

## **Zompiewolf 191**

### Chapter 191 Bloodbath (6)

Camilla had cast the barrier in hopes of hunting down weak teenagers, but now the barrier had turned into a death sentence for her. The barrier wasn't large by any means, Camilla intentionally made the barrier cover a small area for a couple of reasons.

First, if the barrier was diminutive, the chance of someone stumbling on it was next to nothing. And secondly, it prevented the prey from running away as there wasn't enough space to run in the first place.

With seventeen of them, including Kai, Nico, Ashton and the other remaining werewolf, the area within the barrier was already cramped. But with the addition of 10 more summons, Ashton had successfully backed the assailants up in a corner.

"Camilla lower the barrier!" The assassin from before yelled at her.

If they didn't get out of the barrier they would die. Even though none of them knew the level of the death knight or the skeleton wolves, the assassins were sure they were outmatched. On top of that, only God knew what other tricks the bastard kid had.

The longer they stayed there, the weirder things were getting. At that moment all thoughts about killing Kai were thrown out of their heads and replaced by the instinct of survival.

But even then, Camilla couldn't help but think of one thing... what if they managed to take the tribrid alive? Then they would be able to find out more about him and how the fck he became something that shouldn't have ever existed.

"Are you listening to me? Lift the fucking barrier!"

"No."

"What? Look bitch, we agreed to help you because the plan was easy and so was the task." The assassin threatened her, "We are not here to die. But if you won't lift the barrier then I guess it leaves us no choice."

He took out his dagger and was about to stab Camilla in the chest when he was blown away, just like Ashton had before.

"Do you have a single brain cell in your fucking head?" Camilla lashed out at the man, "If I drop the barrier, everyone would get to know what's going on here in mere moments! Kai would escape and the Overlord would personally torture us to our deaths! Do you fucking want that?"

The assassins stared at each other. Their eyes reflected how frustrated they were inside. What Camilla said made sense. They were doomed and the only way to save themselves was to fight. But that was easier said than done.

"Keep them all busy and give me some time. I'll come up with a strategy to get us out of this mess safely." Camilla mumbled, "If possible try to restrain the kid. Do not kill him unless you absolutely have to-"

While she was saying that, the giant knight made his move. With a swing of his broadsword, a gust of hellish winds was released, kicking Camilla and a couple of others down. At the same time, the skeletal wolves lunged at them tearing the flesh apart of an unlucky assassin.

A moment later all hell broke loose. The undead summons were perfect to counter assassins who were used to having short battles.

Extended fights weren't the forte of these people, and unlike the undead summons, they could easily run out of stamina. If that were to happen, it would be all over for them.

That being said, assassins were the most efficient when it came to single target execution. If only they could put their efforts together, they just might be able to take care of the summons without fighting them... that is by killing the summoner.

However, in all of that chaos, they lost sight of Ashton. No one knew where he was and frankly, none of them had the time to look around for him either.

The skeletons' charge was relentless. They came in like a horde, bite the targets, and then jumped back before either of the assassins could do anything. Their teamwork was splendid, without a single flaw.

"Damn it! Where the hell is that bastard!" One of the assassins yelled while deflecting a wolf's attack.

"Be careful what you wish for..."

Suddenly, he saw his shadow distort right in front of his eyes. He knew something was coming, however, before he could do anything, Ashton poked his eyes with the help of his blade.

With his sight compromised, the man began swinging his daggers in random directions. All of which Ashton dodged with ease before punching through the man's chest using his werewolf claws and crushing his heart. Just like that, two out of the twelve assassins were dead.

"I thought they would be tough opponents to deal with. That's why I approached them cautiously, but it looks like I can handle them while I'm in Zompirewolf form."

The mask of vampirism wasn't built to be used in all-out battles, but Ashton found a way to use it to his advantage even in that scenario. But now that the mask's skill was on cooldown, Ashton prepared himself to engage them head-on.

"That bastard took down Francis!"

Yet another assassin roared and lunged at Ashton. The latter saw her coming but didn't do a thing. Instead, Ashton simply smiled, knowing the attacker's fate. She got closer and closer to Ashton.

Her daggers were ready to bathe in his blood. But at the last moment, someone of gargantuan physique appeared in front of her. Before she could even try to dodge Sven, he swung his broadsword with all his might.

The sword made contact with the assassin's torso... ripping her apart into two pieces. Sven seized her upper body through her hair and tossed it towards Ashton, who just like before, ripped her heart out, killing her in an instant.

"Nice one Sven!" Ashton praised the Death Knight as he respectfully bowed to take his master's praise, "I should feed you more souls and make you stronger. Hm... bring me the corpses of those whom you kill. I'll turn their souls into enhancement material for you."

"Thank... you... master." Sven said in his broken vocabulary.

Ashton nodded and turned around to look for the main instigator of this mess.

"You wanna play hide and seek? Fine by me." Ashton smirked as a notification flashed before his eyes...

[Skill: <Wolf's mark> has been activated.]

Chapter 192 Bloodbath (7)

'I have to bid my time until this curse lifts by itself.' Camilla thought to herself while hiding in the bowels of the ground, 'The kid is strong, but not stronger enough to defeat me. The only thing helping him out is that annoying skill of his... He is dead as soon as I get my skills back to 100% efficiency.'

Camilla was a high-class mage with the ability to control nature around her. She wasn't the strongest by any means, had she been one, there was no way she would be allowed to step out of vampire controlled territory and made the director of the academy.

If both the directors of their respective Academies were to fight each other, the werewolves would have stomped over the pride of the vampires with fair ease. But if the vampire academy was filled with weaklings, then why did the overlord send his nephew to study there?

The answer was pretty simple, diplomacy.

By sending his nephew, whom the overlord loved more than anything else to live and study in Contingency, he had shown how much he trusted the werewolves. Further solidifying their friendship and expressing his intentions of harmony between the two species.

However, not everyone had been onboard with this idea. But no one openly objected to the proposal as the proposal itself wasn't the cause of concern for the vampires. It was the reason behind sending Kai off to Lycania was worrying them.

While the overlord assumed it to harden the bond between the werewolves and vampires if Kai was to get attacked or worse, killed all hell would break loose. Also, it was no secret that vampires were on the verge of fighting amongst themselves for some selfish reasons.

Camilla wanted to capitalise on this situation and force a war between the two kinds. Making it easier for her and her fellow conspiracists to reign supreme over Lycania.

However, thanks to one fucking kid, all of their plans were in disarray. At that moment, the only thing Camilla could do was to wait and hope the assassins would be enough to stall the kid and his summons till the curse he had placed on her wore off.

