

Titan King 671

Chapter 671: The Sea Race is not invincible

With the Human race joining the resistance, the Dwarves and Blood Elves could only follow suit. As the weaker parties, they had no right to choose.

"Since it's come to this, everyone, accompany me to the sea."

The white dragon Frostsire stood up and, taking the lead, flew directly out of the Ancient Castle.

In the distant sea, the white dragon Frostsire sensed the enemy's presence.

Orion, Richard, Lireesa, and Dain exchanged glances, each with a different expression.

"Everyone, the situation being what it is, and we being outmatched, let's go together and see what's happening!"

Orion transformed into lightning and vanished before their eyes.

"The situation is ever-changing, completely different from what we anticipated. The Dragons are very powerful; becoming their partners is also a good choice."

Grand Duke Richard uttered these words, then flew off in pursuit of Orion.

"The Dragons are tyrannical, the Humans insidious, and the Stoneheart Horde unpredictable. The South is becoming increasingly chaotic."

"Sigh..."

Grand Elder Lireesa had seen it clearly: in the current situation, the Dwarves and Blood Elves could only follow the will of the other three powers.

"Lireesa, why don't we withdraw from the Five-Race Alliance?"

"Let them fight their resistance. We'll do nothing and just guard our own territory."

Dain the Dwarf truly didn't want to drag the Dwarf race into such a large-scale war, so his inclination was to evade it.

"Dain, withdrawing from the Five-Race Alliance means withdrawing from the mainstream factions of the South."

"Believe it or not, if you withdraw, the Dwarf race will soon face a coalition army of Humans, Dragons, and the Stoneheart Horde."

Lireesa didn't mention the Blood Elf race; she was too embarrassed and wouldn't be so blatant.

If the Dwarves made such a foolish decision, the Blood Elves would undoubtedly join the coalition attacking them.

The reason she reminded the Dwarf race of this was that, at present, the Dwarves and Blood Elves were in the same situation. They were natural allies; one more partner meant sharing less risk.

"Let's go!"

Outside Whitecliff, the sea was azure.

Seabirds soared in the sky, and schools of sea beasts roamed the waters.

The booming crash of waves, like a timeless melody, spoke of the beauty of this land.

However, on the distant horizon, a black line rose, steadily approaching.

It was a tsunami!

It was the Sea Race on the move, the signature phenomenon of a collective mobilization of Sea Race creatures.

Just then, twelve Legendary-level powerhouses flew out from Whitecliff one after another, heading straight for the tsunami.

The pressure of the twelve Legendary-level powerhouses was unleashed without reservation, sweeping all before it.

At that moment, the seawater ceased its undulation, and the sound of the waves diminished significantly.

Even the sea beasts in this region burrowed into the sand, trembling, daring not to make a move.

Before long, the group arrived near the great tsunami.

The five intermittent Legendary-level auras from the seabed were sensed by all.

No one spoke; everyone was waiting for the white dragon Frostsire.

Whether to fight or make peace depended on him.

Because here, his forces were the most numerous.

In the deep sea, underwater communications were frequent as the five Sea race lords constantly exchanged information.

"Damn it, the Dragons were prepared! They actually deployed twelve Legendary-level powerhouses!"

"We only have five Legendary-levels. This is an uneven fight. Let's withdraw!"

"Don't panic. Among them are auras of Humans, Dwarves, Blood Elves, and Giants. They are not Dragons."

"Not Dragons? Heh... They've all mixed in with the Dragons. They're one and the same."

"Even if those other races don't attack, the Dragon's lineup isn't something we can withstand."

"Retreat! Summon more of our kin!"

"..."

On the seabed, dark shadows flickered rapidly, fleeing in different directions.

In the water, the Merfolk and Sea Beasts, already petrified with fear, scattered chaotically upon receiving the order.

Even the great tsunami stirred up by the Sea Race gradually subsided as it lost the support of Merfolk magic, its waves growing lower and lower.

"Everyone, this is the Sea Race. They've fled!"

The white dragon Frostsire's voice went from low to sonorous, and utterly unrestrained.

This was his initial show of force to the Sea Race, and also a deterrent to the Humans, Dwarves, Blood Elves, and Giants.

Nearly a dozen Legendary-level powerhouses descending together—no race could withstand that.

Of course, the Sea Race's attack this time had been rather hasty. They had underestimated the Dragons' strength and could only temporarily retreat to regroup.

But the deterrent effect of the Dragons' power was solid and heavy.

Even Orion was no exception; he had to admit that the Stoneheart Horde could not directly withstand the Dragons.

Once Orion was tied down by the white dragon Frostsire, apart from a few who might survive, the rest of the Stoneheart Horde would be slaughtered by those Legendary-level powerhouses.

Legendary-level beings were immensely powerful, not something that could be compensated for by the sheer number of bloodline warriors.

"Everyone, the Sea Race is not invincible!"

"You've seen it yourselves; they too have moments of fear."

The white dragon Frostsire's voice was majestic. Only now did he adopt the attitude of someone ready to discuss matters with them.

"Soon, the Dragon race will invade the Sea Race, to open up even vaster territories."

"I expect you to also launch invasions into the sea regions bordering your respective territories."

Having the Humans, Dwarves, Blood Elves, and Giants tie down a portion of the Sea Race's forces was the true purpose of the white dragon Frostsire initiating this Sacrificial Grand Ceremony.

This way, the Dragon race's invasion of Sea Race territory would be somewhat easier.

"Respected Dragon Emperor, Your Majesty, our four races are very willing to follow in your footsteps and crusade against the Sea Race together."

"However, as you know, our four races have limited capabilities and are not skilled in naval warfare. We fear we cannot tie down many of their forces."

"If we fail to pin them down, the Sea Race might perceive the weaknesses of our Five-Race Alliance, which could, in turn, encourage them to unite and besiege Whitecliff."

It was Grand Duke Richard who spoke. He adopted a very humble posture, as if addressing a Human Saint.

Orion, Lireesa, and Dain said nothing, because Grand Duke Richard was speaking the truth.

The Five-Race Alliance was initially established to maintain order on the southern continent.

Frankly, apart from the Dragons, everyone present represented land-based races. Talk of actively invading the Sea Race was mostly just talk.

They truly lacked the capability to invade the Sea Race, let alone tie them down.

Furthermore, what Grand Duke Richard said was also a tactful way of asking the Dragons for help.

This much, Orion and the other two could discern.

"Hmph, I've already prepared for this."

The white dragon Frostsire glanced at Grand Duke Richard; how could such a petty scheme escape his eyes?

However, since it played right into his hands, the white dragon Frostsire went along with it.

Chapter 672: Sea-Devouring Warship

The white dragon Frostsire pointed towards the distant sea, and a colossal warship appeared on the water's surface.

The warship was shaped like a ray, with broad wings and a swaying tail at its rear, inscribed with mysterious runes.

"This... This is..."

It was Dain, the Dwarf Prophet, who cried out in surprise. The Dwarf race possessed an innate intuition for weapons and machinery.

"The Sea-Devouring Warship!"

"This is a warship produced by our Dragon race. It can carry your warriors into the deep sea and allow you to come and go freely within the ocean."

The white dragon Frostsire led the way as the group landed on the Sea-Devouring Warship and walked towards its interior.

The internal space of the warship was vast, enough to accommodate three thousand Giants.

"The Sea-Devouring Warship is inscribed with a defensive magical formation. As long as there are enough crystal cores and energy crystals, the formation can be activated to release a defensive shield."

The white dragon Frostsire activated the magical formation. The warship's formation came to life, releasing a translucent defensive shield.

The shield flickered, looking like a membrane.

"Even a Legendary-level being would need to spend some time to break through this defensive shield."

With a casual wave of his hand, the white dragon Frostsire surged his transcendent power, striking the shield.

The defensive shield shook violently but ultimately remained unharmed.

No one spoke. Everyone could see that the white dragon Frostsire's actions were likely a sales pitch for his own product.

"Respected Dragon Emperor, Your Majesty, the Sea-Devouring Warship seems to be lacking weapons."

Hearing Grand Duke Richard say this, Orion's eyes lit up. Ever since boarding the Sea-Devouring Warship, he had felt something was amiss.

So that was it!

What the Sea-Devouring Warship lacked was its most crucial weapons system.

"Hmph... This is already enough for you to tie down the Sea Race."

"As for weapons, you can develop your own."

The group fell silent. By presenting the Sea-Devouring Warship stripped of its weapons system, the white dragon Frostsire had already achieved his purpose.

With the Sea-Devouring Warship, the Humans, Dwarves, Blood Elves, and Giants could enter the deep sea and pose a threat to the Sea Race.

As for how much combat capability each race could exert, that was not the white dragon Frostsire's concern.

Furthermore, operating the Sea-Devouring Warship would consume a massive amount of resources, which was also an indirect way for the Dragons to weaken the foundations of the other races.

The effect might be ordinary, but it was a method nonetheless.

"Respected Dragon Emperor, Your Majesty, how many Sea-Devouring Warships will you be gifting us?"

The word "gifting" was used very cleverly, and also quite shamelessly.

The white dragon Frostsire glanced at Grand Duke Richard again, a cold glint flashing in the depths of his eyes.

"As the host of this Sacrificial Grand Ceremony, I can only gift each race one Sea-Devouring Warship."

"If you want more, you'll have to trade other resources for them."

This time, Grand Duke Richard also fell silent.

Truth be told, for the white dragon Frostsire to gift even one Sea-Devouring Warship was already very generous.

The manufacturing cost of such a thing would definitely not be low. Although it lacked a weapons system, its functionality was something none of them could refuse.

