

Titan King 761

Chapter 761: I cannot think of any other possibility

Ostensibly, Orion had gained nothing from these few days. The Stoneheart Horde and the Seadragon race had not reached any settlement agreement, let alone signed any contracts.

However, through the continuous conversations between Orion and Neptor, both sides had thoroughly understood each other's needs and bottom lines.

What Orion wanted were islands in the sea region, or a new continent.

What Neptor wanted was to de-escalate warfare between their two races while simultaneously seeking opportunities for cooperation.

Of course, Neptor's latter request was put forth very subtly, because the current situation was not right, nor was it the opportune time.

Lireesa of the Blood Elf race had also heard these things. As for how much she could comprehend, that would depend on her wisdom.

Through three days of conversation and interaction, Orion had also come to understand many things.

If Seadragon King Neptor's previous behavior was not deliberately feigned, then Neptor's perspective and magnanimity were quite considerable.

Neptor was a Seadragon who wanted to achieve great things.

Neptor, using the Sea Offering as a pretext to arrange a meeting with Orion, was not planning revenge, nor was he intending to schedule a battle.

Neptor had revealed very clear information to Orion and Lireesa.

He was willing to cooperate with the Stoneheart Horde and the Blood Elf race to put on a show for the Dragons.

War between the three races would undoubtedly continue to erupt, but the scale and duration of these conflicts could be controlled.

The purpose was to let the land-based Dragons see that the Seadragon race, Stoneheart Horde, and Blood Elf race were mutually entangled.

In this way, the Stoneheart Horde and the Blood Elf race could purchase more Sea-Devouring Warships and other rare resources from the Dragons.

And the Seadragon race could also preserve its strength, rule the Trident Sea Region, and observe the overall situation.

More importantly, Orion had caught onto Seadragon King Neptor's intention to form an alliance with him.

This was Orion's biggest gain from this trip into the deep sea.

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Blood Elf Territory, City of Blessings.

When Lireesa returned here, half a month had already passed.

Inside the royal palace, Elf King Rommath, Lireesa, and Lycanor—three Legendary-level powerhouses—were gathered, each with a solemn expression.

"Arch Elder, according to you, the Seadragon race is unwilling to engage in a large-scale war with us, correct?"

"Are they afraid of us, or are they afraid of the Dragons on land?"

After Lireesa's detailed account, Elf King Rommath had gleaned this information.

"A large-scale war—not only are they unwilling, but we are too."

"Our number of Sea-Devouring Warships is still insufficient, and the magical weapons equipped on them are difficult to mass-produce."

"We currently only have the capability to explore the sea regions; we do not have the capability to truly wage war against the Sea Folk."

After witnessing the Seadragon race's foundation at Azurecrown Royal Harbor, Lireesa knew clearly that her Blood Elf race was not qualified to clash with the Seadragon race in the deep sea.

Of course, if both sides were fighting a war of attrition along the coastline, then the Blood Elves were qualified.

Perhaps this was what the Dragons most wanted to see.

"Your Majesty, our race currently has no plans to venture deep into the sea region. The conflict between the Seadragon race and us Blood Elves is not significant. The lingering hatred between our two races can be resolved by sending an envoy. Whatever the Seadragon race's intentions, we should just let them be for now and await further developments."

Elf King Rommath nodded. Though young, he was not foolish.

The Blood Elf race did have designs on the ocean, but their plans were still in the early stages of development.

If they were to clamor for war against the Seadragon race merely because they had purchased a few Sea-Devouring Warships from the Dragons, that would be a foolish course of action.

If they had truly done that, the Blood Elf race would have been annihilated long ago and would not have been able to occupy this fertile land in the south for so long.

"Your Majesty, what we need to figure out now is why Seadragon King Neptor was so polite to Orion."

"In Azurecrown, I could see that the Seadragon King treated Orion as an equal."

"Your Majesty, do you know what this implies?"

Indeed, this question was what Lireesa had been constantly pondering and attaching great importance to in recent days.

Unlike the Seadragon race, the Stoneheart Horde was a direct neighbor to the Blood Elf race, their territories bordering each other. War could erupt between the two races at any time due to unforeseen circumstances.

If Orion's strength was only at the level of the previous North-South War, on what basis could he be an equal to Seadragon King Neptor?

An Archlord being polite to a Legendary-level lord—what did that signify?

"Over-tier powerhouse!"

This term instantly flashed in the minds of Rommath and Lycanor.

"Arch Elder, are you saying that Giant King Orion is an Over-tier powerhouse, possessing strength comparable to an Archlord?"

Elf King Rommath's voice was somewhat hoarse and also trembling slightly.

"Your Majesty, unfortunately, aside from this, I cannot think of any other possibility!"

This was the truth; Lireesa had long since arrived at this answer in her heart.

Silence filled the royal palace.

Not only Elf King Rommath, but even Lycanor, who was most familiar with Orion, was tongue-tied and found it hard to believe.

"Your Majesty, I suggest you communicate with the Divine Tree and conduct a prediction regarding the future of Orion and the Stoneheart Horde."

Lireesa's aged voice sounded, breaking the silence.

"Predict the future?"

"Arch Elder, do you know what price we must pay to do so?"

Elf King Rommath's voice still trembled somewhat. Predicting the future would weaken the Blood Elf race's foundation.

Not only that, but he, the Elf King, would also suffer trauma.

The true reason the Blood Elf race was able to establish itself in the south and not be annihilated by humans was the Divine Tree within their lands.

If the Divine Tree disregarded the cost and erupted in its complete form, it could possess Archlord-level combat power for a short time.

However, powerful combat strength was not the Divine Tree's specialty; its true ability was to predict the future and divine fate.

The death of the previous Elf King, Anasterian, in the North-South War had been foretold.

On the surface, Elf King Anasterian's death had seemed sudden.

But secretly, the Blood Elf race had long made preparations for it, which was also why Elf Prince Rommath could quickly rise to power and stabilize the Blood Elf race.

Losing one Elf King and some territory in exchange for the long-term peace and stability of the Blood Elf race was acceptable.

Now, Lireesa sensed a threat from Orion, a threat from the Stoneheart Horde to the Blood Elves.

Out of necessity, Lireesa proposed the suggestion of a prediction.

Lireesa lowered her head, remaining silent, not answering Rommath's question.

"Lycanor, what about you? What do you think?"

Elf King Rommath turned his head, attempting to get a different suggestion from Lycanor.

"Your Majesty, I agree with the Arch Elder's proposal."

"During the North-South War, when that Giant King was still at the mid-Legendary level, he already displayed formidable combat strength."

"Now he is at Legendary peak. If, during this process, he has awakened some special ability, it's not impossible for him to fight above his tier."

"If that is truly the case, our attitude towards the Stoneheart Horde must be carefully reconsidered."

Chapter 762: Only this way can both sides be satisfied

In the bedroom of the Ironveil Escarpment castle, Orion toyed with Delilah's exquisite, perky butt, occasionally brushing his fingers against her clitoris, or even inserting them directly into her vagina.

Delilah reveled in it, her body constantly writhing, looking utterly charming and seductive.

"My dear, you seem to have quite a favorable opinion of Seadragon King Neptor?"

Delilah kissed Orion's cock, but her mind didn't stop working; she was piecing together Orion's thoughts bit by bit.

Some secret matters, as his lover, were easiest for her to inquire about and probe at such moments.

"Not exactly a favorable opinion; I just feel his style of doing things is very unique."

"Oh my god, why did you suddenly stick two fingers in?"

Delilah's voice was coquettish, exuding a charm that invited conquest.

"Seadragon King Neptor has a grand perspective and is very ambitious."

Orion's assessment of Seadragon King Neptor was very high. This fellow was not only powerful but also possessed both courage and strategy; his actions sometimes left even Orion guessing.

Imagine if a Giant Prince of the Giant Tribe were killed—Orion admitted to himself he would absolutely be unable to remain calm.

For revenge, Orion would most likely launch an all-out war.

But Seadragon King Neptor had endured just such a thing and had even shown some goodwill towards the Stoneheart Horde.

