

## **Titan King 751**

### Chapter 751: Sea Offering

Orion frowned, lost in deep thought.

Seeing Orion frown, Lilith dared not disturb him, and the bedroom quickly fell silent.

It wasn't that Orion was overly suspicious, but Lilith's mention of the dark beast tides had reminded him of a point the Deputy Commander made earlier.

The demigod-level powerhouses of the Titanion Realm, after repelling the Emerald Dream Realm's invasion, had in turn become greedy for the Emerald Dream Realm.

Could the absence of the dark beast tides this year mean that those demigod-level powerhouses in the Titanion Realm were plotting something?

Dark beast tides... invasion... counter-invasion...

Orion's frown deepened as he tried to immerse himself in that chaotic scenario, to discern something from it.

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Trident Sea Region, Azurecrown Royal Harbor.

This was once the territory of the Seadragon race's Seventh Prince, Aurelian. After both the Seventh Prince and the Twelfth Prince died in this sea region, the underwater city gained a new name among the nearby Sea Folk: the City of Sorrow.

Today, this city, known to all as the City of Sorrow, welcomed a new master: Seadragon King Neptor.

Descending with Seadragon King Neptor was the Seadragon race's elite force, the Seadragon Cavalry.

The Seadragon Cavalry was a force composed of Seadragons and Tidewyrms, each cavalry member an elite selected from the Seadragon race.

This time, the Seadragon race had come to avenge their recent humiliation.

However, how to go about it was a matter of careful consideration.

"Father, the Coralborn race has been slaughtered to the last. Their corpses were all dumped on the coast."

The Coralborn race was a vassal of the Seadragon race, one of the largest Sea Folk tribes in the nearby waters.

After the deaths of the Twelfth and Seventh Princes, the Coralborn tribe had been ordered to stay away from the coast, guard this sea region, and gather intelligence.

But no one had expected the Dragons to be so utterly depraved as to wipe out the Coralborn tribe entirely.

"The corpses of the Coralborn tribe, did they appear in Blood Elf territory?"

Seadragon King Neptor's voice was flat, yet with a discernible trace of disdain.

"Yes, Father, your guess is correct!"

Third Prince Voryn nodded. Although everyone had their suspicions before, there was no concrete proof.

As events unfolded, the truth was just as everyone had speculated.

Whether the Dragons were behind it, or whether there was evidence, no longer mattered.

"Hmph, merely a clumsy trick by the Dragons!"

"They merely want us to recall our reinforcements and redeploy our forces here? Then I shall grant their wish."

"However, whether this war is fought or not—that is for the Seadragon race to decide."

Seadragon King Neptor's tone was profound and unfathomable; behind his deep, resonant voice, something seemed to be brewing.

"Father, how do you intend to approach this war?"

Voryn gazed at his father, beneath whose calm expression lay a towering inferno of hatred and anger.

The deaths of the Seventh and Twelfth Princes were a blow to Seadragon King Neptor, and also a humiliation.

Such humiliation could only be washed away with blood.

But whose blood, and how much—this required careful consideration.

The Seadragon race was not invincible. To face both the Blood Elf race and the Stoneheart Horde simultaneously was very challenging and risky.

Third Prince Voryn was not foolish, nor was the high command of the Seadragon race, and Seadragon King Neptor least of all.

Therefore, even after the elite forces of the Seadragon race appeared in Azurecrown Royal Harbor, war did not immediately erupt.

"How to fight? Who said I was going to start a war?"

Seadragon King Neptor's icy voice cut through, attracting the attention of Third Prince Voryn, Seadragon Cavalry Regiment Commander Thaloryn, Seadragon Royal Guards Dravion and Aquilon, and First Prince Maroth.

Including Seadragon King Neptor himself, they numbered six Legendary-level powerhouses.

If their companion Tidewyrms were counted, they totaled eleven Legendary-level powerhouses.

This was undoubtedly an all-star lineup. The Seadragon race had deployed its elites, underscoring the importance they attached to the Stoneheart Horde and the Blood Elves.

"Maroth, you will lead a contingent of Seadragon Cavalry as envoys to the Blood Elf race."

"Voryn, you will lead a contingent of Seadragon Cavalry as envoys to the Stoneheart Horde."

"Tell their lords that in one month, I will host a banquet at Azurecrown Royal Harbor, inviting them to attend our Seadragon race's Sea Offering."

The Sea Offering was, in essence, a funeral.

The Seventh and Twelfth Princes of the Seadragon race had died in this sea region; it was perfectly reasonable for the Seadragon race to hold a funeral here.

As for why Seadragon King Neptor invited the Stoneheart Horde and the Blood Elf race to attend the Sea Offering, that remained unknown.

"Your Majesty, Thaloryn is willing to lead the escort for His Highness the Third Prince to the Stoneheart Horde."

The speaker was the commander of the Seadragon Cavalry Regiment, Thaloryn. His voice was sinister, and his tone clearly indicated his deep malice towards the Stoneheart Horde.

Thaloryn dared to speak thus because his strength was at Legendary peak.

With his companion Tidewyrm, that made two Legendary peak powers.

With such strength, Thaloryn was entitled to his arrogance.

The last time Third Prince Voryn and Seventh Prince Aurelian went to the Stoneheart Horde to demand an explanation, the result was one dead and one fleeing.

In Thaloryn's eyes, this was the greatest insult to them.

Therefore, Thaloryn wanted to take this opportunity to reclaim the dignity of the Seadragon race.

Seadragon King Neptor said nothing; he was somewhat hesitant about Thaloryn's request.

If the Sea Folk went to war with the Stoneheart Horde and the Blood Elf race, that would be falling right into the Dragons' insidious trap.

Seadragon King Neptor did not want to be tricked, but he also wanted to regain face. So, he planned to hold the Sea Offering to gauge the stance of the Blood Elves and the Stoneheart Horde.

Ascertaining the enemy's position and bottom line was the decisive factor in whether war would erupt.

As for the two deceased princes of the Seadragon race, they were important, but with the rise or fall of the entire race at stake, their lives and dignity could be temporarily set aside.

This was the perspective of Seadragon King Neptor, the caliber of a king.

"Your Majesty, if the Stoneheart Horde's lord cannot even pass my test, then they are not qualified to attend the Sea Offering."

"At that time, Thaloryn will unleash a great tsunami to claim justice for the Seadragon race!"

"Our princes are not so easily killed; the enemy must pay in blood!"

These words from Thaloryn moved Seadragon King Neptor.

If that Legendary peak Giant King couldn't even defeat Thaloryn, then there was indeed no need to negotiate with him, nor would he be qualified to attend the Sea Offering.

"Go then. Protect Voryn well!"

"Remember, if things become untenable, drop your stance."

"We can be proud, but we cannot be foolish."

Chapter 752: Flying Mayflies

Stoneheart City, castle's underground secret chamber.

Led by Lilith, Orion walked in.

"This is the surprise you were talking about?"

Gazing at the pure white, cocoon-like mayfly eggs before him, Orion's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Mm, they're called Flying Fish Mayflies, an insectoid beast."

"The adult Flying Fish Mayfly can reach about twenty feet in length, making it very suitable as a mount for Succubi."

Lilith explained as she led Orion deeper into the secret chamber.

In a chamber dedicated to breeding such creatures, Orion saw densely packed Flying Fish Mayflies.

They rested on the walls, the ground, the beast pens... Flying Fish Mayflies crawled over almost every available surface.

"Their combat power isn't high, but they easily form groups and can be organized into units."

"Furthermore, their growth period is very short; they are ready for use within a year."

Orion looked at these Flying Fish Mayflies; he naturally knew what Lilith wanted to tell him.

The Stoneheart Horde had always lacked a formally organized air force; this was a shortcoming of the Horde.

If not for the Eagle Nest in the northern Thunderwood Forest breeding Harpies for the Horde, Delilah's Sentinel Corps would never have developed.

Before the appearance of the Flying Fish Mayflies, Orion, to address this need, had set his sights on Thunderhawk Rayden, tasking him with forming a flying army primarily composed of Thunderhawks within a year.

One of Orion's purposes for returning south this time was to inspect Thunderhawk Rayden's progress.

