

Zompiewolf 111

Chapter 111 - Training Session (2)

The rules of engagement were the same as before. The only that had been changed was that a team member will not get disqualified even if they were pushed out of bounds. Ashton wholeheartedly agreed to this change of rule.

After all, in dungeons, they will have to fight against night creatures and they will not stop just because they pushed them back. They will keep coming at them until and unless they were dead. Also, most of them will have skills of their own, which they would not hesitate before using.

As a result, Amaira's decision to let the students use their skills as well was within reason and would help them to get acquainted with how to parry or dodge such abilities. But there was one thing Ashton simply couldn't come up with a reason for.

It was obvious since the seniors have more experience in dungeons and stuff, they were the ideal people to teach them about self-defence and offence. However, was it really necessary for them to thrash their juniors so brutally?

In the four fights that had happened till then, not only did the juniors lose all of them, every single one of the first-years also had to be sent to the infirmary. Some had their bones broken, while some had grievous wounds on their body.

Even though Amaira said none of those wounds will cause permanent damage to the students, the mental trauma the students might end up suffering was completely disregarded. Their training session was turning out to be a freaking 'how to be treated like a punching bag session'.

But the more Ashton thought about it, the lesser he minded it all. After all, these were students who wanted to make his life hell if anything else. Why should he feel sorry for their state? The only thing he was concerned about was his teammates, that's all.

As long as, he could stop the same thing happening to them, he would have done more than enough. Well, he was more concerned about the tiny princess on his team. After all, he was more than sure Anna would be able to handle one of the seniors by herself.

'She is the conqueror of flames, having blue blessing. With her mana and fire abilities, she should more or less be able to hold at least one of them off.' A rough plan slowly began taking shape within his head, 'The rest of them would be my headache to handle.'

A moment later, the next teams were called on the stage and although the first-years tried their level best, the end result of the fight remained the same. However, this time there was a different reason for their defeat.

Weapons...

This time, the first-years had managed to overwhelm the seniors, which wasn't all that surprising considering their team was made up of three S rankers. However, the minute it seemed the second-years were going to lose, they brought out their weapon and swift took their opponents down.

The first years were baffled by Amaira's lack of response. However, when she said what she had to, they could not counter her claims.

"I never said you were not allowed to use weapons, did I?" She sighed in disappointment, "You should listen to the instructions more carefully. Also, the night creatures will not ask for permission before doing a similar manoeuvre. If all you can do is complain, then I think you should sit out during this subjugation attempt."

After that, none of the first-years asked her anything. The subjugation trip was something all of them were looking forward to, and since Amaira had control over who could and could not join the trip, no one wanted to piss her off.

After all, out of 80 of them, only 30 students were to be sent on the trip. The rest will need to prepare more and maybe they'll be able to qualify for the next trip, whenever it would end up being.

'Although I don't know much about dungeons and subjugation and whatnot, it must be a big deal for everyone considering Amaira silenced them all using a warning of not letting them join in.'

After living in the enclosure for 16 years, there were a lot of things Ashton had little to no knowledge about. The dungeons were one such matter. Well, he could always ask Rose for an explanation or just make a trip to the library.

"Anna, Nikki and Ashton. You're up next!" Amaira roared at the top of her lungs.

Ashton could help but notice the wicked smile on her face as she announced who their opponents were going to be. The moment Ashton saw his opponents, he realised why she smiled as she did. After all, the three of them were going to face a team made up of three S rankers from the second year.

Ashton quickly checked their stats, and well, things were not looking good for them. His opponents were all either level 12 or 13, while on his team, he was the only one on level 12. Anna was at level 10 and the freckled chick was at level 9.

Anna might not be able to hold off one of them by herself. Maybe with the help of Nikki, the two of them would keep one of the level 12s busy. However, that would leave Ashton to handle a level 13 and a level 12 on his own.

"What are you waiting for? Get on the stage asap! We don't have time to leisure around." Amaira barked at them as they made their way to the stage.

As soon as they did, the seniors jumped on the chance to mock them. Especially the bald guy who happened to be at level 13.

"I heard you were the kid who dropped our classmate in one punch. Pretty bold of you to lay your hands on a senior like that." The bald guy smirked but as he did Ashton smirked as well, "The hell are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing much. I was just wondering if you transformed into a werewolf, would you still be bald or not. It would be hilarious if you were." Ashton replied and to his surprise, the first-years actually ended up sniggering as well.

"You... I'll make you eat those words!!!"

"Like you ate your hair? Sure, come at me!"

Chapter 112 - Training Session (3)

However, before either the bald guy or Ashton could make any moves, Amaira jumped in between them and literally threw them back to their teams.

Although she would have enjoyed seeing the seniors wreck Ashton, it had to be done in a permitted environment and she could not give permission to them to do as they pleased.

She simply could not have two brain dead fools mess around her class. She had already been given a warning by the Director to control the environment of her class. Thus could not let the two of them fight amongst themselves before the match officially began.

"Both of you morons, stay in your corners until I say otherwise!" She roared as veins bulged out of her head and face. Her face also visibly turned red which was fun to see.

On the other hand, her frail self was nowhere to be seen and she was back to being the muscular Amaira like she was before. However, her form lasted only for a minute before she turned back into her weak self.

'Giantification sure is a cool ability to have.' Ashton thought the moment he recovered from Amaira's violent throw, 'Someday, I'll make that skill mine for sure!'

However, that day would take a while to arrive. For now, Ashton had to focus on the three musketeers in front of him. But before he could do that, Amaira started berating the baldie and him for disregarding the rules.

Which to be honest, Ashton had completely forgotten about, in his executing his pre-planned phase before facing the seniors. As much as Amaira wanted to whoop both of their asses for disregarding her, she was not in a state to do so. So she reprimanded both of them and stepped out of their way.

