

Titan King 26

Chapter 26: We won

Orion returned to the Black Forest.

Without pausing to rest, he headed straight to the tribe's defensive line. The giant warriors of the Blackstone Tribe were assembled there, their massive forms towering over the fortifications. They stood ready, eyes fixed on the distant treeline where unseen enemies lurked.

The Tiger Tribe was preparing to attack. The weather was growing colder, and the tigerfolk were done waiting.

Elder Rendall, gripping a colossal sword, shouted to the warriors:

"Brave warriors of the tribe! Look around at this land—your home, your lifeline!

"And now, the filthy tigerfolk want to take it! They've slaughtered our kin, seized our resources, and aim to wipe us out!

"Will you stand idle while our very existence is threatened? Will you let them destroy everything we hold dear?"

As Rendall's voice echoed over the assembly, a brief silence fell. Then, as one, the giant warriors responded with thunderous roars.

"WAAAGH!"

"WAAAGH!"

Their eyes blazed crimson with fury, their roars shaking the very earth.

Rendall brandished his sword, his voice booming, "Now is the battle for life and death! I will stand with you, witnessing our future!"

The giants' morale surged to its peak, the battle on the brink of eruption.

A horn sounded, and a sentry shouted, "They're coming! Archers ready! Prepare to attack!"

Arrows rained down as the distant cries and roars of tigerfolk grew closer.

"Looks like I'm not too late." Orion said, gripping his trident, ready to face the enemy.

"Wait, don't go out yet."

He turned to see Kolgor, a seasoned giant warrior leaning against the wall. Kolgor was removing his leather armor, applying medicine to a wound on his shoulder. He waved Orion over.

"Kolgor, you're hurt! Is it serious?" Orion asked with concern.

"This? It's nothing," Kolgor grunted, shaking his head. He then added, "It's too dangerous here. You should go back. We'll handle this."

"I'm Hyperion's son! My dream is to become a powerful warrior," Orion declared, patting his chest.

Kolgor regarded him for a long moment, then sighed. "To be a competent warrior, bravery alone isn't enough. You need to see the enemy's weaknesses.

"The tigerfolk can transform into tiger forms during battle, greatly enhancing their strength in this state, but their bellies remain a fatal weakness. Aim for their bellies, and you can bring them down!"

Orion rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

Just then, a massive white tiger leaped over the wall!

Its eyes gleamed with cruelty as it lunged, jaws wide, aiming to bite the neck of a nearby giant.

"Watch out!" Without hesitation, Orion hurled his trident. The weapon whistled through the air, piercing the white tiger's head and pinning it to the ground in a spray of blood.

A moment later, the trident reappeared in Orion's hand, the blade now stained crimson.

"An enchanted weapon... and a rare spatial enchantment!" Kolgor exclaimed in astonishment.

The giants nearby were stunned by Orion's display. Where did he acquire such a powerful weapon? And how did he manage to break through the tigerfolk's defenses without aiming for their bellies?

Without waiting for answers, Orion held his trident firmly and charged into the fray, facing the invading tigerfolk head-on.

The tigerfolk warriors, expecting an easy assault, quickly realized something was amiss. A relatively small giant—not particularly imposing—was cutting through their ranks with terrifying efficiency.

This young giant wielded a silver trident, each strike a deadly blur. The wounds he inflicted did not heal; the tigerfolk bled profusely until they collapsed, utterly incapacitated.

To other giants, the tigerfolk had one weakness: their closely guarded bellies. But to Orion, the tigerfolk were full of vulnerabilities, no more challenging to kill than bats.

Bats might be tougher since they could fly—unlike these tigerfolk.

Soon, a pile of tigerfolk corpses formed a gruesome mound before the wall.

Orion's trident swung with relentless momentum, each sweeping arc claiming multiple lives.

The Tiger Tribe's strength lay in their individual prowess and overwhelming numbers. They had strong defenses and attacked in relentless waves. But now, faced with the giant wielding the silver trident like a harbinger of death, their confidence wavered.

"Who is that young giant?!"

"Is it Rendall... no, he's far stronger than Rendall! Damn it! The chief never mentioned such a warrior among the giants!"

"Stop attacking his position! Bypass him! Capture Clymene and force them to surrender!"

Following their leader's command, the tigerfolk rallied, launching a coordinated assault on another section of the wall.

The Blackstone Tribe, while brave, was not the strongest in the Black Forest. Not all giants could match the prowess of the young warrior with the trident. If the tigerfolk could avoid him and capture Clymene, victory might still be within reach.

The tigerfolk's eyes were filled with determination. But then they saw something that made their blood run cold.

"What the fuck?!"

"Leader! The giant with the trident is charging at us!"

"What's he doing?! Damn it! Block him! Hold him off!"

Without a word, Orion barreled toward the tigerfolk, his expression fierce. His only response was the Bone War Trident flashing in his hands.

"Go to hell and repent!" he roared, his battle lust surging to an all-time high.

The power of Blood Rage coursed through his veins, amplifying his strength. With a mighty strike, he slammed the trident into the ground.

****Boom!****

Every giant and tigerfolk present witnessed an unforgettable sight. The tigerfolk's vaunted defenses shattered like glass, warriors sent flying through the air.

Time seemed to slow as Orion swung his trident once more, a silver whirlwind tearing through the ranks.

The airborne tigerfolk couldn't even scream as their bodies were torn to pieces.

****Thud. Thud.****

Blood and fragments rained down, but Orion stood unmoved, as if it had merely started to drizzle.

The remaining tigerfolk stared in horror, their will to fight utterly broken. They began to tremble, voices shaking as they shouted:

"Retreat!"

"Retreat immediately!"

Seeing the once-ferocious tigerfolk flee in panic, the giants on the wall were momentarily stunned. Then, realization dawned.

"Did we... did we win?"

"We did!" A scarred giant beside him removed his helmet, eyes glistening with emotion.

"We won! We won!!" The giants erupted in jubilation.

They looked at the young giant with the trident standing on the battlefield, his figure etched against the sky. Together, they began to cheer:

"WAAAGH!"

"Invincible Orion! Invincible Orion!"