"Very ambitious. What does that Seadragon King want?"

Delilah sat up. She took a box of special lubricant from the nearby table, took some out, and applied it bit by bit to her vagina and around Orion's cock.

Then, Delilah spread her legs wide, aimed her vagina at Orion's cock, and sat down.

Delilah's body then began to move up and down; she truly started to make love with Orion. When Orion seemed comfortable and pleased, Delilah continued her questions.

Delilah was very interested in exploring the psychology of these powerful beings.

The more she knew about such things, the better it would aid Delilah in guessing and fathoming the minds of powerhouses and enemies.

"You can speed up a bit!"

Orion closed his eyes, savoring the moment, and in his pleasure, directed Delilah to quicken the pace of her undulations.

Delilah smiled faintly, and her speed increased.

Of course, as a result, Delilah's body also became more sensitive, and she soon found herself on the verge of orgasm.

"Yes, yes... this feeling is too wonderful..."

Orion glanced at Delilah, then spoke.

"What does the Seadragon King want? Of course, he wants to come ashore!"

"The Dragons, Humans, Blood Elves, Dwarves—they all covet the resources in the sea."

"Conversely, those creatures in the sea, are they not also coveting the resources on land?"

"Actually, all wars and conflicts are very simple: you want mine, and I want yours."

"It's just that in such conflicts, personal hatred and racial development get entangled."

Delilah did not stop her movements. While enjoying her wonderful orgasm, she also felt she understood much more.

Deep within Delilah's eyes, a glow of wisdom faintly shone.

"So, that Seadragon King has taken an interest in us and wants to ally with us to invade the continent?"

This was the conclusion Delilah reached after some thought.

However, this conclusion was overturned by Orion.

"It's not that he has taken an interest in us; rather, he has his eyes on us."

"Hehe, the Stoneheart Horde still has a lot of potential."

Orion, his eyes still closed, suddenly reached out and lifted Delilah up. He stood up, holding Delilah's thighs with both hands, and began to actively thrust.

With Orion taking the lead, Delilah instantly reached a new orgasm.

"It's too early to speak of an alliance. It's just everyone tacitly cooperating, putting on a show for the Dragons."

"Seadragon King Neptor isn't foolish, and neither are we. In this war, the Dragons cannot be the ones dictating our fate."

"Once the situation becomes clearer, how we and the Sea Folk should coexist will be settled."

Orion responded to Delilah's query, but she was already incapable of responding, clearly conquered by Orion's cock.

"However, neither side's bottom line will be crossed."

"The continent definitely belongs to us land-dwelling races."

"The ocean also definitely belongs to the sea races."

"These two points, unless a world-level upheaval occurs, will certainly not change."

Orion thrust harder, his cock pressing directly against the deepest part of Delilah's vagina.

"The most likely outcome of this war is that the Sea Folk will allow land-dwelling races to explore certain areas of the sea."

"And land-dwelling races will allow the Sea Folk to enter some port cities for trade and exchange with land-based races."

"Only this way can both sides be satisfied."

In fact, these were things Orion had figured out after meeting Seadragon King Neptor, talking with him, and considering the actual situation.

The outcome of the war might differ somewhat, but the general direction would undoubtedly be this.

The Sea Folk were not to be trifled with. The Dragons launched an invasion not to fight the Sea Folk to the death, but to gain access to the sea.

The Humans, Stoneheart Horde, Blood Elves, and Dwarves sided with the Dragons also to gain access to the sea.

Orion's lovemaking and conversation with Delilah were overheard by Sylvana, who had been listening quietly nearby.

After a long while, Delilah was completely exhausted. Orion extended a large hand and pulled Sylvana into the "war" as well.

The next morning, on the cliff edge.

Orion, with Delilah on his left arm and Sylvana on his right, looked at the artificial lake below the cliff and spoke at length.

"The plan to purchase Sea-Devouring Warships from the Dragons must not stop. Before we can produce these contraptions ourselves, the more Sea-Devouring Warships, the better."

"Even if we don't use them, we must stockpile a batch. Also, the rearing of Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters must not stop either."

"If the war ends, the Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters will be our leverage for alliance negotiations with the Seadragon race."

"The stronger we are, the more benefits we will obtain later."

"As for the city's name, let's call it the City of Guardians. In the future, this will be the entrance to the sea, the first checkpoint guarding our Stoneheart Horde's inland."

"Remember, the docks, breakwaters, revetments, shipways, and slipways must all be of guaranteed quality. And the magic towers I proposed—once they are built, I will have my own plans for them."

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Three days later, Orion, having arranged everything, left Ironveil Escarpment with his guards.

As for the Abyssal Dragon Xalathar, he remained guarding the cliff.

This place was close to the sea; it could not be without a Legendary-level powerhouse stationed there.

Just as Orion was rushing back to Stoneheart City, events also transpired in the Emerald Dream Realm—events related to Orion.

Chapter 763: Intangible thing

Survivor's Platform, Public Channel.

Alexander: "According to collected intelligence, the Dawn Continent, where I am located, has already been occupied by that evil being. This continent is teeming with evil races."

Leonidas: "Dawn Continent? Are you sure it's not Chaos Continent? That name, no matter how you look at it, doesn't match the environment you're describing!"

Alexander: "Chaos Continent is another landmass, dominated by the Emerald Dream Realm's native demigod races."

Alexander: "Leonidas, the situation on your Dusk Continent is relatively better; the evil and native factions each occupy half."

Alexander: "Your invasion of the dark and evil side, with the other side not sending aid, is the best possible scenario."

There was a hint of sourness in Alexander's words. If his and Isabella's start was difficult mode, then Leonidas and Orion's was simple mode.

Different modes would certainly lead to different progress and rewards.

Leonidas: "Tch, this has nothing to do with the situation. As long as you're strong enough, you can steamroll everything."

Leonidas: "Is it that hard to admit you're weak?"

Attacking and mocking friends was a habitual practice for Leonidas; only thus could he gain a little sense of superiority and add some amusement to his dull and tasteless life.

Alexander: "Believe it or not, I'll withdraw my shadow army right now."

Leonidas: "Alas... Mr. Alexander, I was just joking with you. Don't take it seriously."

Leonidas's smugness was short-lived. Under Alexander's threat, he quickly stopped showing off.

Edward: "Although Chaos Continent is ruled by native demigod factions, they are not united. Many other races with their own agendas also reside there. The other demigod factions were drawn in by these very same factions."

Alexander: "The root of calamity, in most cases, comes from within. Such a wretched situation in the Emerald Dream Realm must be related to those factions."

Edward: "According to the intelligence I've gathered, many of those factions have already pledged allegiance to factions from other worlds."

Edward: "The reason they are still on Chaos Continent is likely because they are waiting to share the spoils at the final moment."

The Deputy Commander and Alexander, with their back-and-forth analysis, thoroughly dissected the situation in the Emerald Dream Realm, greatly enlightening Orion, Kraken, and Isabella.

Leonidas: "Big brothers, stop being so long-winded and get to the point."

After a brief silence, Alexander spoke again.

Alexander: "The shadows I sent out seem to have discovered traces of the Spring of Life."

Alexander: "I remember Leonidas was asking about this before, right?"

The words "Spring of Life" immediately caught the attention of three people.

Leonidas: "That was me. Are you sure it's the Spring of Life?"

Edward: "Were you asking for Hulk?"

Leonidas: "Yes!"

Orion hadn't had a chance to speak yet, but seeing the conversation between Edward and Leonidas, he was moved.

The Spring of Life was one of the three wondrous items needed to resurrect Saintess Violet. That Leonidas kept an eye out for this for him showed he considered Orion a true friend.

Hulk: "Mr. Alexander, are you sure it's the Spring of Life? I'm the one looking for it."

Alexander: "Confirmed. You can come over and see for yourself!"

Just as Orion was about to reply to Alexander, Deputy Commander Edward spoke again, leaving him stunned for a moment, at a loss.

Edward: "If my deduction is correct, when the continent was originally divided into three, the Spring of Life was also split into three parts."