"Just like before, you will have a minute to come up with strategies or whatever," Amaira reiterated the rules, "After the minute had passed, I'll blow the whistle and then you'll begin. Is it clear to you fucking brain dead dogs!?"

"Yes, professor!"

A moment later, Anna turned towards Ashton with a blank expression on her face. It appeared Amaira wasn't the only one who was pissed by his sudden urge to fight the senior head-on.

"Before you start berating me for nothing, look there." Ashton nodded his head towards the bald guy who appeared to be furious as his teammates desperately tried to calm him down.

It took Anna a moment to realise why Ashton wanted her to look at the bald guy. But Nikki beat her to it and mumbled the reason in her shy voice.

"Y-You intentionally made him a-angry?"

"Yup. A cheap trick, but it should be enough to throw him and his teammates off-guard." Ashton smiled confidently.

He didn't simply jump into a fight because he felt like it. It was a calculated move. There was no way in hell, facing the three seniors head-on when they were calm and collected would have ended in their victory.

The seniors would have easily wiped the stage with the first years as mops and brooms. Even with Ashton's cheat genes and abilities, there was no way they were going to win unless Ashton used his gears. Hence Ashton made his move before anyone could realise what he was doing.

Most of the bald people were self-conscious about their hair. At least the oldies living in the enclosure were like that. That's why Ashton decided to use the obvious source of displeasure to provoke the senior.

This way Ashton was successfully able to ruin the baldie's calm state of mind, forcing him to throw a fit in rage. As a result, the other two seniors also had to focus their attention on calming their friend down rather than focusing on preparing for the match ahead.

It wasn't an honourable thing to do, but meh, honour was the last thing on Ashton's mind ever since he became a Zompiewolf.

"How do you suggest we go about it?" Although Anna's voice was as emotionless as before, Ashton could sense that she was a bit worried after seeing their opponents, "They might be disturbed for now, but they still have more experience in fighting than us."

"Do they now?" Ashton gave Anna a very suggestive look.

But that look disappeared a moment later. He did not want her to think he knew something that he shouldn't have. She did not know it but Ashton was well aware of her secret identity as 'Bella'. Also, from the one fight they had, Ashton already knew Anna was quite a fighter and should be able to hold her own weight if all went according to his plan.

"Well, since we are allowed to use weapons, I assume we are also allowed to use armours." Ashton continued the conversation and quickly dawned on the Nemean Hide, along with the bone whip.

Those were the two items he got during the trial exam. Still, seeing those shiny gears together made a lot of students a bit jealous. Both first years and second years. They might have been their seniors in terms of experience, but when it came to weapons and gears, Ashton surpassed them easily.

"I'll handle two of them, in the meantime, I hope you two can take care of the third one." Ashton mumbled while swinging his whip around like a pro, "But, try not to unnecessarily extend the fight. I might be able to stall the seniors for a while, but there's no way I'll be able to defeat both of them on my own."

"Got it," Anna replied and took a magic staff out of her inventory.

As for Nikki, well, she had a yellow blessing and was apt in using supporter spells than in frontline combat. Hence she stayed behind all of them. Ashton got in front while Anna stood between the two of them. Their battle line wasn't perfect but well, it was better than what most of the first years had come up with.

"Both teams ready?" Amaira asked them as the preparation time was over, "Then fight!"

The moment Amaira blew the whistle, Ashton charged in like a battle-hungry werewolf. The second years were surprised by his fearless charge, but a moment later, they ended up getting even more surprised by the skill Ashton used.

"Aggravate!"

Chapter 113 - Training Session (4)

All of the second-years tried to get out of the range of \\\\[Nemean Hide\\\]'s crowd control skill. But Ashton was already too close for them to do so.

They were inevitably hit by the skill and as a result, the two level 12s were no longer able to use their skills for the next five minutes as they had the same level as Ashton. As for the level 13 baldie, the effectiveness of his skills dropped by 60% which more or less made his skills useless against Ashton's armour.

'Gotcha, bitches!' Ashton smiled and carried on with the next phase of his plan.

A moment later, a mark appeared over their heads. It didn't take more than a second for everyone to recognise what skill it was. After all, it was one of the five fabled skills a werewolf can obtain, the [Wolf's Mark].

[Presence of three marked targets can be sensed in your vicinity.]

[Damage and Agility have been boosted by 30% for 3 minutes.]

Everyone who was seeing this fight was either stunned into silence or had been awestruck, Ashton's teammates were no exception either. It hadn't even been a minute since the fight started and Ashton quickly overwhelmed the opponents, that too with just using two skills!

"Wow..."

Despite her hate for Ashton, even Amaira couldn't help but appreciate Ashton's battle prowess. Not only was he able to analyse his enemy's weakness quickly, but he was also able to suppress them before they could even throw a punch at him!

'He made it seem easy, but it isn't everyone's cup of tea to use skills in a quick succession.' She thought to herself, 'Guess, I know why the director had been lenient when it came to him. Despite being a mutt, he has some talent.'

"Anna, Nikki, take care of the one on the right." Ashton instructions snapped the two of them out of their awestruck state and headed to do as they were told.

In the meantime, Ashton used the whip to swing towards the left to dodge the baldie's attack, while also firmly planting his foot at the back of the baldie's head and using it as a platform to leap towards the third guy. In midair, Ashton transformed his right hand into a werewolf claw and using its enhanced strength planted a punch right on the senior's face with a loud bang.

'Using gears almost made it too easy for me.' Ashton smiled.

Had the seniors from the last round not used their weapons, it would have never entered Ashton's mind to use his gears in the middle of the fight. In that case, things would not have ended well for him or his teammates.

However, the moment they were allowed to use weapons and gears, all of Ashton's worries left his mind. Thanks to the [Nemean Hide]'s exclusive skill, he no longer had to worry about the two level 12s.

