



DESTROYER OF
VIZIMA

I dont own dragon ball

I dont own witcher

I don't own anything

This is a fanmade fanfic

Kyros' most recognizable feature is his eyes, which are a deep red, like fresh blood following an interrupted nosebleed. - Dandelion

SAIYAN INVASION 1

NOVIGRAD, 1252

Kyros is a violent creature. The more you appease him, the angrier he gets, and the angrier he gets, the more violent he becomes. His rage is legendary, but even more so his hatred for humanity and its weak willed leaders. He hates them all with an almost religious fervour.

He is not Yag or Tor or He who sits in the mountain. He is not a force for good.

The insane, nihilistic path he's chosen for himself means he'll continue to be a force of evil for as long as he lives. His thirst for revenge will see him become a true paragon of inhumanity.

Oxenfurt Scholar, Dmitri Nelidov

The city of Novigrad, ordinarily bustling with life during the day and night, lay in ruins. Most of the population had been killed, turned to dust, or fled in terror.

Space pods had crashed into buildings, and the streets were filled with fire and smoking rubble.

Brimstone and hellfire spewed from the wreckage, and the stench of death hung in the air.

But Kyros stood in their path, a black-clad figure who brandished a pair of blades that looked for all the world like silver and steel.

His eyes were pure red, and his nose seemed twisted, as though curved backwards. His mouth was twisted into a snarl that looked ferocious yet arrogant at the same time.

A platoon of Saiyan Warriors, tall, nearly seven feet, built upon the principles of strength, speed, and unyielding rage, made their charge.

Kyros stood before them, his blades gleaming from the hellfire, as he prepared to face this incoming onslaught of violence.

"Intruders, be prepared to die!" he snarled. "I'll tear out your hearts and feed them to the crows! I'll skewer your souls, and write my song of blood and death upon your corpses! You'll know fear, and you'll know pain, and you'll know death!"

Then, with speed that outstripped lightning, he sliced open an aggressors throat. There was a spray of crimson blood, like a fountain. Pirouetting on one foot, Kyros slashes open the chest of another Saiyan. Bones, blood, gore and organs scatter like leaves in the wind.

"I'll peel your skin off, one layer at a time, like a giant peach! I'll leave you as a wobbling mess of flesh and joints, so pitiful and pathetic you'll make me sick!"

Kyros slashed, the soldiers parrying. Kyros smashed, the soldiers blockading. Kyros whipped, the soldiers dodging. Kyros stabbed, the soldiers blocking.

"Argh! Who is this man?" one of the Saiyans asks.

"He's a demon! A hellish creature sent from the pits of perdition! He's an abomination! A monster! A vengeance-driven killing machine! He's the king of hate and anger! He's..."

Kyros slams his fist into his face, breaking his jaw and knocking out several teeth. He follows up with a brutal roundhouse kick to his side, breaking a few ribs and sending him to his knees.

"I am El Shaddai! The revelator of vengeance! The cleanser of sins! The herald of purity! The harbinger of pain! I'm the fixer of wrongs! I'm... I'm the alpha and the omega!"

The Saiyan attempts to stand, but falls back down, his face contorted in pain. Kyros slams his foot into the warrior's face, cracking his skull and killing him.

"Kyros the Witcher! Bane of kings! Hound of hell! Father of the shadows! Harbinger of terror! Reaper of men! Poet of war! Scourge of nations! Nightmare in black!"

Kyros moves with the speed of a shooting star. He swings his blade with insane-looking flexibility and accuracy. He dodges every attack, every swing, every blow.

The warriors advance, attacking with reckless abandon. Kyros finds a way to slip through every last one of their attacks. Every blow is a mistake. Every attack a miscalculation. Every parry a fluke. Kyros

is a whirlwind of blades, of blood, of violence, of hate and anger. He's a perfect storm of death and destruction. He's inhuman. A monster. A monstrosity of nature, a deity of the mortal world, a horrifying perversion. An artist could paint a thousand pictures of such a being and never hope to capture its essence. It is a being that should not exist. A being of pure chaotic hate and savagery. A being of unyielding wrath and vengeance. A being of unending bloodlust and battle-fury. It is a being of unrivalled skill, unmatched strength, and unparalleled brutality.

THE MONSTER SLAYER 1

VIZIMA, 3 DAYS AGO

It was said the witcher came from the north. He came on foot, conveying his loaded horse over his shoulder. It was late evening and the stalls were at that point shut, the road unfilled. It was hot yet the witcher had a dark coat tossed over his shoulders.

He carried his horse farther down the road to a modest bar, called The Fox. It was practically vacant. Overlooking the gazes of the peasants, the nobles and different occupants who cruised by, the witcher found a spot at a table in the corner.

As he removed his jacket people around him saw that he conveyed a sword—not something bizarre in itself, essentially every person in Vizima conveyed a weapon—yet nobody conveyed a blade tied to their back as though it were a bow or a quiver of arrows.

The witcher was a tall, well-muscled humanoid with pale, hairy skin. His face was angular and sharp, like a blade, with red incandescent eyes. His beard and hair were the same colour as coal. His boots, belt and chaps were all ebony.

The witcher requested some hot chocolate and drank it gradually, studying the room.

A blemished beanpole of a man who, from the second the outcast had entered had not taken his miserable eyes from him, got up and strode toward the witcher. Two of his partners rose behind him, close to two steps away.

"You Larion drifter," grated the scarred man, standing right close to the witcher. "We needn't bother with individuals like you in Vizima. This is a good town!"

"I am not a drifter," spat Kyros, "I am a witcher!"

"He can't hear you. His ears are brimming with crap," said one of the men with him, and the subsequent man clucked. Each of the three burst into giggling.

Kyros' face twitched.

"If you want to live," he snarled, "Get away from me."

"Or what? You'll kill us all?" chortled the scarred man. "Pfft! Do you think you can take all three of us?"

Kyros' hands twitched uncontrollably. His palms began to burn with the urge to shred flesh and bones. He could practically feel his mouth salivating with the taste of blood.

"I could take all of you," he said through gritted teeth, "If it comes to that."

The scarred man's grin widened.

"I have no doubt," he said, taking a step back and raising his hands in a placating manner, "I'm not here to cause trouble."

"Stay away from me," he warned once more, voice threatening to tear his vocal cords asunder.

"Or what?"

He unsheathes his steel blade and towers over the man and his friends, who step away in fear.

"Or this."

Kyros takes a swing at the man. His blade bites into the man's shoulder, slicing through muscle and gristle like it was butter. The scarred man screams in agony as blood spurts out and he collapses gracelessly to the ground.

The other two men step back, staring at the witcher in awe. Kyros keeps his sword poised to strike. One of them runs, but the other stays put and waits to see what the witcher will do.

Kyros brings his sword down on the second man's skull, splitting it open like a ripe melon. The man falls to the ground with a thud, blood and brains leaking out.

The two were lying on the floor, one motionless, the other writhing and convulsing in a dark, spreading puddle. A woman's hysterical scream vibrated in the air, piercing the ears as the innkeeper shuddered, caught his breath, and vomited.

Kyros noticed the rushing of the blood in his ears. He gritted his teeth and stood up, gripping his blade tightly in his hands.

He marched up to the innkeeper, who was cowering behind the counter, eyes wide.

"Do you want to join them?" Kyros asked in a low voice, baring his teeth.

The innkeeper quaked, and said nothing.

Three guards hurried into the bar with crashes and clanks.

"Freeze... What?!"

They looked closely at the carnage before them, stunned.

"Get out of the way, or taste my blade!" Kyros snarled at them, while he approached them.

The guards trembled in his presence, he scared them. He was a heartless, savage bastard.

The guards' weapons lowered in unison.

The tavern went deathly silent, for several moments.

"Take me to the Castellan," Kyros said. "Now. I want to speak with him."

THE MONSTER SLAYER 2

Castellan Velerad sat in his seat, a man of around fifty, with diminishing hair and a stern expression. He scratched his jaw. He didn't savour the possibility of being alone with that violent witcher. Finally he decided.

"Leave," he requested the guardsmen. "What's more, you, plunk down. Actually no, not there. Farther away, you don't mind."

"No." snarled the solid, scarred and pale witcher.

"Please, my great witcher," said the Castellan. "Plunk down. Would you like some chocolate milk? Or on the other hand some hot chocolate?"

"No." said the witcher.

"Fine. I'm Velerad, Castellan of Vizima," said Velerad, playing with a substantial mace lying on the table. "What's more, I'm listening. What do you need to say to me, you scoundrel, before you are tossed into the prison? Two murdered and an endeavoured spell-projecting; not terrible, not awful by any means. Men are skewered for such things in Vizima. Be that as it may, I'm simply a man, so I will hear you out, before you are executed. Talk."

Kyros took a full breath, and hauls a sheet of material out of his calfskin pack.

"My name is Kyros, of Larion."

"Is that so?" says Velerad, raising an eyebrow. "Well?"

"You nail this in cross-ways, in bars, is what's written here true?"

"Ah." Velerad snorted. "So that is it. And I didn't guess at once. Indeed, it's actual. It's endorsed by Foltest, King of Temeria, Pontar and Mahakam, which makes it valid. A decree is an announcement, witcher, however law will be law. and I deal with lawfulness in Vizima. I won't permit individuals to be murdered! Do you get it?"

Kyros laughs at him in a mirthless manner.

"Do you know what, Kyros? This," Velerad slapped the material "let it go. It's a serious matter. Many have failed as of now. This, my buddy, isn't equivalent to roughing up two or three miscreants."

Kyros strangles Velerad by the throat, his hand crushing the man's throat.

"I'm choking you to death, and there's no way around it," he rasps in a low gravelly voice.

"The ruler's declaration, mortal. Do you know the subtleties?"

Kyros drops Velerad and steps back. Velerad hacks and coughs. He takes a gander at Kyros, and Kyros' eyes gleam red.

"In the event that you demand, at that point tune in." Velerad drank some hot chocolate and and lowered his voice. "During the rule of old Medell, his dad, when our thoughtful lord was as yet a ruler, Foltest indicated us what he was able to do, and he was fit for an extraordinary arrangement. We trusted he would outgrow it. Yet, soon after his crowning ritual Foltest--"

Kyros clears his throat. "Give me the condensed version."

"Lord Foltest impregnated Adda, his sister, and she passed on conceiving an offspring. Her posterity turned into a striga seven years after the fact. An additional seven years after the fact, and Foltest is continually attempting to transform the striga back into his little girl, and is attempting to keep her from being killed. Every individual who comes to help her is slaughtered, and she stuffs herself prior to getting back to her coffin."

Kyros snickers. "That is ridiculous. In seven years, nobody has settled the matter?"

"Because the matter can't be settled. We have to come to terms with it, particularly Foltest, our benevolent and darling ruler, who will keep nailing these decrees up at intersections."

"And, witchers, human? Have they attempted?"

"There were a couple. Yet, when they heard that the striga wasn't to be slain, they generally shrugged and left. That is one reason why my regard for witchers has developed."

"That's nothing. It'll be all too easy for me."

"What, Kyros?"

"I will save the beast."

"Kyros, don't ruin my impression of witchers! This has been continuing for over seven years! The striga is polishing off up to fifty individuals every year. Goodness, my buddy, I trust in sorcery. I accept, to a limited degree, in the capacities of wizards and witchers. Adda brought forth a striga in light of the fact that she slept down with her sibling. That is reality, and no spell will help."

Kyros glares at the Castellan.

Velerad ignores this. "On the off chance that you truly do want to face the challenge, don't allow me to stop you. In any case, an expression of exhortation, say nothing to the lord regarding the threat of a mishap at work."

In a quick flash, Velerad's head is decapitated by a single sword blow by Kyros. Blood splatters across the parchment.

Kyros smiles. "Now then, to business."

THE MONSTER SLAYER 3

Foltest was lanky and wiry. He was under forty, the witcher thought. The king was perched on a dwarf-armchair carved from dark wood, his legs stretched out toward the hearth. The room was faintly illuminated by two candles, which gave it a warm, homely atmosphere.

"A witcher from Larion," said the king after the moment's silence which fell after Velerad's introduction. At any rate, the introduction of Velerad's headless corpse that Kyros was carrying over his shoulder.

"What brings you here?"

"I've heard about your problem, mortal. The striga."

The King waved a hand at Velerad.

"Velerad! Have you given him the details?"

Kyros' eyes drifted towards Velerad's body, then back to the King. "Yes. He says yes."

"Great. So I realize that your claim to fame is slaughter, rather than to reverse spells. This isn't an option. On the off chance that one hair tumbles from my little girl's head, your fate will be in the balance. That's it in a nutshell."

The king's gaze turns cold. He stood up, and took a gander at Kyros with scorn.

Out of nowhere, he whistles, and advances toward the entryway. Kyros bends down, and lays Velerad onto the wooden floor. At the entryway, Foltest stops.

"On the off chance that you succeed, witcher, the prize is yours. Perhaps I will add something on the off chance that you do well-"

Kyros tossed his sword, and impaled the ruler in the calf. The ruler shouted and tumbled to the ground, clutching his wound.

Kyros pulled the blade out of the Foltest's body. The king convulsed, gasping for breath.

"That was for threatening me. Don't try that again."

