

Darkness 231

Chapter 231 - The Sins

TWO MONTHS LATER

In a big three-story building surrounded by bustling city life, a meeting was held inside a large hall filled with fifty people and 20 guards.

At the end of this hall, were seven thrones and except for the last one on the far right end, six peak grandmaster personas were sitting on these thrones while exuding bits of their kingly and regal aura.

A mage donned in black robes, a three meter tall silver werewolf, a golden-haired halfbreed tengu with two black wings, a four meter tall giant redhead man, a frail-looking gray haired human, a long green haired man had taken up their seats on these six thrones.

In front of them were two long tables where 20 people sat on each side, all of them dressed in warrior gears and mage outfits.

A middle-aged dwarf dressed in noble attire knelt on one knee as he spoke to the six people occupying the thrones.

"We have finally taken over all the other organizations that opposed us after your lordships assumed the command.

Thanks to the might of the Sins, no peak grandmaster who can oppose us or tried to take over our businesses and networks is alive."

His humble tone received only praise from all the attendees who came to the meeting.

The next moment, the silver werewolf whose head was of a wolf with an upper body full ripped and bulging muscles along with legs of a normal human stood up, speaking in a domineering voice.

"Then tell me our total strength and the profits we've gained over the past two months. I want the detailed information and how we can expand over." ordered the silver werewolf.

"Lord Raiden, currently we have two hundred and eighty thousand people working for us if we combine all the different sections and organizations that work for us.

And after tallying the numbers, expenses and emergency funds we need from the previous two months. The current profits are 13 billion gold coins altogether." replied the dwarf in a respectful tone.

Gasp! Shock!

Multiple gasps full of surprise came from the people belonging to various species in the large hall. None of them were able to believe the amount of money they heard just now.

"Good enough. Still, it's only enough to be comparable to a prestigious noble clan. We won't hold off if a true superpower decides to meddle in or tries to oppress us in the future.

We need security measures.. Especially against Semi-Saints and Saints." spoke Raiden.

Suddenly, one of the occupants of thrones spoke in a calm demeanor.

"Raider, killing a saint is currently beyond our abilities. Even the 2 warships we've acquired recently can not kill a saint. But it should be enough to kill a semi-saint easily." spoke the green-haired man dressed in black assassin clothes.

"Scorpion.. It's exactly our ignorance that dooms us in the end. You can never be too careful." replied the wolfkin whose bright red eyes and long claws were visible to see for everyone present in the meeting.

"My my... why are you guys getting worked up for? It's not like we don't have a semi-saint of our own. It won't take our lord even six months to become a saint. So take things easy, will ya?" spoke the blonde tengu who was a hybrid between humans and tengu species.

Silence.. The entire hall went silent.

After having their eyes wide open with another shock, the members sitting on the chairs, who were part of the line of command, started whispering amongst themselves.

The dwarf who was shivering & having goosebumps on his body shifted his gaze to the silver-haired mage donned in the black robes.

"Lo.. Lord Loki, is this true? Is Lord Icarus speaking truth?" asked the dwarf in utter disbelief.

The building where this meeting was being held was the current headquarters of the Seven Deadly Sins. And the people sitting on these thrones were none other than Omega and the Six Generals in their alter egos as the leaders of this underworld organization.

Except for Blackwall, everyone had assumed command of this organization and had been running different sectors under their lead.

Ever since they took over hydra and united all the separate organizations under one banner, they had plenty of their fair share of others trying to kill them or overtake their positions. And many people including peak grandmasters were no exceptions.

Many leaders and forces of the opposition organizations who were in a power struggle came after the Seven Deadly Sins and tried to decimate it to the ground so they could rule over the power hydra once held in Rukon District.

But none of them in their wildest dreams had an idea that unlike Hydra, the Seven Deadly Sins actually had a line of peak grandmasters working together while sharing the same goal.

In the past month alone, the Sins had killed off 13 peak grandmasters fighters from the enemy side and took their bodies as trophies while only sending their heads back to their organization.

The only mercy they showed to these forces was that they gave them one final chance to surrender and join their organization in servitude. And all those who refused or tried to revolt were massacred in a bloodbath.

The sins killed more than 30 thousand people in the past 2 months who opposed their rule. And amongst this group.. Two monsters were feared by everyone the most.

One being none other than Loki who never spared a single life or gave them a painless death. While the other one was Dante, who was the alter ego of Jugram, the Berserker subordinate amongst the general. Dante was nicknamed as the Sin of Wrath.

This man alone killed an entire army of two thousand enemies in a single night. And when the battlefield was cleared.. Only the charred and torn bodies were left as if all of them were killed by a demon who came straight from hell.

No one ever found how these two did it but by looking at the aftermath... nobody dares to question their strength.

Raiden, the alter ego of Omega, was already nicknamed as the White Yaksha by the enemies. Given how fast he was on the battlefield and how his katana, a type of sword none of them ever heard of, swiftly cut all of the enemies in two with a single slash.

All they ever saw was a white flash passing through before their ultimate demise.

And Scorpion, the alter ego of Ronin was something nobody ever wanted to fight in a head-on battle. Because every time this assassin fought, a dense white fog filled the battlefield and all the onlookers ever heard was the pitiful and pleading screams of the enemies as if they were scared to death before actually falling to his daggers.

Icarus, the alter ego of Oliver, was someone who had shown everyone how dangerous a flying enemy can be. Because he once burned down the headquarters of an enemy force by attacking from the sky while being completely untouched by their arrows and magic cannons.

The Sins had caused terror between all the criminal organizations and underworld rackets in just two months alone. And soon, the Seven Deadly Sins rose to a level of power and authority that even the hydra in its decades of history never achieved.

Every single one of these peak grandmasters was many times stronger than others of the same levels and ranks.

"Yes. If you're lucky, you will meet our Master.. Lord Zeus." replied Loki in an elated tone.

At this very moment inside the Wayne Manor, a young man who was completely in a trance while controlling 4 different elemental spells at the same time released a burst of red & black aura that shook the entire room.

His face turned joyful as soon as he heard a notification in his head.

[Congratulations to the host for breaking through to Intermediate Rank Magician!]

Chapter 232 - Taking Command

When the morning arose, a man donned in violet aristocratic clothes was enjoying his aromatic tea while basking in the gentle sun rays while sitting in an open balcony of an enormous manor.

Beside him, sat an old man with a white beard, reading the newspaper as he took small sips of the tea in between.

"Not going to train today?" asked Albestros as he turned a page and continued reading.

