

Chaos' Heir 611

Chapter 611 Decision

Destructive mana enveloped Khan, pushing him away. The Thilku had launched the conical version of the Wave spell from its mouth, making it impossible for Khan to dodge.

The [Blood Shield] showed its full power, covering Khan's exposed flesh and stretching toward the patches of skin the spell tried to consume. His uniform shattered in many spots as he flew away, and his throat soon mimicked the Thilku's cry.

Khan shouted, releasing wild flares of mana to deter the destructive energy around him. The defensive technique gave him enough room to deliver stronger kicks, sending him out of the spell's range.

Khan retreated a bit more before flying higher. The Thilku retracted its mana and followed him with its eyes. The two stared at each other for a few seconds, but only Khan studied its injuries. The Thilku appeared disinterested in the matter.

Burning sensations and pain tried to reach Khan's mind, but nothing entered his brain. The previous spell had interrupted his offensive, so he slowly approached the surface during that temporary break.

Khan's clothes fell off during the landing. The spell had turned his uniform into rags, which gave up on hanging from his body once he touched the surface. Even his pants abandoned him, leaving him in underwear.

That almost-naked state revealed Khan's injuries. His skin had shattered in many spots, creating gory spiderwebs on his body. Thin trails of blood also fell from those wounds, and the same went for the hole on his forehead.

A drop of blood fell from the injury caused by the beam and flowed past Khan's eyebrow to end in his right eye. He didn't blink at that itching sensation since the Thilku was right before him, but the alien seemed to have no intention of exploiting the event.

As for the Thilku, the skin on its face had broken due to Khan's attack, but nothing serious. The hole and cut on its right shoulder were the only injuries worth mentioning, but Khan didn't know if they would hinder its movements.

The Thilku's uncaring attitude vanished when it noticed Khan's scar. Its eyes focused, filling its expression with intelligence. Khan noticed those changes. He could probably ask questions now, but his brain lacked words.

"[The Nak granted you their power]," The Thilku suddenly announced, "[But you are wasting it]."

The mutated Thilku tried to cross its arms before its chest, but its right arm didn't move. The alien even looked at it, flexing its elbow to check its mobility. It wasn't completely useless, but the Thilku appeared unable to lift it.

Khan noticed that detail, but his mind focused on something else. The Thilku didn't only speak again. It had also added an insult that enraged him for multiple reasons.

"[They didn't give me anything]," Khan snorted, reaching for his scar with his free hand. "[My power is mine alone]."

The Thilku didn't mind those words, but its interest intensified. It didn't look amused, but Khan could sense its increasingly piercing gaze. Something had triggered its curiosity.

"[You have your mind]," The Thilku exclaimed, almost surprised about that finding.

"[Why wouldn't I]?" Khan asked.

"[But you fail to realize your purpose]," The Thilku continued. "[You are a failure as a host]."

"[Hey]!" Khan shouted. "[I asked you a question]!"

The air around Khan trembled, and the Thilku noticed that reaction. Its eyes inspected Khan's surroundings, studying the effects his presence had on the environment.

"[The Nak made you strong]," The Thilku commented. "[A human would have already died]."

The comment added fuel to Khan's anger, but details continued to flow into his mind. The previous gesture from the Thilku had revealed that it retained some of its species' habits, and its last words confirmed that its knowledge was still there.

However, the Thilku seemed unable to hold a conversation. Its comments were random, and Khan's questions didn't reach it. The alien differed from the humanoid wolves, but similarities became clear as Khan continued interacting with it.

"[One way or another]," Khan growled, lifting his glowing knife, "[I'll get my answers]."

Khan was losing it, and his natural pressure increased because of that. The mana bent under his will as his anger intensified. He was expanding his influence as the Thilku drew more of himself out.

"[You are getting stronger]," The Thilku noticed. "[Good. Maybe you can do it]."

Khan couldn't remain still anymore. He sprinted ahead, using his full speed to teleport before the alien. He had attacked from above to exploit the gap created by the injured arm, but a huge palm wrapped itself on his forearm anyway.

The Thilku didn't only react to Khan's sudden sprint. It had also half-turned and lifted its arm to block the descending knife. Khan was trapped, but his eyes shone with fury.

"[Do what]!?" Khan shouted, trying to push his left arm down. The Thilku didn't budge, but more awareness spread through its face. The question had gotten through.

"[Find the Nak]," The Thilku stated, "[And inherit their legacy]."

"[The what]?" Khan questioned, but an unstoppable force pulled him up before slamming him onto the ground.

The impact on the ground made Khan gasp for air, but the Thilku didn't stop. It pulled him again, lifting him above its head to slam him down on the other side.

Khan wanted to react, but the Thilku was too strong. It quickly lifted him to repeat the attack. The alien was treating him as nothing more than a sack, and he felt powerless against that offensive.

'I made a mistake,' Khan realized as his back slammed into the ground for the fourth time. 'I shouldn't have gotten caught.'

The pain caused by the offensive brought clarity to Khan's mind, suppressing his dangerous anger. He calmed down as the Thilku continued to slam him left and right, but thoughts also entered his brain. He was losing his connection to the symphony now that his senses were a mess.

"[Fight, host]," The Thilku calmly ordered, continuing its offensive, "[Or die as a failure]."

The Thilku's incredible physical strength threatened to turn Khan's insides into gory pulp. Truth be told, the alien was right. An ordinary human would have already died after impacting the ground so violently multiple times. The transformation was keeping him alive, but that wouldn't last forever.

Khan was no stranger to life-and-death situations. He had faced so many of them that suffering heavy injuries had become the norm for him. However, he had always reacted to them, which wasn't happening now.

The internal conflict made Khan hesitate. He tried to suppress his wild side and rejoin the symphony, only for the following impact with the ground to rekindle his rage. He wanted to lose control, but something told him he couldn't take that decision back.

The Thilku didn't care about the insides of Khan's mind. It was striking with the intent to kill, but a burning sensation soon invaded its palm. The alien turned only to see the spherical version of the Wave spell expanding in its vision, engulfing its face and torso in its dangerous mana.

The spell continued to expand, forcing the Thilku to retreat. It tightened its grip, but Khan wasn't there anymore. Actually, looking at its left hand revealed something odd. The alien had lost its fingers, and smoke came from those burning injuries.

Khan retracted his mana after the Thilku left his range. He had activated the spell mid-air, so he straightened his position to perform a graceful landing.

Blood was flowing from Khan's mouth, but he didn't wipe it. Dirt had covered the entirety of his body, but all of that fell when he opened his eyes. A tremor ran through the air, too, sending dangerous vibes into the environment.

The pressure generated by Khan forced the Thilku to focus. Khan's face didn't convey any emotion. It was almost empty, but his eyes seemed able to speak. Something raged inside them, and the environment echoed those feelings.

The Thilku smiled, showing its long canines. It even laughed loudly before sprinting ahead. Its heavy steps pierced the ground, adding tremors to the mess generated by the battlefield, but nothing reached Khan's surroundings.

The sprint happened in slow-motion in Khan's eyes, allowing him to spot every detail. He could almost count the muscle fibers under the alien's thick skin and the effects its run had on the symphony. That specimen was mighty, but Khan didn't fear it. It was already dead in his mind.

When the Thilku entered Khan's range, he jumped to his right and swung his knife. The Thilku noticed Khan flying on its left, so it lifted its arm to fend him off. Yet, something pierced its flesh and bones, and the process didn't stop at its forearm.

The Thilku could only watch as its forearm split into two halves. The limb began to fall right before its eyes, but its vision suddenly grew blurry. It noticed a wound on its neck before its whole cranium opened.

Khan landed behind the Thilku but didn't look at it. The alien's huge body fell forward, releasing the contents of its head since a huge wound had split it in half. Meanwhile, Khan glanced in the direction of the battlefield. His rage was still there, and he wanted to release it.

Chapter 612 Power

Various colors shone, shattered, and reformed in Khan's vision. The symphony above the gorge was a mess of wild and intense battles. Tens of casualties happened every few seconds, but the armies' fury never waned.

The symphony enveloped Khan's senses, invading his brain and updating him on the environment's state. However, his mind wasn't empty anymore. Intense urges filled it and stretched in his surroundings, affecting the natural mana with their whims.

That state was the opposite of what Khan had grown used to deploy during battles. He could listen to every detail in the symphony, but raging desires also resounded among his thoughts, creating a new force in charge of his actions.

The natural pressure radiated by Khan's urges thickened the mana around him, making it easier to manipulate. That energy slowly became an extension of himself, gaining power and becoming more submissive.

Khan didn't even need to talk to send requests. He stretched his right arm to his side, and a gale blew behind him. The wind lifted a piece of cloth that had previously belonged to his pants, and his fingers closed when it reached his palm.

The piece of cloth featured a half-broken pocket that Khan explored. He pulled out his phone from it before letting go of the rags. The screen lit up, confirming that the device still worked, and Khan stored it in his underwear before looking at the gorge again.

A warm feeling expanded from Khan's abdomen. He hurt in many places, too, but his mind didn't allow him to care about his injuries. He wanted to let loose, and nothing could make him change his mind. He was past the tipping point, and there was no turning back.

The twenty humanoid wolves had changed position as the massive battle continued. Both armies had fused by then, making the monsters' bullets less effective. Those creatures had joined the fray, leaving the path to the gorge open.

Nevertheless, the humanoid wolves were brighter than their weaker underlings. Khan could see them clearly from his position, and his legs moved toward the closer ones.

The battlefield gained more details as Khan flew above the gorge. Thilku and monsters were locked in bloody and messy battles that often left both parties deadly injured. Spells flew left and right, but the purple-red color reigned supreme due to all the creatures aligned with the chaos element.

The stench of chaos invaded Khan's nostrils. His presence could affect environments, but the gorge was different. The symphony had already become a perfect cradle for his element. Even if the natural mana didn't know it, that was his home.