But it seemed she had taken her opponent a bit lightly. While she was hiding using her abilities, Ashton and his undead summons were making quick work of the assassins.

Sounds of blades and cries filled the air. The remaining assassins were forced to concentrate their strength to take down Sven, who had been mowing them down like an unstoppable killing machine.

But as they did that, the skeletal wolves pounced at them. In comparison to Ashton and the death knight, the wolves were easier to handle, also their attacks couldn't one-shot them unlike the attacks from Ashton and Sven.

Ashton realised what they were trying to accomplish and couldn't help but laugh. Sven was the strongest person present on the battlefield. After all, he was at level 36. The assassins couldn't take down Ashton, let alone a monster like Sven.

"Damn it! He got another one of us!" one of the four remaining assassins cursed under his breath, "We can't do anything against him. Use camouflage and hide... it's the only thing we can do."

[Camouflage] skill was undoubtedly the biggest weapon in their arsenal. A skill that could be a lifesaver in situations like they were in. But the assassins weren't aware, even camouflaging themselves wouldn't help them in this case.

Ashton had already 'marked' them. This meant, that even though they could hide away from Sven, the assassins would be able to hide away from Ashton as he could see the wolf's mark floating over their heads.

But rather than picking on them one after another, Ashton decided to deal with all of them in one skill move.

"I guess it's time to use Baiter's invention... I just hope it works like it's supposed to. Or else... I'll cave that pervert's skull in his brain." Ashton mumbled while retrieving a weapon from his inventory, "Sven, step back!"

The next moment, there was a loud deafening noise, followed by more cries of the assassins. With an explosion, all of them were blown away... a small-sized crater filled with raging flames could be found where Sven and the assassins were fighting a second earlier.

The assassin who was standing in front of them all was blown to bits while those behind him had several of their body parts were sent flying all around the barrier, while they withered in pain.

"Damn... this hand cannon thingy is way overpowered than it has any right to be. I should tell Baiter to make more of these. If we could manufacture and sell these on a large scale, I'll- I mean we'll be rich." Ashton said with a beaming smile, "The only problem is, it's too fragile."

The hand cannon was one of the things listed in the Skill book Ashton had handed over to Baiter. The cannons and missiles the humans used on them did not have any effect on the enhanced species. As a result, once the humans were gone, so was the concept of explosive weapons.

However, the skill book Ashton had in his inventory had the 'recipe' as Baiter called it, for such weapons to make a return. Though it would take some time for the weapons to be compatible with the current situation of the world.

The black hand cannon fell apart in Ashton's hand. The explosive output of the weapon was too much for its fragile frame to handle. Thankfully, it was just a prototype that Baiter had made using basic materials so that Ashton could test it and give feedback to him.



However, despite being crippled through the explosive attack, the vampires were still alive. Barely, but alive. After all, the only way to completely annihilate a vampire was to get rid of their heart. As long as their heart was intact, over time, they could heal and get back to their former glory.

"Oi you slackers, go and bring their hearts to Sven." Ashton ordered the wolves while putting the broken cannon back inside his inventory, "Sven, devour them up as a reward for your hard work and get even stronger. In the meantime... where the fuck did that bitch disappear to?"

Ashton could see one more mark looming overhead. But the only problem was, that it was floating around the ceiling of the barrier before it disappeared as the duration of the skill was over.

Chapter 193 Bloodbath (8)

"This is not good... leave the hearts and look for her first! Four of you guard the vampire boy." Ashton spat out orders for the wolves crazily.

He had activated the [Lure] ability in hopes of ending the battle swiftly. But now that the skill duration was up, things had taken a turn for the worst. Ashton knew it very well, if Camilla was to come for him back in full power, he would have a tough time dealing with her.

As much as he hated himself for doing what he was about to, there was nothing else he could do. He needed to depend on Sven to take care of Camilla. However, as he was thinking that, a razor-sharp gust of wind grazed his cheek, making him bleed out.

If it wasn't for the passive skill [Battle Tactics], the wind-blade could have possibly sliced his head off as well.

"What the hell was that?" Ashton tried his best to remain calm in the situation, but it did last for long.

The following moment, he could feel the air around him getting heavier. So much so, even breathing was turning out to be a gargantuan task.

Thankfully, Ashton was in his Zompiewolf form, thus he wasn't dependent on breathing all that much. As neither the undead nor the vampire genes required him to breathe in order to stay alive.

'It might be fine for now, but soon my life would be in danger. As long as the werewolf genes are active, I am exposed to the dangers of suffocating.'

Not being able to see a way out of the mess, Ashton decided it was in his best interest to deactivate the werewolf genes.

[Genes in use: Undead & Vampire.]

[Unique Gene Combination activated!]

[Type: Undead Rhapsody: Automatically activates when genes of only undead creatures are present inside a host's body. Provides bonus boosts to the host and increases their performance during battle.]

[Drawback: This state should not be maintained for long durations of time. If done so, the body of the host might suffer and enter the state of <Burnout>. If the state is forcefully maintained after a certain period of time, then the body might end up receiving irreversible damage as well.]

Ashton felt a familiar coldness envelop his body. The warmth of his body had disappeared along with the werewolf genes. His appearance altered once again. His ashen hair developed a weird blackness along the edges, while his eyes completely turned crimson... whiteness of his eyes was gone, the only thing someone could see was... just blood.

[Your stats have been boosted as an effect of activating a unique gene combination. All stats +10%]

[You are recommended to assume this form for 5 minutes only. Any more than that and your body will enter the state of <Burnout>.]

"Five minutes is more than sufficient." Ashton snarled.

"You are a bizarre creature..." Camilla's voice echoed throughout the barrier, "I wanted to restrain you and take you alive. But given how menacing your powers are, there's no choice for me but to kill you."

"You sure talk too much for a bitch who's too scared to even show her face." Ashton scoffed while looking around, trying to figure out where the hell was Camilla hiding.

"No need to look for me..." She mumbled and the following moment, a sudden gust of wind encased Ashton within itself, "For I am right here!"

People used to say no one can see the wind, but at that moment, Ashton could not only feel the winds encasing him, but he could also see it.

Camilla was using the same technique to propel herself in the air while looking down on Ashton and his summons.

He tried to touch the walls of wind, but as he did the tip of his finger was ripped off. Ashton didn't feel any pain, but he knew rushing out of the prison wasn't a wise choice. Thankfully, he didn't have to.

His summons took it upon themselves to make way for him. Since they had become one with death, they weren't afraid of anything. They rushed inside the prison one of another, interrupting the winds for long enough to let Ashton jump out of the trap with minor scratches.