Lireesa was a Blood Elf. She had lived the longest among this group and had more worldly experience.

She felt that this Dragon Emperor's methods were truly masterful.

A single Sacrificial Grand Ceremony had completely pulled the other four races into his camp.

The simultaneous appearance of seven Legendary-level lords had pressured everyone into aligning with him.

Deterring and dispersing the invading Sea Race had, moreover, given everyone hope of victory.

Now, the Sea-Devouring Warship that the white dragon Frostsire presented was like an enormous bait.

It was a 'killer move' or 'conspiracy' to lure the four races into invading the Sea Race and opening up maritime territories.

Grand Elder Lireesa didn't even need to think to know that the Human race would never give up on something like the Sea-Devouring Warship.

Even the Blood Elf race wouldn't give it up.

If the Blood Elves wouldn't, then neither the Stoneheart Horde nor the Dwarf race could possibly refuse.

This meant that all four races would strive to purchase Sea-Devouring Warships, pouring resources and energy into them.

In this way, the four races would not only help the Dragons tie down the Sea Race but also create a peaceful and stable rear for the Dragon race.

The Sea-Devouring Warship—it was a trap with a surface lavishly covered in chocolate and cheese.

To taste the delicacies, their four races would surely become obsessed with it.

Because the sea regions were also territories they desperately hoped to open up.

Opening up sea regions meant increasing their territory, obtaining more resources, and supporting more kinsmen.

Ultimately, this could provide more faith, enhance their race's potential, and nurture terrifyingly powerful Archlords.

Therefore, they could not refuse the Sea-Devouring Warship.

"Dragon Emperor, Your Majesty, the Stoneheart Horde wishes to purchase complete Sea-Devouring Warships. Your terms."

"Heh..."

Orion's request was met with a sneer from the white dragon Frostsire.

The white dragon Frostsire was luring the four races in to have them tie down some of the Sea Race's forces for him, and to continually drain their own resources.

He wasn't about to nurture four monstrosities that could pose a threat to him; he wasn't that foolish.

Thus, the white dragon Frostsire treated Orion's request with contempt, not even bothering to reply.

"What is the price of a Sea-Devouring Warship?"

Orion, Richard, and Lireesa all frowned, looking at Dain the Dwarf with very unfriendly gazes.

Dain the Dwarf's eagerness was indirectly aiding the white dragon Frostsire.

Next, the white dragon Frostsire would surely name an exorbitant price.

However, Dain the Dwarf ignored their murderous glares.

In Dain's view, if the Dwarf race could obtain a Sea-Devouring Warship, they could study it thoroughly. The end result would be either improvement or replication.

Furthermore, the Dwarf race excelled at manufacturing weapons, so Dain desperately needed to get his hands on a Sea-Devouring Warship.

Orion sighed, feeling somewhat helpless.

This small incident showed that the Five-Race Alliance was fundamentally unreliable.

For the interests of their respective races, they could betray it at any time.

Orion lowered his head in thought, no longer considering the unreliable organization that was the Five-Race Alliance, but rather how many Sea-Devouring Warships the Stoneheart Horde would need.

The Stoneheart Horde's southern sea region needed Sea-Devouring Warships, and so did the coastal area near Lysinthia's city in the north.

Lysinthia had once told Orion that there was a very large island across the sea.

For Orion, who urgently needed to expand his territory, the island Lysinthia had mentioned had long been part of his plans.

Previously, he had no means to cross the sea. Now, the appearance of the Sea-Devouring Warship created an opportunity for Orion.

If he had Lysintha take a portion of their kinsmen on Sea-Devouring Warships back to her birth island and establish a base there...

Then, by finding the Deputy Commander to create another intra-realm teleportation array, Orion could easily dispatch troops and conquer Serpent Isle.

Also, in the process of invading the Sea Race, they would surely encounter various Sea Race tribes and discover various islands.

In this way, the Stoneheart Horde's territory would invisibly grow larger and larger, and the time for Orion to advance to Archlord would also be continually brought forward.

"Giant King Orion, have you considered it carefully?"

The white dragon Frostsire stared at Orion with a smile, rousing him from his deep thoughts.

"Considered what?" Orion subconsciously asked back, his attention gradually refocusing.

Chapter 673 673: They're fleeing

"How many Sea-Devouring Warships does the Stoneheart Horde wish to purchase?"

"Just now, Lireesa and Dain each pre-ordered twenty Sea-Devouring Warships."

"Grand Duke Richard pre-ordered fifty. How many do you want?"

The white dragon Frostsire looked at Orion with a smile, quite expectant of the Stoneheart Horde's order.

Orion glanced at Richard and the others, knowing what they were thinking—they definitely wanted to take this opportunity to gauge the Stoneheart Horde's true strength and resources.

"The Stoneheart Horde will also pre-order twenty Sea-Devouring Warships!"

Orion uttered these words with some difficulty, as if the Stoneheart Horde was rather poor and would have to endure hard times to afford this batch of strategic assets.

In everyone's perception, the Stoneheart Horde hadn't been entrenched in the South for long; their foundation was surely not deep.

Orion's current display of reluctance and strain made him seem like he was putting on a brave front.

In reality, Orion wanted to purchase as many as possible.

The Stoneheart Horde couldn't manufacture something like the Sea-Devouring Warship at present.

But just because the Stoneheart Horde couldn't, didn't mean Orion lacked ideas or channels to perfect and modify the Sea-Devouring Warship.

The Survivor's Platform had numerous goods, and Orion believed he could definitely find weapons and equipment compatible with the Sea-Devouring Warship there.

Furthermore, the Champions Alliance also had a mage demigod, Edward; never mind a mere Sea-Devouring Warship, even more complex things wouldn't stump him.

However, Orion also knew that the Stoneheart Horde needed to maintain as low a profile as possible.

Orion's combat power was evident; his personal high profile was to deter enemies.

The Stoneheart Horde's current low profile was to reduce the covetous desires of enemies.

Besides, Sea-Devouring Warships were consumables. Later, during the invasion of the Sea Race, it would seem more normal to continue purchasing them from the Dragons under the pretext of damage.

"Hahaha... Good! Since the decision is made, let's return to Whitecliff City. The performances from the past few days weren't quite satisfying enough."

"My Dragon race has captured a large number of Sea Race warriors, just right for your subordinates to get some practice."

This situation was precisely the outcome the white dragon Frostsire desired.

The Dragon race's objectives had been achieved: not only had they roped in allies, but they had also reaped a massive amount of resources.

A moment later, the Sea-Devouring Warship was retracted, and the group returned to Whitecliff.

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Emerald Dream Realm, Red Moon Valley.

Battle erupted. A flock of human-headed, bird-bodied monsters from the sky attacked Lorelia City.

Bolts shot out from the arrow towers on the mountain peaks, bringing down some of the low-flying monsters.

High in the sky, wind blades and tornadoes howled continuously as Lumi and Gustalon took action to suppress the invading enemy.

On the city walls, everyone looked up, watching the enemies being constantly shot down, their thoughts varying.

"Desdemona, we'll capture some alive for you. See if you can bewitch them and obtain some intelligence."

"I can try!"

On the city wall, Clymene glanced at Balgor and Grendel, then issued an order.

"Vargrum, Mordak, Zorn, you three come with me. We'll go to the valley near the arrow towers; there should still be live ones there."

With that, Clymene led her subordinates over the city wall, and they quickly entered the ridges.

"Prophet, it seems there's nothing we can do, is there?"

Dirtclaw, Lorelia, and Onyx stood together. All three were at Alpha peak, yet they were helpless against the enemies in the sky.

"With Warden Lumi and Gustalon here, these monsters won't amount to much."

"These dark creatures are just scouts, probing our defenses. The real enemy hasn't appeared yet."

Onyx looked up at the sky, guessing that the leader of these flying dark creatures must be a Legendary-level powerhouse.

That Legendary-level being hadn't come personally, surely waiting for news, waiting until they had a clear understanding of the situation here before making a move.

"Let's hope the Warden can deter those enemies."

Onyx sighed with emotion. He didn't fear war; his dejection stemmed from his inability to do anything about the battle in the sky.

"Haha... Dirtclaw, see that? I shot down several of those ugly big birds too!"

Lorelia held her longbow high, looking smug.

Lorelia wasn't skilled in close combat, preferring to shoot hidden arrows from the shadows.

Therefore, the longbow in her hand had been specially chosen for her by Orion. It was an Alpha-level weapon, emphasizing destructive power and sufficient range.

The longbow in Lorelia's hand was also the only piece of Alpha-level equipment that had come from Orion.

"Your Majesty the Queen, your archery is the best in the Stoneheart Horde!"

"In my eyes, you're a divine archer, comparable to our master's spear-throwing technique!"

Dirtclaw's flattery rolled off his tongue easily.

Lorelia loved hearing such praise.

She reached out and patted Dirtclaw's shoulder, her eyes smiling into crescent moons.

The smile on her face seemed to say: Dirtclaw, I'll have your back from now on.

Dirtclaw had previously been in the cannon fodder troops, constantly living on the edge of death.

For his own life, and to sign contracts with cave spiders, Dirtclaw had always been currying favor with Lorelia.

It could be said that a large part of the credit for Dirtclaw surviving to awaken his bloodline was due to the cave spiders that had contracted with him and died in battle.

They had used their lives to make Dirtclaw who he was today.

Since advancing to Alpha-level and awakening his Hellhound bloodline, Dirtclaw himself was a powerful beast and no longer needed the assistance of cave spiders.

Despite this, Dirtclaw still greatly respected Lorelia.