Edward: "Otherwise, it would be impossible for Alexander to have found traces of it."

Deputy Commander Edward was very certain. As a demigod and the administrator of the Valkorath Realm, his understanding of the Spring of Life was far more profound than anyone else in the team.

Edward: "If the world is not destroyed, the Spring of Life cannot appear."

Edward: "The current situation is likely due to the invasion of evil principles, causing the world's own principles to become unstable. The Spring of Life can only manifest from within these principles to avoid being corrupted."

Edward: "Although it's only one-third, it's enough for your purpose, Hulk."

Orion slowly exhaled, calming his emotions.

Hulk: "Deputy Commander, how do I obtain the Spring of Life?"

Since the Spring of Life had appeared, Orion just needed to make a trip to the continent where Alexander was. With their help, he believed he could retrieve it.

However, since the Spring of Life was so magical and rare, Orion knew it certainly wouldn't be easy to obtain.

Edward: "The Spring of Life is an intangible thing; you can only obtain it with another intangible thing."

Hulk: "What are intangible things?"

Edward: "There are many: spirit, soul, mental power, faith, wisdom... these are all intangible things. It depends on what you possess."

Orion carefully mulled over the information the Deputy Commander sent, momentarily unable to choose.

Edward: "There's one more point. The Spring of Life can only be obtained with an intangible thing, and it can only be preserved within another intangible thing."

Edward: "I suggest you use faith energy to obtain it and store the Spring of Life within your ocean of faith."

Edward: "Compared to other powers, faith is the one you are most familiar with and can most easily control."

Hulk: "I understand. Thank you for your guidance, Deputy Commander!"

Titanion Realm, on the journey back.

Orion sat atop a Raptor, slowly opening his eyes.

Discovering the whereabouts of the Spring of Life was like a shot in the arm for Orion.

The Challenge Quest concerning Violet and his first child could finally progress once more.

Matters with the Sea Folk were temporarily concluded.

As long as Delilah wasn't foolish, didn't delve deep into the sea regions to cross the Sea Folk's bottom line, and played along with the Seadragon race's act, no large-scale war would erupt between the Seadragon race and the Stoneheart Horde.

Ironveil Escarpment would also not face another great tsunami, and the constructed port and defensive fortifications would not be destroyed.

This meant Orion could leave the Titanion Realm and descend to the Emerald Dream Realm to search for the Spring of Life.

Half a month later, Orion returned to Stoneheart City.

After giving instructions to Lilith, Orion, along with his guards and the flying army assembled by Thunderhawk Rayden, teleported back to Blackstone City. Afterward, he rushed non-stop to the Underworld, preparing to descend to the Emerald Dream Realm.

Emerald Dream Realm, Gloomwood Forest.

This was once the territory of the Dark Fiends. However, after Orion and Leonidas jointly slaughtered ninety-nine percent of the Dark Fiends here, it became Orion's territory.

Not long ago, Gloomwood Forest welcomed a new batch of residents.

Crude buildings had also been erected in Gloomwood Forest.

In a newly built stone fortress, Dirtclaw sat high in the main seat, drinking until he was tipsy amidst the flattery of numerous Gnolls.

At Dirtclaw's feet, two little Gnoll pups, Anubis and Wepwawet, were gnawing on a beast leg larger than their own bodies.

They were the two among Dirtclaw's many children with the most outstanding bloodlines.

Dirtclaw harbored considerable expectations for these two pups, having brought them to the Emerald Dream Realm.

Chapter 764: Our next generation still has hope

"Everyone, from now on, Gloomwood Forest is the territory of our Gnoll race!"

"As long as we do not betray the great Orion, this place will be the homeland of our Gnoll race for generations to come!"

"Can you smell it? The invigorating energy that permeates the air in this territory!"

"I believe that in this territory, the Gnoll race will nurture more strong and talented offspring!"

"Come, for Lord Orion, for the Gnoll race, let us toast! Drink to your heart's content!"

Giving speeches and inspiring others was a simple matter for Dirtclaw, who had once led cannon fodder troops.

Dirtclaw let out a belch, his hazy eyes sweeping over the Gnolls in the fortress.

These were all his capable subordinates, lacking neither loyalty nor strength.

It was just that their talent was a bit low; many were stuck at the peak of the hero level, unable to advance even an inch.

There were even several Gnolls who, with the resources Dirtclaw had personally allocated, had consumed Alpha-level resources and pushed their strength to the verge of breaking through to the Alpha level.

"Quiet! Listen to me for a few more words."

Dirtclaw raised his hand, shaking the wine pot he held. The Gnolls in the stone fortress, who had been drinking and eating meat, immediately fell silent; the atmosphere instantly grew quiet.

"You should all know, the road ahead holds no more hope for you."

"This has nothing to do with effort, courage, or mettle; it's talent... talent limits you."

At this, all the Gnolls present, who had been feasting, lowered their heads.

The Gnom race had risen quickly. Not only was their population large, but over many years, the race had also produced two Alpha-level powerhouses.

One was Dirtclaw, and the other was Ragscrape, Dirtclaw's cousin.

Both Dirtclaw and Ragscrape had clawed their way up on battlefields, risking their lives to fight for and secure the necessary resources.

Dirtclaw and Ragscrape had consumed Alpha-level resources many times before successfully advancing.

As for the other Gnolls, all were barred from reaching the Alpha level.

From this, it was evident that the talent of the Gnom race was, generally, very low.

"I know that with no hope left, everyone feels bitter and frustrated."

"Before I advanced, I was just like you. I understand very well that difficult emotion in your hearts."

"The war will not end, and the Horde's expansion will not halt. You still have opportunities."

Dirtclaw took a swig of wine, smiled at his kinsmen, and then said loudly,

"Don't just stare at me. You all continue drinking, keep drinking!"

"The most difficult days for us Gnolls are over. What awaits us now is a great era, an era full of opportunities!"

"Without hope, it's easy for any of you to die on the battlefield."

"However, our next generation still has hope!"

Speaking of this, Dirtclaw tossed his wine pot aside; who knows into which obscure corner it landed.

With one hand for each, Dirtclaw grabbed Anubis and Wepwawet, who were gnawing food at his feet, lifting them by the scruffs of their necks. Facing his kinsmen in the stone fortress, he continued,

"We might not be able to go much further, but they still can!"

"Do you know? This is the Emerald Dream Realm. Here, by killing beasts, you can obtain dark source crystals!"

"Moreover, the Horde allocates a large amount of resources to us every year. Territory, resources, food—we lack nothing! Our descendants will definitely have a future much brighter than ours!"

Dirtclaw held up his pups, and only after enjoying his kinsmen's gazes sufficiently did he slowly put Anubis and Wepwawet down.

"Kinsmen, everything we possess now, we earned through our battle achievements and valor!"

"Behind these things are countless sacrificed kinsmen. It was their charges and their lives that made the other tribes of the Horde look up to us!"

"To maintain what we now have, we must continue to strive, continue to achieve merits for the Horde!"

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Dirtclaw said a great deal, eventually getting carried away himself. As his emotions heightened, he and his kinsmen drank until they were dead drunk.

Elsewhere, outside Red Moon Valley.

This was a hilly area, where forests of various sizes and plains intertwined, making the terrain slightly complex.

Rendall, carrying a pig-like dark creature, walked into the tent area and dropped the prey on the ground.

"Fergus, you take care of this fat pig. Roast the leg for me first; we'll have a drink together later."

"Rest assured, Arch Elder, I guarantee it'll be roasted to your liking."

Fergus pulled out a dagger, walked over to the dark creature, squatted down, and began to prepare it.

Rendall parted the curtain of a large tent and walked in, carrying his spiked club.

Putting down the spiked club and plopping down onto a thick animal hide, Rendall let out a groan of comfort.

"I'm still more used to living in tents. Living in stone-built cities, though very safe, always gives me a sense of suffocation."

This was Rendall's inner thought. Old folk, generally, are very nostalgic.

In the old Blackstone tribe, although life had been very hard, for Rendall, that was his life.