Unexpectedly, Lilith had given him an additional little surprise.

"If the adult Flying Fish Mayfly is less than thirty feet long, its limitations are somewhat significant, suitable only for Succubi and other small-statured people to ride."

"This type of insectoid beast needs to be paired with troop types proficient in ranged attacks."

Speaking of this, Orion suddenly felt that the Blood Elves, skilled in magic and archery, were the ideal riders for the Flying Fish Mayflies; they were a perfect match.

"How long is their lifespan?"

As Orion observed the Flying Fish Mayflies, a serious problem suddenly occurred to him.

"Five to seven years. The Flying Fish Mayfly's lifespan is very short."

Lilith's expression was slightly embarrassed; for insectoid beasts, a short lifespan was an inherent weakness.

"The Flying Fish Mayflies are ready in a year. Their remaining lifespan is enough to create surplus value for us."

Although the Flying Fish Mayfly had significant drawbacks, Lilith still believed it was a very good troop type.

At least for the Stoneheart Horde, it could fill the gap in air cavalry.

Orion frowned, gazing at the Flying Fish Mayflies, unsure what to say for a moment.

After a long while, Orion shook his head.



"The Flying Fish Mayflies can indeed become our flying mounts, but they are not suitable for the Succubi."

"Why?"

Lilith was puzzled. Flying Fish Mayflies were not inherently large and didn't have a strong carrying capacity; logically, some lighter Succubi should be perfectly capable of riding them.

"The Flying Fish Mayflies are not strong. If they go into battle, though they are air cavalry, they can only be considered cannon-fodder-level air cavalry."

This was a fact. Compared to the wyvern armies Leonidas brought, the Flying Fish Mayflies were completely out of their league.

The wyvern armies could slaughter the Flying Fish Mayflies in a few passes because their strength was simply too weak.

"Since they are cannon fodder, most Flying Fish Mayflies will inevitably die on the battlefield, right?"

Orion looked at Lilith, his face gentle. This was his wife; many things could be explained clearly and thoroughly to her.

"According to your idea, the riders on the Flying Fish Mayflies would be members of the Succubus tribe."

"If the Flying Fish Mayflies die on the battlefield, would their riders fare any better?"

"Does the Succubus tribe have that many members to sacrifice as cannon fodder?"

Hearing this, Lilith's eyes widened. She could already imagine countless Succubi riding Flying Fish Mayflies, crashing onto the battlefield.

Such a tragic scene was definitely not what the Succubus race hoped for, nor what the Succubus Queen hoped for, and certainly not what Lilith wanted to see.

"No, don't!"

Lilith cried out involuntarily. The Succubus tribe was her mother race and also the pillar of support for her and Pallas.

The tenderness on Orion's face deepened. He pulled Lilith into his embrace, gently stroking his wife's back.

"Therefore, Flying Fish Mayflies are only suitable for small-statured, expendable races to ride."

"For example, Ratmen, Goblins... such races are not afraid of sacrifice."

Ratmen were available in the northern Poison Dragon Swamp; they were a vassal race of the Stoneheart Horde.

And there was a group of Goblins neighboring the southern part of Thunderwood Forest; perhaps something could be arranged with them.

Also, in the wilds of the former Beastfolk territory, small populations of Gnomes existed; they were also under Orion's consideration.

"Ratmen and Gnomes—you can try them out first."

"If it's feasible, you'll also need to train them as decent spear throwers or archers."

As he spoke, a new idea sparked in Orion's mind.

If these troop types were viable, their development could be explored even further.

If they had gunpowder, Orion mused, could these units drop explosive packs and grenade-like items from the air, thereby upgrading the Stoneheart Horde's Flying Fish Mayfly air cavalry into a bombing squadron?

Even without gunpowder, couldn't they acquire items like magic bullet scrolls?

After all, the Champions Alliance had a demigod-level Archmage and his demigod faction.

Perhaps the Deputy Commander already had such things.

As he thought about it, a joyful expression appeared on Orion's face.

"Lilith, domesticate these Flying Fish Mayflies well. They will be of great use to the Stoneheart Horde in the future."

Lilith nodded. Receiving Orion's affirmation, her heart filled with joy.

However, Lilith's expression soon fell again.

"Unfortunately, the number of Flying Fish Mayflies is still rather small. If we want them on the battlefield, we'll have to wait for them to breed for another two years."

"These Flying Fish Mayflies, I still need to keep for laying eggs. If the number of viable eggs doesn't reach a certain amount, the Flying Fish Mayfly population won't snowball."

"It's alright. Our Stoneheart Horde can afford to wait."

Never mind two years; even ten years, Orion and the Stoneheart Horde could afford to wait.

Orion comforted Lilith, telling her not to rush.

For two years, Thunderhawk Rayden's makeshift flying armies could temporarily fill the gap; that was acceptable.

Next, Orion accompanied Lilith, tending to the Flying Fish Mayflies for a while before they left the secret chamber.

Three days later, Orion, leading a contingent of Raptor Cavalry, left Stoneheart City, heading towards the western coastline under the pretext of inspecting the territory.

Chapter 753: If you want to fight, then fight

To the west, Ironveil Escarpment.

Upon the cliff, a magnificent arrow-tower castle had been constructed.

Ever since the Lord's Stone was placed here, the Abyssal Dragon Xalathar had made this his home, never once leaving.

On the city wall, Delilah faced the sea. It was unclear whether she was monitoring the canal construction or gazing at the distant ocean.

Sylvana sat at a nearby square table, listening to the low whispers of an elderly Fox Tribe member.

"To this day, apart from a verbal pact, the alliance between the Blood Elf race and the Stoneheart Horde is superficial, lacking any substantial benefits."

"Lord Lycanor's recent visit—I believe she wasn't here to form an alliance, but rather to observe how we are dealing with the Sea Folk, and also to probe our progress."

Only yesterday, Delilah had seen off the visiting Blood Elf lord, Lycanor.

This Blood Elf powerhouse, under the guise of an envoy, had stayed ostentatiously at Ironveil Escarpment for the better part of half a month before finally deigning to leave.

The Stoneheart Horde's excavation of the canal had been laid bare before Lycanor.

"Sylvana, what do you think the Blood Elf race will do next?"

"Dig a canal, just like us?"

"The key is, do they have the daring?"

"Do they possess effective tools like Giant Kelp Water Cannons and Ocean Hunters?"

Although Delilah was asking Sylvana, she seemed to be answering her own questions.

"Your Majesty the Queen, the Blood Elf race has existed for a very long time, even longer than humans. Their foundations are deep and should not be underestimated."

"There are some things the Human Kingdom cannot find that can be found among the Blood Elf race."

"Perhaps the Blood Elf race still hides potent weapons against the Sea Folk."

Sylvana tilted her head, her beautiful eyes devoid of luster, yet precisely because of this, she possessed a kind of serene, undisturbed beauty.

"In my opinion, the recent war between the Blood Elf race and the Sea Folk was like an act."

"I can't understand why those Dragon powerhouses didn't throw the Seadragon princes' bodies into Blood Elf territory."

"Do they look down on the Blood Elf race, or do they think too highly of us, the Stoneheart Horde?"

As she spoke these words, Delilah's voice lost its gentleness, becoming devoid of emotion.

"Perhaps the Dragons are looking for a weaker target for the Sea Folk, so the latter will have the confidence to dispatch troops?"

This was Sylvana's thought—without basis, merely intuition.

"Are you saying that we, the Stoneheart Horde, are considered weak in the eyes of the Dragons?"

"Yes! Except for Orion, we appear to be."

Sylvana's voice was very flat. Hearing her reply, Delilah giggled.

"Sylvana, do you always approach problems from such a strange angle?"

"Strange?"

"Strange!"

Sylvana fell silent; she didn't quite understand.

In Sylvana's view, her thoughts were perfectly normal. What was strange about them?

Delilah, on the other hand, was capricious, her thoughts unfathomable to Sylvana.

"Sea Folk, a bunch of idiots!"

Suddenly, Delilah's voice turned several degrees colder.

Sylvana turned her head to look at Delilah again, but Delilah said nothing. Sylvana pricked up her ears, trying to discern something from any ambient sounds.

"The tide is rising!"