With those words, Kyros popped the blade back into its sheath. Two men raced into the room, one lavishly dressed and the other bearded.

"My ruler! Is it accurate to say that you are alright?"

Foltest coughed, blood sputtering out of his mouth.

"Fine. I'm fine," he chokes out.

"He has merely tripped over his own feet." Kyros clarified with a smirk.

The men take a gander at Kyros in stun, prior to glancing back at the King.

"I might want to hear a depiction of the striga." Kyros asks the two men, Ostrit and Segelin.

"Uh..."

Ostrit the financier contemplated the inquiry briefly, at that point he understood what the witcher had alluded to. He started his harangue.

"Her Royal Highness, the reviled regal bastard, is four cubits high, formed like a barrel of lager, has a maw which extends from ear to ear and is loaded with dagger like teeth, has red eyes and a red mop of hair! Her paws, with claws like a wild cat's, hang to the ground! I'm astounded we've yet to send her likeness to friendly courts! Ha!"

Segelin contributes, "She moves with unbelievable speed and is solid for her-"

"Enough! Try not to talk about my little girl that way!" King Foltest thunders, before Kyros puts a finger to his lips.

"Don't test my patience."

"But... but..." King Foltest whimpered.

"You've been dismissed."

Kyros gazed at Foltest as he limped away, before he turned to the two men.

"Do the assaults on individuals just happen during the full moon?"

"Indeed," answered Segelin, "on the off chance that she attacks past the old royal residence. Inside the palace individuals consistently kick the bucket, regardless of the moon's stage. However, she only ventures out during the full moon."

"Has there been even one assault during the day?"

"No."

"Does she generally devour her victims?"

"Indeed," answers Segelin, "there's been no recorded situation where she didn't."

Kyros' intense eyes glinted red. He took a full breath, gradually breathing out.

An cruel smile spreads across his face as he lets out a chuckle.

"So be it. I will hunt her. This... I can deal with."

Ostrit gulps in fear, while Segelin sighs in exasperation. Kyros walks out of the throne room, a cold darkness in his eyes.

THE MONSTER SLAYER 4

Nightfall was falling rapidly. Past the lake the distant lights of Vizima shimmered. There was a wilderness around the old castle a strip of no man's land with which, over than seven years, the town had cut itself off from this hazardous spot, leaving only a couple of ruins, and spoiled beams.

Kyros got back to setting up, his arms trembling. The tremors spread out throughout his entire body. The striga would not leave her crypt before midnight.

He had a little chest with metal fittings. He attempted to open it, yet rather it fell over, spilling the entirety of its contents the on the ground.

There were several small vials containing potent elixirs.

Kyros paused, taking a gander at the fallen vials. He grabbed one, uncorking it with his teeth. He downed the substance of the vial in one gulp, prior to grabbing another. In the wake of downing that one, he checked if the two vials were vacant. They were nearly so, so he squashed them, grinding them into the dust.

For anyone who wasn't like Kyros, inured to it from childhood, it would have been lethal poison. For him, however, they were just mere snacks that provided beneficial side effects, such as night-vision, increased reflexes, and increased cellular regeneration.

Kyros shook his head violently, growling.

Unsurprisingly, Kyros' body went into violent tremors.

Kyros' body shook, as his eyes rolled into the back of his head. He fell to his knees, breathing heavily.

Kyros' breathing became even more erratic. He clutched his head, before letting out a roar of pain.

With every passing second, Kyros' body grew more tense. His breathing became faster and more desperate.

He heard the rustle of footsteps, through the courtyard overgrown with stinging nettles.

Kyros spun around, unsheathing his sword with a flash of light. He sprinted forward, ready to meet his foe.

Ostrit backed away abruptly; an involuntary grimace of terror and repulsion contorted his lips.

"Wait!" he cried.

Kyros punched him in the jaw, knocking him to the ground. Kyros raised his steel sword, pointing it at the young quaking bulk of flesh and bone.

"Who are you?" he snarled.

"I-I'm Ostrit, and I bring you reprieve."

Kyros' breathing grew faster.

"I bring you reprieve," he repeated slowly.

"Y-yes," his voice was barely more than a whisper.

"Y-You're saved. And rich." Ostrit shakily hefted a sizable purse in his hand and tossed it at Kyros' feet.

"A thousand orens. Take it-- Ah!"

Kyros' sword pierced his throat, as blood spurted out and stained it.

He clawed at Kyros' boots, making incoherent screaming noises. His face twisted in pain as he tried to breathe.

Kyros kicked the bag, spilling its contents out at his feet. Gold coins glittered in the starlight.

Kyros swung his sword, beheading the writhing man in one quick sweep.

Kyros kicked his severed head, making it roll across the ground. It came to a stop, staring at Kyros with hazed eyes.

"You talk too much, you tadpole," Kyros snarled.

The witcher tried to breathe, before a dark laugh escaped his lips. The laughter grew louder, before it transformed into mad, hysterical screaming. Malice and malevolence saturated the air.

He screamed in anguish, before collapsing backwards.

Hours passed. The moon had risen high in the sky, and midnight was nearing.

Kyros had arrived in the old palace. The palace was abandoned. Only the striga resided in this royal residence, currently resting within her tomb.

Kyros smashed open the heavy oaken door with his fist. The door caved inwards, as he stormed into the ancient building. His witcher mutations allowed him to see in the dark, revealing rich tapestries adorning the walls.

Ancient royal crowns, sceptres and long-forgotten treasures were hidden behind the tapestries. Some valuable treasures, some merely ornamental... Kyros didn't care.

The striga needed to be killed, and that was the only thing that mattered to Kyros.

He raced down the spiralling staircase. At the base of the stairs, he uncovered a crypt.

An ancient, heavy stone coffin rested there. The text "Adda" was engraved on the front of the coffin, in darkly shining gold letters.

Kyros smacked his fist against the coffin. The coffin shook, but remained intact. A faint hum came from the tomb, which began to glow softly.

Kyros growled in frustration.

The coffin vibrated, and the hum became louder. Then, the coffin opened. A hairy apelike hand emerged from the coffin, as the tomb lid fell to the floor with a thud.

"I can't take much more of this!" Kyros yelled in frustration. "I'll just have to kill you now!"

The striga swiped at him, but he easily caught her wrist. He swung around and lobbed the apelike beast at a pillar. She smashed into it, cracking it but not breaking through it.

She got up, shaking off the bits of broken pillar that fell on her.

She speed swiftly and unerringly in the direction of him. Not the slightest sound issued from the striga.

No scream, no raspy breathing, nothing. It was as if the beast itself was a living embodiment of the dark quiet that plagued this palace.

Kyros wound back, then delivered a singular punch at the striga. Bones shattered in her body, as her misshapen form hits the ground. She was severely injured, and struggled to get back up.

Kyros was disappointed by her fragility. She howled in a rage and desperately sought to lash out at him with her claws.

Kyros danced and pranced around her and landed several powerful blows, smashing her head in with a heavy punch.

Kyros smiles with malice, as the striga struggles to get up with a broken and bloody body. She was not dead yet.

She staggers towards him, making a horrible wailing sound.

The apelike face was contorted with rage and hatred, making Kyros become more excited.

The thrill of battle made his palms feel clammy and caused his heart to pound in his chest.

He landed a heavy punch on her nose, as she stumbled backwards.

She panted heavily, trying to stay conscious. Kyros delivered a series of heavy chops with his sword, bisecting the top of her head and slicing through her brain, like butter.

The striga topples over, dead.

"No! I was enjoying that fight! Why does everything have to end so soon?!?" Kyros yells.

A familiar feeling overcame him.

"No... No..." He says, shuddering. His head pounded, and his vision turns red.

He clenches his fists, and he lashes out at the nearest target.

He punches the princess repeatedly, and he screams in anguish. Silence surrounds him, as he furiously pummels her corpse.

He tears apart the striga, limb from limb, as he screams and howls in agony.

King Foltest wails as after he had been told that the witcher had slain his daughter, he broke down into tears and was inconsolable.

Kyros coldly stares at him in silence.

He tosses striga's corpse at Foltest's feet.

"You're a weakling. You're not fit to rule."

"W-who do you think you are?!"

"God."

Foltest gapes at Kyros in shock, and the latter smiles.

He turns his back on the King, and strides off.

Foltest begins screaming again, but the sound of guards storming into the room cuts off his sounds instantly.

"AFTER HIM!" Foltest desperately screams at his guards.

Kyros stops.

"Don't delude yourself. Your guards are mere humans."

The witcher raises a fist, and the guards cower in fear.

At that point a couple courageous gatekeepers dive their swords into the witcher, yet the blades ricochet directly off of his skin.

Kyros is confused briefly, at that point roars, and goes into an angry outburst. Guards warily move back, fearing his fury. The witcher's hair starts to shine splendidly, as it turns golden. The ordinarily red glow of his eyes turns teal, as steam escapes from his body.

Flashes of lightning sparkle, striking the ground around him. His armour-plated garments start to seethe, as his muscles increment in size. He lets out a thunder, as golden flares pour from his body and the entire royal residence quakes.

"What is this power..." A guard whispers.

"It's true... The golden wolf is real..." another says.

"He's not human! Flee!" Foltest screams again.

Kyros progresses on the guards, swinging his fists and roaring.

Several guards are propelled into the walls of the throne room, creating craters and smashing apart walls.

The guards attempt to retaliate, yet they're no counterpart for Kyros' solidarity.

A solitary punch from him was a capital punishment. Kyros proceeded to punch and kick the guards, who at this point were all laying on the floor, still.

Kyros sprinted outside of the royal chamber, out of the royal residence, into the open air in Vizima.

The guards, unready for the speed at which the skirmishing occurred, were chopped down. Blades hummed through the air, splashing blood and hacked off appendages.

Kyros was a blur of violence, dancing from one side of the street to another, steel sword gleaming in his hand, snarling incessantly.

The fighting was vicious and bloody, yet the guards were no match for Kyros. He was a being of strength, speed and skill that defied understanding. The champions of Vizima fell under his attack, their limbs hacked off and their heads moving lifelessly on the ground.

The streets were before long canvassed in violence and blood, bodies piled up like kindling. Screams and the clash of metal could be heard over the roar of the blade as it hacked through bone and sinew.

Kyros was an unstoppable force of destruction, a force of nature itself. A being of pure, unadulterated fury.

Soon, It was all over.

The scene was gruesome and horrific, yet glorious.

The witcher broke into a sprint, leaving the scene of the bloodshed and sprinting into the forests.

SAIYAN INVASION 2

Novigrad was gone. Only ashes remained. The charred, burnt husks of buildings, streets, houses, all of it. The entire city was gone. In its place was a smoking crater, filled with the dead.

Dead saiyans, dead guards, and dead sorcerers.

The last one standing was Kyros. He was covered in wounds, his armour pierced with daggers, swords, spears, and arrows. His body was bloody, even more so now that most of his armour had been destroyed.

Suddenly, the Ginyu Force arrives, led by Captain Ginyu. He grins madly as he looks at the carnage. He sees Kyros, and his grin grows even wider, to the point where it becomes apparent his face might rip in two.

"Surrender now, Kyros. You are beaten," he says.

"Never," Kyros replies, readying his blades.

"You're an idiot, Kyros," Captain Ginyu says. "Do you really think you can win? We're Frieza's elite. Each one of us are dozens of times more powerful than you."

Kyros clenches his fists, roaring. He takes a step forward, making Captain Ginyu back up.

"I do not fear you, mortal." Kyros says.

Captain Ginyu grins.

"Then prove it."

Jeice and Burter, with insane speed, blast into Kyros.

They unleash a flurry of punches and kicks, each landing several hits. Kyros flies backwards, smashing through a building. As he stands, he wipes the blood from his mouth, glaring at the two.

"You realize you've made this much harder for yourselves, right?" Kyros says.

"What?"

The ground began to quake as Kyros' body began to morph. His muscles bulked, his skin beginning to emit steam, his veins appearing more pronounced, as golden energy began to course throughout his body.

"His power level increased!" Jeice exclaimed. "Over 78,000!"

"Recoome, Guldo! Attack him now!" Captain Ginyu orders. "You two, support them!"

Recoome and Guldo fire a barrage of energy blasts and sparks, and Kyros swats them away with ease.

The amount of power in his strikes is nothing short of incredible. It'll be a miracle if any of Ginyu's underlings survive this.

"Kyros!" Ginyu screams. "Stop this foolishness!"

"Foolishness?" Kyros asks, as his eyes begin to glow a scorching red. "You wish to arrest and enslave my brothers and sisters! You wish to try to kill me!"

The four Ginyu Force members coordinate together and fight back against Kyros, delivering powerful, destructive blows. Kyros effortlessly deflects all of their attacks, and smashes them into the ground.

Kyros stands, roaring as he steps forward. He swings his fist at the air, his hand beginning to give off waves of heat.

"Enough!" Captain Ginyu screams. "I'll finish him myself!"

He delivers a swift punch to Kyros' abdomen, causing him to gasp and clutch at his stomach. Ginyu advances forward, clocking Kyros in the jaw. Kyros falls backwards, but quickly gets back up. He swings his fist, but misses as Ginyu ducks down.

