

Titan King 381

Chapter 381 You can have more women in your harem

Drakmar's expression was grim. He glanced back toward where Orion was before lowering his voice to speak.

"Gather all our tribespeople. We're leaving this snowy mountain—this place is too dangerous."

Not until he had issued his orders did he speak anxiously to the elders.

"Remember this well: everything north of the swamp belongs to the giants. We must not cross that line. The giant lord is a terrifying presence."

Drakmar saw the elders frowning in confusion. He sighed.

"The giant lord is an upper Legendary-level ruler. If he truly intended to kill us, none of us would escape alive. Spread the word: the icefield to the west is off-limits for hunting."

At that, the mammoths realized that these western giants were not to be trifled with.

Drakmar no longer paid attention to his people and instead turned south, gazing toward the Desolate Plains.

"Now that I think about it, when I claimed this icefield, the centaur lord down there made no drastic moves. He must have guessed this would happen. Is he hoping the giants will drive us away or even kill us?"

The more he thought about it, the more Drakmar suspected this to be true—and the more he feared Orion. He genuinely couldn't fathom why an upper Legendary-level lord would care about this frigid land to the north.

Meanwhile, accompanied by a peal of thunder, Orion returned to the thunderhawk's back.

Lumi turned, her large, clear eyes fixed on Orion.

He pulled Lumi into his arms. Before she could speak, he began talking.

"A group of mammoths has arrived in the eastern icefields. Judging by their leader's aura, it appears he's a newly ascended lord. I tested him, and he behaved himself. From now on, everything north of Poison Dragon Swamp on the icefields is ours."

Lumi nodded but said nothing.

Several days later, the thunderhawk reached a glacier and circled in place. Orion and Lumi touched down on the mountainside and made their way to an ice cave sealed by ice.

As Lumi manipulated the ice and made a path, they went inside.

"This is my home. The snow here never melts, and the wind never gets in."

Once inside, Lumi's behavior changed, becoming more relaxed and lively.

"So this is where you were born?"

Lumi shook her head and looked back at Orion with a smile.

"Mmm... I wasn't born here exactly, but from the time I became aware of myself, this has been my favorite place. It's not cold at all. It's nice and warm."

As she spoke, Lumi led Orion deeper into the cave.

At its far end lay a warm spring that released plumes of steam. Hanging above it were crystals of ice, suspended like shining gemstones.

"The magic energy here is really dense. Can you feel it?"

Lumi turned, pointing at the spring, eager to show Orion her special spot. But before she could continue, she let out a startled cry—Orion had already caught her in his arms.

Moments later, their clothes were gone. Holding the naked Lumi in his arms, Orion jumped into the hot spring. Water rippled, steam rising in waves, only to turn into tiny snowflakes drifting downward. The sparkling flakes gave the surroundings a vividly wintry look.

Amid this breathtaking scene, Orion felt his desire surge. This time, Lumi was bolder—she even took his cock into her mouth and sucked it gently.

Without a doubt, Lilith had taught Lumi well, and Lumi had clearly been paying attention. When Lumi's mouth closed around Orion's cock, a cool sensation rushed over him, yet it felt wonderfully unique.

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Half a month later, the thunderhawk carried Orion away from the glacial region and left the icefield behind.

A light snow fell. Lumi stood in the swirling flakes, watching Orion depart, her gaze tinged with reluctance.

Blackstone City. Two months passed in the blink of an eye.

Standing atop the walls of the Horde Hall outer fortress, Orion gazed upon Blackstone City with Lilith by his side.

"Honey," Lilith said, "we've received word from the Sentinel Corps: Arch Elder and Thundar have taken control of Thunderwood Forest. Two Alpha-level half-dragons resisted fiercely and were killed on the spot."

Orion regarded Blackstone City and nodded. It was the outcome he had expected. Rendall, Lysintha, Twilight Viper, Thundar, and Thundar's mount together formed a team of five Alpha-level powerhouses. Facing only two Alpha-level defenders in Thunderwood Forest naturally ended in victory.

"Lysintha and Twilight Viper will station themselves at Thunderpeak Mountain to guard Thunderwood Forest for the horde. Arch Elder and Thundar will return as quickly as they can."

Seeing that Orion didn't respond, Lilith elaborated on the plan.

Orion turned and pulled Lilith into his arms.

"I'm sorry. After Stoneheart City is fully organized, I'll personally come take you there."

Once again, Lilith would remain behind to guard Blackstone City, just as Delilah held Stoneheart City.

"Safeguarding Blackstone City for you is both my responsibility and duty."

Orion didn't reply. He simply tightened his embrace around her. Deep down, he felt guilty for leaving a woman to sleep alone while he was away. Though Lilith never voiced any complaints, Orion felt remorse.

"Honey, you can have more women in your harem, as long as they're loyal."

Hearing that from Lilith surprised Orion not at all, though it still left him unsure how to respond.

During the following days, Orion stayed in the castle with Lilith, and they were near inseparable for half a month, often making love and enjoying life's pleasures. Every time, Lilith wanted him to finish inside her, hoping to conceive his child—her fondest desire.

Three days after that, Orion, Rendall, and Thundar led a group of giant elders to the teleportation plaza in the depths of Moonshadow Valley.

"Remember: send a hundred at a time. Once they arrive, they should form ranks and wait for us there."

Transcendent power rippled across Orion's entire body, lightning energy and Abyssal energy flashing through the small plaza. On the ground, a teleportation array covered with countless runes glowed bright. In an instant, the first hundred giants, led by Rendall and Thundar, vanished before everyone's eyes.

"Next!"

Orion did not stop channeling power into the teleportation array. One group of giants after another transmitted out. It wasn't until the tenth group—that is, after a thousand people had gone—that Orion joined the teleport himself.

In the south, at Stoneheart City.

Orion allowed no concealment of his presence. Delilah and Onyx in Stoneheart City immediately sensed him.

"That's my lord's aura!"

"Lord Orion has returned!"

Half an hour later, in the castle's meeting hall:

Aside from Soraya, who was away relocating the scorpion tribe's nest, the Stoneheart Horde's Alpha-level powerhouses all gathered inside the grand hall.

Chapter 382 Coalition Gathering

Drakmar and Thundar both had a bright gleam in their eyes, fixed on the five Starveil Giants—Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, Veldrok, and Grulbane—as they stood in clear amazement.

Likewise, Drakthul and the others glanced back at Rendall and Thundar with curiosity. Apart from Orion, Rendall and Thundar were the most powerful giants the five of them had encountered so far.

Before that, Drakthul and his companions had assumed the Blackstone Giants and the Ironbone Giants were in decline, seeing as they hadn't witnessed a single Alpha-level powerhouse in Orion's company. The strongest giants they had seen were four guards and Ursa. However, from Drakthul's perspective, those few were nowhere near enough to compare in strength.

"These are Arch Elder Rendall and Elder Thundar of the Stoneheart Horde. Please get acquainted," Orion said to Drakthul, Marnok, and the others. "And here we have Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, Veldrok, and Grulbane from the Starveil Giant clan. They are our companions and serve as Wardens of the Horde."

To introduce them in turn, Orion gestured between Rendall and Thundar, and Drakthul and his group. Both sides greeted each other in the giants' customary manner: fists clenched and pounding on their chests.

"Now, let's talk about the tasks I set out before I left."

Orion's expression sharpened, and his tone grew more serious.

"My lord," Delilah began in a calm, enchanting voice, "the outer walls of Stoneheart City, initially planned to be 100 feet high, are already complete. Recently, we've been reinforcing the foundations in preparation for the next stage to reach 300 feet. As for the old city district, reconstruction is in full

swing. Most of the buildings that failed to meet our standards have been demolished and are being rebuilt."