A pair of humanoid wolves stood in the back of the battlefield, using the gorge's elevated surfaces to get a better sight of both armies. Scorching beams also shot out of their eyes, sniping any Thilku they saw. At times, monsters died in the crossfire, but those creatures didn't care.

The humanoid wolves' senses suddenly warned them about imminent danger. They retracted their beams and lifted their heads only for a figure to appear among them. A few meters separated those creatures, and Khan fit perfectly between them.

Khan had been one step ahead of the humanoid wolves. Those monsters had yet to lower their heads when the first slash unfolded. Khan swung his glowing knife to his left, and the blade didn't meet any resistance while digging through the creature's throat.

One humanoid wolf instantly lost its head, but the attack gave its companion a chance to react. The second monster lowered its head, and its eyes lit up as new beams shot out.

Khan had gotten faster than before, but the humanoid wolves were no weak opponents. The beams risked hitting his back if his evasive maneuver was any slower. However, Khan didn't even try to dodge.

Mana flowed toward Khan, allowing him to spin on himself while swinging his knife. His glowing blade hit the incoming beams, cutting through them before escaping their edges.

Normally, that would have been the end of it. Khan's knife would have merely cut the beams' initial part without destroying them altogether.

However, something very different happened. Both beams continued to split from the opening created by the knife. An invisible force cut through them, advancing until it reached the wolf's eyes.

A horizontal injury opened on the wolf's face, cutting its eyes and going deeper into its skull. The upper part of its head eventually split from the rest of its body, flying away to reveal its gory insides.

Of course, the invisible force had a proper shape in Khan's vision. He had seen the natural mana echoing his attack's effects, applying it to the symphony between his weapon's tip and the wolf.

The natural mana alone couldn't retain the Divine Reaper's power, but Khan could fix that with his influence and energy. The symphony followed his commands, allowing him to stretch his attack's effects.

Khan landed on the ground while both humanoid wolves fell dead around him. He didn't deign them with a single glance while focusing on his knife. His new stance toward the symphony had made the Divine Reaper evolve, bringing it to the advanced mastery level.

That wasn't the only change. Khan's emotions raged wildly, but no clicking growl resounded in his mind. He was himself, unrestrained and unapologetic, and the monsters had created an environment he could rule with little to no effort.

Khan swept the battlefield with his eyes as annoyance built-up. Mere animals were using spells he had paid a steep price to master, which was unacceptable. Those were his techniques, and imitations couldn't exist.

The desire to claim monopoly over the chaos element filled Khan, and mana leaked from his figure to invade the symphony. The natural energy in the gorge couldn't even try to ignore his intense will, and the similarities with his power quickly turned it into an extension of his mind.

Khan sprinted forward, and flares of mana shot out of his figure when he landed in a spot occupied by wolves. Those creatures either retreated or let that scorching energy burn them, but Khan was far from done.

"Fall," Khan said, his gaze fixed ahead. He didn't look at the creatures in his surroundings, but they all lost their balance, risking tumbling to the ground.

The wolves became unable to address the new threat among them, and Khan used that window to launch needles all around him. His spells flew everywhere, hitting fur and open mouths before exploding.

Blood spurted everywhere as wolves suffered serious injuries or directly died. Still, no fear appeared in the survivors' eyes, and the explosions attracted more attention. Many monsters turned toward Khan before running at him.

Khan sensed that attention and the incoming threats, but his gaze was on his hands. That deep control of the mana in his surroundings was telling something directly to his brain, opening paths and options he had previously believed impossible.

'I see,' Khan thought while closing his right hand.

A wolf jumped at Khan while he was still immersed in his thoughts. The creature was about to land on him, but he calmly opened his hand, sending mana that ran through the symphony to activate precise effects.

The natural mana under the descending wolf churned and screamed before giving birth to a purple-red sphere. The attack expanded, creating a Wave spell that engulfed the creature, pushing it away while burning it to a crisp.

A burning sensation invaded the back of Khan's mind. He was using muscles he wasn't aware of having, but forgetting about their existence was impossible now. He brought his right hand to his face to relax his frown, but his other arm pointed at two incoming wolves to his left.

The natural mana gathered among the incoming wolves, creating a small version of the chaos spear before them. The spell immediately exploded, giving birth to a pillar that engulfed the monsters and killed them on the spot.

The burning sensation in Khan's brain intensified, but he didn't even think about suppressing it. He actually found some pleasure in it, and lowering his right hand revealed his fiery gaze. That feeling was addictive, and he wanted more of it.

"I see," Khan repeated, using actual words while spreading his arms. The wolves had filled the gorge with chaos, turning it into a weapon for Khan. He only needed to give the order, and spells would appear.

The other wolves had almost reached Khan, but needles materialized around him. Those spells exploded, creating a scorching wall that caught the monsters by surprise. Many died under those sudden attacks, while others felt forced to retreat after suffering serious burns.

Khan lowered his arms and ran his fiery gaze across the area. The explosions quickly dispersed, opening the path toward him, but no wolf dared to advance. Khan was radiating a pressure they could recognize and acknowledge. A bigger monster had appeared, triggering instinctive fear.

The event stretched past Khan's surroundings. Wolves relatively distant from him stopped fighting to study the source of that terrifying pressure. The situation was so strange that many nearby Thilku took the chance to look in Khan's direction, and what they found shocked them.

Khan had blood flowing out of his mouth, a shallow hole on his forehead, and spider-web-like wounds across his body. Yet, his stern face radiated pure power, and his eyes seemed to glow due to the feelings that filled them.

"I see," Khan repeated for the third time while all his suppressed and unreasonable emotions fused with his thoughts. "You breathe because I allow it."

Somehow, everyone in the area could hear Khan's words. The air itself echoed them and brought all the available eyes on him. Wolves and Thilku alike saw him lifting his right arm, and explosions resounded everywhere when he lowered it.

Chapter 613 Or?

The natural mana didn't need to take a specific form in its current state. The monsters had already shaped it to represent the chaos element perfectly. Khan only had to wish for it to trigger a series of explosions.

The symphony churned and screamed, generating incomplete and unstable spells that immediately detonated. Tens of wolves remained trapped in that scorching and violent mana, often dying under its might.

Fuming blood and gore shot all around Khan, even affecting the areas many meters from him. A few Thilku had happened to be nearby, but the explosions didn't touch them. Body parts flew above their heads or fell on their uniforms, but no one dared to move.

Khan barely looked at the destruction he had created, but realizations reached his mind anyway. He had found the answer to a doubt that had afflicted him for a while, and its simplicity almost made him curse.

The Niqols and Nele arts theoretically stood on opposite sides of the same field. The Niqols' overbearing control and the Nele's kindness couldn't fuse. One wanted orders, while the other required timid requests.

Yet, the answer arrived once the environment fell under Khan's control. That new version of the symphony couldn't only endure his orders. It also welcomed them, allowing Khan to talk to the natural mana and produce effects above the Nele's arts.

Khan noticed a pattern with those doubts. The answers looked easy once found, but his brain couldn't accept them until it touched the required fields. Still, now that it had understood them, they became unforgettable.

Khan's presence affected the symphony, turning its natural mana into something that matched his mind. That new form allowed him to skip the Nele's kindness and rely on more forceful orders, which gave birth to stronger effects.

More needles appeared around Khan, most materializing above the relatively distant monsters. Those creatures were still frozen in fear, and the spells exploded before they had any chance to react.

Casualties unfolded everywhere, but that part of the battlefield remained still. The monsters and Thilku in Khan's range couldn't move their eyes from him. He was too much of a threat even to try to ignore.

Nevertheless, Khan couldn't remain in the same position anymore. The symphony could become an extension of his mind, but his presence was the key to controlling it, and losing precision was too big of a risk in an environment with allies.

Khan shot upward, disappearing from everyone's view. However, his presence remained heavy, allowing monsters and Thilku alike to find him in the sky immediately. They couldn't miss him when their minds warned them about his danger.

Still, Khan's movements reminded everyone of their location. The armies had yet to end their conflict, and both wanted to win, making many battles resume.

Khan's desire to vent didn't turn him dumb. Unreasonable and uncompromising urges drove his actions, but his knowledge remained, allowing him to spot the best targets in that chaotic environment.

The mutated Thilku was already dead, so the humanoid wolves were the only intelligent beings left in the enemy army. Taking them out would bring back the monsters' aggressive hunger, destroying their battle formations and giving the Thilku the upper hand.

Sadly for Khan, the humanoid wolves knew about that flaw, too. Moreover, that overwhelming presence made Khan an easy target, especially in the sky, so a few strong specimens dropped their tasks to focus on him.

Khan had just started flying toward the closest humanoid wolf when two bullets rose into the sky, aiming at him. The event didn't take him by surprise, and diving put him outside those attacks' trajectory, but his problems didn't end there.

The delay caused by the two bullets allowed the humanoid wolf targeted by Khan to notice his arrival. The creature stabbed its paws on the ground, opening its mouth to prepare for a powerful attack.

Khan was aware of the event, but his connection to the symphony stretched past the imminent threat. The humanoid wolf under him wasn't the only creature targeting him. That number had grown to four, threatening to send a barrage of bullets in Khan's direction.

The sky was Khan's reign, but even he had his limits. If more humanoid wolves were to notice him, he risked falling into a barrage that would limit his movements. He couldn't let that happen, so he kicked the air above him to change direction and fly directly at the closest strong monster.

The humanoid wolf had the bullet ready in its throat and didn't hesitate to fire it. That purple-red mass of mana flew directly toward Khan, but he didn't change direction. He didn't even slow down as his concentration deepened.

Khan glared at the incoming bullet as time slowed down in his vision. He could sense its composition, texture, and amount of energy. He knew exactly how it worked and its destructive power, and the symphony shared his knowledge.