Back then, just hunting an ordinary beast in the Black Forest would make the entire tribe excited for many days.

Not like now, where let alone hero-level beasts, even Alpha-level beasts barely cause a stir.

Only when a Legendary-level Warden was born in the Horde would it be announced throughout the various tribes.

"Yes, tents and caves are still more comfortable to live in!"

"Arch Elder, my tent that I kept in Blackstone City hasn't been damaged, has it?"

Thundar sat opposite Rendall, a map scroll in his hand, studying it. It was a map of the area around Red Moon Valley.

This region was where the Giant tribe would now settle.

Henceforth, the Giant tribe would live and multiply here.

Rendall was unfamiliar with this place. With no current battles on the front lines, Thundar and Fergus of the cavalry regiment had voluntarily come to assist the Arch Elder in arranging for the Giant kinsmen.

"No, the tent area has always been preserved, and all your tents are still there."

"Last time Lilith returned to Blackstone City, she even took Pallas to stay in the tent area for a while."

Speaking of Blackstone City and the tent area, Rendall's voice carried a certain emotion—very warm, very affectionate.

"Can Pallas walk yet?"

"He can. Just like Orion, he's very lively. He's already run all over Blackstone City."

Rendall and Thundar looked at each other and chuckled.

"To think that our Stoneheart Horde's Giant Prince can already walk!"

"Arch Elder, we seniors must also strive hard to catch up, so we are not looked down upon by the little ones."

When Thundar said this, his tone was calm and positive.

Rendall looked at Thundar. Thundar's realm was the same as his, both stuck in the late Alpha stage, unable to reach the peak.

However, the drive Thundar displayed was something Rendall lacked.

In Thundar's deep eyes, Rendall saw not a hint of discouragement or dejection.

"Thundar, aren't you worried?"

Chapter 765: None of this is necessary

"Arch Elder, worrying cannot improve our strength, nor can it increase our talent. Worrying is just borrowing trouble."

Thundar looked through the tent flap at the world outside—the land, the dark clouds, the forest... everything was very beautiful.

"Many kinsmen(tribesmen) have sacrificed themselves. Compared to them, my worries about the future are truly rather superfluous."

"At least we are still alive and have witnessed a prosperous and flourishing era, haven't we?"

"Arch Elder, I figured things out a long time ago."

"I want to be an elder without burdens, to appreciate the happiness of the present, to care for the Tribe, and to look out for every bloodline warrior who joins the cavalry regiment."

"As for other things, let nature take its course."

Thundar was very composed. Facing Rendall's gaze, he actually felt a long-lost sense of ease.

"Thundar, you have more promise than I do!"

Rendall picked up the wine pot from the low table and took a fierce gulp.

"It should be said that the Arch Elder cares more about our kinsmen than I do!"

Thundar shook his head. His words once again drew Rendall's attention, a little more doubt appearing in Rendall's eyes.

"The reason the Arch Elder is so worried is surely because he fears he cannot keep up with the Lord's pace and cannot do enough for the Giant Tribe."

"Arch Elder, actually, none of this is necessary."

Thundar raised his wine cask and drank with Rendall.

They had known each other for many years, were comrades-in-arms of many years, understood each other, and held mutual respect.

"Our generation had harsh conditions when we were young and suffered too much hardship; it's inevitable that our talent is poor."

"Whether we can advance further, in most cases, is not something we ourselves can decide."

"I didn't quite understand it before, but later I thought it through. The sudden disappearance of Orion's parents was not an accident; there must have been a reason."

"If Orion's parents had always sheltered him, his achievements might not be as great as they are now. Orion's parents made a difficult but correct decision: to entrust the Tribe to the next generation, to hand over the tasks of the future to young people more capable than us. The Tribe belongs to them."

At this moment, Thundar thought of the former chieftain Hyperion, thought of Rolan.

He thought of Orion's adopted daughter, that genius girl who was currently learning magic.

He thought of the Giant Prince who had already learned to walk—that was the true future of the Giant Tribe.

Of course, there were also those two little pups from Dirtclaw's family with Hellhound bloodlines.

At this time, the Stoneheart Horde was full of emerging geniuses, brimming with talent.

"As for us, with our flawed and aging bodies, carving out more territory for the Horde, defending the glory of the giants—dying on the battlefield is our best end."

Thundar tilted his head back and drank continuously for a minute, finishing more than half the wine in the cask.

Having said these words, Thundar felt suddenly enlightened, the last trace of unease hidden in his heart completely vanishing like smoke into thin air.

"With our flawed and aging bodies, carving out more territory for the Horde, defending the glory of the giants, dying on the battlefield is our best end..."

And opposite him, Rendall was staring blankly at the tabletop with his head down, continuously muttering Thundar's words.

Lorelia City, deep within the caverns.

A fluctuation of void energy, and Orion stepped out from the cross-realm teleportation array, pulling Lumi, who was waiting nearby, into his embrace.

"Missed me?"

"Yes!"

For Lumi, those cloying words of love and affection were things she simply couldn't say.

To be able to respond to Orion with a "yes" meant she truly had missed him.

"Once the war here is over, we'll go back to Blackstone City together, to the northern ice plains, to see the ice and snow there."

Lumi rested her head on Orion's chest. The coolness and gentleness transmitted through her hair soothed a trace of hidden anxiety in Orion's heart, making it considerably less.

"Now that there's no war in this southern half-continent, you can go out and travel a bit."

Lumi shook her head slightly, saying nothing, just quietly leaning against Orion.

Lumi knew very well how important Lorelia City and the cross-realm teleportation array were to the Stoneheart Horde; she couldn't possibly feel at ease going off to travel.

Three days later, Orion, riding Thunderhawk Rayden, headed towards the Swamplicht Refuge Outpost where Leonidas was stationed.

Behind the Thunderhawk was a makeshift flying army exceeding one hundred thousand.

Although this flying army was motley and its strength uneven, they were ultimately flying beasts and would certainly be useful on the battlefield.

Besides, Orion had a use for bringing them here.

"Master, this land below, is it really all our Stoneheart Horde's territory?"

"Everywhere your eyes can see is my territory."

"Wow, Master, I didn't expect you to have conquered such a vast territory again! You are truly great!"

Orion smiled, noncommittal.

"West of Red Moon Valley, there is a range called the Stratus Mountains. There used to be an Aarakocra Nest there."

"If your flying army achieves merit on the battlefield, I can consider enfeoffing that place to your Thunderhawk race."

"That mountain range is very large, enough to sustain a flying beast population of over a million."

Correct. This was the bait Orion dangled for the flying army.

Only soldiers who aspire to become generals are good soldiers.

Similarly, only Thunderhawks who yearned for the sky and wished to advance further were worthy of becoming Orion's flying mounts.

"Master, rest assured, this flying army I've brought will definitely shine brightly on the battlefield!"

Thus, Orion chatted casually with Thunderhawk Rayden.

A few days later, Orion arrived at Marshlight Sanctuary.

In a renovated palace, Orion met Leonidas.

"Hahaha, bro, I didn't expect you back so soon! It seems you are determined to get the Spring of Life."

Orion nodded. Now that the Spring of Life had appeared, he definitely had to strive for it.

"Bro, there's a flying beast force of over one hundred thousand outside. I brought them to make up for our lack of air units."

"Although their combat effectiveness isn't high, they should still be usable for reconnaissance."

Leonidas had long since sensed the arrival of Thunderhawk Rayden and the others.

"Hahaha, they've come at just the right time!"

"The more motley these flying beasts, the better their stealth."

"Let them cross the Ashenfang Traverse and scout for more intelligence on the Silver-Eyed People for us."

"This is great! My Wyvern armies can now hatch their young peacefully."

Orion didn't say much, handing over command of Thunderhawk Rayden and the flying army to Leonidas.

"Bro, what exactly is the situation on the other side of the mountain?"

Orion's expression turned a bit more serious. Although they had entered a period of recuperation, their reconnaissance of the enemy on the other side of the mountain had not stopped for a moment.