All chatter and idle gestures ceased at once. Delilah alone continued to speak, her beguiling tones echoing through the hall. Orion closed his eyes slightly and extended his senses over Stoneheart City. He nodded, indicating for Delilah to go on.

"Under the leadership of Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, Veldrok, and Grulbane, our people have swept through the original territory of the giants and reestablished order. My lord, your glory now shines across every corner of the giants' domain."

As Delilah spoke, Drakthul and the other four dropped to their knees before Orion, bowing low in worship. Orion raised his hand, and a surge of transcendent power lifted them back to their feet.

"Excellent. The tasks I assigned you have been accomplished."

Shifting his gaze, Orion looked to Gustalon, who stood toward the back.

"How about yours, Gustalon?"

A gust of wind whipped about, delivering a map right into Orion's hand. He studied it carefully, finding it highly detailed. It not only showed the terrain but also marked the local races and many of the beasts living there. When he finished, Orion slid the map to Delilah.

"Go and make several engraved copies for distribution. The Sentinel Corps will expand upon it."

Delilah nodded, accepting the new task.

Orion looked around at everyone: Delilah, Onyx, Rockwell, Earthshaker, Slagor, Rendall, and Thundar—proud representatives from Stoneheart City.

Drakthul, Marnok, Gormathar, Veldrok, and Grulbane from the Starveil Giants—each of them more fervent than before.

And Ryker, Gustalon, and Arden, who had submitted to Orion and now appeared equally enthusiastic. Altogether, not counting mounts, there were fifteen Alpha-level powerhouses.

Observing their ranks, Orion felt a surge of satisfaction; under his leadership, the Stoneheart Horde was steadily forging its path to prosperity.

"Next, we'll reestablish order in that small portion of territory the Blood Elves relinquished to our south."

He looked toward Ryker, Gustalon, and Arden.

"You three will handle this mission. Gustalon, you're in charge. Within one month, rid that territory of any threats. If someone refuses to submit, eliminate them."

Gustalon slid smoothly into the middle of the hall, receiving his orders.

"Rendall, Thundar, Drakthul, Marnok, Grulbane—you five will take the remaining spider troops and cannon fodder to sweep the Beastmen and Orc territory. Arch Elder, you'll be in command, with Drakthul as your second. You have three months to complete the mission."

Once Orion finished speaking, the named five stepped forward and gave their assent. Orion had chosen these groupings so that Arch Elder Rendall and Drakthul's group would quickly get accustomed to working together and deepen the Starveil Giants' integration into the Horde.

Finally, he turned his gaze to a few others.

"Rockwell, Earthshaker, Slagor—pack up and lead your personal guards. I'll see to sending you back to Blackstone City. Rockwell, you'll return to guard the underground fissure and work alongside Lilith to oversee Blackstone City. Slagor, Earthshaker, once you're back, head out to Thunderwood Forest and station yourselves at Thunderpeak Mountain with Lysinthia."

Because Arch Elder Rendall and Thundar would be leaving, Blackstone City was about to lose much of its high-end power, and the return of those three would give Lilith greater freedom to maneuver.

"Go make your preparations; I'll await your reports here in Stoneheart City."

Half a day later, the council meeting concluded, and the hall fell quiet, leaving only Orion and Delilah behind.

Delilah approached the throne and curled into Orion's lap like a cat.

"How is my sister Lilith doing?"

"Mm," Orion hummed softly without opening his eyes. He stroked Delilah's butt without elaborating.

"The scorpion tribe's territory lies in the southeast, in the desert about 100 miles away. Shall we summon Soraya back?"

Orion remained silent, a clear refusal.

"In your absence, Stoneheart City received three separate delegations." Delilah shifted in Orion's arms, finding a comfortable spot before continuing. "The Blood Elves sent an envoy, inviting us to attend a southern lords' coalition gathering."

At the words "coalition gathering," Orion's eyes snapped open.

"Tell me more."

Delilah lifted her head and saw he was half-dozing again. She rested against his chest and spoke in a low voice.

"They want the southern lords to band together to fend off invasions from the north. Meanwhile, those who join the alliance will share free trade among themselves and agree not to invade one another."

Orion suddenly posed a question:

"If it's a southern coalition, why send the Blood Elves to invite us? Normally, a human or draconic host would be more logical."

Delilah shook her head, indicating she was also in the dark about what might be happening behind the scenes. Seeing Orion remain silent, she went on softly.

"A human kingdom also sent an envoy, seeking the return of their princess."

Orion reopened his eyes and looked down at Delilah.

"If they want her, they'll need to make it worth our while."

Delilah laughed, giving Orion's cock a playful pat.

"We haven't held any formal talks yet. But with your instruction, I know exactly what to do."

Chapter 383 Are you interested?

Orion responded with a soft hum.

"After you left, a Beastmen Tribe arrived."

"They number around fifty thousand, mostly elderly, women, and children, led here by a blind fox(Kitsune)."

"They came to surrender, so I've temporarily taken them in."

Orion didn't open his eyes; his low, muddled voice rose from his throat.

"That's rather smart. Surrendering on their own spares them from being enslaved."

Seeing Orion show little reaction, Delilah thought for a moment before continuing.

"That Kitsune is somewhat special. They say she's the tribe's seer, and she wants to meet you."

"My instincts tell me she wants to become your woman, offering her body as the price to protect that Beastmen Tribe."

"She's a beautiful fox!!"

The words "seer" and "Kitsune" stirred something inside Orion, and he slowly opened his eyes.

"I'll let you handle this. I want to know if this seer can predict the future."

Delilah didn't answer. Instead, she lowered her head, smiling, and lightly kissed Orion's arm.

Delilah knew Orion well. She was well aware that he wasn't just curious about the seer—he was also intrigued by the beautiful Kitsune.

To be precise, Orion already had a certain predatory desire stirring within him.

"My dear, it's been so long since we last made love. Your scent drives me wild. My panties are soaked. I want to make love to you. I want your cock to fill my vagina completely..."

Nestling in Orion's arms, Delilah spoke in a playful, sultry voice.

Orion gladly accepted her invitation, and soon, the whole palace was filled with the sounds of bodies meeting and Delilah's enchanting gasps.

The next morning, Orion arrived in the council chamber, opening the Survivor's Chests he'd gathered recently while waiting for the three groups Delilah had mentioned the day before.

During this southern invasion, Orion's subordinates had carried out relentless slaughter, securing a number of Survivor's Chests for him.

Yet, despite killing several lords along the way, not a single Survivor's Chest dropped for Orion.

His greatest haul was still from slaying the half-dragon Seraphon in the Thunderwood Forest.

From Seraphon, Orion had obtained not only a Lord's Stone but also a storage ring.

However, Seraphon's storage ring contained mostly weapons and supplies, followed by magical plants; genuinely rare items were few and far between.

As for these ordinary Survivor's Chests, if they didn't yield special buildings or skill books, Orion tossed all the items into his inventory.

After opening so many, all he ended up with was an arrow tower.

"These Survivor's Chests are pretty low in quality. It seems like the higher my level gets, the fewer good items I can get from them, and the lower the drop rate overall."

With that question in mind, Orion went straight to the Survivor's Platform, seeking advice from Arthas.

"Bro, is the chance of pulling something good from these Survivor's Chests getting lower as my power increases?"

Getting straight to the point was the best way to talk to someone like Arthas, and sure enough, Arthas replied soon after.

"For those above Legendary level, the chance of a chest dropping definitely gets lower."

"However, if you do get a chest, it usually contains something worthwhile."

"As for those below Legendary level, their drop rate is indeed better than ours."

