

## Titan King 81

Chapter 81: Submit to me

Orion stood silently, gripping his trident as he watched the battlefield unfold. It was strange—just the simple act of him holding the weapon brought immense reassurance to the giants and succubi fighting around him.

Everyone knew that if they ever faced a life-threatening situation, Orion would step in, pulling them back from the brink of death. This was the presence of a true leader, a force that could calm the chaos of battle.

Boom!

In the distance, another clash rang out as Slate and Kargen Wildhorn continued their fierce duel. Neither had gained the upper hand, but the battlefield around them had grown eerily quiet. The remaining Buffalofolk had either been killed or subdued, and now all the giants and succubi warriors stood watching the fight between Slate and Kargen.

Orion pushed through the crowd, approaching the giant elders Thundar and Samson. His voice was calm but commanding.

"Go. Kill Kargen Wildhorn together."

"Our victory doesn't need to be won with Slate's blood."

"Remember, the battlefield is never a place for one man's fight."

Thundar and Samson, momentarily stunned by Orion's words, exchanged glances. The cold, emotionless look in Orion's eyes made them uneasy. They quickly nodded and joined the battle.

"Lord Orion, was this your plan all along?" Vespera, the succubus elder, asked as she approached him.

Orion nodded, his gaze fixed on the battlefield. He ignored Vespera's presence and spoke to himself.

"Whether it's Giants or Buffalofolks, pride runs deep in their veins."

"This pride makes them disdainful of overwhelming odds, of ganging up on a weaker opponent. It's a strength, but also a fatal flaw."

"True power comes from unity. That's something your succubi understand well, which is why you've managed to carve out a corner of the Black Forest for yourselves."

Orion's words struck Vespera deeply. She was moved by his insight.

"You flatter us, Lord Orion. If we were truly united, Queen Delilah and Princess Lilith wouldn't have come to blows."

Vespera sighed, her voice tinged with regret.

"That's different," Orion replied, turning to look at her. "There's only one throne. You understand that, don't you?"

"Compared to the survival and prosperity of a race, sacrifices are inevitable. I would make the same choice."

Vespera was once again struck by Orion's words. She stared at his back, her scalp tingling, her breath caught in her throat. This was not just the wisdom of a giant—it was the wisdom of a leader with a far-reaching vision.

She had never expected such profound insight from a giant like Orion.

"Surprised?" Orion asked, noticing her reaction.

Vespera nodded, bowing deeply in respect, her demeanor humble.

"I believe that under your leadership, Lord Orion, the Black Forest will flourish."

"Heh..."

Orion's response was dismissive. The giants and succubi who had submitted to him had already begun referring to him as the Lord of the Black Forest, as if they had forgotten about Clymene, who was off fighting in the myriad races invasion.

But Orion didn't mind. Some things would resolve themselves when Clymene returned.

Splat!

The battle ahead was nearing its end.

Thundar, Slate, and Samson, the three hero-level giant elders, had surrounded Kargen Wildhorn. Kargen was no match for their combined strength, and now he had lost an arm, his breathing labored as he fought like a cornered beast.

Glaring at the giants surrounding him, Kargen Wildhorn was furious, feeling humiliated.

"Damn you giants! Where is your bloodline warrior pride and honor?"

Thundar ignored Kargen's outburst, but Slate, out of respect for his opponent's strength, offered him a chance.

"Buffalofolk, you've fought well. Submit to the giants, and we'll spare your life."

"Curse you giants! The Buffalofolk will never submit!"

Kargen Wildhorn spat, rejecting the offer outright.

"Enough talk. Kill him. We don't want to keep Orion waiting," Thundar said, raising his greatsword for the final blow.

"Fuck you! Who dares to kill my brother?!"

Moo!

A thunderous bellow echoed from the forest, carrying with it a palpable sense of pressure.

Thundar's sword wavered for a moment, but Orion's calm voice cut through the tension.

"Kill him. Now."

Without hesitation, Thundar brought his sword down, severing Kargen Wildhorn's head in one clean stroke.

At the same time, the sound of heavy footsteps reverberated through the forest, signaling the approach of a powerful presence.

From the distance, Orion hurled his Bone War Trident into the forest, the weapon slicing through the air with deadly precision.

The footsteps stopped abruptly.

Crack!

At that moment, Kargen Wildhorn's head rolled to the ground, his body collapsing as Thundar's sword finished the job.

"Moo... Damn you giants! My poor brother, Kargen Wildhorn!"

"I'll kill you all!"