After all, he could easily seal their abilities and without their skills, it was child's play for him to take them down quickly. The only one he had to be wary of, was the baldie. But before he could focus on him, he needed to knock out the level 12 guys first.

However, there was one thing Ashton still needed to learn. Anything could change within a dungeon, and even a well thought out plan could become useless. Just like it was about to now.

The plan Ashton had hastily made was somewhat perfect, given the situation. However, it heavily depended on one fact Baldie in his enraged state would keep his focus on him. But what if he didn't?

"ARGH!!!"

Just when Ashton thought everything was under his control, things changed. Nikki's bloodcurdling scream was the proof of that.

Ashton quickly turned around, only to see Baldie stomping on Nikki as if she was made of rubber or something. But the smile that Baldie had on his face was even more bizarre than the mess below his feet.

Ashton didn't know what happened a moment later, but he snapped. It had never happened before, but he was angrier than he had ever been. Which was surprising, considering he didn't even care about Nikki all that much.

However, at that moment rage filled his head and his vision got severely narrowed down. All he could see was Baldie stomping Nikki, nothing else.

It was as if Ashton was seeing himself and everything around him from a third-person perspective. Then a moment later, he was inside his body, but he was no longer in control of it. It felt as if he was a passenger in a car while someone else was driving it. Just that in this case, his body was the car.

He was pretty sure it was the first time he had felt like this, still, he couldn't help but feel a weird sense of familiarity with this situation. As if he had been through all this before in a distant past.

"Let go of your inhibitions..."

He heard a voice inside his head... it was his voice, but it was unlike anything he had ever heard before. He was aware that he needed to get back in control of himself. But for some reason, at that moment, his body was compelled to do what the voice wanted him to.

"No..."

"Why resist now when you have already submitted to the primal urge before? Don't you remember the day your beloved, helpless parents were taken away from you? Don't you remember what you did then?"

"What are... you... talking about...?"

Even though Ashton was conversing inside his head, he was barely able to speak. It felt like someone or something was choking him, making it difficult for him to speak clearly.

"Tsk! You're pathetic! Resilient, but pathetic. Fine have it your way. Clear up this mess by yourself if you can but I'm afraid it's already too late."

All of a sudden Ashton's vision got cleared up and he was back in control of his body. But when he looked around him, he saw everyone was looking at him... with fear in their eyes. Only then did he realise his hands felt a bit wet.

He looked down and saw that his hands were curled up like fists... smeared in blood. He looked even further below and saw Baldie was lying there, face first and his head had been busted open.

"I... did this?" Ashton barely managed to mumbled before fainting himself.

Darkness is a funny thing. People's minds are often programmed to be scared of it, constant nightmares of something lurking in it catching up to them while wandering in the darkness. It is often portrayed as a source of displeasure and misfortune as well.

However, the darkness is very different from as it was depicted. Only those who had embraced it with open arms would understand that darkness was nothing to be worried or afraid about. After all, darkness itself was lonely and all it wants is to have someone embrace it just as one would embrace the first light after hours of darkness.

It was just a misunderstood entity that could be someone's greatest ally, if only they began trusting it. Vampires were the first to do so, and now their strength remained unrivalled as they ruled over half of the earth's population.

One would have expected the werewolves to be leading in that regard, but they weren't. They were far too shrewd and consumed in their own thoughts of 'genetic supremacy' that they had forgotten about the most precious and limited resource the planet had to offer long before the 'mutants' rose from the ashes of a forgotten time... the humans.

While the undead were busy feasting on the humans the first chance they got and the werewolves were busy 'enslaving' them and establishing their supremacy over the humans. The Vampires took a very different approach when it came to making changes and establishing a new world order.

They were fully aware that the humans were wary of them and did not trust them at all. Well, it was given they would have felt like that, considering what they as the 'mutants' and enemies of humanity had done to them.

However, to make the humans join them willingly, the Vampires gave them one thing no one else dared to... freedom. You see, freedom was something humans have craved for a long, long time. Once the

world began to fall apart, they were stripped away from their freedom and forced to fight for the survival of those who escaped the planet, on the first chance they got.

Leaving the ones who fought for them behind. That betrayal was much worse than anything the soldiers could have felt. For decades, the humans who were left behind were treated worse than animals even by the vampires.

But that all changed when the Vampires recognised the worth of these humans. They were priceless, at least for the vampires. They were walking food sources for them, one, if used correctly, could fill their needs for 60-70 years or even a century.

Thus in exchange for their freedom, the humans were required to give away at least one unit of their blood every month. On top of that, the humans were only allowed to use their blood as a unit of exchange in the empires made by the vampires.

This arrangement might seem harsh, but it was much better than slaying most of their lives away or being eaten alive. Also, they were offered a way to become free from ever giving away their blood. By willingly turning themselves into vampires.

If someone from a family turned into a vampire, they were exempted from all of the troubles humans usually had to go through. And to the surprise of no one, lots of humans accepted this opportunity, which further helped the vampires strengthen themselves.

Their acceptance of humans as 'equals' was one of the reasons why the empires ruled over by vampires were more successful in comparison to those ruled over by the werewolves. But this wasn't the only reason.

Since vampires could literally live for several centuries, they did not have a thirst for progression. A thirst to do more. Instead, they just wanted stability for the rest of their abnormally long lives.

However, the werewolves were different. Since they were usually weak in comparison to the vampires, they often kept searching for ways to defeat vampires. That's where humans turn out to be priceless assets.

Werewolves and humans were very alike. Thus their thinking was more or less the same. Both the species were hungry to achieve more and more in their lives. Also, by studying humans, the vampires were able to know a lot of the werewolves as well. Which in turn helped the vampires, even more, to know about the weaknesses of the werewolves.