"That's also part of why those idle powerhouses spend so much time hanging around the Survivor's Platform."

Reading this, Orion felt a wave of regret.

"If I'd known this, I would have gone on a spree opening those chests before I became a lord (Legendary level)."

"There's nothing to regret."

"When you advanced to Legendary level, you gained resources that no amount of chest-farming could match."

It was as if Arthas knew exactly what Orion was thinking, jolting him to his senses. Orion paused, then smiled wryly.

Arthas was right. Since Orion had ascended to lord status, he had gained even more opportunities and far more resources.

Never mind anything else. Just the newly added territory alone provided Orion a massive influx of various resources, bolstering his foundation significantly.

"Is the war on your end over?"

"It's over!"

Arthas's question made Orion hesitate for half a second before he answered honestly.

"If you want to avoid that Two-Realm Battlefield in your world, you can slip away to another realm."

"You can dodge the Two-Realm Battlefield?"

"Yes. The location and number of void passages that open depend on the aura of Legendary-level powerhouses."

Reading this, Orion frowned slightly and continued checking Arthas's messages.

"When the Two-Realm Battlefield opens, as long as you're not in your territory, no void passage will appear there, and no Legendary-level enemies will show up at your doorstep."

"Of course, it isn't foolproof."

"If your neighbors are too close, your territory might still see all sorts of cross-realm creatures coming to raid it."

"If your subordinates can't even fend off that sort of invasion, then avoiding the Two-Realm Battlefield is pointless to begin with."

Leaning back on his throne, Orion half-closed his eyes, lost in thought.

After a while, Orion sent a message to Arthas.

"Bro, are you saying that when the Two-Realm Battlefield kicks off in my realm, I can cross over to a third-world invasion to grow stronger?"

Necro Realm, Bone Throne.

Arthas grinned, his teeth clicking together.

He wasn't surprised at all that Orion had grasped the heart of the matter.

"Exactly. You can take this chance to fight across realms and strengthen yourself faster."

"I've got such an opportunity right now. Are you interested?"

In the castle of Stoneheart City, Orion read Arthas's reply and immediately understood why Arthas was telling him all this.

Still, recalling the spoils he'd obtained from Godforsaken Land last time made Orion eager for more.

"Is this another invasion of the Godforsaken Land?"

Orion pressed for more details, since it would determine whether he chose to go or not.

"It's not an invasion of the Godforsaken Land. We'll be defending a certain realm."

"We're going to defend a realm that our commander seized."

"But other demigods have had their eye on that realm, and powerhouses are constantly crossing over to invade."

"Our job is to defend that place and wipe out the invaders."

Reading that, Orion felt astonished and deeply impressed.

He couldn't fathom the kind of skill it took for the Champions Alliance's commander, Thresh, to conquer an entire realm and hold it.

That was something Orion currently couldn't imagine.

"Think it over. Once you decide, tell the Deputy Commander and ask for a teleportation scroll."

"I'll mention it to the Deputy Commander. He'll teleport you somewhere near me."

Arthas's words left Orion leaning back into his throne again, caught in silent contemplation.

"As expected, there are plenty of things above an Arch Lord's level that I can't even begin to touch."

Chapter 384: I need your tribe to prove their loyalty with action

A few days later, Stoneheart City welcomed a group of visitors. Orion showed little enthusiasm for their arrival.

"Looking to form an alliance? Then go back where you came from!"

"Given your status and standing, you're not qualified to discuss such things with me."

"Have Lycanor of the Blood Elf race or one of the Arch Elders come and talk to me personally."

Within the palace stood five Blood Elves. Two were Alpha-level and three were hero-level. Orion's voice resonated from atop the throne, exerting tremendous pressure on them.

The moment the leading Blood Elf brought up the subject of forming an alliance, Orion made his stance clear.

"Leave now, before I have the urge to kill you."

Blood Elf Faelyn glanced at the colossal figure on the throne. The terrifying sense of pressure bearing down on him made it nearly impossible to breathe. He wanted to say something, but that overwhelming aura forced him into silence.

Unable to speak, Faelyn trembled in place. Bowing obediently, he led his kin out of the castle.

Stepping out of the palace, they felt the curious and indifferent stares of the giants who resided in Stoneheart City. Under those gazes, the five Blood Elves felt stripped bare, as though they might be devoured at any moment.

Only after they left Stoneheart City did the other Alpha-level Blood Elf speak up.

"Commander Faelyn, what do we do now?"

"The Arch Elder instructed us to invite this King of Giants to join the coalition gathering."

Faelyn, who had not immediately responded, turned his head to look back at Stoneheart City.

"We head back. Our mission wasn't a success, but it wasn't a failure either."

"The King of Giants said it himself: we aren't qualified to discuss an alliance with him."

Faelyn turned around and whistled, summoning a griffon-like creature that had been circling in the sky.

"But, Commander Faelyn, the King of Giants is being completely unreasonable."

Faelyn leaped onto the griffon and motioned for the others to do the same.

"All we can do is take this news to the elders. How they decide from here is up to them."

With that, the griffon let out a shrill call and carried Faelyn into the sky.

Not long after the envoy of the Blood Elves had left the castle, the delegation from a human kingdom entered the palace.

"Tell me—what benefits can you offer me?"

Orion's gaze fell upon the two humans in the hall: one was a knight, the other an official in noble attire.

"Esteemed Giant King, the war has ended peacefully. Our human kingdom did not achieve a victory, yet we did not suffer defeat either."

The speaker was the human official, Samuel, sporting a short beard and eyes brimming with wisdom and confidence.

"Of course, mighty Giant King, the fact that you emerged victorious from the Strife of Two Kings and claimed this vast southern territory proves your power."

"Now that the war is over and the killing has ceased, we can sort out all our issues completely through discussion."

Orion studied Samuel. This human official was adept at smooth talk, yet after all his long-winded remarks, he still hadn't proposed any concrete benefits.

"If you really want to talk, then speak with my subordinate."

"Delilah, this is yours to handle—make sure to negotiate thoroughly with him."

Delilah, who had been standing to one side, stepped forward. Nodding at Orion with a faint smile, she then gestured politely for Samuel and the knight to follow her out.

Samuel's expression froze momentarily; he hadn't expected Orion to end the conversation so abruptly.

Samuel understood all too well that, in the coming days, no matter who he negotiated with, it would be tough to reach any favorable terms. Without the Giant King's direct involvement, any agreement would be slow to take shape.

Even so, he wanted one last shot at persuading Orion, but Dace and Otho had already come forward, blocking his line of sight and ensuring he couldn't glimpse Orion again.

"Sigh... looks like things are going to drag on."

Only once Samuel left the castle did Orion turn his gaze to Delilah, offering a word of caution.

"The human race is sly, and that official is especially cunning. If they don't give us something concrete, don't agree to anything."

Orion had his reservations about humans, as he knew them far too well. Delilah, however, was a succubus—and every bit as shrewd.

"Don't worry; I'll stay on guard."

"The Beastmen's Kitsune is right outside the palace. Should I bring her in now?"

Orion nodded. Delilah shot him a sweet look before personally stepping out of the hall to summon Kitsune Sylvana.

Moments later, a succubus maid led Kitsune Sylvana into the palace, though Delilah herself was nowhere to be seen.

"Sylvana greets my lord!"

Kitsune Sylvana knelt quietly on the ground, lowering herself to the floor in a show of utmost submission. Not a sound could be heard in the palace; it almost felt as if they were entirely alone.

Since she received no response, Sylvana remained in that prostrate position.

"Lift your head."

She had no idea how much time had passed before Orion's voice drifted to her ears. It sounded very close, making it clear that the King of Giants was standing at her side.

