enemy."

Orion agreed with Leonidas's assessment.

The complexity and chaos of the Emerald Dream Realm were far more troublesome than anyone had anticipated before launching the invasion.

Chapter 747: Fight or retreat

Although Kraken, at Legendary peak, could tangle with an Archlord, in a life-or-death struggle, he would be forced to flee.

This was the real reason Kraken was being blocked and couldn't enter the deep sea.

The enemy had an Archlord guarding their territory, and with no powerful reinforcements, Kraken dared not make any rash moves.

Kraken: "Big Boss, requesting support! If this goes on, I won't be an invader; I'll be on vacation!"

Leonidas: "Enjoy your vacation!"

Hulk: "Poor thing."

Seeing Kraken's message, Orion and Leonidas both laughed shamelessly.

Just as everyone was exchanging banter, the Deputy Commander suddenly spoke.

Edward: "Let me say a few words. The situation in the Emerald Dream Realm is even more complex than you imagine."

Everyone fell silent, awaiting the Deputy Commander's next words.

The Deputy Commander was a demigod-level powerhouse; he definitely knew more than they did.

Furthermore, the Deputy Commander had also revealed his presence in the Emerald Dream Realm this time; he must have had direct contact with certain matters and individuals.

Perhaps the Deputy Commander had even clashed with other demigod-level powerhouses.

At least, that's what Orion guessed.

Orion felt that if he were in the enemy's position, facing a suddenly appearing foe, he would definitely fight first to assess the situation.

Firstly, it would allow him to probe the enemy's true nature and strength.

Secondly, it would enable him to make appropriate arrangements.

Edward: "Before the invasion, we all believed the conflict in the Emerald Dream Realm was between evil beings and the natives of this world."

Edward: "Originally, we planned to come and plunder resources secretly."

Edward: "Now, it seems that idea was somewhat naive."

This was the plan they had previously discussed, and they had indeed proceeded with this approach.

Leonidas: "Deputy Commander, are you saying that the factions in this world aren't limited to just two opposing sides?"

Edward: "Mm, including us, there are a total of five factions with designs on the Emerald Dream Realm."

When the Deputy Commander said this, everyone was greatly alarmed.

Orion could imagine the brows of Leonidas, Alexander, and the others furrowing.

Edward: "Us, evil beings, native demigods, powerhouses from the Titanion Realm, and other outer-realm demigods—five factions are stirring the pot together."

The Deputy Commander himself seemed shocked by the chaos in the Emerald Dream Realm. He paused for a long time before continuing.

Just as everyone was recovering from their shock, the Deputy Commander began to explain further.

Edward: "The primary conflict in the Emerald Dream Realm is between the evil beings and the native demigods."

Edward: "This conflict is irreconcilable, and the evil beings currently have the upper hand. The Emerald Dream Realm is being irrevocably corrupted by an evil aura."

Edward: "This situation has led the native demigods to seek an escape while still contending with the evil beings, and the Titanion Realm is their hope."

Edward: "However, the Titanion Realm also has many powerful entities. They have resisted the demigods from the Emerald Dream Realm and, in turn, now have designs on the Emerald Dream Realm themselves."

Edward: "In this environment, other races inhabiting this world began to seek their own paths to salvation."

Edward: "For the survival of their races, some factions inevitably disregard the bigger picture, thereby attracting other outer-realm demigod factions. These groups hide in the shadows, waiting for the moment to divide the spoils."

This time, Deputy Commander Edward laid out the general situation of the Emerald Dream Realm in one go.

Silence reigned in the Champions Alliance public channel; no one uttered a word.

Who could have imagined the situation in the Emerald Dream Realm would be so complex?

And each faction had demigod-level powerhouses at its core.

In such a situation, the war could no longer be dominated by one or two Archlords.

A faction without a demigod-level powerhouse backing it would be lucky not to be devoured and slaughtered, let alone qualify to share the spoils.

Leonidas: "Deputy Commander, according to you, is it possible that other outer-realm factions will get involved in this Emerald Dream Realm dispute in the future?"

Edward: "Yes, more and more factions will enter the game later on."

Edward: "I'm even beginning to suspect that the Emerald Dream Realm might be a setup orchestrated by some greater power."

Edward: "If that's truly the case, then unfortunately, we've already entered the game, and we're clearly the disadvantaged party."

Hearing this, Orion, Leonidas, Alexander, Kraken, and Isabella were all astounded.

