

## CHAOS' HEIR

### Chapter 19 - Basics

Khan had been at the center of attention during his life, but for very different reasons. He had been a foreigner in the Slums, so everyone used to glare at him.

The situation in the training camp was far different. The boys would show awe and respect, and the girls tried to wear their best smiles whenever their eyes met. Luke and Martha got most of the attention, but Khan and Bruce also had their share of fans.

'I've become a celebrity!' Khan shouted in his mind, but the unusual situation didn't make him forget about the incoming lesson.

The Global Army would teach the practical uses of mana in the afternoon, and Khan couldn't wait to be there. His new friends didn't share his excitement due to their background, but they still felt slightly restless.

"I heard that our next professor is a second-level mage and warrior," Bruce revealed while browsing through the menus of the canteen. "We got quite lucky this year."

"I don't think we'll learn anything important today," Luke added. "Our attunement level is still too low. Our bodies have yet to fully develop in the end. The professor will probably show a few martial arts and a spell."

"It's still great to see how to deploy mana," Khan commented while devouring a chicken wing. "I've only seen physical enhancements for now."

Martha and the others tried not to look at Khan, but they couldn't avoid that after his phrase. Two empty plates stood by his side, and he was proceeding to order a fourth meal even before finishing the third.

"How much do you even eat?" Martha asked while sipping her juice.

"Bad habits from the Slums," Khan honestly revealed. "You must always fill your stomach since the next meal might never arrive."

"I think the Slums made you grow a few additional stomachs," Luke commented.

"I still can't believe that a citizen of the Slums managed to score A," Bruce said while inspecting Khan. "Maybe that environment has given you experience in fields that we can't even approach."

Khan didn't hide his background after his group sat in the canteen. He didn't explain everything about his father and the Second Impact, but he found no point in keeping a secret that he came from the Slums.

"I've learnt a few tricks," Khan replied while gulping the last piece of meat and smiling when his new order came out of the table. "Still, I think you are better off. I knew almost nothing about mana cores and soldiers a week ago."

"But you were meditating this morning," Martha pointed out. "Who taught you that technique? How did you even find someone for the transplant in the Slums?"

"You can find almost everything in the Slums as long as you know where to look," Khan lied while wolfing his fourth plate.

"Well, don't refrain from contacting us whenever you have doubts," Luke announced. "We should look out for each other. It's very likely that the army will send our entire class on missions and similar tasks. Dealing with your lack of knowledge will benefit our group."

Luke's speech made sense, but Khan didn't miss the faint flicker in Martha's expression. There seemed to be more to the whole matter, and Khan noted in his mind to question her later.

Khan's group needed to wait a few hours for their last lesson. The Global Army would take care of the classes made by recruits who had scored less than A first. That long break was a reward for the good grade, but Khan only saw it as a pointless waste of time.

The group separated after leaving the canteen. Bruce returned to his flat to take a nap, and Luke tried to hit on Martha before giving up on the matter and contacting other friends in the camp.

Khan and Martha remained alone, and that gave him the chance to question her about her previous reaction.

"How did you even notice that?" Martha asked.

"Force of habit," Khan simply replied.

The duo had stopped in a park. Both of them had decided to sit on the ground to meditate for a few hours before the last lesson, but their conversation was delaying their training.

"It's not inherently a bad thing," Martha explained. "The Cobsend family is quite wealthy, so Luke will definitely reach high ranks in the army. A leader needs trustworthy and capable underlings, but it's rare to find soldiers from the special courses willing to serve. They usually have a good background, so they can all aim for similar high positions."

"The same doesn't apply to me," Khan replied.

"I'm usually the best these wealthy kids can strive for," Martha continued.

"Poor family, but with a decent foundation. You surpass me in that field. Your foundation is even better than mine, and you have virtually no backing."

"I'm the golden goose for rich kids who want to establish a platoon," Khan summarized.

"Exactly," Martha sighed. "Luke isn't half-bad as a leader, and his family has a good reputation. He can be a good option once we graduate."

"Is there a way out of this system?" Khan asked.

"You can gain achievements in dangerous planets," Martha replied. "Go there, serve for a few years, and maybe you'll start to climb the political ladder."

"I just want to obtain superpowers," Khan laughed before lying back on the ground.

"You'll get dirty again," Martha shook her head.