"I feel like I should take a day off. I haven't been very active with our company's work so I think it's about time I went to overlook how things have been going in my absence." replied Kahn.

Albestros then looked at the young man again with a curious gaze and asked in a soft tone.

"Something feels different about you. It's like the aura around you seems more refined and on a different level. It's the quality of mana in you that has undergone some kind of transformation." spoke the grandmaster blacksmith.

"Haha, I see. So even you, who has only a decent understanding of magic can feel the difference. I wonder what would happen if there was a mage to be around?" chuckled Kahn.

The next second, three sets of footsteps were heard as 3 individuals walked up the stairs and entered the balcony.

"What is it?" asked Kahn to the new additions.

The three individuals were none other than Omega, Ronin & Ceril.

"My Lord, we wanted to discuss something with you." said Omega.

"Then speak." he said.

"I'm not sure if it's a good idea to say it here in front of sir Albestros." spoke Ronin in a benign tone.

"No worries. He's one of us already." said Kahn with a gentle smile.

"My Liege, there's something we have been doing in the past two months without your knowledge. We did not wish to disturb your training or burden you in any way, so we chose to withhold this information from you." said Ceril in a stern voice.

"Speak already. I don't have an entire day." said Kahn in an irritated tone.

For the next half an hour, the three subordinates started telling Kahn about how they used hidden identities and overthrew an underworld organization while killing their rulers and taking over their established empire, businesses and network.

And how they have been fighting and killing those who opposed them, including leaders of the opposition who tried to come in their way such as peak grandmasters.

Both Kahn and Albestros had their jaws dropped on the ground.

"YOU. DID. WHAT?!!"

His tone changed to that of anger and his countenance became that of an annoyed man.

"Why would you take such a big risk? What if there was some bigger force backing them? Even a first rank saint could wipe you all out!" reprimanded Kahn.

His gaze then landed on Ceril, glaring at him with a deathly stare.

"Is that why you asked me for the blood-oath token that day? I thought you only wanted to kill a couple of grandmasters but this.. This is way too insane!" shouted Kahn at the Necromancer subordinate who was hiding behind Omega, avoiding direct eye contact.

"My Lord, we took all the necessary measures to ensure that it would not be tracked to you or the company. You too understand how important it was given our current situation.

Even some no-name clan can wipe us out in a few hours given our current situation. This was a necessary risk we had to take for setting our foot in the capital.

Now, we're not at least some nobodies who can be easily messed with." explained Ronin.

After another long discussion, Kahn finally cooled off his head and threw his hands in the air as a form of surrender.

"Fine. Although the risk was too big.. It was indeed necessary. We can't rely on our allied noble clans when things got worse anyway. If someone powerful targeted us.. Even these clans will avert their eyes in a different direction.

In the end.. The one we can rely on is ourselves." he said with a long sigh.

Even Albestros agreed to their approach because he too had seen the disadvantages last time when they were targeted by the Chamber of Commerce and the first rank saint mage from the Vandereich clan.

After everything was explained, Kahn decided to return to his position as the chairman of the Bloodborne company.

After breaking through to Intermediate Rank Magician, something inside Kahn has changed for the better.

He now had a sense of inkling with mana, three times clearer than before. Unlike the past when he could sense the mana in the surrounding only by becoming a semi-saint rank swordsman... he could now feel the mana present in nature and felt an innate connection that allowed him to utilize it on his will.

After two months of strong training regime in various weapons and magic spells, his weapon mastery in spears, halberds, lances, whips, shields and archery had risen to peak master rank by practicing many combat techniques. He was already at grandmaster rank in swordsmanship, daggers and battleaxe so there was no need to worry about these three sectors for now.

And by eating SS Rank cores and mana ores on a daily basis, Kahn rose by 12 levels and he was now level 150. Along with the rise in rank as a magician, his effectiveness range increased to 20 meters from where he could harness the mana in the surroundings. And the total damage output of his magical skills and spells also rose by 30%.

When the evening finally came, Ronin told Kahn about how they kept bodies and cores of all the grandmasters they killed in the past two months.

And after all the subordinates gathered in the underground training facility, Kahn started absorbing their skills and then began merging these specimens with the subordinates.

In his case, neither their skills nor eating their cores could help him level up at a fast pace or improve his rank, so he decided to use all the bodies to help his subordinates as all of them could directly level up and get more skills after the synthesis procedure.

But even now, there were no suitable specimens for Blackwall & Armin this time either. And forcefully merging them with an unsuitable specimen would only adversely affect their classes and the future potential so Kahn had no choice but to leave the Guardian Knight & The Pathfinder class subordinates as it is.

When midnight finally came, a grand welcome ceremony was held in the main headquarters of the Seven Deadly Sins.

That night, in their main hall, the six subordinates were sitting on their Thrones and above them, was a higher platform where a middle-aged man clad in black light armor and an epic rank bow on the side of his own throne sat with a solemn look in his eyes.

His grey hair on the side of his head and the long beard that had multiple grey strands were visible to see to everyone present in this celebration.

Hundreds of high rank warriors & mages who worked as the chain of command in this organization raised their glasses full of wine and alcohol collectively as they shouted together in a zealous tone.

"We pledge our loyalty to Lord Zeus!!"

Chapter 233 - Pledging Loyalty

ONE HOUR AGO

In the three-story building which looked like a normal business company's headquarters in a busy street, where no one would attach too much importance to it, a meeting between the elite powers of the underworld was held.

This was the main office of a construction company in name but in reality, it was actually the true headquarter of the biggest criminal network in the entire Rukon District which spanned for 200 kilometers.

"Do you know the Lords have summoned us tonight?" asked a centaur dressed in violet armor.

"No idea. But since all the managers from each branch city have been summoned together, it's definitely something important." replied an elven mage.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Two lines of soldiers in black and red armors, geared with spears and swords took created a pathway among the crowd.

Everyone present in the main hall bowed in respect towards the six individuals who walked at a steady pace towards the end of the hall.

These were the Sins who held the command of this organization.

Even now, no one knew anything about the Seventh Sin but nobody dared to ask because there was always a throne vacant for that person and all of these people who previously served Hydra could only assume that the last one didn't wish to reveal themselves yet.

As soon as all Omega & the five generals stood in front of their respective thrones, Ceril in his Loki form cast a spell and placed the six thrones on both sides of the room, dividing them into a group of three. And the next minute, he summoned another giant golden throne carved with dragon heads on the armrests as he placed it where their seats were previously located.