Sven had a hand missing, and as for the wolves... they had been turned into dust. While Sven's injury would get healed as soon as Ashton cancelled [Valhalla] skill, the wolves were gone for good.

one would have thought seeing his summons die right in front of his eyes would fill Ashton's head with rage. But Ashton was as calm as a frozen lake. Without wasting any time, he immediately turned his attention towards Camilla and charged at her, with Sven on his toes.

"What a fool..."

Camilla shook her head and summoned the power of the winds by her side. By compressing the wind, she had made some sort of a pressure cannon that discharged cannonballs made of wind at a target upon her will.

She immediately fired a shot at Ashton. But to her surprise, something jumped in front of Ashton to protect him. She took another shot, but the same thing happened again.

"By Dracula... what kind of monster is this kid!?"

Even though Camilla realised what was going on, her brain was not ready to comprehend it as true. As Ashton raced toward her, the corpses around him were bursting open with a skeleton soldier coming out of them to take her attacks and protect their master.

"Sven NOW!"

While Camilla was still processing what was happening, Ashton jumped in the air while the gargantuan knight behind him curled up his one good arm into a fist and punched Ashton's leg with all his might.

"Shit!"

Camilla impatiently raised a wall of wind trying to protect herself as she saw Ashton heading straight towards her. However, this time her little magic trick couldn't protect her.

"I knew you would do that. Especially since I got 'injured' the last time you used the skill." Ashton smirked before ripping the wind wall in half using his twin blades, "These blades aren't called the Blades of Soaring Winds for nothing!"

Back when Camilla trapped him in the prison formed by wind, Ashton realised the same skill could also be used defensively. That's why, even though he could have broken through the prison with the help of his blades, he decided to sacrifice the skeletons to make it seem like he was helpless against her elemental attacks.

He did the same thing when she shot cannonballs at him and activated the [Corpse Parade] skill, to use the skeleton of the corpses around him to help act like shields for him, rather than using the blades to deflect the windy attacks.

But... there was another reason why he intentionally got injured earlier... to make his undead blood cover his hand, and allow the blades to absorb it.

"Game over." Ashton mumbled before thrusting the blood-drenched blades deep within her chest.

"ARGHHH!"

Camilla screamed in pain as the <Coffin> protocol activated in her body. Soon thick black blood began pouring out of facial openings, her eyes, her mouth, her nose, everywhere. Until the moment she collapsed on the ground, lifeless.

Chapter 194 Dark Sorceress (1)

At least it seemed she was dead. But Camilla wasn't dead just yet, Ashton was sure of it. But how could he be so confident about it? Probably because the barrier was still up, which meant Camilla was still alive, barely so but she was.

"You won't even die in peace now?" Ashton shook his head and kicked her over to make sure she was facing him, "Well, it's good you're alive. I have a few things I would like to ask you, and it'd have been a shame if you died just like that."

In reality, Ashton had more than a few things to ask her, but in the end, there were only two or three questions that really mattered. Firstly, the names of the people that were in on the plan to kill Kai. Secondly, what was the motive behind doing so and finally... why were the vampires so vulnerable to the blood of an undead?

Ashton wasn't expecting Camilla to actually answer him, given that he was her enemy. But other than that, she possibly wasn't even in a position to say anything, given the fragile state Ashton had put her in.

But to his surprise, Camilla opened her mouth to say something but ended up choking on her black blood. So instead she expressed her emotions by flipping Ashton off. It might have been her last effort to piss Ashton off, but to her surprise, instead of getting pissed, Ashton laughed along.

"I would have done the same if I were in your position. That being said, I don't think that's gonna happen anytime soon... not after what happened last time." Ashton sighed and drew his blades again, intending to finish her now.

"I'll... have the... last laugh." Camilla managed to smile before spitting out a mouthful of blood.

Ashton stopped the blade mid-strike, his gaze piercing through Camilla's empty eyes, "What do you mean?"

"There... are more... of my people... everyone being led... \*cough\*,"

"You mean those professors you brought along?" Ashton sighed, "I know they aren't genuine professors."

Camilla got wide-eyed as Ashton dropped a verbal bomb on top of her. Those people were mercenaries, not high-ranking assassins like the ones Ashton killed, but still, they were professional killers hired by the people back in Vania. Therefore, their identities were hidden, even from her.

She was laughing on the inside, knowing that even if she failed to kill Kai, the mercenaries would be able to kill everyone else. It was their plan to not leave any witness so that whatever they were doing wouldn't come later and bite them in the ass.

But also, it would let her die in peace knowing that her death wasn't in vain, and they dealt a huge blow to Lycania.

However, the question was, how did the kid know who or what those vampires were? Was there a spy in their midst back in Vania? Could it be that she was fucked over by the ones she was a mere servant to?

"I have my sources and they are reliable enough for me to trust whatever they tell me," Ashton's shrugged his shoulders.



He only had one source of information, and that was called [Detection]. For some unknown reason, ever since he came back from the island of Doom, his [Detection] Skill was behaving differently.

Not only he could see all of the information that was usually hidden from him due to the difference between levels, but he also could also see new information like the profession, history, and temperament of his targets. It was as if someone had activated the god mode of his ability.

He had used the skill on each and everyone one of the vampires as soon as they got into his sights. As a result, he knew that the so-called professors weren't exactly professors, but hired killers and informed his own team about it.

"In fact, as we speak- Sorry, I meant as I speak, your mercenaries are being taken care of by my people. So I guess I'm still having the last laugh. Oh... fck!" Ashton let out an exaggerated sigh, "I almost forgot to do one thing."

Before Camilla could realise what he was talking about, Ashton skewered her neck with his razor-sharp teeth. Unlike his preys from before, Camilla's blood tasted disgusting. So much so that Ashton wanted to puke it out the instant his lips touched her blood.

But he immediate swallowed whatever he could before rinsing the foul taste in his mouth with a chunk of her flesh.

—

>> You have received 20% Exp by consuming the blood of a Vampire Knight rank being.

You have levelled up! Exp limit has been reset.

Current Vampire Level: 19

Vampire Skill: [Skill Absorption] activated. Attempting to absorb the skill [Saintly Wind Sorcery] from the prey.

Required gene to learn the skill: Vampire genes.

Required genes are present in the host's body. Proceeding with absorption.

Due to the inefficiency of [Skill Absorption], only partial absorption could happen. As a result, the active skill [Saintly Wind Sorcery (lvl 10)] has been turned into an active skill [Intermediate Wind Sorcery (lvl 3)].