"Who cares," Khan smirked. "I'm about to learn how to use mana. Nothing else matters today."

Martha observed Khan for a few seconds, but she shook her head again when she understood that he had entered a meditative state. A faint sigh escaped her mouth as she crossed her legs and imitated her friend.

The sound of an alarm interrupted Khan and Martha's mediation. The duo noticed that the sun had started to disappear on the horizon. Their last lesson was about to begin.

Khan and Martha returned inside the main building and moved toward the underground floors. Lines of recruits walked in the opposite direction to return to their dormitories, and the duo couldn't help but notice that many of them had bruises on their arms and face.

"Maybe we aren't as lucky as Bruce thinks," Martha commented while inspecting the dispirited recruits that walked past her.

Khan didn't speak at all during the walk. He couldn't contain his excitement anymore. His mind couldn't even formulate words since his imagination had begun to run wild as he approached the lesson.

Their phones led them inside the third basement, which was an immense hall. A soft carpet covered the floor, and pillows reinforced the walls. The ceiling had a series of artificial torches that illuminated the entire room, but the soft fabric around them carried a menacing meaning.

'Can we even end up on the ceiling?' Khan wondered while moving toward the small group that had gathered in front of a large elevated stage.

A young woman had her back on the wall as she sat on the stage's floor. A fuming cigarette was in her mouth, and her eyes moved among the electric torches as she waited for the last class to gather.

The woman was quite beautiful. She had short blonde hair and a pair of tired dark eyes. Her uniform featured two stars on each shoulder, but it seemed too large for her slim body.

"That's Professor Linda Norwell," Luke whispered when he arrived behind Khan and Martha. "I heard that she obtained this job after performing a few successful missions on Onia."

"Isn't that the planet with the Ef'i?" Martha asked while keeping her voice down.

"Exactly," Luke explained. "My father told me that she managed to win the annual tournament against the Ef'i. This job is her reward."

Khan's gaze moved between Martha and Luke. Evident confusion filled his expression, and his friends eventually decided to explain the matter.

"The Ef'i tried to fight the humans about three hundred years ago," Luke explained. "However, we soon discovered that they also hated the Nak, so the higher-ups ended up establishing an alliance. They are quite peculiar as an alien race."

"Onia has many mines of Faswite," Bruce continued after appearing behind Luke. "It's one of the main minerals in the creation of synthetic cores. The Ef'i like to gamble some of their mines in annual tournaments, so winning them is quite important for the army."

Khan repeatedly nodded whenever a new piece of information reached his ears. His knowledge of the many planets touched by the Global Army was basically non-existent, but he was slowly expanding his mental map of the universe.

"I guess we are all here," Professor Norwell exclaimed after a few recruits entered the basement. "I'm Professor Linda Norwell, and I will take care of teaching how to deploy mana this semester. Specific courses will start in six months after all of you have met the right requirements."

"You need an attunement with mana above twenty percent to deploy martial arts and spells," Martha promptly whispered in Khan's ear, and the latter showed a grateful expression toward the girl.

"I will still teach you the basics and some advanced stuff if your attunement reaches the intended percentage," Professor Norwell continued. "However, at least for today, I will limit myself to teach you a few moves and show what you can do with mana."

Professor Norwell stood up and stomped her foot on the stage. The floor suddenly opened and revealed a metal training dummy.

The ceiling right above the dummy opened, and a metal sphere fell on its head. The ball managed to cave in the puppet's metal, but the damage wasn't significant.

"This vaguely is what a normal human can do with a weapon," Professor Norwell explained before throwing a kick on the dummy's chest.

The metal bent under the power released by her attack. The training dummy's chest caved in and broke until a hole appeared on the other side.

Professor Norwell didn't show any satisfaction when she heard the surprised gasps of her student. She limited herself to take a drag from her cigarette while pulling her leg out of the training dummy.

"Martial arts are quite powerful," Professor Norwell explained. "They are easier to learn than spells, and most slackers can perform them after a few infusions. These techniques also have different abilities and levels of expertise, but we'll come back to them later."

Professor Norwell took a few steps back before pointing her hand toward the training dummy. A scarlet light slowly covered her fingers, and the air in front of them suddenly took fire.

The flames began to rotate until they took the shape of a fiery vortex.

Professor Norwell then stretched her fingers, and the attack flew toward the training dummy.