"A very abnormal kind of rising tide!"

After a long moment, Delilah's voice came faintly, carrying a trace of chill.

Rising tide... abnormal... Sylvana repeated the words to herself.

Suddenly, Sylvana's hand, gripping an animal bone, trembled slightly.

"The Sea Folk are attacking!"

Three days later, upon the cliff, a high-pitched, clear dragon roar echoed.

The Abyssal Dragon rose from the castle. It flew up, treading air, walking step by step towards the seashore.

Xalathar had sensed the aura of a Sea Folk lord; the enemy was approaching his territory.

At the same time, on the distant sea surface, a black line suddenly rose—it was a tsunami, the sign of a Sea Folk attack.

The next moment, warning bells on the cliff rang out continuously, and horn blasts followed one after another.

The various armies, long prepared, all manned their positions on the cliff.

Elders such as Dace, Beyn, Torba, Ursa, Drakthul, and Gormathar boarded the Sea-Devouring Warships, staring at the distant sea with anger or hatred.

For land-dwelling races, a tsunami, regardless of its size, was a disaster.

The colossal wave, like a boundless city wall, rolled forward with astonishing speed, threatening to crush everything in its path.

A deafening roar approached from the distance.

Under the influence of this sound, everyone's heartbeat seemed to quicken, beating faster and faster.

Within the tsunami, countless sea beasts, large and small, roared, unleashing water-based magic.

With a series of crashing sounds, the great tsunami drew near, engulfing the land and the canal.

The sight of the turbulent, raging waves was devastating.

Watching the painstakingly constructed defensive fortifications instantly submerged by seawater, the killing intent in Delilah's eyes grew even more intense.

Roar!

Just then, the Abyssal Dragon Xalathar let out a furious roar, transcendent power surging within his maw.

Boom!



A massive Abyssal Flame Bomb shot out, hurtling straight towards the great tsunami.

However, above the great tsunami, a light blue water curtain flashed, deflecting the Abyssal Flame Bomb.

The Abyssal Flame Bomb exploded, but the great tsunami remained unharmed. The aquatic races and sea beasts hidden within erupted in cheers and shouts.

"Is this the extent of the Stoneheart Horde's strength?"

"If so, then be annihilated in the great tsunami!"

An arrogant voice boomed from within the great tsunami, powerful and resonant, heard by every kinsman on the cliff.

"Cowardly wretch, don't hide in there! Come out!"

Boom!

The Abyssal Dragon Xalathar blasted out another Abyssal Flame Bomb. This time, no water curtain appeared above the great tsunami. A violent explosion resounded, sending water splashing everywhere and filling the air with mist.

"You don't think an attack of this intensity can harm me, do you?"

The seawater parted, and a Seadragon emerged, its enormous body coiling in the mist, appearing and disappearing.

Roar!

At the same time, its Legendary peak Tidewyrm companion also roared. A powerful pressure swept forth, not only suppressing Xalathar but also the Stoneheart Horde members on the cliff.

Xalathar gazed at the enemy in the mist, not feeling much tension.

Because through his mind-link, he sensed that his master was rushing here.

Until Orion arrived, he had to protect everyone here and guard the castle on the cliff.

Xalathar did not respond to Thaloryn. He walked forward step by step, a low growl rumbling in his throat.

"If you want to fight, then fight!"

Chapter 754: I'm afraid you won't escape

This was a challenge issued by the Abyssal Dragon, and also his stance.

"Heh, you are a mere low-ranking Legendary, yet you dare to challenge me."

"Then I'll play with you!"

Seadragon Cavalry Regiment Commander Thaloryn stood atop the Tidewyrm, harpoon in hand, an expression of condescension on his face.

Thaloryn waved his harpoon, water-aspected transcendent power surging within him. The tsunami beneath him roiled violently, as if brought to a boil.

After a few breaths, massive waves churned, and two Tidewyrms composed entirely of seawater spiraled out from the colossal waves, hovering to Thaloryn's left and right.

"You wanted to fight, didn't you? Then let's fight!"

Thaloryn let out a strange laugh. Riding his Tidewyrm and commanding the water elemental Tidewyrm avatars on either side, he swept towards the Abyssal Dragon Xalathar.

Four against one—Thaloryn intended to overwhelm Xalathar and claim a measure of justice for the deceased Seventh and Twelfth Princes.

As Thaloryn approached, the Abyssal Dragon Xalathar immediately released his Mist Domain, concealing his form.

Within the Mist Domain, Xalathar moved without a trace.

Soon, the sounds of fierce combat and roars echoed from within the dark Mist Domain.

In less than three minutes, a blue barrier rose within the Mist Domain. Seawater from the ocean surface surged back, dispersing all the mist around Thaloryn.

Thaloryn and his Tidewyrm were unharmed, but one of his two Tidewyrm water elemental avatars was already gone.

As for the Abyssal Dragon, he had been blasted out of the Mist Domain by Thaloryn.

Two new claw marks, deep enough to expose bone, were visible on Xalathar.

Evidently, even with his full strength, Xalathar was no match for Thaloryn.

And Thaloryn wasn't even fighting in seawater, his advantageous environment.

"The abyssal aura is indeed ferocious."

Just now, in the Mist Domain, the Abyssal Dragon before him had displayed his berserk side. His unparalleled close-combat power had managed to destroy one water elemental avatar despite Thaloryn's encompassing attack.

One had to know that was no ordinary avatar, but a Legendary-level water elemental avatar.

"However, this is where it ends!"

Failing to take down the Abyssal Dragon immediately, the proud Thaloryn felt he had lost face.

Thaloryn was somewhat annoyed. He decided to kill the Legendary-level Abyssal Dragon before him, right in front of everyone from the Stoneheart Horde.

"Die!"

Two dragon roars sounded as Thaloryn urged his Tidewyrm, pouncing towards Xalathar.

Xalathar, heavily injured, dared not meet the enemy's attack head-on. He could only channel the last of his supernatural power to conjure an Abyssal Flame Bomb and hurl it at Thaloryn.

Unfortunately, Thaloryn swung his harpoon, and a spherical water ball flew out, neutralizing the Abyssal Flame Bomb.

Immediately after, Thaloryn rapidly closed the distance to the Abyssal Dragon. Just as he was about to slay Xalathar, a powerful sense of crisis welled up in Thaloryn's heart.

Thaloryn was at Legendary peak; his perception of danger was very acute.

Without a second thought, Thaloryn abandoned his attempt to kill the Abyssal Dragon. Instead, he swiftly raised a water sphere, enveloping himself and the Tidewyrm beneath his feet.

The instant Thaloryn completed this maneuver, two crackling sounds of electricity were heard.

Boom!

Boom!

Terrifying explosions erupted, sending Thaloryn flying.

As for Thaloryn's other summoned Tidewyrm water elemental avatar, it dissipated into a vast expanse of water mist.

In the distance, Thaloryn stabilized himself, the defensive water sphere around him gone. He stared, shocked and uncertain, at the figure standing atop the Abyssal Dragon's head.

"You are that Giant King?"

Thaloryn gazed at Orion, a growing solemnity in his eyes.

"I am the Giant King, Orion Stoneheart."

"Judging by your tone, you came looking specifically for me, then?"

Orion's expression was calm; in reality, he had arrived much earlier.

However, Orion had remained hidden nearby. The reason he hadn't been discovered was that Orion had used his new skill, Ghostly Steps.

Transforming into a ghost and shuttling through the void, it possessed an almost perfect invisibility effect.

It had to be said, the skill description for Ghostly Steps was not an exaggeration in the slightest.

At the very least, Thaloryn, also at Legendary peak, had not sensed Orion's presence.

Furthermore, Orion had also wanted to observe the Abyssal Dragon Xalathar's combat strength after his advancement to the Legendary level.

"You got lucky and escaped last time. I didn't expect you'd come back to die, did you?"

Orion ignored Thaloryn, his gaze shifting towards the tsunami behind him, where there was an aura Orion found very familiar.

It was the aura of the Seadragon race's Third Prince, Voryn. Last time, he had abandoned his companion sea beast to escape with his life.

Being called out, a flicker of fear crossed Third Prince Voryn's eyes.