"Shatter!" Khan shouted, raising his voice to send deeper vibes to his surroundings.

The symphony shook, and gales of mana gathered to fly at the incoming bullet. Nothing became visible in the air, but a force still pierced the attack, fusing with its fabric and applying Khan's orders.

The bullet destabilized, and flares of mana shot from it, making it lose power. Parts of it exploded, turning its energy against itself and increasing its size.

While most of the battles had resumed, a few spectators still existed and focused on Khan. To their surprise, he dived right into the bullet, destabilizing it even more.

The bullet's mana completely dispersed, flying in every direction before disappearing. Meanwhile, Khan's figure continued to descend, and his speed instantly took care of the smoke on his body.

The humanoid wolf tried to stand up, but Khan was too fast. He landed behind it, and its entire body split in half. A perfect cut had run from the top of its head to the bottom of its pelvis.

Khan ran to his side as the two halves fell to the ground. The sky was off-limits due to his overbearing pressure, so he changed his mind, planning to get to the remaining humanoid wolves without leaving the surface.

A sea of azure fur stretched in every direction. Regardless of where Khan planned to go, he would find monsters, which only fueled his fury. Moreover, the symphony was in his grasp, so he couldn't experience fear.

Explosions resounded left and right. The hated purple-red color slowly turned into an ally in the eyes of the Thilku army. Initially, those bright flares marked enemies, but Khan's relentless advance eventually made their appearance a sight for sore eyes.

Khan was unstoppable. Every creature inside the gorge was below him in multiple fields. No one could match his speed, deadliness, or reach. The world was helping him, and his brain burned as more natural mana followed his orders.

As more humanoid wolves died, the ordinary Tainted animals began to regain their natural aggression. Their hunger resumed its spot at the top of their priorities, and their battle formations broke, allowing the Thilku to outsmart them.

That trend worsened when the last humanoid wolf died. The entire enemy army had only common monsters left by then, and they all abandoned their intended positions to pounce at the first red coat in their view.

That reckless behavior initially surprised the Thilku, but their battle formations and experience quickly prevailed. The aliens pushed the monsters back, killing many specimens in the process. Hundreds died in a matter of minutes, and those casualties only increased as the numerical difference widened.

The battle became one-sided once the Thilku outnumbered the monsters two to one. The Tainted animals were powerless against those powerful and driven warriors. They didn't give up because their hunger didn't let them, and the Thilku made sure to exploit that feature.

Moreover, a natural calamity continued to sweep the monsters' backlines with explosions and purple-red flashes. Khan never stopped fighting, and his incredible prowess killed as many Tainted animals as an entire allied team.

Silence began to spread as the battles grew scarce. Shouts occasionally resounded but eventually disappeared as more time passed. Soon, only Thilku remained inside the gorge, and questioning gazes flew left and right to confirm what everyone was thinking.

The Thilku mostly saw dust and fur in their surroundings. Many climbed on the piles of corpses to get a better view of the battlefield, and answers eventually arrived. They understood what had happened after noticing their companions in a similar state. The battle had ended, and they had come out victorious.

A series of loud cries immediately filled the gorge. The Thilku shouted from the bottom of their lungs, celebrating that valuable victory. However, one soldier didn't linger in celebrations and attracted a lot of attention while flying toward a familiar figure in the army.

Khan landed beside Naoo, who was covered in blood from head to toe. His sudden appearance made all the Thilku in the surroundings step back, worried about that threatening presence. Still, Khan didn't let that reaction affect his plans.

"[I'm injured]," Khan declared, keeping his gaze on the distant building only he could sense. "[I'll leave first]."

"[Wait]!" Naoo gasped, realizing what was happening. "[We haven't received the order yet. You can't leave]."

"[Or]?" Khan asked, finally looking at Naoo. The mere sight of his intense eyes made her freeze in fear and shut up. There was no stopping or reasoning with Khan in that situation.

Khan's gaze lingered on Naoo for a few seconds before his entire figure disappeared. He shot in the air, leaving the gorge, and no one dared to do anything to stop him.

Chapter 614 Cape

Khan felt warm while flying across the sky to return to the Thilku trench. His brain was on fire, but similar burning sensations came from his belly, too. Something had broken, forcing him to look for experts' opinions.

The injuries didn't get in the way of Khan's natural pressure, and the flight allowed him to notice more of its effects. He quickly left the area filled with the monsters' chaotic influence, diving into the untouched symphony. The natural mana there didn't belong to him, but his presence soon changed that.

Khan studied the seemingly empty air to check the effects of his mind. He could affect the speed of that transformation by releasing stronger wills or mana, and the process felt almost natural. That technique had become a part of his very being, putting it at the foundation of his entire skillset.

'I'm unbeatable now,' Khan calmly realized.

Taking control of a big area wouldn't always be easy, especially without thousands of monsters helping out. However, Khan could hold his own even without that technique. He could also fly, so wasting a few seconds or minutes was completely in his power.

Moreover, Khan knew he could become better at that. He had barely learned that new technique, but his tests mid-flight already showed improvements. As long as his desires came out, the symphony would change.

The trench and the big building behind it eventually became visible, and Khan dived directly toward the big entrance. His landing was graceful, but his insides churned anyway, creating an unstoppable urge.

Khan spat at the ground before half-bending to his side. He puked blood, and retches resounded even after his stomach emptied. More liquids were flowing into it, creating a troublesome picture.

Luckily for Khan, the gate began to open even before he calmed down. The decontamination area unfolded in his view, and he forced his abdomen to stay silent while jumping into it.

The decontamination process began, and Khan sat on the floor to meditate in the meantime. He was far from good, but his resilient body retained strength to keep him ready to fight.

A few Thilku appeared once the room opened into the vast hall. Khan jumped to his feet to approach them, and they immediately ran scanners over his body, often mumbling worrisome statements.

Khan remained still during the process, but the Thilku eventually claimed his attention. They had bags with them, and one dived into it to take out a handful of tablets.

"[I can't take those]," Khan directly said. "[My body rejects them]."

The three Thilku were doctors used to difficult patients, but the instinct to argue never appeared in their minds. Khan had spoken calmly, but his voice conveyed a type of power those aliens couldn't describe or oppose.

Nevertheless, the Thilku didn't freeze. They quickly understood the reason behind Khan's refusal and exchanged a few words to devise a solution. One of the doctors also left, approaching the wall to retrieve different meds, and a fuming cylindrical container eventually appeared in his hands.

"[Drink this]," The doctor ordered when he returned near Khan. "[It will fix you up]."

Khan checked the Thilku's mana before looking at the bottle. The doctor believed in his words, and the dark, slimy liquid inside the container didn't carry any trace of synthetic mana. It smelled awful, but Khan had gotten used to far worse.

Taking a sip from the bottle revealed that the smell wasn't the liquid worst feature. It tasted horrible, and its texture could make most humans throw up. Yet, the Slums had trained Khan's throat thoroughly, so he gulped down without complaining.

"[You need to finish it in the next hour]," The doctor warned. "[Once you do, come get a refill]."

"[Is it for my internal injuries]?" Khan asked, even if his body was already replying. The liquid was hot, but its effects were chilling. His abdomen grew colder while the medicine's effects spread.

"[Yes]," Another doctor replied. "[It will restore your strength, too]."

Khan didn't bother to nod but proceeded to take another big sip. His urges made him hate that temporary weakness, so he wanted to recover as quickly as possible.

The doctors ran their scanners over Khan again, but the door on the other side of the hall suddenly opened, showing Onp's huge frame. The Thilku had already crossed his arms in anger, and a cold, hoarse voice accompanied his arrival.

"[Captain Khan]," Onp called, "[Come with me]."

Khan didn't even try to refuse the order. He stepped forward, crossing the doctors to reach the other side of the hall. His slow walk annoyed Onp, but he didn't say anything and waited for Khan to get to him.

Onp turned to leave as soon as Khan reached him, and the two crossed the corridor and the control room after it to get into the small room seen before.

Khan instinctively stopped before the table and inspected his surroundings while Onp walked to the other side. That distracted behavior added fuel to Onp's anger, but that was a misunderstanding. Khan was extremely focused, just not on the Thilku.

The privacy of that small room allowed Khan to perform tests that involved the synthetic mana. His presence was too heavy for that energy, but the symphony still changed. Adding his own mana quickened the process, making his immediate surroundings fall under his control in mere seconds.

Khan's control continued to expand as his concentration remained strong, but Onp couldn't stay silent anymore. He slammed his huge hands on the table, and loud words followed.

"[Captain Khan]!" Onp shouted. "[Who authorized your departure from the battlefield]?"

That shout affected the expansion of Khan's control. Onp was a fourth-level warrior, and his feelings naturally carried a weight that hindered the effects of Khan's presence.

Khan noted down those events while looking at Onp. His pressure fell on the Thilku, which instantly surprised him. He had seen Khan mere hours ago, but his presence had completely changed.

Nevertheless, Onp was no ordinary Thilku. His mind carried years of experience dealing with similarly powerful or stronger soldiers. Khan's transformation was shocking, but Onp couldn't experience fear.

"[I did]," Khan explained.

"[You don't have that authority]," Onp scolded. "[I thought you wanted the Empire to treat you like an ordinary soldier]."

"[I was wrong]," Khan admitted. "[I'm no ordinary soldier]."

The arrogant claim didn't make Onp falter. Truth be told, Khan was right. His very presence in the building proved that. The Thilku would have never accepted a human among them if he were ordinary.

However, the issue remained. Khan had disobeyed orders, which Onp simply couldn't accept. Khan following his own desires was an insult to the Thilku's authority and pride.

"[You will leave as soon as the day ends]," Onp scoffed, fixing his gaze on the desk to tinker with its runes. "[Your cooperation with the Empire ends here]."