Sylvana raised her head, about to thank him, when a large, warm, and calloused hand tilted up her chin. She remained calm, displaying no trace of fear in her expression.

"You're very beautiful—especially those eyes of yours. It's a pity you've lost your sight."

Orion's voice was neutral, tinged with a hint of regret.

"My lord, a seer pays a price for peering into fate. I glimpsed what I should not have, so of course my own being was lost."

Orion wasn't entirely sure what she meant by her "being," though he did find the Kitsune in front of him quite exquisite. Although her eyes had grown dull, she still looked undeniably lovely.

"Why did you choose to surrender to me?"

He didn't let go, moving closer to examine her unseeing yet striking eyes.

"My lord, in the destiny I beheld, the Beastmen would ultimately belong to Stoneheart City."

Orion automatically dismissed such words as flattery. Without responding, he blew softly at Sylvana's ear, and she shuddered in response. Orion observed her closely; when he exhaled, her ears instantly turned pink.

A trace of amusement flashed through Orion's eyes. He hadn't anticipated she would be so sensitive.

"Surrender is fine. Do you understand what happens to those who betray me?"

He stopped blowing air, his teasing lessening as Sylvana regained her composure.

"My lord, the Fox tribe would never betray you."

Orion let out a hearty laugh. His hand cradling Sylvana's face tightened slightly, and he spoke with a half-smile.

"Anyone can say pretty words."

"I need your tribe to prove their loyalty with action."

Chapter 385: Show me just how sincere you all are

Orion's laughter was wild and unrestrained.

"My lord, the Fox tribe has surrendered to you, at your complete disposal."

Orion crouched down, fixing his gaze on Kitsune Sylvana.

"At my disposal... including you?"

"Including me!"

"Excellent. Let's begin with you. Show me just how sincere you all are."

Orion's large hand moved downward, transcendent power rippling around his fingers. In an instant, a long tear appeared in Sylvana's clothing.

Her garments ripped apart, letting in a chill against her skin. Her breasts and hips were fully exposed, yet she remained kneeling on the ground with utter calm, offering no resistance.

Orion chuckled and scooped Sylvana up in his arms, carrying her back to his throne.

"Your composure surprises me!"

Sylvana tilted her head up, looking toward Orion. Even though she couldn't actually see, her fox-like eyes still seemed to gaze at him.

"There is no escape. Sylvana will inevitably be your woman!"

Orion froze, his hands paused in the act of removing Sylvana's panties.

After hesitating for a moment, Orion suddenly broke into loud laughter.

"Don't think that just because you said that, I'll be gentle while I'm having sex with you. That's not going to happen!"

Rip!

The sound of fabric tearing echoed through the palace. There on the throne, Orion used his cock to conquer Sylvana's body.

Early the next morning, Kitsune Sylvana took up residence in the castle, accompanied by an elderly Kitsune. As for Orion, he had already made his way to a prison block within the castle.

Calling it a "prison" was more for form's sake. It was actually a quiet place, though movement there was restricted.

Inside the room, Orion stood completely naked, a mischievous grin on his face. Princess Ava was also naked.

Without question, Orion had raped Ava once again; traces of Orion's semen still lingered on her face.

Princess Ava bit her lip, as though resisting some form of painful treatment.

"So, someone has come from the human kingdom. It turns out you really are a princess."

"A princess of the human kingdom, raped by a giant—what do you think your knights would say if they found out?"

Feelings of shame and excitement flooded Ava's senses.

"Please... just kill me!"

Orion laughed, got dressed, and left the cell.

"Watch her. Provide everything she needs. I still need her to leverage some benefits from the human kingdom."

Princess Ava was King Harold's younger sister, and Orion hadn't yet decided if he wanted her in his harem. None of that stopped him from conquering or violating her.

For the next three months, Orion indulged himself shamelessly among Delilah, Sylvana, and Ava. Only when Rendall, Drakthul, and the others returned from their campaign in triumph did the former territory of the Orcs officially come under the Stoneheart Horde's domain.

"How did it turn out?"

Atop the outer walls of Stoneheart City, Orion was inspecting the surroundings. Delilah followed close behind.

"That human official agreed to give us five thousand sets of fine armor and five hundred slave craftsmen."

Orion focused on the distant forest, surprised that a mere princess could be traded for so much gear and manpower.

"Did they say when they would deliver it?"

"Two months from now."

Delilah nodded, her tone turning more serious.

"Lord, regarding Ava, should we take certain measures?"

Orion considered for a moment, then ultimately rejected Delilah's suggestion.

"The Blood Elves have sent word that their elder, Lireesa, will visit Stoneheart City herself. I'll be traveling with her to the dragons' territory to discuss a grand southern alliance of all major races. The human kingdom will also be there. In the end, Ava has to be returned eventually. I can't let the situation spiral beyond repair."

There was one thing Orion didn't speak aloud. Someday, Stoneheart City would become an open, comprehensive city. When it came time for normal exchanges with the human kingdom, the Blood Elves, the dragons, and other races, relations couldn't be allowed to sour entirely.

Princess Ava was Orion's key piece in controlling the human kingdom. Granted, that piece didn't belong to him yet and could still cause him harm. But it was an unexpected move that might prove useful in the future.

After keeping a close eye on Ava for a while, Orion had noticed that even though she never said it aloud, in reality, she had become addicted to Orion's big cock. She almost seemed to enjoy it, this sensation of being conquered.

Clearly, if she went back to the human world, she'd never find a cock as large as a giant's. She would never again experience such "splendid" sex.

Orion was certain of the connection between him and Ava, no matter how much hatred and animosity spiced that bond for the time being.

...

After Orion discovered that demigods, and even gods, existed in the land he lived on, he gave up on temporarily conquering the entire world. At the very least, until he advanced to the rank of demigod, it was simply too dangerous.

Even the white dragon Frostsire, an arch lord at its peak, had failed to fully defeat the human kingdom and reclaim all of its original territory. This alone was enough to tell Orion how treacherous this continent. And besides, this continent was just a small part of the entire world—Orion had no idea how many continents this world really contained.

It was due to these factors that Orion conceived of turning Stoneheart City into an open metropolis. Through trade and travel, at least on the fronts of economy and technology, they could not afford to lag behind either the human kingdom or the Blood Elves.

Additionally, Orion planned to focus on cross-realm invasions to gain strength more rapidly. In other words, for the immediate future, Orion could not expand his territory any further on this continent because any further enlargement would stoke envy and prompt hostile invasions of the Stoneheart Horde.

"How goes the construction of our military camp?"

Changing the subject, Orion asked about the camp. While Stoneheart City was expanding, he had specifically ordered the construction of a large military base in an outer district. From training grounds and living quarters to beast pens, armories, granaries, and even a hidden subterranean arena, Orion had very high requirements for the camp.

This was because after the alliance talks, aside from maintaining enough soldiers to keep Stoneheart City running, Orion planned to lead most of his forces into cross-realm invasions. The disappearance and reappearance of large numbers of troops would require a secure, heavily guarded facility that would hide their activities.

"The underground parade grounds have basically been built, but the aboveground structures meant to mask and prevent spying still need more work."

Just mentioning the camp made Delilah's tone turn especially somber.

"Speed it up. Ideally, it should be finished by the time I return from the Alliance Gathering."

"As you command!"

Orion set a deadline. Delilah, being the Horde's Elder of Stewardship, had the authority to mobilize the bulk of its resources and personnel.

"How are the Orcs and Beastmen doing?"

"They've been split up and merged into five cannon-fodder battalions. So far, there haven't been any negative reports."

"What about Sylvana? Any thoughts on her?"