However, upon seeing Thaloryn and the Tidewyrm beneath his feet, a surge of confidence welled within his heart.

"Orion, your killing of the Seventh Prince will not end just like this!"

A corner of Orion's mouth curled up, dismissive of Third Prince Voryn's words.

"Your Seadragon race invaded my Stoneheart Horde; that won't end 'just like this' either!"

"This time, I'm afraid you won't escape!"

The Seadragon race's attitude was arrogant, but Orion was even more so.

Orion saying this in front of numerous Sea Folk warriors and Thaloryn was a statement of his attitude—one of contempt for the Seadragon race.

"Orion, aren't you afraid your shameless boasts will ultimately come to nothing, leading to humiliation?"

It was Thaloryn who spoke. He and Orion were both at Legendary peak; he couldn't understand why Orion didn't even deign to look him in the eye, effectively ignoring him.

Thaloryn raised the harpoon in his hand, making a challenging gesture towards Orion.

Thaloryn wasn't acting out of rage clouding his judgment; he knew Orion might be provoking him.

Thaloryn did this firstly because the feeling of being ignored irked him immensely, and secondly, because his purpose in coming here was to probe the Giant King's true capabilities.

Therefore, taking action was inevitable.

"I have to say, the Seadragon race's foundation is indeed deep."

"I just wonder if the Seadragon King's heart will ache if I kill you two."

Fwoosh!

The trident Flame of Will appeared in Orion's hand, a crimson flame dancing at its tip, eerie and radiating an oppressive presence.

"Let me see if a powerhouse from the Seadragon race can take one hit from me!"

Crackle!

That was the sound of flashing electricity mixing with the tearing of air as the trident lunged forward.

Orion's figure flashed, appearing like a ghost where Thaloryn had been.

And Thaloryn, like a cannonball, plunged into the sea along with his Tidewyrm.

Chapter 755: I've come down

Plop!

The Tidewyrm crashed into the sea, sending up a huge splash.

This incredibly fast and terrifying scene stunned all the Seadragon race warriors.

Even Third Prince Voryn was no exception. He looked at Orion, then turned to the still-settling splash in the sea, his mouth agape, unsure what to say.

The leader of the Seadragon race's elite Seadragon Cavalry Regiment, the Legendary peak Thaloryn, along with his mount, had been blasted into the sea with a single blow.

How was this possible?

What kind of cosmic joke was this?

That was a Legendary peak expert!

The most powerful existence beneath an Archlord!

Yet, such an unbelievable scene had just unfolded before everyone's eyes.



"I'm not convinced! Do you dare come down into the sea and fight me?"

An angry and furious voice boomed from beneath the sea. Thaloryn, having been repelled by Orion in a single strike, was also unconvinced.

Furthermore, he was a Sea Folk creature; only in the sea could he unleash his strongest combat power.

For his own pride, and for the pride of the Seadragon race, Thaloryn had to get even with Orion, no matter what.

In truth, from that last sentence, it was clear that Thaloryn was not foolish.

Thaloryn did not, out of anger, soar into the sky to battle Orion.

Because he knew that once out of the sea, he was no match for Orion.

But in the deep sea, Thaloryn had enough confidence to even defeat Orion.

As for failure, Thaloryn hadn't even considered it.

If the Seadragon race, fighting in the deep sea, lost to a land-based giant of the same rank, no Sea Folk powerhouse from other sea regions would believe it if told.

"Watch them well!"

Orion patted Xalathar's head with his large hand. After instructing him to protect the others, Orion plunged directly into the sea.

This was an uncommon sight.

A giant, entering the deep sea alone, to duel a Legendary peak powerhouse of the Sea Folk.

This heroic act alone impressed some of the Seadragon warriors.

The deep sea, due to the presence of numerous Sea Folk warriors and Tidewyrms, was dense with water elements, roiling with undercurrents, and fraught with danger.

Upon entering the water, Orion's skin automatically grew a layer of dense, invisible fish scales.

Protected by that layer of scales, Orion felt no adverse reactions; instead, a feeling of freedom and ease emerged.

Water repulsion was a function of the pearl Marina had gifted Orion.

Feeling no discomfort in the water, Orion's lips curled upwards. He slowly raised his head to look at Thaloryn, who observed him from the seabed.

"I've come down. You're not going to avoid the fight, are you?"

That's right, Orion was once again goading his enemy.

Orion planned to severely wound this Sea Folk adversary; he wanted to kill the Legendary peak Sea Folk powerhouse before him.

The more the Seadragon race's strength was weakened, the more advantageous it would be for the Stoneheart Horde's future invasions of the sea regions.

"Hmph, you are very courageous!"

Thaloryn was surprised that Orion dared to come down and fight.

Thaloryn had intended to use the deep sea as his backing to pressure Orion and the Stoneheart Horde.

He just hadn't expected Orion to call his bluff.

Thus, Thaloryn absolutely could not retreat from this battle.

Roar!

Thaloryn, commander of the Seadragon Cavalry Regiment, was rich in combat experience. He knew this was no time for idle chat; he needed to seize the initiative and gain the upper hand.

The Tidewyrm roared, its bellows continuous.

At the same time, the surrounding seawater was drawn in, beginning to converge on the area where Thaloryn and Orion faced each other.

More and more seawater gathered, rapidly compressing.

The seawater grew heavy, increasingly so.

This was the Tidewyrm's specialty, the Great Sea Burial Imprisonment Technique, a method of transforming seawater into heavy water to imprison enemies.

Orion did not attack, merely condensing a Battle Will Surge formation in a defensive posture.

It wasn't that Orion didn't want to kill Thaloryn cleanly and decisively, but rather that he wanted to use Thaloryn to observe the Sea Folk's attack methods, thereby assessing the approximate combat power of the Seadragon King.

"Know yourself and know your enemy, and you will never be defeated."

In the future, the Stoneheart Horde and the Sea Folk would inevitably clash. Orion felt it was crucial to understand the enemy's fighting style in advance.

When the Great Sea Burial Imprisonment Technique finished casting, a trace of smugness finally appeared on Thaloryn's face.

Thaloryn felt Orion had been careless and had underestimated the Seadragon race.

"Conceited giant, you can't escape now, hahaha!"

Thaloryn laughed wildly. He swung the harpoon in his hand, and dense water elements condensed again.

Within the heavy water, water dragons materialized one after another, baring fangs and brandishing claws as they scrambled to pounce on the imprisoned Orion.

At the same time, the heavy water imprisoning Orion began to fissure, like parched earth cracking apart.

The fissures widened constantly, extending bit by bit towards Orion's body.

Raging Wave Fissure—this was Thaloryn's signature ability.

Combined with his companion Tidewyrm's imprisonment, this killing combo had almost never failed.

This time, Thaloryn believed he would not fail either.

Feeling the terrifying aura of the fissure, Orion grew a little worried, because this fissuring actually showed faint signs of tearing the void.

Orion felt that his Battle Will Surge formation would likely have difficulty defending against such an attack.

Therefore, just as the attack was about to reach him, Orion activated Ghostly Steps, transformed into a ghostly form, and shuttled out of the heavy water imprisonment.

Orion's figure vanished, Thaloryn's attack hit nothing, and his smug expression instantly froze.

The next moment, the sense of crisis reappeared. Thaloryn urged the Tidewyrm beneath his feet, wanting to flee the area.

But it was already too late.

Muffled impacts echoed through the water—Orion was upon him.

Realizing he couldn't avoid Orion's attack, Thaloryn raised the harpoon in his hand defensively. Simultaneously, light shimmered on his armor and the scales beneath.

Thump!

A huge muffled sound reverberated. Thaloryn was blasted away again, his life or death unknown.

The Tidewyrm beneath him was also affected, but being very large, it endured the pain and opened its massive jaws to bite at Orion.

Orion's Battle Will Surge reappeared, deflecting the Tidewyrm's attack.

However, the Tidewyrm was relentless, its claws tearing through the water as it charged ferociously.

Transcendent power surged around it, the fluctuations growing extremely intense.

Since they were already at close range, Orion decided not to hold back any longer. He instantly activated Titan Form, his figure flashed, and he appeared behind the Tidewyrm.

His trident shot out, electricity crackling, a clean and decisive strike.