Leonidas: "Deputy Commander, no need to suspect. This is definitely a setup."

Alexander: "I think so too!"

Kraken: "My dear Big Bosses, I'm starting to tremble all over; my tentacles are completely out of control!"

Isabella: "Mr. Alexander, is it too late for us to return now?"

Perhaps due to the overwhelming shock, or perhaps excitement, even Isabella spoke up this time.

Leonidas: "Lord Deputy Commander, just tell us: do we fight or retreat?"

Leonidas voiced the question on everyone's mind.

In reality, their earlier complaints were all just jokes.

They had already come this far; how could they possibly give up the benefits before them?

Edward: "Why retreat?"

Edward: "Besides, the more factions there are, the more Lords and Archlords there will be. For you, that means more opportunities."

Edward: "Slaying them and picking up survivor treasure chests—Isn't that sweet?"

Edward: "Or are you scared, Leonidas?"

The Deputy Commander's words were not just directed at Leonidas, but also at Orion, Kraken, and Isabella.

A world with such a chaotic and complex situation was ideal for tempering individuals.

Even if there were no Emerald Dream Realm, the Deputy Commander would find similar worlds for everyone in the future to train newcomers.

The Champions Alliance was an elite team; it would never allow members who just wanted to drift along aimlessly, awaiting death.

This was the Commander's philosophy, and the Deputy Commander's as well.

...

Swamplight Refuge Outpost, temporary camp.

Orion and Leonidas simultaneously awoke from their meditation. Opening their eyes, they looked at each other and burst into laughter.

"Bro, it looks like it won't be long before I have to bring in my true body."

"This fire dragon body struggles even against an Archlord's avatar; it definitely can't handle the upcoming situation."

During the exchange in the Champions Alliance public channel, the Deputy Commander had revealed a great deal of intelligence.

The Emerald Dream Realm had numerous factions, and the situation was chaotic.

Fortunately, the demigod-level powerhouses were mutually constraining each other and couldn't yet personally intervene to clear the battlefield.

This gave Orion, Leonidas, Alexander, Kraken, and the others an opportunity, a chance to share the spoils.

In truth, the Deputy Commander's directive for them to join the fray was also in hopes that Leonidas and Alexander could find an opportunity to ascend to the demigod level amidst such chaos.

At the same time, the Deputy Commander also hoped that Orion and Kraken, both at Legendary peak, would seize the chance here to break through to the Archlord rank.

"Bro, according to the Deputy Commander, the faction on the other side of the mountains also has demigod-level powerhouses. Should we still launch an invasion?"

The situation was too chaotic, completely beyond Orion's control, and he felt a surge of worry.

"Of course, we continue the invasion!"

"As long as the demigod-level powerhouses don't personally intervene, what do we have to fear?"

Leonidas strode over casually, intending to sling an arm around Orion's shoulder. However, he had clearly overestimated his avatar's height and could ultimately only grasp Orion's wrist.

"Listen to me: advance to Archlord as soon as possible. We'll be even more formidable when we coordinate then."

"I think the day I reach the Archlord rank is not far off..."

A smile played on Orion's face; his relationship with Leonidas was growing ever deeper.

Chapter 748: You must go

Titanion Realm, Northern Blackstone City.

Seven days had passed by the time Orion appeared in Blackstone City.

War would not erupt again in the Emerald Dream Realm for the time being. With Leonidas stationed there, Orion had returned to Blackstone City with a single purpose: to relocate his kin.

Accompanying Orion was Dirtclaw.

The Gnolls were one of the primary races to be relocated to the Emerald Dream Realm this time, and Dirtclaw himself was responsible for selecting individuals from the Gnoll race.

"My lord!"

Rendall arrived at Moonshadow Valley and bowed to Orion.

Orion felt uncomfortable with this form of address; he still preferred Rendall to call him by his name, Orion, which felt more cordial.

Orion gazed at Rendall. Although Rendall's spirits seemed good, his eyes no longer shone brightly.

Rendall's strength remained at the late Alpha stage; he still hadn't reached his peak.

Perhaps the drive in Rendall's heart had faded.

Orion sighed inwardly but didn't dwell on it. Such matters couldn't be rushed.

After some thought, Orion said to Rendall,

"Arch Elder, the Giant Tribe needs to relocate some of its members to the Emerald Dream Realm this time. I hope to have a figure of authority go there to oversee things. Are you willing?"

In truth, Rendall hadn't initially been on Orion's relocation list.

