

## **Titan King 85**

Chapter 85: Enslaving them would be far more beneficial than killing them

One step, two steps... Orion suddenly broke into a sprint, moving faster and faster.

This was Orion's newly acquired skill: Swift Charge.

Once he initiated the charge, Orion's speed doubled!

And his target? Of course, it was Tigran!

As Orion charged, his Alpha-level aura spread out, pressing down on Tigran, making it hard for him to breathe.

But in this life-or-death moment, Tigran's will remained unshaken. He resisted Orion's oppressive presence and even swung his tiger claws in defiance.

Boom!

The clash between Orion and Tigran was swift, almost too fast to see.

A single drop of blood fell from Orion's trident. The victor was clear—Orion.

Thud!

Tigran's claw dropped to the ground. He looked down in disbelief at his chest, where a hole, larger than a basketball, had appeared.

"An Alpha-level... for real..."

With those final words, Tigran collapsed, dead.

Orion glanced at Tigran's lifeless body before shifting his gaze to the rest of the battlefield.

With the Abyssal Dragon joining the fray, the giants' morale surged, and the battle, which had been on the verge of collapse, began to stabilize.

Roar...

The Abyssal Dragon entered the beast horde, and three elite serpentine beasts were no match for it, as if they were nothing more than strands of spaghetti.

One of them had its head crushed in the dragon's jaws, dead beyond any doubt.

Another was torn into three pieces by the dragon's claws, meeting a similarly gruesome end.

The last one was strangled by the Twilight Viper, its entire body swallowed whole.

The Abyssal Dragon then charged toward the stone wall at the valley's entrance, crushing the smaller cave spiders underfoot.

The battle didn't last much longer. The forces of cave spiders, serpentfolk, and tigerfolk quickly fell into chaos—some died, others fled.

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By the time Orion reached the valley entrance, the battle was nearly over.

Most of the giant warriors had already left Moonshadow Valley, chasing down the fleeing enemies.

"Orion, you're finally back!"

Elder Rendall leaned against the stone wall, panting heavily, his spiked club resting in one hand.

Despite his severe injuries, Rendall wore a satisfied expression. He had fought hard and enjoyed every moment of it.

"The enemy has been routed!"

Orion switched his trident to his left hand and extended his right to help Rendall as they walked into Moonshadow Valley together.

After a giant applied a healing salve to Rendall's wounds, Orion saw Lilith and Lysinthia returning from the battlefield.

"M-Master, about the serpentfolk... could I..."

Lysinthia, the Medusa, hesitated, her expression conflicted. She stammered as she spoke, clearly struggling with her emotions.

Thinking of her kin still suffering, Lysinthia finally mustered the courage to plead softly.

Orion's cold gaze fixed on Lysinthia, but he said nothing.

In this invasion, Elder Halvor and Rumbold had died, along with two elite bloodline warriors. The rest of the giant warriors had suffered heavy casualties.

Given the circumstances, Orion had no reason to spare any of the serpentfolk.

"Dear Orion, I think enslaving a few serpentfolk who can cast petrification spells might be a good idea!"

Just as the tension was about to reach its breaking point, Lilith spoke up.

Orion turned his icy gaze toward Lilith, his eyes questioning.

"Petrification spells are rare, aren't they?"

"And enslaving them would be far more beneficial than killing them!"

Under Orion's cold stare, Lilith gathered her courage and explained her reasoning.

"This isn't my decision to make."

"If you want to save your people, go talk to Elder Rendall."

Orion decided to leave the decision to Elder Rendall.

In Orion's mind, any enemy deserved to be killed without mercy.

However, considering the rarity of the petrification spell, enslaving those serpentfolk who possessed it was indeed a tempting option.

But since Elder Rendall had been the main force in this war, Orion felt it wasn't his place to make the final call.

As the night passed and the battlefield was mostly cleared, the first light of dawn appeared on the horizon.

This invasion had lasted from dusk until dawn, a testament to the battle's brutality.

Orion stood atop the stone wall at the valley's entrance, resting his eyes while keeping watch, ensuring the thick scent of blood didn't attract a beast horde.

"Master, Elder Rendall has allowed me to select three of my kin from the serpentfolk to serve you as slaves!"

Lysinthia's voice came from behind Orion. He opened his eyes but didn't turn around.

"Go ahead, pick them yourself."

"Thank you, Master!"

Lysinthia breathed a sigh of relief and carefully retreated to save her people.

After a moment of silence, a pair of small hands wrapped around Orion from behind.

"Dear Orion, your little servant looks so pitiful."

Lilith's voice was soft and seductive, her breath warm against Orion's skin, her breasts pressing gently against his back.

"Are you pleading for her?"

Orion pulled Lilith into his arms, lifting her delicate chin, his expression unreadable.

"Well... not exactly. I just think your team is severely lacking in shamans and mages."

Lilith's sultry voice was like music to Orion's ears, even lifting his mood a little.

Orion leaned down and kissed her.

After a moment, Lilith, her eyes half-lidded with desire, continued speaking.

"Those serpentfolk are rare. You'll definitely find them useful in the future."

"Enslaving them will not only make your Medusa servant more loyal, but she'll also be grateful to you."

"And who knows, those serpentfolk might bring unexpected benefits to my dear husband in the future!"

Hearing this, Orion's eyes lit up, as if something had just clicked in his mind.

"My Lilith, you are worthy of being my wife!"

Coming from Orion, these words were far more effective and moving than any simple compliment.

By noon, the battlefield in front of Moonshadow Valley had finally been cleared.

For the giants, this war had yielded almost no rewards. The meat of the serpentfolk, tigerfolk, and cave spiders was barely edible.

But the giants had suffered significant losses.

In addition to the four elders who had died, seventy ordinary bloodline warriors had also perished, with countless others wounded.

This territorial war had no real winner.

Speaking of territory, the hills to the north, once occupied by the cave spiders, might prove somewhat useful.

The biggest winner, however, was Orion, who had joined the battle at the last moment.

Orion had killed Arachne, Tigran, and Vhisss, and was fortunate to earn two survivor chests.

The Abyssal Dragon had crushed countless cave spiders, contributing three more survivor chests to Orion's haul.

In total, Orion had gained five survivor chests.