Orion asked about Sylvana because she remained far too calm. Whether it was during sex or simply talking, no matter how forcefully Orion pounded her with his oversized cock, Sylvana never made a sound. She always appeared utterly unruffled.

Chapter 386: Five-Race Alliance

"She has very deep eyes, but I don't sense any hint of conspiracy from her."

"My dear, if you don't trust her, you can always have her sign a slave contract."

Orion shook his head, then, after a moment's thought, spoke to Delilah.

"I plan to take her with me to this southern alliance meeting."

He stated his intention plainly; he wasn't really asking for advice. He just wanted to hear Delilah's reaction. Sometimes, seeing things from a third-party perspective could be more illuminating.

"You want to test her?"

"In a way."

Delilah frowned. Until now, she had regarded Sylvana as just another female Beastman seeking a place on Orion's bed, something Delilah didn't really worry about. A mutual intrigue between a man and a woman was hardly her concern.

But since Orion had specifically mentioned Sylvana, Delilah had to be more cautious.

"Make the arrangements. This time, have the Arch Elder and Drakthul accompany me to the dragons' territory."

Orion cut off Delilah's train of thought by bringing up another matter.

"Lord, this trip south—shouldn't we bring more of our bloodline warriors?"

Delilah was concerned for Orion's safety and suggested reinforcing his escort.

"No need. Let Dace bring a few of our Giant Guards. We're not going there to invade, and we shouldn't mobilize too large a force. Besides, if a battle really breaks out between lords, even a huge number of bloodline warriors would just be meaningless sacrifices."

Orion shook his head and turned down her proposal.

Several days later, a troupe of a hundred-plus Blood Elves arrived at Stoneheart City on griffins. Outside the city gates, Delilah arrived in person to greet Grand Elder Lireesa of the Blood Elves, guiding her into the castle.

"Esteemed Orion, your name as King of Giants has rung out across the entire southern region!"

Hearing such flattering words from Lireesa—an elder of the Blood Elves—pleased Orion.

"The glory of the Blood Elves is what truly endures."

By returning the courtesy, Orion offered a polite response.

Orion studied Grand Elder Lireesa. This old Blood Elf possessed the strength of an upper Legendary level. For her to come to Stoneheart City in person to speak with him was already a great show of respect. Of course, Orion also knew that in the western reaches of the South, the only power capable of threatening the Blood Elves was the Giant race he belonged to.

As long as they maintained a stable relationship with the Giants, and the Giants and the Blood Elves moved forward together, the Blood Elves would be able to maintain their footing in the South. Equally, this situation spelled a win for the Giants, and Orion had no reason to refuse.

"Elder Lireesa, the Giants and the Blood Elves can indeed renew their friendship. But the Blood Elves must understand that Giants are no longer your vassals."

His voice turned from cordial to serious; he didn't refuse Lireesa, but he made his own position clear.

"Most honorable Orion, a Giant is a Giant, and a Blood Elf is a Blood Elf. There is no question of one depending on the other."

Orion burst into hearty laughter, his voice echoing through the palace halls. In that moment, the alliance between Giants and Blood Elves seemed provisionally set.

"Elder Lireesa, perhaps you should tell me more about this southern alliance."

Lireesa nodded. Her gaze carried the traces of a long life, hinting at many years' worth of memories.

"This Southern Alliance is also called the Five-Race Alliance. Apart from humans, Dwarves, and us Blood Elves, there are the Dragons and your Giants. All five major races possess upper Legendary-level lords among their ranks."

At that point, Grand Elder Lireesa glanced up toward Orion, seated on his throne.

"Lord Orion, if you want to develop and stabilize the situation, the only way to achieve that is by stopping all wars. Do you agree?"

Orion nodded. Peace was the only route to tranquility. Once order was established, the people of every race could focus on planting and hunting, increasing productivity. Then, with plenty of food and warm clothing, it would naturally lead to a population boom—one that would bolster both the tribe's workforce and its military strength.

"In this recent war between North and South, no one really came out on top. We all lost far too many of our people and armies."

A look of sorrow appeared in Grand Elder Lireesa's eyes. The Elf King of the Blood Elves had perished in battle, representing her people's greatest loss.

"This Five-Race Alliance aims to keep our positions secure, to stand together and deter any other unsettled races, to give everyone some respite and a chance at peace. The balance has already been broken, and the lands we live in have descended into chaos. But if our five great races unite, at the very least, the South won't suffer any major upheavals."

Truth be told, Lireesa's proposal was just what Orion wanted. Absence of war, a comfortable environment around the territory—that was precisely what Stoneheart Horde needed right now.

In the past, Orion had never had enough territory or resources for his Horde, so he had to keep waging war. But now, the situation was different—Stoneheart Horde needed time to digest the territory they had taken, shoring up their foundation. The longer that period of peace, the better.

"Elder Lireesa, every one of our Giants desires peace on this continent. We seek friendship between the races, and we hate war and suffering."

"I'm weighed down by this North-South war as well. In our Horde, countless children have lost their fathers, crying out daily, and countless women lament the absence of their husbands. We have lost so many loved ones and dear friends."

Grand Elder Lireesa was momentarily surprised; she looked up at Orion seated on his throne in a daze. She couldn't tell if he was being sincere or simply putting on a show, yet his words and the imagery they evoked touched her profoundly.

After some time, Lireesa fixed Orion with a long, deep look before averting her gaze.

"Lord Orion, as you say, this war hasn't done any of us any good."

Having gathered her thoughts, Lireesa reasoned that Orion's words were at least half true. She wasn't about to trust him entirely. Still, regardless of Orion's sincerity, Lireesa had no doubt he greatly regretted the losses among his own people. She had lived a very long time and was adept at discerning whether someone was lying.

"So then, Lord Orion, will you be attending this Five-Race Meeting?"

Reorganizing her emotions, Lireesa posed the question again.

"For peace, and for the sake of my Horde. Elder Lireesa, I would be honored to accompany you southward."

At Orion's words, Lireesa finally showed a look of delight.

Three days later, more than two hundred flying mounts ascended from Stoneheart City into the sky. Leading them were a thunderhawk and a griffin, both of Alpha-level.

At this point, one could clearly see the disparity in overall foundation. All of the Blood Elf riders had come mounted on griffins—uniform, orderly, and impressive. The Giants, however, rode an assortment of creatures: thunderhawks, large ravens, and various other flying beasts Orion had seized during the war.

Chapter 387: Whitecliff

At this point, it's impossible not to mention the Thunderhawks in the team, a feat credited to Rayden.

In the territory once occupied by the Blood Elves, wild Thunderhawks had made their home.

Over the past few weeks, through Rayden's persuasion and efforts, a number of these Thunderhawks had been brought into the Horde's ranks.

In mid-air, atop a Thunderhawk's back, Orion held Sylvana at the waist. His hands weren't idle either, wandering over her body.

Kitsune Sylvana, sensitive as always, had already collapsed into Orion's arms, her body weakening under his touch.

Orion inhaled deeply, savoring the fragrance in Sylvana's hair, and teased her with a playful remark.

"I smell something unusual on you. I've heard that when Kitsune are in heat, they exude this scent. Is that true?"

Sylvana, feeling weak and limp in his embrace, didn't respond. She knew Orion was just teasing her, trying to get a rise out of her.

Especially the warm breath he blew against her ear, causing her to almost stop breathing in response.

Not far away, Blood Elf Lireesa, mounted on her griffin, was watching them. Her eyes flickered with a brief flash of white light.

A moment later, Lireesa stumbled slightly, her throat convulsing as if she were about to cough up blood.

She fought to suppress the discomfort, swallowing the blood back down.