Aooo!

The Tidewyrm's shriek sounded, but its tone was extremely tragic, almost a mournful cry.

For as the Tidewyrm roared, its neck had been pierced by the trident.

Blood flowed out like lava, quickly dyeing the surrounding water red.

A bloody stench permeated the area, not inciting the bloodlust of the Seadragon warriors, but rather filling them with terror.

Having suffered such a grievous wound, this Tidewyrm was unlikely to survive.

In reality, Orion never intended for the Tidewyrm to live on.

Chapter 756: Goodwill

Orion raised his trident, preparing to break open the Tidewyrm's skull and retrieve the Lord's Stone within.

"No... Don't!"

From the depths of the sea, a terrified voice cried out—it was Thaloryn's pleading.

However, Orion completely ignored him.

Its skull crushed, the Tidewyrm died instantly.

Its enormous body plummeted to the seabed, triggering a violent tremor.

What trembled was not just the seabed, but also the hearts of all Sea Folk personnel.

"No... Don't!"

With his companion beast dead, Thaloryn's eyes instantly reddened.

He was enraged but hadn't lost his reason; he didn't charge up to fight Orion.

From their brief exchange, Thaloryn had already sensed that Orion was an Over-tier powerhouse.

"Now, it's your turn!"

Just as Thaloryn was caught in a maelstrom of grief, anger, and terror, Orion put away the Lord's Stone and turned, coldly staring at him.

As his voice fell, Instant Impact erupted, and Orion was upon him in an instant.

At that very moment, a phantom flashed from Thaloryn's body, intercepting Orion's attack.

The phantom gradually solidified; it was Seadragon King Neptor's will projection.

"Giant King Orion, my subordinate was unruly. Please spare his life."

"I am King Neptor of the Seadragon race. I sent them here this time to deliver an invitation to you."

"In half a month, Seadragon race will hold a Sea Offering at Azurecrown Royal Harbor, and I sincerely invite you to attend."

Seadragon King Neptor's tone was gentle, his attitude neither servile nor overbearing, and he showed no intention of fighting Orion.

Orion retracted his trident and Titan Form. Sometimes, when kings conversed, it was unseemly for weapons to be present.

"So you are Seadragon King Neptor. I've long heard of your great name!"

The Seadragon King was an Archlord powerhouse. Although Orion did not fear him, he still had to show due respect.

"Since the Seadragon King has invited me, Orion will certainly be there on time."

The Seadragon King's wisp of will projection gazed at Orion, sensing a familiar aura from him.

After a moment, seeming to have guessed something about Orion, the Seadragon King's tone softened a little more.

"Orion, I didn't expect you to have such an affinity with the Sea Folk. There's no need for us to fight and kill each other."

Hearing this, Orion's eyes brightened slightly.

According to the Seadragon King, the Stoneheart Horde and the Seadragon race could sit down and talk.



As for the "affinity" the Seadragon King mentioned, Orion merely took it as Neptor's rhetoric.

"Giant King Orion, I await your arrival in Azurecrown."

The Seadragon King showed no intention of continuing the conversation with Orion. At their status, some matters didn't need to be discussed on such an occasion.

The Seadragon King's will projection receded, vanishing without a trace.

"You may leave!"

Orion glanced at Thaloryn, his expression impassive, betraying no emotion.

Thaloryn's face was a mixture of shock and anger. He wanted to retaliate but lacked the courage.

In the face of absolute power, Thaloryn was helpless. He could only dive to the seabed to collect his companion beast's corpse.

Hualala!

The sound of rushing water was heard as Orion broke through the surface.

Seeing Orion return unharmed, all the people of the Stoneheart Horde erupted in cheers.

As for the Sea Folk warriors, having received their orders, they silently melted back into the sea, retreating with the receding tide into the deep.

Upon the cliff, in the castle hall.

With the Sea Folk retreated, the upper echelons of the Stoneheart Horde gathered in the hall, awaiting Orion's summons.

"My dear, are you really going to attend the Seadragon race's Sea Offering?"

When Orion told Delilah about the Seadragon King's invitation, she expressed her opposition.

As the king of a race, for Orion to venture deep into enemy territory was far too risky.

For a large faction, this was also inadvisable.

The best approach would be to send an envoy of suitable status and rank, accompanied by a retinue.

"The Seadragon King personally extended the invitation; I must go."

"The Seadragon King is an Archlord powerhouse. The Seadragon King appearing at Azurecrown Royal Harbor likely won't be a will projection, but most probably an avatar."

Orion gave a compelling reason. When an Archlord invited him, Orion would generally not refuse unless they were mortal enemies.

Furthermore, from the Seadragon King's words, Orion saw a glimmer of possibility for peaceful coexistence between the Stoneheart Horde and the Sea Folk. Although the Seadragon race was just one among the vast Sea Folk(Race), this was a start.

If the Stoneheart Horde wanted to encroach upon the sea regions, they would inevitably clash with the Seadragon race, even to the point of war.

However, it was impossible for the two races to engage in endless warfare; that was inadvisable and would result in mutual destruction.

Of course, while large-scale wars couldn't happen, both sides would likely tacitly accept small-scale battles.

"For the time being, the Stoneheart Horde is unable to develop the underwater world."

"Our current invasion of the sea regions is aimed at the islands within and the vast marine resources of the great sea."

"We don't want everything, which gives us and the Sea Folk the possibility to sit down and talk."

Orion voiced his thoughts. The Seadragon King had likely also considered this point before inviting Orion to the Sea Offering.

Of course, the foundation for all of this was Orion's status as an Over-tier powerhouse.

If it were anyone else or any other faction, they would absolutely not receive such treatment.

"My dear, are you saying the Sea Folk might cede some islands to us, the Stoneheart Horde, to ease the tension between our two races?"

Delilah was very smart and had already thought of this possibility.

"It can only be called a temporary easing. I killed their Seventh Prince; there is hatred between us and the Seadragon race."

"The Sea Folk can temporarily swallow this insult because the Dragons and Blood Elves are eyeing them menacingly from the side. The Seadragon race doesn't want enemies on all fronts either."

"There's another point: I suspect the Seadragon King's true form cannot return for the time being. Faced with an Over-tier powerhouse like myself, stabilizing relations and seeking friendship is their primary choice."

Delilah's expression was one of sudden enlightenment. Following Orion's train of thought, many things that had previously confused her immediately became clear.

"So, regarding the Seadragon race's goodwill, our Stoneheart Horde should just accept it for now."

"What we need to do is continuously accumulate strength, so that when the Sea Folk come to settle scores with us, we have the power and foundation to counterattack and invade."

Orion's gaze became very profound. Some matters, once one's status and strength increased, would naturally be considered more deeply.

In fact, even if the Sea Folk were to cede some islands, it would likely be with ill intentions.

Chapter 757: Expand the guards

The sea region should contain quite a few large islands, inhabited by many races.

The Sea Folk would find it difficult to manage those land-dwelling races, perhaps even being helpless against some.

Exposing such islands to the Stoneheart Horde would, in fact, be akin to borrowing a knife to eliminate a rival.

However, it was too early to say for sure. Orion hadn't yet met and discussed this with Seadragon King Neptor, so it wasn't appropriate to bring it up with Delilah now.

...

Deep Sea, Azurecrown Royal Harbor.

In a palace crafted from coral, Seadragon King Neptor, seated on his throne, suddenly opened his eyes, a look of surprise in them.

"To think that Giant King is an Over-tier powerhouse."

"With such a formidable individual on this continent, how could that Human Saint possibly tolerate it?"

In truth, no one could tolerate an Archlord appearing in the territory under their protection; that Human Saint was no exception.

Coincidentally, the appearance of the White Dragon Frostsire had timely diverted the Human Saint's attention.

Furthermore, the intelligence that Orion could match an Archlord had not yet reached the Blood Elves or the Human Kingdom.

If these two factions knew this information, their attitude towards the Stoneheart Horde would undoubtedly change again.

The appearance of White Dragon Frostsire and Orion's terrifying growth rate had led to the Stoneheart Horde gradually becoming a colossus.

Relying on his own strength and the faction behind him, Orion already possessed the confidence to negotiate on somewhat equal footing with the Archlord factions of this world.

