

## Titan King 94

Chapter 94 If he dares to come, I'll kill him

As soon as Orion's command was given, the giant warriors and Buffalofolk erupted into a frenzy, shouting and roaring as they unleashed their pent-up bloodlust. These warriors, now consumed by the thrill of battle and violence, needed an outlet for their rage.

In an instant, the Swamp Rats' settlement was engulfed in flames, thick smoke rising into the sky and spreading across the swamp. Flocks of crows and vultures circled overhead, waiting to feast on the remains of the dead.

"Prophet, look at that smoke filling the sky. Isn't it intoxicating?" Orion said, gazing upward. The billowing smoke and flames were his signal, his declaration of war to Slagor.

Prophet Onyx looked up as well, but what he saw wasn't just smoke—it was the scent of death. He realized that this new lord of the Black Forest was different from those who had come before.

Orion seemed wiser, yet colder.

To Prophet Onyx, Orion now resembled a Titan King, silently observing the cycle of life and death among all living things.

Shaking his head, Onyx dismissed these lofty thoughts.

"Chieftain, do you really intend to kill Chieftain Slagor?" Prophet Onyx asked.

Orion, hands behind his back, walked toward the pile of supplies that Thundar and Earthshaker had gathered, helping himself to some and storing them in his Bagbird pouch.

"If he dares to come, I'll kill him," Orion replied calmly, but Prophet Onyx could hear the unshakable resolve in his voice.

"Prophet, grab some supplies too. It'll make the return trip easier for the others," Orion added.

Prophet Onyx stepped forward and packed a large amount of supplies into his own Bagbird pouch.

The fire in the Swamp Rats' settlement burned for three days and three nights. The surrounding swamp had dried out considerably from the intense heat.

On the morning of the fourth day, amidst the sound of distant footsteps, Orion finally encountered his second target: Chieftain Slagor.

On the horizon, a large force of Poison Dragon warriors approached, marching through the water. Among them were knights riding water pythons and horned crocodiles, their presence imposing and formidable.

Orion stood at the front, with Prophet Onyx, Thundar, and Earthshaker behind him. Each of them remained calm and unshaken. Behind them, a large contingent of giant warriors, Buffalofolk, and succubi had formed small battle groups, ready to fight at a moment's notice.

"Who are you? How dare you trespass into Lord Gareth's territory? Do you have a death wish?" Slagor's voice rang out.

Well, well. From that statement alone, it was clear that Slagor wasn't just some dumb lizard. Dropping Lord Gareth's name right away—was he trying to intimidate them or leverage someone else's power?

But Orion didn't care.

Whoosh! [Read new chapters at empire](#)

Without a word, Orion hurled a spear with deadly precision. The spear sliced through the air with a sharp whistle, aimed directly at Slagor.

Clang!

Slagor deflected the spear with a swift motion, sending it flying off course. The spear pierced through the body of a horned crocodile beneath one of the knights, killing the beast instantly with a pitiful wail.

"Slagor, I'm here as your invited guest, aren't I?" Orion said, his voice calm but laced with sarcasm.

Slagor's eyes narrowed. "Who are you? Do I know you? Why have you invaded the Poison Dragon Swamp and slaughtered my vassals, the Swamp Rats?"

Slagor's voice was cold, and his words came in rapid succession, as if he were demanding an explanation before launching an attack.

"Slagor, it's time you returned the supplies you stole from my sister," Orion said, his voice carrying across the battlefield.

Slagor froze for a moment, his vertical pupils shrinking by a third.

"Sister? Clymene? Giant? From the Black Forest?" Slagor muttered to himself, his mind racing.

"Could it be true? Are there really two Alpha-level warriors in the Black Forest?"

Slagor's emotions were a mix of shock and confusion. Before Clymene's death, he hadn't believed the Black Forest could have two Alpha-level warriors. But after Clymene was killed, he had grown bolder, taking her spoils for himself without fear of retribution.

"So, you're Clymene's brother?" Slagor called out, his voice now tinged with caution and curiosity. But to Orion, it sounded more like condescension.

"What's the matter, Slagor? The chieftain of the Poison Dragon Swamp, the lizard who steals from others, has heard of me?" Orion's reply was dripping with mockery and disdain.

"Heh heh... Orion, you've crossed into my territory without cause, slaughtered the innocent Swamp Rats, and now you'll face Lord Gareth's wrath!" Slagor sneered.

Orion laughed heartily, shaking his head. He turned to one of his bloodline warriors and called out, "Thrym!"

Thrym stepped forward from the ranks. At Orion's signal, he raised his voice and shouted toward Slagor.

"Slagor, it was you who told our chieftain to come here personally and retrieve the supplies that rightfully belong to the giants!"

Thrym's words echoed across the battlefield like a slap to Slagor's face, loud and clear for all to hear.

Slagor's expression darkened, his face twisting with anger and uncertainty.

Slowly, Slagor's thoughts turned murderous. He began to consider killing Orion and his group, leaving their bodies to rot in the Poison Dragon Swamp. After all, he could easily come up with a plausible excuse for their deaths.

Crrr...

Just as Slagor was steeling himself for the decision to attack, Orion made the first move.

Whoosh!

Orion gripped his Bloodthirsty Trident and activated his Swift Charge ability. His speed increased dramatically, and he shot toward Slagor like a bolt of lightning.

In just a few breaths, Orion had closed the hundred-meter gap between them.

Slagor reacted quickly, drawing the bone sword from his back and charging toward Orion in return.

Boom!

The clash of two Alpha-level warriors wasn't just a spectacle—it was a force of nature. The ground shook, and the swamp rippled with the impact of their blows. Waves of energy radiated from the center of their battle, sending shockwaves through the swamp.

The warriors on both sides, unwilling to interfere in such a titanic struggle, quickly retreated to a safe distance, giving Orion and Slagor plenty of room to fight.

"Damn giant! You want those supplies back? I'll send you to meet your sister, whose head was severed! You can ask her for them yourself!" Slagor taunted, laughing maniacally.

With a powerful swing, Slagor knocked Orion back. Gripping his sword with both hands, he began chanting a mysterious incantation.

Suddenly, a glowing blue pattern appeared on Slagor's chest, spreading across his entire body. His form began to grow, transforming into a monstrous figure covered in intricate, glowing runes. But it didn't stop there.

The runes continued to spread, seeping into the ground beneath Slagor's feet, expanding outward until they covered a twenty-meter radius around him.

Orion's eyes widened in surprise as the ground within that radius began to shift and ripple, transforming into a body of water.

"Giant, I must admit, you have courage!" Slagor sneered. "To challenge me, a great Poison Dragon, in my own swamp!"

"Orion, I'll cut off your head and place it in the center of the Poison Dragon Swamp, where all my followers can kick it around like a ball."

"I'll make your suffering a testament to my power!"