(Note: The user is recommended to upgrade [Skill Absorption] as soon as they can.)

—

"Shit... I always forget to level that shit up. How many points do I need?" Ashton couldn't believe he forgot such an important thing.

[Current vampire skill points: 27]

"Just enough points to level it up huh... whatever, it's not like I'm going to upgrade any other skill so soon."

[Are you sure you want to use 25 Vampire skill points to upgrade the skill: <Skill Absorption>?]

'Nah, I was joking... just do it already.'

[Congratulations! <Skill Absorption> had been successfully levelled up. You can now completely absorb and imitated any level 5 or below skill.]

"... you took fucking 25 points for this bullshit upgrade?"

Ashton was in a foul mood since he thought he would at least be allowed to copy a level 10 skill without any problems, but that wasn't the case. However, he couldn't stay in a bad mood for long. The barrier had started to fade away and as a result, he needed to move quickly.

Thankfully, Sven and his new skeletal soldiers immediately got to work and brought him as much flesh as they could. Ashton gobbled them all up and what happened next exceeded his expectations.

—

You have received 200% Exp by consuming the flesh of several different creatures.

You have levelled up! Exp limit has been reset.

Current Zombie Level: 21

Current Exp: 12%

—

"Level 21... the same as the werewolf genes? The heck? Am I in a dream or some shit?"

Ashton mumbled in his surprised voice but before he could rejoice the fact, Sven politely nudged him and pointed toward Camilla's corpse with his sword.

"You want me to resurrect her?"

Sven nodded, "She... strong. Good Ally."

"Even if you say that, I'm not sure I can do that..." Ashton scratched his head, "But I guess there's no harm in trying. Resurrect!"

[Unique Skill: Resurrect has been activated.]

[Level 30 Vampire has been selected as the target.]

[Caution: The host's level is lower than the target's. Resurrection has only a 63.34% chance of success.]

Ashton yelled and a moment later, the familiar bluish magic circle appeared underneath Camilla's corpse, summoning the power of darkness to engulf the corpse. The darkness forced Camilla's body to change forms and come back to life. Starting from the edges of her limbs, the black particles slowly made their way into her body.

Ashton carefully watched as her appearance changed right in front of his eyes. The process was similar to that Sven went through when Ashton had resurrected him, but at the same time, it was somewhat different.

The moment Ashton had resurrected the knight, the change in his stats was visibly noticeable. However, in Camilla's case, the only change was in the form of her shadowy attire. It appeared the power of death had taken inspiration from the armour she was wearing as she died.

Even in death, she was just as exposed as she had been alive, with the exception of the long shadow-like hood and cape covering her face and back. By the time Camilla was resurrected, Ashton realised some obvious differences between her and Sven.

While Sven was completely made of darkness, Camilla had retained some of her physical features. Apart from her armour, her skin was just as pale as it had been before. But her eyes were completely black, holding the power of deathly winds in them.

[Resurrection successful.]

[You have risen a lvl 35 Dark Sorceress. You can now view their details in the <Summons> tab of your system.]

[Due to restraint on numbers of summons the host can store inside [Valhalla] and control successfully, the number of skeleton soldiers has been reduced to 4.]

[Total number of summons: 7/7]

[The user is recommended to increase his intelligence by 30 points before using [resurrection] again. Or else, more skeleton soldiers will have to be sacrificed.]

## Chapter 195 Dark Sorceress (2)

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Name: ???

Species: Death Mage (Active), Vampire (Deceased).

Status: Resurrected Summon

Class: Mage, Shadow Elementalist

Title: [Back From The Dead], [Sorceress From Hell], [Master of Aerokinesis]

Age: --

Gender: Female

Grade: E-tier (Evolution is possible)

Affiliation: Ashton Fenrir

Level:

> Dark Sorceress : 35 (0%)

Stats:

HP: 4000/4000

Mana: 4950/4950

Magic damage: 90-110

Armour: 50

Stealth: 87

Stamina: Unlimited



Agility: 89

Intelligence: 89

Charm: 99

Special Nature:

Cunning

Charismatic

Personality: Timid, Faithful, Motivated.

Job: None - 10% satisfied.

Physical/health issues: It's an undead summon...

Afraid of: Being useless to her new master.

Motivation: The thirst to serve her new master.

—

"That sure is a huge status profile..."

Ashton read the bare minimum about Camilla, or at least whatever the being in front of him was before closing the pop-up.

Unlike when Ashton resurrected Sven, it seemed Camilla had some of her memories intact as she could recognise him. Also, for some reason, she had become affiliated with him. Meaning she had recognised him as her master.

"Master, please bestow a name upon me." The shadowy figure muttered while bowing down to Ashton.

The more time Ashton spent with Camilla, or whatever the creature in front of him was, the more he recognised the difference between her and Sven. For starters, Sven had little to no conversational capabilities when he was resurrected, while Camilla could clearly voice her emotions without breaking a single sentence.

"Maybe it's because of her high intelligence? That is the only explanation that comes to my mind."

Ashton ignored Camilla's request and pondered about it for a while. But the witch seemed to be adamant about receiving a name from her master and kept bothering him till he gave in.

"FINE! Celeste, that'll be your name." Ashton named her whatever came to his mind first just to get her off his back.

"I will take that majestic name with honour and gratitude. I shall serve you in any way you wish till the end of your days. Oh, great master-" Celeste was clearly showing a display of her 'charm', while using it to butter Ashton up.

"Yeah yeah, that's enough. I'll summon you when I'll require your services." Ashton shook his head and sent her to [Valhalla].

He then gave Sven a 'Are you for real?' look, to which Sven replied by playing with his sword, almost pretending that he couldn't see his master. Ashton then sent him back as well, with the addition of the skeletons birthed after sacrificing those assassins.

Unlike the wolves, these skeletons would be of more help to him, as they knew how to fight and defend him. As soon as everything else was taken care of, Ashton activated the werewolf genes before deactivating the rest.

"Aw... looking at this sleeping bastard." Ashton scoffed and booted Kai hard between his legs.

"Motherfuc-"

Despite the drool-covered face serving as proof of how deep of sleep Kai had been in, one kick was enough to wake him up with a painful expression. It took a couple of seconds before Kai realised where he was and what he had witnessed before falling asleep.

"What the hell happened here?" He asked absentmindedly when he saw the level of chaos the area around him was covered in.

"I protected your sorry ass from a bunch of assailants, that's what." Ashton replied nonchalantly, "Now get up, we should regroup with the rest. They might be getting worried."