The reason was simple: Dirtclaw had many offspring, and many kinsmen.

He himself might not need the aid of cave spiders, but that didn't mean his offspring and kinsmen didn't.

Dirtclaw knew better than anyone how much benefit a powerful cave spider could bring in battle.

"When our master arrives, we'll report what happened today."

"Then, we'll make an example of these damn birds first."

Like Onyx, Dirtclaw also felt dejected, frustrated by his inability to deal with the flying dark creatures.

Dirtclaw had advanced to Alpha peak; he had long wanted to show off his skills and see just how strong he had become.

Unfortunately, the enemies attacking this time were beyond the reach of his doggy paws.

"Right, tell the master to wipe out these monsters!"

Lorelia wasn't fond of these strange birds either. Their appearance had made her little spiders feel threatened, causing them to scurry into the earth and crevices to hide.

"They're fleeing!"

Just then, Onyx spoke up, alerting Lorelia and Dirtclaw to a change in the sky.

High above, after more than half their number had perished, the flock of strange birds finally scattered and fled in all directions.

With only Lumi and Gustalon in the sky, and too few horde personnel, it was difficult to chase down and kill them all.

Even if they used the pressure of Legendary-level powerhouses to intimidate them, some of the birds would still manage to break free.

"Let's go back. They should have probed the defensive strength of Red Moon Valley. They probably won't attack rashly again."

Lumi materialized, gazing from afar at the fleeing birds, her expression still cool.

However, from Lumi's words, one could sense a hint of lingering concern.

Chapter 674 674: I am a Giant

Whitecliff, Colosseum.

Watching the Giant Bloodline Warrior battling the Sea Race creature in the arena, Orion's heart was calm and untroubled.

Since they would have to face them sooner or later, it was better to let his kinsmen understand the Sea Race creatures' general knowledge and combat methods in advance.

"Giant King Orion, Mr. Richard, I have a matter about which I seek your enlightenment."

A moment later, after the battle concluded, the white dragon Frostsire, who had been watching the duel, withdrew his gaze and looked at Orion.

"Please speak!" Orion said with a smile. His kinsman had slain the Sea Race warrior, and he had won a small bet, gaining some resources from the white dragon Frostsire and Grand Duke Richard.

"Last year, the Humans, the Stoneheart Horde, and the Ogres jointly invaded the territory of the lizard(lizardfolk). Is this true?"

"It is true. I personally slew their Lord Ssorin."

Hearing this, Orion's eyebrow twitched slightly. He looked into the white dragon Frostsire's eyes, meeting his gaze.

Could it be that the lizard there have connections with the Dragon race? Unconsciously, this thought surfaced in Orion's mind.

"Then do you know that those lizard are a vassal race of the Dragons?"

"I did not!"

At this, the smile on Orion's face quickly vanished. He understood now: the white dragon Frostsire was calling him to account.

"Then can you tell me how those lizards offended the Stoneheart Horde?"

The white dragon Frostsire's tone grew progressively colder. The initially harmonious atmosphere of the banquet became oppressive.

Grand Duke Richard, Grand Elder Lireesa, and Dain the Dwarf remained silent. What was different was that Richard's face had also darkened slightly.

That the Lizard tribe was allied with the Dragons had been evident on the central battlefield during the North-South War.

Back then, Prince Theodore had agreed to ally with the Stoneheart Horde and the Ogre race precisely to eliminate those lizards.

However, the Human Kingdom had not informed Orion or Aldous that this particular Lizard tribe was a vassal race of the Dragons.

Orion was no fool. Upon hearing the white dragon Frostsire's questioning, he immediately understood that he and Aldous had been used by the Human Kingdom.

In the current situation, it was less that the white dragon Frostsire was accusing Orion, and more that he was reminding Orion.

The white dragon Frostsire's purpose in doing this was to sow discord between the Stoneheart Horde and the Human Kingdom, to plant seeds of suspicion and conflict between the two races.

Creating a rift between these two races, thereby damaging or breaking the alliance between the Stoneheart Horde and the Human Kingdom, was beneficial to the Dragons.

As long as the Human Kingdom, Stoneheart Horde, Blood Elves, and Dwarves weren't tightly united, they wouldn't pose a threat to the Dragon race.

Orion glanced at Grand Duke Richard. The latter was looking down, lost in thought, his face expressionless, saying nothing.

"Those lizards, or lizardfolk, invaded Ogre territory, disrupted the Stoneheart Horde's trade routes to the Human Kingdom, plundered our caravans, and killed some Giants."

"Dragon Emperor, is this reason sufficient?"

Orion knew very well that the white dragon Frostsire merely needed a plausible reason on the surface.

The Dragon race wouldn't jeopardize the newly established alliance against the Sea Race for a destroyed Lizard tribe.

"If that's the case, then those lizardfolk got what they deserved. This matter is hereby closed."

The white dragon Frostsire laughed heartily, glancing at Orion and Richard respectively.

"Next, it's the Human warriors' turn to face the Sea Race warriors. Mr. Richard, it's your play."

"Giant King Orion, would you care to join me for another round?"

Orion nodded, a warm smile on his face, agreeing to the wager.

Grand Duke Richard extended three fingers, made a gesture to the guard behind him, then looked up at the white dragon Frostsire, his face wreathed in a humble smile.

"Dragon Emperor, Your Majesty, since it is a Human knight entering the arena this round, why don't I act as the banker? I will cover both your and Orion's wagers."

"Good!"

"Very well!"

The white dragon Frostsire and Orion agreed one after another. The Dragon race, Human race, and Stoneheart Horde all seemed somewhat inscrutable at this moment.

This strange feeling was most keenly felt by Lireesa, the Blood Elf Grand Elder.

"What in the world is happening?"

"The Dragons have returned, their strength abundant, incredibly tyrannical; the Humans have a deep foundation, are master schemers, their true intentions hard to discern; even the newly risen Stoneheart Horde is exceptionally intelligent, especially that Giant. He's too clever; he has completely changed my perception of Giants."

The situation on the southern continent was becoming increasingly unpredictable. Lireesa found she could no longer grasp or see through it.

"First the North-South War, now this conflict between land and sea... can the Blood Elf race truly find peace?"

Watching Frostsire, Orion, and Richard smiling and toasting each other, Lireesa felt that the Blood Elves were utterly powerless before these cunning figures.

Half an hour later, the battle in the arena ended.

The Human knight died in the arena; the Sea Race warrior was victorious. Frostsire and Orion also won a handsome sum of resources.

As Orion accepted the resources handed over by Richard, he could almost see fresh, steaming blood on the storage pouch.

That last round, rather than a wager, was more like a gift.

Grand Duke Richard, using the arena wager as a pretext, was presenting gifts to Frostsire and offering an apology to Orion.

The Humans had exterminated the Lizard tribe and occupied their territory. Presenting gifts now was a way of bowing to the white dragon Frostsire, hoping to erase any future repercussions from this incident.

Similarly, Grand Duke Richard was also apologizing to Orion, using resources to compensate for the Humans concealing the true identity of that Lizard tribe from the Stoneheart Horde.

Orion and the white dragon Frostsire accepting the gifts signified that the matter was closed.

This was a tacit agreement reached among the Human, Dragon, and Stoneheart Horde factions in a short period.

As for the Lizard tribe that was now history and the Human knight who had died in battle, they were merely sacrifices.

This was an unspoken understanding among those involved in the situation.

Thus, the banquet continued, with various schemes and maneuvers constantly unfolding.

Meanwhile, in the special structure known as the Dragon Nest, while Orion was perfunctorily dealing with the white dragon Frostsire and the others, the christening here was already entering its final stage.

In the square of the Dragon Nest, many dragon egg-like cocoons had formed.

Encased within these "dragon eggs" were the elite warriors from the various races.

Dace, Otho, Beyn, Torba, and Ursa were among them. Under the christening of the mysterious power, they had achieved the enhancement they desired.

In the center of the square, an egg glowing with a blood-red light was constantly shaking; someone was struggling within.

Dace felt incredibly comfortable. Since the day he was born from his mother's womb, he had never felt so wonderfully content.

The sensation of being enveloped in light, his entire being immersed in liquid, was an addictive comfort that he couldn't extricate himself from.

The feeling of his strength being enhanced, the limits of his potential and talent being broken, was unforgettable.

"Believe in me... accept the christening... enhance your bloodline..."

"Roar..."

However, just as Dace felt at his most comfortable, a dragon's roar seemed to echo in his sea of consciousness.

The dragon's roar rose and fell, intermittent and elusive.

For a moment, Dace felt as if he had transformed into a great dragon, soaring through the sky, breathing dragon fire.

"No... I am not a dragon... I am a Giant!"

Chapter 675 675: Plan

"I am Dace, guard of Giant King Orion! Protection is my duty, inviolable, unforgettable!"

Roar!

Deep within his sea of consciousness, Dace seemed to awaken something. A ferocious roar resounded, completely dispelling the dragon's cry.

"I am Dace! I am the Giant King's guard!"

Crack!

In the Dragon Nest square, a blood-red light burst forth from the dragon egg Dace was in, and then tiny cracks appeared on the eggshell's surface.

Next, several sharp claws extended from the cracks, violently tearing the eggshell apart.

A powerfully built Giant emerged from the shell—it was Dace.

During this christening, Dace had awakened his Giant bloodline, and his body had also evolved; his appearance now somewhat resembled a titan.

"Such powerful strength! This aura, it's the same as the Giant King's!"

Dace had felt the aura of an ancient titan from Orion before; he was very familiar with it.

"I now possess the strength of Alpha peak! I've advanced, and my potential has increased too?"