"Ahhh... Ancestors of the Buffalofolk, awaken with my blood!"

From deep within the forest, an ancient spirit stirred, its power merging with the Buffalofolk chieftain, Torak Wildhorn.

Boom... Boom...

Heavy footsteps echoed once more, slow and deliberate, but each step felt like it was crushing the hearts of every giant and succubus on the battlefield.

Moo!

With a final bellow, the trees in the forest were pushed aside, and a massive, blood-red-eyed Buffalofolk emerged. Its body was covered in mysterious runes, its presence terrifying.

"Alpha-level?"

"No... It's only temporarily reached Alpha-level by borrowing external power."

Orion exhaled in relief after sensing the Buffalofolk's aura.

"Everyone, fall back. It's dangerous right now."

Boom...

As Orion spoke, Torak Wildhorn, now transformed into a monstrous buffalo, charged forward, his eyes locked on Orion, the only one who posed a real threat.

Orion didn't dare underestimate him. He immediately activated \*Titan's Rage\*, his body growing larger as his strength increased tenfold.

Hah!

With a mighty roar, Orion leaped into the air, his fists clenched, and brought them down on the charging buffalo's horns.

Bang!

Orion landed firmly, while the monstrous buffalo's hooves dug into the ground, sliding backward and toppling several trees in the process.

"Those horns are something else," Orion muttered, frowning. He had just unleashed ten times his normal strength, yet the buffalo had managed to block the blow with its horns.



It was unbelievable.

Seeing that the buffalo was preparing for another charge, Orion decided to summon his Abyssal Dragon, a creature even larger than the monstrous buffalo.

Roar...

A deep, raspy dragon roar filled the air as the Abyssal Dragon appeared in front of Orion, its massive jaws open wide, its cold eyes locked onto the buffalo.

The sudden appearance of the Abyssal Dragon caused the buffalo to hesitate for a moment, but in its berserk state, it felt no fear.

Instead, it let out another bellow and charged recklessly toward the dragon.

The Abyssal Dragon, feeling provoked, slammed its foot into the ground and charged forward.

Clang!

A sound like metal clashing against metal rang out as the monstrous buffalo's horns collided with the Abyssal Dragon's single horn. The impact sent the buffalo staggering backward, and the dragon lunged forward, sinking its teeth into the buffalo's neck.

At the same time, the Abyssal Dragon extended its front claws, tearing through the buffalo's flesh like a relentless machine, shredding its hide and muscle.

Moo...

Moments later, the monstrous buffalo's cries grew weaker, its blood-red eyes slowly losing focus.

"Chieftain!"

A sorrowful cry echoed from the distance as another group of Buffalofolk warriors arrived too late to save their leader.

Orion, holding his trident, glanced in the direction of the voice and muttered to himself.

"One wave after another... Do they not fear death? The Buffalofolk are so straightforward in their thinking."

He approached the Abyssal Dragon and gestured for it to release the monstrous buffalo.

As the dragon let go, the buffalo's body began to deflate like a punctured balloon, shrinking rapidly. Its flesh and blood seemed to vanish into thin air, leaving behind only a pair of ancient, mysterious horns that fell to the ground with a dull thud.

Orion picked up the horns, examining them with interest.

"So, these are what withstood my full-strength blow, even with ten times my power?"

He stowed the horns away and then severed Torak Wildhorn's head, holding it in his hand.

By now, the group of Buffalofolk who had cried out in despair had come into view.

It was Earthshaker, the same Buffalofolk Orion had once driven away when he helped the succubi reclaim their territory.

"Is this who you were calling for?" Orion asked, lifting Torak's severed head slightly as he addressed Earthshaker.

At the same time, both Orion and the Abyssal Dragon unleashed their Alpha-level auras, pressing down on the Buffalofolk warriors, forcing them to the ground, trembling in fear.

Earthshaker, realizing the futility of resistance, prostrated himself, placing his weapon on the ground in a gesture of submission.

Behind him, the other Buffalofolk followed suit, dropping their weapons and bowing low.

"Honorable giant, I am willing to submit!" Earthshaker declared.

Orion stepped forward, standing over Earthshaker, his gaze cold and unyielding.

"I knew when I drove you away last time that you were no ordinary Buffalofolk."

"Earthshaker, you are smart. I accept your submission."

Earthshaker's body visibly relaxed, his fears momentarily eased.

But Orion's next words made Earthshaker's tail stiffen in dread once more.