"You killed 13 vampires all on your own? Don't make me laugh-"

Usually, Ashton would have ignored such a comment, after all, he knew how to treat royal assholes. But seeing how ungrateful the brat was even after all that happened there, was too much for him.

He immediately grabbed Kai by the collar, lifting his feet off the ground in the process. The expression on Kai's face turned from a confident brat to that of a scared rodent.

In all of the years Kai had been alive, no one had ever dared to touch him without his permission, let alone treat him with such disrespect.

He thought it was because people admired him or were afraid of him. However, only now did he realise, that none of it was true. The one they feared was not him, but who he was related to. Everyone treated him with respect because they were afraid of what his uncle would do to them.

However, since his uncle was nowhere around to save his sorry ass, he couldn't do anything against someone who took down 13 highly skilled vampires all by himself. The only thing he could do was look at Ashton and hope he didn't offend him too much.

"Listen here you piece of shit," Ashton growled at Kai who looked like he could piss his pants at any moment, "I don't care who you are or who is backing you up. If you get on my nerves, you die. Is that clear?"

Kai rigorously nodded his head and the following moment, Ashton threw him away, "Fucking royal brat... wait, aren't I the same? What am I doing... this ain't the time or the place to think this crap."

Ashton then flung the unconscious werewolf who had been laying next to Kai, over his shoulder and carried him out of the area they were in. Within moments, Ashton was greeted by the sight of his team and the rest of the hunting party.

Apart from Virgil and the rest of his gang, everyone's faces were somewhere between sad and sullen. A moment later, Ashton realised why it was so. It seemed he had underestimated how capable those mercenaries were.

In front of him, were over a dozen corpses. Mostly of students from both the academies, along with the vampire mercenaries.

As Ashton approached them, everyone was shocked to see him there, except his team, who already knew he was hiding among the students. However, the shock of his appearance couldn't get rid of the sulky atmosphere around the place.

"Ashton, we-" Virgil began explaining the situation but Ashton cut him off.

"You don't need to burden yourself with unnecessary stuff. I trust you did whatever you could. They died because of the failure in my assessment of those mercenaries."

Ashton put the unconscious werewolf down before joining Fae to pray for the souls of the students who died in vain. Obviously, Ashton couldn't care less about the vampires who died there, to be honest, he only felt a little bit of regret for anyone who died there.

But it was important to put up a performance in front of all of them. It was a necessary evil deed, he had to do to gain their respect. After all, he was planning on transforming the academy into his own army and for that, he needed everyone to respect him and put their trust in him.

"I have informed the Royal Knights regarding the situation. They are on the way." Virgil whispered into Ashton's ear, who simply nodded, acknowledging what Virgil just told him before going back to pray.

## Chapter 196 Invitation

A month had passed since the attack on Kai. At first, tensions between the two species got high as soon as the information was somehow leaked to the public. Numerous parents blamed the vampires for the death of their children while some even went as far as branding Jonathan as their murderer.

Judging from Jonathan's previous actions on such matters, one would have expected him to immediately silence anyone who raised their voice against him. But surprisingly, he did not do anything to them. Whatever harsh words they pushed on him, he took them on without rebuking them even once.

"They are acting out of grief. It's understandable. If I were to lose a child of mine, I would be distraught as well."

That's all he said whenever someone asked him about it. As for Kai, as soon as he was cleared for travelling through portals, he was escorted back to Transylvania, the kingdom of the Overlord of Vampires and Kai's only 'living' relative.

Jonathan sent a shit load of gifts to the Overlord along with Kai. It was his chance to get closer to one of the strongest and most influential rulers of the world and he wasn't going to waste that opportunity no matter what.

Also, after what Ashton told Kai back in the dungeon, it seemed like the boy had developed some kind of feelings for Ashton. No, it wasn't love or anything for those thinking that, it was more of comradeship than anything else.

For the first time in his life, Kai felt like someone saw him for who he was and did not want to get close to him, in order to get close to his uncle. For that reason, even though Ashton did not want to have anything to do with him, in the two days Kai lived in Deja, he kept following Ashton like his shadow.

Even though Ashton wasn't going to admit it... ever, Kai's persistent behaviour grew a bit on him. They also got a couple of chances to spar with each other, and it went without saying, Ashton kicked Kai's butt over and over again, till the day he left Lycania.

In the meantime, things were definitely looking up for Ashton. Upon consideration of his miraculous and astonishing deeds, he was promoted yet again and was officially a baron with his own small town to govern.

Jonathan wanted to give him a lot more than that, considering he had stopped a horrific one-sided war from starting. But Ashton declined. He was content with the little area he had received as a gift. The city of Vassia was right between Maddencreek and the enclosure he used to live in.

With the control of a city under his name, Ashton was set to put some of his plans into action. But before any of his plans could even begin, there was a lot he needed to do. Ashton chose Vassia because of its strategic importance in the bigger scheme of things.

The city was surrounded by mines filled with rich materials, most of which would now come under his jurisdiction. Along with it, there was an ample number of labourers he could get in the form of humans from the enclosure.

These materials would be needed by him for when Baiter would start the production of his weapons along with a plethora of different things. But he would take care of it when the time was appropriate.

As for the director, she was back to taking care of the academy and slowly things were returning back to normal for everyone. Well, it depended on what was 'normal'. After the stunt Camilla pulled off, the vampiric academy and the werewolf academy got merged together.

In other words, now there was one single academy and one director to oversee its operation. But it also meant... the werewolves and vampires were both now learning and living under the same roof.



However, for the time being, both of them were following their usual schedules so there were little to no conflicts amongst them for now.

Transylvania, Lycania and the rest of the werewolf kingdoms had also pitched in to create a place where both Vampires and Werewolves could study together. That being said, they would either have to make an underground establishment or would have to find a way to stop the sun from entering the campus.

But despite all of this, there was an even weirder thing going on... an issue that Ashton and Jonathan and his ministers were busy handling amongst themselves.

"I would strongly recommend that we accept the invitation." The minister of foreign affairs calmly voiced his opinion, "It would only help make the diplomatic relationship with Transylvania better. We might even commercially gain from it."

"Not to mention, having allies as strong as the Overlord would make the other kingdoms think twice before crossing us." The defence minister chimed in.

"But your highness, it's the vampires we are talking about! Some of them even dared to go against their overlord to spark a feud between us, what's stopping them from doing it again?" Yet another minister placed her views on the table.

While the ministers were busy debating amongst themselves, Ashton and Jonathan were silently observing them. The two of them had already made their decision and whatever was happening now was a mere formality.