White Dragon Frostsire had its subordinates kill the Seadragon race's Twelfth Prince and dump his corpse in Stoneheart Horde territory. The reasoning was that the Stoneheart Horde's foundation was not strong, making them susceptible to Sea Folk invasion.

However, Orion's personal combat power was immense, capable of significantly tying down the Seadragon race's top-tier strength.

These two points seemed contradictory, but they were indeed the reasons the Dragons acted as they did.

"Over-tier powerhouse... Orion... Giant King..."

"That White Dragon, such cunning schemes."

"Hmph... I won't let you have your way!"

"The situation is becoming increasingly unstable. When will this conflict with the Emerald Dream Realm ever cease?"

No one heard Seadragon King Neptor's mutterings.

His thoughts were like rare treasures hidden in the deep sea, hard to find, hard to fathom.

...

Three days later, Ironveil Escarpment.

During these three days, the seawater receded. With water lizards assisting in moving the remaining water, the excavation of the grand canal quickly resumed.

However, many of the newly constructed defensive fortifications had suffered severe damage and needed to be rebuilt.

On the cliff edge, the sea breeze, damp and salty, made Orion's cloak flap loudly.

Behind Orion, there were no outsiders, only his three guards: Dace, Beyn, and Torba.

"Otho died in battle. I feel your pain as if it were my own."

"However, life must go on, and the Stoneheart Horde must continue to develop."

"For yourselves, and for your families, you should strive to become stronger, not give up on yourselves."

"The deceased are at rest; the living should strive to become stronger!"

With one guard lost in battle, Orion felt the loss keenly.

It was not just a loss of talent but also a diminishment of faith and the dissipation of an emotional bond.

Otho's death had been a huge blow to Dace, Beyn, and Torba.

During this period, these three had lost their former drive.

"How about this: afterward, you will follow me to the Emerald Dream Realm. Battles are constant there, and opportunities abound."

Previously, Orion's requirements for his guards were not high.

As his strength increased, and with the possibility of advancing to the Archlord rank, Orion's thinking had gradually changed.

Otho's death had reminded Orion that some people around him, if they didn't change, would sooner or later be left behind.

This category included Orion's women, guards, friends, kinsmen, and even his children.

If their strength and status did not match his, it would bring them not glory, but pain and inferiority.

"As my guards, you either follow in my footsteps or die on the battlefield."

Orion turned, gazing at Dace, Beyn, and Torba. This was the first time he had made such a demand of his guards.

"I'll follow you through fire or blood, my lord"

"I'll follow you through fire or blood, my lord!"

...

The three responded with firm determination, a flash of shame on their faces, though the sadness in their eyes had not faded much.

"Go and prepare. In a few days, you will accompany me to the Seadragon race's Sea Offering!"

Orion waved his hand, dismissing the three to make their preparations.

Not long after, Delilah, with her graceful and charming figure, came to Orion's side and took his arm.

"My dear, the number of guards should be expanded!"

"If Dace and the others want to grow, they definitely cannot avoid the battlefield, which means they cannot always be by your side."

"Furthermore, Lilith and Pallas, as well as your other women, should also have trustworthy Giant-bloodline warrior guards."

"Pallas is the Giant Prince of the Stoneheart Horde; his guards, especially, should be cultivated from a young age."



Delilah held Orion's arm; only when she was close to Orion did she dare to voice these words.

Delilah controlled the Sentinel Corps and understood the situations in both the Valkorath Realm and the Emerald Dream Realm.

She knew that Orion had hopes of advancing to the Archlord rank.

Precisely because she knew this, Delilah, at Alpha peak and not yet a Lord herself, felt immense pressure.

As Orion's woman and grand steward, if she couldn't keep up with his pace, she would sooner or later be left behind.

Delilah understood this better than anyone.

Because in the Succubus tribe, those Succubi who couldn't keep pace with her had all been eliminated or cast aside by Delilah.

This was a similar situation. Although Delilah was very confident in herself, she also feared her position in the Stoneheart Horde—and with Orion—being replaced.

Currently, the Legendary-level women by Orion's side included Lumi and Soraya.

The presence of these two Wardens put considerable pressure on Delilah and Lilith, the Succubus sisters.

"Expand the guards, you say?"

Orion thought of Lilith, of Pallas, and of Kronos in the Human Kingdom.

"How about this: expand the number of guards to three hundred. Let Lilith handle the selection."

"There's no need to deliberately distinguish between the Stoneheart, Ironbone, and Starveil branches. Ability and loyalty are paramount."

Orion found Delilah's suggestion sound and immediately agreed, assigning the task to Lilith.

Such an arrangement was a show of trust in the Succubus tribe, and by extension, in Lilith and Delilah.

#### Chapter 758: Bloodsworn

"Additionally, recruit Bloodsworn of thirty thousand from the various races in the territory to defend Stoneheart City."

"For the recruitment of the Bloodsworn, do not restrict it to vassal races. As long as they wish to gain status and resources, they can be recruited."

"Of course, you must ensure their loyalty to me and to the Horde."

This task had to be done by Delilah.

Controlling the Sentinel Corps, she knew the vassal races in the territory better than anyone.

The creation of this Bloodsworn was, in fact, Orion extending an olive branch to those wavering races, a method to win hearts and minds and solidify sources of faith.

Only when the various races in the territory merged into one cohesive family would the Stoneheart Horde's development proceed more steadily.

"As for Pallas's guards, the number is temporarily set at four. After the candidates are selected, find an opportunity for me to see them."

"Establish a guard training camp within the youth camp, also without racial restrictions."

"The task of true racial integration, let's leave it to the next generation."

Since he was committing to it, Orion decided to see things through properly.

"Then what about Kronos?"

Delilah nodded, accepting the tasks, and then posed a question.

Kronos was in the Human Kingdom, but his status as a Giant Prince was acknowledged by Orion and the Stoneheart Horde.

"Prepare for him as well. When Kronos appears in our Stoneheart Horde's territory, let him earn his own guards through his own abilities."

"If he doesn't even acknowledge his own identity and bloodline, then he doesn't deserve to have guards."

Orion's voice became somewhat indifferent. Regarding Kronos, he couldn't guarantee the child's path.

Because Kronos also bore a portion of the Human Kingdom's burdens.

Delilah remained silent. She had no right to interfere in Kronos's affairs, nor could she.

Over the next few days, Orion discussed many other matters with Delilah, expressing his stance on various aspects.

...

On this day, the breeze was gentle, the sun beautiful, and the sky clear for leagues.

Upon the sea, a huge Sea-Devouring Warship appeared.

Under the watchful eyes of Delilah, Ursa, Drakthul, and others, Orion, along with his guards, boarded the Sea-Devouring Warship, preparing to attend the Seadragon race's Sea Offering.

Bidding farewell to his subordinates and kinsmen, Orion waved his arm, and they set sail.

The sky and the sea, two different shades of blue, merged and connected, a truly magnificent and splendid sight.

Orion stood on the deck, facing the picturesque scene, his heart calm, his mood undisturbed.

The Sea Offering hosted by the Sea Folk was merely a pretext; their true intention was likely to conduct negotiations with the Stoneheart Horde and the Blood Elf race.

As for the content of the negotiations, that would depend on the Seadragon race's perspective and their assessment of the situation.

"My lord, in which direction do we sail?"

Gazing at the distant churning waves and the soaring, circling seabirds, Guard Dace's face showed some confusion.

Although the Stoneheart Horde had received an invitation, where was the Seadragon race's so-called Azurecrown Royal Harbor?

No one had ever been there, there was no guide, and they had no relevant sea charts.

Not only was Dace confused, but even Orion was momentarily stumped by the question.

"Head towards the deep sea first; we'll figure it out from there!"

Coming back to his senses, Orion immediately issued the instruction.

As long as they entered the deep sea region, with Orion's perceptual abilities, he should be able to find the general direction.

Of course, given the Sea Folk's surveillance capabilities in the deep sea, they would likely discover Orion's party's tracks soon enough.

Perhaps Seadragon King Neptor would quickly dispatch an escort team to guide Orion.

Sure enough, three days later, within Orion's range of perception, a squad of Merfolk warriors appeared.