Surprise, then ecstasy, followed by wild laughter.

"Bloodline warrior from the Stoneheart Horde, you have completed your christening. Please leave the Dragon Nest as soon as possible."

A cold voice came from the depths of the Dragon Nest. Dace, in his ecstasy, quickly restrained his laughter and excitement.

After glancing at the locations of Otho, Beyn, Torba, and Ursa, Dace walked out of the Dragon Nest.

A day later, Otho, Beyn, Torba, and Ursa emerged from the Dragon Nest one after another, their potential enhanced.

Otho and Beyn had advanced to late Alpha as they wished. Although Torba hadn't reached Alpha peak, he knew his potential had greatly increased.

Ursa was the same as Torba; she too had advanced to late Alpha.

"This Dragon Nest is too magical! It's simply incredible!"

Outside the Dragon Nest, Dace, Otho, Beyn, Torba, and Ursa gathered, feeling each other's increased auras, all very happy.

Dace received the most attention because he was now the strongest among them and possessed a trace of titan bloodline power.

Unlike Orion, after Dace's bloodline evolved, he couldn't control the bloodline power within his body; he could only let it reshape his physique.

"Dace, if Orion saw your transformation, he would definitely be astonished."

Beyn reached out and patted Dace's shoulder. Such a situation was truly rare in the Blackrock tribe.

"Let's go. We'll go back and tell the Giant King everything that happened here!"

"..."

Emerald Dream Realm, Red Moon Valley.

Skeletal Knight Desdemona removed her hand from the head of the human-headed bird monster. After glancing at the thoroughly dead creature, she turned and walked towards Clymene.

Desdemona was a succubus. The mental illusions she excelled at were of two types. One was unique to succubi and required succubus bloodline to cast.

Clearly, Desdemona couldn't cast this type of mental illusion now.

Although Desdemona had been reborn as a Skeletal Knight, she could still cast some ordinary mental illusions.

What she had just used was an illusion that could be cast purely with mental power.

The effect of this type of mental illusion was average, lacking many characteristics compared to the innate illusions of the succubus race.

"Well?" Clymene asked. Vargrum, Mordak, Zorn, Balgor, and Grendel, who were nearby, also turned their heads to look quietly at Desdemona.

"Lady Clymene, these human-headed bird monsters are called Aarakocra. Their territory borders Red Moon Valley, in a mountain range to the west."

"Their Nest is called Stratus, and their leader is a Legendary-level powerhouse, also named Stratus."

"These Aarakocra attacked to probe the true situation of our Red Moon Valley and to assess our anti-air capabilities."

Desdemona drew her longsword and, based on the information she had seen in her illusions, sketched a rough map on the ground.

To the west of Red Moon Valley, there was a mountain range running from north to south; that was the Aarakocra's habitat, Stratus Nest.

"Organize the intelligence you've gathered and submit it to Warden Lumi."

Lumi possessed Legendary-level strength and was the Warden of the Stoneheart Horde; her status was above that of all elders.

Clymene had not yet broken through to Legendary level. Although she was Orion's sister, she was also very respectful towards Lumi.

This was a matter of protocol. Clymene didn't enjoy special privileges because she was Orion's sister; she only saw herself as an elder of the Stoneheart Horde.

"As you command!" Desdemona nodded, opened her mouth, and spat out a piece of parchment, then began to record the intelligence.

"Do you know when those dark creatures will attack next?" Grendel stepped forward to ask Desdemona, who shook her head.

"The ones I just bewildered were all small fry, not the leaders of this invading troop."

Grendel was somewhat disappointed. Not being able to alleviate some of the pressure on the horde made him feel quite dejected.

They previously had a wish: to conquer a brand new territory for the horde.

Now it seemed their strength was still somewhat lacking, and they were limited in certain special environments and against particular monsters.

Clymene glanced at Vargrum, Mordak, Zorn, and Balgor, who had also gathered around. After a moment of silence, she said seriously,

"It seems we must execute that plan. Orion granted us the Underworld. Advancing to Legendary level sooner rather than later will benefit the Stoneheart Horde and all of us."

However, Clymene's words were met with silence.

"But, if we choose this path, the result... could it be..." Grendel wanted to say something but was reluctant to speak it out loud.

In fact, the last time they defended the Underworld, Clymene and the others had their bodies nearly dispersed by Loska, the lord of the Red Thread Clan.

If Orion hadn't arrived, they might not have even regained consciousness and would have automatically dissipated over time.

To put it bluntly, after that incident, their spiritual essences had merged.

Clymene had absorbed the energy of the Underworld and, after descending to the Emerald Dream Realm, had continued to absorb it endlessly. Logically speaking, they should have advanced to Legendary level long ago.

They had only paused at this final step because, upon advancing to Legendary level, her soul might mutate. The others might all disappear, forming a new personality.

It was also possible that nothing would happen, and they would continue to exist in their current state.

Clymene had once been the chieftain of a Giant Tribe, and Vargrum, Mordak, Zorn, Balgor, and Grendel were her guards. The latter five could not bear to see Clymene disappear, even if there was only the slightest risk.

These secrets were originally supposed to be told to Orion, but Clymene had stopped them.

Clymene wanted to become stronger, but she didn't want Orion to worry about her.

Chapter 676 676: Ocean Hunter

Although as an older sister figure, Clymene harbored romantic feelings for Orion, as Orion grew stronger and stronger, she felt she was no longer worthy of him.

Now, Clymene didn't want Orion to worry about her anymore.

"Chieftain, before we fuse, let's tell Orion."

"Perhaps Orion will have a solution."

Clymene shook her head, rejecting Vargrum's suggestion.

"We understand the current situation better than Orion."

"Let's fuse. Whatever the outcome, we should face it calmly."

"Everyone, even death isn't frightening. What are you worried about?"

"If it becomes necessary, I hope you will all join me in defending the honor of the Giants."

No one spoke, including Grendel.

...

Titanion Realm, City of Blessings.

In the blink of an eye, more than half a month had passed. On the third day after Dace, Otho, Beyn, Torba, and Ursa emerged from the Dragon Nest, Orion left Whitecliff.

According to the contract signed with the white dragon Frostsire, the Human Kingdom, Stoneheart Horde, Blood Elves, and Dwarves would launch an invasion against the Sea Race after the Dragon race declared war on them.

A war involving the entire southern continent would soon arrive.

"Giant King Orion, are you sure you won't stay in the City of Blessings for a couple of days?"

"In the coming war, the Blood Elves and the Stoneheart Horde could form an offensive and defensive alliance."

Orion shook his head, declining Grand Elder Lireesa's invitation.

"Grand Elder, you also know that war is imminent. The sooner I return to Stoneheart City, the sooner the Stoneheart Horde can make arrangements."

"The friendship between the Stoneheart Horde and the Blood Elves will endure."

"If there's a possibility of cooperation between our two sides, please discuss it with Rommath, and then we can talk further."

Regarding the situation in the South, and concerning the Sea Race, Orion was certain that the Blood Elf race couldn't make any major decisions in just a day or two.

Orion wouldn't wait indefinitely; Grand Elder Lireesa understood this.

"Since that's the case, once the Blood Elf race has made a decision, we will definitely send an envoy to the Stoneheart Horde. I hope you won't decline us then."

Orion nodded, performed a farewell courtesy, and then led his retinue back towards the Stoneheart Horde's territory.

On the back of the thunderhawk, Orion closed his eyes in deep thought. No one dared to disturb him.

Survivor's Platform, Champions Alliance public channel.

Hulk: "Are you all ready? I will soon descend to the Emerald Dream Realm."

Leonidas: "Bro, do you have any idea how many cubs beasts can have in over two months?"

Alexander: "Isabella, how are your preparations coming along?"

Isabella: "Mr. Alexander, I'm almost ready!"

Kraken: "Several Big Bosses, don't forget to help me find a sea region!"

Everyone was present. Orion scanned their messages, knowing they were all prepared.

Hulk: "Leonidas, a situation has arisen on my end. I estimate I won't be able to get away. You might need to lead my team for the first two months."

Orion briefly described his recent experiences; he needed to make some arrangements in advance.

Leonidas: "Don't worry, that's not an issue at all. Summon me over as soon as possible; I'll provide you with immense support."

After coordinating with his team members and confirming the timing, Orion sent a private message to Kraken.

"Kraken, can you provide some deep-sea troops? I'll be facing Sea Race warriors on my end."

The Stoneheart Horde had spent a great deal to purchase twenty Sea-Devouring Warships from the Dragons.

Currently, the Stoneheart Horde lacked the capability to install powerful weaponry on the Sea-Devouring Warships. The best way to utilize their power was to coordinate with deep-sea units.

In Orion's network of contacts, Kraken was the best source for purchasing Sea Race units.

"What type of units are you looking for? And in what kind of environment will they be used?"

Kraken didn't rush to recommend units but instead asked for specific requirements in detail.

"I have a type of warship that can go deep underwater, but it has no weapon systems."

"I hope the units I purchase can not only fight but also guard the warships."

Orion stated his basic needs, then after a thought, added another question.

"Kraken, do you happen to have any weapons suitable for naval combat that can be mounted on warships?"

Orion merely asked this as an afterthought, not really expecting Kraken to have such things.

But just in case, what if Kraken actually did?

"Let me think. Wait for me a moment."

Kraken left this message and then went silent.

Unknown realm, a certain deep sea.

Within a light blue defensive shield, a magnificent underwater city was built.

In the study of the underwater city's palace, a tentacle suddenly extended from an overturned giant vase.

Then, a massive octopus slowly crawled out of the vase.