But what was the topic of debate? It wasn't anything special, just an invitation signed by the 'Overlord' himself, inviting Ashton to Transylvania, so that they could officially bestow some rewards on him for saving Kai and putting his life on the line for doing so.

To be honest, Ashton thought it was a pain. But the more he thought about it, the more positives popped up in front of him. It would be a waste if he didn't accept the invitation. But that didn't mean Jonathan was onboard with the plan.

,m The moment Ashton informed him about his decision, Jonathan got protective over him as usual. But after talking for a while, Ashton was able to convince Jonathan to see the bigger picture and manipulated him into thinking the vampires might even willingly help them take care of the swamps.

As soon as the topic of swamps came up, Jonathan was in on his plan. Little did he know Ashton had something else in his mind.

#### Chapter 197 Departure Or Arrival? (1)

On a faraway artificial planet, members of two unknown individuals were having a heated argument. The alleyway was strangely empty. Despite the loud argument, there was no one to listen to what the two creatures were talking about.

However, if someone was to get a whiff of the conversation they were having, all hell would break loose on them. These Golden-skinned creatures were unlike anything an earth-dweller could have seen, even in their dream or a nightmare.

Both the individuals had a height of 7'11, with their facial features being the prettiest things ever created by the universe. There wouldn't be any males or females who would be able to reject them if they were to pursue them.

However, the most astonishing feature of their body was their gigantic black wings. The wings were almost as big as them and had a wingspan of 4 meters. Despite having the most similar features, there were a bunch of different specialities.

One of them had no beard, while the other one had an extremely long, braided, white beard that complimented his black attire and brown eyes.

"Beelzebub, you can't back down from a sacred oath like that!" The bearded individual yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Watch me," Beelzebub sighed and began strolling out of the alleyway, but a second later turned around to give his 'brother' a sincere piece of advice, "Let the past stay in the past. What we did was wrong and we paid the price for it. Astaroth defied the council, and he got punished for it. That's all there is to it."

He continued, "Even what you're doing now is a crime. Hiding his existence from the Xyrans lords alone could result in banishment if not execution. Just forget about him and live a peaceful life here. Why don't start a new life like I did?"

"And betray my brother? Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not a boot-licking bastard like you!"

Lucifer spat out in disgust. He couldn't believe Beelzebub was refusing to aid him at such a crucial moment. After his conversation with the mortal, Lucifer had finally found an ounce of lost hope. He could see an opportunity for revenge lying right in front of him.

But Beelzebub and the tales of his new life were pissing him off. Maybe his whore of a wife had him wrapped around her finger, or maybe Beelzebub had honestly forgotten the things the 'Xyrans' did to them.

Lucifer had shared the secret of Astaroth's survival with Beelzebub, his brother-in-arms, someone who had waged countless wars while remaining by his and Astaroth's side. Only to get betrayed by his lack of empathy.

At that moment, Lucifer realised something. The man in front of him now wasn't the fearless, warmonger Beelzebub he remembered. Over the duration of a century, he seemed to have forgotten his true intentions and what they had planned for the higher civilization.

"I know you're hurt, but just think about it, will you?" Beelzebub smiled wanly before turning around once again, but this time Lucifer stopped him.

"If I don't then what? You'll betray me like you betrayed Astaroth?" Lucifer gritted his teeth so hard, that even Beelzebub could hear him.

"What do you-"

"You can drop the act. I have had my suspicions for a while, and your actions have just proven me right." Lucifer grabbed Beelzebub by the collar, but the next moment found his head pressed against the floor.

"Just because gave up on the idea of fighting, doesn't mean I have forgotten how to defend my honour." Beelzebub hissed while Lucifer struggle to free himself from his grasp, "Squirm all you want, moron. But the days when you were stronger than me are long gone. Wanna know how?"

"By sucking dicks? AGRH-" Lucifer laughed, but Beelzebub did not find his joke amusing because he snapped his arm a moment later.

"You know, this is one of your traits I always admired." Beelzebub smiled before letting go, "It almost reminded me of something Astaroth used to say about your persistent nature, 'He may get vanquished, but he'll never stay silent'."

Lucifer kept his lips tightly sealed, even though he wanted to give Beelzebub a piece of his mind. In his mind, he knew Beelzebub wasn't the same as before. However, he had hoped upon receiving the news of Astaroth's survival, he would at least help him out for the old time's sake.

But he had been wrong. The bastard was too far gone. Forget about being a rebel, he had become a dog for the 'Xyrans', going as far as selling his loyalty to them, to gain more influence and strength. Once he had been the weakest among the brothers, but now he was by far the strongest.

Also, unlike him, Beelzebub wasn't a mere administrator, but an executive director. Meaning while Lucifer was handling just a handful of people, Beelzebub was busy handling the issues of an entire galaxy. All thanks to his amazing blowing skills.

"Oh, you actually got silent... haha!" Beelzebub laughed before staring at Lucifer with all seriousness, "I don't care why would you want Astaroth to be alive, you will forget about him. I'll be keeping a close eye on you myself and if I find out you're doing something you shouldn't be, then you're dead. Xyrans already forgave you once, we won't be so lenient again."

With that, Beelzebub left the scene, his white cape dangling behind him. Lucifer had fucked up massively by telling Beelzebub whatever he did. But thankfully, Beelzebub only knew about the Astaroth and not Ashton.

Therefore, even if Beelzebub tried really hard to find out where Astaroth was, he would never be able to do so. That being said, Lucifer knew he could no longer help Ashton, either directly or indirectly.

But there was a way he could restore Astaroth to power. At least till he was able to find a way back to the Xyrans.

"I need to make him Ashton's administrator...."

#### Chapter 198 Departure Or Arrival? (2)

A couple of days later, Ashton finally arrived at the famed city of Transylvania. Just by stepping a foot into the mist-shrouded mountainous region, Ashton could feel an overpowered and mysterious force around him. Something which was proven true when a system prompt appeared in front of him.

[Your vampire genes have received a buff due to the following effect <Homeland>.]

[The place where once the Progenitor of vampires lived, is regarded as <Homeland> of all vampires.]

[While in this region, your vampire genes would be upgraded by 2 levels, along with your vampiric abilities.]

"This is..."

"Majestic, I know." The attendant assigned to guide Ashton around interrupted him, "The mist shrouds the entirety of the city and is said to have been the aftereffect of a skill cast by lord Dracula himself. It also empowers any and all vampires that it comes in contact with."

Ashton turned his gaze towards the lady who had dawned a classy outfit just to welcome him into the capital city. Her skin was as white as snow itself, which complimented her raven coloured outfit with a deep neckline.