That being said, even though the vampires understood humans better than any other dominating race, there were still quite a lot of things they didn't know about humans. Things that even worried them.

Thankfully, they had some of their brightest brains looking into it. They were mostly the people who were once humans but had been recruited from different corners of the world for this purpose only. Humans who had been offered to them as 'peace offerings' from the werewolves and the undead.

They had not been aware of what they were losing, and by the time they realised it, it was already too late. They had been turned into vampires.

One such former human was on her way to the capital city of the biggest Vampire kingdom, the city of Ambrosia. This woman also happened to be the head of the research facility based in the city and although she had only been there for 11 years, she had gained the trust of King Arthur Verdasha.

The sound of her stiletto heels resounded in the corridors of the laboratory which was awfully silent. Even though they had over a thousand alive test subjects being kept there for research purposes.

"Welcome back, Doctor Ava Crane," The woman's assistant and a former human, acknowledged the lady as she passed her, "How was your trip to Lycania?"

Standing at 5'9", doctor Ava turned around and as she did, her short white hair traced her movement. She had brown skin and her face was covered in light freckles. However, that did not hamper her outworldly charm from leaking all around her.

"Leah, how many times do I need to tell you?" Ava said with a smile on her face, "When we are alone in the lab, call me by my real name. His highness has already given me the permission to use my real name and I think it would be better if you start using it too."

"As you wish, Doctor Avalina Fenrir."

Chapter 115 - Ashes Of Forgotten Times (2)

"Now that's better." Avalina smiled and made her way inside the laboratory, followed by Leah who was silently observing Avalina's every movement.

Unlike what anyone seeing her like that would assume, Leah had no foul intention towards Avalina. In fact, the reason why she was so intently looking at her boss was that other than being her assistant, Leah also happened to be Avalina's newly appointed bodyguard.

Avalina was an asset to the king, after all, her research could potentially get rid of one of the two greatest weaknesses of the vampires. The undead blood. While the vampires could avoid the sunlight, an undead's blood was something that could kill them any time by forcing the coffin to activate.

So far the werewolves were not aware of this weakness of them, but it was only a matter of a few decades if vampires were lucky before the werewolves figure it out. Thus, they needed to get rid of this ridiculous weakness before the werewolves could potentially weaponize the undead blood.

Although the three pillars, the vampires, the werewolves and the undead lived under an agreement of non-violence against each other, it was an agreement made more because of a need rather than a want.

After a long tiring war against the humans, they could not afford to fight amongst themselves to claim each other's resources. Thus the agreement was made to avoid any such conflict from rising.

However, as decades passed and each of their kingdoms stabilised, their 'need' was stability and peace with other pillars slowly started fading away and was well on its way to being replaced by their 'wants'.

Each of them grew weary of each other as things started to change. Although it might take a few more decades for an all-out war to happen, it was better to be prepared for it rather than wait and hope for the best.

Thus, Avalina and her research were one of the only things that could help the vampires at this time. However, not all vampire kings and lords believed Avalina was up to any good. Although they trusted humans, they could not completely trust someone who was not only a human but one who was in close contact with the werewolves for most of her life.

These kings and lords were worried if Avalina was a double agent who could be setting up a stage for the werewolves to attack them. Then there were other people who wanted to have the research for themselves so that they could gain immunity from the undead blood and blackmail the others into doing their bidding.

These people knew no limits and could do anything to get their hands on Avalina. That's why protecting her was of utmost importance. Even more important than the direct relatives of the king himself.

But Avalina was a free spirit and did whatever she wanted whenever she wanted. Like going back to Lycania. No one, not even Avalina's closest aides knew why she went to the place where she had nothing but bad memories from. Nor was she ever going to disclose the true reason for her visit to Lycania.

However, when she returned from there about a month ago, the king wanted some answers. His court was worried that she might have been colluding something with the werewolves and that's why she was not revealing the intention of her visit.

The king trusted her to be innocent of the crimes she was being 'accused' of. But in a desperate attempt to prove everyone wrong, he made Avalina take a lie detector test in front of the court. However, before it all began, Avalina put forward a condition.

Had she been proven innocent, the entire courtroom, excluding the king and his family, should be imprisoned for trying to place false charges on her. Otherwise, she would not take the test.

After that, there wasn't much to say. The ministers backed off as none of them wanted to be imprisoned. Avalina no longer needed to take the test, but she did and in doing so, told all of them the reason for her visit to Lycania... well, one of the reasons.

She was looking for some 'Venom' as she hoped using it, she would be able to develop some sort of a vaccine or medicine to help get rid of the effects of undead blood on vampires. The magicians confirmed that she was speaking the truth and that was that.

However, her real reason to visit Lycania was still shrouded in mystery and Leah knew Avalina was hiding the reason from everyone.

"Real motive? I already told everyone what my real motives were." Avalina smiled and got back to work.

"But doctor, as far as I know, you are not one to take steps to help vampires-"

"You are right. I'm not trying to help them. I'm trying to help myself." Avalina immediately interrupted Leah, "Since, I too am a vampire now, thus the blood of the undead is enough to kill me as well. So I'm doing this research to protect myself more than anyone else. Do you get that?"

Leah nodded and kept her mouth shut from then on. Avalina was her boss, but she was also her friend. She did not want anything to happen to her because of her reckless moves. But it would appear, Avalina did not care about anything anymore.

'Who can blame her?' Leah thought to herself, 'If I were to lose my husband and my only son, who knows what I'd end up doing.'

"Leah!"

"Oh- yes, doctor?"

"Stop daydreaming and ask someone to sort these files, will ya? I left for a month and everything turned into chaos." Avalina sighed heavily before shaking her head in disappointment, "Also, I want daily logs of the last month for test subject 07c."

"On it." Leah mumbled and immediately left.