This was Kraken. Compared to before, Kraken's body was now many times smaller.

This was a rare skill Kraken had recently learned—a skill to shrink his body.

Kraken climbed onto an armchair, coiling his shrunken body on it, his tentacles waving as he rummaged through something.

"Where is it? I remember having an item like that... where did I put it?"

Kraken muttered to himself as he searched through his items.

A moment later, from the very bottom of a treasure chest, Kraken pulled out a bag of shimmering seeds.

"Found you! Hehe, this time Orion will owe me a big favor."

Kraken put the seeds away safely, then gazed into the distance, looking out over his underwater city.

"Deep-sea units that can fight independently and also assist in defense... what kind of unit would be suitable?"

Kraken was a bit troubled by this. He had many units that met Orion's requirements, but some of them he wasn't planning to sell externally; they were exclusively his.

After a moment, Kraken made a decision and, entering the Survivor's Platform, sent a message to Orion.

"Hulk, here's the stuff you wanted."

When Orion saw Kraken's message, Kraken also initiated a trade simultaneously.

Orion accepted the trade, his curiosity piqued.

Kraken had traded two items, and Orion couldn't read any information about either of them.

This meant there was a high probability they weren't standard items.

"What are these?"

If he didn't understand, he asked. Orion wouldn't pretend to know; he wouldn't do something so foolish just to save face.

"Hehe, they're good stuff! That bag of seeds is for Giant Kelp Water Cannons; that little seashell is a Nest for Ocean Hunters, something I made myself."

Giant Kelp Water Cannons? Ocean Hunters?

Orion didn't speak; he knew Kraken's explanation definitely wasn't over.

"You can't read the info on the Giant Kelp Water Cannons because they haven't grown yet."

"This is a type of parasitic kelp that can live on those warships of yours. Once the parasitic kelp matures, it will coalesce into Giant Kelp Water Cannons, which can shoot very powerful water projectiles."

"Ever played Plants vs. Zombies? This thing is a similar kind of existence."

Orion had never heard of anything so magical before.

"Can the Giant Kelp Water Cannons be used as main cannons?"

This was Orion's most pressing question. If the Giant Kelp Water Cannons could truly function as main cannons, then the Sea-Devouring Warships would be an incredibly worthy purchase.

Unfortunately, Orion was being a bit too fanciful.

"Nope. This stuff is only Hero level. I've tested them; at most, they can only handle Hero-level sea monsters."

"Against anything Alpha-level or above, they can, at best, inflict heavy damage. If you encounter sea monsters with scales or shells, they can't even break through their defenses."

Orion was somewhat disappointed; the Giant Kelp Water Cannons weren't as powerful as he had imagined.

"Buddy, the biggest advantage of Giant Kelp Water Cannons isn't destruction, but defense."

"How so?"

"The Giant Kelp Water Cannons can envelop your Sea-Devouring Warships, adding a natural defensive armor layer to them."

"Really?"

"Take some time to try it yourself, and you'll know. Although the Giant Kelp Water Cannons aren't very powerful, their energy consumption is very low. Their main energy comes from water elements, so you don't need to provide them with too many resources."

After hearing Kraken's explanation, Orion felt the kelp seeds in his hand had suddenly become very valuable.

"As for the units, you can take a look at the seashell I gave you."

"Stored inside the seashell is a clutch of Ocean Hunter eggs. You can hatch them and feed them before you set sail."

"Remember, for the first feeding, you must use your own fresh blood. That way, they will obey you."

Speaking of his own masterpiece, Kraken was voluble, proud, and pleased with himself.

"Although adult Ocean Hunters are only about the size of a dolphin, they are extremely aggressive."

"You know piranhas, right? This thing is even fiercer than piranhas; its fangs are incredibly sharp."

"The most crucial thing is that Ocean Hunters have a short growth period and reproduce in large numbers. As long as you have enough resources, you can create an army of Ocean Hunters in a short time."

Honestly, at this moment, Orion's breathing had become a little ragged.

The Ocean Hunter unit seemed almost tailor-made for him.

"Buddy, do you know why I gave you Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters?"

"Because Giant Kelp Water Cannons can not only parasitize warships, but they can also fully release their bodies to hide both the warship and the Ocean Hunters you raise within the kelp."

"This stuff is also an excellent tool for ambushes, hehe..."

Even across the Survivor's Platform, Orion could almost hear Kraken's smug laughter.

"If these two things are so strong, what are their weaknesses?"

Once the initial excitement and pleasant surprise passed, Orion calmed down completely.

There was no such thing as a perfect unit in the world, at least not that Orion had seen so far.

"Ahem... Giant Kelp Water Cannons are bulky. When they parasitize a warship, they increase its weight and reduce its speed."

"Although Ocean Hunters are very fierce, their bodies are very fragile. In deep-sea combat, many will die or be injured each time. You need to be mentally prepared."

"After all, things bred in a short period haven't accumulated much resilience, so they're bound to be fragile."

Kraken didn't hide anything, laying it all out truthfully.

Orion sighed; this situation was indeed normal.

"To be honest, Ocean Hunters are still very formidable. As long as they continuously avoid death and accumulate enough resilience, they can grow hard scales. Then, their ferocity will increase even further."

These were words of comfort. Kraken knew the nature of Ocean Hunters best.

In every major battle, the adult Ocean Hunters charged at the forefront, and they were also the first to die.

Very few Ocean Hunters could grow and evolve. Even if they did, their small numbers meant their combat effectiveness wouldn't show any noticeable change.

Ocean Hunters relied on numbers to win; they only had combat power when in large shoals.

"Thanks, these are all good things, and what we need most right now."

Orion expressed his gratitude and initiated a trade with Kraken, putting up two clumps of Legendary-level life essence.

However, Kraken rejected the trade.

"Hulk, this is a small gift from me. You don't need to pay any remuneration. Don't be so polite with me."

"Besides, by solving your Sea Race problem, you can focus on invading the Emerald Dream Realm, right?"

The corners of Orion's mouth turned up, and he canceled the trade.

"Alright then, I won't be polite with you."

Orion was in a very good mood. This joy didn't come from Kraken's free gift, but from the satisfying feeling of their friendship deepening.

In Kraken, Orion sensed the aura of a friend, and it was growing stronger.

This feeling had previously only occurred with Arthas and Leonidas.

Now, Orion had another such friend by his side.

Perhaps in the future, Orion and Kraken could also become close friends like Leonidas and Arthas.

Exiting the Survivor's Platform, Orion slowly stood up on the thunderhawk's back.

The vast, boundless land swept past beneath them, air currents whistling by his ears. The skyline continuously receded, and ahead lay the territory of the Stoneheart Horde.

"Master, we're back on our own turf!"

Sensing Orion's movement, Thunderhawk Rayden let out a cry, communicating with Orion.

"Rayden, how many thunderhawks are roosting in the southern territory now?"

"Is their number sufficient to form an army of thunderhawks?"

Before Thunderhawk Rayden could answer, Orion continued.

"If their numbers are sufficient, I will allow you to form an army of thunderhawks, with you as their leader."

"As long as the thunderhawk army achieves enough battle merits, you and your tribe will not lack resources."

"Rayden, don't you want to become the first thunderhawk on this continent to advance to Legendary level?"

Orion's words were full of temptation. Now that the Abyssal Dragon had successfully advanced, Orion's attention shifted, falling upon Thunderhawk Rayden.

Chapter 677 677: Army of thunderhawks

Ever since Orion advanced to Legendary level, Thunderhawk Rayden's role had mostly been transportation for travel, not combat support.

Orion wasn't very satisfied with Rayden's current situation.

"Master, can I really reach Legendary level?"

Thunderhawk Rayden was thrilled but did his best to suppress the joy in his heart.

Also a mount, Thunderhawk Rayden hadn't seen the Abyssal Dragon Xalathar for a very long time.

As long as one wasn't a fool, Rayden knew what Xalathar was up to.

The entire Stoneheart Horde was progressing; several elders had advanced to Alpha peak. Thunderhawk Rayden flew high above the Stoneheart Horde daily, seeing everything that happened in the territory.

For a time, Rayden had almost become demoralized, losing his ambition.

Back then, Rayden had thought of nurturing more offspring, pinning his dreams of advancing to Legendary level on them.

Now, with Orion proactively discussing his future, Rayden was incredibly excited.

This meant Orion hadn't forgotten him.

"I'll give you half a year to form an army of thunderhawks."

"Whether you trick them or snatch them, as long as you assemble it, I'll take you to another world."

There was a hint of exasperation in Orion's tone.

If Rayden had half of Dirtclaw's diligence, he probably would have advanced to Alpha peak long ago.

Now, Orion was putting pressure on Rayden, hoping it would help him.

Half a month later, the delegation sent to the Dragon race returned to Stoneheart City. Orion's aura appeared within the city, soothing the hearts of all his subjects.

In Palace No. 1, accompanied by the sounds of flesh colliding, Delilah let out alluring moans, her body collapsing onto Orion's chest, every muscle in her body devoid of strength.

"My dear, your strength is like the sun in the sky, illuminating my body and soul."

Orion reached out, caressed Delilah's face, then pinched her nipple.

"I will not only illuminate your body and soul, but also your spirit, making you my lover for all eternity."

Women loved to hear such words, and Delilah was no exception.

Delilah lowered her head, kissing Orion's chest, kissing Orion's cock, offering her true affection.

"Then, my dear, respected lord, is that beautiful Miss Mermaid also your lover?"

After kissing for a while, Delilah gently bit Orion's cock, then looked up at him.

"She is a gift from Dragon Emperor Frostsire. It's said she's from the Tidefang Clan, nobles among the Merfolk."