However, just moments ago, Orion had added his name.

Rendall's confidence was gone, but Orion didn't want to give up on him just yet.

Orion decided to send Rendall to the Emerald Dream Realm, to let him experience the aura of death there and the brutal conflicts between powerful races.

Moreover, Onyx, Thundar, Lorelia, and the newly advanced Legendary-level Clymene were there. Perhaps having Rendall meet these old acquaintances could change his perspective.

"Orion, can I?"

Perhaps because speaking had made their interaction more cordial, Rendall had reverted to his old form of address.

However, the Rendall of the past would never have uttered such words.

The quick-tempered, fierce Rendall of old would have agreed without hesitation and sworn to handle the matter flawlessly.

"Arch Elder, in the Stoneheart Horde, only you are suitable. Your strength is sufficient, and your prestige is the highest."

"This time, not only will Blackstone Giants be relocated, but some Ironbone Giants and Starveil Giants will also move."

"If our Giant Tribe doesn't have you there to keep things in order, wouldn't those young rascals cause an uproar?"

Orion spoke, smiled, and led Rendall and Dirtclaw towards the Horde Hall.

"Hehehe, Arch Elder, you must go! Let me tell you, the Emerald Dream Realm is paradise!"

"I came back this time to relocate my kin too."

"The great Lord has already promised me a vast territory there for us Gnolls, to lay the foundation for me to reach the Legendary level!"

"Arch Elder, let me tell you..."

Dirtclaw was incredibly excited. Finally meeting an acquaintance, he chattered on incessantly.

The spectacular Emerald Dream Realm described by Dirtclaw piqued Rendall's curiosity.

When he heard the phrase 'lay the foundation for me to reach the Legendary level,' Rendall was even more stunned.

The Gnoll he once considered mere cannon fodder was aiming for that stage?

Rendall's heart was stirred once more.

A surge of reluctance welled up fiercely within him, suppressed in his chest, making Rendall feel an unspeakable discomfort.

Orion noticed this but paid it no mind.

The current Rendall indeed needed some stimulus.

Orion unleashed his aura, sweeping it across Blackstone City. His kinsmen who sensed the aura, after a moment of stunned surprise, erupted in deafening cheers.

Ever since the Horde had established a territory in the south, Blackstone City in the north had become much quieter, and Orion no longer appeared there as frequently.

Now, the reappearance of Orion's aura was a signal—one that uplifted spirits and inspired his kinsmen.

Next, Rendall, having regained some composure, entered the Horde Hall, reported to Orion on the situation in the northern territory, and then left to attend to his duties.

For the partial relocation of the Giant Tribe to the Emerald Dream Realm, Orion was merely the proposer; Rendall was the one who had to carry out the plan.

Horde Hall, upon the throne.

After everyone had left, Orion sat alone on the throne in silence for a long time. He pondered his experiences in the Emerald Dream Realm, summarizing them and drawing lessons.

Then, after carefully considering everything he needed to do next, he slowly sighed.

Achieving the Archlord rank in the Titanion Realm was fraught with difficulties.

Only by successfully managing his territories in the Valkorath Realm and the Emerald Dream Realm, and by gathering faith energy from all territories across the three realms, could Orion hope to quickly break through to the Archlord rank.

"The road ahead is long, but I will never shrink back!"

After another period of silence, Orion took out two survivor treasure chests: one dropped by Archlord Kian, and the other by Wulfric.

The demonic wolf Wulfric had tried to flee and was killed by Orion's trident, also dropping a survivor treasure chest.

The treasure chests shimmered, and two skill scrolls fell out.

[Ghost Dragon Summoning]

Type: Summoning Secret Skill (Scroll)

Quality: Legendary

Skill Description: Offer appropriate sacrifices to the Ghost Dragon, and it will respond, sending down a projection that will obey your commands to imprison enemies.

Item Evaluation: Please be careful not to suffer a backlash!

Seeing this skill scroll, Orion shot up from his throne.

It was clear that Orion was extremely agitated.

"Is this the skill Kian used to imprison me back then?"

"Ghost Dragon... The name doesn't sound very powerful, but its effect is extremely potent. Ghost Dragon... what kind of being is this?"

Orion didn't hesitate, immediately tearing up the scroll and learning the [Ghost Dragon Summoning] skill.

As for the content of the item evaluation, Orion paid it no mind at all.