"After you left, I dispatched some beasts and shadows over there. Although the losses were heavy, the gains were also significant."

"You were right. The other side of the mountain is the domain of the Silver-Eyed People. It has already developed into a civilized nation with its own system."

Leonidas's tone gradually became solemn; a large faction with a high level of civilization implied they possessed considerable wisdom.

At the same time, it also meant they possessed formidable individual strength and advanced technology.

Chapter 766: Third eye

Regardless of the civilization the Silver-Eyed People possessed, it would be no easy task for Orion and Leonidas's allied forces to defeat and conquer them.

Facing the Silver-Eyed People was completely different from facing Bloodreavers and infernal beings.

The latter two were interdimensional races, merely branches of darker races, and had not brought their important civilizations or technology with them.

Therefore, defeating them could be achieved through simple violence.

However, against the Silvermoon Empire, Orion and Leonidas would have to face not only powerful Archlords but also the enemy's strategies and technology.

The latter would be a significant test for the allied forces.

"Come, little bro, let me show you a new plaything."

Leonidas flipped his right hand, and a small glass bottle appeared in his palm.

Inside the glass bottle was a shining silver eye.

"This is..."

Orion reached out, took the glass bottle to examine it closely, and sensed a special power emanating from within it.

"This is a Silver-Eyed person's third eye, a very special eye."

Another eye appeared in Leonidas's hand.

This time, however, the eye was not contained in a glass bottle but was embedded in Leonidas's palm.

Orion saw it clearly; just now, Leonidas's palm had seemed to split open, revealing the silver eye hidden beneath the skin.

"Little bro, watch closely!"

Leonidas raised his right hand, and silver light condensed within the silver eye.

A moment later, a beam of silver light shot out, pulverizing a nearby stone table.

"Hehehe, what do you think? Isn't this thing fun?"

Leonidas's palm flashed again, and a small hole was pierced through a distant stone wall.

"A pity, though. After its energy is depleted each time, you have to wait for it to reconsolidate its power."

Orion frowned, staring at the eye in Leonidas's palm, lost in deep thought.

Firstly, Leonidas wouldn't produce such a thing to tease Orion for no reason.

For a Legendary peak powerhouse like Orion, the silver eye's power was akin to a mere tickle.

Secondly, why was the silver eye embedded in Leonidas's palm?

Unless this thing could be grafted, and with minimal rejection.

"Bro, this silver eye—does every Silver-Eyed person possess one?"

Orion already had a conjecture in mind but needed further confirmation.

Leonidas nodded, then shook his head.

"Theoretically, every Silver-Eyed person possesses a third eye."

"However, to awaken the third eye and the special ability nurtured within it, a Silver-Eyed person's strength must at least reach the hero level."

"According to the Silver-Eyed People's own terminology, they must reach their so-called regiment level to awaken the third eye."

Orion showed a puzzled expression; it was the first time he had heard of such a classification as regiment level.

"It's simple. The Silver-Eyed People divide their strength into soldier level, regiment level, general level, commander level, and god-level."

"These correspond to our ranks of elite, hero, Alpha, Legendary, and demigod."

Orion had a sudden realization, a general idea forming in his mind.

"Bro, different people, different eyes—do they nurture different special abilities?"

"Hehe, that's right!"

"Can other races also transplant them?"

"They can. The one transplanted into my palm is just for experimentation. I just wanted to investigate it, to see if there are any other hidden dangers."

Orion fell silent for a short while. The Silver-Eyed People possessed a special third eye, and other races could even seize it.

"Rear them in captivity!"

After a long pause, Orion slowly uttered these words.

Leonidas burst out laughing upon hearing this.

"We thought of the same thing!"

Leonidas reached out and clapped Orion's shoulder, a strong sense of mutual appreciation between kindred spirits.

To put it plainly, the Silver-Eyed People's third eye was a rare resource, a special weapon, and also a way to build foundation.

Since Orion became the chieftain of the Blackstone Tribe, the tribe had been engaged in constant campaigns.

In the course of these battles, countless people had suffered eye injuries, eventually leading to blindness and forcing them to retire from combat units.

"It could be said that the appearance of the Silver-Eyed People offered salvation to this group within the Stoneheart Horde."

If the third eyes of the Silver-Eyed People were plundered and transplanted onto members of the Stoneheart Horde...

Would those people regain their combat effectiveness?

Would their talents change in any way?

In this way, the Stoneheart Horde's foundation would also be strengthened.

A fervent gleam gradually intensified in Orion's eyes. He looked towards the north, beyond the mountains, his gaze filled with aggression.

"Go, finish your business quickly. Then we head north and enslave them!"

In Leonidas's view, the value of the Silver-Eyed People surpassed that of territory and some strategic materials.

In fact, not only Orion's Stoneheart Horde needed the third eye, but the factions behind Edward, Leonidas, Alexander, Kraken, and Isabella also needed it.

Even the factions behind all survivors needed it.

The Silver-Eyed People's third eye was not just foundational; it was also a means to build a fortune.

Orion was tempted!

"Bro, I'll have to trouble you to keep an eye on things here."

"After I retrieve the Spring of Life, we'll plan this out properly."

Leonidas laughed heartily, nodding while reminding Orion,

"The stronger the Silver-Eyed person, the more powerful their third eye."

"Tell those subordinates of yours not to let them miss out on these treasures."

...

Dawn Continent, Shadowcrag Forest.

This was the territory of Lolth, Queen of the Blind Spiders, but it had now become the headquarters for Alexander and Isabella's allied forces.

After annexing the territories of two nearby lords, Alexander and Isabella's advance had been halted.

It wasn't that Alexander was unwilling to fight desperately, but it was simply unnecessary.

Because once he appeared, two of the enemy's Archlords would mobilize: one to tie him down, and the other to directly sweep through the allied forces he brought.

In a previous failed invasion, Alexander had lost a precious shadow assassin due to such circumstances.

If Alexander hadn't retreated from the battle in time, Spider Queen Lolth and Isabella might have perished.

"Master, the enemy has surrounded our territory, and many of my subjects have died in battle again."

"The good news is, after this wave of attrition, the enemy's offensive has weakened considerably."

Lolth's delicate brows were tightly furrowed. She wasn't pained by the deaths of her spider subjects.

After she signed the contract, Deputy Commander Edward had bestowed a batch of resources upon her, and Alexander's arrival had also provided her with some.

It could be said that Lolth had enough resources to last her a hundred years just by staying in her lair and consuming them.

"Have all the corpses been promptly converted into skeletons?"

"Mm, they've been converted!"

In truth, it was precisely because of this that Spider Queen Lolth had the courage to remain in her lair and not flee.

There were simply too many enemies besieging her territory; she was surrounded on all sides by factions of evil races.

Chapter 767: Can you do that?

"Mr. Alexander, this can't go on. We urgently need a breakthrough."

Isabella stood to the side, also diligently trying to devise countermeasures.

"A breakthrough, you say? It will appear soon enough."

Alexander sat high upon his throne. Behind the throne was a chaotic void with a dimly discernible aura.

The chaotic void would occasionally emit a soft glow, suffusing the throne's surroundings with a mysterious hue.

Against this backdrop of mystery, Alexander was like a reaper hidden in darkness.

Mysterious, eerie, inscrutable.

"Isabella, Lolth, move your remaining forces to the south."

"The south will be our breakthrough point."

Alexander was very decisive, his tone brooking no doubt.

Facing Alexander, Spider Queen Lolth dared not refute, nor even raise the slightest question.

Isabella, however, had a somewhat special relationship with Alexander and was more casual.

"Mr. Alexander, to the south is a group of Shadow Banshees. They can manipulate shadows and are adept at hiding and evasion."

"Moreover, there's an Archlord among this group of banshees. Are we really going to make them our breakthrough point?"

Isabella's concern was warranted. In their allied army, only Alexander's shadow army posed the greatest threat to the Shadow Banshees.

Few of the troops brought by the Blind Spiders and Isabella could harm the Shadow Banshees.

Most importantly, they would gain another Archlord as an enemy.

