

I Became A Zompiewolf - Chapter 17 - Night Adventure (1)

Chapter 17 - Night Adventure (1)

As if fighting with creatures wasn't enough for him, the mistress decided to tutor Ashton about monsters and the werewolves as well. It was even worse that, he already knew about those things about the monsters thanks to the system he had.

But he couldn't tell that to the Mistress. Yet, that didn't stop him from trying to do so by hinting at it when he asked her about an ability to know about things just by looking at them. She immediately scoffed and said in her decades of experience, she had never seen or heard about such an ability.

She further added, if there was someone with an ability like that, they would probably be hunted down and imprisoned by the royal family. Anyone with a skill like that would be able too precious to be felt alone.

That was enough for Ashton to keep his mouth shut and silently take in whatever the mistress was teaching him. At first, he wasn't paying all that attention to her, but he soon realised there were things that the system couldn't teach him.

Like about the society, the kingdom and various etiquettes that everyone followed by the werewolves in their community. Thanks to the Mistress's training, he was able to know a lot of things about the kingdom they were living in.

The kingdom of Lycania was said to be one of the five brightest 'stars' of the eastern continent. By brightest stars, it meant that Lycania was one of the most well-off kingdoms on the continent. They were rich in minerals and resources as well as in technology.

Despite all that, the kingdom was fairly small in comparison to the other four stars. One of the main reasons for it was the location of their kingdom. Lycania was surrounded by swamps located in the north which also happened to be the only place their kingdom could possibly expand because Lycania was surrounded by sea on the other sides.

The expansion of the country wouldn't have been so difficult if it wasn't for the fact that the swamps were heavily infested with night creatures. With their current military strength, they can not afford to launch a full-frontal strike on the monsters. The main reasons being their numbers and that they were much dangerous than any of them could expect.

They initially tried to capture the swamps bit by bit, but that plan backfired because the night creatures kept attacking them relentlessly. In the end, the King had to order his men back and no one had ever dared to touch the swamps again.

The answer to their problem was simple, they needed more combat efficient people. But to make their population grow, they needed more land. Thus they were in a deadlock, unable to do anything.

The King even put his pride aside and asked the other stars to help them out, but they didn't. The reason for doing so was never really clear, but a wise man could figure out the reason by themselves. The other stars fear what Lycania would be able to do if the only restriction that was stopping them from turning into overlords of the werewolves was lifted.

In other words, they were already strong as they were and no one wanted them to get even stronger. So they didn't help them. That was the gist of it.

The mistress kept babbling about a lot of other things but Ashton's head was already saturated and he couldn't remember much after that. The mistress might have realised that and thus told him to go and rest for the day, as they were going to start early tomorrow morning.

"Man... this sure is taxing." Ashton yawned as he made his way back to his room, "Fight for 6 hours a day, learn stuff for about 10 more hours and sleep when you can... at least it's not as bad as I thought. The harder I train, the sooner I'll be able to take my revenge and set myself free from here. I wish I could train more and focus on these theoretical things less..."

Strangely enough, The Mistress had also taken his physical training on herself as well. In fact, it had been a couple of days since that incident in the simulation room happened, and he hadn't seen Donovan ever since. Something must have happened between him and the Mistress, but it wasn't like Ashton gave a shit about either of them.

But it was thanks to that incident that now the room was strictly being monitored no matter whether Ashton was using it or not. Thus, no similar incidents happened either. All in all, things were going good for him... except... for the level of his werewolf form.

Thanks to the strict training he was subjected to, his levels had risen quite a bit. He was currently at level 2 but he had already earned 47% of the exp he required to level up again. However, the rest of his genetic forms were still stuck at level zero, and it was not a good thing. As Lucifer had already told him, the level gap between the genetic should never exceed 5.

With the rate he was being trained, it wasn't going to be too long for him to cross the level five mark and if he did cross the mark... then he didn't even know what would happen. All he knew was that Lucifer will be killed and he might as well.

He couldn't let that happen. Not before he had taken his revenge at the very least. He also knew it was going to take a lot of time for him to do that because when he tried to check The Mistress's level just like the ghoul's, he couldn't see a thing apart from a single sentence.

[Your level is too low to view this individual's stats.]

"I need to get strong, but first I need to balance my genes out..." Ashton looked out of the window, into the night, "Maybe I can do something about it... tonight."