"[No]," Khan promptly stated, making Onp's head snap back up.

"[No]?" Onp questioned, using the entirety of his self-restraint to control his anger.

"[No]," Khan repeated. "[I'll stay here and call more beasts until both the Empire and myself are satisfied with the results]."

"[Who do you think you are]?" Onp growled, leaving his spot to approach Khan. "[When did you start believing you could make decisions for the Empire]?"

"[I'm sorry for my past behavior]," Khan declared. "[I'm too strong to have no authority]."

Onp struggled to believe his ears. Part of him even thought Khan was playing with him, but one look at his intense eyes removed any doubt. Khan was deadly serious and truly believed his words.

That became a problem. Khan's firm belief almost made him a criminal in Onp's eyes. That behavior wasn't only unacceptable from someone inside his building. It also required suitable punishments.

"[Did you check the scanners yet]?" Khan continued, knowing what was happening inside Onp's mind. "[We can have this conversation after you do]."

"[What are you implying]?" Onp asked.

"[Check the battle]," Khan pressed on.

Onp lost it. That request sounded like an order, which was beyond unacceptable. In Onp's eyes, Khan had just turned into a criminal, giving him the authority to execute him.

Onp's huge arm shot upward before starting to descend. The Thilku was ready to kill Khan on the spot, but a beeping noise suddenly came out from the desk, interrupting the attack.

The beeping noise didn't come on its own. The desk began to release more sounds, filling its surface with notifications. Tens of reports had arrived in those seconds, triggering Onp's curiosity.

Onp's glanced at the desk before looking at Khan again. He had just tried to kill him, but he didn't even blink. Khan had remained still, but his expression didn't convey any helplessness. His face was the embodiment of confidence, which slightly scared Onp. Khan seemed to believe he could face a fourth-level warrior, and his eyes carried no delusion.

The surprising scene didn't make Onp forget his duties. He approached the interactive desk, unlocking the reports to read them. His mana shook and changed as knowledge flowed into his mind, and surprised eyes fell on Khan after going through half of that info.

"[Captain Khan]," Onp called, his tone still cold. "[What is your goal with the Empire]?"

"[I want your capes]," Khan bluntly said, angering Onp again.

Chapter 615 Twenty

Khan brought the container to his mouth while Onp processed that absurd request. The slimy dark liquid ran down his throat, but his gaze at Onp never wavered, and the Thilku stared back at him.

"[In the Empire's long history]," Onp announced, doing his best to remain calm, "[No one has ever dared to request our capes]."

Khan was aware of that detail. The Thilku's capes weren't something different species could ask. The Empire itself had to offer them when it found a deserving ally.

Nevertheless, that wasn't exactly a rule, and Khan was in no mood for compromises. He wanted the Thilku's capes for personal reasons, so he just asked for one.

"[I know]," Khan said once he lowered the container, "[But I just did]."

Onp was struggling to keep track of the situation. Khan's behavior was unacceptable, but the reports that had arrived forced him to stay calm. Onp didn't even read all of them, but that was enough to make him hesitate.

In a different situation, Onp would have kicked Khan out anyway. After all, no one could disrespect the Thilku in their own home. They valued pride too much to let that insult go unpunished.

Khan would have normally suffered from the same fate, but the reports were unreal, to say the least. A rough estimate of Khan's achievements had landed on the interactive desk, and Onp didn't know how anyone could believe it.

According to the reports, Khan had almost single-handedly taken care of all the intelligent specimens in the enemy army. His relentless slaughter of the weaker troops had also preserved many soldiers' lives, which Onp couldn't ignore.

Moreover, Khan had killed a mutated Thilku, which was no small matter. That feat didn't only prove his power. It was also important for the Empire since it removed some of the stains Cegnore had left on its pride.

Onp didn't forget about the validity of Khan's claims either. He could really summon the monsters. His voice was a priceless tool the Thilku could use to win that war.

The feats far outweighed the seriousness of that superficial disrespect, and Onp didn't know how to deal with it. Showing weakness wasn't an option, but his mouth threatened to open in shock whenever he glanced at the reports under him.

"[Just use me]," Khan scoffed, sensing Onp's internal conflict. "[Don't be shy about that]."

"[Ah]!" Onp exclaimed in annoyance, believing Khan was taunting him. Yet, looking at him revealed a different truth. He didn't care how the Empire employed him. He was ready to be a killing machine if that was what it wanted.

Humans would find sadness in that scene, but the Thilku were different. That straightforward desire to serve was praiseworthy in Onp's eyes, especially when coming from such a valuable soldier. He was starting to realize he was in front of the best third-level warrior he had ever met, and his very education told him to respect that strength.

"[The Thilku aren't shy]," Onp snorted, crossing his arms before his chest. He felt no awkwardness about his recent attempt to punish Khan but still didn't give in. The way he saw it, Khan had only earned the right to make his requests be heard.

"[You must want something, don't you]?" Khan continued, taking a break to drink from the bottle. "[You've read what I can do. I'm sure you can use me for your benefits]."

"[How would you know]?" Onp asked. "[You are an outsider]."

"[I can guess]," Khan replied, pointing a finger at Onp's forehead. "[Don't you want a crown]?"

Onp's mana shook for a second before a chilling sensation leaked out of his figure. He was still angry, but the topic had summoned a new level of seriousness. Becoming a Lord was no joking matter, especially for Thilku devoted to the Empire.

"[I'd be careful about your next words]," Onp warned. "[You saved many Thilku lives, so I'm giving you some leeway, but my patience is running thin]."

"[I mean no disrespect]," Khan said, shrugging his shoulders. "[I truly don't. I'm simply tired of politics]."

Onp was slightly inclined toward the political side of the spectrum but remained a Thilku to his core. If Khan wanted to talk like a simple soldier, he would allow it, at least for that meeting.

"[Why do you think I want to become a Lord]?" Onp questioned.

Khan sighed, showing his annoyance toward those games. The Empire was sensitive to talks of weaknesses, but they weren't a secret, especially for someone striving to become an Ambassador.

"[Cegnore is wasting a lot of the Empire's resources]," Khan said, refraining from using the word manpower. "[Solving this issue would be a big achievement. You are here, so the honor would be yours]."

"[I'm serving Lord Exr]," Onp stated. "[Don't mistake Thilku with humans]."

"[The Thilku are no strangers to ambition]," Khan responded. "[You wouldn't have agreed to use me in the first place otherwise]."

"[What if I have ambition]?" Onp snorted. "[It would be insulting to rely on anyone to fulfill it, especially a human]."

A fit of anger surged in Khan's mind. Onp's bias toward humans rekindled old memories. Khan still recalled what the Global Army was willing to do on Nitis, and his current state gave birth to an instinctive answer.

"[I'm no human]," Khan almost growled, turning to his left to spit on the floor.

Onp fell silent. He initially believed Khan's injuries had caused that powerful gesture, but that idea shattered when the two exchanged another stare. Khan knew exactly what his actions meant to the Thilku.

That wasn't exactly a smart move. The Thilku appreciated loyalty, so Khan risked losing Onp's respect. However, he couldn't change his feelings, and his reasons went beyond his physical appearance.

Khan's almost entire skillset was alien. His spells used human blueprints, but he cast them through the Niqols' theories. His martial arts came from the Global Army, but he had transformed them through his understanding of mana.

Even Khan's mindset wasn't human at all. He felt more and more deeply. The raging urges flowing through his thoughts proved that. He didn't like to be associated with the Nak, but the truth was undeniable. Each step forward put him farther away from his species.

The gesture began to make Onp lose trust in Khan. Yet, a silver lining existed. If Khan didn't see himself as a human, Onp wouldn't have to worry about potential betrayals meant to benefit the Global Army.

"[Why would I trust you?]" Onp asked, unable to get rid of that doubt.

"[Don't trust me]," Khan stated. "[Trust my strength]."

"[Your strength to do what?]" Onp wondered. "[Do you think you can clear the entire planet by yourself?]"

"[Actually]," Khan laughed, "[That would be ideal for me]."

"[Those beasts matched some of the best soldiers in the Empire]," Onp revealed. "[I told you to be careful about your words]."

"[They were true]," Khan declared. "[I'm the best third-level warrior that has ever existed. That applies to every species]."

The arrogant claim stopped sounding like an insult when Khan involved other species, and Onp struggled to refute it. Lying would be unbecoming, so Onp opted for a different approach.

"[You probably are]," Onp agreed. "[However, can I trust you?]"

"[No]," Khan firmly replied, "[But you can use me]."

"[To what extent?]" Onp questioned.

"[Until my body breaks]," Khan promised. "[Probably even beyond that]."

Politics, differences in species, and other superficial details vanished when that statement echoed in the room. Khan's presence conveyed his emotions, so Onp saw no lies in his words. The scene in his eyes was actually completely different.

It wasn't hard to guess Khan's goal. His blue hair was too eye-catching, and his scar was in the open. Even an idiot could connect the dots. Yet, Onp saw the depths of his resolve now, and the desire to smile tried to take control of his mind.

"[Fine, then]," Onp exclaimed, ambition filling his face. "[The Empire will go on the offensive now. Deliver what you can, or die trying]."

"[Gladly]," Khan chuckled, gulping down the remains of his medicine.

"[I'll give you a warning out of respect for your service to the Empire]," Onp continued. "[If your body breaks, I'll leave it in the dust]."

"[The weak will die]," Khan responded, his eyes bright with intensity, "[And the strong will thrive]."

"[We'll see if you are as strong as you claim to be]," Onp responded, "[Captain Khan]."

"[Don't forget the capes]," Khan casually said, lifting the container before approaching the exit. Onp didn't add anything, so Khan left, ending the meeting.