"We are now besieged on all sides; this is no longer a trial, but a constraint."

"A trapped eagle can never learn to soar high."

"Do as I say. Soon, Ori—"

Before Alexander could finish his sentence, the void fluctuated with energy.

A fixed-point teleportation array appeared, and Orion's imposing figure slowly materialized from the void.

Orion held the Deputy Commander in great reverence, not just because Edward possessed demigod-level strength, but even more so for his skill in creating Forbidden Spell scrolls and teleportation scrolls.

The Champions Alliance's ability to conduct cross-realm invasions, perform fixed-point teleportation, and construct intra-realm teleportation arrays all stemmed from Deputy Commander Edward's hand.

It could be said that Deputy Commander Edward was the connecting hub for the members of the Champions Alliance.

Only with the Deputy Commander could they all gather, unite, and launch external invasions.

"Bro, long time no see!"

"Also, Isabella, long time no see!"

Orion set aside his reverence for the Deputy Commander for the moment. He had just requested three fixed-point teleportation scrolls from Edward, who, with a wave of his hand, had generously given him ten and told Orion not to contact him again in the near future.

"Lolth, we meet again!"

Alexander and Isabella were fine; they knew Orion was planning to come over soon to contend for the Spring of Life.

Lolth, seeing this giant who had changed her fate once more, had mixed feelings.

"Respected Lord Giant, long time no see!"

Now that Lolth was one of their own, Orion's attitude towards her was amiable; there was no telling if he might need to cooperate with her in the future.

After all, a Legendary-level broodmother was still very important to the Champions Alliance.

"Orion, since you're here, help us break this deadlock first."

"The Spring of Life has appeared in the south. We are currently surrounded by enemies on all sides. I hope you can help us break through towards the southern coastal region."

"With the sea as our backing, only then can we possibly hold on."

Alexander was very direct, not beating around the bush, nor as boisterous as Leonidas.

Alexander laid bare their predicament and their next steps for Orion.

"Bro, I'm very willing to be of service!"

"Another purpose of my coming here this time is precisely to break this deadlock."

In fact, even if Orion hadn't teleported over to seize the Spring of Life, the Deputy Commander would have sent an avatar.

Now that Orion had arrived, three beings possessing Archlord-level strength were enough for Alexander and his forces to establish a firm foothold on this continent.

"Excellent!"

With a wave of his hand, Alexander conjured a seat to his left—prepared for Orion.

Prior to this, Lolth and Isabella had received no such treatment.

They lacked the qualifications and the strength to sit as equals with Alexander.

Orion smiled and, without ceremony, sat down beside Alexander.

I'd like to see just how powerful you really are!

This was Isabella's inner thought. When Alexander had mentored her on many occasions, the two examples he used most frequently were Orion and Kraken.

Orion, in particular—that name had astounded Isabella.

It was said that Orion possessed strength comparable to an Archlord. It wasn't that Isabella didn't believe it, but she hadn't seen it with her own eyes and couldn't imagine what kind of power that entailed.

She herself, at Legendary peak, could not kill an Archlord.

"Isabella, looking at me like that will make me get the wrong idea."

Orion teased Isabella; her gaze had lingered on him for a bit too long.

"You want me as your woman?"

"Not impossible. Defeat me while we are at the same level, the same rank, and I will acknowledge you."

Isabella came back to her senses, a flash of embarrassment on her face, but it quickly vanished.

Isabella was also magnanimous. Looking directly at Orion, she stated her condition.

Rather than a condition, it was more like a challenge.

Because the way Isabella looked at Orion was by no means one of romantic affection, but rather the gaze of a hunter spotting prey.

"You are not my match!"

Orion smiled, shook his head, very calmly.

There was no ridicule, no boasting, and certainly no mockery.

Orion seemed to be stating a fact, a fact that struck at Isabella's morale.

"You are indeed not his match!"

If Orion had used his calm, indifferent attitude as a soft knife to cut at Isabella's heart, then Alexander's words were like sprinkling salt on her wound.

"Mr. Alexander..."

Isabella turned her head, looking at Alexander, her tone drawn out, as if pouting.

"You must face yourself, face your heart, face all the negative emotions within, accept them, utilize them, and make yourself grow quickly."

For a time, silence fell in Alexander's palace.

Not only did Isabella lower her head without speaking, but even Orion bowed his head in thought.

"Face yourself, face your heart, face all the negative emotions within, accept them, utilize them..."

This was a concept Orion had never considered. Alexander's words gave him a sense of enlightenment, yet he didn't quite grasp what he had been enlightened to.

The reality was, while Alexander was guiding Isabella, he was simultaneously guiding Orion and Lolth.

Alexander, having come from an assassin background, had his own unique views and understanding of cultivating one's state of mind.

If one's state of mind improved, wisdom would arise, and one could better exert one's personal talents and strengths.

"In the south, there is one Archlord. Adding the two we encountered before, this time we must face three Archlords."

"Orion, my request for you is to tie down one Archlord, hold out until I kill the enemy."

"Can you do that?"

Chapter 768: Dark creatures

The start of a war is not accomplished in a single move, nor can the decisive battle begin right from the outset.

At least, this was the case for the war faced by Alexander, Orion, and Isabella.

Aside from a portion of undead left behind to resist the enemy and buy more time for the transfer, the allied forces of Alexander and Isabella were moving south at full speed.

"We don't have much time. Without anyone to command them, the number of undead troops in the rear will dwindle, and the enemy will soon notice something is amiss."

Alexander, Orion, and Isabella each rode on beasts similar to unicorns, creatures native to Isabella's world.

In Isabella's world, every lord raised a large number of cavalry. Cavalry of all sorts were the defining feature of her world.

The term "mounted charge" could perfectly describe Isabella's world.

This was also why Isabella, despite being a woman, could become a Dragon Knight.

Orion was observing the cavalry Isabella had brought, contemplating the possibility of a cooperative trade partnership between himself and Isabella.

"Mr. Alexander, after the enemy discovers the abnormality, will they launch a major counteroffensive?"

The three rode abreast. Alexander was analyzing the situation, Orion was observing the allied forces, and only Isabella was listening with rapt attention.

"They certainly will!"

"Kicking a drowning dog is what competitors love to do."

Hearing such a metaphor, Isabella was unwilling to accept it; she would never admit to being a "drowning dog."

"Therefore, before those enemies in the rear have time to react, we must quickly establish a firm foothold in the south."

"Even kill the overlord residing in the south—that Shadow Banshee you mentioned—before those Archlord powerhouses have time to reinforce her."

Although Orion hadn't experienced as many wars as Alexander, he had been in quite a few. With a little thought, he could clearly grasp the context of the situation.

"Correct. We are fighting for this window of opportunity."

"However, once the war erupts, those two Archlords will definitely be able to rush over in time to provide support."

"With the strength of an Archlord, rushing over in a short period is no problem."

Alexander turned his head to glance at Orion. A few days ago when Orion descended, he had asked Orion if he could hold off an Archlord. Orion had smiled without speaking, his eyes full of confidence.

"Bro, you still haven't told me who our enemies are."

Mentioning those Archlords, Orion couldn't help but bring this up.

"Hehe, I thought you wouldn't ask and would just wait to kill the enemy!"

There was a hint of smugness in Alexander's tone. Facing Archlords, Orion had displayed great confidence and pride.

Such pride gave Alexander the illusion that Orion could defeat a demigod.

"Bro, we strategically despise the enemy, but tactically we must take them seriously."

Orion laughed heartily, brushing off Alexander's schadenfreude with a smile.

"An Abyssal Devil Ray, a Dark Sphinx, plus the Shadow Banshees in the south."

Speaking of serious matters, Alexander's expression turned solemn, with no trace of teasing in his eyes.

"They are all dark creatures, none are native inhabitants of this world."

"The Abyssal Devil Ray comes from the Abyss. It's called a fish, but it's actually an abyssal beast that looks like a ray. It's very fierce and has a massive body. Without a body of faith or a giant-form ability, it's not easy to deal with."