"You know, those Merfolk attacking Lysinthia City in the north seem to be vassals of the Tidefang Clan."

"I brought her back because I thought I might be able to obtain intelligence on the Tidefang Clan from her."

"And friendship!" Delilah added the last part.

Delilah had guessed Orion's thoughts.

Delilah knew very well that Orion's body was very strong; it was only natural for him to have enough harem members.

However, Orion wasn't the kind of Giant to casually toss women into his harem.

When Delilah received news that Orion had brought the mermaid back, her first thought was of Lysinthia City.

After the otherworldly invasion ended, Lysinthia City had once again fallen into a defensive war; the minor skirmishes there seemed to have become the norm.

"You can send her to Lysinthia City. See if those Merfolk there react abnormally."

And just like that, Orion's words decided the fate of the mermaid, Marina.

Delilah let out a delicate laugh. Completely naked, she looked incredibly alluring.

"My dear, Delilah promises you, I will definitely take good care of your mermaid."

Orion grunted in acknowledgment, reached out, pulled Delilah into his embrace, and continued to fuck her.

Early the next morning, in the castle conference hall.

Orion, Delilah, and Thundar made arrangements for the upcoming situation.

"Thundar, prepare yourself. You will lead the cavalry armies and descend with me to the Emerald Dream Realm."

"As you wish!"

Thundar, due to years of campaigning, had developed an air of authority that came with high position and power.

The cavalry regiment under Thundar's command was massive, several times larger than the Stoneheart Horde's regular cannon fodder troops.

Initially, most of the cavalry regiment personnel rode icefield snow wolves.

Later, with the rise of the cave spiders, a cave spider cavalry unit was added to the regiment.

Later still, as the Raptor Nest in Stoneheart City received prioritized resources and rapidly recovered, a Raptor cavalry unit was also added.

After that, Flame-Tiger, lizard, bear... miscellaneous beast cavalry units were also incorporated into the cavalry regiment.

Among them were even some Abyssal creatures, such as Bone Pythons and Abyssal Dragons.

The scale of the cavalry regiment had long surpassed five hundred thousand.

Fortunately, the Stoneheart Horde's territory was vast, and many cavalry units were stationed in various locations.

For instance, the Raptor cavalry regiment was generally stationed in Stoneheart City, under Delilah's command.

Of course, the Raptor cavalry regiment also served as the honor guard for the King of Giants.

The main forces that campaigned with Thundar were still the wolf-mounted cavalry and cave spider cavalry.

Because these two types of cavalry were the most expendable and the easiest to replenish.

"I will leave Dace, Otho, Beyn, Torba, Ursa, and others in Stoneheart City, at your disposal."

"The situation in the South, and when to declare war on the Sea Race, will be decided by you based on the actual circumstances."

Orion looked at Delilah, bestowing upon her immense trust.

Furthermore, Orion also left Delilah with ten Sea-Devouring Warships, some Giant Kelp Water Cannon seeds, and a portion of Ocean Hunter eggs.

"Once war is declared, send an envoy to the Dragons' Whitecliff and request to continue purchasing Sea-Devouring Warships from the white dragon Frostsire."

"The more you ultimately purchase, the better, but the purchasing process must follow a reasonable plan."

For the time being, Orion could only entrust the situation in the South to Delilah.

Orion's next step was to first descend to the Emerald Dream Realm, draw Leonidas and Alexander there, and initiate the invasion plan.

After that, Orion planned to return to the Titanion Realm and head to Lysinthia City.

There, he would cultivate a batch of Ocean Hunters, personally campaign in the sea regions, and search for Serpent Isle.

Since the Serpentfolk race had managed to drift across the sea to arrive, Serpent Isle couldn't be too far from the continent.

Occupying Serpent Isle, expanding the horde's territory, and accumulating faith for himself—these were things Orion had to do.

Since the Emerald Dream Realm would eventually be destroyed, Orion couldn't possibly occupy it, making Serpent Isle his ultimate choice for territory expansion.

"I understand!"

When it came to serious business, Delilah became very stern, her queenly demeanor fully displayed.

In reality, what Orion left for Delilah was not just Dace and his group, but also Alpha-level powerhouses like Gormathar, Maldrak, Erythros, Thalion, and Torvald, who were on leave or rotation within the territory.

Chapter 678 678: You might not use them, but you couldn't afford not to have them

"The situation is ever-changing, and I'm not always stationed in Stoneheart City. I'll leave you some helpers."

The situation in the South was indeed somewhat tense. Once Orion left, there would be no Legendary-level powerhouse overseeing things.

This was a very dangerous fact, meaning Stoneheart Horde could easily be ambushed.

"I'll leave Xalathar in the castle!"

Both Delilah and Thundar showed puzzled expressions; they didn't immediately grasp the significance of the Abyssal Dragon staying behind.

An extra Alpha peak combatant?

"Isn't Xalathar trying to break through to Legendary level?"

"Could it be?"

As if realizing something, expressions of shock appeared on both Delilah's and Thundar's faces.

Just then, a blood-red light flashed from Orion's chest area. A crimson beam shot out of the conference hall and landed in the castle square.

Roar!

A low yet resonant beastly roar sounded, and a Legendary-level pressure erupted violently.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Throughout Stoneheart City, in every street and alley, inside and outside every house, everyone was pressed to the ground by this completely unrestrained and unrestricted pressure.

Savage,ferocious, and bloodthirsty howls spread throughout Stoneheart City. At this moment, many people clutched their heads and screamed, their hearts trembling violently.

"Xalathar, stop!"

The majestic voice of the King of Giants echoed through the city. The ferocious aura quickly subsided, and Stoneheart City returned to calm.

Castle, conference hall.

Orion withdrew his gaze, looking at Delilah and Thundar, whose bodies were slowly recovering from their trembling.

"You two need to work harder. Before a Legendary-level powerhouse, Alpha-level is very weak, with no power to resist."

Delilah slowly exhaled, her gaze shifting from the Abyssal Dragon now dozing in the square.

"My dear lord, with Xalathar guarding here, our Stoneheart Horde can finally be considered truly stable."

Delilah spoke these words with utmost sincerity.

In the days and nights when Orion was away from Stoneheart City, no one knew how worried and terrified Delilah had been, responsible for guarding the city.

Even in her dreams, Delilah had to guard against sudden attacks from neighbors like the Humans, Blood Elves, or Ogres, fearing that an unstoppable Legendary-level powerhouse might descend upon Stoneheart City and slaughter all their kinsmen.

Truly, Orion leaving the Legendary-level Xalathar in the castle brought Delilah incomparable peace of mind, even more so than Orion leaving his will projection on her.

The fear hidden deep within Delilah's heart only began to slowly dissipate at this moment.

For every tribe, a Legendary-level being was like a sacred sword, their greatest reliance.

Legendary-level powerhouses were like nuclear weapons: you might not use them, but you couldn't afford not to have them.

The existence of a Legendary-level being was a threat to enemies, the horde's biggest trump card.

"Rest assured, if my will projection cooperates with Xalathar, even an ordinary upper-Legendary level powerhouse wouldn't be able to do much if they came."

Orion looked at Delilah; he had sensed the emotional turmoil within her just now.

Orion understood Delilah very well. In this complex land of the South, without a Legendary-level being as a pillar of support for the territory she guarded, no matter how strong Delilah appeared, it was only superficial.

For instance, a few years ago, when Lycanor of the Blood Elf race visited, or when Aldous the Ogre visited, if Orion wasn't in Stoneheart City, both Lilith and Delilah would treat them with utmost courtesy, terrified of offending them and inviting slaughter.

Now, with Xalathar guarding Stoneheart City, if another Legendary-level powerhouse visited, Delilah could speak with more confidence.

She would also have the courage to refuse any excessive demands made by those Legendary-level beings.

"Let Lilith come to Stoneheart City too. It's been a long time since I saw Pallas; I quite miss the little fellow!"

Orion nodded, knowing Delilah's intention.

The bond between these succubus sisters was still very strong; they were always thinking of each other.

Although Blackstone City was also very safe, it lacked a Legendary-level powerhouse to oversee it, which made Delilah uneasy.

"I heard the City Lord of Soaring Bird City advanced to Alpha-level?"

"Yes."

Upon receiving a definitive answer, Orion fell silent.

According to Orion's plan, once Torin advanced to Alpha-level, he would heavily support him.

The purpose of this support was to let Torin control Soaring Bird City and reap benefits for Orion.

At the same time, it was also to have Torin find an opportunity to instigate civil unrest within the Human Kingdom.

This was the previous plan, but the rise of the Dragon race made Orion understand one thing: in the short term, the Human Kingdom could not afford internal strife.

The Human race was key to suppressing the Dragons. If the Humans fell into internal conflict, the Dragons would definitely seize the opportunity to counterattack the continent.

At that time, the Stoneheart Horde, Dwarves, and Blood Elves would all be dragged into the war.

Of course, Orion could also side with the Dragons then, but it would definitely incur the hatred of the Humans and bring trouble upon himself.

By then, even Kronos's plan to control the Human kingdom would be affected.

"Tell that Human Baron he should fulfill the contract he signed."

To survive back then, Torin had signed many unequal treaties with the Stoneheart Horde.

Fulfilling them now was equivalent to Torin becoming Orion's slave.

"Aren't we going to wait a bit longer?" Delilah was somewhat puzzled. According to the plan, they were supposed to wait until Torin controlled more than half of Soaring Bird City's interests before starting to enforce the contract.

Although Torin had risen, he controlled at most twenty percent of Soaring Bird City's interests.

