

## **Titan King 99**

### Chapter 99 Thornflower

After a long while, Orion exerted himself again, using his cock to completely subdue and satisfy Lilith and Lysinthia.

The two women were utterly spent, their lips curled into contented smiles as they lay on the animal skins, fast asleep.

But Orion was still full of energy. Instead of resting, he turned his attention to the Survivor's Platform.

"Hulk, the Pet Pills you wanted are ready. Get online and make the trade!"

As soon as Orion logged into the Survivor's Platform, he saw the message from Aerin.

Without delay, Orion initiated the trade, paying a large sum of crystal cores.

"Why so many crystal cores? A new order?"

Less than a minute later, Aerin sent a confirmation message.

Orion squinted, thinking for a while before replying.

"Yeah, the extra cores are a deposit for the next batch of Pet Pills."

Currently, Orion wasn't just supplying the Abyss Dragon; he also had the Twilight Viper to take care of.

And he was already preparing to raise a Spider Queen, which meant his demand for Pet Pills would only grow.

However, today Orion wasn't just placing an order with Aerin—he had something else in mind.

"Elf, how would you like to get your hands on some higher-grade crystal cores?"

As he spoke, Orion initiated another trade with Aerin.

He first placed a hundred B-grade crystal cores on the table, then withdrew them, leaving just one B-grade core, which he traded to Aerin for free.

This was the bait. Orion's goal was to dangle a huge profit in front of Aerin, so she'd be motivated to get the job done.

**\*\*Forest of Nature, inside a wooden cabin.\*\***

"Ah... my crystal cores!"

Aerin screamed in frustration, clutching her hair as she watched Orion withdraw the hundred B-grade cores.

Her cries only stopped when Orion sent over the single B-grade core for free.

"Hulk, can you just be straight with me? What do you want? Even if it's my body, as long as I have it, I'll give it to you!"

**\*\*Black Forest, Moonshadow Valley.\*\***

Inside the tent, Orion saw Aerin's reply and smiled.

To be honest, it wasn't Aerin's words that interested him—it was her emotions.

The thrill of manipulating someone's feelings from afar was intoxicating to Orion.

After calming himself, he thought for a while before replying to Aerin.

"I don't need women. What I need is for you to trade me high-grade magical plants and food!"

This time, Aerin's response came quickly and was to the point.

Your journey continues at empire

"What kind of magical plants do you want?"

The question caught Orion off guard.

But after a brief pause, he gave his answer.

"Anything, as long as it's high-grade!"

**\*\*Forest of Nature, inside the wooden cabin.\*\***

Aerin felt a bit lost after reading Orion's reply.

His answer was so vague that it left the decision entirely up to her.

While wood elves were skilled at cultivating plants, low-grade magical plants were common in the Forest of Nature.

But high-grade magical plants were a different story. They were monopolized by the high elves and powerful beasts of the forest.

If Aerin wanted high-grade plants, she'd have to cultivate them herself.

And high-grade magical plants didn't mature in a year. Most took several years, or even decades, to fully develop.

The more potent the plants, the longer it took to mature.

Aerin knew that high-grade magical plants could boost Constitution and increase various attributes on one's status panel.

Unfortunately, she didn't have any high-grade plants on hand. If she did, she would've used them to enhance herself long ago.

After a long pause, Aerin finally replied to Orion and initiated a trade.

"I don't have any high-grade magical plants, so don't even think about it!"

"But you can take a look at the mid-grade magical plant I've cultivated—the Thornflower."

**\*\*Black Forest, Moonshadow Valley.\*\***

Orion accepted the trade, receiving a Thornflower.

He inspected the plant's properties and was fairly satisfied.

[Thornflower]

Type: Magical Plant (Mid-grade)

Description: A magical plant covered in thorns, often used as an ingredient in mid-grade magical potions. Consuming it increases elemental affinity and slightly enhances physical attributes.

This magical plant was a good find!

It was far superior to the wild low-grade magical plants Orion had been collecting in the Black Forest.

After a moment of thought, Orion asked the key question.

"Not bad. Can you supply me with Thornflowers on a regular basis?"

Aerin's response came quickly.

"For now, I can only supply one per month. No more than that!"

Seeing this reply, Orion smirked and quickly typed back.

"One? What good is one?"

"You're an elf, aren't you? Don't you know how to scale up production? Don't you know how to hire other elves? Don't you know how to improve..."

Orion rambled on, leaving Aerin completely bewildered.

"Fine, one Thornflower for one C-grade crystal core!"

"Oh, okay!"

And just like that, Aerin, still in a daze, signed the trade contract with Orion.

"Don't you elves grow food?" Orion asked.

Aerin took a long time to respond, finally answering coldly.

"We elves eat magical plants and drink from the Moonwell. Don't compare us to ordinary meat-eating creatures."

"..."

Orion's response was a string of ellipses.

Aerin's reply was haughty, but it had a certain charm.



Then again, Orion didn't even see himself as human anymore, so why should anyone else?

The past was gone. The present was real. The future held hope.

Orion believed this was the mindset every survivor should adopt.

It was a bit disappointing that Aerin couldn't help solve his food shortage problem.

Orion had no choice but to shift his focus. He glanced at a message from Arthas.

"Hulk, my friend, have you made any new discoveries?"

Orion scoffed at Arthas's message.

He knew full well that Arthas was just being polite. In reality, the guy was a shrewd merchant.

He clearly wanted to buy Darkflame Stones but wouldn't come out and say it, instead asking if Orion had made any "discoveries."

Orion decided to give Arthas the cold shoulder, building leverage for their next trade negotiation.

Besides, Orion wasn't stupid. He could guess that Arthas was probably from some undead-infested land of the dead.

A place like that, with no sunlight, certainly wouldn't produce any food.

So, Orion had no choice but to scour the endless listings on the Survivor's Platform, searching for anything related to food.

"This Survivor's Platform is so user-unfriendly. And the interface is a mess—there's so much stuff, it's overwhelming..."

As he searched for what he needed, Orion grumbled about the platform's clunky design.

But deep down, Orion had a sense of respect, curiosity, and gratitude for the Survivor's Platform.

Despite its flaws, the platform had helped countless survivors.

Orion was one of those beneficiaries. Though he complained, deep down, he hoped the platform would stay just the way it was—stable, reliable, and never changing.