

Titan King 88

Chapter 88 Burning hatred

"The phoenix must burn to emerge." - Janet Fitch

Please don't give up on this novel, trust me, everything will get better.

Orion took a deep breath and stepped forward, lifting the black shroud made of beast hide.

The next moment, his eyes turned blood-red, and his Alpha-level aura surged outward, unchecked.

What Orion saw were six headless bodies.

At the forefront was Clymene, followed by the giant elders Vargrum, Mordak, Zorn, Balgor, and Grendel—six headless corpses in total.

Orion tilted his head back, staring at the sky, his silent scream echoing in his heart. He had a very close relationship with his sister and could not accept this reality. But he knew he had to stay calm at this moment!

After a long while, he turned, his bloodshot eyes coldly locking onto the giant named Thrym.

"Tell me everything that happened on your journey, down to the smallest detail."

Thrym dropped to one knee, and the other giant warriors followed suit, trembling under the weight of Orion's overwhelming presence.

"Elder Orion, we followed the chieftain south, leaving the Black Forest."

"We received orders from the Lord of the Four Domains to head south into the Thunderwood Forest, where we encountered the powerful Thunderhawk Knight, Reynard."

"The chieftain fell in battle against Reynard."

"The five elders rushed to her aid, but they were all slain."

"Reynard took the heads of the chieftain and the elders and hung them on the walls of Thunderhawk City, where they were left to be battered by the wind and scorched by the sun."

Roar... Aaaah...

Elder Rendall let out a furious roar. He couldn't fathom the humiliation of having the heads of the giant chieftain and elders displayed as trophies on an enemy's wall. It was a disgrace beyond words, a wound to the pride of the entire giant race.

This was unforgivable!

"Elder Orion, the magical potions and crystal cores the chieftain had seized during the campaign were also stolen by Slagor, the leader of the Poison Dragon Swamp."

"He left a message... saying that if you want those resources, you'll have to come to the Poison Dragon Swamp and take them yourself."

"Elder Orion, we have failed you!"

Thrym's voice trembled as he delivered yet another blow to Orion's already seething heart.

Orion clenched his fists, then relaxed them, only to clench them again. The murderous intent in his heart was difficult to suppress.

After a long silence, Orion finally regained his composure.

His voice was cold, devoid of any discernible emotion, his eyes filled with an icy chill.

"Prepare to welcome the chieftain and the five elders back. Build an altar and hold a memorial ceremony for them."

Orion raised his hand, lightly touching his forehead, and whispered softly.

"You did not fear death and ventured into the darkness. May you return to the embrace of the Titan gods and be spared the suffering of oblivion..."

All the giants followed Orion's lead, raising their hands to touch their foreheads, murmuring prayers in low voices.

In less than three days, Moonshadow Valley held another grand funeral.

The morale of the giants had been visibly cut down, and the light in their eyes had dimmed.

The other races did not feel the change as profoundly because they were not familiar with Clymene.

But for the Blackstone Giants, it was different. They had watched as their tribe, which once boasted two Alpha-level warriors, was reduced to one. It was a sorrowful spring for them.

The pride and glory of the giants seemed to have been halved.

At the valley's entrance, atop the stone wall, Orion gazed southward, lost in thought.

"Orion, it's time. You should become the true chieftain now."

"Lead us giants to greatness once more, and then we'll reclaim the heads of the chieftain and the elders."

Elder Rendall appeared behind Orion, also looking south, his eyes filled with longing.

Of course, beneath that longing was a deep, burning hatred.

Orion turned to face Rendall, his voice serious, cold, and filled with unwavering confidence. Stay connected via empire

"I will succeed as the chieftain of the giants. I will lead our people to prosperity and greatness once again!"

"And as for my sister's head, and the heads of the elders, I will personally retrieve them during the next Myriad Races Invasion!"

Orion's voice echoed throughout Moonshadow Valley, his strength and confidence laid bare for all to hear, inspiring the giants within the valley.

Cries of "WAAAGH" rang out, one after another, until they became a deafening roar, like a tidal wave crashing through the valley.

This was exactly the effect Orion wanted!

Orion's ascension to chieftain was not only expected but also welcomed by all. It was the natural and rightful outcome.

Orion was powerful, and he had no need to hide his ambition!

His glory could not be tarnished!

"I will officially take the title of chieftain after I conquer the Obsidian Golems."

This was the tone Orion set. Once the Black Forest was fully unified, Orion would ascend to the position of chieftain with an unstoppable force. That would be the perfect moment.

Three days later, the army set out.

"Rendall, I'm leaving Moonshadow Valley in your hands."

Standing at the valley's entrance, Orion gave his final instructions regarding the construction of the walls around the valley.

Then he turned to Succubus Queen Delilah, his tone calm but firm.

"You're a smart woman. You should know what to do and what not to do. Don't disappoint me."

Roar...

The Abyssal Dragon let out a deep, resonant roar as it carried Orion off into the distance.

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Half a month later, in the southwestern part of the Black Forest.

Orion had surrounded the stone mountain where the Obsidian Golems resided. The combined forces of giants, succubi, and Buffalofolk struck fear into the hearts of the Obsidian Golems atop the mountain.

Roar...

Orion didn't restrain the Abyssal Dragon's roar. The deep, tearing sound echoed through the stone mountain, reverberating off the rocks, carrying with it an innate sense of intimidation.

"It was bound to happen eventually."

"Rockwell, can you feel it? That pressure can only come from an Alpha-level warrior."

"If you had accepted the serpentfolk's invitation back then, you'd already be a pile of rubble by now."

The chieftain of the Obsidian Golems, Rockwell, stood beside the Onyx Prophet, his heart filled with fear.

The oppressive aura of an Alpha-level warrior was unmistakable, and Rockwell could feel it clearly.

"Prophet, what should we do now?"

The Onyx Prophet rose from a pile of stones, standing nearly 20 feet tall, his body massive, strong, and unyielding.

"Let's go. We will meet the future lord of the Black Forest."

"Rockwell, there's no need to be afraid. We never intended to oppose the future lord."

"We've been waiting for his call all along, haven't we?"

The Onyx Prophet's voice was deep and resonant, as if it had been tempered by the passage of time, carrying a profound and mysterious weight.

At the base of the mountain, Orion was slightly surprised.

He could sense the aura of the Onyx Prophet—a presence that was somewhere between a heroic-level warrior and an Alpha-level one.

The Onyx Prophet far surpassed the heroic level, yet had not fully reached the Alpha level.

His aura was even more powerful and profound than that of Torak Wildhorn, Orion hadn't expected the Black Forest to hide such a formidable being.