All the members in the gathering were surprised but no one dared to utter a word.

Omega in his Raiden form walked forth and spoke in a loud and stoic tone as his gaze shifted to all of the members who now served them.

"Tonight, we summoned all of you for a very important reason.

This night, we wish to let you all meet the real ruler of the Seven Deadly Sins.

All kneel in front of our master... our lord.. Lord Zeus!!" declared Omega vehemently and all the sins in their respective forms knelt on a knee.

Without daring to question anything, all the top members of the organization gathered here knelt in the direction of the pathway created by the soldiers who were also kneeling on the ground.

BOOM!!

An insurmountable and highly oppressive aura that was filled with absolute dominance and tyranny landed on their bodies.

Even the tall and giant botir race individuals present in the hall felt their exoskeleton armors that were the extension of their own body parts cracking under this pressure.

This was the species with the highest physical defense in the whole empire but even they were having a hard time keeping their consciousness intact under this dense black and red aura that suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

Step! Step! Step!

In the middle of the pathway, a middle-aged man donned in a black epic rank gear set for archers walked with his arms folded behind his back.. Like an Emperor appearing in the main council hall.

No one, including the Sins dared to lift their heads as the man walked towards the golden throne at a slow pace. Some of the members were already sweating heavily under this oppressive force which made them feel like a mountain was placed on their shoulders.

The middle-aged man took a seat at the golden throne and placed his right legs on the left knee, his back against the soft red cushion and the right elbow supporting his weight.

His right palm placed under the chin while he gazed at all the kneeling members in the hall.

These were the top dogs of the underworld, all of who were the main figureheads of their respective organizations and ruled a city in this district like kings while having thousands of people at their beck

and call. But now, all of them were kneeling in front of this one man who suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

Although they had previously heard about Zeus, no one had actually believed the rumors of a semi-saint rank individual actually being the main figurehead of the seven deadly sins which had seven peak grandmasters as the main leaders already.

"You may all stand up!" spoke Zeus in his compelling tone that sent chills to everyone kneeling in front of the semi-saint.

All the mages present in the crowd who had a high affinity with mana had their eyes wide open after they finally managed to sense his strength.

"Semi-Saint.. No, he's already close to breaking that threshold and becoming a true Saint!" spoke an intermediate grandmaster mage woman present in the crowd with complete disbelief in her eyes.

The words she blabbered subconsciously landed on everyone's ears and the whole crowd went silent again.

To them, their leaders were the peak of the mountain as far as the strength levels in this district were concerned. But now.. The prideful man in front of them was already a league above. And not just that.. He was close to entering the legendary Saint Rank realm of power they had only heard about in their entire lives.

At this moment, since the hero of darkness title was active, his aura was 3 times stronger than usual on top of already being very ferocious. So all the mages in the room felt the aura as comparable to someone who was about to enter the saint rank.

This sudden revelation fortified the beliefs of all the powerhouses in this organization that Zeus was indeed their true boss and the one they served was a truly powerful being.

"Tell me everything about how things were handled in my absence." commanded Zeus to the normal members present in the hall.

For the next one hour, many people revealed that the Sins killed off enemies in their headquarters with perfect planning, leaving no room for escape and without causing too much attention.

And how traces of the skirmishes were taken care of without anything tracking back to them.

Ceril also told Kahn telepathically that he took care of the dead bodies and turned them into his underlings.

Ronin later explained how they planned and ambushed the grandmaster opponents by two or three of them attacking together and finishing them off very quickly.

Kahn approves of their method because that way, their victory was always assured.

After everyone was done with their explanations, Zeus spoke in an authoritative tone.

"I know the means that were used to make you all disband your previous bosses and organizations and forcefully work under us. And I also know that many of you still resent us for it.

The blood-oath token can only make you our slaves but cannot buy your loyalty." spoke Zeus in his deep and kingly tone.

"But do know that if you keep serving me and the Seven Deadly Sins with your complete loyalty; to make our organization reach bigger heights...

I assure you that every single one of you will see riches and power 10 times more than what you currently wield. And the feeling of enslavement you currently have will feel like a blessing at that time.

So tell me... do you want to just stop at this small district or do you want to work your way up and rule like you own this goddamn capital?!

Tell me!!" commanded Zeus in a tyrannical tone.

To power-hungry scums like them who would sell their family for power and authority.. The words spoken by Zeus sounded like a divine symphony. This man already gave them a glimpse of a future where they were one of the biggest powers.

He actually had the strength to back his claims for the future and everyone present in the hall already felt that potential in their bones.

Since there was no end to greed, all of them shouted collectively in a zealous tone.

"We pledge our loyalty to Lord Zeus!!"

Chapter 234 - The Sudden Meeting

When all the members serving seven deadly sins finally came to terms with their predicament and decided to follow Zeus and his claims for the future, the celebration continued for the whole night.

Not everyone had believed his claims and still had misgivings left in their hearts but no one could do anything as all of them were already marked as slaves after the blood-oath token ritual and they could no longer try to exact any form of revenge.

Even plotting against Zeus & the Sins would mean their inevitable death, so all they could do was nod their heads and pretend that they believed his words.

Even Kahn knew that actions spoke louder than words so he knew that it will take some time until his claims became reality.

Zeus then explained his plans to expand their networks and even get other underworld organizations such as battle arenas where a betting system was allowed and assassins organizations under their control.

The one rule he set up for all the branches of their organization was no one apart from the target was allowed to be killed. Especially not innocent children. This was the only kindness he could offer after assuming the command.

He had come to terms with dirtying his hands after the events that happened 3 months ago. And knowing that anybody with enough strength could kill him with a flick of their finger, he had no choice but to adapt and also discard the moral code that had shackled him from time to time.

Kahn was willing to be the bad guy if it meant his survival, gaining power and authority. Just that he had a bottom line he won't cross for now. And that way... the old Kahn who came to the world of Vantrea nearly 9 months ago was no more.

At the time of noon the next day, Kahn traveled using a flying ship to a district named Konoha that was situated 500 kilometers away from his place and was now seated in a five-star hotel which also facilitated the private and secure meetings.

Omega in his human form had escorted him like a bodyguard and in front of them, sat a pair of vampires with long silver hair.

"What is it? You said it was urgent." asked Kahn to a young vampire on the other side of the table.

Behind this young man, was a female swordswoman standing like a guard.

This was none other than Szayel and Vivian.

This morning, when the bright and sunny day arrived, Kahn suddenly received a message from Szayel via the jade medallion. It had been more than two months since he last spoke with the vampire heir.

