

Titan King: Ascension of the Giant

Chapter 17: Serpentfolk maid

With the completion of the newbie quest, Orion saw the green-skinned troglodytes trembling and slowly kneeling before him.

Orion knew he had gained 15 troglodyte slaves.

Elder Rendall watched with interest, "Heh, they know fear now."

Thorak mused, "So by killing their leader, you become their new leader?"

Orion didn't explain, instead focusing on directing the troglodytes to work for him. The mining tasks that giants couldn't complete were perfect for them.

A while later, the three of them stood at the cave entrance, watching the troglodytes hammering away inside, piling up the mined firestone.

Orion said, "Elders, I've communicated with them. These troglodyte slaves can mine about 100 kilograms of firestone daily."

"Excellent efficiency, may the Titan God bless us," Rendall exclaimed, "What do they need? Is there anything we can do?"

"Nothing much, just keep them fed and not overworked," Orion shook his head, as they were merely slaves.

It was a bargain, with each 100 kilograms of mining work costing only a few black loaves.

Rendall and Thorak nodded slightly, agreeing with Orion's stance, as that was the way of the world.

Even in so-called civilized human societies, slaves were the lowest class, valued less than a pet.

Moreover, these troglodytes didn't eat much; 15 of them couldn't match half a giant's appetite, making them cheap yet useful labor.

With the matter resolved, Orion felt a sense of relief.

Most importantly, with the firestone, the Blackstone Tribe wouldn't have to worry about basic survival resources. Even if they faced unsolvable problems, they could trade to resolve them.

The next day.

Heavy rain poured down, washing over the Black Forest, cleansing the rot and blood, leaving no trace.

The seasonal changes in the Black Forest were evident, with the rain bringing a sharp drop in temperature.

In Orion's mind, this was characteristic of a continental monsoon climate, but the Black Forest's changes were more pronounced, possibly due to the planet's larger axial tilt.

As he pondered, Orion heard noise outside the tent.

It seemed guests had arrived... Orion checked on his sister, offering some comfort before going out to greet them.

Sure enough, he saw a group approaching from outside the tribe, led by James and a Serpentfolk.

The Serpentfolk, one of the tribes in the Barren Mountains and Black Forest, were cold-blooded and feared the cold.

While giants remained bare-chested, the Serpentfolk wrapped their upper bodies in furs.

Ordinary Serpentfolk had human upper bodies and snake tails from the waist down, belonging to the high-intelligence beastman species.

Notably, female Serpentfolk were very attractive, though their snake tails were a slight drawback.

However, the Serpentfolk elder, due to their higher level, had evolved into a humanoid form, looking human except for the red snake eyes.

The Serpentfolk elder accompanying James back to the tribe glanced at the damaged Blackstone Tribe walls, his snake eyes narrowing slightly.

"Honored Serpentfolk friends, praise the friendship from afar. Let us host you well and soothe your weary spirits!"

Elders Thorak and Rendall hosted a feast for the Serpentfolk, with fresh meat and drink from recent hunts.

Halfway through the feast, seeing the giant barbarians treating them like brothers, the Serpentfolk elder seemed to realize something and suddenly said:

"Dear giant friends, thank you for your hospitality. Please allow me to pay humble respects to your chieftain, Hyperion!"

The two giant elders froze, Rendall quickly responding, "You're too kind, but our chieftain is unfortunately not in the tribe. Elder Thorak and I are hosting the feast."

The Serpentfolk elder sighed, "That's unfortunate. But without meeting Chieftain Hyperion, I'm afraid this trade might lack sincerity."

"How could that be, Elder Vhisss? We assure you this trade will satisfy you."

"No, no, Elder Thorak, the sincerity I need isn't this," Vhisss shook his head, smiling, "I hope your sincerity is an additional 50% of all trade goods!"

The air grew tense, the two giant elders' faces turning grim.

Thorak growled, "Elder Vhisss, if that's your stance, I regret to announce this trade will fail."

"No, you won't let it fail, because you need soul crystals," Vhisss smiled nonchalantly, as if holding a trump card, "I suspect someone important in your tribe, the chieftain or his kin, urgently needs treatment for soul trauma?"

