

Titan King 83

Chapter 83: Filthy tigerfolk, go to hell

Moonshadow Valley, On the Brink of Battle

The combined forces of the tigerfolk, serpentfolk, and cave spiders had surrounded Moonshadow Valley, their numbers vast and intimidating.

"Damn those cave spiders!" Elder Rendall stood atop the stone walls at the valley's entrance, his face grim as he gazed out at the sea of cave spiders crawling toward them.

"Elder Rendall, what's our next move?" Halvor, standing beside Rendall, shared his concern. The situation was dire. In all the years of territorial skirmishes within the Black Forest, the giants had never faced such overwhelming odds.

This battle would not be easily won.

"Twilight Viper is already lying in wait underground. We'll use it as the center of our defense and crush these bastards," Rendall said, his voice filled with determination.

But before he could finish, the ground at the valley's entrance began to bulge. Eight massive mounds of earth rose up, and from them emerged eight enormous serpent beasts, their heads towering above the ground as they hissed menacingly toward Moonshadow Valley.

The sight sent chills down the spines of Rendall, Halvor, Rumbold, and the other giants.

But they weren't the only ones shaken. Far off in the distance, Tigran, the tigerfolk leader, was equally stunned.

"Is that... the aura of a hero-level beast?" Vhisss, the serpentfolk elder, muttered in disbelief as he stared at Moonshadow Valley.

Just moments ago, Vhisss had sensed the presence of a hero-level beast, a creature far more dangerous than any ordinary bloodline warrior.

This was shocking news.

Vhisss was rattled. Hero-level beasts were far more savage and deadly than even the strongest warriors of most races. For example, if Elder Rendall were to face the Twilight Viper alone, without the aid of other giants, he would surely be devoured.

For a moment, Vhisss hesitated, unsure of what to do.

"What are you waiting for? Start the charge!" Queen Arachne, the spider queen, barked, her confidence bolstered by the appearance of the eight elite serpent beasts. She urged Tigran and Vhisss to act.

Vhisss narrowed his eyes, glaring at Moonshadow Valley. After a moment of hesitation, he finally relented, his voice cold and resolute.

"Fine. Charge!"

Vhisss had made up his mind. At this point, there was no turning back. Despite the presence of a hero-level beast, it had yet to reveal itself. Perhaps the giants were bluffing.

From the valley's entrance, a strange bone flute began to play, and the eight elite serpents hissed as they charged toward Moonshadow Valley.

...

"WAAAGH!"

On the stone walls, Elder Rendall raised his spiked club high, his voice booming as he let out a battle cry.

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

The giants echoed his cry, their fear and anxiety melting away in the face of Rendall's defiant roar.

Hissss...

A deeper, more menacing hiss echoed from beneath the ground. The Twilight Viper emerged, its head and body far larger than the elite serpents. Its black eyes gleamed with cold malice.

"A hero-level beast!" Vhisss gasped, his face paling as he felt the Twilight Viper's overwhelming aura.

But it was too late.

Roar!

The Twilight Viper lunged forward, sinking its fangs into one of the elite serpents and dragging it back underground.

Moments later, the sound of the serpent's death throes echoed from beneath the earth, sending a wave of terror through the serpentfolk.

Far off, Vhisss was already contemplating retreat, while Tigran seethed with rage.

Tigran quickly realized that the Twilight Viper was highly intelligent. It had hidden underground to avoid being overwhelmed by the other serpents.

"Damn it! Get those serpents underground and flush it out! Surround and kill it!" Tigran ordered, his voice filled with fury.

The bone flute played again, and the remaining seven elite serpents dove into the earth, the ground at the valley's entrance rippling like waves on the ocean.

Half an hour later, the Twilight Viper and the seven elite serpents burst from the ground, locked in a deadly struggle. The Twilight Viper was covered in wounds, its scales torn and bloodied.

"Attack!" Rendall shouted, charging toward the serpents with his spiked club raised high.

Behind him, Halvor, Rumbold, and two young bloodline warriors followed closely, ready to join the fray.

Hissss... Roar!

The serpents hissed, and the giants roared as the battle erupted into chaos.

"Arachne, send your spiders to attack Moonshadow Valley!" Tigran shouted as he and Vhisss drew their weapons and charged toward the battle between the giants and the serpents.

Queen Arachne responded with a series of high-pitched clicks, and the cave spiders, numbering in the thousands, began their advance toward Moonshadow Valley.