Avalina waited for her to go out of her sight before she was finally overwhelmed with emotions. She went to Lycania in hopes of rescuing her son, Ashton from the clutches of the vile mistress. However, by the time she got there, it was already too late. Ashton had been taken away by the mistress.

"Someday... I will reunite with you. Just hold on a while longer." Avalina mumbled to herself, "you are the only reason I am so dead set on finding a cure for the poison within undead's blood.. Once I find that, the vampires will attack Lycania and we'll be together once again."

Chapter 116 - Expulsion? (1)

It took a couple of days for Ashton to regain consciousness. From the moment he was awake, he could feel the tension all around him. No one was talking to him except the infirmary staff. They too were being short with him and were doing the bare minimum to keep him in check.

Ashton had not noticed it but more or less, his entire body was covered in wounds. Wounds he had no recollection of ever getting. Finally, after a couple of more days had passed, he was visited by the director, along with the mistress and an officer from the local police station.

The moment he saw the look on their faces, he knew he had screwed up big time. That too on the first day his punishment had been revoked. Also, unlike last time, he had done something horrendous in a room filled with witnesses who would have willingly testified against him.

This time, it was really over for him.

"Are you Ashton Bismark?" A bold looking officer asked him in his authoritative voice.

Ashton wanted to speak up, but nothing came out of his mouth apart from shallow gasps. At that moment the nurse standing next to them rushed in to give Ashton some sort of medicine before she started explaining his injuries to the three of them.

"The patient has severely damaged his larynx or the voice box as it is more commonly called. As a result, he might not be able to speak for a long time... if at all. On top of that, his heart has also sustained a lot of damage from constant attacks done to his chest using sharp blades."

There were a lot more things wrong with Ashton's body at the moment like several broken bones and wounds that were taking an unbelievably long time to heal. But the injuries the nurse informed the others about were most troublesome and could potentially be... permanent.

The more the nurse talked, the more down Ashton felt. Mostly because he was frustrated about it. He did not remember a single thing that happened during the duel and yet he was in such a terrible state. It could also mean that Ashton had turned into more or less a liability to the mistress.

After all, he had been terribly injured and well, had permanent injuries all over his body. Things were not looking good... at all.

Once the nurse was finished speaking, the officer did not waste a single second.

"It doesn't matter if he can't speak or walk. He had committed a heinous crime and will have to be judged by the king's court for it."

Saying so, the officer served Ashton a warrant and told him he was under arrest on the charges of assault and attempted murder. Ashton got wide-eyed but that was all he could do as he still couldn't speak.

'Damn it! What the hell!?!'

Ashton's mind was running wild as his gaze shifted between the mistress and the director one after another. However, neither of them looked him in the eyes. The officer informed him and the mistress about their assigned court date.

The officer was also instructed to detain Ashton but after talking with the doctor and seeing Ashton's condition with his own eyes he decided detaining Ashton would not do him any good. Especially because he could not even move his broken feet and left the infirmary.

Still, he did warn them to better show up on the hearing date or he will be hunted down and probably executed. Afterwards, the nurse did her usual check-ups and left as well. Leaving Ashton alone with the ladies.

'What should I do... what the hell can I do!?!'

No matter how long and hard Ashton thought about it, not a single idea popped up in his head. He was... helpless. Mostly because he did not even remember what had happened that day.

"You should leave as well." The mistress almost instructed the director and to Ashton's surprise, she did so without a fuss. Once the director left, the mistress closed the door and then sat down next to him.

"You screwed up big time... not even I can help you out of this mess." Unlike before the mistress appeared to be calm and collected, "Still, I know you couldn't help it. An outburst like that was long overdue. In fact, I am surprised it took 11 years for it to show up again."

Ashton looked at her with perplexity in his eyes. He did not know what the hell was the mistress babbling about. But to him, it felt as if he should have known about his 'outburst' as she called it.

"Looks like you don't remember a thing." Mistress smiled and shook her head, "You must have heard tales about your 'berserk' state while you were living in the enclosure, didn't you?"

All of a sudden a memory clicked to him. An old and lost memory of him beating a security guard to a pulp with his own baton. On the day his parents were taken away.

Somehow, that sight reminded him of the last thing he had seen before collapsing on the ground about five days ago. The senior was lying there just like the guard had been in his memories.

Ashton then nodded to confirm he remembered bits and pieces of what the residents of the enclosure called an 'enraged' or 'berserk' state.

At first, Ashton thought they had made up something like that to make him feel special as he had been 'marked' by the mistress. Only now did he realise that there might have been some sort of truth behind the tale after all.

"Before you ask about it, no one knows what it is. Not me, and not even the director. All we can say is that... there was something weird about you even as a human." The mistress sighed and carried on, "But none of it matters now. trying to figure out what happened and what didn't happen would not help us in the trial. We need to come up with some sort of strategy."

"That's where I come in.." Suddenly the director's voice echoed in the room and she materialised herself before them.

Chapter 117 - Expulsion? (2)

"I thought I told you to leave." The mistress immediately got up and stood in between Ashton and the director.

"Pretty bold of you to assume I would leave a precious student alone with you." The director replied with a smile on her face, "As much as I would like to argue with you and put you in your place, right now we have bigger things to focus on."

The mistress took several deep breaths to keep her temper in check before walking out of their way. The tension between the mistress and the director was something that had been there long before Ashton was even born.

But for the sake of helping their precious werewolf, both of them were willing to set their differences aside and work together... for now.

"You have gotten all of us into trouble, Ashton. Even me." The director scolded him playfully.

Whether or not she was doing this to lift his mood was left to be seen. But seeing her smile indeed helped Ashton's mood. However, he couldn't help but feel a bit worried by what she had said.