But the conversation took a different turn when all Szayel told him was to come for a secret meeting no matter what. And his tone had already worried Kahn because Szayel wasn't the kind to rush things if they weren't important.

"Brother Kahn... I have to tell you something important. It's something that will be announced to the public of the whole empire by next week but I'm giving you a heads up." replied Szayel.

"What is so important that got you riled up?" asked Kahn curiously as he sipped the fragrant tea in his hands.

"It's the Emperor's Chosen tournament." spoke Szayel with a somber expression as he folded his hands together.

"The what?!" asked Kahn and placed the teacup on the table. His curiosity piqued as soon as he heard the word 'Emperor'.

"Don't tell me, you don't about the Emperor's Chosen Competition?" asked Szayel.

"Hmph! What could a country bumpkin like him know." scoffed Vivian in a prideful tone.

Shing!

However, the very next second, a curved blade was placed on her neck and the figure of a man with red eyes and ashen hair who was dressed in a white suit appeared behind her.

BOOM!!

A silver aura filled with bloodlust spread in the room as the man finally spoke in a grim tone.

"Dare to talk about my lord like that again and my blade won't stop next time." warned Omega who previously stood behind Kahn.

"Aish... Why do you keep bringing this bitch to our meetings? Even now she hasn't changed her behavior a bit. And I don't have too much patience these days." said Kahn as he gave a deathly glare to Vivian who was already rooted on the spot, unable to move under Omega's bloodlust skill that could put every enemy in 300 meters radius into a fearful state.

"Ah.. My bad. Don't mind her. I'll be careful not to bring her next time." said Szayel as he gave a helpless expression.

"I guess you don't know since you're not that old enough. It's a competition that's held once every fifty years in the empire. And the one who started this tradition was the first emperor himself." explained the vampire heir.

"And what does that have to do with me? I don't have time to play some children's games. Besides, isn't the imperial rule gone a hundred years ago? So why is the tradition created by the first emperor is still allowed to exist?" Kahn spoke with a bored expression, completely unfazed with this sudden explanation.

"Ah.. The ignorance.." said Szayel as he facepalmed himself.

"It's not a children's game. But the most prestigious competition in the empire which is used to determine the new generation of leaders who will make a significant impact on the fate of the empire. And the winner gets the biggest reward one could ever ask for." elaborated the vampire heir with excited eyes.

"Anyone as long as they're a citizen of this empire can participate in this competition. And if I remember correctly, last time when the tournament was held, over 80 million people took part in it. The only restriction is that the participants must be under the age of 30 regardless of their origin or species."

"Oh, that big huh.. So what's the prize?" asked Kahn after hearing the information.

Szayel on the other hand gave him a greedy and smug expression as he spoke in a hushed tone.

As soon as Kahn & Omega heard the reward for the winner.. Both of them were petrified and had their eyes wide open.

Kahn quickly banged his hand on the table and replied excitedly...

"You son of a bitch. I'm in!!!"

Chapter 235 - The Emperor's Chosen

The meeting carried on in a room protected by various isolation barriers that prohibited the sound and anything happening during the meeting leaving outside.

Szayel was still explaining how the whole competition came to be and why it was deemed as the most honorable and prestigious competition in the history of the empire from the past millennia.

The Emperor's Chosen... A competition held once in 50 years. Set by the first emperor, Rathnaar The Conqueror.

After forming the empire, the first emperor started this competition once every 50 years to encourage and find truly talented individuals amongst the younger generation. Anyone with enough talent in fighting regardless of their rank, species, levels and origins had a fair chance to compete in this competition.

And the true prize was so attractive to everyone that even the most powerful noble clans would drool after thinking about it. And naturally, it overtook the entire empire by storm.

The only restriction set by the first emperor was that only people under the age of 30 were allowed to partake in this competition and there was no need for a powerful & influential background.

But as the centuries passed and the first emperor died, it became a power game for the noble clans and the general populace became sure of one thing...

That no matter how talented one was.. The one to win this competition would always be someone amongst the noble clans and factions who had their young generation trained since the age of five and numerous resources provided so they could rank up and increase their levels before crossing the age of 30.

And that was exactly why all the noble clans and factions prioritized training their heirs and potential leaders. Not only for strengthening their respective clans but to find a hidden gem who could potentially win this competition.

And the main reason being the mind-blowing reward that the first emperor set for every winner.

Under the Imperial decree.. The winner of this competition would get the most alluring reward that hundreds of powerful noble clans could only dream of. And the reward was..

A FIEFDOM!

A section of the empire that the winner could choose and then rule for the next 20 years as their own regardless of their experience in ruling a land. The imperial family would even aid the winner in running and learning about how to rule and prosper the fiefdom.

This was an ironclad decree which was also followed by the successors of the emperor because not only it helped them maintain an image of kind rulers who offered everyone a chance of rising in ranks and changing their fates but also control the powerful noble clans and factions who would choose to side with them in order to win the competition or becoming close to the imperial family.

But even after throwing away the imperial rule a hundred years ago in the Great War, this tournament was still kept by the newly formed government. Naturally, they should've abolished this tradition but at the end of the day, the various government sectors themselves were run and controlled by these noble clans and factions.

And hence, the top powerful forces would still get a chance to gain a new land every 50 years, providing them a legit and unquestionable reason to rule a land and use its resources and money to build their own strength.

But as things stood, everyone knew how only the noble clan representatives such as their chosen heirs or the genius individuals who are the strongest of their generation will always get the prize like the previous competitions.

So to the normal population, it was more like entertainment and nobody actually believed that one day, a commoner like themselves would come to become the chosen champion.

Still, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for them and also this competition helped many people go from a beggar to a tycoon whenever it was held.

And the main reason was something everyone living in this empire had the access to. And that was..

The Betting System.

Betting was legally allowed in this competition and many people rose in wealth while many lost their entire life's fortune during this competition. The notion of lady luck turning a person's fate was indeed applicable in this competition so everyone welcomed it with open arms.

After Szayel explained everything to Kahn, who qualified to participate in this competition, the two of them had a thoughtful conversation.

"Father said that this is an opportunity for you to not only rise in fame, you also will get recognized in the entire empire for the decades to come.

Many influential figures of the three factions including some of the saints once participated and are still renowned.

Even we had some of our ancestors win the competition in the past and now you know how strong our clan has become thanks to them.

So he told me to specifically contact you and give you this..." elaborated Szayel and took out a golden tablet with an emblem of two swords and a shield in the center.