Last time, if not for the Lightning Cloak he wore and the Forbidden Spell it unleashed, Orion might have perished.

Such a powerful control skill was definitely a great trump card.

Next, Orion looked at the other scroll.

[Ghostly Steps]

Type: Secret Skill (Rare)

Quality: Alpha

Skill Description: Transform into a ghost and shuttle through the void.

This Ghostly Steps, contributed by the demonic wolf Wulfric, could only be described as average when compared to Ghost Dragon Summoning—nothing special, no major highlights.

One can't have too many skills. Orion didn't hesitate and tore up this scroll to learn it as well.

In the time that followed, Orion waited for other kinsmen to arrive in Blackstone City, all the while opening his accumulated survivor treasure chests.

He replenished his private coffers and, at the same time, the treasury of the Stoneheart Horde.

The foundation of a vast faction like the Stoneheart Horde was accumulated bit by bit; it didn't just appear out of thin air.

Chapter 749: Power is a very tempting thing

A full month later, the kinsmen preparing to relocate to the Emerald Dream Realm had all arrived in Blackstone City, bringing a touch of liveliness to the usually quiet northern strategic city.

In the meeting hall of the Horde Hall, Orion sat upon the throne, with Rendall, Dirtclaw, Vespera, and Gurnar standing below.

Giants, Succubi, Gnolls, and Fiend Serpents were the main races for this relocation.

As for why these particular races? It was because they were better suited to survive in that world's environment.

Of course, among the relocating crowd, there were also some beastfolk; they were merely test subjects.

If these test subjects could prove that Beastfolk could also thrive in the Emerald Dream Realm, the second wave of relocations would focus on the beastfolk race.

"After you arrive, you will follow Warden Lumi's arrangements."

"If you encounter difficulties, report them directly to her; she will help you resolve them."

Before this group departed, Orion was giving his final instructions.

Orion did not intend to return to the Emerald Dream Realm this time. With Leonidas stationed there and no major battles planned for the near future, Orion intended to first deal with the accumulated problems within the Stoneheart Horde.

Furthermore, it wasn't good for Orion to be constantly absent from the Horde and not show his face regularly.

This impacted Orion's prestige and faith energy collection.

"You are all veterans of the Horde. The primary tasks for this relocation of kinsmen are to adapt to the environment and increase your numbers."

"The secondary tasks are to excavate rare resources on the continent—minerals, magical plants, beasts... No task is to be neglected."

Orion spoke in detail, outlining what everyone needed to do, making their objectives clear.

"Dirtclaw, after you settle the Gnoll race, return to the northern front line."

"As you command, My lord!"

Dirtclaw was respectful and very excited.

Once his kinsmen were relocated, the territory Orion had promised him would be enfeoffed.

Previously, Orion had also granted territory to the Gnoll race—one of the ten major cities in the southern territory.

In reality, such a territory was only a nominal enfeoffment; members of the Giant Tribe still managed the city.

However, the territory enfeoffed this time was completely different.

The Emerald Dream Realm was vast, and the Horde still had many unexplored areas within the lands they had conquered.

For the territories granted this time, various races would have a certain degree of autonomy.

This was mainly because the Emerald Dream Realm harbored many dark creatures. If these enfeoffed groups lacked agility and flexibility, they would find it difficult to adapt to the Emerald Dream Realm's environment.

Vast lands, a territory of his own—Dirtclaw had certainly fantasized about it.

It was just that when the dream became reality, Dirtclaw was ecstatic and filled with longing; he had been in this state of excitement for over a month.

The day after the instructions were given, the group, led by Rendall, headed to the Underworld, preparing to use the teleportation array to descend upon the Emerald Dream Realm.

As for Orion, after entrusting the affairs of Blackstone City to Earthshaker, he used an intra-realm teleportation array to return to Stoneheart City in the south.

Stoneheart City was as bustling as ever.

Orion walked out of the military barracks; Lilith was waiting outside, holding Pallas.

Clearly, Lilith had known in advance about Orion's return.

"Daddy!"

Orion took Pallas, placed the little one on his shoulders, and let the child grab his ears, surveying the familiar Stoneheart City from this new height.

Although Pallas was only a little over a year old, he had grown considerably, almost catching up to the size of his adopted daughter, Elara.

"My dear!"

Lilith smiled gently and called out softly.

"I'm very happy to see you both!"

Orion reached out to embrace Lilith and kissed her passionately. Then, with Lilith taking his arm, the family of three walked unhurriedly towards the castle like ordinary pedestrians.