Though individually weak, the sheer number of cave spiders—over ten thousand—was a terrifying sight.

Thwip! Thwip! Thwip!

From the stone walls, the giant bloodline warriors unleashed a barrage of arrows and spears, cutting down the advancing spiders. For the moment, the spiders were unable to breach the giants' defenses.

The situation became even more dire for the spiders when the female giants began pouring oil down the walls and setting it alight. Flames spread across the battlefield, creating a barrier that kept the cave spiders at bay, unable to get within fifty meters of the walls.

Meanwhile, on the battlefield, Elder Rendall, with his hero-level strength, was a force to be reckoned with. His spiked club swung with devastating power, and one of the elite serpents fell, its skull crushed by his mighty blow.

As the serpent died, Tigran seized the opportunity, leaping forward with his sharp claws aimed at Rendall's back.

Rendall remembered Tigran well. He hadn't forgotten the tiger tribe's invasion of the blackstone tribe.

With a roar, Rendall swung his spiked club behind him, aiming to crush Tigran.

At the last moment, Tigran leaped backward, narrowly avoiding the blow.

"Damn you, tigerfolk! You'll regret your actions today!" Rendall bellowed, his voice filled with fury.

Tigran, however, remained unfazed.

"Giant, surrender Moonshadow Valley, and perhaps we can negotiate. I might even let you leave alive," Tigran taunted, his eyes gleaming with malice.

Rendall burst into laughter, his booming voice echoing across the battlefield.

"I'm 50 years old, and I swear that's the funniest thing I've ever heard! Hahaha!"

Tigran's eyes narrowed, his hatred for the giants growing even deeper.

Hissss...

Nearby, the Twilight Viper, despite its injuries, managed to kill another elite serpent. The serpentfolk were suffering heavy losses, and Vhisss was beginning to regret his decision to attack. But it was too late for regrets now.

Once again, the eerie sound of the bone flute filled the air.

Tigran and Vhisss retreated, and the remaining five serpents, all wounded, slithered back underground.

The Twilight Viper, hissing in triumph, dragged one of the dead serpents underground with it.

Elder Rendall frowned, signaling for the other giants to retreat cautiously back into Moonshadow Valley.

"Ssathar, you owe me an explanation. Why did you signal a retreat?"

Tigran's voice was cold and menacing as he glared at Ssathar, the serpentfolk elder who had just blown the bone flute to command the retreat of the serpent beasts.

Ssathar, the sorcerer responsible for controlling the eight giant serpents, met Tigran's gaze with a calm demeanor.

"Tigran, it wasn't my decision to retreat. It was Queen Arachne who ordered the withdrawal, so I had no choice but to follow suit."

"Who?" Tigran's voice dropped to a dangerous low, barely containing his fury.

"It was me," came the cold voice of Queen Arachne as she crawled forward, her expression dark and displeased.

"Tigran, Vhisss, what did you promise me before this battle?" Arachne's voice was sharp, filled with accusation. "You said the elite beasts would lead the charge, but what happened?"

"When we attacked Moonshadow Valley, it was my children who were at the front, taking the brunt of the assault!"

Arachne was furious. The giants' relentless barrage of arrows and spears had decimated her cave spiders. If she hadn't ordered the retreat when the giants ignited the oil, her losses would have been even greater.

"Arachne, can't you see?" Tigran growled, his voice rising in frustration. "We were engaged in battle, fighting off that hero-level beast and the giant warriors! We were fighting! Didn't you see that?"

Tigran's voice was nearly a roar, but Arachne's response was equally cold.

"I don't care what you were doing. I will not let my children be the ones to charge the front lines again!"

"And what about your tigerfolk and those serpentfolk warriors? What were they doing at the back of the battlefield? Watching? Or were you just using my children as cannon fodder?"

This was the real reason for Arachne's anger. It was clear to her now that Tigran had used the elite beasts as a distraction while her cave spiders bore the brunt of the attack. As the queen of the cave spiders, Arachne was intelligent and cunning. She wasn't driven solely by greed.

"This..." Tigran was momentarily at a loss for words. Arachne's accusations were true. The tigerfolk and serpentfolk warriors had indeed been holding back, watching from the rear. He and Vhisss had no defense for that.

But some things needed to be addressed directly.

"Queen Arachne, we are all in this together. We are allies, bound by a common cause. Our fates are intertwined, and our interests are shared. Please, don't say such things in anger."