This was the emblem of the Vandereich clan to be precise.

"What's this?" asked Kahn.

"This is a Token of Recommendation. This was a rule applied from the previous competition.

It allows you to skip the basic and normal city level qualifying rounds and directly fight in the district level qualifiers throughout the empire.

So in other words, instead of competing from round to round like 80 million people, you will start fighting right from the matches made for the top 10 thousand people. Trust me, it will save you tons of hassle." said Szayel as he handed the recommendation token.

"Thanks. I appreciate the help." said Kahn and put the token in his space ring.

When Kahn returned to his manor in the evening, he sat on a sofa in his bedroom while holding the recommendation token in his palm.

"My Lord.. Are you sure? Wouldn't participating in this competition create unnecessary risks and enemies for us?" asked Omega who stood like a guard on the side.

"I only said that in front of Szayel to not raise suspicion. But I think there's more to all of this. This competition.. This token...

Something is definitely going on behind the curtains." replied Kahn in a calm demeanor.

The next second, his eyes turned resolute and a cautious expression appeared on his face as he spoke in a solemn voice...

"Fool me once, shame on you.. Fool me twice, shame on me."

Chapter 236 - The Representatives

The following day after Kahn met with Szayel, in one of the central cities of the capital Rathna, a grand meeting was being held inside a ginormous castle.

In reality, this entire settlement that was as big as a city, had millions of people with thousands of houses and businesses was actually the main headquarters of the Neutral Faction.

The headquarters of one of the three most powerful factions in the Rakos Empire was 5 times bigger than the headquarters of the Vandereich clan that Kahn visited a long time ago. And at the central region, the titanic white castle that was surrounded by legions of soldiers and defensive weaponry held some of the most important figures of the empire.

Inside this castle, over a thousand people ranging from different sizes, races and species sat on different platforms. Each of these figures wore luxurious and noble attires while plenty of them excluded the aura of a powerful being.

In the grand meeting hall, an old but long and white-bearded tigerkin was sitting on a throne at the end of his long hall. The aura that leaked from his being was kept at minimal but even so, anyone who even looked at this three-meter tall orange tigerkin could instantly gauge the strength of this almighty being.

A 7th stage saint!

This tigerkin warrior was indeed of the three strongest people in the entire empire. And also the leader of Neutral Faction.

A tall and firm bearkin knight in completely red knight armor who himself was a 5th stage saint himself spoke in a loud tone.

"In the presence of faction leader Stalin, I commence this meeting!" spoke the Bearkin knight and took a seat on a throne of his own on the right side, sitting amongst the other 30 saints who were divided into the group of two, all of whom were some of the most influential people in the empire.

The old but still in incredible physical shape tigerkin finally spoke in a domineering tone, his voice resounding in the entire hall where thousands of people sat on multiple levels of platforms on both sides...

"The reason why I have called all of you here today so urgently is to relay key information to everyone. An opportunity that affects our entire faction's future for the next generations to come.

As some of you might have heard of it already... The date for the Emperor's Chosen that comes after every 50 years has been finalized." explained the leader.

The entire crowd went into a heated discussion as soon the faction leader, who was no weaker than Szayel's grandfather relayed this information.

After a minute, he spoke again with resolute eyes as he addressed all the top clan leaders and members of the faction.

"As you already know.. We have only two candidates who managed to reach the rank of a semi-saint under the age of 30, fitting the requirements and qualifications to become our representatives and compete in this competition.

This is an opportunity for us to gain new territory which can help our entire faction prosper for decades to come. And once our rule is solidified, we will naturally gain full control of that region as per the rules set by the imperial family of the past.

No one from the government regardless of which sector or faction they are from can object as per the previous arrangements.

Last time, it was the Demi-Human Faction who won the competition 50 years ago and now there are only two suitable regions left for us to seize.

Either of which can bring enormous and unimaginable wealth given their location and resources. And hence, I have chosen the most capable of the younger generation to represent us.

I want all of you to wholeheartedly welcome our two champions!" commanded Stalin and clapped his hands.

The next second, the giant entrance door to this hall was opened with a creak and a troop of soldiers clad in black and golden armor with spears marched inside the hall.

Their loud thuds filled the surrounding area as all the members present looked at the middle of this formation where two humanoid figures walked in sync.

When these two figures finally came close to the throne of the faction leader dressed in regal clothes, both of them knelt in respect in front of the tigerkin who had a pleased expression on his face.

One of the figures was a long black-haired and blue-eyed young woman dressed in a pitch-black sorceress attire while the other was a silver-haired young woman of the same age, donned in silver and red armor who had two red horns coming out of her head. One of them was long while the other was short, indicating that she was a halfbreed demonkin.

Both of these young women were of the same age as Kahn.

"Kassandra of the Mikaelson clan, also renowned as the Raven Sorceress.

Celine of the Armitage clan, praised as the Dual Sword Saintess.

Both of you are the most talented geniuses of the Neutral Faction. Your talent in your respective classes exceeds many of us when we were of your age. And thus, I have decided to entrust both of you with the future of our faction and represent us in the Emperor's Chosen competition.

Do any of you have any objections or misgivings?" spoke Stalin.

"No, lord faction leader." spoke both the young women in unison. Their pleasant voices chimed in the hall while showing compliance to all the authority figures.

"Good. The competition will start exactly after one month from today, so in the meantime; both of you will be trained by the mighty saints of our faction.

Not only by those who specify in your relevant classes but the others of different classes to help you gain more battle experience against different types of enemies. Do you understand?" spoke Stalin in a kind tone.

"We understand." again, both the young women replied together.

"I expect great things from both of you." said the tigerkin leader but his countenance turned serious the next second as he gazed at the other saints and the thousand members of the faction.

"And there's another important announcement I have to make here.

Should either Kassandra or Celine win the competition and ultimately pave the road for the bright future of the faction.."

Said the faction leader and stopped his words... He took a deep breath and continued his words in a kingly voice that sent the entire hall into chaos...

"The winner shall become my successor!"

Chapter 237 - The Necessity

After the sudden announcement by the kind-looking faction leader, all the members, let it be saints, normal clan leaders or the two women in question were completely baffled.

The faction leader's words caught everyone present in this grandiose meeting hall that sized over a kilometer in length by surprise.

Nevertheless, as one would expect, the entire hall went into disarray and many people, including the saints who sat on their respective thrones, started shouting and discussing in between like a ragtag bunch causing a ruckus in the streets.