No wonder the Serpentfolk were a high-intelligence beastman species... Orion sighed softly.

Even without saying much, they had almost figured out the Blackstone Tribe's situation just by looking around.

"An additional 50%, we can't accept that," Rendall shook his head.

Vhisss snorted, "Then as you wish, the trade is off."

"Ungrateful!"

Thorak roared, "Your Red-Eye Tribe originally lived in the warm Misty Marshes, forced to flee to the Black Forest after offending a powerful force. When you first arrived, you were unfamiliar and restricted. Without the giants' support, you couldn't have settled here!"

Vhisss shook his head, "Your help wasn't free, and the Black Forest isn't suitable for Serpentfolk. We'll leave eventually."

Thorak sneered, "Come on, no one's restricting you. You're afraid of the Venomfang Tribe's retaliation, so you don't dare leave the Black Forest!"

The feast's atmosphere turned hostile, both sides locked in endless bickering.

Seeing the pointless argument dragging on, Orion opened the tent flap, letting the cold wind in.

The giants were unfazed, but the Serpentfolk clearly couldn't stand it, the weaker ones curling their tails, glaring at Orion.

Vhisss noticed Orion's actions, frowning, "Young one, what do you mean? If the Blackstone Tribe doesn't welcome us, we'll leave."

"But I'll inform other tribes of your hospitality."

Orion smiled, "Just joking, Elder Vhisss. I felt the tent was stuffy, just airing it out."

"Heh, you know we Serpentfolk fear the cold, yet you let in the wind. Is this giant hospitality?"

"No problem," Orion suddenly changed the subject, producing a black stone and lighting it in a container.

Instantly, the black stone ignited, warmth filling the tent, making the Serpentfolk comfortable despite the open flap.

"Firestone?!"

Vhisss was momentarily stunned, eyes lighting up with delight, knowing the firestone's value to Serpentfolk!

"Boy, are you showing off your tribe's firestone wealth?" Vhisss's smile almost slipped, asking, "How much firestone does the Blackstone Tribe have? If you offer 1000 kilograms, I'll trade soul crystals."

Vhisss was excited, unaware the roles had reversed, with the giants now in control.

"Firestone, yes, we have plenty."

Orion said nonchalantly, "But, one soul crystal for 1000 kilograms of firestone, don't you think soul crystals... are a bit overpriced?"

"Then we, uh..." Elder Vhisss scratched his head, momentarily at a loss for words.

This young one wasn't simple, piquing his interest but not making a move, setting him up step by step.

Seeing Vhisss's hesitation, Orion smiled, "Alright, Elder Vhisss, let's be frank."

"We need soul crystals, and you need firestone. The demand is mutual, neither of us loses."

The three elders nodded, agreeing with Orion.

Orion continued, "But as you see, our giant tribe recently suffered a disaster, so we need supplies, lots of them."

"I see," Vhisss nodded, "Then, we'll trade one soul crystal plus 10 tons of jerky, paid in full. I believe this price meets your needs."

Orion shook his head slightly, "Still lacking."

Vhisss was annoyed, "Brat, 10 tons of jerky is enough for your winter, don't be greedy!"

"Heh, 1000 kilograms of firestone will last you 10 winters. Your offer isn't enough!"

Orion snorted, "Elder Vhisss, think carefully. I'm not begging you to buy firestone. 1000 kilograms... even the Firebird Tribe might not have that."

Hearing this, Vhisss could only grit his teeth, "We only want 500 kilograms of firestone, and among the Serpentfolk beings with me, if you fancy any, they can stay as slaves."

Slaves?

Orion was intrigued, eyeing a fair-faced female Serpentfolk.

Female Serpentfolk were attractive, with ample chests and slim waists, but without legs and vaginal openings, what use were they?

And her mouth was too small, the only advantage being a slightly longer tongue...

As Orion pondered, he saw the female Serpentfolk grab a mammoth's phallus, her mouth suddenly enlarging, swallowing it whole.

Wow... Cool.

No wonder she's a Serpentfolk, her mouth like a snake's, highly flexible, quite talented.

Alright, maybe having a serpentfolk maid wouldn't be so bad.