The lady wasn't as gifted as the other vampire ladies Ashton had seen so far when it came to her 'physical assets', but her good looks and charm more than made up for it. Her red hair and emerald eyes also attracted Ashton's attention, but most of it all, Ashton valued her stats...

She was at level 45... had evolved once and was still a mere 'attendant' and 'tour guide' to him. There was no way Jonathan would have let someone like her go around and act as a tourist guide.

Apart from that, she wasn't the only one dressed up for the occasion. The entire city had been decorated just to welcome him. After a long time in his eventful life, he felt a bit... overwhelmed. More like all of it seemed like a dream to him. But there were a couple of things he wanted to enquire about.

"Um... Lucille was it? Do you mind if I ask a question?"

"Oh, I already know what you're about to ask, sir." Lucille fixed her spectacles while smiling, "And the answer to that question is the mist."

"The mist also protects you from sunlight?"

"Indeed it does. That's one of the reasons why vampires would give anything to live in this region. Transylvania is by far the largest vampire city in all of the empire, our holy texts often state that when Lord Dracula first came across this city, it was nothing more than a toxic wasteland."

She continued, "Nothing could grow here, whether it was plant or animal, all of them eventually died. Some even said this place was cursed. But for some reason lord Dracula took a liking to this place and using his magic, turned the wasteland into a paradise where he spent the rest of his days."

Ashton nodded along as Lucille kept telling him more and more about the significance of the city. From its strategic location to the numerous resources scattered all over the mountains. The more Lucille talked to him, the more and more Ashton took a liking to the Vampires.

Especially considering the way they treated the humans within their empire. Unlike the werewolves, the humans weren't slaves there, but respectful and hard-working citizens. They had the freedom to do anything they pleased, as long as they paid a small amount of their blood in exchange.

It wasn't an absurd rule either. The amount of blood taken from them was minimal and could regenerate over time, but the profits they could receive because of it were exponential. If there was a utopia for humans on this accursed planet, it had to be the vampire kingdom.

"Is there anything else you would like to know?" Lucille asked with the sweetest smile on her face.



Ashton shook his head and turned towards the royal knights that had accompanied him on this adventure. Despite what Ashton advised him, Jonathan wasn't going to let someone as precious as Ashton go to the heart of the vampiric empire, without proper security.

That being said, Ashton was more or less sure if a fight were to break out, the knights might not have been able to retaliate in kind. Mainly because of the boost the vampire had thanks to the mist. But that wasn't all... apparently, sending the knights wasn't enough.

That's why Michelle too had accompanied them. But Ashton had his suspicion there was an alternate motive behind sending Michelle along with him. Only time would tell whether his hunch was correct or not. For now, Ashton could only do what he did best... nothing.

"Finally found you!"

Ashton felt like smacking his head as soon as he heard that voice. The whole point of him insisting on touring the city was to get away from the annoying bastard. But it would appear Kai had different plans.

"Hello... your highness..." Ashton greeted Kai with a forced smile, "It's so good to see you again."

"Haha, drop the pleasantries, you can call me Kai like before. The way you left the palace earlier almost felt like you were intentionally avoiding me, haha!"

"And here I thought you would get a clue..." Ashton whispered under his breath.

"Did you say something?"

"Nothing at all! I just wanted to learn more about your culture and other important things, in the hopes that I'll pick up a thing or two when I go back to governing a city on my own."

"Ah, yes yes, Lady Michelle informed me about the reward King Jonathan gave you. Are you really satisfied with such a small compensation?"

Small compensation? It was nothing less than a dream come true for a human to even own a house in their world, let alone a city. But then again, their understanding of humans was much different than that of the werewolves so Ashton couldn't blame Kai for thinking the way he did.

But more than that, Ashton had picked up on something much more important. He might just have discovered what Michelle was after when she decided to tag along with him.

'Does she want to get close to Kai? I mean with her looks and charisma, it wouldn't be a difficult task. Is this Jonathan's ultimate plan to form an alliance through political marriage?'

Chapter 199 That Level Of Deception Won't Work Against Me (1)

The day of the ceremony arrived and the city was more crowded than ever. Lords, ladies, counts and countesses from all of the cities and kingdoms, no matter how small or big were in attendance.

But despite what they wanted others to believe, they weren't there to congratulate Ashton or anything. The only reason they were there was so that the Overlord did not think one of them was involved with the assassination attempt.

After all, with Camilla and the assassins dead, there was no way to point out who was the traitor in their midst. And no one wanted to get on the Overlord's wrong side.

That being said, a few of them were interested in just who was the werewolf who not only managed to save Kai but also singlehandedly eliminated 13 Vampires. One of such representatives was Avalina who was ordered to attend the ceremony as well just because she was familiar with the Lycanian customs.

Other than that, she was also someone very important to the Overlord. Not because there were feelings involved, but because Avalina and her research were an important asset to all of the vampires.

The Transylvanian throne room still looked like something that a castle room would have a couple of millenniums ago. Apart from a few things, nothing had been changed. The ceiling was supported by a hundred marble columns, said to have an important human leader buried alive inside them.

Lustrous braziers made off of the remains of a variety of night creatures, half encompassed each of the hundred marble columns light up most of the throne hall and allow shadows to play and dance where light couldn't reach.

Countless paintings of angels and cherubs on the oblique ceiling could be found dancing in the flickering light while memorials and marble icons look down upon the slate floor of the impressive hall.

A cardinal rug ran in a circle around the room, dividing the throne room into two parts, all the way from the main entrance. Banners from all of the vampiric kingdoms were scattered all over the walls, with the exception of a single banner that didn't belong to any vampiric kingdoms.

It was the banner of Lycania, that hung behind the throne along with the banner made by the Overlord himself. Between each banner sat a small altar full of candles, they've all been lit and in turn illuminate the wall paintings of divine beings below them.

Those waiting to see their royal highness could do so in the abundance of extravagant and comfortable birch benches, all of which are perfectly aligned in rows. At the moment, almost all of them had been occupied by people from different social statuses and lineage.

Those of higher standing can instead take seat in the opulent mezzanines overlooking the entire hall. While the few humans that were in attendance chose to stand all the way back, out of their own volition.

Everything was set and done. The only thing remaining was the presence of the Overlord and the man of the hour. The werewolf who stopped a bloody war from breaking out all by himself.

While some of the vampires praised the werewolf, there were some who openly disagreed with whatever the overlord was doing. Showing his gratitude to someone who saved his nephew's life was alright, but announcing a kingdom-wide celebration for it was a bit too much for them to stomach.