"Our warriors were merely waiting for the right moment. Next time, we will all charge together."

"And when that time comes, I hope you, Queen Arachne, will join us on the battlefield to help deal with the giants' hero-level warriors."

Tigran's words were smooth, his ability to lie without hesitation impressive. But he wasn't entirely wrong. The fates of their three tribes were indeed tied together now.

"Tigran, I don't care what you're planning. I will not let my children be the ones to charge the front lines again!" Arachne's voice was firm, her resolve unshakable.

Her insistence stemmed from a deep-rooted fear. As the war dragged on, the number of cave spiders was steadily decreasing. The fewer children she had, the more vulnerable she felt. This was the instinct of a matriarchal species—any threat to the survival of her brood triggered intense anxiety.

Tigran narrowed his eyes, studying Arachne for a moment before turning his gaze back toward Moonshadow Valley.

"Queen Arachne, let your forces rest. We will launch another attack at dusk."

"We must take Moonshadow Valley quickly. If the giants adapt to the rhythm of the battlefield, we will be doomed."

Tigran was right about one thing. The giants were naturally strong and resilient. If they managed to hold out through the initial waves of attacks, they could use the resources and terrain of Moonshadow Valley to mount a counteroffensive.

Moonshadow Valley, Tension Mounting

At the start of the battle, the Twilight Viper had fought fiercely, taking on seven elite serpents at once, risking its life in the process. Only with the help of Elder Rendall and the other giants had the situation stabilized, allowing the Twilight Viper to kill another elite serpent.

But Rendall, Halvor, Rumbold, and the others were not unscathed. Each giant had faced off against an elite serpent, and it was a miracle that none of them had been killed.

"Elder Rendall, we've run out of oil. What do we do now?" Halvor asked, his voice filled with concern.

The oil, a precious resource made from the remains of dark creatures and firestone, was highly flammable and had been a key part of their defense. It was originally stockpiled to fend off dark creatures during the winter, but thanks to Orion and Clymene, two Alpha-level warriors, they hadn't needed to use it.

Now, however, the oil was gone, and without it, they had no way to stop the next wave of attacks.

Rendall frowned, his mind racing for a solution. Without the oil, they would be hard-pressed to hold off the enemy's next assault.

He wished Orion or Lilith were here. If they were, he wouldn't have to think so hard.

"Tell our people to eat and drink their fill. No matter what happens, we will fight to the last breath."

"I believe that once Orion hears of the invasion, he will return to Moonshadow Valley as quickly as possible."

"And even if we fall, Orion will make sure every last one of those bastards pays with their lives."

Rendall's words were filled with conviction, and the nearby giant bloodline warriors felt their spirits lift. A sense of determination and resolve spread through the ranks.

As time passed, night fell over Moonshadow Valley.

The eerie sound of the bone flute echoed once more outside the valley, its haunting melody filling the air with a sense of foreboding.

Hissss...

Chitter...

Roar...

The low hissing of serpents, the chittering of cave spiders, and the growls of tigers filled the dusk, creating a heavy, oppressive atmosphere.

"WAAAGH!"

"WAAAGH!"

"WAAAGH!"

The giants' battle cries rang out from the valley's entrance as the battle resumed.

The hero-level Twilight Viper emerged from the ground, only to be immediately engaged by a tigerfolk warrior who had transformed into an ancient tiger. The two beasts clashed, locked in a fierce struggle.

Meanwhile, the remaining elite serpents spread out, charging toward the stone walls and gates of Moonshadow Valley.

"Halvor, Rumbold, Gurnar, Fenrus, we need to split up and hold them off until the Twilight Viper can assist us," Rendall ordered, his voice steady despite the chaos.

They couldn't allow the serpents to reach the gates. If the elite serpents breached the walls, the consequences would be catastrophic.

Just as Rendall was about to move, Tigran leaped out from the swarm of cave spiders, blocking his path.

Tigran, Vhisss, and Arachne had spent the entire afternoon devising a plan to separate Rendall from the Twilight Viper. Now, their plan was coming to fruition.

Tigran wasn't about to let Rendall rejoin the hero-level beast.

Whoosh!

Tigran transformed into a massive tiger and lunged at Rendall, his jaws wide open, revealing sharp fangs.

"Filthy tigerfolk, go to hell!" Rendall roared, swinging his spiked club with all his might, his expression fierce and unyielding.