"However, your submission does not mean they will submit," Orion said, pointing to the berserk Buffalofolk who were still pinned to the ground by the giant warriors, their eyes wild with rage.

"Here's the deal: in honor of your submission, I will spare the lives of those who surrender willingly."

As Orion spoke, he raised his trident, and with a swift motion, brought it down.

Crack... Crack... Crack...

The giant bloodline warriors, following Orion's command, began executing the berserk Buffalofolk who refused to submit, severing their heads one by one.

"No..."

Earthshaker remained prostrate, unable to move, tears streaming down his face as he watched his kin fall.

"The Black Forest is on the verge of unification, Earthshaker. Submit to me, serve me in battle, and you will be spared."

Orion's killing intent faded, but his voice remained cold, as if nothing had happened.

"In return, I will return the body of your chieftain, Torak Wildhorn, so that the Buffalofolk may honor him in death."

"Furthermore, the women and children of the Buffalofolk will be spared and protected."

Orion's words hung in the air as he stared down at Earthshaker, waiting for his response.

The atmosphere was so tense that it felt as though time itself had frozen for a few seconds.

"I... I accept on behalf of the Buffalofolk. We will submit!" Earthshaker finally declared, his voice trembling.

The coldness on Orion's face melted away, replaced by a faint smile.

"Volthun, step forward."

Volthun was a newly appointed shaman of the Blackstone tribe. Though not as powerful as Phoebe, shamans were rare among the giants, and Volthun had earned the status of elder.

Volthun emerged from the ranks and approached Orion.

A practitioner of blood magic, Volthun had once served under Elder Rendall, but now he had joined Orion on this campaign.

Volthun's role was clear: to carry out the slave contract ritual.

Using a small knife, Volthun cut a mark into Earthshaker's forehead, using Orion's blood to draw a magical contract circle. The ritual was completed quickly, binding Earthshaker to Orion's service.

"Remember, Earthshaker, disobedient Buffalofolk are of no use to me," Orion said, placing Torak Wildhorn's severed head in front of Earthshaker before turning and climbing back onto the Abyssal Dragon.

"Clean up the battlefield and set up camp here," Orion ordered.

The camp quickly sprang into action, with warriors moving to carry out his commands.

Orion had chosen to camp in the Buffalofolk's territory to give Earthshaker time to consolidate the remaining Buffalofolk.

Earthshaker's submission didn't guarantee that the entire Buffalofolk tribe would follow suit.

Orion had no interest in dealing with the elderly, the sick, or the weak in the Buffalofolk settlement. If Earthshaker couldn't handle such a simple task, Orion wouldn't hesitate to wipe out the entire tribe.

The Buffalofolk were known for their uncontrollable rage, making them difficult to manage.

If Orion allowed rebellious elements to remain within his ranks, it would only lead to chaos and mutiny.

That was something Orion would never allow.

From the very beginning, he had made it clear: those who refused to submit would be eradicated.

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Black Forest, Northern Region

Under Tigran's leadership, the tigerfolk and serpentfolk had begun to gather their forces. Unlike the demoralized tigerfolk, the serpentfolk were brimming with confidence.

Thanks to the resources from the Firestones, the serpentfolk had survived the harsh winter with minimal losses. They had even managed to hunt down some weaker dark creatures, further strengthening their ranks.

While the serpentfolk couldn't hunt Alpha-level dark creatures, they were more than capable of handling lesser threats.



As a result, the serpentfolk had emerged from the winter stronger than before, their ambitions growing with their power.

This newfound strength had emboldened the serpentfolk to openly ally with the tigerfolk, plotting to drive out the giants and seize control of Moonshadow Valley and its valuable Firestone mines.

"It's a shame the Obsidian Golems refused to join us," Vhisss, the serpentfolk elder, said, recounting his failed attempt to recruit the golems.

"If we could combine the serpentfolk's petrification spells with the Obsidian Golems' stone-like skin, the giants wouldn't stand a chance!"

Tigran sighed in disappointment. The plan to attack the giants would have been perfect if they had managed to convince both the cave spiders and the Obsidian Golems to join them.

The Obsidian Golems were natural-born warriors, and the cave spiders had the advantage of overwhelming numbers. Combined with the serpentfolk and tigerfolk, it would have been an unstoppable force.

"No matter," Tigran said, trying to reassure himself. "We still have the eight serpent beasts to replace the Obsidian Golems in the charge. We still have a good chance of victory."

Tigran was confident that the giants of the Blackstone tribe, weakened by the long winter, would be unable to withstand their assault.