The political mistakes during the meeting crossed Khan's mind as he reviewed Onp's words. His stance wasn't very Ambassador-like, but Cegnore was a battlefield, and he was the strongest. Onp couldn't ignore him on the basis of his species.

Once those thoughts vanished, a different memory appeared. The battle against the mutated Thilku ran through Khan's vision, but his focus was on its words.

'What legacy was it talking about?' Khan wondered. 'What is there to inherit?'

Khan could feel it in his bones. He was getting closer to answers, and Onp had just cleared the troops for the offensive. More of Cegnore's secrets were bound to appear, and Khan inevitably thought about his initial plan.

'I should go MIA soon,' Khan decided, retrieving his phone from his underwear. He didn't want to do anything specific, but checking the date reminded him of a certain event. He had turned twenty.

Chapter 616 Simulations

Khan's mood made a hundred and eighty degrees turn at that realization. Suddenly, the battlefield and the meeting disappeared from his thoughts, and his mind played a scene that replaced his current urges with far different ones.

Love was one of Khan's strongest emotions, and experiencing it with his new mindset revealed how deeply it went. The promise with Monica popped into his mind, and realizing that he had broken it completely distracted him from his immediate problems.

'Dammit,' Khan cursed, storing his phone in his underwear. He initially wanted to go directly into his room, but the sight of the empty container reminded him of his injuries.

Luckily for Khan, finding a doctor was easy due to the almost empty state of the building. He only had to return to the main hall to get his second dose of the slimy medicine. The Thilku rechecked him with scanners but quickly let him go.

Khan hurried back to his room, throwing his knife on the bed before jumping next to it and drawing his phone. He had already forgotten about his deal with Onp. Only Monica existed for him now.

'Fuck,' Khan cursed again as soon as a picture of Monica filled the screen. He brought the device to his forehead while squeezing his eyes closed to endure his new urges. An unreasonable desire was flowing through him, and there was no suppressing it.

'Dammit,' Khan cursed for the third time, opening his eyes and slamming his back on the mattress. His body complained when his head hit the pillow, but he didn't mind it. His focus remained on the phone, and his fingers started a video before putting it beside his ear.

Khan had picked a random video but still lost himself in it. A voice he had learned to love invaded his ears, partially appeasing his new urge. Some satisfaction arrived, but his greed knew no end.

'I guess I asked for this,' Khan sighed. He knew exactly what was happening to him. Living with the chaos element had prepared him for that moment.

Khan's mana took different shapes once his emotions came into play, but the results were by no means complicated to understand. The unreasonable nature of his element led to a simple mindset. Khan wanted everything, and he wanted it now.

Retaining calm with Onp had been easier. After all, the Thilku's capes were nothing but a whim. Khan needed them to establish an undeniable alliance with the Empire and increase his political relevance, but they were nothing compared to his love.

'Why aren't you here?' Khan wondered, angry at the emptiness of his bed. He opened his eyes, ready to punch the wall, but the sight of the cracks stopped him. Still, the symphony had different plans.

The weight of Khan's presence depended on his will. The stronger his desire, the bigger the effects he could apply to the symphony. His love was speaking now, so the synthetic mana became an extension of his mind, and his glare at the wall turned into an attack.

The metal screeched as the synthetic mana tried to bend the many cracks' edges. Khan didn't add his energy to the environment, so the attack didn't move anything. Yet, it tried, which proved the power of his new state.

Khan promptly distracted himself, bringing his focus to the phone. Seeing Monica appeased him again, but he still groaned to express annoyance.

The unreasonable urge didn't make Khan go mental. That intense reaction had been a combination of a few events. His promise to Monica, the novelty of his state, and the current privacy had allowed him to let loose a bit, creating a nigh-childish attitude.

The violence of the urge quickly waned, but Khan's thoughts didn't move from the topic. He leaned on the damaged wall, holding the phone with both hands. He longed for Monica's touch, but the path back to her was long, and only one achievement could shorten it.

Coldness joined Khan's scorching feelings, creating a mixture that couldn't theoretically exist. He still wanted to get to Monica but wasn't crazy enough to forsake the mission, especially since Cegnore had something linked to the only feeling stronger than his love.

'The Thilku are too slow,' Khan thought, his eyes fixed on his phone. 'As soon as I get the chance, I must leave.'

The deal about the Thilku's capes would vanish if Khan went MIA to investigate on his own, but he didn't care. A single person was faster than an army, and he had his mana core. He had a better chance of finding Cegnore's secrets on his own.

The plan formed quickly. Khan wanted to perform more tests to see if his voice could attract different opponents. However, after that, he would have to look for an opportunity, which his deal with Onp would eventually provide.

'The scanners can't be easy to move,' Khan considered, 'Especially the long-range ones. If I push the frontlines forward too quickly, the building won't be able to keep up.'

Resolve shone in Khan's eyes as that decision solidified. He knew what he had to do and found no reason to hesitate. His mana didn't like cheap imitations anyway, so he looked forward to letting loose on the battlefield again.

That deadly coldness slightly stepped aside when Khan brought his phone to his forehead. The video was still going, but he stopped looking at it to rub his face on the screen.

'I told you I would have never made it back so soon,' Khan sighed. 'Such a silly girl.'

Khan temporarily closed the video and put the phone away to straighten his back. He grabbed the container to drink the medicine before leaving it on the mattress. He knew he had to meditate, but something else took priority.

The meeting with Onp had proven what Khan had already understood on the battlefield. He couldn't return to who he was, and that transformation was bound to affect all aspects of his life.

'I can't hold back anymore,' Khan thought before a reaction in his mana reminded him of the actual truth. 'I won't hold back anymore.'

The change wasn't an obligation or an unstoppable instinct. Khan had merely decided to show his true colors all the time, and they couldn't go back into hiding anymore. He was finally whole.

That decision was good for Khan's battle prowess since it unlocked an immense field of abilities. However, his political flexibility was bound to suffer from his uncompromising stances. Cegnore wasn't a problem since it was a battlefield at its core, but the inevitable return to the Harbor could be troublesome.

'I'd be surprised if someone dared to go against me,' Khan snorted. 'Well, if they try anything funny, I'll just make a mess.'

That partial lack of worries felt liberating. Khan didn't ignore the dangers of the political world, but his approach to them would be different. He was ready to turn his performance during Francis' arrival into his starting point and go far beyond that.

That new approach might have been problematic in the past, but Khan's status granted him far more freedom now. He had the public support of many influential parties, so showing his unreasonable sides wouldn't hurt him. Chances were that the Harbor wouldn't even give him the opportunity to go crazy.

'That leaves the aliens,' Khan thought, instinctively glancing at the room's entrance.

·c0m The Ambassador's job required flexibility. Khan wouldn't always be on battlefields, so many parties might see rudeness in his firm stances, especially during political meetings. He needed to appear kinder in certain situations, and more than a few species might not deserve it.

Khan tilted his head in confusion. He lightly bumped it on the wall behind him while doubts invaded his mind. He knew he wouldn't rely on pretenses from now on, but the matter didn't even bother him too much.

'I just don't care, do I?' Khan wondered. 'I guess it depends on the species.'

Khan had no biases, but some traditions were hard to ignore. He had learned to respect Lord Exr's perspective after their talk, but things would be different from now on. He would have probably snapped at him for killing the prisoners in his current state.

'Though,' Khan realized, 'I would have also faced him differently. I probably wouldn't have left the station.'

Khan wasn't looking for actual answers. He was merely running simulations to prepare for the problems his new mindset could cause. He wasn't too worried about what he liked since his positive sides didn't disappear, but what he disliked would have to face his darkness now.

'It always comes down to power,' Khan sighed. 'I'm covered politically, and third-level warriors stronger than me can't exist, but that might not be enough.'

As Khan climbed the political ladder, he began to interact with stronger and more influential soldiers. Politics wouldn't always protect him, especially when he was in the wrong, so his personal power needed to be his first shield.

Khan opened his hands and looked at them. He saw the power running through them and the changed synthetic mana in their surroundings. There was nothing human about that scene, but Khan didn't worry. His thoughts were on far more exciting topics.

'Can I beat a fourth-level warrior now?' Khan wondered as another urge flared inside him. He knew how stupid the idea was, but part of him wanted to test it. After all, power was meant to be unleashed, and the chaos element didn't know how to stay put.

Chapter 617 Respect

The medicine did wonders for Khan's condition. His internal injuries stabilized in a matter of days before healing completely by the next week's weekend.

Khan's injured state wasn't a secret, so the building avoided deploying him during his recovery. It also held back from doing anything reckless since reinforcements were needed. Onp was actually ready to lose some ground, but Cegnore sent far fewer monsters in the nights after the big battle, making that period easier to endure.

That relative peace created a more relaxed atmosphere, but the main hall turned silent whenever Khan joined the feasts. He still sat and ate with his team, but the past friendliness never returned. He didn't do anything special, but his companions couldn't treat him in the same way as before.

Confirming the power of Khan's voice wasn't the only issue. He had also shown overwhelming battle prowess and the will to disobey orders. The Thilku were stuck between awe and worry whenever he was around, leaving no room for social interactions.

Part of Khan wanted to delve into a celebratory mood, but he respected his companions enough to avoid forcing their hands. Moreover, his improving health drew Onp's plan close, making him focus on perfecting his new techniques.

The inevitable change happened a day after Khan fully recovered. He had limited the interactions with his team until then, and his companions had done the same. Yet, a few hours before the night, a call reached his room, forcing him to come out.

Khan appeared in the corridor, already geared for the battle. He had donned his military uniform and a new sheath provided by the building. His knife was inside, so he didn't need anything else.

Naoo was waiting for Khan in the corridor, but her mana faltered when their eyes met. That instinctive reaction had become the norm due to the intensity filling Khan's gaze, and the event never stopped angering her.

"[We have new orders]," Naoo announced, instinctively hiding her anger to avoid setting Khan off. "[We must depart now]."