Kyros roars, jumping up, bringing his fist down...only for it to hit the ground where Ginyu's head was a moment ago.

"What?"

Suddenly, Kyros is sent flying into the air by a powerful uppercut. He smashes through several buildings, before finally coming to a stop, lying on the ground amidst the wreckage.

"Hmph, you've gotten weaker, Kyros," Captain Ginyu sneers. "I expected so much more from you."

Kyros slowly gets back up, before collapsing once more. He's taken so much damage now. If this keeps up, he's going to be out for the count.

A TRACE OF LEGITIMACY 1

RANDOM FOREST, 1238

A number of black points moving against a bright sky streaked with mist drew the witcher's attention. Birds. They wheeled in slow, peaceful circles, then suddenly swooped and soared up again, flapping their wings.

Kyros' eyes narrowed as he looked at them. He raised his hands to block out the sun, but it was too late; the light blinded him for an instant.

He gritted his teeth, feeling the flames of the sun scorch his skin. Still, he continued to stare at the birds, as if attempting to will them out of the sky.

The witcher observed the birds for a long time, then bearing in mind the shape of the land, density of the wood, depth and course. This was all too overwhelming for Kyros.

Kyros' talents laid elsewhere. Thinking was not his strong suit.

He was a witcher of action; a killer.

The witcher whipped his horse, Ragnor, into a gallop. The beast panted, heaving up and down as it ran. There was a ravine. Kyros scanned the crowns of the trees tightly filling the rift. But the sides of the gully were gentle, the riverbed dry and clear of blackthorns and rotting tree trunks.

The birds, scared away by the appearance of a rider, soared higher, croaking sharply in their hoarse voices. Kyros clutches his head in agony, the headaches wracking his head, pulsating behind his eyes. Kyros suddenly halted Ragnor, leapt off of the steed and started sprinting up the trunk of a tree, after the birds.

"You stupid birds!" Kyros screamed desperately, trying to chase after them.

The birds were frightened by his screams, and had raced up to the very top of the tree, perched on top of it.

The witcher thrust his arms upward, expertly grabbing two of the birds, pulling them down. They struggled in his hands, pecking and clawing at him, screeching in a frenzy.

"I'll make you pay for those headaches!" he snarled, tossing the two caws to the ground, where they shattered into a thousand pieces of bloody flesh.

He gets twisted in the branches, and one of the birds pecked viciously at the back of his neck.

"Agh!"

Kyros fell to the ground, bashing his head against a tree trunk.

It stung just a bit. The witcher noticed the sensation of a body underneath him. He pushed himself up, only to find himself staring at a woman wearing a sheepskin jacket and blue dress.

She had no face or throat, and most of her left thigh was gone.

The woman was dead.

Judging by the condition of the corpse, he was able to estimate that the body was around 2 days old.

The rotten smell of decay filled the air.

The woman wore a leather purse, he detached it from her corpse and opened it.

He greedily stuffed her belongings into his sack.

There were coins, various items, a flask, and an old and tattered journal.

He quickly flipped through the journal, finding brief entries about her personal life.

Kyros scowled, flipping through the journal.

Kyros slammed the journal shut.

He swore. He gritted his teeth, growling.

She wrote erotic fanfiction. She was a lover of the arts.

Kyros let out an angry shout, kicking the corpse.

He calmed his nerves, noticing the copper ring on one of her fingers.

He reached out, taking the ring.

The ring was covered in blood. It carried the sign of the armourers' guild: a stylized helmet with visor, two crossed swords and the rune "A" engraved beneath them.

He smashed the ring, watching as the copper split and bend.

He breathes deeply, in and out, in and out.

He turned her body over completely, and winced.

On the woman's bare and bloody neck were clear bite marks. And not those of a wolf.

This was the work of a vampire. But what kind?

Ragnor neighed loudly, and Kyros looked up from the dead woman to see the horse staring at him.

"Ragnor, no!" he screamed, scrambling to his feet.

The beast was walking into a pack of wolves, which were feasting on the corpse of a man.

Kyros sprinted forward, his fists prepared for the grisly task at hand.

Kyros performs a magical sign, summoning the Igni fire spell.

A large burst of flames blasts forward, igniting all of the wolves, them convulsing and panicking in pain as the flames ignite on their bodies.

The witcher relishes the moment, joyously watching the wolves whimper and howl in pain before their bodies are rapidly consumed by the flames.

The hot flames spread to the trees, to the vegetation, to everything.

Kyros turns, looking at the impressive yet terrifying scene. A few birds cawed, but they quickly took to the sky as the flames engulfed them. The burning heat, the splendid light, the crackling of the flames.

The world, caught up in flames, glows brighter than ever before.

However, Ragnor stares at Kyros with concern, nickering gently.

Kyros snaps out of his trance, and looks down at the beast. He sees the fear in its eyes, and he knows he has to act.

The witcher sprints forward, preparing to leap.

He grabs the reigns of the horse, pulling as the horse whinnies gently.

"Ragnor!"

Kyros' medallion, hanging on a silver chain, bobbed up and down in rhythm to the horse's gait, sparkling in the inferno like mercury.

The witcher travelled towards the area that the woman had written she was travelling towards in her journal.

A TRACE OF LEGITIMACY 2

Ragnor galloped at max throttle, as Kyros spat curses in several different languages, trying to spur the beast to go faster.

"Go, go, go! Gallop!" Kyros screamed.

The horse sprinted through the burning forest, as the flames licked at the air, devouring the trees as they go, leaving nothing but ash in its wake.

A girl was standing on the slope of a hill in front of him. Her trailing white dress contrasted with the glossy blackness of her dishevelled hair.

Kyros, with a murderous grin, galloped forward, raising his blade.

The girl ran down the slope like a deer, flitting between the blazing bushes. She was no more than a white streak as she disappeared into the depths of the hellish forest.

Kyros, with a roar of rage, galloped after her.

The trees were now nothing but an inferno, burning hot and bright. Still, Kyros wasn't distracted.

He was consumed with rage, a fury rampaging through his mind and soul.

He's lost his link to reality, and all that exists for him is his wrath, his blade a reflection of his soul.

He is the fire, and the fire is raging through him.

Ragnor's hooves thundered on the earth, shaking the earth with their force. The sounds of crackling flames and howling winds were lost in his mighty gallop.

A charging beast ran at Kyros, and it leapt, kicking Kyros from his saddle. Kyros shrieked as he was flung through the air. He crashed through the foliage, rolling down the slope as his armour smashed apart shrubs and extinguished the vegetation.

"Flee, mortal man!" the monster roared, flapping his paws.

"Mortal? YOU dare call me that?" Kyros roars, his voice breaking.

"I do. You're nothing but a lowly human. I'll devour you! Tear you to pieces!"

Kyros' mind shatters under the force of his rage, and his eyes roll into the back of his head.

His luminescent eyes turn teal once more, as his hair turns golden. The world shakes as his muscles bulge, tearing his armour apart.

Tendrils of golden energy begin to emanate from his body.

"I am not a mortal! I am not a human! I am Kyros the Witcher God, the rightful ruler of this world!"

The monster suddenly gasped, as the witcher's silver blade pierced his chest. He clutched at the wound, before falling to one knee, before falling forward.

"P-Perhaps you've not realized you're in my courtyard?" the monster sputters, coughing up blood.

Kyros snatches the beast by his throat and lifts him off of the ground with one hand.

"You've caused me enough trouble. I'm sending you back to your accursed world."

A TRACE OF LEGITIMACY 3

Kyros flings the beast against the bricks, shattering them. The monster gasps as he lands in a sitting position, his back broken.

Red geysers of blood erupt from the monster's mouth as he coughs up more blood. The monster lets out a pitiful moan.

Kyros strides forward, smashing his sword into the monster's skull. It splits like a ripe watermelon, spraying gore in an instant.

The witcher heard rustling behind him, and he whirls around, lifting his sword.

"Who's there?" he snarls.

He sees the black-haired girl from earlier, she howls out after seeing the corpse of her lover, the monster.

The girl howled piercingly, modulating her voice into a macabre tune, glaring at the witcher with eyes full of hatred.

The sound wave was so powerful that it knocked over the trees in the courtyard.

Kyros grit his teeth, lowering his sword. He felt a pain hitting his head, and he stumbled to the right, colliding with a tree.

She had glistening, white fangs. This was the vampire.

Kyros smirked, then he let out his own roar.

The golden tendrils of energy crackled along his body, increasing in size as his long continuous yell reverberated through the entire forest.

The vampire gasped in surprise, her eyes widening as she watched Kyros' aura grow with each passing second.

She started howling again, and the two of them had a screaming contest.

It lasted for several minutes, each one continuously increasing their volume. Kyros was nearly hoarse, but the vampire didn't show any signs of fatigue. Her howls were so powerful that they kept stretching into higher pitches, beyond what was possible for any human throat.

Kyros breaks through his limits, his yell transforming into a mighty roar.

His golden hair begins to increase in length, as it becomes spikier. His veins bulge under his skin, rivulets of sweat streaming down his face.

The soil beneath them begins to shake, it rumbling as fissures split through it, the very earth beginning to break.

With a final yell, Kyros unleashes a explosion of golden plasma, engulfing the entire timberland.

The dust settles, and the smoke clears.

Kyros stands there, in his brand new form, as the vampire coughs from the dust she inhaled.

The witcher's golden spiky hair had elongated to the point where it reached his hips.

He smirked, as he felt the power course throughout his body. Then he snarled viciously.

The air was torn apart as Kyros lanced towards the vampire.

In an instant, it was all over.

A massive thunderclap boomed, and the sky was torn apart with a great crack. Her blood and her limbs rained down upon the scorched forest. The golden aura dissipated from his body.

Then he howled towards the heavens as his lips writhed in pain.

SAIYAN INVASION 4

As Frieza's forceful takeover of Earth continues, its defenders rapidly crumble. The Saiyans spread like a plague across Temeria, Redania, Kaedwen and many, many other places. They conquer, destroy, pillage and slaughter all before them.

The world's greatest sorcerers and sorceresses are unable to do anything against them. Even the most powerful of illusions and mind defences are broken by the sheer ferocity and primal power of the Saiyans.

Frieza laughs from his ship, watching as his forces butcher the pathetic mortals. The Earth is his.

But his scouter detects an immensely powerful being, one that's equal to, if not stronger than himself.

"What?! There's someone stronger than myself? No... It must be Kyros! The fool's still holding out! No matter, I'll crush him as well!"

Kyros slowly stands up, wiping the blood from his mouth. His face is set in a cruel, grim expression.

"You've made your point, Captain. You've won," he says.

Captain Ginyu grunts in confusion, as the other Ginyu Force members murmur in disbelief.

"Are you serious? You're capitulating?" Guldo asks.

"Surely you don't mean that," Jeice says.

"Yes. I'm serious. I've lost, and you've won. There's no more to be said," Kyros says.

Then he transformed into his powerful, glorious SSJ3 form.

"Hah, you really thought I'd give up so easily?" Kyros laughs. "No, I'm not done yet."

"No! This cannot be! His power level's reached 624,000!" Jeice says.

"There's no way we'll win!" Guldo says.

"We have to try!" Recoome says.

And with that, the true battle commences.

Burter and Jeice unleash a volley of kicks and punches, non-stop. Guldo fires a blue beam of concentrated electricity from his hand.

But Kyros is completely unperturbed. The attacks have no effect on him. He shakes off every blast, every punch, and every kick. He doesn't even move.

Recoome charges forward and slams his fist into Kyros, but Kyros punches him in the stomach, and then the face. Recoome slams into the ground, and Kyros slams his foot on top of Recoome's head, crushing it.

"Recoome! No!" Ginyu cries, rushing forward to attack, but fails. Kyros shoots him in the chest with his finger beam, and he falls to the ground, screaming.

Guldo fires his electric blast, but Kyros simply throws himself out of the way, and the attack bounces off him, zapping Guldo instead.

Jeice tries to grab Kyros by the foot and pull him down, but Kyros kicks him in the face, and then throws him against a building, where Jeice smashes through the front window and dies.

Burter moves in, attempting to kick Kyros, but Kyros catches his foot. He then sends a burst of Igni at Burter, burning him.

Kyros strides towards Captain Ginyu, who is lying on the ground, struggling to get up. He grabs Ginyu by the neck, lifting him up to his feet.

"I've won. capitulate or die", Kyros snarls.

Ginyu laughs madly.

"You've won nothing! Do you hear me? I've not used special attack yet! You're mine!" Ginyu roars.

Kyros throws him to the floor, and stands over him.

"Do it..." Kyros says.

"...Now! Argh!" A yellow beam burst out of his mouth and enters through Kyros' mouth.

The two of them switch bodies, with Kyros inside of Ginyu's body and Ginyu inside of Kyros' body.

Kyros, now in Captain Ginyu's body, screams in agony and pain.

Ginyu snatches him by the throat, and he begins to choke. He flails about, struggling to get away, but to no avail.

"Now Kyros, feel my wrath."

Kyros, in Ginyu's body, begins to desperately scream.

"Stop! Stop!" he begs.

