

Titan King 53

Chapter 53: Night stalkers

Winter in the Black Forest was truly brutal.

The snow had been falling relentlessly. Just yesterday, Moonshadow Valley, where the Blackstone Tribe resided, had been cleared of snow, but overnight, another half-meter of snow had piled up.

Worse still, there was no sign that the snow would stop anytime soon.

"I wonder how the beasts that didn't migrate survive winters like this in the Black Forest," Orion mused, wrapped in a thick fur cloak as he gazed at the endless snowfall.

"Most of the beasts that stay either hibernate or have strong ice resistance," Lilith replied. She, too, was wrapped in a fur cloak, her usual seductive figure hidden beneath the layers, giving her an unexpectedly dignified appearance.

It was strange to see a succubus exuding such an air of grace.

"Orion, even your little maid doesn't want to leave the tent in this weather!" Lilith teased, leaning into him.

Orion, holding Lilith close, wisely chose not to respond to the latter part of her comment.

"Lilith, have you ever seen dark creatures before?"

"I have," Lilith said, her arm wrapped around Orion's strong bicep as she looked up at the snowflakes falling onto her.

"When the snow stops, and the cold winds pass, freezing the entire Black Forest, that's when the dark beast tides will arrive."

"I've seen many dark creatures. They hunt us like prey. Even the weakest among them are stronger than our bloodline warriors."

"Orion, promise me, you'll survive."

Orion didn't respond with words. Instead, he tightened his grip around Lilith, then turned and led her back into the tent for another round of lovemaking.

After all, with nothing else to do during these long, cold days, sex was the best way to pass the time.

The days passed slowly, one after another, until one morning, when Orion opened his eyes, the world outside the tent was still pitch black.

"Orion, the polar night has arrived," Lilith said, her voice heavy with concern. She and Lysinthia clung to Orion's arms on either side of him.

Orion could feel the worry radiating from his women.

"Don't worry. I'm here," Orion reassured them, giving Lilith's firm butt a playful slap and squeezing Lysinthia's snake tail.

"Prepare some hot food for me. I'll be back soon."

Orion got up, changed into a snug set of fur armor, and threw on a large cloak before stepping out of the tent.

Moonshadow Valley was lit up with bonfires, giving the place a warm, glowing atmosphere despite the cold.

When Orion arrived at the chieftain's tent, most of the elders were already there. No one spoke. The air was thick with tension.

If it were just the cold winter, most of the Black Forest's tribes could grit their teeth and endure. But with the arrival of the polar night, the dark creatures would come, bringing with them a nightmare that haunted every living being in the forest.

Once everyone had gathered, Chieftain Clymene spoke in a low, raspy voice.

"From this moment on, the Blackstone Giants will be on full alert."

"I, Elder Rendall, and Elder Orion will each lead a team, taking turns guarding Moonshadow Valley."

"I've divided the council into three groups. You will lead all the bloodline warriors in defending the valley."

"Remember, the crisis of this winter may already be upon us. Do not let the firestones in Moonshadow Valley go out."

"..."

After the council meeting ended, Orion stepped out of the chieftain's tent, followed by four elders.

"Go back, prepare yourselves. Eat well, drink plenty, and make sure your weapons are ready. We take over the watch this afternoon."

"Got it!"

The four giant elders responded in unison before heading back to their tents to gather their squads.

Orion stood in the snow, staring into the darkness beyond the valley.

"This is my chance to grow stronger. I can't let it slip by."

That afternoon, the sky remained dark.

Orion, along with four elders—Slate, Samson, Halvor, and Rumbold—had taken over the watch from Elder Rendall's previous team.

Orion stood atop the stone wall of Moonshadow Valley's watchtower, letting the cold wind whip across his face.

"This wind... it brings back memories," said Elder Slate, standing behind Orion. The jagged scar that ran from his eye down to his chest was a stark reminder of the battles he had fought.

Slate was a one-eyed giant, having lost his eye to a dark creature during a previous winter.

"What kind of dark creatures did you encounter back then, Elder Slate?" Orion asked, his calm tone easing the tension among the other elders.

"I faced a humanoid dark creature. We call them Night Stalkers."

"Their limbs are deformed—some have blades for arms, others have pincers... they come in all shapes and sizes."

"Some even have multiple arms. Their bodies are strange, incredibly agile."

"A Night Stalker of that strength is not something an ordinary bloodline warrior can handle."

"As Slate spoke, a shiver ran through him, and the other elders—Samson, Halvor, and Rumbold—wore expressions of fear."

Orion frowned. It was clear that morale was low, and that wouldn't do.

After a moment of thought, Orion summoned his Abyssal Dragon.

With a powerful leap, Orion jumped from the wall onto the dragon's back, raising his trident high.

ROAR!

The Abyssal Dragon let out a deafening roar that echoed through the valley.

At the same time, Orion's deep, commanding voice rang out.

"Hello everyone, I am Orion!"

"Winter has come, and with it, the darkness. Take up your weapons and stand with me to defend our home from the invaders!"

The giants in Moonshadow Valley were momentarily stunned, but soon, they began to react.

"It's Orion! His mount is the Abyssal Dragon! He's so strong!"

"Yes, Orion is a mighty giant. His strength surpasses even the strongest bloodline warriors!"

"..."

Orion couldn't hear the murmurs of the giants below. He continued his rallying cry.

"For our families, for our tribe, will you fight with me?"

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ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!

With each of Orion's words, the Abyssal Dragon let out another ferocious roar, its voice shaking the very ground.

The heavy atmosphere that had hung over Moonshadow Valley lifted, replaced by a sense of determination and resolve.

"WAAAGH!"

It was unclear which bloodline warrior shouted first, but soon, the entire valley was filled with the battle cries of the giants.

Even from the depths of the valley, voices could be heard joining in.

Hearing the resounding cries echoing through the valley, a small smile crept across Orion's face.

But beneath that smile lay a deep, burning desire for battle and an insatiable thirst for power.