The fact that Khan's passive pressure could force Naoo to show some respect was the best proof of his new status. He felt slightly sad about that huge wall between them, but pride also arrived. Even if Khan preferred a more friendly environment, his mana cheered at that silent recognition.

Questions didn't have the time to appear since Khan's mindset went battle-ready. He nodded before fixing his gaze ahead and marching forward. He didn't wait for Naoo, but she promptly moved to lead the way.

The second corridor was strangely empty, but the reason for that became clear once the two entered the main hall. Many troops already arranged into multiple teams were waiting in the area, leaving a large path open for Khan and Naoo.

The general atmosphere didn't change in those days. Khan sensed awe and worry among the many glances at his figure. Still, a newfound resolve had joined them. The soldiers knew a big battle was imminent and were ready to fight it.

Naoo didn't stop at the teams. She strode forward, aiming directly for the main gate, and Khan followed her. The two quickly entered the decontamination area, and a surprising scene unfolded once the process was over.

Hordes of soldiers stretched past the trench, creating a sea of red capes that hid the horizon. An army of third-level warriors that Khan didn't see in past battles had filled the immense plain, showing how much the Empire was willing to invest in the planet.

Moreover, two three-story-tall nigh-spherical machines stood at the building's sides, walking on four metal legs that put a few meters between their bases and the ground. Their shapes reminded Khan of the bomb, but the runes on their various flat surfaces hinted at far different purposes.

The army and the machines advanced simultaneously, but the latter were slower and sent faint red beams at the ground, scanning its composition. Reaching the trench brightened their glow, which memorized the channel's structure and taught those robots how to replicate it.

Khan was obviously unaware of those details, but reading the runes and inspecting the machines' behavior brought clarity. Those robots were probably excavators meant to dig the next trench. The Empire was ready to advance, and he was the key aspect of that plan.

'Can they scan their surroundings?' Khan casually wondered. The scanners of mere excavators couldn't have much range, but underestimating technology never ended well.

·c0m That doubt was short-lived since more pressing matters arrived. Naoo didn't stop before that huge deployment and led Khan past the trench, walking far faster than the other troops. They were probably meant to be on the frontlines, and their pace eventually attracted the soldiers' attention.

The heavy seriousness of the area temporarily faltered as curiosity and other emotions flared. Naoo wasn't a problem, but most Thilku had never seen Khan. Still, they had been briefed about the mission and him, which led to different reactions.

Most Thilku were curious about Khan. They had received reports and heard rumors, but it was hard to evaluate someone's strength from a simple inspection, especially from far away.

Those who happened to be nearby could experience instinctive reactions caused by Khan's heavy presence. However, they were hard to put into words or understand. A few Thilku even blamed Khan's element or blue hair to avoid considering fear or similar feelings.

Instead, other Thilku openly mocked Khan, spreading murmurs or proper shouts that involved his stature or other physical aspects. Humans were far smaller than the Thilku in the end, so it made sense to question the validity of Khan's feats from that scene alone.

Khan noticed everything and changed direction as soon as urges popped into his brain. He quickened his pace, crossing Naoo to show where he was going. He was still walking toward the frontlines, but a specific group of Thilku ended on his path now.

The Thilku were already looking at Khan, and broad smiles appeared on their faces when he approached them. There were five of them in the area, and most had been the source of mocking comments. Those aliens had also laughed loudly, which had triggered Khan's urges.

"[Move]," Khan announced as soon as he stopped before the group of Thilku. In theory, everyone there was advancing, but those aliens also halted their steps at his arrival.

The sudden request made the Thilku directly in front of Khan inspect his surroundings. Khan could easily walk around them, but his unwavering face revealed his intentions. His actions were a statement meant for the entire army.

"[The human doesn't know how to walk]," The Thilku before Khan laughed while searching for his companions' approval. "[What should I tell him]?"

Naoo was right behind Khan, and her first instinct was to defuse the situation. As much as she didn't like Khan's actions, the current plan had him at its center. She would normally side with her companions, but her orders prevented her from doing so.

Still, another instinct arrived when Naoo looked at Khan's back. The sight of that small figure silenced any word in her throat. She couldn't speak, and the fear of what would happen if she intervened froze her.

"[You move because I ask so]," Khan calmly added, his gaze fixed on the first Thilku.

The group tried to laugh again, but Khan's eyes were magnetic. They attracted the Thilku's gazes, forcing them to lose themselves in those azure irises. The aliens didn't have Khan's senses, but their minds became able to read his thoughts, and their instincts did the rest.

Most animals knew when to run and fight. That behavior was a core part of their survival instincts, and intelligent species were no strangers to that trait. Actually, in some cases, mana enhanced it, especially when it came to soldiers who knew the struggles of the battlefield.

The Thilku didn't know why, but sweat began to accumulate on their wrinkled foreheads. Something told them that refusing Khan would lead to their deaths. That wasn't even a mere possibility. Khan's eyes clearly stated the depth of that certainty.

Before anyone could realize that, the Thilku stepped aside, opening the way for Khan. He walked right among them, slowing down his pace on purpose to convey the difference in their statuses. He was far beyond everyone else, and it was time for the world to learn that.

Naoo could only follow Khan, also walking among her companions. She didn't refrain from looking at them, and helplessness invaded her mind when she noticed those sweaty faces. She knew exactly what had happened to the Thilku, and blaming them wasn't an option. Khan truly was terrifying.

The murmurs continued, but the event eliminated any possible insult. No one dared to shout mocking comments anymore and moved away whenever Khan happened to be on their path. It was demeaning for an entire army to respect a fellow third-level warrior so much, but the matter wasn't rational. There was no reasoning with a monster.

Chapter 618 Overwhelming

Khan's uncompromising behavior set the army's hierarchy straight. No one loudly declared it, but everyone knew. Khan was the strongest and most important piece of the battlefield.

Naoo and Khan continued that domineering advance until they crossed all the soldiers. Naoo retook the lead, walking until the two reached the appointed location. The Thilku had to gain ground that day, so their starting point was beyond the gorge the previous big battle created.

The army slowly accumulated behind Khan and Naoo while the entire area darkened. The night was arriving, clearing doubts Khan didn't need to question anymore. The previous call had happened during the afternoon to limit the number of opponents, but the Empire was ready to go all-out now.

Troops eventually filled the front. Khan found Naoo's team at his sides, but his eyes remained on the horizon. He focused on the call echoing from his mana core, trying to pinpoint an actual direction. However, things were still too unclear.

'Am I too far away?' Khan wondered before his gaze fell to the ground.

There was a high chance Cegnore hid its secrets in its underground world. Khan didn't know the exact depths of that environment, but that could be the reason behind the lack of clarity.

'I might need to dig rather than advance,' Khan considered, but the huge deployment eventually distracted him. The Empire had sent four thousand Thilku forward at that time, seemingly expecting to face a bigger army.

Those expectations weren't wrong. Khan had planned to push his call deeper into Cegnore with his new skills, and the matter reminded him of a specific topic. There would definitely be mutated Thilku again, and the gap in his knowledge began to feel annoying.

"[Say]," Khan suddenly announced, turning all the eyes in his surroundings on him. "[You never explained why you are going easy on the monsters]."

Khan didn't mention any name, but Naoo knew the question was for her. She inspected Khan, but he didn't reply to her gaze. He kept staring at the horizon, unfazed by that general attention.

"[That's Thilku's business]," Naoo snorted, crossing her arms to express her defensiveness about the topic.

"[I'm curious]," Khan replied, finally looking at Naoo. "[I see your respect during the fights. I want to know it, too]."

Khan was expressing his true feelings. As merciless and harsh the Thilku could be, they still respected the wishes of companions that had long since lost their minds. Moreover, none of them complained. Each soldier was willing to fight and die to stick to the Empire's pride.

Naoo didn't want to share those secrets, but Khan's curiosity and faint praise had been genuine. He had worn the mantle of an unreasonable monster just a few minutes ago, but humility had replaced it now.

"[The commander sent to colonize Cegnore was Lord Exr's friend]," Naoo explained. "[He served well, too. It would be demeaning for the Empire to forsake his dying wish]."

'He's connected to Lord Exr,' Khan understood, moving to a different question. "[Does Lord Exr have special orders in case we meet him]?"

"[We must kill him]," Naoo scoffed. "[That's all]."

The cold remark toward someone the Empire respected so much could leave humans speechless, but not Khan. That was the Thilku way, and Khan accepted it. He didn't approve of it in its entirety, but it carried a certain type of beauty a soldier could recognize.

"[If he appears]," Khan exclaimed, bringing his gaze back to the horizon, "[I'll kill him]."

Khan's boldness kept the attention on him, but no one complained. The Thilku in his surroundings didn't only agree with Naoo's decision to share that info. They also knew Khan was their best shot at killing the commander.

The lack of orders and clearance forced the massive army to remain still. The troops exchanged murmurs, prepared battle stances, or waited for Cegnore's star to set. Even Khan could understand the night was a key element of today's plan, so he remained silent, waiting for its arrival.

As darkness unfolded, a red halo enveloped the army and stretched past it. The Thilku had parked vehicles near the gorge, allowing them to illuminate the area. The building probably had better tools, but the Thilku didn't want to rely on technology to win their battles.

Once the night fully descended, Naoo exchanged nods with the other team leaders at the frontlines before looking at Khan. The latter understood the meaning of that silent gesture, so he lifted his hand and released a flare of mana that grew toward the sky.

That display of power was different from what the Thilku had witnessed before, and Khan was in the same situation. That was his first time trying that technique, but the theory was on his side, so he didn't hesitate.

The flare of harmless mana affected the symphony, turning it into an extension of Khan's mind. The world became ready for his orders, and he retracted his energy before blowing on his palm.