"Where the Dark Sphinx comes from, I don't know either. This fellow is very eerie and has some tricks up its sleeve. It dodged my assassination attempt last time."

"As for the Shadow Banshees, they are adept at controlling shadows. This kind of enemy will be very troublesome for you. I will deal with her."

Alexander withdrew his gaze from the distance and turned to look at Orion. Though his face was expressionless, his eyes shone with a kind of earnestness.

"So, the Abyssal Devil Ray and the Dark Sphinx—you pick one to stall until I come to support you."

"Or, kill him!"

Orion didn't speak. He was unfamiliar with both the Abyssal Devil Ray and the Dark Sphinx; he had no basis for choice.

In other words, picking either one was the same.

"When will the Deputy Commander descend?"

Orion didn't answer Alexander's question, instead inquiring about the Deputy Commander's whereabouts.

"Don't worry about the Deputy Commander. When the battle begins, his avatar will descend."

Orion nodded, thought for a moment, and said,

"Then let's see when the time comes. After the Deputy Commander traps one, leave the remaining one to me."

"Alright!"

Why was it said that the Deputy Commander would trap one?

Because ever since the plan had emerged, Alexander had already deduced and predicted all possible scenarios and made corresponding arrangements.

Especially for confronting the three Archlords, Alexander had even planned out the battle process.

The Deputy Commander's storm avatar would descend, creating a wind barrier to separate the three Archlords.

Alexander would take the opportunity to quickly assassinate one Archlord, Orion would stall another Archlord, and the storm avatar would trap the third.

Until Alexander and Orion achieved results, the Deputy Commander's storm avatar could only trap one of the Archlords, because the storm avatar's main energy was focused on maintaining the wind barrier.

This way, the aftershocks of the battle would not spread, nor would they harm their own low-level troops.

There was another point: controlling the battlefield to deny those demigod-level powerhouses a chance to react and send aid.

As an assassin, when an assassination target appeared, how could he not have a comprehensive battle plan?

From Alexander, Orion learned many things.

For many matters, Alexander had one, or even several, contingency plans.

He was a meticulous planner, a weaver of inescapable nets.

"Hulk, what do you think of my cavalry regiment?"

After Orion and Alexander finished discussing a topic, Isabella suddenly interjected, questioning Orion.

Orion had been observing the allied army the whole time, and he wasn't exactly hiding it, so of course, Isabella would have noticed.

In fact, Isabella was a little smug.

Because she had brought three hundred thousand cavalry, and they were proper exotic beast cavalry, an elite force—this was her entire fortune.

In her view, Orion must surely be envious seeing so many cavalry.

"Very good. The combat mounts are uniform, and the equipment is also excellent."

"It's just that putting them on this kind of battlefield is a luxury!"

"A luxury?"

Hearing such an evaluation, Isabella was not pleased and was bound to press for an explanation.

"How is it a luxury?"

Isabella's tone changed, becoming a little petulant and a bit defiant.

Alexander glanced at Isabella and Orion; he also wanted to hear Orion's thoughts.

Sometimes, you can judge a person by their views and understanding of a matter.

Although not entirely accurate, it can indeed provide a glimpse into a person's insight, perspective, and values.

Chapter 769: Dark butterfly

"Who are our enemies?"

"A group of dark races that don't distinguish between good and evil: Abyssal Devil Rays, Dark Sphinxes, Shadow Banshees, Black Scale Serpents, Night Stalkers, tentacle monsters... you're sending cavalry to deal with such enemies, aren't you afraid of the losses?"

Orion knew this from deep experience.

In Orion's first few wars, Thundar's cavalry regiment would charge forward regardless of casualties, no matter the enemy.

The cavalry charges were certainly effective, yielding great results.

However, when Orion discovered that the cavalry regiment's losses were too great, that the Icefield Snow Wolves bred by the Horde couldn't be replenished fast enough, and that knight training couldn't keep up, Orion realized that this was not how cavalry should be used.

After realizing this, Orion and Thundar gradually became more restrained.

For example, in the last battle, during the invasion against the Hellhound knights and Bloodreavers in the north, the cavalry regiment did not appear on the front line.

Thundar had arranged the cavalry regiment behind the cave spiders and undead armies, utilizing their mobility to quickly kill all enemies that broke into the battle formation.

This ensured the stability of the formation and also guaranteed the safety of Lorelia.

At the same time, they also reaped considerable battle achievements.

And in that great battle, the losses of the cavalry regiment were extremely few.

"From the beginning of the war until now, how much has your cavalry regiment lost?"

"Forty percent!"

"When you first arrived, what was the total number of the cavalry regiment?"

"Three hundred thousand!"

"Which means, you now have only one hundred and eighty thousand cavalry, less than two hundred thousand."

Orion's questioning was calm, while Isabella's voice gradually diminished; she seemed to have realized something as well.

"This is waste. Extravagance."

"Such a reckless waste of soldiers!"

Orion snorted lightly. Although this wasn't his cavalry regiment, such waste was, in fact, unnecessary.

What was lost was the overall strength of the allied forces.

Alexander watched the silent Isabella, the corners of his mouth turning up slightly, a hint of slyness in his eyes.

Alexander had discovered this problem during the first large-scale battle.

At that time, Alexander had reminded Isabella, "This is a waste, don't you feel bad about it?"

At that time, Isabella, with her cavalry regiment and Spider Queen Lolth's Blind Spiders, had easily taken a lord's territory.

But flushed with victory, excitement, and fervor, how could Isabella have possibly listened to advice then?

"She is already much more restrained now!"

"After several consecutive fierce battles, the allied forces suffered heavy casualties. Although she still dispatches cavalry to the front lines, she has become more and more hesitant."

As he spoke, Alexander suddenly chuckled.

That kind of laughter was like the unrestrained teasing one would show after exposing the embarrassing secret of the little girl next door.

Of course, the undercurrent of this ridicule was affection.

This time, Alexander was here to mentor a newcomer.

The more difficulties and doubts Isabella encountered, the faster she would grow.

"Mr. Alexander, please say no more!"

Her inner embarrassment and private thoughts laid bare by Alexander, the proud and thin-skinned Isabella could no longer maintain her composure. After a delicate shout, she whipped her horse and rode off.

Orion also chuckled along with Alexander a few times. Seeing the proud Isabella too embarrassed to show her face was quite interesting.

"Bro, Isabella is special to you, isn't she?"

Only after Isabella was far away and her figure could no longer be seen did Orion tentatively ask.

Hearing this, a brief, hazy look appeared in Alexander's eyes, but it quickly vanished.

"You may not believe it, but I spent some time training in her world."

"I've known her mother since we were children. After Isabella was born, I watched her grow up."

"What I didn't expect was that she is also an Awakened one, and I happened to discover it."

"She's the daughter of an old friend. I'll help her out if I can."

Orion didn't speak, quietly listening to the story from Alexander's mouth.

Orion's expression was placid, his face showing no trace of curiosity.

However, beneath his calm facade, Orion's love for gossip was erupting like a volcano.

"Oh my goodness, Alexander, you've known her mother since you were children? What exactly is your relationship?"

"I feel like Isabella is very close to you, and what is your relationship with her?"

"Could it be that both mother and daughter like you?"

"And what about Isabella's Archlord father?"

"Didn't he notice what was going on?"

...

It had to be said, an overactive imagination was a terrifying thing.

With his own imagination filling in the blanks, Orion had even concocted a story of a silent and reclusive boy, who, without any outstanding achievements, was abandoned by the girl he grew up with for a powerful future Archlord.

The boy then traveled far away, cultivated an earth-shattering level of power, and returned to his hometown to reminisce about the past, only to find that the girl from his memories had long since married another and given birth to a little girl.

Gazing at the married woman before him, and the little girl smiling happily at her, Alexander finally had an epiphany.

From then on, a great assassin was born, hiding all emotions in the shadows.

Hmm, this ill-fated relationship between Alexander and Isabella, how should the story resolve itself?

Orion's eyes also became slightly hazy. This storytelling business was truly addictive.