"We refuse! Why must you make such a rushed decision, lord faction leader?!" said a 6th stage human mage saint. His facial structure matched slightly with Kassandra who was one of the candidates for the position.

"Yes! Both of them don't have any experience in leading a faction of tens of millions of people at all!" exclaimed a red demonkin 6th stage swordsman saint who sat on the opposite side of the former.

Following their rebuttal, dozens of other saints also voiced their opinions and disagreement as if their life depended on it.

SHRILL!

The next moment however, the kind-looking tigerkin released a tyrannical aura and even the air present in this hall froze as his dark red aura suppressed and forced everyone to sit back on their seats.

The blazing heat around him gave everyone a sense of dread while encapsulating their bodies under his immense pressure. Even the sixth stage saints such as Cassandra & Celine's fathers felt couldn't move an inch under this insurmountable pressure.

"Do you all really think of me as a fool who would make reckless decisions?!"

Perhaps I should treat you all like how that bloodsucker Allister treats the Pureblood Faction council." said Stalin as he gave a deathly glare to everyone except the two young women.

"Apologies, lord faction leader. But it is a very sudden announcement for any of us to accept." said a fifth stage female elven saint.

"I have my reasons. Whether this competition was in question or not.. You all know that it's about time we think of the future of the faction.

Many of you already know that not just me but the other faction leaders have reached our limits as well. Even a Vampire like Allister Mor Vandereich who lived for more than two centuries is counting his days. And I'm already a hundred and fifty years old.

Already past the limit that my kin lives for. Unless I break through to the 8th stage, I will die within the next two decades.

The same applies to most of the saints present here. We all have reached our limits and soon, there won't be a firm wall left to protect us in the future. So it's about time we finally address the elephant in the room!"

"No offense, Ganesha." said Stalin to a 5-meter tall figure with an elephant head.

"None taken." said the elephant-kin and nodded.

"This is the best opportunity to create a chain of command for our future generations than trying to maintain our authority. Or else, we will be leaving our children and grandchildren defenseless for the vultures to hunt down.

Or do you have objections because of them are women?" declared and questioned the tigerkin leader as he caressed his long braided white beard.

"No, faction leader. We did not mean it like that." apologized one of the saints.

"My decision is final! Should either of them win this competition, they will become my successor. And I will personally train them how to rule until my last moment comes.

I don't want any objection! I would rather fight you all to death than crippling the future of our faction and clans." declared the leader.

No one dared to speak a word after this. They knew how stubborn and terrifying their leader was. And now that he had made up his mind, there was no going back.

At this moment, both the human mage & demonkin swordsman sixth stage saints were looking at each other with furious eyes as if they wanted to kill each other at any cost.

Both of them were the leaders of their clans and also one of the top ten strongest people in the entire empire. But they too had no choice than swallowing that decision made by their leader.

One would expect them to be happy that their daughters were a candidate for the faction leader's position but in actuality... they knew what this announcement ensued.

At night, when the meeting was over and the Tigerkin & Bearkin knight were alone. The knight finally asked with eyes full of concern.

"My Lord.. I don't understand your decision. Both of the Mikealson & Armitage clan already has too much power and authority in the faction. Why give them a chance to rule?"

Contrary to his previous image of a kind and thoughtful leader, Stalin scoffed off with a grin on his face.

"As if I'll let a woman become the leader of this faction I built with my own hands.

The only reason I said that was to motivate them and appear as fair and encouraging to everyone in the meeting hall.

But in reality, I wanted to shut up the Mikealson & Armitage clan.

If I sided with either of them, it would ruin my rule and unnecessary faction wars would arise.

And hence, I appeared fair and just to keep them both in check. So that none of them can complain and those who did will be hated by the entire faction and clans leaders, saying that they're hungry for power.

But whoever wins the competition will be the ruler only in the name while we will reap the rewards from the chosen territory." said Stalin in a sinister tone.

"And then, we would side with the clan that didn't win to oppress the winner's clan.

Saying that the faction should be put as first priority and then the winner & their clan would have no choice but to concede their authority over that land.

I'm certain that both of them also understood the consequences of my announcement.

Before they even made a move for my position.. I have already won the war." said Stalin and chuckled.

"Leader... you're very evil." said bearkin with a pleased smile.

To his response, Stalin gazed at the bright night and the two moons shining in the sky as he spoke in an evil and greedy tone..

"In this world... Being evil is a necessity."

Chapter 238 - Preparations For The Competition

Three weeks passed and only one week was left till the beginning of completion.

After the public announcement by the government at every populated area such as towns, villages and cities, the preparation for the Emperor's Chosen competition began with full speed.

In every major city, a battleground that sized twice as big as a football field and could facilitate thrice the number of audiences was built in a span of 3 weeks. The government spared no effort in making these ancient gladiator colosseums styled battle arenas that could hold 10 thousand people battle at the same time.

Hundreds of magically reinforced wide platforms that would hold the one-on-one battles and group battles were made in the most effective ways.

Just one of these arenas put the Olympics competition on earth to shame and throughout the Rakos Empire, there were more than 5 thousand of such battle arenas were built for the sake of this competition. Indicating the intensity and hype towards it.

As per the demographics and estimations, more than 100 million people were expected to participate in this competition throughout the empire and the government had already planned about how to make it most enjoyable and comfortable for the people who would spend money to watch the fights.

To common folks, it seemed like it was an expensive project but the business minds knew that they were bound to earn a hundred times the revenue that was invested.

Because as it was a once in fifty years event, the number of people who'd be flocking to these battle arenas and the money spent on tickets, food, merchandise and betting was already expected to be a dozen trillion gold coins.

The legal betting system alone was more than enough to recover all the money spent in just the first week as the competition would begin. Because everyone wanted to turn their life around during this historical event.

As for the rules based on general knowledge, every candidate will get only 2 chances to fight. Those who keep winning will be taken into the top 1000 spots in the city-level matches.

This way, the fine crop would be separated from the weed in the beginning stages and only those with proper strength and skills would move forward. But even here, the registration fee for the fighters was 10 gold coins.. Which was something common folks had to save up for months to gather.

Then the winners will compete for the district-level matches and so move forward for the higher stages and stronger warriors would emerge from all these candidates.

After that, they will be sent to the district championship arenas and progress to the qualifiers for the one million candidates who would fight in the arenas in the capital Rathna.

For Rukon District inside the capital, the battle first round battle arena was placed in a city called Xaphar. This was the closest place where Kahn had decided to compete for the competition and had already registered himself when only a week was left for the start of the first competition.

