

Titan King: Ascension of the Giant

Chapter 15: An offer they can't refuse

Deep into the night.

The group returned to the tribe.

Orion was stunned. He saw the walls cracked, parts collapsed, and large patches of blood staining them.

Something had happened!

"Elder Rendall, what happened to the tribe? Where are my parents and sister? Why didn't they come?"

Rendall hesitated, then sighed, "We'll discuss everything once we're back, Orion... you need to prepare yourself."

Orion went to his parents' tent, only to find them absent.

The air was thick with the scent of blood, and on the bed lay someone familiar—his sister.

But Clymene seemed to be in a coma.

If his sister was in this state and his parents hadn't appeared, there was only one possibility... they were missing.

Orion didn't disturb his sister, taking a deep breath to calm his turbulent emotions.

He stepped outside, seeking information from the injured giants around.

It turned out that during his absence, the Blackstone Tribe had been attacked by a group of centaur bandits.

They were despicable, they stole a large amount of fur and jerky.

Clymene, defending the tribe's resources, led the guards against the centaur bandits but was ambushed and severely injured by a centaur shaman.

The bandits took a significant amount of supplies, and with their racial advantage in mobility, they quickly retreated into the forest.

At that point, Orion's parents pursued them to reclaim the goods.

But they hadn't been heard from since.

Afterward, the Blackstone Tribe searched the surrounding area, only finding a group of dead centaurs.

Orion was skeptical of the accounts.

His parents seemed to have vanished into thin air, which was too strange.

Logically, even if they couldn't catch the centaur bandits, they shouldn't have encountered danger.

Something must have happened, causing his parents to disappear suddenly, and they hadn't returned to the tribe.

Just then, a cough came from the tent, and Orion knew his sister was awake, so he hurried back.

"Sister, how are you feeling?"

Clymene looked at the giant before her, weakly smiling after a moment, "Little guy, you must think I'm a joke."

Clymene was awake, with no visible injuries, but she was weak and listless.

Giants had robust bodies, and surface wounds healed well for them.

But Clymene was different; she was injured by a centaur shaman's soul curse, a soul attack.

Orion was worried because although Clymene was awake, if her soul wound wasn't effectively treated, her condition could worsen, even leading to death from weakness.

If their mother were here, she might easily handle it.

But now, the tribe's only elite shaman was missing.

Damn... Orion frowned, knowing he had to ask Elder Rendall for a solution.

"In this situation, to heal her, we need soul crystals from the Serpentfolk. Grind the soul crystals into powder and have Clymene drink it; that should restore her," Rendall explained, seeing Orion's urgency.

Orion was relieved, "In that case, let's contact the Serpentfolk, buy or trade, find a way to get some soul crystals from them."

Elder Rendall shook his head, "We've already tried, but soul crystals are precious to the Serpentfolk, and their stock is limited. Even if they're willing to sell, the price will be high."

"High or not, we have to buy them," Orion sighed. "We must get the soul crystals. Contact the Serpentfolk, no matter the price."

"Alright."

Rendall nodded, "But the tribe's forces are depleted, and the elders must stay... James, you take people, bring half the remaining furs and game."

"There are also two pieces of mithril ore in the warehouse, bring those too. They should satisfy the Serpentfolk's appetite."

"I understand." James nodded, preparing to head to the Serpentfolk territory.

Suddenly, another giant stepped forward to object, "No, you can't do that!"

"Elder Thorak?"

The giant elder named Thorak was agitated, "Orion, I know your sister's condition is bad, but the Blackstone Tribe's situation is also dire."

"The centaur bandits stole much of our supplies. Our winter reserves are already insufficient. If we trade more furs or meat with the Serpentfolk for soul crystals... this winter, many tribe members will freeze or starve to death."

Thorak's reasoning was sound.

From the tribe's perspective, using a large amount of resources to save one life at the expense of many was hard to justify.

Orion looked at Thorak, narrowing his eyes slightly.

James glanced between them, supporting Orion, "Elder Thorak, it's not winter yet. We have about half a month to prepare, enough time to hunt."

"And if we plan well and use sparingly, no tribe members will freeze or starve."

Thorak sneered, "Quiet, young one. Have you forgotten our chieftain is missing?"

"Without the chieftain's leadership, our hunting efficiency has plummeted. If we use our winter reserves now, come winter, many will freeze and starve."

"Elder Thorak is right," Clymene weakly interjected, "If saving me costs other lives, I'd live in guilt forever. Don't worry, I can endure this winter. Come spring, when the snow melts and food is plentiful, we'll find another way."

Hearing this, no one spoke further.

Orion frowned.

His sister was strong and could survive until spring, likely without dying.

But this would leave severe hidden injuries, as soul wounds would greatly impact her future growth.

She might never reach hero level.

Thorak and Rendall exchanged glances, shaking their heads, knowing what this meant for Clymene.

But there was no choice; the harsh environment of the Barren Mountains and Black Forest made surviving until spring a challenge for the Blackstone Tribe.

As the elders prepared to announce their decision, Orion interrupted.

"James, get ready. At dawn, contact the Serpentfolk tribe, tell them the Blackstone Tribe has an offer they can't refuse."

Rendall remained silent, being moderate, indifferent to who decided.

But Elder Thorak was displeased, his tone harsh, "Enough, you brat. I know you're worried about your sister, but do you know what this means? We might lose at least 100 tribe members this winter!"

"Watch your words, Elder Thorak," Orion said, "I know what I'm doing. I'm just asking James to contact the serpent tribe. Don't worry, I won't touch any tribal reserves."

Elder Thorak frowned, angry, "What are you planning? Are you not considering the consequences?"

"If you bring the serpentfolk elders here and can't meet their demands, the narrow-minded serpentfolk will blame us! Do you think the Blackstone Tribe can oppose them now?"

Orion, tired of arguing, pulled out a small black stone, showing it to everyone.

It was what he brought from the cave, firestone.

Something sure to make the serpentfolk drool.