"Like a giant figure in the cosmos... the world of flowers... all the people praying..."

"What will his future be?"

Lireesa stared at the distant sky, her mind racing with questions.

As an elder of the Blood Elves, she knew some methods of future divination.

Just now, she had used the mystical "Star Eye" to peer into Orion's future, and what she saw was a colossal figure, accompanied by many strange omens.

The figure she saw was enormous—so large that it almost seemed to rival an entire galaxy.

Though the visions were vague, Lireesa had still suffered backlash from the experience.

Fortunately, the spell she had cast was rudimentary; had it been more advanced, the backlash could have been far worse.

On the Thunderhawk's back, Orion suddenly turned his head and glanced at the distant, expressionless Blood Elf Lireesa.

Just moments ago, Orion had sensed someone spying on him, though the feeling quickly faded.

A grin spread across his face, his eyes flashing with both curiosity and caution, but he didn't dwell on it.

And so, the mixed team of Blood Elves and giants traveled slowly, flying for over a month before they finally arrived at the dragon territory.

Whitecliff. This was the name of the dragon territory.

After the white dragon Frostsire reclaimed his territory, it had returned to its original name.

Outside the massive city, Orion and Lireesa led the way, landing first.

This was the territory of Archlord Frostsire, and out of respect—both for their strength and their customs—they were expected to land outside the city and enter on foot.

Moreover, this was a special period for the Five-Race Alliance, and it was only fitting that they show each other respect.

As Orion touched down, a flash of blood light flickered across his chest, and his Abyssal Dragon materialized before him.

With Sylvana in his arms, Orion leapt gracefully onto the Abyssal Dragon's back.

"Line up, prepare to enter the city!"

At Orion's command, Rendall and Drakthul shouted instructions.

"Alright, guys, line up!"

A moment later, the group of around one hundred people traveling with Orion summoned their Raptors and mounted them.

Meanwhile, the Blood Elves' Grand Elder Lireesa and her followers had summoned tall moose, mounting them with precision.

At the city gates, a squad of half-dragons was waiting to greet them.

The Abyssal Dragon let out a thunderous roar as Xalathar's heavy footsteps echoed, entering the great city.

However, as soon as they passed through the city gates, Orion heard several dragon roars in response to Xalathar's cry.

Orion looked up, his eyes filled with surprise.

Whitecliff was unlike Stoneheart or Blackstone City.

The architecture here was incredibly unique. The city had few palace-like buildings; instead, towering structures resembling mountain peaks loomed.

These were not just towers, but nests.

Atop these nests stood countless half-dragons, observing Orion and the Blood Elves entering the city.

"What a shame," Orion murmured, "You won't get to see this spectacular city."

Sylvana, leaning her head back to listen to the sounds around them, could only imagine the scene.

"The buildings here are grand, constructed from a mix of earth and stone. Small paths wind up the high towers, resembling giant swords sticking out of the ground."

" ... "

Describing the scene to Sylvana, Orion felt as if he were speaking to a blind woman, bringing the beauty of the world to her through his words.

An hour later, Orion and Lireesa arrived at an oval-shaped building, where they found Glacial Dragon Jorik, Dain the Dwarven Prophet, and Grand Duke Richard of the Human Kingdom already waiting.

"Lord Orion, welcome to Whitecliff!"

Jorik stepped forward and greeted Orion.

Jorik, having fully recovered from his injuries, was now more powerful, having reached the middle Legendary level.

Orion raised an eyebrow in surprise; he suspected that Jorik had gained substantial benefits since returning to dragon territory.

"Lord Jorik, it's been a while!"

As former allies, Orion was more familiar with Jorik than the other two, and their bond was closer.

"And Elder Lireesa, welcome to Whitecliff as well!"

Lireesa smiled politely, returning the greeting and exchanging pleasantries with the dwarf and human representatives.

It was clear to anyone watching that the Dwarves, Humans, and Blood Elves appeared more united.

However, Orion paid it little attention, as the dynamics were about to change.

Orion studied Jorik closely, sensing that he was different now. He seemed more dignified, more confident in his words and actions.

"Please, come inside. I've prepared a feast and entertainment for you all!"

Jorik called out, and the group fell silent.

Under Jorik's lead, they entered the grand building, winding through halls until they reached a spacious, well-lit reception room.

The room was filled with food—fruit, wine, and meat, with two groups of merfolk maidservants standing by, ready to serve.

"Please enjoy the opening performance I've prepared for you!"

Once everyone had seated, Jorik rose, drawing the curtains in front of the room to reveal the full splendor of the massive structure.

Chapter 388: Since you wish to fight, then fight with all your might

This was, in fact, a large, open-air gladiatorial arena!

What greeted their eyes were towering spires and giant rocks.

On the surrounding stone pillars stood massive dragon beasts, roaring fiercely, exuding an overwhelming, majestic presence that hit Orion and the others with a powerful force.

The atmosphere was one of awe and shock.

Orion and his group were positioned at the highest and most esteemed spot in the arena.

A deafening roar!

Jorik, standing at the window, let out a roar.

This dragon's cry seemed like a signal.

In the next moment, the entire arena erupted in a cacophony of roars and cheers. Among the crowd, not only were there half-dragons, but also many other races, such as Beastmen, Gnomes, and Boarfolk. Orion even spotted figures from the sea races.

These were the spectators, gathered to watch the show and take part in the betting.

The atmosphere reached its peak with every beastly cry.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the performance is about to begin!"

Roar!

Suddenly, the ground of the arena collapsed, revealing a massive stone gate.

The gate slowly opened, and a large cage made of some unknown metal rose from below.

Inside the cage lay a beast, covered in scales.

To be precise, it was an Alpha-level Fire-scaled Beast.

On the other side of the arena, a half-dragon armed with a giant sword entered the fighting pit.

As soon as the cage was opened, the hypnotized Fire-scaled Beast immediately woke up.

"Roar!"

"Roar!"

The battle began with two powerful roars.

The half-dragon was knocked back by the Fire-scaled Beast, and his sword only managed to scrape sparks off the beast's tough hide.

The Fire-scaled Beast, starved for a long time, only thought of killing and devouring its prey.

It did not stop its attack but instead chased after the half-dragon, sinking its teeth into his head and swallowing him whole in just a few bites.

The sight was brutal, blood-soaked, and gruesome.

However, for Jorik, such a scene was the perfect way to start the show.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a gift from the Dragon race."

"The Fire-scaled Beast is a dark creature, and once slain, it will drop a Dark Source Crystal."

"Anyone here is welcome to try their luck. Whoever kills the Fire-scaled Beast will claim the Dark Source Crystal as their prize."

"Of course, this gift is only for those below Alpha-level strength."

Jorik said with pride, clearly excited about this, as it was the first large gathering since the Dragon race's return.

He had invested a lot of thought into this event.

Orion glanced at the Fire-scaled Beast, noting its Alpha-level early stage strength.

The half-dragon who had entered earlier was only at the Hero-level peak.

Orion found Jorik's opening to be rather unique.

"My lords, you have traveled a long way. I hope this gift for your people satisfies you," Jorik said with a smile, taking his seat at the head of the table.

It was a square table, laden with drinks and food. Orion and Lireesa sat on one side, while Dain and Grand Duke Richard sat on the other.

The entire gladiatorial show was designed to entertain the five of them.

As high-ranking guests of the gathering, they were not expected to participate.

"Come, come, let us drink to the success of the Five-Race Alliance!"

Orion, Lireesa, Dain, and Richard raised their glasses in a toast, not neglecting Jorik's presence.

On the Dragon Clan's territory, Jorik represented the archlord White Dragon, Frostsire.

As for White Dragon Frostsire, Orion was left wondering.

