

## **Titan King 80**

Chapter 80: Cut off his head and mount it on a pike

The cave spiders were in desperate need of food, while the tigerfolk sought to expand their territory. The tigerfolk had long coveted the lands of the Blackstone Giants.

Thus, the tigerfolk reached out to the cave spiders, forming an alliance where both sides could benefit.

"Queen Arachne, I've already contacted Elder Vhisss of the Red-Eye tribe. He's heading to the Obsidian Giants' territory with a sincere offer. I suggest you make your decision soon!"

"After all, time waits for no one!"

Tigran squinted, staring at the silent Queen of the cave spiders, waiting for her response.

After a long pause, Queen Arachne finally raised her head and looked at Tigran, speaking at last.

"Tigerfolk, remember your promise!"

"Aside from the land, everything else belongs to the cave spiders!"

Tigran's face lit up with joy, nodding vigorously.

"Of course!"

"Queen Arachne, gather your forces. In three days, we march on the Giants' territory—Moonshadow Valley!"

---

Black Forest, Southern Region

"Go back, serpentfolk!"

Elder Vhisss stood at the base of a mountain, staring up at the towering Obsidian Golems, feeling a deep sense of frustration.

These Golems were all incredibly powerful, especially the two largest among them, whose presence alone made Vhisss feel threatened.

"Chieftain of the Obsidian Golems, please reconsider!"

"Help us take Moonshadow Valley, and we can offer each of your golems a petrification spell!"

At the top of the mountain, the Obsidian Golems remained silent, unmoved.

"Go back, serpentfolk. This is not a place for you."

The heavy voice echoed again, this time with more force, carrying the weight of a powerful leader.

Elder Vhisss tightened his grip on his staff, but in the end, he said nothing more. Disappointed, he disappeared into the dense forest.

Half a day later, at the peak of the stone mountain, the chieftain of the Obsidian Golems, Rockwell, approached a massive boulder.

"Prophet Onyx, the serpentfolk has left."

Rumble!

The boulder cracked open, revealing a massive Obsidian Golems hidden within.

"Rockwell, were you tempted?"

Rockwell nodded, his voice deep and somewhat simple.

"Yes, Prophet Onyx, I was tempted. But I listened to your advice and refused the serpentfolk."

Prophet Onyx gazed at Rockwell, whose face was filled with confusion and doubt, and spoke in a slow, ancient voice.

"Rockwell, I have lived for many years. I once served the previous lord of the Black Forest. That aura... I will never forget it."

"And now, I feel a similar presence in the Black Forest once again."

"Do you know what that means?"

Prophet Onyx looked toward the center of the Black Forest, his voice heavy with meaning.

"Whoever seeks to unify the Black Forest will come to us."

"For now, we must wait quietly."

"Remember, Rockwell, the beast that makes the first sound in the forest is often the first to be hunted."

---

Black Forest, Eastern Region

While the tigerfolk and serpentfolk were attempting to ally with the cave spiders and obsidian golems to wage war against the giants, Orion led his forces toward the hunting grounds of the buffalofolk.

"Orion, the Buffalofolk are madmen. They won't exchange a single word with us, nor will they listen to reason."

Succubus Elder Vespera stood beside Orion, explaining the Buffalofolk's ignorance and madness.

Just moments ago, word had come from the front.

A scouting party composed of succubi and giants had entered Buffalofolk territory and was immediately attacked.

It was not a good start. The faint scent of blood seemed to linger in the air.

"Elder Vespera, tell me more about the Buffalofolk. As their neighbors, you must know them well."

Orion looked at the elder succubus, who, despite her age, still exuded a certain charm, and politely inquired about the Buffalofolk.

"Orion, the Buffalofolk are a tribe of lunatics."

"When they enter their berserk state, they will kill every living thing in sight, except for their own kin."

Orion nodded thoughtfully. "Tell me about their internal structure and the distribution of their strength."

Elder Vespera nodded respectfully, her voice aged but full of wisdom.

"The Buffalofolk are organized from top to bottom, with a chieftain, elders, berserker warriors, and ordinary Buffalofolk."

"According to our intelligence, this particular Buffalofolk tribe has one chieftain, three elders, and an unknown number of berserker warriors, though it's unlikely to exceed a thousand."

