

Titan King 37

Chapter 37: Report

Roar...

Obsession is like a death omen.

The Abyssal Dragon's cold gaze swept over Kael, its massive jaws opening wide, rows of terrifying teeth grinding down relentlessly.

"I'll fight you to the death!"

Kael, the Ironbone giant, launched his final charge, his spear now glowing with a faint blood mist.

Zzz...

Sparks flew, but the Abyssal Dragon remained unscathed. In one swift bite, it tore away most of Kael's body.

Orion jumped down from the Abyssal Dragon's back and picked up a stomach pouch from the ground.

"Keep chasing!"

Orion climbed back onto the Abyssal Dragon and gave the order to continue the pursuit.

Fifteen minutes later, Orion stood before a wide, rushing river, frowning.

One of the Ironbone giants' leaders had escaped—through the river.

Orion's face darkened as he looked downstream at the fast-moving current, hesitation flickering across his face.

After a long consideration, Orion decided not to pursue further. Instead, he returned to the small camp to assess his spoils.

In the dense forest, Orion searched carefully, but the results were disappointing.

Aside from some leather armor and weapons, there was nothing of real value.

However, in the temporary camp, Orion found a large amount of dried meat, along with some furs and crystal cores.

He packed all the loot, loaded it onto the Abyssal Dragon, and left the area under the cover of night, heading back to the Blackstone tribe.

Orion was cautious, knowing that the Ironbone giants might send reinforcements. To avoid any risks, he didn't linger for even a second.

Boom... Boom...

The Abyssal Dragon's heavy footsteps echoed through the forest, scaring off countless wild animals and birds.

The Abyssal Dragon made no effort to conceal its presence, which was exactly what Orion wanted. He didn't want the burdened dragon to be delayed by any wild beasts on the way back.

Time flew by, and by noon the next day, the Abyssal Dragon finally appeared outside the stone gates of the Blackstone tribe.

"Look, it's the Abyssal Dragon!"

"Open the gates! It's Orion—he's back from the hunt!"

Creak, creak!

The stone gates opened, and Orion stood atop the Abyssal Dragon, a faint smile on his face.

At the same time, the giant warriors guarding the gate noticed the massive bundle strapped to the Abyssal Dragon's back, and excitement and fervor lit up their eyes.

"Orion!"

"Orion!"

"Orion!"

Naturally, all the giants who saw the Abyssal Dragon began chanting Orion's name.

At that moment, Orion raised his trident high, scanning the crowd, and shouted, "WAAAGH!"

"WAAAGH!"

"WAAAGH!"

The giants' cheers echoed through the valley, drawing the attention of the bloodline warriors, even Elder Rendall, who stepped out of his tent to watch Orion from afar.

Soon, Orion entered the bloodline warriors' tent area, and the other giants dispersed.

"Elder!"

"Orion, you're back!"

Orion jumped down from the Abyssal Dragon and greeted Elder Rendall, who had come over to meet him.

"Look at all the things on the Abyssal Dragon! Orion, it seems you've had quite the haul this time!"

Orion nodded, but his smile was faint, and he didn't focus on the spoils.

"Elder, there's something I need to report to you."

Elder Rendall's smile suddenly faded as he noticed the serious expression on Orion's face.

"Alright, come with me."

Inside the tent, Orion took a few large gulps of fruit wine before recounting the events of the previous night in detail.

"What? Are you saying the Ironbone giants are hunting across regions?"

"They entered our hunting grounds?"

Orion nodded, then stood up and walked out of the elder's tent. He retrieved a bundle from the Abyssal Dragon's back and returned to the tent.

Thud!

Orion tossed the bundle onto the ground and sat back down, speaking calmly.

"Elder, this is the upper half of one of the giants. Do you want to take a look? You might recognize him."

Before Orion could finish, Elder Rendall had already opened the bundle.

"Kael Ironbone... It's him, one of the Ironbone tribe's high-ranking elders!"

Orion was a bit surprised. He hadn't expected Elder Rendall to actually know the giant.

"Elder, what should we do now?"

Orion's question left Rendall deep in thought.

The elder paced back and forth in the tent, thinking for a long time before turning the question back on Orion.

"Orion, what do you think we should do?"

Orion was taken aback, locking eyes with Elder Rendall for a moment. The elder's gaze was serious and sincere—he wasn't joking.

"Chief Clymene isn't here, and we don't have enough bloodline warriors. We can only wait."

"We'll wait for my sister to return, convene the council of elders, and then decide."

"In the meantime, we should prohibit or limit the tribe's outings to avoid being targeted or ambushed by the Ironbone tribe."

Orion was calm and rational, and his reasoning was sound.

Elder Rendall nodded repeatedly as Orion spoke.

"Very good! Orion, it seems you haven't lost your mind to bloodlust."

"Remember, Orion, a giant who loses himself in killing is not a true warrior."

"Alright, we'll do as you suggest!"

Orion nodded, then added after a moment of thought.

"Elder, I brought back a lot from this hunt."

"I'm willing to donate all the weapons and armor to the tribe's stockpile."

"As for the meat, leave me a portion, and distribute the rest to the tribe. My sister mentioned that this winter will be even colder, so they should prepare more food."

"And for the furs, I'd like to exchange them for some crystal cores. My Abyssal Dragon likes crystal cores."

"Of course, the furs can be added to the stockpile, or they can be traded for any extra crystal cores the tribe members have."

This hunt had been Orion's solo venture, and by the tribe's rules, everything he brought back was his to dispose of.

So, Orion laid out the plan he had already thought through.

When giants hunted in the forest, they occasionally found crystal cores, but to them, these cores were little more than decorations—useless otherwise.

Orion's plan was a win-win, benefiting both himself and the tribe by putting the crystal cores to good use.

"Hahaha... Orion, well done!"

"I'm sure the tribe will be grateful to you!"

Elder Rendall was very pleased and delighted with Orion's handling of the spoils.

Orion's distribution plan showed no selfishness at all.

"Then we'll do as you say!"

"We'll store the weapons and armor, and some of the furs and meat. The rest will be distributed."

"As for the crystal cores, I'll have someone gather them for you shortly!"