He had not sensed Frostsire's presence anywhere in Whitecliff, raising doubts in his mind.

Orion was thinking about the Lord's Stone Frostsire had promised him. He had no idea why the dragon had not appeared or what had happened to the final outcome of the battle in the central region.

He could only infer some things based on the current situation—specifically, the fact that the Human Kingdom, Dwarves, and Blood Elves had ceded territory.

Orion glanced at the Dwarven Prophet Dain and Grand Duke Richard, not detecting any suspicion in their eyes.

"My lords, the arena has opened. Who would like to continue the performance?"

"If no one dares to step forward, I will send my people in to harvest the prize!"

Jorik laughed, as if both inviting and provoking them at once.

Orion and Lireesa exchanged glances before summoning their guards from a distance.

"Arch Elder, go ask among our people who is willing to fight."

"Tell them, entering the arena means it's either kill or be killed."

"Only those at Hero-level peak or lower are qualified to participate."

Rendall nodded and went to relay the message.

Truth be told, an Alpha-level dark creature was indeed a valuable prize.

However, only those with the strength to fight could claim it.

After a brief moment, three of their people, accompanied by Arch Elder, approached Orion.

Orion glanced at them, his eyes narrowing.

These three were Dirtclaw, Ursa, and Ashar—two of the former council elders from the Stoneheart Horde, and Ashar, a fellow from the Starveil Giants.

Of these three, Dirtclaw and Ashar were both at the threshold between Alpha-level and Hero-level peak. They had the strength to give the Fire-scaled Beast a fight!

Orion waved his hand, sending three bottles of liquor flying towards them.

"Since you wish to fight, then fight with all your might!"

Dirtclaw, Ursa, and Ashar drank the contents of the bottles in one go.

Then they stood behind Orion, motionless, awaiting instructions.

Meanwhile, Lireesa, Dain, and Richard also had their own warriors standing behind them.

Clearly, they too had people eager to fight for the prize.

In fact, this was the Five-Race Alliance. Such events were expected—any race that refused to participate would be seen as weak and fall behind in the upcoming negotiations.

"Hahaha... I didn't expect so many brave warriors to step forward. If that's the case, I'll gladly grant your wishes."

"There are two more dark creatures imprisoned in the dungeon beneath the arena. If you manage to kill the Fire-scaled Beast, I will release them one by one."

Jorik laughed heartily, but Orion couldn't shake the nagging doubts in his mind.

It seemed unlikely that Jorik, having just returned to the Dragon Clan, would possess such vast resources.

That meant this must be the work of White Dragon Frostsire.

"Could it be that old Legendary-level beings are secretly involved in the two-world battlefield?"

Orion's guess seemed plausible.

Only this way could Frostsire acquire more resources for the Dragon Clan.

Of course, it was also possible that these were ancient resources hidden by the Dragon Clan, but that seemed unlikely.

"Lord Jorik, let's begin!"

Dain, the Dwarven Prophet, spoke up, standing behind two of his warriors who wielded warhammers, their strength on par with Dirtclaw.

Jorik nodded and raised his glass to toast.

"Well then, let's take turns! If you lose, the next in line will get their chance."

"We'll start with the Blood Elf!"

Chapter 389: A bet

"Look, another one's going up!"

"It's a Gnoll, is he looking for death?"

"My god, it's a Gnoll. For this round, I'm betting on the Fire-scaled Beast to win!"

"A Gnoll, is he going up there to fetch some bones?"

"..."

The crowd was murmuring and mocking, and Dirtclaw could vaguely hear their comments.

He glanced at the bow on the ground, a weapon that had been dropped by a Blood Elf warrior after their death. The bloodstained bow made Dirtclaw feel anxious and desperate.

The first Blood Elf warrior to go down had lasted only fifteen minutes before being bitten and swallowed whole by the Fire-scaled Beast.

Thinking about the same fate possibly awaiting him, Dirtclaw's legs shook with fear and excitement. These emotions clashed within him, each trying to take control of his body.

On the other side of the arena, the Fire-scaled Beast that had eaten two warriors seemed to have grown even stronger, rather than weakened.

"I can't wait to advance to Alpha-level!" Dirtclaw muttered to himself, tightening his grip on the long blade as he stared at the Fire-scaled Beast.

In the meeting hall,

"Lord Orion, your subordinate seems to be afraid. You can switch him out before the duel begins," Jorik said with a hint of mockery.

Orion shook his head and glanced at Jorik. The man didn't seem to have much regard for Dirtclaw. Orion and Jorik were on good terms, but this comment was a reminder from Jorik.

"He volunteered to go up. That means he's ready to face death," Orion replied, turning his gaze back to the arena and focusing on Dirtclaw.

Orion and Dirtclaw had met during the first southern invasion. At that time, Dirtclaw was a newly promoted hero-level Gnoll captain, a scout who had been discarded as cannon fodder.

Since then, Dirtclaw had grown within the Stoneheart Horde, reaching the peak of the hero level. However, despite consuming Alpha-level resources twice, he had never advanced to Alpha-level, which had caused him significant shame and pressure.

Dirtclaw's potential was limited, but his determination was unwavering.

"If he doesn't advance here, perhaps this duel will be his best way to bow out," Orion thought to himself, sighing.

To be honest, he didn't have much faith in Dirtclaw's success. After all, Dirtclaw was just a Gnoll, and his bloodline and combat skills weren't on par with others. If it were a member of the Giant race, perhaps they'd have a chance due to their strength, but Dirtclaw—Orion couldn't see him winning.

"Lord Orion, shall we join in the fun?"

Orion looked up at Grand Duke Richard, the representative of the Human Kingdom, who was at the upper Legendary level.

"Oh... have some fun? You and me?"

Orion raised an eyebrow in surprise, and then a murderous gleam flickered in his eyes, though he didn't hide it.

Grand Duke Richard chuckled and raised his goblet. "Lord Orion, don't misunderstand. We're not here to entertain others."

"What I mean is, shall we make a wager?"

Orion clinked his cup against Richard's and drank it down. "A bet, huh? Go ahead, tell me."

Richard's smile grew even more enigmatic, and he spoke slowly. "Lord Orion, if your subordinate is killed by the Fire-scaled Beast, I want you to release our Princess Ava unconditionally."

"But if your subordinate kills the Fire-scaled Beast, I will pay double the ransom."

Orion's expression shifted as he realized what this was really about—Grand Duke Richard was after Princess Ava.

Turning his gaze back to the arena, Orion's eyes fell on Dirtclaw.

Then he shook his head. "Double is too little. I want five times the ransom."

Richard's smile remained, and Orion didn't see any hint of anger on his face.

"As you wish, respected Giant King," Richard said.

Orion narrowed his eyes, giving Richard a long, penetrating look. Then he turned to Lireesa, Jorik, and Dain.

"Since that's the case, you three can be witnesses."

Lireesa, Jorik, and Dain nodded, their eyes gleaming with understanding.

Back in the arena, roars of beasts filled the air.

The Fire-scaled Beast, now freed, fixed its blood-red eyes on Dirtclaw, emitting a cold light.

The battle was about to begin. Dirtclaw took a deep breath, focusing all his energy.

The gate to the arena creaked open with a groan, and the Fire-scaled Beast charged forward with a terrifying roar.

"Charge!" Dirtclaw yelled, and with a battle cry, he also charged forward, wielding a massive sword almost as big as his body.

The Fire-scaled Beast was cunning. From over 300 feet away, it suddenly leapt into the air, aiming to pounce on Dirtclaw from above.

Dirtclaw reacted swiftly. Realizing the change in the Fire-scaled Beast's tactics, he accelerated forward, ducking and sliding beneath the Beast's deadly strike.