He thought that a battle royale would be the best idea to rush out the competition but he obviously understood that the government wanted to milk the cash cow for as much as they can and at this rate, the competition itself would take at least 3 to 4 weeks to reach the final stages where only master and grandmaster rank fighters would be left.

As for himself, Kahn had been training more intensely ever since Szayel gave him the news because eventually, he would be fighting the truly skilled and talented geniuses who had been training since a young age.

He was already an Intermediate Rank Magician and after his mana capacity & knowledge in manipulating mana and elements reach a higher degree, he had improved dramatically in many weapons and combat skills.

The main reason why Kahn intended to participate wasn't to win the competition but to gain even more combat experience, copy and learn new and articulate fighting skills and combat techniques of various classes and their respective spells and weapons thanks to the blessings given by the War Deity himself.

This was like the most expensive foods & dishes were being offered to him for free. And since he would be fighting with different species and their respective skills, what Kahn wanted to do was emerge as a new type of battlemaster who was efficient in many known battle styles and weapons.

The competition itself had no rules about what kind of profession or weapons a candidate had to use throughout the competition so it was already seen in the past that many people including hundreds of master rank individuals using different types of battle styles.

This was also preferred by the audience as one could exhibit their talent and skills as they kept progressing throughout the competition. Although many took such individuals as jokers who weren't serious about the competition, these types of candidates had a fanbase of their own and they were the favorites for the many.

In the meantime, Seven Deadly Sins had completely overtaken Rukon District as its shadow rulers and Bloodborne company had reached a whole different level itself. His own self worth was 5 billion gold while the SDS had earned 16 billion in the meantime. But yet, nobody knew their real faces or their true identities.

The name of the peak grandmaster blacksmith Albestros Winston was now even famous amongst the Saint rank people of the three factions. Many trying to curry favor with him and offer riches and their connections to have him make their customized armors and weapons.

Kahn had been cautious to hide his identity as the real owner and people only knew of Ceril & Omega as the two proprietors who worked under Albestros. With the competition on the way, he knew for certain that it wasn't a wise choice for the masses to know his relationship with the company because he knew that one way or another, he was bound to earn the ire of many powerful individuals and clans.

So appearing as someone without background was a better choice than flexing his wealth or connections with powerful people. He didn't even intend to reveal that he was a semi-saint until the final rounds where he would fight the truly talented and gifted geniuses of the young generation.

Everything was already planned ahead and unbeknownst to anyone.. He was already setting his chess pieces for the finale.

When the grand opening day for the competition finally came, Kahn left his mansion in a luxurious magic vehicle along with Omega and Ronin, both of whom had risen to level 130 just a few days ago.

"My lord.. I don't understand one thing.

Why didn't you use that recommendation token to register yourself as a Grandmaster warrior in the competition? It would've saved you a lot of unnecessary hassle and time than fighting weaklings and posers. You would be directly fighting in the qualifiers instead of wasting time. " asked Omega who was in his normal human form.

"Dimwit.. It should be obvious to you already. Maybe spend some time reading battle tactics-related books than just practicing your sword skills everyday.." interjected Ronin as he scoffed off.

The next second, Kahn gave a light smile at the subordinate and spoke in a gentle tone.

"Me participating in this competition using that recommendation token...

It's a trap!"

Chapter 239 - Perilous Situation

Inside the carriage-like magic vehicle that ran on mana ores as fuel, Kahn revealed why he didn't choose to use the recommendation token given by Szayel while registering for the competition.

Omega nodded in response and clenched his fist tightly with a furious expression on his face.

"Those damn pureblood faction bastards! They really think of us as their puppets just because none of us is a saint rank fighter!

I agree with your decision, my lord." spoke the magic swordsman subordinate.

Inside the luxurious magic vehicle, an elaborate plan was discussed between Kahn and the two subordinates as they embarked on their journey to Xaphar city.

As soon as they entered the outer gates of the Xaphar city which was already 4 times bigger than Flavot city, a dense and bustling crowd had already filled up the streets and all of them were headed towards the northern end where the battle arena was situated.

During their travel, Kahn and the company noticed that the mood around the whole city was that of a celebration like a yearly festival where people around the corners of the empire came and merrily mingled together.

Not a single one of the shops, let it be a food vendor, hotels or ornament shops were without customers at this point. And this was just one street in the city.. Kahn predicted that it was the same for all the streets that led toward the arena. And this was just one city.. 5 thousand more cities were also hosting such arenas throughout the empire.

So naturally, a billion or two people would definitely be part of this competition as an audience or people who bet on it.

Ballads about the glorious victory and the hope to change one's life were sung by bards in designated places as arranged by the authorities throughout the city. This was their way to hype up the event even further.

Although Kahn hadn't been part of any cultural event of the Rakos Empire yet.. He felt like even those would hardly come close to the grandness of the Emperor's Chosen competition.

And now their goal was to reach the arena safely by evening where his first 2 matches were scheduled. This was going to be the first step towards achieving the new plans that he discussed earlier.

Just as the trio was steadily traveling towards their destination from stone-paved streets, their entourage came across one of the crowded paths where for some reason, hundreds of people were gathered and blocked the way.

To Kahn and the subordinates, they were already able to sense a skirmish three hundred meters away because of their ranks and range of abilities. A fight was audible even from inside of the vehicle.

In front of the main gate of a big company building, a fight had broken that gathered the attention of the masses who were heading towards the arena.

"Sir, please believe me! I'm telling you the truth! It wasn't me!" spoke a middle-aged green and frail orc in a groaning voice as he clenched his stomach and got up after being kicked by a guard.

Behind this guard in silver armor, a duo of humans stood in their high-class businessman clothes.

This group was surrounded by a dozen normal workers in company uniforms and 5 master rank guards. The fat and half bald man in the middle who looked in his 60s spoke in scorn as he looked at the thrashed orc.

"Sirius, I thought you were someone who could be trusted! But you have been scamming me for months! Tell me where is the money you embezzled behind my back?!" spoke the man in an enraged tone.

The orc who was frail in physique despite being from a species of giant creatures brushed off the blood on his lips and replied in a weak tone.

"Sir.. I have been working for this company for a decade now. Have I ever given you any chance to complain? And the money you say that I embezzled can't be gathered or transacted with the little authority I have in the company.

Unless it's someone from your own family, none of those transactions can be approved in the first place!" explained the orc.

Even the crowd encircling this group was getting a gist of what was happening here.

The next moment, a loud and high-pitched voice came from behind the old man.