Ten percent of that still had to be handed over to his public backer, Princess Ava.

"No need to wait. Let's exploit this Human Baron for a bit first."

"The Dragons are exceptionally strong; the Human race cannot afford chaos right now. Let's suppress this fellow for a while."

"Besides, Kronos hasn't fully matured yet!" Orion added this last sentence in his mind.

Time. Torin needed time to build his faction, Kronos needed time to grow, Orion needed time to accumulate faith, and the Stoneheart Horde also needed time to consolidate.

Orion had risen too quickly, making the Stoneheart Horde seem somewhat superficial.

The longer the situation dragged on, the more advantageous it was for the Stoneheart Horde.

"I understand. I'll issue the order now to recall the bloodline warriors stationed there."

Delilah acted quickly, passing down the order.

Thus, the meeting continued. Regarding the current situation and how to deal with the Sea Race, Orion had many things to discuss and consult with Delilah.

...

Colosseum.

The Legendary-level pressure swept over, and this place was also affected.

After the pressure appeared, the beasts imprisoned in the dungeons, the gamblers in the audience, and the Colosseum staff all prostrated themselves on the ground.

Only at this moment did the chaotic Colosseum finally regain order.

"That pressure came from the castle. Is the Giant King angry?"

"Not the Giant King. This is an unfamiliar pressure, somewhat similar to dragon might."

In terms of worldly knowledge, Nico, who only knew how to make money, certainly couldn't compare to Kadir, who was a noble.

Some knowledge, some foundations, were beyond Nico's reach.

"An envoy from the Dragon race?"

"That's not right. We have so many spies in Stoneheart City, and there's been no news of a Legendary-level envoy from the Dragon race visiting."

"Or perhaps, did they come secretly with the Giant King?"

Chapter 679 679: I have confidence in you

Nico muttered to himself. Ever since taking control of the Colosseum, they had deployed their spies.

In Stoneheart City, logically speaking, they should absolutely be the first to obtain intelligence.

"Stop guessing. News has arrived."

Kadir extended his hand, and a small bird resembling a pigeon landed on it—one of the mediums they used for transmitting intelligence.

"It's the Abyssal Dragon!"

"The Giant King's mount has advanced to Legendary level!"

Kadir handed the intelligence to Nico, who read it carefully three times before letting out a long sigh.

"Kadir, I'm afraid we've truly found an incredibly powerful backer."

"Yes, you're right. The Stoneheart Horde is growing stronger and stronger."

"Then isn't our future incredibly bright?"

"Barring any accidents, the two of us will likely become targets for the nobles of the Human Kingdom to lobby and bribe." Kadir looked up, towards the direction of the southern Human Kingdom, and said calmly.

"The situation here is becoming increasingly stable. Such an environment will create countless riches."

"Nico, prepare to get rich!"

Unlike Orion, people like Kadir and Nico saw an increasingly stable living environment.

This place brought them hope.

North, Blackstone City.

Compared to the south, it was somewhat more desolate here, mainly due to the lack of a large transient population, making it seem less prosperous.

Most of the inhabitants here were Giants of the Stoneheart tribe. Everyone knew each other, living in close quarters, and new things rarely happened.

Orion held Pallas, with Rendall to his left and Lilith to his right. The three of them stood on the city wall, gazing into the distance.

It was currently sunrise in the east, and the land was vibrant with life.

"The little fellow has grown strong, but he's a bit naughty."

Orion placed the struggling Pallas on his shoulders. The little one hugged Orion's head and finally calmed down a bit.

Pallas gazed at Blackstone City; it was a sight he rarely saw.

"Take him to the south, let him get familiar with the younglings of the horde in the south!"

"We can't just keep him in the north all the time, letting the people not even recognize their own prince, can we?"

Orion smiled, turning his head to look at Lilith.

Lilith smiled and nodded, holding Orion's arm and looking in the direction Pallas was gazing, curious about what had caught his attention.

"I've mostly recovered on my end as well. It's a good time to go south and lend a hand."

And just like that, the matter of Lilith transferring to the south was settled.

"Take the little fellow for a stroll in the streets, let him meet the people of the horde."

Lilith took Pallas, and after a gentle smile, she walked down the city wall, led by a troop of succubus maidservants.

"Arch Elder, how is the situation in Lysinthia City?"

Orion turned to look at Rendall. The old Giant's hair and beard had all turned white in just six short months, his body's bloodline talent seemingly hollowed out.

Despite this, Rendall still hadn't broken through to Alpha peak.

"Those sea race creatures harass them frequently. I've already sent Slagor for support."

"Barring any unusual circumstances, Lysinthia City should be fine."

Orion nodded; this was within his expectations.

Lysinthia City not only had arrow towers but was also heavily garrisoned; it certainly wouldn't be breached in a short while.

Furthermore, Orion had also placed a sliver of his will projection on Lysinthia; if anything truly happened, he would know immediately.

"Send that Tidefang Clan mermaid to Lysinthia City. See if it attracts the attention of the merfolk among those sea race creatures."

"When I return from the Emerald Dream Realm, I will personally handle the matters of Lysinthia City."

Rendall nodded. He looked at Orion, wanting to say something but not knowing how to begin.

"Orion, I..."

Orion gazed at Rendall, a smile on his face, respect in his eyes.

"Orion, I'm old!"

"Let Ursa take over the position of Elder of Discipline. She has gained enough experience."

"I wouldn't feel at ease with anyone else in the role of Elder of Discipline."

After saying these few words, Rendall's vitality and spirit seemed to have been completely drained.

The Arch Elder, as a whole, gave off the illusion of being in his declining years, like a flickering candle in the wind.

Orion sighed. Had Rendall, after persisting for so long, finally compromised?

"Arch Elder, how many years have you lived?"

"Not even two hundred, right?"

Orion's tone was somewhat flat; beneath the flatness lay an uncontainable sorrow.

"Arch Elder, do you know?"

"The Dragon Emperor of the Dragon race has lived for a full ten thousand years, and even now, he still covets the continent, full of ambition for his own future."

"Although the lifespan of Giants cannot compare to that of Dragons, I know you can definitely do it."

Orion's emotions finally fluctuated, becoming excited, and also confident.

"You can definitely advance to Alpha peak, and even to Legendary level."

"Arch Elder, I have confidence in you."

"And please, have confidence in me too!"

Orion reached out and grasped Rendall's slightly trembling arms.

"Arch Elder, the Blackrock tribe cannot be without you. Our next generation hasn't fully matured yet."

"The Stoneheart Horde cannot be without you either. Without a kinsman monitoring the entire horde, would you feel at ease?"

This was the truth, a responsibility, and also a form of pressure.

All these were things Orion was imposing on Rendall, the driving force for Rendall to keep moving forward.

Among the elders of the Stoneheart Horde, Thundar and Delilah were the ones truly in charge of affairs.

Elder of Discipline Rendall and Elder of Prophecy Onyx, in most cases, played a supervisory and guiding role.

The two of them, on a certain level, were Orion's means of deterring and monitoring Thundar and Delilah, a Sword of Damocles hanging over their heads.

The existence of Rendall and Onyx was to tell others: you are not unique; you are replaceable.

"Arch Elder, you feel your body's potential is exhausted, that this is as far as you can go."

"However, I do not see it that way."

Rendall looked intently at Orion. Orion was a being far more powerful than him.

He might not believe others' words, but he trusted what Orion said.

Unconsciously, Rendall's gaze became focused, became spirited.

"Arch Elder, talent is not unchangeable."

At this moment, Rendall's face showed surprise, a slight astonishment.

"Dirtclaw!"

Orion merely uttered a name, and Rendall fell into deep thought.

Dirtclaw, with his ordinary gnoll talent, should never have been able to reach his current stage.

But, Dirtclaw had done it.

Therefore, some things were not unchangeable.

The reason there was no change was simply because one hadn't yet done their best.

Chapter 680 680: You must persevere

"And our Heroic Altar. For this invasion of the Emerald Dream Realm, I plan to capture a large number of sacrifices to initiate a second inheritance ceremony."

"Accepting the inheritance can also enhance potential."

Orion mentioned the Heroic Altar within Moonshadow Valley. The significance of this special structure was to continuously enhance the Stoneheart Horde's foundation and increase the number of elite Giant figures.

These words caused Rendall's gaze to gradually brighten.

"And the Emerald Dream Realm—such a vast world will surely have many rare items. Some can definitely change talent and improve strength."

"Arch Elder, for the Blackstone tribe, for the Stoneheart horde, you must persevere."

"Even if your innate potential is exhausted, then research combat techniques..."

On the city wall, Orion and Rendall completed a heart-to-heart talk.

Under Orion's encouragement, the flame of hope was rekindled in Rendall's heart.

Rendall was a special existence in the Blackstone tribe.

His presence was a source of faith and a spiritual pillar for many of his kinsmen.

It was precisely because there was a selflessly dedicated elder like the Arch Elder setting an example at the forefront that the younger generation had a reference point when acting and making decisions.

Orion could definitively say that ever since his father and mother had left, Rendall had been the spiritual benchmark of the Stoneheart tribe.

In terms of dedication to the tribe, he was a monument.

And Orion hoped this monument could endure for a long time.

...

Two days later, at the teleportation array beneath Moonshadow Valley.

Orion surged the transcendent power within his body, teleporting Lilith, Pallas, and a troop of succubus maidservants to Stoneheart City.

After this, Orion took Thundar and his cavalry regiment, along with five necromancers, to the Underworld's cross-realm teleportation array, preparing to descend to the Emerald Dream Realm.

...

Human Kingdom, Rose Manor.

