Zompirewolf 752

Chapter 752 Checkmate (3)

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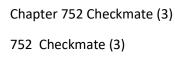
"What?" Kro'Han exclaimed, his voice seething with anger. "What is all this!?"

Ashton and Astaroth, seemingly unfazed by Kro'Han's reaction, broke into laughter. The mocking echoes of their laughter reverberated through the chamber, adding more fuel to the fire known as anger. The more they laughed, the angrier Kro'Han became, his features contorted as rage filled his eyes. A Precursor like Kro'Han had always praised himself for his intellect. But seeing inferior species act out of their place had always infuriated him. Kro'Han had never revealed the truth to anyone, but when he saw the inferiors have hope and smile through tough times, he was reminded of himself before that faithful war that brought the Precursors to their knees. A time when he lost his beloved just because he was acting cocky in front of an unknown existence that almost wiped out their kind. That day, Kro'Han swore to himself that he would do whatever to stop such a monstrosity from stepping into their universe. Kro'Han was willing to do anything. Even going as far as sacrificing the so-called 'inferior' species for the sake of the greater good. That's when Jo'Han and most of the Precursors turned their backs on him, which led to a series of events that brought him to Earth... fighting the inferior species to make them learn their place under his feet. However, watching Ashton and Astaroth laugh carelessly in front of him enraged Kro'Han. They weren't aware of the horrors Kro'Han had witnessed, so Kro'Han decided to make them aware of what true desperation felt like. But before that, he needed answers.

"Guess our acting wasn't that bad, after all!" Astaroth smirked, his eyes locking onto Kro'Han's.

"Talk about yourself," Ashton retorted, still chuckling. "Not going to lie; you sold me the part where you didn't want to attack me. Oof, even I thought for a moment that you lost it."

Kro'Han, his patience stretched to its limits, seethed with a desire to teach Astaroth a lesson. How dare a filthy X disobey his orders? The audacity! Did he forget about Linea? If he did, Kro'Han would subtly remind him about it by making him hear Linea's screams.

Unfortunately, Kro'Han wasn't aware that the key to Astaroth's submission that he desperately held on to had been swiped under his feet. After all, the earlier conversation between Ashton and Astaroth happened using telepathy. Only later, when Kro'Han attempted to contact the robots stationed on Euphoria, did he realise something was amiss, as all he got in response was constant static noise. "How?" Kro'Han mumbled as truth appeared before his eyes. "How did you do it?"

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"Do what?" Astaroth replied, holding back his laugh. "Don't try to fool me, Astaroth!" Kro'Han exclaimed as Ashton's voice interrupted his own. "For someone planning to rule the universe, you aren't very observant, are you?" Ashton scoffed. "Didn't it occur to you once where my summons and the Precursor guardians are? I mean, you literally attacked Earth, and I didn't use them once... well, except for one of the recent summons I acquired."

Astaroth added with a sly grin, "I brought you here not because you ordered me to but because we needed to get you away from Euphoria." He continued, "As soon as you left Euphoria, Ashton's summons and guardians, with the assistance of some Xyran friends, moved in to locate and rescue Linea."

Kro'Han's face darkened with a tinge of red as Astaroth's words echoed inside his head. However, there were some gaps in their story that didn't make any sense. Questions like How did Astaroth share information about Linea with Ashton when Kro'Han had been meticulously monitoring Astaroth's every move? After all, it wasn't like the two shared the same mind and had a telepathic connection anymore.

Initially, Kro'Han didn't believe their link had been severed once their conscience separated. So Kro'Han tested their connection, and sure enough, the psychic connection between them had been severed long ago, which made it impossible for the two to contact each other. Ashton realised what was going on

inside Kro'Han's head and decided to make a fool out of the Precursor again. "Who said our connection didn't work?" Ashton said with a serious expression. "Astaroth, did you?"

"Nope. Wasn't me." Astaroth shook his head. "Though, just because I wasn't contacting you didn't mean he couldn't do the same."

"Is this all a game for you?" Kro'Han gritted his teeth.

"Well, that depends," Ashton shrugged. "A game of chess? Sure. A game of thrones? No. You're the only one who wants the throne. We just want to send you out of this universe."

Ashton's words confused Kro'Han just like a reader who read a sleepy author's nonsensical references in his novel. Either way, Kro'Han wasn't interested in Ashton's yapping but in how they made a fool out of him. "Like everything else, it was part of our act," Astaroth added.

"How is that possible? I read your mind! You could never hide anything from me!" Kro'Han yelled his frustration now on full display.

"Ever heard about the after-effects of using Soul Killer?" Ashton continued, "With a little effort, you can use its side effect to make others forget about specific instances instead of someone's existence." "Being a master at controlling Soul Killer, I made myself forget about the plan," Astaroth shrugged. "So how would you read something that isn't there? As for how I remembered about it all..."

He continued, "I planted a trigger in my head. The moment our fists collided for the first time, it unlocked all those hidden memories. After all, I am still the Administrator of Ashton's 'blessing' and can do whatever I want regarding us."

"You fools! You think this changes anything?" Kro'Han smirked. "I don't need either of you to kill each other. I'll do it myself!"

Kro'Han, unable to endure their taunts any longer, lunged towards Ashton. However, in perfect coordination, Ashton and Astaroth executed a synchronised kick, flinging Kro'Han to the chamber's far end.

"Oh, and just so you know, we know everything about Seraphina's prophecy," Astaroth remarked with a smirk.

"I didn't think it was true, but after seeing you hurt after just being kicked by the two of us, it seems she was correct," Ashton replied, stretching his hands and back before turning towards Astaroth. "Oh, by the way, I got something for you."

"What a coincidence; I have something for you, too," Astaroth replied, smiling like two idiots. Ashton shook his head, handing Raphael to Astaroth, who reciprocated by passing the Grim Reaper's scythe that Ashton had left on Euphoria after their first encounter with Kro'Han.

The two then turned their attention towards Kro'Han, who was emerging from a cloud of dust. "You wanted to listen to another Earth idiom, right?" Ashton asked, swinging the scythe in his hands. "It isn't an idiom, but quite a famous word often used by victors. Something called... a checkmate."