

## **Titan King 22**

Chapter 22: Tiger tribe

A flash of light, and a figure emerged from the portal.

"You seem to be in one piece, kid," Kolgor remarked, slightly surprised at Orion's relaxed demeanor.

But it made sense; the Abyss was full of dangers, and he might have just taken a quick look around... Kolgor thought.

Orion just smiled, offering no explanation.

"Hi, Orion and Kolgor!"

A giant called out from afar, seemingly there to take over Kolgor's shift.

Kolgor nodded, returning the greeting, and left with Orion.

On the way, Kolgor couldn't help but say, "Orion, the Abyss is an excellent place for training. If you want to gain something, you must face harsh environments and numerous Abyssal creatures. If you can't be brave, you can't be a qualified giant warrior."

Orion was taken aback, seeing Kolgor's serious expression, like a mentor scolding an unworthy student. He chuckled, explaining, "You misunderstood. A true warrior never shies away from trials."

Saying this, Orion opened his storage bag, revealing a large collection of Abyssal cores.

"My goodness, am I seeing things? Where did you get these?" Kolgor was stunned, quickly realizing their origin.

In the Blackstone Tribe, Abyssal cores weren't particularly valuable; a low-grade core might not be worth more than 10 pounds of fresh meat, but the sheer quantity here was staggering...

After a moment, Kolgor sighed, "Orion, I apologize for underestimating you. You're a truly brave and outstanding giant warrior."

"Just lucky," Orion said modestly, then remembered something, asking, "Why do cores form in the Abyss, and what are they used for?"

Kolgor shook his head, saying, "Cores aren't exclusive to the Abyss; even some low-level creatures in the Black Forest drop them. But in the Abyss, the drop rate and quality might be higher."

"As for their use, perhaps alchemists and mages know more."

"I see."

They chatted as they walked, returning to their respective tents.

Back in his tent, Orion found Lysinthia had prepared everything for him. She had not only readied a large amount of jerky but also used soft furs to wipe Orion's body.

Lysinthia was meticulous and gentle, thoroughly cleaning every part of Orion's body.

Seeing Orion didn't refuse, Lysinthia grew bolder, removing his beast skirt and carefully wiping every part of his cock with fur dampened in warm water.

Soon, Orion's cock grew large and hard.

Lying on the furs, Orion watched as Lysinthia lowered herself, taking his entire cock into her mouth.

Under Lysinthia's special massage, Orion soon fell asleep.

...

The next day

WAAAGH!

WAAAGH!

Orion was awakened by a commotion. He dressed in his beast skirt and stepped out of the tent, surprised to find many adult giants gathered, mostly seasoned warriors.

They were shouting angrily, brandishing their weapons, as if in protest.

What's going on?

Orion, still groggy from sleep, hadn't fully processed the situation.

Just then, he saw Kolgor returning from outside.

"What's happening this morning? Why is everyone gathered?"

"I'll explain briefly..." Kolgor said.

The situation was simple: the neighboring Tiger Tribe was trying to force the Blackstone Tribe into submission by demanding a large tribute of winter supplies.

Orion frowned, "Damn, are they tired of living, seeking death? Have we sought reinforcements?"

"We sent a message for help to the nearby Ironbone Giants Tribe, but there has been no response. Your father and mother have disappeared, and currently, the Blackstone Tribe cannot defeat these tigerfolks," Kolgor sighed. "Among the Tiger Tribe members is a twelve-year-old who completed an A-grade bloodline awakening. In the recent standoff, he transformed into a massive white tiger and easily killed one of our C-grade awakened bloodline warriors."

Bloodline warriors are the foundation of any tribe, and losing one was a significant blow, boosting the tigerfolks' arrogance.

They demanded the Blackstone Tribe provide large amounts of jerky, firestone, furs, and other supplies, or face an attack.

Orion was silent.

He realized that selling firestone had drawn the attention of stronger tribes.

In this land, without laws or morals, trade was one way, and plunder was another.

But the actions of the Tiger Tribe were intolerable, and their attitude suggested they knew of the disappearance of the Blackstone Tribe chieftain.

Otherwise, they wouldn't dare act so boldly.

At this life-and-death moment, the giants of the Blackstone Tribe weren't backing down. Except for infants and the elderly, most giants were ready.

"I'm going too!"

Orion grasped his greatsword, speaking firmly.

But Kolgor quickly stopped him, "Kid, your focus should be preparing for the bloodline trial, not dying here! That young tigerfolk completed his bloodline awakening at 12, proving you don't have to wait until 18. If you're strong enough, you can do it early!"

"You can complete the bloodline trial, I believe you'll become the strongest bloodline warrior. Then, you can truly protect the tribe as a leader, not blindly rush to your death now!"

With that, Kolgor picked up a pair of massive stone axes from the wall.

The heavy axes nearly bent him over, but Kolgor gritted his teeth, lifting the weapons he had once abandoned.

"When I was young... I was as strong as you, but youthful arrogance got the better of me."

"An injury cost me the chance to take the bloodline trial, losing the potential to grow... Kid, you're the Blackstone Tribe's hope. As long as you live and complete the trial, we have a future!"

With that, Kolgor left, leaving the Abyss gate key with Orion.

Orion stood silent for a long time. When he looked up again, the once vibrant giant had merged into the marching crowd, disappearing from sight.

He couldn't reclaim his youthful pride, but he was willing to protect the young with his life, facing death without fear.

Orion gripped the key, feeling for the first time how small his strength was against the tide.

I must grow quickly!