Along the way, everyone in the inner city who saw Orion and Lilith stopped and bowed in respect.

After Orion had passed, the crowd would erupt in earth-shattering cheers.

"It's the Giant King!"

"And the Queen!"

"And His Highness the Prince!"

...

Having experienced life and death, Orion felt a greater sense of composure when facing these familiar yet somewhat distant faces.

These were all his subjects, people living under his protection.

For Orion to achieve the Archlord rank, he needed tens of millions of such kinsmen and endless faith energy.

Orion loved his kinsmen, his subjects, and wished for them to live better lives.

A fatherly smile appeared on Orion's face. Such a smile made the people bowing to him feel a warmth, as if their very souls were soothed.

Lilith tilted her head, studying the expression on her husband's face. It was an expression she had never seen before; she couldn't describe the feeling.

Even after entering the castle, Lilith was still observing Orion.

"Is there something on my face?"

"A smile!"

"Is it not normal?"

"It's normal!"

"Then what are you looking at?"

"Orion, the way the people look at you has changed somewhat."

"How has it changed?"

"Besides awe, there's also a kind of adoration."

Orion lifted Pallas from his shoulders and handed him to the succubus maidservants behind them.

Immediately after, Orion swept Lilith up by her waist and strode quickly towards their bedroom deep within the castle.

Soon, the sounds of bodies colliding and Lilith's moans emanated from the room.

A troop of succubus maidservants stood guard outside. Hearing the sounds from within, their panties unknowingly became wet, their thighs rubbing together.

Afterward, the maidservants couldn't bear it any longer; they took Pallas to get something to eat.

It wasn't until noon the next day that Orion stopped. Their lovemaking this time had actually lasted for nearly ten hours!

"How does it feel?"

Orion held Lilith, who was nestled against his chest, and asked her thoughts on managing the Horde.

"It's overwhelming. My sister manages the Horde so methodically; it's very hard work, truly not easy."

Orion reached out, playing with Lilith's nipple, but his mind was on Delilah.

Power is a very tempting thing.

If you love power, you will definitely become addicted to it.

If you don't love something, you can't do it best, nor will you sit securely in a position of power.

If Delilah were lying in Orion's arms at this moment, she would immediately understand that Orion was talking about her, and it was also his assessment of her.

Delilah's preferences were simple: power.

For power, Delilah could have an affair with Orion, could contribute everything of value she possessed.

And Orion, as it happened, was a master who liked to delegate power, which suited Delilah perfectly.

Therefore, when Delilah and Orion were together, they were intense, wild, and mutually complementary.

Chapter 750: The current situation

"Orion, I'm afraid I don't love power as much as my sister does."

Hearing Lilith's words, Orion burst out laughing.

"Then take it a step further. Strength is what stands above power."

"Once you have strength, you don't need to care about power."

Lilith lowered her head and kissed Orion's cock; Orion became erect again.

Between husband and wife, this was also Orion's way of indirectly encouraging Lilith, urging her to strive for the Legendary level.

Lilith, of course, understood the meaning behind Orion's words.

Thus, she decided to respond to Orion with oral sex.

"That's enough. Let's talk about the current situation."

After a long while, Orion had Lilith stop, redirecting her attention to serious matters.

"Our northern neighbors are very well-behaved; no movements at all."

"The Ogres to the east are on good terms with us. Aldous sent an envoy once, and also sent you many gifts."

Hearing news of Aldous, Orion's eyes brightened a little.

This small detail was immediately caught by Lilith.

"Rather than envoys, they were more like a trade caravan."

"Aldous's envoys were all tongue-tied, slow-witted fellows, constantly being cheated by those itinerant merchants."

"Later, I really couldn't stand watching it anymore, so I had our merchant group contact Aldous's envoys and handle all their goods."

Hearing this, Orion chuckled.

Lilith, puzzled, stared at Orion with her beautiful, bewildered eyes.

"Lilith, you must understand one thing: those who can become lords are definitely not foolish."

"Someone like Aldous, who can advance to be a Legendary-level powerhouse and also lead his tribe south, may seem foolish, but he is actually very shrewd."

"Aldous is very smart. Those 'foolish' envoys were sent by him deliberately."

"His purpose was for us to handle all his goods."

"Trading with us, given our alliance, he at least won't lose out too much. Do you understand?"

Orion lightly patted Lilith's perky butt. She winced slightly, then frowned as if in sudden realization.

