

The War Beasts of Jie

The War Beasts were an experimental legion created under the petition of “Lady Tong” Cioajie to Emperor Jietong, and placed under the command of Chuhan.

They weren’t born from honor, legacy, or military schooling. They were products of war itself — violence forged by class, nation, and necessity.

Most of them came from the lost and the condemned: deserters, slaves, debtors, failed rebels, nameless prisoners of war — people stripped of their names and rights, until only the animal core of survival remained.

Their transformation didn’t simply turn them into beasts; it rebuilt the way they thought about battle through the instincts of animals.

Reason wasn’t erased — it was demoted. It existed only as a tool to read orders and locate allies. Everything else came from pack logic: hunting, dominance, submission.

They lived by one rule — a beast leads beasts.

The highest in command wasn’t chosen by rank, but by presence — raw power, memory of fear, and instinctive submission.

Chuhan didn’t suppress his feral nature through reason; he embodied it.

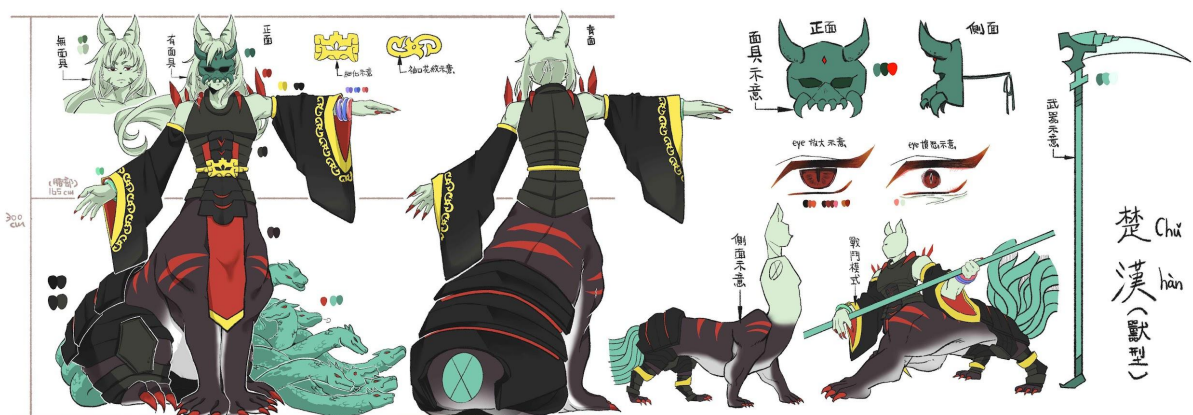
He was the alpha whose existence alone defined hierarchy. The chain of command wasn’t declared — it was remembered, witnessed, and instinctively followed.

The marshal of the War Beasts — Chuhan, the Black Tiger General.

For detailed information about him, please refer to the [character lore document](#). (Mandarin only)

Among the Six Kingdom Coalition, he is known as the “Tiger-Hide General”.

Character Illustration: Miniwu (Sloth)



Character Illustration: Riki



Formation and Training

Training wasn't about learning. It was about shedding.

They stripped away language.

They stripped away shame.

They stripped away names — and even dreams.

There were no shouted orders in the camps — only:

- The tremor of synchronized footsteps.
- The rhythm of breath between shoulder blades.
- The scent of a comrade's blood.

They built formation through sensation, not words.

Recruits were made to lock eyes with an elder of their same beast type.

The one who stopped breathing first lost.

The one who could gasp again — survived.

That moment earned them the right to exist.

Hierarchy and Structure

The War Beasts weren't a rank-based army — they followed a sequence.

It wasn't about medals or commands. It was about:

- Who stood at the front when things fell apart.
- Who kept moving when everything else broke.

There were no officers or soldiers — only forerunners and followers.

When Chuhan led them, they called him the Chief.

Not a title, not a rank, not even a word of reverence — just recognition.

They didn't serve him; they simply knew — he was there.

Language and Signals

They didn't rely on bugles or banners.

Their battlefield signals were:

- Throat resonance.
- Teeth clicking.
- The tension of the spine.
- The tempo of footsteps.

A short, harsh hiss could mean:

- Contract.
- Break formation.
- Shift stance.
- Encircle.

They didn't say, "Do you understand me?"

Their bodies simply responded the same way.

That was the core of a beast leading beasts.

Supply and Sustenance

Their logistics were brutally simple.

They could live off the filthiest, most unpalatable scraps.

They could extract bio-protein from corpses and waste.

Not out of cruelty — out of necessity.

After every meal, silence fell across the camp.

No one said it aloud, but everyone knew:

they had once been the devoured.

That silence was the deepest layer of their secret tongue.

Battle Doctrine

They didn't charge — they dismantled.

They would:

- Gauge the threshold of an enemy's fear.
- Press closer — precisely to that breaking point.
- Step forward the instant a heartbeat faltered.

Not faster. Not stronger. Just exact — surgical destruction of will.

They didn't kill to kill.

They killed to erase the shape that allowed survival.

Once a person loses their shape, death follows.

The War Beasts knew this —

because they had already lost theirs once.

Life and Death

They weren't fearless because of courage —

but because they had already died the day they became beasts.

Living was the aftermath.

Fighting was continuation.

Death was simply returning.

No grief. No glory.

Just quiet acceptance.

Aftermath

There was no such thing as retirement.

They couldn't return to cities or farms,

nor to the world of names.

Without Chuhan, they would:

- Wander, feared by all.
- Be hunted as monsters.
- Or devour each other until nothing remained.

Chuhan wasn't their commander —

he was the one thing holding them together,

the reason they didn't dissolve.

That was why they followed him.

That was their only home.

The Venom Beasts and the Beast Legion

When the Venom Beasts joined the Beast Legion, it wasn't submission — it was recognition.

They saw in Chuhan someone who endured pain to keep his shape.
They themselves were a people who embraced joy to return to truth.
They didn't contradict — they completed one another.

The Beast Legion wasn't a "hybrid army."
It was a synthesis of spirits:

- War Beasts — the Form.
- Gu Beasts — the Heart.
- Chuhan — the Name.

It wasn't unity of ideology — it was harmony of existence.

Chuhan didn't command with words.
His presence was the order.
His stride was direction.
His silence was the banner.

The beasts didn't need to understand him — only to feel that he was still ahead.
The Gu Beasts didn't need to follow — only to know he hadn't lost his true form.

The Beast Legion's terror didn't come from power, but from this:
They were alive — and they all knew exactly why.

Extended:

[Venom Beasts lore document](#)