Orion listened carefully as they continued their journey.

"Their chieftain is named Torak Wildhorn. His strength is likely at the hero level, stronger than our Succubus Queen."

Elder Vespera spoke earnestly, holding nothing back, sharing everything she knew.

"Their three elders are Kargen Wildhorn, Drakor Wildhorn, and Earthshaker. All three are hero-level warriors."

"As for the rest—"

Before Vespera could continue, a giant bloodline warrior rushed up to Orion.

"Elder Orion, Slate has been lightly injured, and we've lost one succubus warrior from the scouting party!"

The sudden news cast a heavy pall over the group.

It felt as though everyone's hearts had stopped beating for a moment.

Orion sighed. It seemed that subduing the Buffalofolk without a fight was impossible.

"Thundar!"

"At your command!"

Thundar, carrying a massive greatsword on his back, stepped forward from the group of giant elders, his presence imposing.

"Thundar, lead an elite squad of giants and clear the path ahead. Kill anyone who stands in your way!"

"Understood!"

"Go!"

Thundar called out, and the elite level giant bloodline warriors stepped forward, heading toward the battlefield.

"Prepare yourselves. If the Buffalofolk refuse to surrender, slaughter them all. Leave no survivors!"



"WAAAGH!" "WAAAGH!" "WAAAGH!"

As Orion's words fell, the giant bloodline warriors behind him roared, their morale and energy surging.

Elder Vespera watched the succubus warriors, who were now joining in the giants' battle cries, and felt a chill run down her spine.

"If the Succubus Queen hadn't chosen to submit, this could have been our fate as well."

But when she saw the camaraderie between the towering giants and the seductive succubi, the mutual admiration in their eyes, Vespera felt a sense of relief and joy.

This growing bond between the two races signaled that the giants were truly accepting the succubi, and the two tribes were beginning to merge.

"After hundreds of years, the Black Forest is finally on the verge of unification."

"The world beyond the forest, the one I heard about as a child from my elders... perhaps I will live to see it."

"Orion, great giant knight, rise to your destiny!"

---

Whoosh!

The blade sliced through the air, severing the horns of a berserk Buffalofolk.

Thundar, gripping his greatsword, mercilessly cut down the frenzied Buffalofolk warriors.

Moo!

From the distance, a deep bellow echoed across the battlefield, signaling the arrival of a hero-level Buffalofolk.

Thundar twirled his sword, flicking off the blood, and locked eyes with the approaching figure—Drakor Wildhorn, one of the Buffalofolk elders.

Drakor's nostrils flared, his breath heavy, with twin streams of air puffing out like smoke from a chimney.

"Giant, this is Buffalofolk territory! Get back to your own land!"

Thundar sneered, his tone dripping with disdain.

"From now on, the Black Forest belongs to the Giants!"

Drakor Wildhorn burst into laughter, as if he had just heard the most absurd joke.

"Hahaha... Giants, so arrogant! Such bold claims!"

"Arrogance comes with a price!"

"I'll smash you into pieces, grind you into pulp, and use you as fertilizer for our crops!"

With a roar, Drakor hefted his massive flails and charged toward Thundar, the ground trembling beneath his feet.

Thundar didn't back down. Activating his bloodline abilities, he gripped his sword tightly and charged forward to meet Drakor head-on.

From the rear of the battlefield, Orion, Lilith, Lysinthia, and the succubus elders watched the unfolding battle.

"Orion, that's Drakor Wildhorn," Vespera said, her voice calm but serious. "He's the younger brother of Torak Wildhorn, the Buffalofolk chieftain, and one of their three elders."

Orion nodded, his eyes focused on the fight.

The clash between Drakor and Thundar was fierce, but it was clear that Thundar had the upper hand.

"Trample Charge! I'll crush you!"

Suddenly, Drakor initiated his \*Trample Charge\*, his speed increasing several times over, leaving a deep trench in the earth as he barreled toward Thundar.

Thundar, ever cautious, dodged the initial charge.

But Drakor wasn't done. He quickly changed direction and charged again, this time swinging his flails with deadly precision.

Thundar knew there was no avoiding a direct confrontation.

"Blood Fury Spirit!"

In the next moment, Thundar and Drakor collided, sending a shockwave rippling across the battlefield.

Boom!