"Tell the helmsman on the warship to sail southwest."

"Sea Folk troops have appeared in that direction. Have our kinsmen maintain alert."

If that squad of Merfolk warriors was a guide party, then all was well; they could simply follow them to Azurecrown Royal Harbor.

If not, Orion wouldn't mind capturing them and compelling them to act as guides.

"Is that His Majesty the Giant King from the Stoneheart Horde ahead?"

"We are the welcoming party sent by the Seadragon King!"

Under the gazes of all his kinsmen, the seawater ahead parted. An Alpha-level Tidewyrm swam out, hovering and swaying on the sea surface.

Orion said nothing. He glanced at Dace, who immediately understood.

"Please lead the way!"

Dace was neither overly polite nor arrogant; the other party was merely a minor character leading the way.

"Please have the warship submerge. There are undercurrents below; our progress will be faster!"

"Alright!"

Thus, the Sea-Devouring Warship submerged, and the group followed the undercurrents, heading towards the deep sea region.

"Truly beautiful!"

"I never imagined the underwater world would be so profound, in no way inferior to the vastness of the sky."

Beyn and Torba marveled; it was also their first time entering the deep sea, and they were incomparably awestruck by the scene unfolding before their eyes.

The ocean was vast, especially when traveling through the deep sea. The expanse and profundity displayed by the underwater world were like a universe full of mystery.

The seemingly endless transparent seawater against the deep blue background carried a hint of poetic and philosophical flavor, causing everyone to sigh with emotion for no particular reason.

Those with spiritual aptitude might even gain some enlightenment about their own lives.

Following the Tidewyrm all the way, the group saw whales surfacing to breathe, Lighthouse Jellyfish descending into the deep, and also vast schools of fish scattering in all directions upon sensing the Tidewyrm's aura.

This was the grandeur of the vast ocean, and its beauty as well.

Orion shook his head and sighed inwardly. Such a beautiful and bountiful underwater world was not something the current Stoneheart Horde could conquer.

Eight days later, within Orion's perception, powerful auras emanated from the distance—Legendary-level powerhouses of the Seadragon race.

This meant that Azurecrown Royal Harbor was just ahead.

However, within Orion's line of sight, there was absolutely no trace of Azurecrown Royal Harbor.

Just as Orion was wondering, the darkness of the deep sea was dispelled, and a city encased in a colossal bubble abruptly appeared before them.

"Welcome, Giant King Orion, to Azurecrown! I hope this city allows you to enjoy yourself to the fullest and return satisfied!"

A resonant voice, hearty and tinged with joy, boomed from the city ahead.

This was the voice of Seadragon King Neptor, and also his manner of welcoming guests.

Orion, in contrast, had a much colder attitude.

Orion knew very well that he had killed the Seventh Prince of the Seadragon race; this was a profound enmity.

For Archlord Seadragon King Neptor to still welcome Orion with such an amiable expression, the hidden implications were daunting.

For Seadragon King Neptor to act this way, he was either a magnanimous and ambitious leader or a sinister, unscrupulous serpent cloaked in charm.

Based on these speculations, Orion became more guarded and heightened his vigilance.

Just as Orion was narrowing his eyes in thought, a fluctuation of water elements occurred, and a squad of Tidewyrms swam out majestically.

A middle-aged man dressed in golden robes, his figure flickering a few times, appeared outside the blue bubble.

Chapter 759: Life is not eternal, and neither is hatred

Civilization is not born solely among land-dwelling races.

The ocean, too, simultaneously nurtures derivative civilizations of this world.

From the moment Orion stepped into Azurecrown Royal Harbor, the Sea Offering had already begun.

The Sea Offering is a special funeral rite of the Sea Folk. Under normal circumstances, only when Legendary-level Sea Folk return to the sea do they qualify for one.

"Your Excellency Neptor, is this your true appearance?"

"You are younger than I imagined!"

Orion sat high in the guest seating, while a troupe of mermaids danced gracefully in the hall. These mermaids had very full breasts, which jiggled continuously with their dance movements.



The Sea Offering differed from human funerals. They called death "returning to the sea"—an honorable event, a way of giving back to the ocean.

"It's not that I am young, but that the Giant King is as mighty as a raging fire."

Orion said nothing upon hearing this. Seadragon King Neptor was subtly implying he was young and impetuous, prone to fiery, impulsive actions.

Seadragon King Neptor sat high on his throne, a smile on his face as he continued to admire the mermaids' dance.

Evidently, Neptor did not wish to say more at this moment.

In the seats on the other side sat the uncommunicative Blood Elf Grand Elder, Lireesa.

Since Orion had entered this underwater city, Lireesa had not uttered a single word, nor had she greeted Orion.

The atmosphere was slightly eerie. Orion drank, observing the surrounding Sea Folk warriors.

Some Sea Folk members of strength and status had also been invited to the seating. They acted as if Orion and Lireesa weren't there, as if the two didn't exist, drinking and eating as they pleased.

It wasn't until the deep, sonorous roars and calls of Tidewyrms sounded from outside the underwater city that Seadragon King Neptor raised his cup and spoke again.

"Everyone, let us together send off the deceased of our race. May our race bear more talented offspring in the coming year."

With that said, everyone raised their cups, sharing in the moment of tribute.

Orion glanced at Lireesa. Seeing her also rise and raise her cup, he too stood up.

Just as everyone was cheering and raising their cups, the roars from outside the underwater city grew even louder and more piercing.

Mixed within this piercing sound was a dense, mysterious aura, and the ballads also sounded ancient.

With a slight extension of his senses, Orion knew that at this moment, outside Azurecrown Royal Harbor, several thousand Tidewyrms were calling out in unison, bidding farewell to their companions.

"Everyone, let us escort the deceased on their journey!"

Seadragon King Neptor descended from his throne. The nobles and powerhouses of the Seadragon race all rose and followed behind the Seadragon King, walking towards the palace exit.

Orion, without a word, also followed them out.

Outside the palace, upon the plaza, five open sarcophagi—three large and two small—had appeared at some point.

Lying within were the Seventh and Twelfth Princes of the Seadragon race, and three companion Tidewyrms.

Orion was very familiar with them, as he had watched a contingent of Sea Folk warriors retrieve some of these corpses from Stoneheart Horde territory.

Orion had not allowed Delilah to obstruct them at the time because those Sea Folk had come bearing gifts from Seadragon King Neptor to collect the bodies.

The solemn sound of a conch shell horn resounded. Troupes of mermaid dancers entered, each holding exquisite coral, shells, pearls, and other ornaments to adorn the bodies of the deceased.

After the Merfolk finished adorning the corpses, all the Sea Folk in the underwater city began to chant a mysterious ballad.

As the song carried, a hazy, protective light shield slowly condensed above the sarcophagi—it was the respect of all Sea Folk for the deceased, and also their final farewell.

Once the protective light shield had fully formed, the Sea Folk warriors standing in the plaza drew their weapons and began a strange war dance.

The rhythm of the war dance gradually quickened, and forceful grunts occasionally erupted from among the Sea Folk warriors.

Orion saw clearly that leading the dance in the plaza was none other than Thaloryn, the commander of the Seadragon Cavalry Regiment, whom he had defeated but spared that day.

In the largest of the sarcophagi lay his companion Tidewyrm.

Just as the war dance reached its fervent peak, the song, which had momentarily dipped in rhythm, surged to a high pitch, accompanied by the Tidewyrms' roars, loud and piercing.

In that instant, the emotions of everyone in the underwater city soared.

Clicking and scraping sounds were heard as the sarcophagi in the plaza, pulled and carried by numerous Sea Folk warriors, slowly began to move.

The momentum of the song did not diminish, and the rhythm of the war dance grew ever more intense.

The sounds of farewell and the dance of souls had both appeared; it was time for the journey to begin.

At this moment, the emotions of the surrounding Sea Folk were like the waves of the ocean—rising, chasing, and receding into the distance.

Along the straight central avenue of the city, the sarcophagi also moved further and further away, bit by bit.

Among the Sea Folk standing at the palace, including Seadragon King Neptor, not a single one spoke; everyone was silent.

