

## **I Became A Zompirewolf - Chapter 18 - Night Adventure (2)**

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Werewolf genes were the easiest for Ashton to level up. All he had to do was to fight. He didn't need to sneak out in order to level up. He could just be himself and be able to level up. No one would have batted an eye on him for that.

However, the same wasn't true in the case of levelling up the rest of his genes. As far as he remembered he would have to consume the flesh and blood of monsters or any other being, to level up the Zombie and the Vampire genes in his body.

He had already tried eating cooked meat, but that didn't seem to have any effect on him. It was the same with blood. He knew it because thanks to the attention the Mistress was showering him with, he could have made anything made, anything that he liked.

So of course, he wanted a blood broth made to test whether his vampire genes will get affected or not. And since he ate in his room, there was no risk of anyone finding out about his true form. It was an appetite killing experiment and unfortunately, none of it worked the way he wanted.

It appeared he would need to consume the things right from the source for his genes to activate. Obviously, it was just another one of his theories. However, it was time for him to put the theory to a test.

However, he had to be careful about it. The werewolves had a sharp sense of smell. If he turned into a Zompire outside his room, they might be able to trace him down. Ashton didn't want that to happen.

The only reason he could freely turn into a vampire or a Zombie inside his room was that no one visited him at odd hours. Unless it was the Mistress's order. Thus he decided it was safer if he made his way out of the mansion as a werewolf and once he was out of their reach he would turn into a Zompire and hunt.

This was an ideal plan for another reason. Ashton was more or less confident in his ability as a werewolf, thus it would be easier for him to make his way out using his werewolf abilities rather than using other forms in which he wasn't confident.

"I still need to wait for a bit longer, till everyone is asleep." Ashton mumbled to himself while laying on his bed, "I can fool the guards around the walls easily, but the guards inside the mansion are a different case altogether."

He had checked the levels of the guards guarding the walls and the ones guarding the interior of the mansion. The wall guards had their levels between 5-10. It was a range Ashton could sneak past them. However, the guards on the inside had their levels range between 20-25.

Ashton knew going against them would be a foolish decision. Moreover, even he could see their levels, he couldn't see their stats or abilities as their level was much higher than his. Thus he decided it would be best to sneak out when the guards weren't as active.

"That would be near sunrise though..."

That was the problem. The guards would only change shifts around 20-30 minutes before sunrise. It was the most ideal time for him to escape, but there was a slight problem with it... he was weak in sunlight as well.

His pain tolerance was high enough to tolerate the pain caused by the sun when his vampire genes were inactive. But he wasn't sure how long he would last if the sun hit him and he was still a vampire. It probably won't be enough to kill him... maybe. But he wasn't all that excited about the idea of accidentally exposing himself to sunlight.

Also, the sunlight would weaken his stats a bit as well. Thus, no matter what, he had to get back into the mansion on or before sunrise. The time constraint was really driving him mad.

Sneaking out of the mansion itself would take around 15 minutes, sneaking back in will also take around the same time. Then how could he find someone and hunt them down, level up and get back to the mansion in no time?

Something like that was impossible in all senses. The only solution to this problem that came in Ashton's head was to risk leaving the mansion before

the guards changed. It would be risky, but that way, he would be able to eliminate the time constraint he had.

'It's decided then,' Ashton thought to himself and jumped out of the bed, 'I'll leave the mansion within the hour. The Mistress should be already asleep so she wouldn't order anyone to come to check on me now. But... I don't have any weapons on me.. How will I attack someone even If I find them? Guess, I'll have to make do with my hands.'