

Titan King: Ascension of the Giant

Chapter 18: Massage

Orion nodded, "Deal."

Both parties exited the tent to inventory the goods. The importance of firestone to the Serpentfolk seemed to exceed the giants' expectations, as Vhisss appeared even more eager than Orion.

Orion thought for a moment and said, "For your safety and to show we won't pull any tricks, I suggest you transport it back to the Serpentfolk tribe in five trips, 100KG each time."

Elder Vhisss understood the logic; it was indeed safer, ensuring they wouldn't lose everything if ambushed.

The only concern was the giants reneging, so he proposed, "Let's sign a soul magic contract."

"Agreed," Orion had no objections.

The main reason was that the mine had just started, and the giants couldn't produce 500KG in a day, but they couldn't reveal this to the Serpentfolk, so they found an excuse to delay.

After obtaining the soul crystal, Orion immediately administered it to Clymene.

Orion felt a vast yet invisible force explode within Clymene, dispelling all curses.

Clymene slowly opened her eyes, seeing her brother who had been tirelessly working for her, her eyes moist, "Thank you, little guy."

"No need to thank me, it's what I should do," Orion replied.

Clymene patted his forehead, smiling gently.

A moment later, a soft voice came from outside, "Master, may I bring in the food?"

"Come in."

A graceful Serpentfolk girl slithered into the tent with a tray, her unique, beautiful snake eyes glancing shyly at Orion before retreating.

Clymene's eyes lit up, looking at her brother with amusement.

"Ahem, her name is Lysinthia... part of the Serpentfolk trade deal."

"Hmm, my brother finally understands, that's good," Clymene stretched, comfortably starting to eat.

Giants had strong physiques, and eating a lot could speed up recovery, rather than resting.

In the following days, firestone was continuously mined, steadily filling the Blackstone Tribe's warehouse.

Of course, aside from what was kept for the tribe's use, the rest was traded for supplies.

Elder Rendall counted the warehouse daily, his smile growing with the firestone reserves.

Though it was early autumn, the Black Forest's weather grew colder by the day, with some areas even starting to snow.

Firestone became a hot commodity, with many tribes sending members to trade various goods for it.

"Elder Rendall, the Gnoll Tribe wants to trade 7 gold bone fragments and 15 C-grade cores for 50 kilograms of firestone..."

"50 kilograms? Tell them only 20KG, take it or leave it!"

"Elder! The White Bull Tribe is back, this time with 500 bull testicles and a soul horn..."

"Has the White Bull Tribe gone mad? What about the cows?"

"Elder, the Ogre Tribe wants to..."

"Make them wait in line!"

That's how it was, Blackstone tribe had plenty of firestone!

Elder Rendall had lived in the Blackstone Tribe for decades, never feeling so prosperous. Now he looked at Orion like a son, no, more like a father.

Even better, Orion was smart.

He controlled the daily supply of firestone, making tribes bid against each other, maximizing profits.

Thus, before winter arrived, the Blackstone Tribe amassed a wealth of supplies!

Of course, due to the different cultures and characteristics of each tribe, the supplies were not only comprehensive but also included various oddities.

"Damn, what are ogre snot and a dark magic sword? Is this sword alive? It has eyes and moves?!" Orion's head ached.

"The magic sword is a fine enchanted weapon, and ogre snot is good stuff, cures all ailments," Elder Thorak eagerly explained, "Here, try it, one gulp and you'll feel refreshed."

"Get lost! Keep it for yourself!" Orion shooed him away in annoyance.

Elder Thorak laughed awkwardly, now fully convinced of Orion's leadership, knowing he wasn't truly angry.

He just didn't like those things, so it was best not to flaunt them in front of Orion.

Inside the tent, Orion lay on soft furs, surrounded by various supplies, thinking about where his parents might be and how they were doing.

Come back soon... Mom, Dad, I've taken care of things for you. This winter, no giant will go cold, they'll be well-fed, and I'll look after them.

They're my people too.

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As Orion was lost in thoughts of his parents, Lysinthia slithered over, curling up quietly beside him like a small cat. She was silent, her presence calming.

Orion glanced at his maid and noticed that Lysinthia's attire was different today. She wore a nearly transparent white gauze top, clearly revealing her breasts.

"Who gave you these clothes?" Orion asked.

"Master, the succubus tribe came to trade firestone today. They left some particularly seductive lingerie, but it seems the giants of the Blackstone Tribe aren't very fond of them, so Elder Rendall gave them all to me. There are many styles, and if you like, I can wear a different one each day."

Orion used his left hand to caress Lysinthia's breasts, while his right hand traced down her back, where a tail replaced what would typically be her hips.

"You're quite beautiful, and your figure is perfect, but it's a pity you're still so weak, and your lower half retains snake features," Orion said, shaking his head with a hint of regret.

Lysinthia quickly replied, "Master, I'm weak now, but please believe me, I will evolve. When my strength reaches a certain level, I can grow legs and reproductive organs. Whatever female creatures have, I will have too."

After saying this, Lysinthia lay on top of Orion, sliding her chest down his torso.

Soon, Lysinthia reached Orion's groin. She looked up, noticing master wasn't stopping her, so she became bolder.

Lysinthia used her teeth to gently pull down Orion's beast skirt, revealing a massive cock before her.

"Wow," Lysinthia gasped, never having seen such a large member on a humanoid creature.

The key point was that a giant's body continues developing until the age of 30, meaning Orion's size could potentially double.

"Impressive, isn't it? Have you decided what to do next?" Orion placed his hands behind his head, assuming a relaxed position, watching Lysinthia with interest.

"Of course, let me use the unique Serpentfolk method to massage you. I'm sure it will help you relax."

Lysinthia's mouth suddenly expanded tenfold, her slender tongue extending like nimble fingers, gliding over Orion's shaft and testicles.

"Yes, good job."

Orion closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation, praising Lysinthia.

Encouraged by her master's words, Lysinthia became more enthusiastic. She used both hands to steady the massive member, lowering her head to take as much as she could into her mouth.

Orion's tip reached the depths of Lysinthia's throat, her body hanging like a flag at the top of the shaft.

Lysinthia wrapped her tail around the base of Orion's cock, securing herself. She began to slide her body up and down, using the Serpentfolk's unique oral technique to relieve her master.

The tent was filled with delightful sounds.

Orion's previously heavy heart lightened considerably with Lysinthia's attentions.