In the distance, the light blue barrier was opened, and the sarcophagi were pushed out of the underwater city.

Numerous Sea Folk warriors released their hold one after another, and the sarcophagi, following a bottomless sea trench, slowly descended into the deepest part of the ocean.

"The protective light shield's energy is limited. After sinking a bit deeper, it will shatter."

"At that time, they will truly have returned to the sea!"

This was Seadragon King Neptor's murmur, but in Orion's view, it sounded more like an explanation; he was clarifying things for Orion and Lireesa.

Neptor was showcasing the spirit and culture of his Sea Folk to the land-dwellers, possibly with an intent to subtly convey a message to the two of them.

At this point, the Sea Offering was formally concluded.

Seadragon King Neptor turned his head, looked at Orion, his voice somewhat louder and considerably more majestic than before.

"Orion, for the Sea Folk, death is not an end, but a rebirth."

"The souls of those who have died will travel through water, will swim back, and will return to the embrace of the Sea Folk."

Orion looked up, meeting Seadragon King Neptor's gaze. He didn't quite understand what Neptor meant by these words.

"Life is not eternal, and neither is hatred."

"The enmity between your Stoneheart Horde, the Blood Elf race, and our Seadragon race is also not eternal."

After Seadragon King Neptor finished speaking, he led the way back into the palace.

Orion and Lireesa exchanged a glance, said nothing, nodded to each other, and followed him in.

Upon re-entering the palace, the songs and dances had ceased, and the other members of the Seadragon race had also withdrawn from the main hall.

Those remaining in the hall were all individuals of high status and power from the three factions.

Once the guests were reseated, Seadragon King Neptor spoke his first words with startling honesty.

"I know that the war that broke out between our Sea Folk and your two races this time was all due to the Dragons framing us from behind."

"I also know that not only you, but even the Dwarves and Humans are interested in the sea."

Honestly, Orion and Lireesa were currently dumbstruck.

Seadragon King Neptor's words were so direct that both of them were unsure how to respond.

Chapter 760: Is this a warning? Or a threat?

"This war should not be led by the Dragons, and the fate of our three races should not be decided by the Dragons either."

"Giant King Orion, do you agree?"

Neptor gazed at Orion. He was an Archlord; Orion was an Over-tier powerhouse. They were equals.

As for Lireesa, she was ignored. In Neptor's eyes, the Blood Elf race was just there to make up the numbers.

"Your Excellency Neptor, I very much agree with your words."

"We, and the tribes and clans behind us, are not pawns for the Dragons to meddle with."

Hearing Orion's reply, a smile appeared on Seadragon King Neptor's face.

When opinions gradually aligned, an opportunity arose for opposing sides to continue their discussion.

"Then, Orion, what do you wish to obtain in the sea region?"

As soon as these words were spoken, the palace instantly fell silent; even the sound of breathing was forcibly suppressed by those present.

What do I want to obtain?

Of course, territory and resources—the more the better.

These words floated in Orion's mind, but he wouldn't be foolish enough to say them directly.

Inside the palace, everyone's attention was focused on Orion.

Orion's desires, to a large extent, represented the ambitions of the Stoneheart Horde and those land-dwelling races.

At the same time, Orion's words would also determine whether conflict and war would continue to erupt between the Stoneheart Horde and the Seadragon race.

Orion ignored the gazes of the crowd, looking directly at Seadragon King Neptor.

"Your Excellency Neptor, my ancestor had a friend. I don't know who he was, nor do I know his name."

"However, I remember something he once said."

Neptor did not press further. He was very wise and would not fall into Orion's rhetorical rhythm or traps.

"He said he was very wealthy, that he had hidden many treasures in the great sea."

"He told us that if we wanted treasure, we should go search for it—go sail the seas."

Orion revealed a meaningful smile, looked at Neptor's calm face, and continued,

"The Stoneheart Horde is very curious about this unknown world of the sea; we have a desire to explore."

"Searching for treasure, discovering wealth, exploring new islands and continents on the vast sea—that is an interesting endeavor."

Only then did Seadragon King Neptor frown slightly. He had already figured out that Orion's appetite was large; he wanted to claim new territory.

However, Neptor quickly thought it through.

This was quite normal. Orion was at Legendary peak, an Over-tier powerhouse; his heart surely yearned to advance to the Archlord rank.

Since he wanted to advance to the Archlord rank, he would need more territory.

"Giant King Orion, the sea is like the land; just as land-based factions are intricate and complex, so too is the sea."

"In the sea, a greedy whale will ultimately be stuffed to death and return to the sea."

Faced with Neptor's reply, Orion shook his head, very confident.

"Your Excellency Neptor, you may have misunderstood. I am not a whale, and the Stoneheart Horde is not a Sea Race nation."

Inside the palace, silence fell once more.

No one spoke. The Seadragon race high command watched Orion with expressions of disdain, sinister intent, or hatred.

However, these Sea Folk members were still very well-behaved; not a single one spoke out to mock him.

On the other side, Blood Elf Grand Elder Lireesa, treated as if she were transparent and ignored, was in great turmoil inwardly.

Lireesa's gaze constantly shifted back and forth between Orion and Neptor.

The former was the Giant King, lord of the Stoneheart Horde.



The latter was the Seadragon King, king of the nearby sea region, and an Archlord powerhouse.

When the Blood Elf race was invited to attend the Sea Offering this time, there had been many opposing voices within the race.

Because such an act of venturing deep into the sea was too dangerous, with no safety guarantees.

But Lireesa had come nonetheless and had noticed some clues.

Why was Seadragon King Neptor so polite to Giant King Orion?

Why did the Sea Folk, without even asking, treat the Stoneheart Horde as the leading party in this negotiation?

Why would an Archlord faction of a sea region look upon the Stoneheart Horde with such special regard?

Why had the Sea Folk's attitude shifted from clear military conflict to friendly negotiation?

...

A series of questions appeared in Lireesa's mind; she couldn't figure them out.

"When one cannot ascertain the reason for things, the best method is to observe and deduce the truth from the facts."

Lireesa understood this point very well.

"Orion, the sea will always belong to all Sea Race!"

"If you insist on having your own way, you will only be met with war and tsunamis."

Orion smiled without speaking. It seemed the talks between them had broken down.

...

Three days later, two Sea-Devouring Warships sailed out from Azurecrown Royal Harbor.

After sailing side-by-side for a period, the Sea-Devouring Warship belonging to the Blood Elf race turned and departed.

"Dace, tell our kinsmen to slow down. We'll sightsee on our way back."

Orion leaned back in his chair, his voice languid.

"My lord, did the talks with the Seadragon race break down?"

"Will the Horde's coastline continue to suffer from Sea Folk incursions?"

"Should we quickly rush back to the Horde and pass on the news?"

For the past three days, Dace, Beyn, and Torba had stood behind Orion, listening in.

The conversations between Orion and Neptor seemed somewhat baffling to them.

The crucial point was that, on every occasion, Orion and Neptor had seemed to end their negotiations in dispute.

Even upon departure, Orion and Neptor had not expressed any clear opinions.

"They probably did."

"But not completely."

Orion smiled, ignoring the bewildered faces of Dace and the others.

Half a day later, the roar of a Tidewyrm came from the deep sea behind them.

Except for Orion, Dace and the others thought the Sea Folk had come to hunt them down. The group hastily prepared for battle in a panic.

Orion paid them no mind, nor did he issue any combat orders.

After a moment, a huge Tidewyrm caught up with the Sea-Devouring Warship and tossed several large chests filled with rare treasures onto its deck.

The Tidewyrm did not linger and quickly dived back into the deep sea.

"Giant King, the Seadragon race has sent you some gifts!"

"That Tidewyrm left a message, saying that according to their King's instructions, you should not return empty-handed."

Orion nodded with narrowed eyes, his mind not at all on what Dace was saying.

The aura of that Tidewyrm just now—that was the aura of an Archlord.

Dace and the others couldn't sense it, but Orion was crystal clear.

What did Seadragon King Neptor mean by this?

The Seadragon race has two Archlords. Is this a warning? Or a threat?

"I'm tired of the sea view. Let's speed up our return journey!"

After thinking for a long time, Orion gathered his thoughts and issued the order to accelerate their return.