

Titan King 89

Chapter 89 I will bring you glory and hope

Orion stood at the edge of the cliff, gazing out over the vast expanse of the Black Forest.

"Only by standing here can you truly understand that this stone mountain is the best hunting ground in the Black Forest," he said.

Behind him, Prophet Onyx stood silently, a hint of melancholy in his heart. He hadn't expected the Alpha-level warrior of the Black Forest to be so young.

"Respected Orion, the previous Lord of the Black Forest came from our Obsidian Golem tribe," Onyx said. "This area was once part of that lord's domain."

Orion nodded, still looking into the distance. Then, he turned to face Prophet Onyx.

"So, will your Obsidian Golem tribe submit to me, or will you face extinction?"

Orion's tone was cold, but Prophet Onyx showed no fear. Instead, he stepped forward, standing just behind Orion, and looked southward.

"Orion, our Obsidian Golem tribe will not resist you," Onyx said calmly. "For hundreds of years, we have remained here, waiting for a new lord to emerge and lead us to conquer lands beyond the Barren Mountains."

"You are the ideal lord for us. We have seen the world beyond, and both the Barren Mountains and the Black Forest are too small."

There was a longing in Prophet Onyx's voice, a deep desire for greater power and a higher purpose.

Orion paused for a moment, then smiled.

"Your Obsidian Golem tribe is more interesting than the others."

Prophet Onyx shook his head, a trace of sadness in his voice.

"Respected lord, if I may call you that, you must understand how difficult it is for the Black Forest to produce an Alpha-level warrior."

"It has taken hundreds of years, and now we finally have you."

Orion shook his head slightly and said, "There were two of us. My sister was also an Alpha-level warrior."

Prophet Onyx, usually as steady as a mountain, was momentarily stunned by this revelation.

"But a few days ago, my sister was killed in the Myriad Races Invasion."

Before Prophet Onyx could fully process this, Orion dropped another bombshell, further shattering his understanding.

"You are strong, wise, and far-sighted. You truly deserve the title of prophet," Orion continued. "Submit to me, fight for me, and become the true prophet of the Black Forest. I will bring you glory and hope."

Boom!

Prophet Onyx took a few steps back before dropping to one knee.

"Lord Orion, I am willing to submit, and the Obsidian Golem tribe will follow you as well!"

Orion turned to look at the kneeling Prophet Onyx, who, even on one knee, was still taller than him.

"Remember this: I, Orion Stoneheart, despise betrayal more than anything."

Orion didn't make any oaths or promises. It wasn't necessary, and it was a sign of respect for Prophet Onyx.

Prophet Onyx was on the verge of reaching Alpha-level himself, and for someone like him, oaths were a form of restraint.

In Orion's view, all Prophet Onyx needed was a Dark Source Crystal of Alpha-level quality, and he would undoubtedly ascend to Alpha-level.

"Now that I think about it, the reason the Black Forest hasn't been swallowed up by the other three regions is probably because of you, isn't it?"

Prophet Onyx stood up and nodded, a proud smile on his face.

"Lord Orion, I won't boast, but when it comes to defense, I am confident I can withstand the attacks of most Alpha-level warriors."

Orion studied Prophet Onyx's stone-like skin carefully, his eyes narrowing in thought.

After a thorough examination, Orion was even more satisfied with the Obsidian Golems.

"Tell Rockwell to gather his people. We're heading back to Moonshadow Valley."

"The two mountains flanking Moonshadow Valley will belong to your Obsidian Golem tribe."

Both sides had gotten what they wanted. The Black Forest was now unified, and Prophet Onyx seemed quite pleased. Experience more content on empire

"Lord Orion, I have a small gift for you on the mountain behind us. Let me show you."

Orion, intrigued, gestured for Onyx to lead the way and followed him to the back of the mountain.

There, they found a cave.

Inside the cave lived two heroic-level beasts, a male and a female—one a Wind Wolf, the other a Frost Wolf.

As Orion approached, the two wolves seemed to sense something and emerged from the cave, each carrying a pup in their mouths. They laid four wolf pups at Orion's feet.

"Lord Orion, the Wind Wolf and Frost Wolf have given birth to four pups. Consider them my gift to you."

Orion nodded, saying nothing, though he was inwardly impressed.

This was the legacy left behind by the previous Alpha of the Obsidian Golem tribe. These two wolves were heroic-level beasts, and the four pups, once grown, would almost certainly reach heroic-level as well.

"How often do they give birth?"

Seeing the four pups, Orion had a bold idea.

"Lord Orion, they only give birth once every hundred years."

"In the past, they've only ever had one pup at a time. This is the first time they've had four."

Prophet Onyx's words quickly extinguished the idea forming in Orion's mind.

What a pity!

It made sense, though. These two wolves were heroic-level beasts, and it was incredibly difficult for them to produce offspring with the same potential.

The higher the level of the beast, the harder it was to reproduce.

Orion had considered keeping one of the pups to raise, but for some reason, looking at them reminded him of Woofer.

He didn't like that feeling, and besides, he already had the Abyssal Dragon. So, he decided against it.

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At the base of the mountain, Orion carried the four wolf pups in his arms, with Prophet Onyx and Rockwell following behind him.

"Chieftain Orion!"

"Chieftain!"

"..."

Seeing Orion, the worry on everyone's faces disappeared, and they all stepped forward to greet him.

Orion nodded and called for his four guards to step forward.

Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba were four giant bloodline warriors personally chosen by Clymene to serve as Orion's protectors.

For a long time, these four had remained in the background, barely noticeable.

Of the four, only Dace had reached the initial stage of the heroic level, while the other three had yet to break through.

Now that Orion was about to succeed as chieftain, he needed strong protectors by his side.

"Here, each of you take one. Raise them well. These pups will grow into heroic-level beasts."

Orion's words caused the entire area to fall silent, so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba, each holding a wolf pup, nearly dropped them in shock.

"What's the matter? Don't believe me?"

"These pups are a gift from Prophet Onyx of the Obsidian Golem tribe. Take good care of them."

"If anything happens to these pups, you'll answer to me!"

As he mentioned the Obsidian Golem tribe, Orion turned and pointed to Prophet Onyx and Rockwell, introducing them to the group.

"This is Prophet Onyx of the Obsidian Golem tribe, and he is now the prophet of the Black Forest!"

"This is Rockwell, the chieftain of the Obsidian Golem tribe and a member of the council!"

Orion then introduced Prophet Onyx and Rockwell to the others, especially Thundar and Earthshaker.

As Prophet Onyx spoke with them, he mentioned their fathers and grandfathers, quickly integrating himself into the group.

Rockwell, on the other hand, was much more reserved, like a shy, gentle golem.

Two days later, the group set out, heading back to Moonshadow Valley.

Though Orion appeared relaxed, he was, in fact, quite busy—or rather, troubled.

As the new chieftain, Orion had many issues to consider: town construction, territory management, food reserves, and the looming threat of dark beast tides...

With his parents and sister gone, the weight of responsibility on his shoulders had only grown heavier.