Once the mana disappeared, the Thilku became unable to see the effects of Khan's technique. They had no way of noticing the bigger gale forming before them. Khan had merely used his presence to create a more powerful call, and chances were it would reach deeper areas of the planet.

Khan closed his eyes after the call flew into the distance. He couldn't do anything more than that, so he focused on meditating. Instead, his surroundings experienced very opposite reactions. Khan's relaxed mood told the Thilku the bait was set, so the battle was upon them.

A silent hour had to pass before familiar tremors took control of the ground. An earthquake unfolded, warning the army that their opponents were coming.

The event had different forms in Khan's eyes. He didn't only see the changes in the symphony. He also spotted the brighter shades among the distant mess of colors. He had already met some of them, so he could instantly recognize the structure of the incoming army.

Soon, patches of azure fur stepped into the area illuminated by the red halo, showing their true form. A sea of monsters advanced rhythmically, kept under control by the thirty humanoid wolves behind them. The enemy army was far bigger at that time, but the threats weren't over.

Two huge figures towered from behind the sea of fur. Cegnore had sent two mutated Thilku forward after Khan's call, and their tall frames allowed everyone to notice them. Their sight was almost scary, but many soldiers instinctively looked in Khan's direction. Something told them he would be their opponent.

"[Do we have to wait for them to be ready]?" Khan wondered, his desire to fight intensifying as the enemy army continued to advance.

"[The enemy is facing us head-on]," Nao0 stated. "[The Thilku won't shame themselves into launching a pre-emptive strike]."

Khan understood the reasoning behind that statement, but the issue remained. Many Thilku would die if they gave the monster army the time to prepare. Nao0 and the others were basically willing to risk their lives to stick to their pride.

"[I'm no Thilku]," Khan declared, shooting into the sky to fly past the red halo's edges.

Gasps resounded among the Thilku standing in Khan's previous position. His sudden disappearance could mean only one thing, and their gazes instinctively moved to the monster army. They knew what was coming, and the purple-red explosion that unfolded behind the Tainted animals proved them right.

"[Charge]!" Nao0 cried as soon as the explosion rang, and battle cries followed. Khan had already gone against their pride, so there was no point in holding back.

Khan had used his top speed to fly through the dark sky and cross the enemy army, placing himself above the two mutated Thilku managing it. No one could follow his movements since he was too far away from the ground, but things changed once he started to descend.

The full-speed dive made the two mutated Thilku lift their heads, but Khan acted before they had the chance to seize the initiative. A spear materialized in his hand, and he threw it at his opponents to catch them by surprise.

The Thilku reacted as quickly as Khan's past opponent. The two mutated leaders opened their mouths at the sky as soon as they noticed the falling spear, and clicking cries escaped their throats as spells unfolded.

Two conical versions of the Wave spell shot upward, engulfing the spear and its following explosion. The chaos element brightened the area, suppressing the red halo and sending gales everywhere. A star had appeared in the middle of the night, and a figure flew past it.

An uneven mass of flares pierced the destructive force released by the Wave spells while depleting its energy. The defensive technique disappeared, revealing Khan's fuming figure. A few burns had appeared on his body, and the Thilku promptly moved their mouths toward him.

"Fall!" Khan ordered, and the Thilku immediately lost their balance, preventing them from pointing their spells at Khan. The Nele technique only created a small delay since the Thilku quickly straightened their backs, but Khan had already disappeared by then.

Khan materialized between the two mutated Thilku, who shut their mouths and waved their arms. However, the symphony trembled again, destabilizing their balance and draining power from those blows.

Purple-red light flashed in the next second. Multiple attacks happened in an instant, creating a shocking scene. Khan had his left foot pointed at one Thilku's arm, blocking its advance. He had also bent forward, dodging the second attack. He was basically trapped in that situation, but one of the aliens' heads suddenly fell.

The second Thilku had tried to deliver a descending blow only to miss Khan. Luckily, the knife didn't aim at its head, but it still found two fingers pointed at its right eye. The [Blood Shield] had covered them, but blood followed, preventing the alien from inspecting them any longer.

Chapter 619 Mana

Khan's assault had barely lasted a few seconds, but multiple techniques from different arts had shown their power in that short period.

The clash between the spear and the two Wave spells had created a dangerous area with uneven density. Some spots had less mana, and Khan had flowed through them, relying on the full power of his senses.

Maban's technique improved Khan's speed throughout the flight. That was a specific application of the Nele's arts, and diving into the explosion didn't disperse it.

Speed alone couldn't protect Khan from the explosion, so he released his wild flares. That was an unrestrained expression of the nature of the chaos element he had achieved through his control, and he had the Niqols to thank for that.

Appearing in the open had left Khan exposed, but chaos had already filled the sky, granting him more power over his surroundings. He could unleash the fusion of the Niqols and Nele arts from that position, delaying the arrival of the Wave spells through his orders.

Landing between the mutated Thilku put Khan into another dangerous situation. Those aliens' physical strength was far above his, and they were also fast in melee combat. However, the mana helped Khan again, destabilizing the incoming blows and making him able to deal with them.

The symphony told Khan exactly what to do. He bent forward and put enough strength in his left leg to dodge and block the enemy attacks. Meanwhile, both of his arms moved, delivering precise and deadly blows the mutated Thilku couldn't avoid.

Khan's arms carried similar purposes but differed in execution. The knife in his left hand glowed, performing an empowered version of the Divine Reaper that cut a Thilku's neck from side to side.

As for the right hand, Khan reinforced two fingers with the [Blood Shield] before performing a thrusting motion. He skipped part of the Divine Reaper's theory and focused only on applying its effects on the natural mana. That created a weaker version of his martial art, but the eyes were defenseless organs, so even something incomplete could hurt them.

The result of that short clash proved Khan's battle superiority. One mutated Thilku lost his head, while the other saw its right eye explode. The technique failed to dig into its skull, but the alien retreated nonetheless.

Khan felt on fire as he watched his remaining opponent staggering backward. He didn't only rely on his new power to achieve that result. He had alternated between flowing and intense wills, using extreme and opposite aspects of his skillset to maximize his prowess.

The outcome of that rotation had been overwhelming. The two mutated Thilku never got the chance to injure Khan seriously, and one had died before uttering any word. The exchange had confirmed that Khan was on the right path.

'I don't have to choose one extreme,' Khan thought, letting the Thilku retreat. 'I can be both. I can be everything.'

The unreasonable greed and desire filling Khan's mind intensified his presence, spreading his influence in his surroundings. The area was still neutral, but that was slowly changing.

The mutated Thilku quickly restored its balance, lowering its arms and ignoring the damage to its right eye. The alien didn't show any suffering, and a broad smile eventually appeared on its face.

"[A strong host]," The Thilku exclaimed, showing its sharp canines.

Khan snorted, stepping toward the mutated Thilku and ignoring its statement to ask a question. "[What's the Nak's legacy]?"

The question didn't reach the Thilku, who spoke words unrelated to the topic. "[You have your mind]."

Khan recognized that pattern and stopped throwing questions. The mana in the environment flowed toward his legs, generating a sprint that surpassed his physical limits. No third-level warrior could keep up with his speed, but the mutated Thilku was unique.

Those specimens had already proven themselves to be faster than Khan in melee combat, so he felt no surprise seeing the Thilku half-turning. The alien wasn't only reacting to the sprint. It was also preparing a counterattack.

Nevertheless, as fast as those reactions were, Khan still managed to be one step ahead. The mana inside and outside the Thilku was simply too easy to read, revealing its moves and allowing Khan to flow accordingly.

The Thilku stretched a finger and released a beam, but Khan appeared on its trajectory before it could cross its first meter. Khan also swung his knife, cutting through the spell and sending its effects forward.

The beam split in half, and the finger behind it suffered the same fate. The cut stopped at the knuckle but still created a window Khan could exploit.

Khan dived past the huge stretched arm, aiming for the muscular chest. The Thilku showed its fast reactions once again, targeting Khan's head with its other palm. The attack would smash his cranium before he could swing his knife, but the symphony had already warned him about that.

A bright purple-red glow suddenly filled the Thilku's vision, blinding its remaining eye. The alien recovered quickly and completed the attack, but its palm hit nothing but air. Checking its surroundings didn't help either due to the blind spot to its right.

The mutated Thilku had heightened senses, but they failed to update it in time. A piercing pain suddenly spread from its right leg, but turning toward it didn't reveal anything. The alien could only see that a long cut had severed its limb from its thigh.

Khan didn't do anything special. He had released flares of mana to distract the Thilku before exploiting its blind spot. The alien's quick reactions were useless as long as Khan remained one step ahead, so his swings always took it by surprise.

The Thilku continued to turn until its senses finally matched Khan's speed. It abruptly swung its left arm, but its elbow split right before its eye.

Khan became visible as the limb's two halves separated, and the mutated Thilku didn't hesitate to lunge at him with its right arm. However, Khan ducked before the attack started, sweeping the alien's remaining leg.

The Thilku's physical strength was terrifying, but missing a leg affected its balance. The sweep made it fall, and a figure jumped past it, targeting its right arm. The alien only saw a purple-red flash before that limb also flew away.

The ground threatened to shatter when the huge alien crashed on it. Khan worsened that by landing on its throat, opening cracks around its body. Still, the surface held firm, keeping the Thilku's maimed figure in the middle of the scarlet halo.

The mutated Thilku was basically powerless. Khan had cut both its arms and a leg, making its fast reactions pointless. The alien still had its mana, but Khan was ready to match it.

However, no matter how harsh the situation was, the Thilku continued to smile. Its grin didn't falter even after suffering such heavy injuries. The alien didn't care about its life and only focused on Khan.

"[Where are the Nak]?" Khan asked, hoping the new situation would force the Thilku to hear his questions. "[What's their legacy]?"