"You wanna know why am I trouble?" She asked Ashton who nodded back, "Since I was the one who gave you permission to attend the classes again, it's obvious I would be in some sort of trouble. You see, I myself have a hearing date to see if my actions have been jeopardising the safety of the students."

"Well, it was long overdue." Mistress scoffed.

Ashton did not know what could have possibly happened between the two of them, but for the mistress to be acting like this, it must have been something huge. As much as Ashton would have liked to know about that, he already had too much on his plate.

However, there was one more piece of news the director had to give to him. A new that Ashton did not like at all. Not one bit. Due to his continuous violence on the academy grounds... he had been expelled from the academy. Well, technically, it was more of a suspension than expulsion.

"Don't worry, if everything goes according to plan. You'll be back in the academy within no time."

The director reassured him and even though Ashton did not have a pint of trust in her, it wasn't like he could have done something about it. He had been warned again and again and yet he always ended up in one mess after another. As a result, the director had to take some sort of action against him.

That action being, expulsion. However, if during the trial, the king showed some leniency towards him, then Ashton just might be able to attend the academy once again. The director had assured him that she would call on every favour from all of the influential people she knew to make it possible.

But till then, Ashton was no longer a student of the academy. Which wasn't fair to him, as none of the others had even been suspended, let alone expelled. But it was what it was.

Not being able to talk was pissing Ashton off incredibly. There were a lot of things he wanted to talk about but couldn't. He tried using gestures as well, but thanks to his broken body, it was a no go as well.

While the Mistress and the Director did their best to interpret his expressions and body language, they were still having a tough time conversing.

'If only Rose was here everything would have been comfortable.' Ashton thought as he continued trying to talk about what happened to him while he was 'berserking'. After half an hour of awkwardly pointing at himself and his injuries, the director finally got what Ashton was asking.

Sadly, there was nothing much to know other than that Ashton lost control over himself and brutally pummeled the seniors there to the brink of death. As for the injuries he got, he had received them from the other seniors who tried to put a stop to his rampage but were unsuccessful.

"According to Professor Amaira, it appeared as if your mind had turned off all of the sensory organs. They stabbed you, broke your bones, in hopes of stopping you. But your brain did not register any kind of pain and you kept beating the three seniors."

She continued, "Even after Professor Amaira herself jumped into the arena to stop you, you completely ignored her and continued beating them up. Especially, Mr Lancaster, who was in the worst condition among the three-"

'That did not help me either.' Ashton sighed and ignored whatever she was saying, 'Maybe I should try asking Anna about it. Wait, I can't... because of this stupid expulsion!'

"Don't get your hopes high yet. Remember the final decision would depend on that asshole father of mine." Mistress interrupted the director, "I don't know whether he would care enough to verify that fact or not, but since you're a Bismark, he would certainly not make it easy for you. Hell, it'd surprise me if he did not throw you in prison just because you're mine."

'I'm no one's, bitch!' For once Ashton was glad he could not speak or else he would have certainly yelled it out loud.

But the King was not the only problem. The jury would most likely be made of Nobles which was far worse than having King Jonathan be the judge.

"That is a problem." The director mumbled and suddenly everything went silent, "However, we have 'voir dire' to help us out."

As it is known, the jury is an important part of a trial, thus it was also the thing that could help them. After all, that's where the mistress's and the director's influence would come into play.

Lawyers and judges select juries by 'voir dire', which means 'to speak truth'. It was basically a test to see whether the jurors are suitable to take part in the trial or not. As for the list of potential jurors, the lawyers from both parties recommend a bunch of people to take the test and then they get selected on the basis of the results.

This was their only hope as through this process, they could get some support for Ashton in a courtroom filled with enemies.

"Since the trial is next week, let's not waste any more time and get to work!" The mistress exclaimed and got to work, "Till then, so not cause anymore troubles, you bastard!"

Chapter 118 - Unexpected Help (1)

What troubles could a bedridden child cause? It would have been a wonder if Ashton could even sit right up. Let alone step out and cause trouble. But there was one thing Ashton was worried about. Why was his body not healing as quickly as it used to before?

Although it was the first time Ashton had gotten injured so badly, he had had his fair share of physical issues thanks to the Mistress's relentless training. He had been hurt and injured so many times that his [Pain Resistance] was already on level 8.

Thus, it was safe to assume he had been injured a lot of times, and each time his accelerated healing had kicked in to help him get back to his feet in no time. But not this time around.

'There has to be something wrong within my body.' Ashton thought and opened his status to see if he was having some weird status effect or something.

He assumed maybe in the attempt to calm him down, the student back in the academy or Amaira might have done something to him. But at the moment it was just a hunch and nothing more. However, his hunch soon turned out to be true.

Sure enough, there was something wrong with him. However, it wasn't anything the student or probably even Amaira could have done.

'The moment I get up, I'm gonna kill all these bastard nurses and doctors!'

The moment Ashton got to know why he was so weak and his injuries didn't seem to be healing, he got enraged beyond his limits.

—

Name: Ashton Fenrir

Species: Zombie (Inactive), Vampire (Inactive), Werewolf (Active), Human (Deceased).

Status: Werewolf

Class: Unassigned

Active Status effects: [Haemorrhage] (Lvl 10), [Poisoned] (Lvl 10), [Fractured] (Lvl 4), [Paralysis] (lvl 5) +2 more

Causes: Rapid consumption of high-grade bleeding potion, Paralysis potion, and a mixture of poisons is rendering the system useless to heal the host.

The user's resistances are actively repelling these debuffs to protect their well-being. However, immediate intervention is advised by the user or else, the effect of these negative effects would not be able to contained and the host might even die.

—

Having all of these negative status effects at once wasn't normal at all. Hell, it wasn't even possible for someone to acquire these many negative effects in actual combat. As for why was Ashton angry with the infirmary staff was because well... rather than healing him, they were rapidly making his condition even worse!