THE LESSER MALEVOLENCE 1

BLAVIKEN, 1231

As usual, cats and children noticed him first. A striped tomcat sleeping on a sun-warmed stack of wood, shuddered, raised his round head, pulled back his ears, hissed and bolted off into the nettles. A boy, son of a fisherman, who was sitting on the hut's threshold, started to scream as he fixed his tearful eyes on the passing rider.

Ragnor collided with the side of the hut, knocking the boy off his feet and sending the kid flying, before he was swiftly snatched by Kyros, who cackled with glee.

The boy wailed as Kyros strapped him to the saddle, ignoring his terrified yelps.

The horse continued at max throttle, as it collided with several villagers. They were sent flying through the air, before being crushed underhoof.

A woman selling vegetables chased after them with a hoe, shrieking, but Kyros sent her flying with a flick of his finger, and she smashed through the window of a jewellery store, drawing a long line of blood from the window pane before she slumped to the ground.

Soon, the entirety of Blaviken was in flames, with the screams of the dying and the crunches of heads breaking and limbs breaking filling the air.

Kyros whips the reigns, causing Ragnor to charge at the alderman's house, smashing through the wooden door with a crash.

The alderman, Caldemeyn, was a portly man with a bushy moustache.

"Kyros!" he exclaims in terror, dropping his pipe.

Kyros tore the boy off the horse, tossing him to the ground.

"Is there any reward for him?" Kyros asks. "Any at all?"

"There's no reward, I haven't the funds."

Kyros punches the alderman in the face, breaking his orbital bone. The alderman collapsed on the floor, holding the broken nose bone.

He cracks his knuckles. "I could do with a small sum to get through the winter."

"I... I... don't have any money," the alderman whimpers.

"I'll just take what's in your safe," Kyros says, as he strides towards the stairs to the basement.

"No! You could show him to Master Irion. Maybe you could collect his pay instead of mine."

Kyros hefts the safe onto his shoulder, and turns around.

"You're not going to kill him are you? He's a child."

The safe hurtled towards the alderman.

THE LESSER MALEVOLENCE 2

The tower, built from smoothly hewn blocks of granite and crowned by tooth-like battlements, was impressive, dominating the broken tiles of homesteads and dipping-roofed thatched cottages.

The alderman was bound to Kyros' saddle. He was still alive, but his face was pale and his eyes were glazed. He seemed to be in shock.

"Stop!" the boy cries, as Kyros leads the horse forward. "Please!"

Rage pools in Kyros' chest. He snarls, looking back at the boy.

"Tell me about this mage." He grits his teeth. "Or I'll break your legs."

"H-he's a recluse, doesn't say much." The boy gulps. "I-I think he's mean. He rarely leaves the tower."

Kyros summons a witcher sign, this time, he casts the Aard sign.

A wave of wind smashes into the tower, sending the door flying off into the distance.

Ragnor gallops inside of the tower, where there was an orchard blossoming with white and pink, that smelled of rain.

The sky inside the tower was split by the many-coloured arc of a rainbow, which bound the crowns of the trees to the distant, blue chain of mountains. The house nestled in the orchard, tiny and modest, was drowning in hollyhocks.

Kyros snatched the boy and leapt from Ragnor.

He carried him towards the house, as the boy struggled feebly. The boy's yelps and whimpers were high-pitched and pathetic.

As the pair arrived at the house, they saw the sorcerer.

He was a withered man, dressed in a dark blue robe, with auburn hair tied back into a ponytail, sipping apple juice in a flowery armchair.

"So," he sneers. "Kyros, it's been a great while."

"I'll say." Kyros snarls.

Kyros throws the boy at the sorcerer. Master Irion, or Stregobor, snatches him up.

"Be quiet, you young whelp."

Stregobor turns to Kyros. He had an arrogant expression plastered across his face.

"Who's this? Is he a villager?"

Kyros nods, walking towards the sorcerer.

"I've come to collect my reward. You can use the boy as a test subject, or whatever it is you do."

Stregobor takes another sip of his juice.

"Who told you I was in the business of human trafficking?" He scornfully glowers at Kyros.

Kyros snarls. "You've not changed one bit."

"Indeed not," Stregobor scoffs, as he sips more juice. "Do tell me, how have you been doing? Are you still toiling away, killing the last representatives of dying species for money? Torturing and murdering innocent people for fun?"

Kyros snaps. "I'm god, I can do whatever the hell I want." The witcher clenches his fists.

"Destiny is written by those too weak to do anything but accept it, Kyros. You think you're doing the right thing, but in the grand scheme of things, you're just another pathetic, weak individual."

Kyros' body trembles.

"I'm not weak!" he screams.

"You're a slave to your anger. Your hate is all that drives you, and you're clinging to it like a drowning man grabs at a piece of driftwood. You'll end up destroying yourself and everything around you."

Kyros is trembling. Suddenly, he grabs the sorcerer in an iron grip, and snarls,

"I'm NOT WEAK! I am God!"

"You're no God. You're a warmongering, corrupt, manipulative, cruel, callous, vicious, oppressive, destructive, debauched, decadent, bloodthirsty, genocidal, oppressive, malevolent, soul-sucking monster."

Then he has a change of heart.

"Perhaps you are stronger than I am. Destiny has many faces. Mine is beautiful on the outside and hideous on the inside. She has stretched her bloody talons toward me." Kyros releases him. "I am in need of aid, Kyros. I'm hiding and running from a monstrous being that wants to murder me."

Kyros' face contorts in rage, his eyes burning into a red glow.

"Why would I help you?"

"I thought you had a natural affinity for killing. What I'm asking for is that you butcher this monster for me."

Kyros' eyes narrow.

"You've piqued my interest."

"Shrike the Cursed, desires my death."

"So what's the catch?"

"There isn't one."

Kyros takes a deep breath, before roaring.

"I want it's head!"

"But first, you need an explanation. Well, the story begins in Creyden, a small principality in the north. The wife of Fredefalk, the Prince of Creyden, was Aridea, a wise, educated woman. She had many exceptional adepts of the magical arts in her family and through inheritance, no doubt she came into possession of a rare and powerful artifact. One of Nehalena's Mirrors. They're chiefly used by prophets-

"You talk too much! Just tell me where I can find it!"

The sorcerer sighs.

"Very well, to cut a long tale short, Shrike was a woman born under the Curse of the Black Sun. Due to that curse, her mother Aridea attempted to assassinate her knowing how dangerous she would become. Aridea failed. After that, Shrike killed, stole, and destroyed for years as the mutations caused by the curse progressed. The mutations caused Shrike to become a more bestial, hellish being. She had to be

stopped. To end her violent streak, I turned her into a neat slab of mountain crystal. But a Prince came and reversed the curse, releasing Shrike. Now, Shrike wants my death, and she wants the world dead."

Kyros clutched his head, before letting out a roar.

"I already asked you! Where is she?!"

"In this town."

Kyros lets out a roar, smashing his head against the sorcerer's skull, knocking him down.

Kyros takes a moment to have a deep breath.

"I burned the whole town down."

"You what?"

"I burned the town."

The sorcerer begins laughing.

"You incinerated the whole of Blaviken?"

SAIYAN INVASION 5

Captain Ginyu begins to pant, as his body is exhausted by the overuse of SSJ3. Suddenly the form disperses, crashing him into the ground. Ginyu transforms back to his natural form.

"Mortal, that form never lasts very long. My original body has now reached it's limit."

Kyros stands up, brushing himself down. Ginyu is limp, gasping for breath.

"I think it's time you died," Kyros says gleefully.

Kyros raises his hand, and fires a bolt of power.

"Ahh!" Ginyu yells.

The bolt hits Ginyu, and his skin begins to burn. He screams in terror and pain, and begins rolling on the ground. Kyros walks forward, kicking him in the head.

"Give me my body back, you fucking bastard!"

Kyros grabs Ginyu, throwing him against a wall.

With a thud, Ginyu hits the wall, and falls to the ground. Kyros raises his fist to strike, but stops.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Ginyu asks.

"Give me my body back! I demand it!"

Ginyu stares at Kyros, looking at his deadly serious face. Ginyu begins to laugh.

"Fuck you. You can't kill me, I'm in your body now! You'd kill yourself!" Ginyu laughs.

Kyros snarled, as he cast Axii mind-control on Ginyu.

"You shall return my body back to me."

Ginyu stares at Kyros, his demeanor now changed, and happily nods his head.

"Alright!" Ginyu says happily.

He shoots the golden energy beam into Kyros' mouth, and the two swap bodies once more.

"You shall now shoot a beam into your heart."

Ginyu nods, and fires a red beam of unstoppably powerful energy straight into his heart.

He dies.

A large ship was visible in the smoky sky, heading straight for the ruins of the city.

Frieza was on board, and he was obviously in a playful mood.

"Ha ha ha!" he laughed, as he steered the ship into the city. "Kyros, you're finished! I'm going to personally peel your skin, layer by layer!"

Kyros stood in the rubble, his armour heavily damaged, his face bleeding and one eye closed due to an injury.

"Now," Frieza bellowed, "Earth's forces have been defeated, and Kyros, I claim this planet as my prize!"

Kyros didn't answer, but instead, placed a hand on the hilt of his silver sword.

Pain torn into his head, as he started trembling. Kyros clutched at his head as his wrath and anger consumed him. He fell to his knees.

"No... Not now..."

His vision turned red, as his wrath took hold of him. A primal howl of pain escaped his lips.

The whole world began to morph and reshape itself in front of his very eyes.

Then, he was thrust into an infernal realm filled with fire and brimstone. A roaring sound could be heard, which seemed to never end. Kyros looked around himself, as he felt the heat of the fiery realm burning his very soul.

It stretched out infinitely, as he could see no end to the fire. He screamed as he was consumed by the flames.

Then, he saw a man. A strange man with crimson hair whose body was surrounded with an aura of flames.

"Kyros," his voice sounded like burning coals.

"What are you?" Kyros said, terrified of the man whose body was made of flames.

The flames burned like hellfire, and Kyros could feel his flesh melting away.

"I am your subconsciousness," the man said with a chilling laugh. "Welcome to your mind, Kyros."

The flaming man started to laugh, as Kyros felt his head exploding in pain.

Kyros felt the man's laugh resonate within his mind. Kyros started to scream as he saw a scene play out in front of him.

He saw a group of men and women. They were his ancestors.

They all had tails, and black hair, and were muscular.

They were all submissive to a mauve alien with two demonic horns on his head. He was obviously a being of great power and intelligence.

"Who are they?" Kyros said, as he felt rage boil inside of him.

The scene soon started to change. Kyros was shown a world filled with war. A world filled with bloodshed. A world of death.

He saw his ancestors ravaging the land, burning cities to the ground, slaughtering men, women and children. Kyros was shown countless acts of violence, as the scene changed to show different aspects of his ancestors' vicious and bestial nature.

"They are the saiyan. A race of powerful and barbaric warriors. They are the greatest fighting force in the galaxy. They conquer and destroy anything in their path."

Kyros was warped back to the infernal realm. Kyros felt his very being melting, submersing himself in flames.

The man with crimson hair was now standing before him.

"You're of saiyan blood."

Kyros felt rage well up inside of him.

"How do you know?"

"I am your mind. I know everything about you, as we are all one in the mind. Your rage, Kyros, will be your downfall. Your desire for war, your lust for battle and bloodshed... These are what will consume you."

Kyros throws a punch at the man, but his arm was locked in place, incapable of moving.

"You can not hurt me."

Kyros felt his hand being crushed by an invisible force. An impenetrable barrier of flames stopped him in his tracks. His vision started to go black around the edges as the man stared at him, laughing, from inside his mind.

"You train in every spare moment. You don't dare lose your skill. But it's only a matter of time before your hubris gets you killed. You think you're a god? You think you're anything more than a monkey? Well, you're not. You're a speck on the world that will die forgotten and alone."

Kyros roars as he throws another punch, only for him to be sent flying into the air. He slams into the ground, his armour cracking. He struggles to get up, only for more flames to hit him.

"You carry two swords. You claim the silver one is for monsters and the iron for humans. Yet you are the true monster here. You hunt and kill men, women and children for fun. You have no soul. You are a cold-blooded, soulless killing machine."

Kyros snarls as he unsheathes his silver sword, only for flames to shoot it out of his hands, leaving him unarmed. He falls to his knees, as the man continues to torment him in his mind.

"You visited towns and fortresses. You looked for proclamations nailed to posts at the crossroads. You looked for the words 'Witcher urgently needed.' But then you realized, it's not for you. This world does not need or want you. You are a blight, a plague, an infection that must be wiped out. You are an abomination! You're no better than the monsters you hunt. You are nothing."

The world darkened around Kyros, as the man's voice echoed in his mind.

"You've incinerated Blaviken. You've massacred Vizima. You've burned and pillaged every place you've ever called home. There will be consequences."

His hearing faded to a whisper, as the last thing he heard was the flaming man's cruel laughter.

AN ADDRESS OF COST 1

CINTRA, 1251

The witcher was wallowing in a wooden tub, brimful of blood, his head thrown back against its slippery rim. The metallic taste of blood lingered in his mouth as the corpse of the barber he had killed hung from his head by a rope tied to the ceiling. Kyros' eyes were glowing red like those of a madman. His hands were covered in gore, and his face contorted into an expression that could only be described as one of rage.