"Nonsense! So are you implying that either my father or someone among our family members stole the company's money and put the blame on your head?! Who the hell are you trying to fool?!" shouted the young man who stood behind the former. His gaze full of scorn as he rebuked the orc.

He pointed his hands towards the group of people dressed in uniforms and asked in a condescending tone.

"Tell me! Who did you see moving all those record books?! You better remember 'correctly'.." asked the son as he emphasized the last word.

"It.. It was mister Sirius." said a tall mithrans male.

"Yes.. I remember seeing Sirius secretly carrying many record books from time to time." testified an elf.

As all the workers spoke against him one by one, Sirius fell on his knees in disbelief.

He was being set up by the people he had been working together with for half a decade.

Just then, he noticed a smirk on the face of the owner's son, who was the loudest one here.

"Guards! Cut his tongue and both of his hands! He should pay for betraying our trust!" commanded the old man furiously, suddenly acting unreasonable out of the blue.

A master rank wolfkin swordsman walked forth and the other guards frisked the middle-aged orc who was still unable to believe the words of his boss whom he served over a decade.. The man he sacrificed many years of his life for.

The wolfkin raised his sword as per the orders and swung it downwards without giving the orc a chance to retaliate.

Swoosh! Shing!

A crisp noise of metal clanging suddenly filled the surroundings and a broken blade dropped on the ground.

The wolfkin looked at his broken sword, at the hilt which remained in his hands.

Before the sword even touched the orc's arms.. A curved sword had cut down the blade of the attacker in a second.

The figure of a man donned in a white and gray suit with ashen hair appeared in between this group.

But rather than trying to meddle in between their matters.. He looked at the orc with a stern gaze and spoke in a solemn voice.

"My master wants to meet you."

Chapter 240 - Behind The Drama

The crowd that was encircling the site of the ruckus perked their ears as soon as Omega appeared and saved the orc who was just about to get both of his hands cut down.

Most of the people were already scared and baffled after seeing how the old man and his guards didn't think twice before physically harming the orc in public. As if they feared no law at all.

Omega gave a deathly glare towards the father and son duo as well as the guards who were acting erratically in front of the public despite having no authority to do so.

"Hey! Who are you?!" asked one of the guards. The group of 5 master rank guards already entailed that the old man was something very powerful and with a strong backing.

"All your matters with him are settled. He will be coming with me now." spoke Omega, ignoring the group as he walked towards Sirius.

"He must be one of his accomplices! That's why he's trying to save him!" shouted the son.

Sigh!

"Why is it that the weaklings and idiots are so loud in the world while the strong and intelligent keep their mouths shut?.." lamented Omega as he sighed with a helpless expression.

SHRILL!!

Instead of wasting any more time on elaborating, Omega quickly released his aura of a peak grandmaster and aside from the normal passerby and Sirius, everyone from the group of assailants, let it be guards or the office workers were instantly forced to fall on their knees under his immense heavy pressure.

Even the guards who had frisked Sirius before were swatted on the road and didn't even have the strength to lift their heads.

"My master doesn't have too much time to waste. So choose whether you want to waste your time here, explaining your innocence to the people who just tried to maim you for the rest of your life or come with me and hear what my lord has to say.." spoke Omega in a kingly voice.

Sirius, who was completely taken aback by this sudden revelation, felt like his world turned around in a minute. He was wondering if all of this was a dream.

Just a minute ago, he was falsely accused and publicly humiliated, then his colleagues turned on him and the man he had loyally served for a decade ordered the guards to cut off both of his hands. Even he was having a hard time swallowing it all together.

But before he could speak or question anything, a tyrannical pressure was released from inside of a luxurious carriage-like vehicle and a domineering voice resounded in the entire street.

"There's no point in explaining yourself. Even for a passerby like us, it's easy to see that the verdict of you being guilty of those accusations has already been made.

Otherwise, they would deal with the matter in secret instead of making a show for the public.

This is called putting an act for someone and you are being used as a sacrificial lamb." spoke Kahn from inside the vehicle.

Although no one could see him, the pressure release from the carriage already gave everyone a hint of the person inside being even stronger than Omega.

"But sir.." said Sirius.

"And that old man is also aware of you being innocent but during your conversation, I saw a change in his expression. It was a face of realization.

From what I can guess, he knows that it was indeed his son who embezzled the money but still chose to blame it on you. Because it would affect his family name and prestige as the owner of the company.

And you are a necessary sacrifice for maintaining that pretense." interjected Kahn before the orc could plead.

After his explanation, even Sirius had a bewildered expression.

In his mind, he started to connect the dots and one thing he realized was that despite all the evidence showing that he was innocent, and suddenly his colleagues turning on him indeed looked shady.

And then the owner's son insisting that it was him after this matter was exposed also looked suspicious.

Other workers were trying to keep their jobs while agreeing with the owner's son while the owner himself wanted to maintain his image despite realizing the truth.

And at the end, Sirius was discarded despite his years of loyalty to cover up a scam caused by the son.

At this point.. Sirius completely gave up.

In mere moments.. His entire life was turned around. This betrayal hurt more than being falsely accused of something he didn't do.

All his sleepless nights and hard work he offered for the sake of the company like a workaholic employee went into vain for reasons he did not even know about.

"Come with me." spoke Omega as he put his hand on the shoulder of the orc.

After accepting the mental shock.. Sirius somehow mustered the strength and courage to follow behind Omega.

He knew one thing for sure at this moment..

If not for this peak grandmaster and his lord who showed up out of nowhere and saved him.. He would lose both his hands and tongue.. And then get put in jail for the crime he didn't commit. And who knew how miserable the rest of his life would be.

To him, this sudden appearance of these individuals was akin to how a savior makes an entrance in the most perilous moments as they save weak and helpless people, just like heroes of the fairy tales.

After Omega escorted Sirius to their ride, he opened the door for the orc.

Sirius saw a handsome man dressed in black and golden noble clothes seated inside the vehicle.

Kahn gestured to Sirius to come inside and sit.

"What's your name?" asked Kahn kindly.

"My name is Sirius.. Sirius Blake." replied the orc.

"Thank you for saving me, sir. I.. I honestly don't know how to repay your kindness." said Sirius in a grateful tone despite Kahn being younger than him by two decades.

"May I ask why you chose to help me?" he asked in a cautious tone.

Because he was old enough to understand that there were no free meals in the world.

Kahn gave a light smile and nodded in approval towards the orc.

"It's a very short and simple reason if I were to be honest with you." said Kahn and continued in a gentle tone..

"I want you to work for me."