"[A real host]," The Thilku growled, seemingly amused by that development, "[But clueless about his purpose]."

The mana flew toward Khan's legs without needing requests. He moved his weight on his left foot, stomping on the alien's throat.

"[What's the Nak's legacy]?" Khan repeated, refraining from squashing the Thilku's neck on the spot.

"[Mana]," The Thilku replied in a hoarse voice, "[Itself]."

A tinge of fanaticism joined the Thilku's expression, tampering with its words. The crazy claim sounded even crazier when spoken from that face. Khan could confirm that the alien truly believed that statement, but it wasn't much of an answer.

"[Find the Na-]," The Thilku began to add, but Khan swung his knife before it could finish the phrase. The attack cut the alien's head in half, killing it on the spot.

'Mana itself?' Khan wondered, translating those words into his mind while stepping off the corpse. 'The Nak embody mana, so there might be a connection.'

Landing on the ground didn't stop Khan's thoughts. Past theories resurfaced and transformed according to that new information. He didn't know how trustworthy that mutated specimen was, but ignoring its words wasn't an option due to his overwhelming lack of clues.

'[The Nak granted you their power],' Khan recalled words his past opponent had spoken. 'Did the Nak only want to give Earth mana? Why would their legacy involve mana again, then?'

Hypotheses formed and shattered as Khan tried to sort out his thoughts. He was getting answers, but they were never enough. He still missed pieces of the puzzle, which seemed necessary to make sense of that conspiracy.

Khan instinctively gazed at the lands past the red halo. The answers could be in that direction, but it was too soon to leave. He still couldn't fly into the wilderness to explore the planet by himself.

The symphony behind Khan sent tempting sensations in the meantime, and he couldn't help but turn. His eyes shone at the sight of the immense battle, but one detail annoyed him. The humanoid wolves had remained in the backlines, ignoring him to send bullets into the sky.

Khan snorted, opening his mouth to release a clicking cry. His voice spread through the symphony, reaching the humanoid wolves and conveying his meanings.

Those beasts' mana shook upon hearing that open challenge. Khan had basically ordered them to fight, and they didn't ignore him. Their paws left the ground as they straightened their backs and turned, pointing their blank faces at Khan.

Chapter 620 Strongest

Onp didn't make the same mistake as the last time. During Khan's first call, he had left the scanners to the scientists, planning to review the footage later, leading to him losing face in the following meeting.

Instead, now, Onp decided to inspect every second of the battle in real-time. The new frontline was still within the building's range, so distance wasn't a problem. Yet, the scenes that reached him made him wonder whether his eyes were lying to him.

The building's scanners recorded the entirety of the battlefield, but Onp focused only on those pointed at Khan. He also changed their settings to get a better view of his actions, and his thoughts soon vanished, replaced by a simple question.

[How]?

Onp was an experienced soldier. He was more inclined toward the political side, but that didn't take anything away from his feats. He had fought. He had served the Empire on many battlefields, but his mind couldn't make sense of the footage.

Moreover, Onp knew Cegnore well. He had studied its threats long before taking control of the building. He had also matched that knowledge with footage acquired on-site, which told him exactly how strong the monsters, the humanoid wolves, and the mutated Thilku were.

Onp even knew a lot about humans. The Empire's archives had piles of data about those allies, listing every flaw, quality, and more. Onp had studied all that, but watching Khan still gave birth to that simple question.

[How]?

How could a human move so fast? How could a soldier kill so effortlessly? How could anyone fight so many powerful enemies simultaneously and win?

Onp couldn't answer those questions, and his doubts only increased as the scanners continued to show surprising scenes. Those machines also kept track of the mana waves, but that did little to clarify his confusion.

The mutated Thilku were stronger and faster than Khan in melee combat, but he easily stopped their blows. Approaching them frontally was a suicidal move, but Khan overcame those bad odds, gaining an overwhelming victory.

As for how Khan achieved that, Onp didn't know. The mutated Thilku could react to Khan's attacks, but he was always one step ahead, making that speed useless. Besides, his knife was deadly, cutting through any protection.

Beings that would have taken an entire team to defeat fell in a matter of seconds, and Khan even played with them toward the end. However, he wasn't done yet, and Onp almost stood up when he saw him going after the humanoid wolves.

Onp could overlook that the humanoid wolves reacted to Khan's voice, but what came afterward finally made him leave his seat. The following scenes prevented him from blinking, intensifying the loud question that had filled his mind.

The humanoid wolves weren't as strong or fast as the mutated Thilku, but their battle prowess was no joke. Their beams were deadly, and their defensive spells could repel incredible attacks. Moreover, they wielded a tinge of intelligence, allowing them to cooperate.

However, nothing worked on Khan. He matched the beams' speed, and his flight pattern always prevented all the wolves from following him with their eyes.

Also, whenever the humanoid wolves were about to corner Khan, a heavy tremor swept the mana in the area, destabilizing the incoming attacks. Those moments created valuable windows Khan didn't fail to exploit, and the number of his opponents decreased whenever one of them happened.

As the battle continued, Khan's superiority became evident, but that didn't come from the fewer enemies. Half- and fully-formed spells began to appear in random places near the humanoid wolves, unleashing their might and distracting them long enough to seize their lives.

At times, the spells directly killed those creatures, and Khan didn't even bother to inspect the event. He slaughtered those monsters without deigning them with a single glance, but those small victories never appeased the intensity conveyed by his eyes.

Even after the battle against the humanoid wolves was over, Onp continued to review those scenes. He applied special filters, unique options, and more to study those exchanges from different perspectives, but his mind struggled to keep up.

An explanation eventually became evident. The scanners could check the mana in the environment, so Onp could see that the world had helped Khan. The air itself had become his weapon in that fight.

Nevertheless, that range and sheer power remained surprising. Onp had seen shamans. He had even checked records from the Empire's archives about those mysterious types of warriors, but Khan stood above anything he had read or seen. The world wasn't supposed to be that strong or influential, but the footage told him otherwise.

To add insult to injury, Khan remained a human. He had undergone mutations, but his species didn't technically change. He was also a mere third-level warrior, but his power crossed the boundaries of his status.

Onp couldn't refrain from falling back on his seat. He felt drained. Watching Khan fight destroyed the mental hierarchy of power built after serving for years. He couldn't see Khan as a third-level warrior, but the scanners weren't lying.

As hard as it was to accept the truth, Onp couldn't let himself remain bewildered. He focused on the scanners again and felt no surprise seeing Khan marching toward the remaining monsters. After everything he had seen, he was certain Khan would keep fighting.

That didn't only prove Khan's incredible stamina. It also added the final piece to an idea Onp had begun to think about since the beginning of his inspection. Khan was the strongest third-level warrior he had ever seen.

'[The Global Army has given birth to a monster],' Onp thought, calming his thoughts to focus on the issue at hand. '[The question is, how can he serve the Empire]?'

Onp quickly opened another menu on the control desk before him. A picture of Cegnore shot up in the form of holograms, displaying how little the Empire knew about the planet. The surface had long since been mapped, but most of the underground world remained unknown.

The Empire's lack of manpower had prevented a deeper exploration of the planet, but a solution was in sight. If Khan remained unstoppable, the Empire could save resources while pursuing its goals of colonizing Cegnore.

'[It's insulting to rely on a human],' Onp considered, '[But that's what he wants, and he has the strength to back up his requests].'

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Meanwhile, on the battlefield, Khan landed on the ground after the last humanoid wolf fell dead at his side. The air reeked of chaos due to the prolonged battle, and that smell invaded his nostrils, empowering the unreasonable urges running through his thoughts.

'Is there really no one who can stop me?' Khan wondered, gazing at the messy battlefield. His brain burned, but desire enveloped that sensation. He had learned to wield incredible power, but the world wasn't giving him an opponent capable of matching it.

'Maybe if I kill enough monsters, Cegnore will send someone worthwhile,' Khan considered, 'Maybe someone with actual answers.'

The desire to fight stemmed from the very power inside Khan. It wasn't unique to the chaos element either. He simply wanted a chance to use the strength he had painstakingly built over the years.

Still, the chaos element added urges of its own. It didn't only want to triumph against those weaker copies. Khan's desperation also turned into anger at the sight of so much Nak's presence. Cegnore was almost a breeding ground for Tainted animals, and Khan couldn't allow it to exist.

Strength ran through Khan's body. Relying on the symphony to fight set his brain on fire, but he was nowhere near exhausted, especially with the chaos element sending wild urges. He could still fight, and the sea of blue fur was within his reach.

Khan flew forward almost instinctively, diving directly into the enemy lines to unleash a slaughter only he was capable of. The death of the humanoid wolves had made the remaining monsters go wild, granting the Thilku army a stark advantage, and Khan's arrival deepened that feature.

The clash between the two armies didn't last long, but that period had been enough to fill the area with the chaos element. Khan found himself at home as soon as he landed among the monsters, and his new ability showed its full power once again.

The monsters felt as if they were trapped between two armies. On one side, the Thilku's organized and methodic offensive continued to push them back and create casualties. On the other, spells detonated in random areas, unleashing explosions that killed many specimens.

Anyone could see that the struggle was hopeless, but the monsters had long since fallen prey to their hunger, becoming mindless beasts that kept fighting until their last breath. That didn't take long to arrive because the Thilku and Khan attacked them from both sides, and the battle eventually ended.

As the dust created by the massive fight settled, the Thilku began to search for surviving opponents, but a figure ended up claiming their attention. A small human covered in blood stood on the opposite side of the new gorge created by the battle, and the scene at his feet kept those alien eyes fixed on him.

A sea of fur surrounded Khan. He stood in the middle of hundreds of corpses, but his gaze never lingered on them. He showed his back at the Thilku army while his eyes remained on the gorge's

edge, stretching past that channel to look at the dark horizon. Even that slaughter couldn't satisfy him.