"Put away those evil, dirty, messy thoughts in your head. My relationship with Isabella isn't as sordid as you think."

Orion whipped his head around, staring at Alexander in utter shock.

That terrified gaze was clearly telling Alexander: How did you know what was in my head?

"Your expression just now was just like Leonidas's. Your eyes were darting about, and you had a lewd smile on your face—it's a disgusting expression."

Alexander's gaze grew colder and colder, and increasingly unfriendly. He could guess what Orion was imagining.

"Hehe, don't mind it. I just heard a story and couldn't help but think about what came next. It's a very normal thing."

"Giant, stop your wild thoughts. This is not a normal thing."

There was no comeback for that. It was clear that Alexander had seen something in Orion's eyes just now, and his attitude was not good at all.

Chaos Continent, Phoenix Butterfly Ridge.

The races on this continent were, for the most part, native inhabitants.

The Dark Butterfly race was also native. After the world was corrupted by the evil being, everyone's days became difficult.

This was especially true for those factions that had not found a patron; they lived in constant fear day after day.

Phoenix Butterfly Ridge, under the sunlight, the valley was filled with clusters of fresh flowers, their petals swaying gently in the wind, while butterflies danced among the blossoms.

This continent was named Chaos Continent, but compared to Dusk Continent and Dawn Continent, it actually appeared somewhat brighter in comparison.

It seemed that even the principles of the evil being were weakened here.

Sophia stood in a pavilion on top of a peak, overlooking the beauty and tranquility of the entire valley.

The people's lives were, for the time being, still peaceful, but anyone knew that such peace would not last for long.

Chapter 770: Butterfly Mother

"Must I really agree to Archlord Emeric's conditions and completely submit to them?"

"If we follow Archlord Emeric and leave the Emerald Dream Realm, where will our race go from here?"

“The Dark Butterfly race cannot be enslaved, or we will never have a chance to turn things around.”

Beneath Sophia’s calm expression was a surging maelstrom of emotions.

The major factions of Chaos Continent were making frequent moves. Although Sophia didn’t know what the higher-ups were plotting, anyone who wasn’t a fool could see something big was about to happen.

This state of knowing a little but not the whole truth was the most tormenting.

Sophia had been constantly searching for a way out for the Dark Butterflies. Among the escape routes she had prepared, there were two best choices.

One was to wait for the child in her womb to be born. With its excellent bloodline, she could devote all her race’s resources to nurturing her child, helping them become an Archlord in a few hundred years.

Although an Archlord was not the strongest power on this continent, it would be more than enough to shelter the Dark Butterfly race.

However, this optimal choice now seemed too slow, because those mighty beings seemed unwilling to delay any longer.

In this environment, Sophia had to pay attention to the child in her belly while worrying about her race; she was deeply troubled.

Through her efforts during this period, Sophia had also found a path for her tribe: to pledge allegiance to a nearby Archlord and sign many unequal treaties.

On this path, given the nature of those beings, the Dark Butterfly race would basically be enslaved.

If war were to break out, who knows how many of the people on Phoenix Butterfly Ridge would be reduced to cannon fodder.

It was even possible that before the war ended, the Dark Butterfly race would have vanished from the continent.

Thinking of all the worst-case scenarios, and the child she carried in her womb, Sophia felt truly resentful.

If the Dark Butterfly race was enslaved, what would happen to her child upon birth?

Continue to be enslaved?

At the mere thought of this possibility, Sophia felt an overwhelming unwillingness.

This was an opportunity she had obtained by casting aside her dignity and pride, by taking the initiative to seduce a man. She absolutely could not give it up just like this.

“Your Majesty the Queen, Archlord Emeric’s envoy seeks an audience outside the valley.”

As Sophia’s worries swirled, a butterfly woman appeared like a phantom behind her, reporting on the visitor.

Sophia did not immediately respond to the butterfly woman behind her. She slowly exhaled, then took a deep breath in.

Indifferent, calm, her heart like still water—the dignified Sophia regained her lordly pride, high and aloof.

“Tell him Archlord Emeric’s conditions are too harsh; the Dark Butterfly race cannot meet them.”

“Also, strengthen the alert. Do not allow any outsiders near the territory.”

Sophia was very decisive. She knew that the envoy sent by Archlord Emeric this time was merely a probe, to test her attitude, to test the bottom line of the Dark Butterfly race.

Since it was a probe, a firm rejection was the best course of action.

“As you command, Your Majesty the Queen!”

The butterfly woman’s figure flashed and vanished. Sophia raised her right hand, placing it on her swollen belly.

As long as the bloodline reached the Archlord level, the child in her womb could be born at any time.

Sophia had extremely high expectations for her child.

“The situation is very bad. As a Butterfly Mother, I will do my best to buy you time.”

“But you must also live up to expectations, strive to enhance your bloodline, be born soon, and shoulder the future of our Dark Butterfly race.”

This was Sophia’s whisper, like prenatal education, a dialogue with the child in her belly.

However, the title “Butterfly Mother” was still somewhat unconventional.

In the Dark Butterfly race, there was no concept of “mother” or “mom.”

All young Dark Butterflies addressed Sophia as Butterfly Mother.

Upon adulthood, the form of address would change from Butterfly Mother to Your Majesty the Queen.

Sophia’s swollen belly pulsed for a moment, as if the child inside was responding to her.

From this, it could be seen that Sophia's child seemed to have long possessed consciousness.

"If only your father were also a race from our world!"

"With his current strength, protecting our race would definitely be possible."

This was not just Sophia's fantasy. Some of her words, though seemingly spoken to the child in her belly, were truly directed at Orion, the source of the child's bloodline.

Because the child's bloodline couldn't be enhanced by its own efforts in the womb; the one who could truly enhance the child's bloodline was Orion through his own strength.

Over the past few years, by sensing the changes in her child's bloodline, Sophia knew very well how rapidly Orion's strength had leaped.

At times, Sophia even felt that her child's bloodline had already reached the Archlord level.

Because the pressure occasionally emitted by that wisp of bloodline in her belly made her tremble with fear and thrill.

Then again, according to the ancient secret arts of her tribe, the child's bloodline had not yet reached the Archlord level.

Because an Archlord's bloodline would already show signs of deification, turning a pale gold.

Based on these phenomena, Sophia quickly realized that she might have truly hit the jackpot.

The bloodline of the child in her womb might not just be an Archlord bloodline, but also an Over-tier powerhouse bloodline capable of fighting above its tier. This meant that giant was likely no ordinary being; he possessed the bloodline of a titan.

As if in response to Sophia, she sensed the child in her womb lightly touch her belly from the inside.

“Be good. Butterfly Mother will always be watching over you.”

In the pavilion, the Butterfly Mother was tender, a gentle smile on her face—the love for a child.

In the valley, flowers bloomed, and thousands of butterflies danced. The creek murmured, like a song of praise.

The butterflies’ wings fluttered in the sunlight, the occasionally refracted brilliant light like the hope in Sophia’s heart, illuminating the beautiful valley.

On the Dawn Continent, the situation was tense.

Sophia was secretly paying attention to Orion in a special way.

Orion himself was unaware of this, completely in the dark.

Orion was even completely unaware of the child in Sophia’s womb.

Of course, if Sophia stood before Orion and confronted him about the absurd affair that happened when he was guarding the void passage, Orion would surely remember.

“The battle has already started up ahead. The undead forces are advancing. The Shadow Banshees’ reaction isn’t slow; they are gathering their troops.”

“You need to head to the front line with me now to put pressure on the Shadow Banshee Archlord, making her come out to tie me down.”

“Is there anything else you need to prepare?”

Alexander looked at Orion. The reason he asked this was not to see if Orion was ready, but to ask about the cooldown time on Orion’s trump cards.

As fellow survivors, Alexander knew very well that the conditions for using many powerful trump cards were very harsh, and their cooldown times were very long.

For example, the Forbidden Spell on Orion’s legendary equipment, the Lightning Cloak, still could not be cast again after all this time.

“Bro, no problem on my end. I can set out at any time!”