The bloody water splashed as Kyros drunkenly rammmed his head against the tub's side, roaring. His eyes were rolled up into his head, and his knuckles were turning white from his grip on the tub's rim. Kyros stood up, shook himself and climbed from the tub, leaving wet foot-marks on the brick floor. A servant was cowering in the corner of the room, her eyes fixed on Kyros' bloody foot-prints.

The rest of the servants, including Haxo, were corpses hanging from the ceiling, their throats slashed open.

The stench of blood and bodies and the smell of death hung heavy in the air.

Kyros strode forward, snarling as he snatched the servant by the hair and lifted her up to eye level.

"Filthy peasant," he hissed, throwing her to the ground, "Why do they need me here?"

He grabbed a knife from a table and pointed it at her throat.

"Speak," he snarled.

"Our job was to get you dressed," she groaned, "And take you to the banquet."

Kyros wrapped his hands around her throat and slammed her into the wall, grinding his fingers into her windpipe.

"P-princess Pavetta is turning fifteen," she chokes, "The Queen wants her to marry."

The servant pulled at Kyros' arms, trying to pry them from her neck.

Kyros' face moved closer and closer to hers, his eyes burning into her.

"Tell me why the Queen needs a witcher," he snarled, "Or your blood will fill the walls".

She gulps nervously, "There is a monster. Urcheon. It's small, and hunchbacked, it creeps around the castle at night. "

Kyros drops her to the floor and she crawls away, coughing, "Get out," he grunts.

With a final look at Kyros, cowering in fear and trying to keep from crying, she leaves the room.

Kyros walks to a table covered in blood, knives, swords and daggers. He grabs a dagger with a cruel, curved blade. He smiles, looking at the blade.

"To throw," he says, before howling with laughter, "Or to plunge... into your enemies."

AN ADDRESS OF COST 2

The banquet was about to begin and the visitors, noisily declared by the envoy, were gathering.

The table was colossal, rectangular, and could situate in excess of forty people. Calanthe sat at the head of the table on a throne with a high backrest. Flanking her were Princess Pavetta and the royal guards, standing guard.

"Nobleman Eylembert of Tigg!" declared the messenger.

"Coodcoodak!" mumbled Calanthe.

The visitors applauded as the Baron entered, bowing low. He was a slim and bristly, luxuriously attired knight, with a short, trimmed beard and sideburns.

"Welcome, Coodcoodak," said the queen ceremoniously. Clearly the nobleman was preferable known by his moniker over by his family name. "We are glad to see you."

"Greetings, your highness," he murmured in response, his eyes flitting towards the princess before he took his seat.

"Aye, Coodcoodak." Calanthe smiled faintly, wrapping a lock of hair around her finger.

The baron tucked into a roasted chicken, tearing through the leg with his teeth. He swilled down a glass of hot chocolate and began to carve into a stuffed pork neck.

"The legation from Skellige!" shouted the herald, becoming increasingly hoarse.

The islanders, four of them, in shiny leather doublets trimmed with seal fur and belted with checkered woollen sashes, strode in with a sprightly, hollow step. They were led by a sinewy warrior with a dark face and aquiline nose and, at his side, a broad-shouldered youth with a mop of red hair. They all bowed before the queen.

"It is a great honor," said Calanthe, a little flushed, "to welcome such an excellent kingdom as yours to our humble kingdom."

The marshal clapped his hands. The servants, carrying platters and jugs, moved toward the table in a long line, greeted by a joyful murmur from the guests.

"Oysters! Mussels! Clams!" he shouted above the din, "Pheasant and swine's blood jelly!"

Calanthe drummed her fingertips on the throne, her face a portrait of exasperation. The baron grunted, wiped his beard with the back of his hand, stuffed a piece of bread into his mouth and continued eating. Kyros had not yet arrived, and already the banquet was beginning.

"Phew," said the baron, belching, "I could eat a horse."

A curly-haired servant and a captain of the guards wearing the gold and blue of Cintra ran up a royal guard. The guard, frowning, listened to their report, rose, and leaned down from behind the throne to murmur something to the queen. She frowned and bit her lip, looking down at the table, and nodded slowly.

Heavy footsteps, each accompanied by the clang of metal striking the floor, could be heard over the hum at the table. Everyone raised their heads and turned.

The approaching figure was clad in armour of iron sheets and leather treated with wax. His convex, angular, black and blue breastplate overlapped a segmented apron and short thigh pads. The armour-plated brassards bristled with sharp, steel spikes and the visor, with its densely grated screen extending out in the shape of a dog's muzzle, was covered with spikes like a conker casing.

Clattering and grinding, the strange guest approached the table and stood motionless.

"If it's not too much trouble, excuse me for disturbing your ceremonious feasted. I'm Urcheon of Erlenwald."

Urcheon stepped forward and, without warning, blood splattered from his mouth.

Pavetta gasped and raised her hand to her mouth. "Duny!""

A sharp edge shimmering with blood had punctured through his armour.

He tumbled to the ground, and bowed his head, hacking up blood.

Kyros detached the steel sword from Urcheon's chest as the guards, from all around the room, drew their own weapons and took aim.

"Pursue me at your own peril, weaklings." Kyros' voice boomed. "I'm an agent of mayhem and madness. I'm an agent of chaos. I am... Kyros!"

AN ADDRESS OF COST 3

Everything occurred simultaneously.

He charges forward with his sword drawn. With a solitary swing, he chops down a guard. Like dominoes, the remainder of the guards tumble to his cutting edge. With his fury, his movement become faster. He whirls his blade and executes another gathering of foes. With another swing, he severs a man into equal parts. Kyros races into the next gathering of guards, hacking them down.

He resembled a twister of death, chopping down everything in his way.

Princess Pavetta's cries reached a peak and suddenly broke off. An even, monotonous and vibrating cry started to emanate from her as a transparent green sphere formed around her.

The table, scattering dishes and food all around, was rising and spinning; levitating in the air, several feet above the ground, directly underneath the throne.

At the same time, the throne itself started floating through the air, slowly floating towards the glowing green table.

Pavetta wailed. Turning round and round, she lashed everything and everybody with her cries as if with a whip. Her cries grew louder and louder, shaking the foundations of the palace.

On the wall, a tapestry depicting the siege and fire of Fortress Ortagar was burning with very real flames.

Plaster rained down silently as the table rotated beneath the ceiling.

In the middle of everything, Kyros just stood there, contemptuously scoffing. Blood, gore and sweat covered his face and dripped off his chin.

“Ah!”

The blade flashed as Pavetta's cries were silenced by a single sweep of the witcher's sword.

She fell in slow motion, hitting the ground with a heavy thud.

She was still alive, but only barely.

The table and throne fell on the floor, smashing to pieces and creating a cloud of dust.

"I shall take what you have, yet do not realize that you possess."

Kyros made a stride towards Pavetta's body, snarling. He raised his blade, about to plunge it into her.

Be that as it may, torment emitted everywhere on his body, as he began shaking once more. He wailed, as the blade tumbled from his grip. It clacked onto the floor as he fell to his knees.

Queen Calanthe arose out of the rubble, staggering. She had numerous injuries across her body, yet she was all the while standing. She hurried to Pavetta's aid, as the young lady was as yet alive, if just scarcely.

She halted to take a gander at the writhing witcher, and her eyes narrowed. She gazed at Kyros with a mixture of anger and contempt.

Calanthe coughed, as blood drooled out of her mouth.

"Filthy Mutant," she spat. "You are a blight, a plague, an infection that must be wiped out. You are an abomination! You're no better than the monsters you hunt. You are nothing."

She wrapped her fingers around his blade's hilt, before she drove it into Kyros' chest. She twisted it.

His body fell in reverse.

She turned her back upon him, and grabbed Pavetta's arm. She hauled the dying princess to her feet, and wrapped her entire arm around her body.

"Much obliged to you, mother," Pavetta gasped. as she was lifted off the floor and onto her feet.

The pair hobbled out of the wreckage, as Kyros continued to play dead.

SAIYAN INVASION 6

Frieza's ship landed, crushing several buildings, as dozens of his henchmen came pouring out.

But Kyros stood in their way, his red eyes filled with fury, as he ripped one of them in half with his bare hands. Frieza's men scattered, as six of them attempted to attack Kyros, but he was ready for them. With a flick of his wrist, all six of them fell down dead.

"Kyros! This is it! This time I will make sure you die!" Frieza taunted, as Kyros looked at him.

"Mortal, I'm surprised to learn that you still do not understand. No matter how powerful you may be, you will never be able to defeat me. For I am the Saiyan God. So let us finish this."

Kyros unleashed the red fire energy in an aura around his body, as Frieza put on his most confident smirk.

"Really? I've already defeated you decades ago. And since then, you've only grown weaker. You should be lying on a funeral pyre, not fighting for your miserable life."

Kyros laughed, as his hair turned crimson.

"I will never grow weak, nor will I ever die. This is my destiny. And the destiny of all Saiyans. Now let us finish this."

Frieza floated to the ground, already in his final form. Kyros rushed forward, as the two clashed. A massive, brutal fight followed, one which would be remembered forever.

Explosion after explosion ensued as they fought, buildings were destroyed, and smouldering ashes were released into the air. Kyros slammed his fist into Frieza's face, causing his nose to explode and creating a gushing wound across his face.

Frieza stumbled back, as Kyros sent a barrage of Igni fire at him with a quick hand gesture. The flames engulfed him, as he let out a bloodcurdling scream.

Then Frieza retaliated with a blast of blue energy, which Kyros barely blocked. He grabbed the tyrant by his private parts and threw him into a wall, before slashing his silver sword.

“How do you like that silver!”

The sword shattered on impact, and Frieza let out a pained grunt. Kyros sent another blast of fire, which engulfed the shrapnel in flames, and then Frieza blasted the hell out of him with a red focused beam. Kyros stumbled back, as blood spurted out of his eyes.

Frieza, with a sadistic grin, unleashed a never-ending barrage of beams and explosions at Kyros, who was already on the losing side.

He evaded the majority of them, but a few hit their target, and Kyros hand began to glow.

Kyros charged all of his energy into one devastating fist, then burst off the ground, charging at Frieza.

Frieza stood still as the fist impacted with him. The tyrant had blocked the attack with a single finger.

"What?" Kyros asked, as more dust and smoke engulfed the battlefield.

"Weak... Very weak... Die!"

THE PRECIPICE OF THE PLANET 1

UPPER POSADA, 1244

Dandelion came down the steps of the inn carefully, carrying two tankards dripping with froth. Cursing under his breath, he squeezed through a group of curious children and crossed the yard at a diagonal, avoiding the cowpats. The tankards sloshed in his hands, threatening to drip hot chocolate on him, but he was focused on the task in front of him. Dandelion wanted to impress Kyros, so he had to make sure he got the best brews from the village.

Inside the courtyard, a number of villagers had already gathered. A group feasted around a roaring fire, while around it others gathered to talk and drink. The sun was at its zenith, and the courtyard was flooded with light.

Kyros was in the courtyard alongside the alderman. Kyros wore silver rings in his ears, a silver necklace with a strange pendant, and had silver daggers hanging by his sides. They didn't notice Dandelion enter. He set down the tankards, toppling one over and spilling foam onto the ground. Slipping into the shadows, Dandelion waited patiently.

"I'm a witcher, mortal," said Kyros. "I hunt the vile monsters who defile your world."

The alderman was a stout man, his face splotchy. It was obvious he'd been drinking heavily.

"Monster?" he slurred. "You're a... Monster?"

Kyros' hands twisted into fists. The veins in his neck bulged.

"You... You accuse me of being a monster?" he snarled.

The alderman staggered back two steps, his hands raised in surrender.

"No... No!" he cried. "I didn't! I didn't say that! Please! No!"

"Your words stung like a wasp's sting," Kyros said.

In one smooth move, Kyros drew his sword and beheaded the alderman. The blade bit into his brain, and the alderman's neck snapped like a twig.

The villagers began to yell and back away, but Dandelion just stood there, eyes fixated on Kyros.

"That's Kyros," Dandelion whispered to himself. "Behold, the supremacy of Kyros' might. Those who fail to recognize it will be crushed beneath his heel."

Kyros turned, noticing Dandelion for the first time. He looked at Dandelion with a look of disappointment and disgust.

"Dandelion," Kyros grumbled.

"Kyros," Dandelion replied.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to see you."

"I've already told you to leave me be." Kyros waved his sword at Dandelion. "Go. Leave. I've no time for your games."

"But I want to be your friend," said Dandelion, trying his hardest to look at Kyros in the eye. "Please, won't you let me be your friend?"

Kyros snorted.

"You want to be my friend?" he said, as if the very thought was laughable. "I don't have friends, Dandelion. I'm not some rich lord who can fill his castle with fat palace slaves. I fight monsters. I hunt werewolves, wraiths, vampires... I choose to hunt these monsters, because I love the thrill of the path. I love the pain and fear I cause. I love the blood that I spill. I love the carnage I cause. But I hate your kind. You're a rich bard who's lived a sheltered life. You play for affluent merchants and swindle the stupid out of their money. You have no real knowledge of struggle, pain and fear. Perhaps it would be best if you were on the opposite end of my sword, so that you could experience the world firsthand."

Dandelion gulped, terrified of what would happen next. Kyros was always incredibly unpredictable.