Blooming roses set off the manor in the center of the garden, making it look vibrant and full of life.

A Giant youngling, wearing short pants, crawled tirelessly all over the manor, up and down.

Strangely enough, though the little fellow crawled all over the manor, there were no scrapes on his knees.

It had to be said, Giant younglings were truly tough and resilient.

Behind the Giant youngling followed two powerfully built adult Giants—Brom and James.

Brom and James had always followed Orion's orders, never leaving Kronos's side.

"Are Giant younglings from the Stoneheart Horde as boisterous as Kronos when they're little?"

On a high point of the manor, two people stood on an open-air balcony, watching Kronos crawl all over the place.

They were Princess Ava and Tarn.

"More or less!"

"Giants generally have strong physiques and abundant energy. We need constant activity to adapt to our bodies' growth."

"Once Kronos learns to walk, I'll teach him cultivation, and he won't be so lively and active then."

It was Tarn who answered Princess Ava. Tarn gazed at Kronos, a deep, inexplicable emotion in his eyes.

That emotion was very familiar to Tarn; it was a fate similar to his own.

Tarn had felt this emotion upon first seeing Kronos.

This feeling, which Tarn couldn't quite articulate, suddenly made him realize that he had grown up, become an adult.

And adulthood meant needing to bear certain responsibilities.

For example, educating the younger generation, shouldering the responsibility of an older brother.

Responsibility—Tarn had never had such a thought before.

Now, seeing Kronos, Tarn instantly felt this thing called responsibility, the responsibility of an older brother.

That thing he had never paid attention to, never cared about before, made Tarn mature in an instant.

For a fleeting moment, Tarn missed Orion immensely, missed Fergus, missed Rendall, missed Lilith who had often cared for him, missed everything about the Stoneheart tribe.

(Tarn was an adopted son whom Orion had previously taken in, and he was raised by Lilith.)

However, Tarn couldn't go back, because he had to take care of Kronos; he had to shoulder the responsibility of an older brother.

Tarn wanted to make Kronos understand that he was a Giant, a powerful Blackstone Giant.

Tarn wanted to tell Kronos that his father was a great, unsurpassable existence.

Tarn, even more so, had to teach Kronos common knowledge about Giants, the customs of the Stoneheart tribe, the basic combat techniques Giants should learn, and hunting skills for survival, among other things.

Tarn felt he had too many things he needed to pass on to Kronos.

"Do you think Kronos will be accepted by the Stoneheart Horde?"

Gazing at Kronos crawling all over the ground, Princess Ava's eyes were full of doting love.

Only when Kronos's future was mentioned would a trace of maturity, decisiveness, and resilience flash in her eyes.

Ava's disposition had undergone an earth-shaking transformation.

Previously, Ava would certainly have been unwilling to proactively mention the Stoneheart Horde, or that King of Giants who had raped her.

Even less so now, Ava was trying to get the Stoneheart Horde to accept Kronos, to let Kronos integrate.

"Lady Ava, you worry too much!"

"Orion and the Stoneheart Horde have already accepted Kronos."

Tarn turned his head and glanced at Princess Ava.

"For the next three years, I will stay here. I will teach Kronos and make him understand the position he is in."

Kronos's experiences were, to a large extent, similar to Tarn's; neither had experienced fatherly love.

However, as a Giant prince, Kronos's fate was destined to be extraordinary.

Kronos needed guidance!

This was Tarn's current thought, just as he had needed guidance when he was little.

Otherwise, he would definitely take some tortuous, unnecessary detours.

Gazing at Kronos crawling around the manor chasing rabbits, Tarn gradually fell into deep thought.

Ava glanced at Tarn out of the corner of her eye. Strictly speaking, this fellow was her junior, and her child Kronos's cousin.

Ava could see that Tarn was very young.

But Tarn's strength was also formidable; he was already at Hero peak.

Furthermore, this fellow also had a ferocious Bone Python as a pet, an Abyssal creature with extremely strong combat capabilities.

Most crucially, Tarn had immense potential, with the possibility of breaking through to higher levels.

"I hope that when Kronos grows up, he'll have similarly immense potential!"

"..."

Emerald Dream Realm, Red Moon Valley.

Spatial energy fluctuated, and Thundar led his team as the cavalry regiment personnel descended one after another.

Dirtclaw, Lorelia, Onyx, and the others, sensing the波動, quickly rushed to the cave.

"Hahaha... Thundar, you're here too!"

Onyx stepped forward and clapped Thundar on the shoulder.

Among this group, only Onyx could do so.

As the Elder of Combat, Thundar not only held a high position and significant power but also carried an air of slaughter.

When facing outsiders, Thundar would, in most cases, put on a cold expression.

"Prophet, I'm truly so happy to see you again!"

Those truly close to Thundar were probably only Onyx, the Arch Elder, Earthshaker, Dirtclaw—this group of companions who had walked the battlefields together from the very beginning.

"Elder Thundar, do you feel it?"

"I reached the peak a step ahead of you, hehe!"

Dirtclaw stepped forward, extending his strong arm and making a fist.

Thundar nodded, a sincere smile on his face. He knew how much this group of old friends had paid to get to where they were today.

"Don't worry, I'll catch up soon!"

This was the pride of a Giant!

Even Dirtclaw could break through his shackles; Thundar believed he was definitely no worse than Dirtclaw.

Although his strength had stagnated at late Alpha, Thundar didn't feel his talent was exhausted.

Thundar was still young; he had plenty of time and drive to break his limits.

"Elder Thundar, where is our master?"

After Thundar had reminisced with Onyx and Dirtclaw, Lorelia squeezed forward to ask about Orion's whereabouts.

"Our master is managing the cross-realm teleportation array. He will descend shortly."

Thundar also greeted Lorelia. They were all acquaintances, and he had watched the latter grow up.

Sensing Lorelia's aura, Thundar wasn't surprised at all; this cave spider, raised by the Stoneheart Horde since she was small, had also advanced to Alpha peak level.

Seeing Lorelia grow, Thundar, Onyx, and the Arch Elder were all incredibly proud.

Because behind Lorelia's growth were their contributions.

It was an inexpressible joy!

And also an emotion that was pleasantly surprising and exhilarating!

...

Orion had not yet descended. Thundar could only reorganize his troops on one hand, and wait with Onyx and the others on the other.

Half a day later, Orion's figure slowly materialized in the teleportation array. With him were five cloaked necromancers.

Lorelia was the most excited. Sensing Orion's aura, she dashed out, wanting to throw herself into her master's embrace.

Unfortunately, Lorelia failed again.

Orion extended his right hand and placed it on Lorelia's small head, stopping her from throwing herself into his arms.

"Lorelia, you are the Spider Queen. Don't you know you've grown up already!"

Orion tapped Lorelia lightly. The excitement in her eyes quickly transformed into a slight pout of aggrievement.

"Have you completed the task I assigned you?"

This matter was very important. Orion was about to bring over Leonidas and Alexander; the invasion plan was about to be launched.

If the number of small spiders was insufficient, there would be big trouble.

"Rest assured, Lorelia not only completed the task but over-fulfilled it."

"Master, didn't you notice?"

"Lorelia has advanced to Alpha peak!"

Orion nodded, a satisfied smile appearing on his face.

"From now on, Lorelia and Dirtclaw, all your battle achievements in the horde are cleared. Furthermore, you both owe the horde three major merits."

Two clumps of Legendary-level life essence appeared in Orion's hands, and he gave them to Lorelia and Dirtclaw.

"Remember to make up for the battle achievements later!"

Orion ignored the pleasantly surprised Lorelia and Dirtclaw, transforming into lightning and disappearing from the cave.

Thundar looked at the Legendary-level life essence in Dirtclaw's hand, his eyes full of envy.

"Alpha peak, I will definitely advance!"

At this moment, Thundar's heart was screaming wildly.

Onyx, Dirtclaw, and Lorelia had all obtained the opportunity to challenge the Legendary level; this deeply stimulated Thundar.

"Keep it up! We'll wait for you, to challenge the Legendary level together! I also want to have the status of a lord!"

Onyx clapped Thundar's shoulder again, partly as comfort, partly as encouragement. Then he turned and walked out of the cave.

"Alright!"

Lorelia City, city wall.

Lumi stood there, like a snow lotus, pure and beautiful.

Orion reached out and pulled Lumi into his embrace, letting her cold hair and cheek feel the burning warmth of his chest.

"You've worked hard recently!"

Lumi looked up, glanced at Orion, said nothing, and leaned against his chest, gazing into the distance.

In the distance, snowflakes danced, and the cold wind shivered.

"I'm here. The snow can stop, and the wind can cease too!"

"Mm!"

Lumi hummed softly. The snowflakes falling from the sky gradually disappeared, and the constantly blowing cold wind also stopped its whistling.

In a short while, dim, deep sunlight shone into Red Moon Valley, falling upon Lorelia City.

"The enemy is from the west, a flock of Aarakocra. They are flying dark creatures."

Lumi leaned against Orion's chest, pointing towards the west.

"No matter. It doesn't matter what dark creatures they are. Only death awaits them."

Orion was very domineering, and also very confident.

Because this time, he was cooperating with Leonidas, a truly powerful individual.

"Before the snow melts, let's find a place to make love..."

Orion held Lumi and disappeared from the city wall, vanishing in the wind.

...

"Prophet, Orion probably doesn't know yet that Clymene has fallen into a deep sleep."

Dirtclaw and Onyx ascended the city wall, looking at the ice and snow gradually melting under the sunlight, a hint of worry in their eyes.

"When Orion returns, I will personally report it."

"But before that, we must first defend Lorelia City."