

I Became A Zompirewolf - Chapter 16 - Dearest Pawn

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Donovan felt humiliated. Not because the mistress slapped him, but because she didn't even hear his side. What stung, even more, was the fact that she had never ever done that before. He knew Ashton was the most important key for her plan to succeed, but that didn't mean he couldn't teach the brat a lesson.

That was his plan. Donovan wanted Ashton to feel misery and despair when he sent him away to the simulation room. Ashton would still have to fight against the ghoul, he would have felt the pain. Everything would have been real, except the ghoul.

The simulated ghoul should have put Ashton would in trouble and then Donovan would have magically reappeared and saved his 'life'. That would have made the mutt aware of the difference in their powers. This would have also ensured that Ashton would remain a bit docile towards him as he was his saviour if nothing else.

But all of his plans failed when the only thing that shouldn't have been real, turned out to be real. Not only that, by the time they realised something was off, the door refused to open as if someone was intentionally keeping them out. That's when the Mistress arrived to check in on their progress, however, she immediately realised that the ghoul inside wasn't a simulated ghoul but a real one.

Her rage was like nothing they had ever seen before. She, along with her elite guards immediately tore the door open, but by the time they did, it was already over. Once the immediate threat was over, the Mistress, rightfully so, lashed out on the man she trusted the most.

There was a reason why she gave Donovan the responsibility to train Ashton. She was aware that there were multiple if not just one spy in her court, who didn't want her plans to succeed. It was probable that one of them could have sabotaged the simulation room.

Even though they weren't able to succeed in their plans, they managed to do something else, causing a trust issue between the Mistress and Donovan. Since it was Donovan who went inside the simulation room, before sending Ashton in, it turned him into the prime suspect of string to kill Ashton.

"Once I find those bastards, I'll rip their entrails out with my bare claws." Donovan cursed before slamming the bottle of ancient liquor with his hand, "They made the Mistress lose her trust in me... I'll never forgive those pesky little spies for doing that to me."

On the other hand, The Mistress was busy thinking about what could have happened inside the simulation room. She wasn't thinking about the ghoul and how was it able to get inside, but how was Ashton able to defeat it.

She believed him when he said that he had prior knowledge of how to kill a ghoul, but having the knowledge and executing it were two entirely different things. A scholar could have all the knowledge in the world and yet they wouldn't be able to defeat someone they knew the weakness of unless they possess the skills to do so.

It was the same with Ashton. He was a newbie. There was no way he got have gotten used to his new powers so easily, and yet he managed to defeat the ghoul with just a few scratches. That too with weapons that were the most unsuitable for accomplishing the task. It could have been possible for two reasons. One the brat got lucky or two, he was hiding something.

The chances for the latter was very little, as the kid did not seem to be someone with enough brain cells to hide a secret. Even if he did, her all-seeing eye should have been enough to unveil the secret. After all, she already used it once to see whether the then 12-year-old Ashton had a blessing or not.

And she even used it this time when she couldn't see any skill on his status plate. The all-seeing eye didn't show her anything special. Just that he had a couple of passive skills to help him out. Even then that didn't explain how was he able to defeat the ghoul so she decided he must have been lucky. There couldn't be another reason for it.

"He is unique... However, I need to protect him till he set off for the academy." The Mistress mumbled to herself before stripping down and entering the

bathtub, "It seems my father already has gotten a wind of my plans... otherwise his spies wouldn't have taken such a drastic measure. But it's a shame that he turned out to be a Yellow one."

She continued, "I was hoping he would at least be a Red one, considering that he already had a blessing before being turned. Still, being Yellow is not the worst for him that too when he can evolve later on... I'll look forward to it, but for now, let's just give him the knowledge and strength my dearest pawn needs."