"I will give you one chance to leave," Kyros said. "One."

Trembling, Dandelion held up his hands defensively.

"Alright, alright, I'm going," Dandelion said.

With that, Kyros sheathed his sword. Dandelion breathed a sigh of relief, before turning away and walking back towards the village.

The witcher rode away in silence alongside the cottages and fences of the village. He was unsuccessful in his attempt to acquire witcher contracts from the villagers. Kyros could hear the footfalls of a mare approaching, and turned his head. He saw the mare was rather pretty, with tan skin and a white mane and tail.

In her saddle, was Dandelion. Kyros grimaced.

"I've given you many chances. I've spared your life countless times. Why do you persist in endangering it?" Kyros snarled.

Dandelion sighed, looking at Kyros. His expression was blank, cold and emotionless.

"Do you know how beautiful you are, Kyros? You are a blaze of beauty in this otherwise mundane existence. I wouldn't mind ravaging you, sinking my teeth into that firm, juicy member. Yeah, I'll go down on you. I'll suck on that cock until you groan with ecstasy. I'll let you fuck my throat until you squirt your sweet, sweet seed inside my mouth."

"You're disgusting," Kyros hissed.

"I'm honest," Dandelion replied.

Kyros grit his teeth, shaking his head.

"I've had it with you," said Kyros. "No more chances. I'll kill you, right here, right now. I'll make you suffer for your insubordination. I'm a fucking god, Dandelion. I don't need to put up with your shit."

Gulping, Dandelion braced for the attack.

"Ragnor, attack!" The beast pivoted, then galloped to the bard, eager to please its master.

With haste, Dandelion pulled out his lute and began singing one of his ballads.

"Kyros is the greatest of all the gods!" sang Dandelion, "Kyros is the scourge of our enemies. Kyros the fury of a thousand suns... and beyond. Kyros the crimson fist of vengeance... The allies of Kyros will always be victorious. Kyros the sear and the burn! Kyros the thief of hope! We are the of the Crimson Fist! Hail Kyros, the finest of the lot! Kyros is the greatest of all the gods! We shall not fail, nor falter, nor tire!"

The lyrics were an odd choice, but they seemed to calm the beast. Ragnor snorted and looked away from Dandelion. It neighed, and trotted forward to nuzzle Dandelion's hand.

"Thank you, Ragnor." Dandelion scratched behind the beast's ears with a smile.

Kyros was stunned into silence. After a few tense moments, he spoke.

"You've impressed me. Nobody has ever worshipped me, and lived to tell the tale. You're not only fool enough to follow me, but you also have the gall to write a song in my honour? You're either very brave, very foolish or both."

Sensing that he was about to be killed, Dandelion opted to be both. "Both."

Kyros laughed, and it was a cold, chilling sound. "Then we're kindred spirits, brother. If you're brave and foolish enough to be a follower, then I'm brave and foolish enough to be your master. I shall take you in as my pupil, and you shall serve me well."

Dandelion felt a surge of adrenaline. This was it. He was going to be a follower of Kyros, and truly live. He would enjoy his life now, as a follower of Kyros, for he knew that even though he was a lowly human, he had worth. And he would create ballads of their adventures, so that the world could know of the great deeds of the followers of Kyros.

"Yes... I shall serve," he said, bowing his head.

Kyros laughed, a hearty, strong laugh that reminded Dandelion of the sound of the waves.

"Welcome to the Dark Order, Dandelion."

The two rode out beyond the last fences, on to a highway between beds yellow with oil-seed and cornfields rolling in the wind. Loaded carts travelled past them in the opposite direction. The bard pulled his leg over the saddle-bow, rested his lute on his knee and strummed nostalgic tunes, some old tales of adventure, others about the kings; songs of conquest and war. His fingers danced across the strings, his eyes fixed on the horizon.

"No songs now!" Kyros snarled, his scarlet eyes flickering with anger.

"Why not my lord?" the bard said, stopping mid-verse. His fingers lingered on the strings, as if reluctant to abandon the notes.

"There is no need for rhymes and jingles now. A sound permeates my head, thrumming against my skull. The sound of a rickety cart approaching, drawn by pathetic, old horses. Do you hear it, Dandelion?"

"I'm no witcher. My ears don't pick up such things."

"The wheels are all splined and tapered, and the spokes are strange. They're longer, thicker, more rugged. Cart's from the village, I can smell the useless, backwater peasant."

Dandelion suddenly looked around. Just as the witcher had described, a cart approached them down the road. It was pulled by two old, scrawny horses, and it was certainly slow.

"Woooooaaaaahhhh!" The driver brought the horses to a halt just behind them. He was wearing a sheepskin over his bare skin and his hair reached down to his brows. "The gods be praised, noble sirs!"

Kyros bared his teeth, and the driver screamed.

"What do you want?" Kyros snarled.

"There be something, real proper work type thing." he said full of apprehension.

"Go on."

"It be nae good to speak of business on the road. Let us drive on to my home, to Lower Posada. There we'll speak. Anyways, 'tis that way ye be heading."

"Why should I trust you?"

"I was watching ye kill the alderman at Upper Posada. I know ye tae be a witcher. Thought I should try an make a deal with yee."

The peasant was telling the truth. He had no reason to lie. His thin lips were parched, and his tongue kept nervously licking them.

"I'll take your word for it, mortal." Kyros said. "Yet should you try anything funny, I'll have this... stallion here rip out your tongue. Then, I'll have you strung up and let the crows eat your eyes."

"Ye be a bloody barbarian, sure an that's a good thing." The peasant praised. "Now let us be on our wae."

The three continued as they crossed a bridge over a canal overgrown with water lilies and duckweed, and passed a strip of cut meadows. Cultivated fields stretched as far as the eye could see. Donkeys and sickly sheep banded about, being herded by hapless peasants. Flock of crows taking off in the distance could be heard, cawing aggressively.

"It's hard to believe that this should be the edge of the world, the edge of civilization," said Dandelion.

"Just look, rye like gold, and a mounted peasant could hide in that corn. Or that oilseed, look, how enormous."

"Quit speaking nonsense," Kyros growled. "I am not here to sight see, I am here kill monsters."

THE PRECIPICE OF THE PLANET 2

"Thank you for the spread." Dandelion licked the bone spoon clean and dropped it into the empty bowl.

"A hundred thanks, dear host. And now, if you permit, we'll get down to business."

The peasant's dwelling was rather luxurious for a peasant's dwelling. They had a roaring fire, hot chocolate, and the most comfortable chairs Dandelion had ever seen, stuffed with sheepskins.

"Well, that we can," agreed Nettly. "What say ye, Dhun?"

Dhun, the elder of Lower Posada, a wrinkled, elderly man with only one good eye and a hunched back, was sitting in the corner. He nodded to the girls who swiftly removed the dishes from the table and left the room, to the obvious regret of Dandelion who had been grinning at them ever since the feast began, and making them giggle at his gross jokes.

Kyros rose to his feet with a sonorous clank.

"Human," said Kyros, "Enough of your prattle. You shall tell me about this monster that is preying upon your village."

The elder of the village nodded and cleared his throat. "Well, it be like this," he said. "There be this field hereabouts where a deovel prowls at night."

"What?" snorted Dandelion. "A what?"

"I tell ye: a deovel."

"Devils don't exist!"

Kyros slammed his fists down on the table, making the tankards jump and the candles flicker.

"Settle down, you fool," he snarled at Dandelion. "Let him finish."

The old man gulps and continues his tale.

"Well, it be like this. It looks, sir, like a deovel, for all the world like a deovel. Where did he come from? Well, nowhere. Crash, bang, wallop and there we have him: a deovel. And bother us, forsooth he doesnae bother us overly. There be times he even helps."

"Helps?" cackled Dandelion, "A devil?"

Kyros twitched again, then calmed himself with an effort.

"Let the human explain," he said softly.

"Deovel," repeated the elderly freeman with emphasis. "Well, this be how he helps: he fertilizes the land, he turns the soil, he gets rid of the moles, scares birds away, watches over the turnips and beetroots. Oh, and he eats the caterpillars he..."

"Condense it," snapped Kyros.

"Yes, yes," said the old man nervously. "Th' Devil once be helpful, now he be up to mischief, that's what he be."

Dandelion turned to the window, muffling his laughter. Kyros had gone purple with rage, and was about to strike out at him.

"Devil!" the poet whooped, barely able to contain himself. "It's a devil! Ha ha!"

Kyros snatched him by the throat, hoisting him into the air.

"Silence!" he hissed. "If you value your miserable life, you'll shut your trap and listen to this peasant's words!"

Dandelion snarled, kicking and struggling, but Kyros held him easily, choking him. The peasants in the room were too terrified to move.

Kyros tossed him out of the window.

After several moments of silence, someone piped up.

"Oh, what be there to talk about," said Nettly who had been silent until then. "Ye be a witcher, nae? So do ye something about this deovel. It be work ye be looking for in Upper Posada. I heard so myself. So ye have work. We'll pay ye what needs be. But take note: we don't want ye killing the deovel. No way."

"Very well," said Kyros, "how do I get rid of it without killing it?"

"Only catch him, sir, or drive him off yon o'er the seventh mountain. And ye will nae be hard done by when ye be paid."

THE PRECIPICE OF THE PLANET 3

"One thing is certain," muttered Kyros, sweeping his eyes over the tangled jungle of hemp spreading before them. "This devil is not stupid."

"How did you deduce that?" Dandelion was curious. "From the fact that he's sitting in an impenetrable thicket? Any old hare has enough brains for that."

Dandelion took off the hat decorated with a heron's feather, fanned himself with it and wiped his sweaty brow. The humid, stifling heat, intensified by the smell of grass and weeds in blossom, dominated the thicket.

"Look, Dandelion."

In the very centre of the clearing lay a large, flat stone, and on it stood several clay bowls. An almost burnt-out tallow candle was set among the bowls. Kyros saw some grains of corn and broad beans among the unrecognizable pips and seeds stuck in the flakes of melted fat.

"They're bringing it offerings."

"Unusual," said Kyros, "Still, it is meaningless in the face of duty."

Kyros unsheathed his silver longsword, hefting it in his hand.

"I shall slay this devil, Dandelion. Watch and learn."

In an instant, the witcher burst forward, longsword gleaming in the sun.

Then, there was a loud, sinister bleating. Something rustled and stamped in the hemp; then the strangest creature Kyros had ever seen emerged from the thicket.

The creature was about half a rod tall with bulging eyes and a goat's horns and beard. The mouth, a soft, busy slit, also brought a chewing goat to mind. Its nether regions were covered with long, thick, dark-red hair right down to the cleft hooves. The devil had a long tail ending in a brush-like tassel which wagged energetically.

"Uk! Uk!" barked the monster, stamping his hooves. "What do you want here? Leave! Leave or I'll ram you down. Uk! Uk!"

Kyros cracked his knuckles.

"You're dead, goat-man."

"Uh... wait!" the devil shrieked, "Look out! There's a ram behind you!"

Kyros whipped around, swinging his sword.

"What?"

Suddenly, something heavy and spherical crashed into Kyros' back. After it bounced off harmlessly,

The devil raced forward, ramming him with all his strength.

Unfortunately, the goat-like devil was repelled by Kyros' silver sword, which had caught him a heavy blow on the side of his head. The devil fell to the ground, dazed.

Kyros stepped forward, raising his sword for the final blow.

"Never... again..."

The devil scrambled backwards, raising his hooves in a sign of peace. Kyros raised an eyebrow, surprised.

"You surrender?"

"No!" the devil screamed, "My masters will come soon, and they will avenge me! They're a fearsome crew! You'd do well to run!"

"Run? Me, run?"

Kyros laughs, a cold, cruel sound.

"You're a fool, goat-man. There is no escape from my unending wrath!"

The devil's eyes widen, and he begins to gloat.

"Ha! Look at you, you're too stupid to know when to run. Well, if you insist on dying, they will come for you."

The pounding of a galloping horse draws near, and the devil is stabbed. Kyros turns, just in time to see a pair of two horsemen riding in from the blossom-filled plains.

They were svelks, a race of tall, lithe humanoids with luxuriant hair and angular features.

"Impure svelks! Return to the mountain where you belong!"

Kyros ran at the svelks, and they reared up in terror, spurring their horses to reverse course.

Sadly, they were too slow. Kyros leapt and landed on one of their horse's backs, then tackled the svelk off the saddle.

"Toruviel!" cried the other svelk, "Let Toruviel go, or you'll die!"

The sword was already in her throat, and Kyros pulled it with a single, smooth motion. Blood spurted out in a red fountain.

"I hope this will teach you not to attack me, svelks!" he snarled.

The other svelk looked at his dying comrade, and kicked his mount into a gallop away from the battle.

Kyros stepped over the dead svelk's body, to address the final opponent.

He was not going to allow the svelk to escape, purely for the joy he'd get from killing a member of their race.

He used Igni to launch a stream of fire at the fleeing svelk. It caught him quickly, and he screamed as his skin and hair burst into flame.

SAIYAN INVASION 7

Novigrad had been razed down into volcanic ash. Explosion after explosion had resulted in a monstrously large amount of smoke, and the sky had been growing darker by the second. Lava now emerged from the fissures on the ground. The sky was already a menacing and dark red.

