

Titan King 28

Chapter 28: Bloodline trial

Orion had seen pet eggs on the Survivor Trading Platform before, and even a standard-level pet egg was quite expensive. An elite-level one was priced beyond reach for most.

As for a hero-level pet egg, he had never seen one listed for sale. Such eggs were incredibly rare, their value immeasurable.

Unlike traditional pet eggs, the ones obtained from the Survivor's Chest couldn't hatch naturally; they required the blood of a bloodline warrior to activate.

Orion furrowed his brow.

"It seems I'll need to become a bloodline warrior to hatch this pet egg."

With this realization, a sense of anticipation and challenge welled up within him.

"The tigerfolk completed their bloodline trial at 12. Though I'm only ten, I can start preparing for my own awakening trial."

He clenched his fist, determination shining in his eyes.

"I'm confident I can succeed. When spring arrives, I'll take the awakening trial!"

Orion planned to use this time to train in the Abyss, gather cores, and occasionally raid the elders' stockpiles.

Initially, Orion thought they might be reluctant, but upon hearing he was preparing for the trial, the elders were incredibly supportive.

"Orion, this is a Lubricant Stone Elixir. It can soften armor and stone-skin defenses, sure to be useful for you!"

"This is a Soul Amulet, offering protection against physical and mental attacks. It can even warn you in advance—just roll away when you hear the bell ring..."

"Young chieftain, I don't have much to offer, but I can share my experience and key points about the bloodline trial. Once you're in the trial grounds, first..."

The elders were enthusiastic, seeing in Orion the makings of a chieftain.

Brave, strong, devoted to the tribe, and importantly, a direct descendant, well-known and trusted.

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Time flew by, and winter finally descended, plunging the Black Forest into polar night.

Snow began to fall outside the tribe, the wind howling, with the occasional distant roar of dark beasts.

In Clymene's tent, the siblings chatted over meat, with Lysinthia occasionally pouring them drinks.

"This year's supplies are abundant, including the compensation from the Tiger Tribe. We have enough to last until next winter."

"And according to the giant guards, there aren't many dark beasts this year, and they're weak. The tribe should pass this winter peacefully."

Clymene shared the recent news with a smile, then added, "Also, since we defeated the Tiger Tribe, some smaller tribes want to ally with us, offering tribute for protection. What do you think?"

"Sister, you decide these things," Orion shook his head slightly, not wanting to meddle in matters he didn't understand.

"Don't you want to be the chieftain of the Blackstone Tribe? I think you're more capable than I am," Clymene sighed.

Orion shrugged it off, smiling, "That's too far off. Let's focus on the present. Why are the dark beast tides so weak this year? There's no pressure at all."

"It's just this year, but it's not a good sign," Clymene explained.

"This situation means next year's dark beast tide will be massive and unprecedented. It'll be a huge challenge for all the tribes in the Black Forest."

Orion pursed his lips slightly.

Lysinthia chimed in, "It's okay, with my master here, we'll overcome any challenge."

Clymene chuckled, "Your little maid has a lot of faith in you."

"Naturally, because I have faith in myself," Orion nodded.

"I look forward to it."

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Six months later, winter ended.

For the first time, the Blackstone Tribe lost no members during the harsh winter, making history. Several female giants even became pregnant.

Spring returned, the long-lost sunlight illuminating the land, sweeping through the Black Forest as the ice and snow melted.

In the square, the siblings and elders discussed plans.

"Besides hunting, we can cultivate land for farming, increasing food production."

"We need to learn weaving and smelting, to be self-sufficient."

Rendall looked troubled, "We don't have the necessary skills."

"That's simple. Lysinthia, teach everyone how to cultivate and weave, passing on the skills."

The serpent girl's eyes lit up, nodding earnestly, "Leave it to me."

"The strong giants will continue hunting, ensuring basic food supply while expanding into other areas."

"And..."

Orders were passed down one after another, and the giants began to bustle with activity.

Orion too was about to face the most important moment of his life.

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Outside the trial grounds, several giants waited quietly, led by Elder Thorak.

The first to take the bloodline trial was Brom, a very strong giant, standing 13 feet tall and weighing over 1200 pounds, having just turned 18.

The trial was intense, and Brom nearly died, but he awakened with a B-grade bloodline, crawling out of the trial grounds.

"Defense bloodline awakened, with a 50% defense boost. Very good," Elder Thorak beamed, pleased to have another bloodline warrior in the tribe.

The other giants waiting for their trial watched Brom with envy and admiration, silently encouraging themselves.

Others entered the trial, but after three days, there was no news.

Elder Thorak sighed, marking an X on the list with a stone.

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A week later, Orion, just turned 11, lounged in his tent, watching his sister bustle about... preparing his birthday.

The next day, Orion would take the bloodline trial.

"Though you're strong now, passing the trial is almost certain, there's still risk... don't be greedy, know when to stop, okay?"

Listening to his sister's advice, Orion nodded.

After a while, she changed the subject, smiling, "My dear brother, has Lysinthia evolved into a humanoid form yet?"

"Not so fast," Orion grumbled, "But as a maid, Lysinthia is very competent."

Clymene chuckled, "Little one, in our giant tribe, 11 means you're an adult. If you pass the trial safely, there'll be a surprise waiting for you."

Orion was intrigued, "A surprise? What kind?"

His sister just smiled, talking about the trial instead.

The next day, at the trial grounds.

"Orion, are you ready?"

Elder Thorak asked seriously.

Orion nodded, "Let's begin."

Elder Thorak nodded slightly, waving his hand to open the massive trial gate.

With determined eyes, Orion stepped inside.

"Brother, come back safely," Clymene thought.

"Master, no matter how long it takes, I'll wait for your return," Lysinthia prayed silently, hands clasped to her chest.