

Titan King 95

Chapter 95 Swamp battle

Orion didn't underestimate his opponent. He immediately activated Titan's Rage, temporarily increasing his attributes tenfold. At the same time, he used Swift Charge again, his body hurtling forward like a speeding train.

Boom!

A thunderous crash echoed as Orion was forced back several steps before regaining his balance, while Slagor was sent flying over a hundred meters away.

Slagor was stunned by the sheer power of Orion's attack.

"How is this possible? How can his strength be so terrifying?"

"I don't believe it... I don't believe it! We're both Alpha-level! How can the gap be this wide?"

Orion, on the other hand, realized that much of his power had been absorbed and deflected by the mysterious runes on Slagor's body and the water beneath his feet. Otherwise, Slagor wouldn't have been merely knocked back a hundred meters.

Slagor steadied himself, gripping his weapon tightly in front of him as he began chanting again in a low voice.

Whoosh, whoosh...

The water beneath Slagor began to churn violently. In moments, two massive water tornadoes rose from the swamp, swirling around him. At the same time, the watery area beneath Slagor expanded from twenty meters to fifty meters.

The two water tornadoes merged, enveloping Slagor within them. In the next instant, his entire body was covered in a layer of water scales, and he was swept up by the tornado, rushing toward Orion at high speed.

From a distance, Orion narrowed his eyes. He knew he couldn't charge recklessly anymore. If he got caught in Slagor's water tornado or the expanding swamp, it would be nearly impossible to escape.

Close combat was no longer an option. He had to switch to ranged attacks.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Three tridents flew through the air like blades, leaving sharp trails behind them. With his strength amplified tenfold, Orion's throws were devastatingly powerful.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

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The water tornado surrounding Slagor wavered for a moment but continued its relentless advance. Slagor himself had disappeared within the swirling water.

With the water tornado closing in, Orion had no choice but to summon his Abyssal Dragon.

Roar...

The Abyssal Dragon appeared with a low growl, and a massive Flame Bomb began forming in its gaping maw.

Boom!

The Abyssal Flame Bomb shot forward, colliding with the water tornado and shattering it into countless droplets that rained down from the sky. As the sunlight broke through the clouds, a rainbow appeared over the swamp.

Orion leaped onto the back of the Abyssal Dragon, scanning the now-dissipated swamp with narrowed eyes.

Slagor was nowhere to be seen.

Had Chieftain Slagor... fled?

This outcome was something Orion hadn't anticipated.

He glanced at the remaining forces Slagor had brought with him. It seemed they had received some kind of signal, as they too were preparing to retreat.

"Don't let them escape! Charge!" Orion commanded.

The Abyssal Dragon roared and charged forward, carrying Orion into the fray. Though the swamp slowed its progress, the Abyssal Dragon was still far faster than the ordinary Poison Dragons.

Another massacre began, with blood mixing into the swamp, staining the hard ground red.

At the rear, Prophet Onyx and the warriors of the Stoneheart Horde watched in awe as Orion repelled the Alpha-level Slagor. Their eyes gleamed with fervor.

Prophet Onyx, in particular, was deeply impressed. Orion had fought Slagor head-on in the swamp, a terrain that heavily favored the Poison Dragons. This demonstrated just how terrifying Orion's strength truly was.

Moreover, the Abyssal Dragon Orion rode was equally ferocious.

At that moment, Prophet Onyx finally understood why Orion seemed so confident. Despite his youth, Orion had every right to be so self-assured.

In just half a day, the Abyssal Dragon had slaughtered most of Slagor's forces. Orion didn't bother pursuing the few who managed to escape.

It had to be said that in swamp terrain, the Poison Dragons held a significant advantage. Orion knew he didn't yet have the power to completely ignore the terrain and didn't dare venture too deep into the swamp.

"Chieftain, is Slagor dead?" Thundar asked. Ever since the Abyssal Dragon had appeared, Slagor's figure had vanished from the battlefield.

"No, he escaped," Orion replied, shaking his head. He then gave a new order.

"Quickly clean up the battlefield. We're retreating to the Black Forest."

"Yes, chieftain!"

Aside from Prophet Onyx, all the warriors began scouring the battlefield. The Poison Dragon warriors slain by the Abyssal Dragon had left behind valuable armor and weapons.

Orion was confident that they would also find a few Bagbird pouches among the fallen Poison Dragons.

"Chieftain, are you alright?" Prophet Onyx asked, noticing Orion's fatigue.

Orion shook his head. As the effects of Titan's Rage wore off, he felt a wave of exhaustion and soreness wash over him.

While Titan's Rage granted a tenfold increase in power, it wasn't without its drawbacks. First, Orion's body would grow larger during the transformation, and despite the support of his bloodline and the Titan's Heart, his muscles and blood vessels would still ache from the strain.

Second, the skill consumed a massive amount of stamina, and as the battle dragged on, Orion was also burning through his own life force.

Finally, once Titan's Rage ended, Orion would enter a brief period of weakness. Without guards to protect him during this time, he would be extremely vulnerable to any remaining enemies.

"Prophet, you were right. Fighting the Poison Dragons in the swamp was unwise," Orion admitted.

An hour later, Thundar and Earthshaker returned from the battlefield, their faces brimming with excitement.

"Chieftain, we've gathered a large amount of armor and weapons, and we found seven Bagbird pouches!" Thundar reported. "The pouches contain plenty of crystal cores and low-level magical potions!"

Orion took one of the Bagbird pouches filled with supplies and spoke in a low voice.

"Prepare to retreat to the Black Forest."

"As you command!"

Deep within the Poison Dragon Swamp, in a dark, murky area, there was a small pool of water. The water was cloudy, its depth unknown.

Suddenly, the water rippled, and a Poison Dragon emerged from the depths, crawling out of the pool.

Cough, cough... Ugh... ugh...

The Poison Dragon coughed violently, spitting out a mouthful of black blood.

"Damn that giant... Damn you, Orion! I'll make you pay for this!" the Poison Dragon growled.

It was none other than Chieftain Slagor.

Slagor was in a pitiful state. His left arm was completely gone, severed at the shoulder.

The wound was clearly caused by Orion's trident. During the battle, the water tornado had blocked one of Orion's tridents, and the water scales had deflected another. But the third trident had been too fast and too powerful, shattering Slagor's left shoulder.

With one arm lost, Slagor hadn't dared continue fighting Orion. He had used the confusion of the water tornado to slip into the swamp and escape through the murky depths.