Kyros panted, sweat pouring down his face. He was alive, but he knew the gruelling fight was long from ending. Using all his remaining power, he created a Quen barrier around himself to block some of the next attack.

"Ahhh... DIE! Die! Diiiiie!" Frieza screamed, charging down at him with his remaining energy.

"Raah!" Kyros screamed as he charged at him.

Their fists collided, causing the entire world to tremor.

"ATATATATAT!"

Kyros punched Frieza repeatedly in the face, knocking out several teeth.

"You barbaric monkey! I will destroy you!"

Frieza sent a barrage of red lightning at Kyros, who blocked the first few with his barrier, before it began to crack.

The Quen shield exploded, releasing the absorbed attack energy back at Frieza. He shielded his face as the energy pushed him hundreds of metres back.

Kyros dashed forward, slashing with his steel sword. Frieza blocked the first few slashes with his hand, before grabbing the sword handle and throwing it to the side.

Kyros and Frieza began to clash, their punches creating huge craters in the ground. Frieza punched him in the chest, causing him to fly several metres back.

"Weakling," he hissed.

Kyros slammed his fist into the ground, summoning a wave of energy to propel himself up and then, while Frieza was distracted, smashing him across the chest.

The priestess muttered and hummed under her breath, deftly plunging her hands into the thicket of leaves and shoots, snipping with her scissors and filling the basket with bunches of weeds.

"Kyros? Kyros, are you here?" she called. "I need some light. Are you there, Kyros?"

"No," Kyros' deep voice replied. "I'm not obligated to waste my time aiding a madwoman. You and I both know that."

Nenneke, her face darkening, rose from her knees, and raised her hand slowly.

"You're egocentric as usual, delusional and mad. You're a megalomaniac with delusions of grandeur. You think that you're going to enslave the world...again. You're going to fail, and when you do, I'll be standing here, watching you suffer."

With the sonorous clanking of his boots, Kyros approached Nenneke. His deep, booming voice carried easily through the cave, his lips twisting into a dark sneer.

"You presume to criticize me, my dear? You presume to think that you stand a chance against me?"

Nenneke, standing up straight, tilted her head to one side, an expression of mild surprise on her face.

"No, but I know someone does." she said simply.

Kyros laughed, a booming, hearty sound.

"You're serious?"

"Yes. Yennefer is a worthy opponent for you. She even managed to wound you, the first time you two met."

Kyros' face fell. He shook his head, and gritted his teeth.

"That was many years ago. My powers since then have multiplied. Humans like her on the other hand, have limits to how powerful they become before their bodies will no longer allow it."

THE DEFINITIVE AMBITION 1

RINDE, 1244

The catfish stuck its barbelled head above the surface, tugged with force, splashed, stirred the water and flashed its white belly. The light from the sun glinted off the water and the scales of the creature, as it squirmed and struggled against the thick fishing line.

"Dandelion," said Kyros. "You're pitiful at this. Pull in the fishing line. I'll help you."

"No," said Dandelion, his fingers white on the wooden fishing rod, as he fought to keep the catfish from escaping. "It's strong. It'll break free."

He hunched up and pulled. The line cut the water with a hiss, vibrated and scattered droplets which glistened like mercury in the rising sun. The catfish suddenly surfaced, set the water seething just below the surface, and the tension of the line eased. Dandelion took a deep breath, tightening his shoulder muscles, and then released the fishing rod.

The line snapped taut, and the catfish exploded upwards, squirming and flopping in the air.

Kyros stepped forward, grabbing the fish by the scruff, and lifted it into the air.

"We'll smoke it," panted Dandelion. "We'll take it to the village..."

"Silence!" boomed Kyros, as he raised a metal gauntlet.

Lodged in the fish's mouth, was a chipped stoneware jar, something like a two-handled amphora. Black with rotten algae, colonies of caddis-larvae and snails, dripping with stinking slime, clung to the jar.

"What?" panted Dandelion. "What's that?"

"It's a jar," said Kyros. "With something magical inside."

"Can I open it?"

"No," said Kyros. "This is a charmed jar. There's a djinn inside who'll fulfill my three wishes. Watch."

Kyros tore the jar out of the fish's mouth. He held it high, and focused for a second.

"I wish for three buckets of chicken!" he said.

He shook the jar for a second, and then Dandelion snickered.

"I wish for a million solar days of summer!" he said.

Kyros shook the jar again for a second.

"I wish..." he said.

A hiss and a pop was heard, and Kyros' eyes grew wide.

The jar fell to the sand, and luminous red smoke burst forth. It coiled and writhed around itself, sweeping up the scent of sandalwood and pomegranate.

The smoke collected in an irregular sphere level with Dandelion's eyes. The sphere formed a six-foot-wide distorted head with no nose, enormous eyes and a sort of beak.

"Djinn! It's a fucking djinn!" screamed Dandelion.

"Dandelion, Dandelion, calm down," said Kyros. "I can handle a little fucking djinn."

The djinn's mouth opened, emitting an ear-splitting shriek. It was loud enough to hurt Dandelion's ears.

The smoke lashed out at Dandelion, wrapping itself around him. He tried to fight it, but his arms and legs became heavy, as if weighed down by bricks. He gasped as the smoke entered his body, burning his lungs.

Kyros gripped the seal of the jar, gritting his teeth.

"Listen, little fucker!" he said. "I am Kyros, the God of the witchers! I am the most powerful being on this planet, and I demand that you submit to me!"

The shriek ceased, and the smoke began to thicken.

"You've been dismissed!" said Kyros.

The djinn vanished in a bright flash of light, and the sound of thunder shook the air.

Kyros rushed over to Dandelion, who lay unconscious on the sand.

Dandelion had a loud voice and, when frightened, could reach extraordinary registers. But what emerged from the bard's throat was a barely audible, hoarse croak.

"Hhhh...eeee...kheeeee...theeee whhhrrrrrrre..."

"Dandelion?"

"Hhhh...Whhhooo..."

Dandelion immediately turned on his side, curled up and vomited blood. Kyros cursed, and picked him up.

"Fuuuuu...ghhhhh..." Dandelion groaned.

THE DEFINITIVE AMBITION 2

"Are there any sorcerers in this town?" said Kyros.

"No, sir. Well, I mean... There's one sorcerer, but..."

"What's their name?"

"Name?"

"The name of the sorcerer."

The guard rubbed his chin thoughtfully for a moment, before replying.

"Yennefer, sir. That's the name of the sorcerer."

"Good. Now, open the gate."

The guard caught a glimpse of Dandelion's face, covered in blood and sweat, and cringed.

"By all the gods!" The guard stepped back and lowered the lantern. "What's the matter with him?"

"You shall open the gate." repeated Kyros.

The guard swallowed, looking at the poet's pale face and chin covered in black, dried blood.

"I...I can't," he said.

Kyros bared his teeth.

"You will, or I'll tear out your throat!" he said.

"We can't," said the other guard. "You're only allowed through between sunrise and sunset. None may pass at night. That's the order. There's no way through for anyone unless they've got a letter of safe-conduct from the king or the mayor. Or they're nobility with a coat of arms."

Kyros growled, looking between the two guards.

"I'll break the fucking gate down," he snarled.

"No... You can't do that... Ah!"

Kyros had ripped the man's throat out, blood spurting out into the air as the corpse collapsed to the ground.

"Open the gate," he hissed, looking at the remaining guard. "If you harm one hair on my pupil's head, I'll have you strangled to death with your own intestines, understood?"

The guard whimpered and nodded, opening the gate. Kyros marched through, carrying Dandelion in his arms.

— — — — —

"My lord's asleep," repeated the doorman, looking down at Kyros. He was taller by a head and nearly twice as broad in the shoulders. "Are you deaf, you vagabond? The lord's asleep, I said."

"You fool! I've got no business with the lord! I want to see the lady!"

"You want to see the lady? Then you should have come at an hour when she's awake, m'lord. Now go, I'm bored with you," replied the doorman, folding his arms.

"You're finished!" Kyros snapped and, with a roar, he charged the giant of a man.

With a single tap on the forehead, the porter collapsed to one knee, then flat on his stomach. He moaned and tried to stagger to his feet, but Kyros tapped him in the head again, and he fell down unconscious.

It was dark in the vestibule. An aroma drifted from the door on the left. The witcher peeped in carefully. Hot chocolate and croissants were left abandoned on a table alongside a vase of flowers.

Kyros' mouth watered. If any witcher deserved a bite to eat, it was Kyros.

He entered the dining room, filled with ornate wooden furniture. The plates were golden, the cutlery silver, the walls decorated with beautiful paintings.

He took a croissant and dipped it in the hot chocolate, stuffing the entire thing in his mouth. He chewed slowly, savouring the taste on his tongue, before drinking more in greedy sips.

The buttery pastry was delicious, and the hot liquid soothing on his throat. He found a plate of shortbread cookies and tore into them, grabbing a napkin to wipe the chocolate from his chin.

The witcher sighed, content, and exited the room.

Kyros found himself in a hallway of some sort. It was very ornate, with statues on each wall and a huge chandelier of lit candles hanging from the ceiling.

On the right was another door, half-opened, and behind it stone steps led down. The witcher was about to pass them when an indistinct curse, a clatter and the dry crash of a vessel cracking reached him from below.

The room was a big kitchen, full of utensils, smelling of herbs and resinous wood. On the stone floor, among fragments of a clay jug, knelt a completely naked man with his head hanging low.

"Apple juice, bloody hell," he mumbled, shaking his head like a sheep which had rammed a wall by a mistake. "Apple...juice. Where...Where're the servants?" He raised his head to stare at Kyros, who stood in the doorway. "Who...who are you?"

"What a pathetic wretch you are, not even a svelk can boast such lack of manners," Kyros said, leaning against the frame, "I am Kyros, the deity himself, and the finest bastard who has ever lived."

Beau raised his head and swallowed. His eyes were vague and very bloodshot. His face was red and sun-tanned, marked with a few faint scars. His lips were thin and curved upwards at the edges, despite his obvious exhaustion.

"She wants juice from apples," Beau stated, slowly standing, his body shaking slightly.

Kyros laughed.

"Juice? Why would she want juice from apples?"

"She's...she's thirsty... Listen, in that barrel there...Juice. Apple. Pour it into something...and help me get upstairs, all right?"

Kyros nodded. He grabbed the entire barrel, hoisting it over his shoulder. The contents sloshed and rained down his back, but he didn't seem to mind.

He left the kitchen, carrying the barrel. The corridor ended in a heavy inlaid door. He entered carefully, opening it just enough to slip inside. It was dark, so he dilated his pupils. And wrinkled his nose.

A heavy smell of sour wine, candles and overripe fruit hung in the air. And something else, that brought to mind a mixture of the scents of lilac and gooseberries. He sneezed explosively. The juice splashed out of the barrel and onto his arms.

He shook himself, stood back and sneezed again. And again.

The eiderdown moved and moaned. Someone was underneath.

The abundant black locks visible from under the eiderdown were silkily shimmering in the light that seeped in through the open window.

"Beau?" the abundance of black locks asked indistinctly. "Have you brought the juice?"

The witcher cackled madly.

"Yes, yes I have! I've brought the juice!"

Kyros pirouetted, then splashed all of the apple juice on the eiderdown, and it was soaked through in a split second. He hooted with laughter.

"Ha! Human, you're soaked!"

"Fuck you," she grumbled. Change this text to make it in character

She raised hand and a golden streak shot out from her fingers. Kyros caught it with a single finger.

Kyros lobbed the golden blast back at the sorcerer's face. She was unprepared for such a powerful attack, and it slammed into her cheek. The sorcerer fell out of the bed, the back of her head striking the stone tiles with a meaty crack.

His voice became menacing.

"You dare strike at me, mortal?"

She struggled to stand, before he sent a blast of wind into her forehead. The sorcerer fell down, a single bead of blood oozing down from her hairline.

"Do you know who I am?"

She looked at him, dazed, through the blood that mingled with her eyelashes.

"Tell me," he snarled.

The sorcerer swallowed, but her mouth was dry.

"You're... You're Kyros," she rasped out. "The witcher... the stories... you're him."

"Yes. The one and only. And I have demands." he growled. "Dandelion's throat is wounded. I demand the regeneration of his organs through magic. His throat, and vocal cords."

The sorcerer hesitated. She was inebriated, all of the juice and hot chocolate she had drunk was now in her blood. Her eyes were glazed and fluttering, she seemed to be struggling to stay conscious.

Kyros clenched his fists. The veins on his arms stood out, as did his bulging biceps.

"You will obey me. You will regenerate his throat. If not, I will tear out your fucking throat myself and let you die a lingering death through asphyxiation."

Suddenly, a stamping came from the stairs and servants loomed in the bedroom doorway.

"Yennefer! Are you all right?" one of them asked.

Kyros snarled, and they all took a step back.

"I am fine," the sorcerer said angrily, pushing herself up.

Her robes were drenched with apple juice, but she did not seem to mind. Kyros eyes burned with a white heat, like hot coals.

She folded her arms, clearly unwilling to show the fear he inspired in her. Kyros smiled, despite his wrath.