In the end, Drakor couldn't withstand the power of Thundar's \*Blood Fury Spirit\* and was sent flying with a powerful punch, blood spurting from his mouth as he crashed to the ground. The impact knocked him out of his berserk state.

"Giant, you'll pay for this! My brother won't let you get away with this!"

Drakor Wildhorn struggled to his feet, dragging his flails as he tried to retreat into the forest.

From the rear, Orion calmly reached out and took a spear handed to him by Dace, his eyes narrowing.

With a single step forward, Orion hurled the spear.

Whoosh...

The spear tore through the air with a sharp, piercing sound, cutting through the dense forest and pinning Drakor Wildhorn to a massive tree.

"Go, cut off his head and mount it on a pike. Let every Buffalofolk see the fate of those who resist us!"

"Tell them all—if they don't submit, they'll end up just like Drakor Wildhorn!"

Orion's voice was cold and merciless, his words dripping with cruelty.

Dace nodded and, along with two bloodline warriors, disappeared into the forest to carry out the order.

---

Buffalofolk Camp, Chieftain's Tent

"Chieftain! Bad news! Elder Drakor Wildhorn has been killed!"

A panicked Buffalofolk warrior rushed into the chieftain's tent, barely finishing his sentence before being kicked out by the furious chieftain, Torak Wildhorn.

"Fuck you! Who told you to spread such lies?!"

From within the tent emerged a towering figure, standing 15 feet tall, with bulging muscles and a pair of massive, curved horns atop his head. Torak Wildhorn, the chieftain of the Buffalofolk, was a fearsome sight.

"Chieftain, it's true! Elder Drakor has been killed!"

Torak, still seething with rage, was about to kick the messenger again when the next words stopped him in his tracks.

"Chieftain, I saw it with my own eyes. Drakor was pinned to a tree by a giant's spear. His head... his head was cut off and is being paraded around as a trophy in our territory."

Torak's eyes widened in disbelief. He grabbed the buffalofolk warrior by the throat, lifting him off the ground, his voice dangerously low.

"Do you know what you're saying?"

The warrior, dangling in the air, kicked and struggled, trying to free himself from Torak's grip.

"Chieftain, I swear it's true! Other survivors saw it too!"

Torak stood frozen for a moment, then slowly lowered the warrior to the ground.

"Go, summon Kargen Wildhorn and Earthshaker!"

But moments later, neither elder had arrived.

"Chieftain, Elder Kargen Wildhorn has already rushed to the front lines after hearing about Drakor's death!"

"And what about Earthshaker?"

"Chieftain, Elder Earthshaker is still out hunting with his warriors. He hasn't returned yet!"

Crash!

Torak Wildhorn kicked the central support pillar of the tent, causing the entire structure to collapse around him.

"Fine! You, lead the way. We're going to meet these intruding giants ourselves!"



"Yes, Chieftain!"

---

Black Forest, Eastern Region, Buffalofolk Territory

The coordination between the giants and succubi in battle was nothing short of seamless.

The giants engaged the Buffalofolk head-on, while the succubi hung back, using their bows and illusions to harass the enemy.

This strategy not only minimized their losses but also left a trail of Buffalofolk corpses in their wake.

Orion, with Lilith and Lysinthia by his side, observed the battlefield from the rear. The other elders had already joined the fray, accelerating the slaughter of the Buffalofolk.

Moo!

Another deep bellow echoed from the distance, signaling the arrival of yet another hero-level Buffalofolk.

"Thundar, take a break. Let me handle this one," Slate said, pulling Thundar back as he hefted his spiked club and charged forward.

"Don't worry, Thundar. Slate's improved quite a bit," said Samson, another giant elder, as he casually approached with a bundle of spears slung over his shoulder.

With several giant elders now in the fight, the Buffalofolk were quickly being overwhelmed, their forces crumbling under the relentless assault.

"Caution is always wise," Thundar replied.

Samson nodded in agreement. "Let's go watch the fight together."

"Agreed."

Boom!

In the depths of the forest, Slate had already engaged Kargen Wildhorn, the battle between them fierce and brutal.

Slate wielded a spiked club, while Kargen fought with a massive totem pole.

Their clashes were like two runaway dump trucks colliding, each strike filled with raw power and savagery, accompanied by roars and the splatter of blood.