'These fckers will pay for injecting me with all that crap...' Ashton thought while staring at the IV drip attached to his hand.

Under the guise of supplying nutrients and medicines into his body, these fckers had been injecting him with a variety of potions and poison in hopes of slowly killing him. As for the [Fractured] and [Haemorrhage] status effects, he might have received them during the fight.

But after all the time he had spent in the infirmary, they should have at least taken care of his bleeding wounds. Yet, they were not even able to do the basic treatment properly. It was a wonder Ashton's body had kept him alive all this while, otherwise, these doctors were dead set on killing him and making it seem like he passed away due to his strange 'incurable' wounds.

'I bet those fcking nobles would have paid the staff to do this.'

Ashton did not have to wrack up his brain to come to a conclusion why was it happening to him. By now, he had made way too many enemies. First, there were the Gruntas, then the children of other nobles whom Ashton had beat the crap out of ever since the first test.

But he was sure only a high-ranking noble family would have had enough money and influence to bribe the entire staff of the infirmary. But to would have to make sure his hunch was correct before planning revenge on them.

'Fuck revenge! I have to get rid of all these effects first! Then I'll force these staff bastards to admit what they had done to me.'

Just knowing what was going on wouldn't help him. Ashton was more or less helpless and he was [Paralysed]. Although his body was slowly developing a resistance to it, the process was too slow. By the

time his body would get rid of the paralysis effect, the rest of the negative effects would have made his condition worse.

Despite all that, the thing which surprised Ashton the most was... how come no one noticed it yet. while he did not have any experience in these things, the mistress and the director should have been able to spot that something was off. After all, they were high levelled beings!

'Stop thinking useless things.' Ashton reminded himself to focus. Wondering about his next steps would not do him any good if he can not get off the bed in the first place.

He tried and tried, but his hands were as useless as a pile of crap. He could not even move his fingers, how the fck was he supposed to get rid of the drip attached to him?

'Lucifer! Oi! Help me out!'

Contacting Lucifer was his last ray of hope. But it didn't seem like Lucifer was listening to his cries. After all, he had already made it clear to him that, he was the only one who could contact Ashton and not the other way around.

'Fck!!!'

Ashton's wanted to thrash around, cause a fuss and whatnot. But he simply couldn't. He didn't know how long his body would be able to resist the continuous assault of potions and poison. The only indicator of his death he had was his slowly reducing HP.

Activating the vampire genes might have helped him get rid of the poison or at least slow its spread. But doing so, without finding a cure for his paralysis first, could have potentially leaked his secret.

However, just when all hope seemed to be lost, Ashton heard a sudden commotion outside. He could hear more than a dozen different footsteps heading in his direction and a moment later the doors leading to his room were thrown open.

'What the hell is she doing here!?'

Chapter 119 - Unexpected Help (2)

"You look worse than I thought you would." Michelle said with a smile, "Good thing I am here, wouldn't you agree? Oh, right. I forgot you can't speak."

Ashton was shocked to see the princess of Lycania standing in front of him again. He didn't know why she was there, but whatever it was, it couldn't be good. After all, their last meeting had ended up with concealed hostility from both of them.

'Could she be the one behind all this?' Ashton's mind was in overdrive.

If it was the princess, then she certainly have enough money as well as influence to do kill someone in secret without worrying about the consequences. Even if someone were to confront her, her father could have easily either silences the opposition or make a false culprit take all the blame for her wrongdoings.

Also, if she was involved in the 'accident', then the hope of Ashton's re-entry in the academy was as good as gone. Since Ashton could not turn his head to get a good look at her, he could only see her from the corners of his eyes.

But even that was enough to see all of the doctors and nurses Ashton had seen in the days he had spent there, standing behind her. However, all of them were in chains and handcuffs. Seeing them like that confused Ashton even more.

'They weren't working for her?' He thought as the princess slowly walked up to his bed.

She looked all over him with a repulsed look as if she was looking at a pig covered in mud. However, her expression of disgust soon turned into that of anger as she turned around to face the doctors and the nurses.

"I am no specialist in the medicinal field, but even I can see that you all have been neglecting your duties as healers." She scolded all of them before slapping the doctor right in front of her, "You are the head doctor here, aren't you?"

"Y-Yes, your highness. That would be me." The man who had just been slapped mumbled.

"Then would you mind telling me why is this patient in such a terrible condition?"

If someone would have seen the princess they would think the doctors had done something wrong to her lover or a close friend. But Ashton saw right through it. She was behaving like this for a reason.

As for what that reason could have been... he couldn't come up with a single reason. The princess was supposed to hate him. After all, he was a person who served the mistress and the relationship between the king and her was no secret. Yet there she was, acting like a messiah.

"Y-your highness, there must have been a mistake in his-"

He was barely able to get a word in before the princess kicked him right in the chest. The kick sent the doctor flying away. However, he wasn't the only one who got flung away. Since all of the staff members were chained together, all of them got knocked back.

"Excuses, all you can offer me are excuses but no explanation." She then nodded at the soldier she had brought with herself and they immediately forced the doctors back to their feet, "I don't care why you did what you did, but I am going to find out about it all, and when I do, dying would be the last thing in your minds."

Hearing that, all of the staff members went down on their knees and started begging the bloodthirsty princess for mercy. But their blabbering only made Michelle even angrier. She reached into her inventory and took out a rapier and then in a flash stabbed a nurse right in the chest... killing her right then and there.

"If any of you wanna live to shed your filthy furs again, then treat the patient correctly and without any malicious intent. My bodyguards will stay here to ensure his safety and if anything happened to him, not only you but your entire family will die a miserable death. That is my royal oath."

'What a lame-ass speech...'