With a thud, the Fire-scaled Beast landed, spinning around quickly.

Having narrowly avoided the pounce, Dirtclaw dropped to one knee, planting his left hand on the ground, and with his right hand, he gripped his sword, preparing for another charge. A low growl rumbled from his throat.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Dirtclaw's eyes were full of savage bloodlust, a killing intent born from countless battles.

At the same time, his bloodline power surged, and his body was enveloped in a blood-red mist. He charged at the Fire-scaled Beast once more.

"Roar!"

The Fire-scaled Beast snarled, sensing fear from what it had initially thought to be a weak Gnoll.

This couldn't be allowed.

The Fire-scaled Beast rushed forward, flames beginning to brew in its throat as it prepared to incinerate the Gnoll into nothing but ash.

The flames came fast, and Dirtclaw had no way to avoid them.

In that instant, Dirtclaw's eyes widened with fear. A chilling sensation spread through his body, as if the heat had frozen him in place.

"Fire... I can't avoid it... am I going to die?"

"My tribe... my lovers... my younglings... they have the Horde and the master to rely on... I... I can rest now!"

Darkness, death, and blood were upon him.

"I never made it to Alpha-level... I still can't accept it..."

"Why was I so stupid... wasting two chances..."

"The darkness around me is so thick, where am I?"

"Why can I still think? Am I not dead yet?"

"I'm not dead... I refuse to accept this..."

Chapter 390: Hellhound

In the arena, Dirtclaw suddenly let out a deafening roar.

"I won't accept this!"

Already engulfed in flames, Dirtclaw's eyes were bleeding profusely as he broke through the darkness caused by the fire.

With a sharp screech, Dirtclaw plunged his long sword into the side of the Fire-scaled Beast, slicing a deep wound that exposed the bone.

The battle, however, did not stop there.

The Fire-scaled Beast, in pain, roared and turned its body to charge at Dirtclaw once more.

At this point, Dirtclaw was completely consumed by flames, and blood mist continuously emanated from his body.

The blood mist, burned by the flames, hissed and emitted a foul smell.

Yet, Dirtclaw seemed to feel nothing—no pain, no cries.

With blood-red eyes, he gripped his long sword, and his bloodline power surged as he charged again.

With a thundering crash, the blood mist on his sword ignited, causing the blade to heat up and slowly turn red from the fire.

Boom!

Dirtclaw was struck by the Fire-scaled Beast's claws and sent flying, landing three hundred feet away.

Despite this, Dirtclaw immediately rose to his feet and charged once more at the Fire-scaled Beast.

"He's already dead!"

The one who spoke was Grand Duke Richard from the human kingdom.

Orion, however, did not respond to him. His gaze remained fixed on the figure in the arena, now charred by flames.

"Right now, what fights on is just his will to battle," Orion murmured.

Jorik, Dain, and Lireesa all glanced at Grand Duke Richard before returning their attention to the arena.

In the arena, the flames still burned, and a figure continued charging toward the Fire-scaled Beast.

Dirtclaw's clothes had already been burned away, and his skin and flesh had turned to ash in the fire.

Even the long sword in Dirtclaw's hand melted into molten iron, falling to the ground.

As time passed, eventually, Dirtclaw's bones crumbled, turning into a pile of black dust.

The arena fell silent. The spectators, those who had been watching the show and betting, stared in stunned silence at the pile of ash on the ground.

Such a thing had never happened in the arena. Though life was taken here daily, the sight of ash, in contrast to blood and death, seemed to shake everyone more deeply.

"Lord Orion, your subordinate's fighting spirit is truly worthy of respect," said Dain, the dwarf prophet, gravely. Dirtclaw's unyielding will had earned his respect.

Orion sighed, gazing at the arena. His mind replayed images of Dirtclaw, following him through countless battles, whipping the cannon fodder troops into fighting harder.

"Wait, look!"

Suddenly, Grand Elder Lireesa of the Blood Elf race stood up, staring at the arena. She sensed a surge of vitality gathering.

Orion was jolted awake by Lireesa's exclamation, and his gaze turned back to the arena.

In the arena, a small whirlwind rose, swirling the ashes left by Dirtclaw.

Hiss, sparks flew within the whirlwind, growing larger and more intense.

Gradually, the sparks became a fireball, which slowly formed into the shape of a heart.

The heart pulsed, and the whirlwind intensified into a full-fledged tornado.

Flames, a tornado, and bloodline power swirled together, as though something miraculous was being born within.

As everything calmed down, the arena revealed a hellhound completely covered in flames.

Woof! Woof!

The hellhound barked twice, shattering the mysterious aura it had previously gathered.

At the moment of the bark, the hellhound charged toward the somewhat dazed Fire-scaled Beast.

In the blink of an eye, the hellhound and the Fire-scaled Beast, nearly the same size, were once again locked in battle.

The meeting room fell into a stunned silence.

The lords present were all shocked by what they were witnessing, and even Orion was no exception.

But compared to the others, there was a gleam of joy in Orion's eyes.

"This is an Alpha-level Abyssal beast, the hellhound. He... he... awakened his bloodline from the ashes and evolved?"

Jorik was amazed. This was the first time he had shown such an expression as the host.

"Given his fighting will, it's no surprise that he could be reborn from the ashes!" Orion murmured, his eyes withdrawing from the arena. The outcome of the battle between Dirtclaw and the Fire-scaled Beast was already set.

Though both were Alpha-level, the Fire-scaled Beast had been severely injured, and facing the newly born hellhound, it was doomed.

"Richard, this time you'll have to spend some money!" Orion teased.

Grand Duke Richard's smile froze at Orion's jest, and he forced a grin that looked more painful than crying. However, this man's composure was impressive, and his expression quickly returned to normal.

In the arena, the Fire-scaled Beast launched another fireball, but when it hit the hellhound, there was no effect.

Instead, the black flames on the hellhound's teeth and claws scorched the Fire-scaled Beast, causing it great harm.

The battle between the beasts was savage and brutal. Life was torn apart, and in an instant, everything came to an end.

The Fire-scaled Beast was dead!

Woof... woof...

After a few howls, the hellhound bent down to gnaw at the Fire-scaled Beast's corpse.

What followed was a gruesome scene of the hellhound devouring and chewing through the Fire-scaled Beast's body.

The spectators in the arena were dumbfounded by this sudden reversal, all eyes fixated on the hellhound and its feast.

The eerie sound of the hellhound crunching bones echoed in their ears, cold and unsettling.

Once the hellhound had consumed the Fire-scaled Beast entirely, it let out a satisfied howl.

A few breaths later, the hellhound stood up. The flames and fur slowly faded, revealing a naked and reborn Dirtclaw.

Dirtclaw patted his stomach, feeling immensely satisfied. During the feast, he had also consumed the dark source crystal.

This replenished the energy that Dirtclaw had lost, and he felt a profound sense of nourishment.

"Lord Orion, congratulations on gaining such a capable subordinate!" Jorik was the first to speak, congratulating Orion.

Orion nodded and raised his cup in a toast.

Moments later, Dirtclaw appeared before Orion, clad in a new set of armor.

Orion looked him over. The Gnoll before him was more than twice as tall and much stronger than before.

"Good, you've earned great merit for this performance. I'll reward you when we return!"

"Thank you, master, for your reward and recognition!" Dirtclaw nodded and returned to Rendall's side.

"Dirtclaw, well done. I thought you weren't coming back!" Rendall patted the now much taller Dirtclaw, feeling that the gnoll before him seemed unfamiliar.

"Honestly, I almost didn't make it back!" Dirtclaw grinned, silently relieved.