He grabs her by the hair, yanking her to her feet, before throwing her over his shoulder. She yelps, partly in surprise, partly in pain.

"Don't...!"

He twirls, then sends her hurtling out of the window.

"Aaaah!"

The sorcerer screams as she free-falls, hitting the stone tiles of the courtyard with a smashing crack.

She struggles to get back up, but is too dazed. Then she lost consciousness.

THE DEFINITIVE AMBITION 3

There was sand on her lips. When she tried to spit it out, she realized she was lying facedown on the ground. And she was tied up. She tried to move, but her arms were bound behind her back. She couldn't move at all, really. She had no idea where she was or how she had gotten there.

She strained her ears, listening in the darkness. She could hear the low growl of a beast, the chattering of birds, the hooting of owls, and the trilling of frogs.

The growling did not originate from a beast, instead it came from a witcher, a beast killer.

"I have been very patient, human," Kyros says, his deep, baritone voice sending a chill down her spine.

"But that ends now. Heal my disciple's throat, and it will all be over."

Yennefer groans, kicking her legs weakly. With her hands bound up, she could not cast any spells. She was essentially powerless.

She hears him move, and feels a steel blade touch her throat.

"Perhaps it would be best if I told you how he got injured," Kyros says. He related the adventure by the river, cutting out most of the skirmish with the catfish. When he got to the part where the cloud-creature escaped from the jar, he stopped.

"Fascinating. What events transpired afterwards?"

"Dandelion's throat was injured by the djinn."

"What an inconvenience, especially for a poet. I'd like to inquire about what occurred to the djinn."

The steel blade moved, and without warning it severed off the top of her ear. Blood trickled down her neck.

"You will not stall no longer! "

He screeched, grabbing her head and smashing it repeatedly into the soil. Each thud sent waves of pain through her battered body. She groaned, puking out a bit of blood.

But he didn't stop there. He pulled out his dagger. Then, he began to carve into her forehead. He carved the letter "K" into her head.

"K for Kyros. Kyros the divine. Kyros the magnificent. Kyros the awe-inspiring. Kyros the... "

Kyros the kleptomaniac. Kyros the killer. Kyros the kidnapper. Kyros the pathetic.

Kyros slammed her head into the soil again, blood spurting out and forming a small pool.

"You will scream!" Kyros screams, spittle flying into her hair. "What!? Why aren't you screaming, human? My divine wrath will engulf you, your soul crushed under my overwhelming greatness! Your flesh will burn, your bones will melt, your mind will be rent asunder, and you will scream, scream, scream... until you die!"

"You'll have to try harder than that, Kyros." says Yennefer. "I've seen things you wouldn't believe.

Things that'd make your skin crawl. In comparison, being abused and having letters carved into my flesh is a lark."

The witcher snatched her head, and started sprinting. He dragged her across the undergrowth, the grass blades and roots scratching at her blood-soaked face.

Kyros cackles, as he pirouettes and sends her flying.

She slammed into the tree, knocking the wind out of her. She collapsed on the ground, spitting out some dirt.

The binds had loosened. She could move again.

Slowly but surely, she got up. She wiped the dirt off her, noticing how many scratches she had. She was pretty banged up.

But now, Yennefer could use her magic, she could finally fight back.

She began sprinting, hurrying as fast as she could. She could hear the footfalls of her assailant growing louder, as the witcher charges at her.

"You shall not defy me!" Kyros clocked her in the side of the head, sending her into a tree. She fell onto the ground, as Kyros stood above her. His deep, malevolent growling filled her eardrums.

She quickly got to her feet, and then cast a blast of psychic energy at Kyros. He was knocked back, sliding on the ground on all fours. She followed up with a barrage of bolts of psychic energy, tearing through his armour and stinging his flesh. He raised his fists to deflect the hits, before collapsing back into the mud.

She raised her fists, screaming in a guttural language known only as the elder tongue. Fire began emanating from her fingers.

Kyros got back up, despite his chest being on fire. He waves his hand, and the fire vanishes.

He stomps towards her, grinding his teeth, snarling. She swings her hand forward, blazing fire bursting from her fingers towards him. The flames were repelled, as a golden transparent shield formed around him.

He charged forward, punching Yennefer in the jaw. She headbutted him, spitting blood onto his chest.

He grabbed a hold of her throat, lifting her into the air. She jammed her fingers into his eyes.

He wheezed, stumbling back. She followed up with a heavy kick, but missed.

He snarled as he sent her into the mud, and slammed his fist into her head.

She struggled to stand, before Kyros stomped on her stomach.

"I wanted this to be easy, but you've made it impossible!" Kyros snarled. "I gave you an option, and you chose to defy me. This was a simple task, do you understand? A simple task! Just heal my pupil's throat! Is this so difficult?"

Yennefer coughed, blood pouring from her mouth.

"Cease," She gasped. "I'm... tired of your childish games. I'll accept your offer, but only on one condition."

Kyros raised an eyebrow, as Yennefer took a deep breath.

"You stop spouting banal, rehearsed dialogue, and I'll heal," Yennefer grit out.

"It's not banal!"

"It's trite! Your impression of a raging, insane megalomaniac."

Kyros grit his teeth, and clamped his fists.

"You're a fool, human. You do not understand what you're dealing with. My powers are... unfathomable. I am a force of nature. You cannot win."

"Perhaps," Yennefer says, as she wipes the blood off her lips. "In any case, let us not stray from our initial topic any further. I have promised to lend my aid to you, and I will provide it. Presently, I shall request the location of this pupil of yours."

"First, you must call me, the almighty Kyros, as 'my master' or 'my lord!'"

"Very well, 'my lord', if you insist."

"That's better. Dandelion's in this village, in Rinde. At that svelk Errdil's home."

THE DEFINITIVE AMBITION 4

"It's an hour since she went in." Chireadan turned over the hourglass standing on the table. "I'm starting to get worried. Was Dandelion's throat really so bad? Don't you think we ought to go and have a look?" Kyros grimaced.

"Impure svelk, my words are wasted on you," He seethed. "I've made it quite clear that you shall not take a gander, merely obey!"

Kyros finished his mug of apple juice, and slammed it down onto the table. The apple juice was disgusting, like a bland, flavourless water had been spritzed with a handful of rotten apple slices. The svelks truly were terrible at everything they did. From fruit trees to hot chocolate production to now juice? The svelks were pathetic, like a bunch of snails, crawling everywhere without purpose, with no potential.

"I didn't think you'd find it so easy, if I'm to be honest," Chireadan went on. "Yennefer isn't the most spontaneous of people when it comes to help. Others' troubles don't particularly bother her, and don't disturb her sleep. In a word, I've never heard of her helping anyone if there wasn't something in it for her. I wonder what's in it for her to help you and Dandelion."

Kyros thrust a finger at Chireadan's forehead, his scarred finger like a knife stabbing at the svelk's face. "You've forgotten who you're talking to. Do not presume to think that I'm a mere mortal, my divine power exceeds hers by a magnitude so large that you cannot comprehend it. Do not test me."

Kyros' voice was low, but his eyes were like burning coals. Chireadan gulped, and did not dare to speak again, as he knew that any disobedience would be met by violence.

Upstairs, the door squeaked. Yennefer stood at the stairs, leaning on the gallery balustrade. The scar Kyros gave her, shaped like a 'K', would forever remind of her failure to defeat him.

"Witcher, could you come here?" she asks in a dull, monotone voice.

Kyros turns to glare at the sorcerer, as he clenches his fists by his side.

"You're not my master," he says in a low growl. "I shall ascend the stairs on my own accord, uninfluenced by your commands."

Yennefer closes her eyes, and sighs.

"So be it," she says. "I cannot stop you."

The sorcerer leaned her back against the door of one of the few rooms with furniture, where they had put the suffering troubadour.

She folded her arms, staring at the witcher.

"Regarding Dandelion, is he...?" she asks.

"The bard will be well," said Yennefer. "He'll recover his vocal talents."

"Well done, human. You've proven yourself useful." Kyros clapped the sorcerer on the shoulder, his gauntlet-covered hand leaving an icy coldness which caused Yennefer to shudder. "Be it as it may, I shall take a look at my pupil with my own eyes, to verify your veracity."

With these words, the witcher turned and entered into the room. The medallion on the witcher's neck started to quiver, sharply and rhythmically.

A glass sphere the size of a small watermelon, aflame with a milky light, lay in the centre of the floor. The sphere marked the heart of a precisely traced nine-pointed star whose arms reached the corners and walls of the small chamber. A red pentagram was inscribed within the star. The tips of the pentagram were marked by black candles standing in weirdly shaped holders. Black candles had also been lit at the head of the bed where Dandelion, covered with sheepskins, rested. The poet was breathing peacefully; he didn't wheeze or rasp anymore and the pain had disappeared from his face, to be replaced by an idiotic smile of happiness.

Yennefer shut the door, with a strange smile on her face.

Kyros looked down at Dandelion, and clenched his fists.

"What... what is this?" he snarls.

Kyros' presence fills the room like a crashing wave.

Yennefer takes a deep breath, trying to keep her head steady.

"A trap."

Kyros snarls, spinning around to stare at the sorcerer.

"What kind of a fucking trap?" he snarls. "Tell me, now!"

She smiles coquettishly.

"I'm afraid I cannot give you that information," she says.

Kyros leaps forward with incredible speed, grabbing Yennefer by the throat. His fingers strangle the life out of her, as she gurgles and struggles to speak.

"You... can't... resist..." she chokes.

"Resist?" snarls Kyros. "I don't need to fucking resist!"

He wrestled with all his might. In vain.

She slipped out of his grip, stumbling backwards. She bumped into the door, attempting to catch her breath.

Kyros struggle to move, yet all of his muscles were firmed locked in place. He was unable to do anything but speak.

"Tell me what the fuck is going on!" he snarls.

"Don't struggle, my little witcher." The sorcerer smiled spitefully. "It's pointless. You've got a strong will and you've trained all your life, but it pales in comparison to my advanced magic."

Kyros grunts in frustration and anger, while Yennefer cackles in amusement.

"Let... me... go!" Kyros snarls.

"Oh, I can't do that," she says. "After what you've done to me. My accounts in Rinde could be settled by anyone, including Chireadan. But you're the one who's going to do it because you have to pay me. For torturing and maiming me, you have to fucking suffer. You've pissed me off."

Kyros is beginning to turn purple with rage. His veins bulge on his forehead as his muscles begin to twitch.

"RAAAAGH!" Kyros screams, fighting against the invisible bonds.

Her eyes widened. "No... This is impossible... You're too strong... You must be a god..."

Then the golden tendrils formed around his body. His hair shimmered and turned golden.

Kyros howls in terror, pain and rage. Then the bonds were torn, like a paper, and Kyros smashed the sorcerer in anger. He punched her in the face, breaking her nose, followed by a kick to her stomach.

The battle was short, and vicious. Kyros' physical power multiplied by several tens of times due to his golden transformation, and thus, Yennefer was utterly crushed by his attacks. Like a wet paper, she was broken and battered.

Yennefer howled in pain, as Kyros smashed her into the wall again and again. She slid down the wall with blood trailing down her face. She wasn't dead yet, but she soon would be.

"No!" she howls.

Kyros grabs her head and twists it until her neck snaps. The head lands on the stone with a splat.

With her death, the sleeping bard had been reawakened.

"Hey, Kyros. What did I miss... What! What did you do to her!" the bard says, rubbing his eyes.

"I fucking killed her!" Kyros screams.

"You... you killed Yennefer? Why?"

"She... mistreated me!" Kyros says, his voice crackling with golden electricity.

"Kyros, you have to calm down."

Kyros stands above the corpse of Yennefer, breathing heavily.

The bard Dandelion took a gander at the glowing orb on the pentagram. The short little scuffle Kyros had with Yennefer had caused cracks to form within it. The demonic glowing orb within had shattered into a million pieces, and Kyros' body had been exhausted from his own golden transformation.

"That orb that summons demons!" Dandelion says.

"Yeah, that," Kyros says, breathing heavily.

"The djinn is a demon."

"Yeah, I know," Kyros says.

"Which means that the djinn will be summoned here, and the whole village will be fucked."

Kyros snarls in anger, his voice changing to a booming timbre.

"I don't give a flying fuck! A djinn's nothing in comparison to me! I'll butcher that... fucking... thing!"

The room begins shaking, and the cracks in the walls widen.

The ethereal being, the djinn came. Then, everything exploded, everything was decimated, everything was fucked up.

But Kyros... Kyros survived. And now, as his title dictates, he is as raging as ever.

He killed the Djinn, and activated his dormant god powers using the Last Wish. Then, he reawakened the true flaming power hidden within him and unlocked his true form; the Super Saiyan God.

The destructive power released from him caused the very skies to shake and tremble. He stands, a beacon of hatred and anger, a being of pure power and might.

SAIYAN INVASION FINALE

Half-dead, half-addled, and suffering from a massive mental breakdown, Kyros flies in at Frieza, roaring.

The outer space battle between the two rivals continues.

Frieza punches him in the face, sending him spiraling out of control. Kyros attempts to correct his trajectory, before passing out.

Kyros is flung into a nearby star, completely incinerating him.

Frieza flicks his fingers, the surrounding stars go out, plunging the galaxy into darkness.

The end.