It was a good thing Ashton's mouth was shut or else he would have inevitably ended up yawning. He did not believe that people could change, especially not within a few days at least. Although he didn't know why the princess was going through so much trouble just for him, he knew that there was some sort of selfish motive behind it all.

'It's clear she wants to get on my good side. The question is why? What would a princess want from a mutt either way?'

While Ashton might have to wait for some time to uncover the princess's true intention for doing all this drama, the princess turned to check on him once again. Only this time, her eyes were full was compassion and pity.

'Damn... if I didn't know she has a rotten heart, I would have ended up believing her acting is real. No wonder she has so many followers by her side, she's quite a good actor.'

While Ashton was thinking all that, Michelle unexpectedly grabbed his hands in hers and started stroking them gently. Ashton immediately felt uncomfortable and wanted to withdraw his hands. But his paralysed ass could not do anything but look at her wondering just what was going inside her head.

"Don't worry. I came here to apologize for my... unjust treatment of you the last time we met. Only when I got here, did I realise something worse was going on here at the moment. I hope you can forgive my past transgressions and accept my help in the form of my apology."

'Yup, she's an actress alright. Well, considering she's royalty, it's one trait she would obviously have.'

She held his hands for a couple of more minutes before leaving. But before she did that she told Ashton one thing. Just by hearing it, Ashton's worries about not being able to return to the academy were... nullified.

"Don't worry about the trial. Everything will be taken care of. In return, I hope we can get a new start for our new... relationship."

Chapter 120 - Trial (1)

The week got over sooner than expected. To no one's surprise, Ashton was able to heal miraculously once the staff started doing their jobs properly. Well, especially when the mistress took various members of their family hostage.

Yes, she kidnapped at least one family member of all the doctors and nurses in case they pulled a stunt again. All of them were safe, but only till Ashton had recovered completely. To Ashton, it seemed like she was trying to compensate for not being attentive enough.

However, she looked really pissed as well. Probably because her half-sister was the one to come to Ashton's rescue and not her. Her precious pawn was on the verge of dying and yet she was oblivious to it all.

The doctor could not report the kidnappings either. So far, the secret of what happened in the infirmary was being kept a secret. However, the mistress warned them if they tried to report her or any of her lackeys, she would not hold the truth back.

This would have ruined the reputation of the infirmary and possibly the academy. On the other hand, nothing would be done to the mistress as even though she felt repulsed by it, she was still royalty as well. And no one in their sane minds wanted to mess with the royal family.

Then there was a secondary purpose of kidnapping the relatives like that. She wanted to use them as a bargaining chip for the doctors to tell her the name of the person responsible for all of this. It was important to get rid of such a foe who was hiding in the shadows.

But nothing ever came out of it. The doctors told the mistress to go ahead and kill them. Still, they were not going to give up the said person's name. They were not taking the mistress seriously and were going to regret making that choice, had it not been for the intervention by the director.

In the meantime, Ashton sat back and relaxed as he had never before. He was still planning to take revenge on the infirmary staff, but that would have to wait for two reasons. First, although he had recovered quite a bit, he was still far from attaining his peak again.

Secondly, he did not want to cause any more trouble. At least till his trial was over. Even though the princess had told him not to worry about it, he had his suspicions about her. Trusting someone who was an enemy just a few days ago was the biggest mistake he could have done.

Thus he wanted to stay as clean as possible. However, once the trial was over he would start working on the list he had made while remaining in his room. Since he had taken a lot of beating, Ashton wasn't surprised at all after finding out his werewolf genes had levelled up again.

Which meant one thing... the harmony of his genes was in danger. Although it would take quite a while for Ashton to level up the werewolf genes again, he wasn't willing to take any chances.

'Well, all of that logic are just excuses for doing what I want to. I have been itching to get my hands on these bastards. That's it.'

Although the mistress was doing her best to make the lives of the staff members hell, Ashton was not satisfied. These fckers tried to kill him and it would be rude of him to not return the favour while he had the chance.

After all, he had to feed his other-selves and frankly speaking, sucking the blood of these doctors might even give him some kind of a healing skill that he needs so much. It would be a shame and a disaster if the infirmary staff did not have any skills related to healing that he could learn.

But for now, he had to think and prepare for the trial. Since the king was personally overseeing this case, all of Lycania had their attention on it as well. After all, it would be more than two decades after the king would make a public appearance and that too in his courtroom.

The king was generally someone who had the least interest in anything happening around his kingdom. At least that had been the case for the last couple of decades. The only thing he had been interested in, was conquering the swamps.

Thus seeing their ruler be interested in something else for a change was... peculiar but a happy surprise nonetheless.

However, they were not only interested in their ruler, but also the one who was about to be placed on trial. The citizens were speculating that either the person being trialled was someone important, or that he had committed some heinous crime. Those could be the only possible two reasons for the king to himself take interest in the trial.

This soon sparked the beginning of a series of rumours against Ashton. From rumours branding him as a mutt who had lost control of himself and given into the bloodlust to rumours branding him as the resistance's spy sent to infiltrate the academy and cause trouble there.

There were a lot worse rumours spreading about him like he was a molester and stuff, but Ashton did not care about those. In fact, he was thankful to whoever started this trend. Because of the generosity of that person, no one would even think about messing with him for some time.

That is, once he got back into the academy. Thanks to the combined efforts of the Mistress and the director, it did not seem too far from happening.

"You ready?" The mistress walked into his room as soon as he was done dressing up, "The tux suits you. Now let's leave, even after using the portals, it would take us a couple of hours to get there."

"Just the two of us?" Ashton asked when he saw that there was only one car in front of them with no bodyguards around, "Isn't the king your mortal enemy or something? Why would you go there without backup?"

"I'm returning home in the eyes of the citizens. Even my father would have to think twice before even thinking about causing me any harm.. Now shut your mouth and get in."