"What about the Human Kingdom and the Blood Elves?"

The situation of these two major races was what Orion most wanted to know.

Their existence could directly influence the overall situation on this continent.

"Lord Lycanor of the Blood Elf race came to Stoneheart City once after returning from the Human Kingdom."

"However, after hearing that Delilah was fully in charge of Sea Folk affairs in the west, she left Stoneheart City."

Towards Lycanor, both Lilith and Delilah maintained a cautious distance, neither offending nor getting too close.

The Blood Elf race and the Stoneheart Horde were neighbors; they could coexist peacefully, or war could erupt between them.

A portion of the Stoneheart Horde's current territory had been ceded by the Blood Elves.

It was inevitable that voices of hatred existed within the Blood Elf race.

"Oh, right, the Blood Elves and the Sea Folk also had a war."

"It's just that no important figures from the Sea Folk appeared in that war."

"Intelligence from the Sentinel Corps reported that a Sea Folk tribe was slaughtered, and their bodies appeared in Blood Elf territory."

The intelligence Lilith revealed caused no ripples for Orion.

The Blood Elves wanted to explore the seas, and the Dragons wanted allies to tie down the Sea Folk; framing was merely one tactic.

If the Sea Folk high command wasn't foolish, they could definitely see through the Dragons' schemes.

However, the Stoneheart Horde, Blood Elves, Human Kingdom, and Dwarves were indeed coveting the Sea Folk. The Sea Folk in various waters had no choice but to divert energy to defend themselves and respond to these framing incidents.

"As for the specific matters of the Blood Elves and Stoneheart Horde jointly confronting the Sea Folk, you'll have to ask my sister."

Orion nodded, not pursuing the matter further.

The Sea Folk problem was, in fact, the main reason for Orion's return this time.

Two princes of the Waveborn Seadragon race had died in Stoneheart Horde territory. Even if the Seadragon King had the best of tempers, he couldn't possibly swallow this insult.

What's more, it was the Sea Folk, who had always held their heads high with pride.

A single Abyssal Dragon was not enough to deter the Sea Folk.

The next time the Sea Folk invaded, the Seadragon King might personally descend.

Without Orion guarding the Horde, the Seadragon King could very well bring devastating destruction to the territory along the western coastline.

"This is news from Rose Manor in the Human Kingdom. I've read it."

With a flick of her wrist, Lilith produced a wooden box and handed it to Orion.

The intelligence inside was relayed by Brom and James, containing records of Kronos's and Rose Manor's daily affairs.

There was also a letter from Tarn in the box.

Orion said nothing, opened the wooden box, and began to read through its contents.

Lilith lay quietly curled against Orion, trying to discern any unusual turbulence from his calm face and eyes.

Unfortunately, Lilith saw nothing.

After a good while, Orion finished reading all the records and returned the wooden box to Lilith.

"If Kronos appears in Stoneheart Horde territory, you will be responsible for his discipline."

Lilith smiled, very pleased.

What Orion handed over was not just the wooden box, but also the authority to discipline Kronos.

Although Kronos was Orion's son, he was not born of Lilith, nor was he born in the Stoneheart Horde.

Lilith had no right to interfere with Kronos.

However, Orion's recent action was an acknowledgment of Lilith's status, granting her the power to discipline his offspring.

Of course, this was also a sign of Orion's trust in Lilith.

"Relations between the Human Kingdom and us are normal. However, possibly due to the impact of the war, the flow of slaves from the Human Kingdom to our Stoneheart Horde has decreased."

"The trade volume for grain, equipment, and large weaponry has also been restricted."

"Their procurement of materials like magical plants and minerals has increased fivefold."

Orion listened intently, trying to find any unusual clues in the Human Kingdom's goods import data.

In the end, Orion found nothing.

"Also, our Ten-City Plan has been completed, and the second Ten-City Plan has entered its preparatory stage."

Lilith spoke with enthusiasm, recounting all the major and minor affairs of the Horde she had handled during this period for Orion to review.

Orion listened very attentively; it was a rare opportunity for him to get a detailed understanding of the Horde.

"Orion, have you noticed? There hasn't been any movement from the dark beast tides this year."

"In previous years, this period would definitely be a time of widespread panic."

Dark beast tides—the term suddenly felt somewhat distant to Orion.

He hadn't personally participated in combating the dark beast tides for several years, neither defending against them nor leading invasions himself.