But what they didn't admit was the major reason behind their thinking. Had a vampire saved Kai, none of them would have ever even thought about saying such a thing. But as it was a werewolf, a species most of them looked down upon, they could not agree to such an extravagant treatment of the man.

"What even is the Overlord thinking? The dog might have saved his nephew from certain death but this is too much!"

"Shh! Someone will hear you!"

"Oh, come on. As if most of us aren't thinking the same thing."

Avalina heard a useless conversation and shook her head. She herself wasn't in total agreement with whatever was going through the Overlord's head, considering how her research might inevitably lead to a war with the werewolves. But she could understand where he was coming from.

However, before she could throw any more food into her thoughts, the massive doors leading to the room were thrown open once again. Four silhouettes could be seen walking through. Everyone immediately went to their knees, paying respect to the one and only, Alucard, their overlord and his two daughters, Irina and Verina along with Kai.

Both the sisters had greyish hair, a characteristic of their father's bloodline. While the petite Irina wore her hair long, Verina was the complete opposite in every department. From her thick shoulder-length hair to her attention-seeking mature figure.

As for Alucard, he didn't look his age. In fact, his daughters seemed to have been ageing faster than he was as he still looked like someone in his late twenties. He didn't like to wear fancy clothes but he had made an exception for the ceremony.

He had donned on his notorious black light armour which could take any form he wanted to. It was the same armour he was worn while massacring over a million humans who killed his mother who desired peace with the humans, during the war a century ago.

Maybe it was supposed to be a statement of power, or maybe he just liked the armour's tuxedo form. No one will ever know.

Not a single syllable came out of anyone's mouth as the descendants of Dracula assumed their respective thrones.

"Please rise. You are my guests here and shouldn't treat us as if we are any different from you." Irina urged everyone to remain seated.

No one was immune to her captivating smile and did as they were told while Alucard scanned the crowd. He could see the disagreement in the eyes of most of them, but it was something he had expected to happen.

Half of the reason for organising the ceremony was to make people like them realise their mistake of thinking the werewolves were weak and could be trampled at any time. All while not guiding their vision to forcefully align with his.

After a couple of moments, he nodded and the gates were opened once again. This time the person they all had been waiting for walked through the doors, with the royal knight walking right behind him.

"Is that a kid?"

"There's no way someone of his age killed 13 vampires."

"Something doesn't match up..."

As soon as they got a glimpse of Ashton, all of them immediately began whispering amongst themselves. However, it was Avalina whose eyes refused to believe what they were seeing.

"My... Son?"

Chapter 200 That Level Of Deception Won't Work Against Me (2)

"I can feel lots of hostile gazes..." Michelle whispered in Ashton's ears.

"I already know, your highness." Ashton replied without facing her.

How could he have not known? His perception skill was literally screaming at all the hostility oozing out of their eyes. Ashton almost felt like he had walked into a battlefield filled with enemies.

It was then he saw Alucard for the first time and all of a sudden, the hostility coming from the countless vampires present there didn't matter. The man in front of him was more than sufficient to make his heart come out of his mouth.

Even though Ashton knew the overlord held no hostile feeling towards him, the soul-piercing look in his eyes was sufficient for Ashton to subconsciously take a step back.

'That man... is a monster.' Ashton thought while gulping down his saliva, 'How the fuck did he ever reach to level 60? No... I need to take control of myself. Now is not the time to analyse his strength. For my plan to succeed, I need to get in his good graces.'

Their march halted at the steps of the throne Alucard was occupying. Ashton sincerely kneeled before him, just like the royal knights behind him. While Michelle followed the royal etiquette and used curtsy, a traditional bowing technique of the royals to show their respect to someone.

While Ashton could have done something similar and be done with it, he decided to greet Alucard as a soldier would. After all, at the end of the day, that's what he was... a soldier having the title of a baron.

"Please get up. Someone who saved my nephew doesn't need to kneel before me." Alucard urged Ashton softly, "If anything it should be the other way around. If it hadn't been for you, the relationship between countless kingdoms would have been jeopardized."

"I only did what a soldier like me would have done. Protect everyone, and punish those who dare disrupt the harmony between our nations."

"Haha, well said, very well said." Alucard laughed and patted Ashton's shoulder, "I can see why my good-for-nothing nephew took a liking to someone like you. As it is said, opposites attract... I guess it's true for personalities as well."



Even though Kai's face didn't change colour, anyone who could see him would know he was a bit embarrassed. It was true he wasn't as talented as Ashton was, but even so, he could easily pull his weight in the direst situations.

"Now, let's begin the ceremony for-"

"Permission to speak, my lord?" A loud voice boomed throughout the thrones before silence once again shrouded everything.

Through the corner of his eyes, Ashton saw a man walking toward them. Whenever the mountain of a man took a step, the floor shook vigorously. Standing 7' 6" tall, this bronze-skinned man had an unruly feel about him. A particularly notable feature was the weird scar on his face. One that stretched from his left chin to the right temple.

His upper body was completely exposed and was covered in a plethora of scars. Signalling that the man had been in his fair share of battles before and that he was proud of the scars he had received like any proud warrior should be.

His long, frizzy, black hair was worn in a tight bun while his moustache was a shade lighter than his hair, and was beaded, making him look like a nomad. He had a wide face, a pointed nose, and puffy lips. But his eyes... they scanned Ashton like he was an insect, and the man wanted to crush him.

"What is it, Griffin?" Alucard asked the man while shaking his head.

"With all due respect, your highness," Griffin replied in his astonishingly deep voice, "I tried to take young lord's tale with a grain of salt, but it seemed far-fetched that someone like him, killed over a dozen vampires that were on the verge of a breakthrough. Something in the story doesn't add up."

"Are you implying that I am a liar?" Kai lost his cool but was immediately calmed both by Irina who was sitting next to him.

"Never my lord! I'm just a humble servant to the throne. Sworn to protect anyone who sits on it. You're one of them, so how can I say a thing like that?" Griffin bowed down and apologised to Kai, "What I meant to say was, could we really trust the word of this kid? After all, Young Lord himself said he was unconscious throughout the duration of the fight."

Under Griffin's shadow, the rest of the vampires also suddenly found their voices back and began repeating what Griffin had said. After all, Griffin was the closest thing Alucard had to a comrade and a friend.

Their friendship was tighter than any other and that's why Griffin wasn't afraid of boldly voicing his opinions in front of Alucard when anyone else would choose silence over upsetting the overlord by mistake.

"How can we trust that it wasn't the plan of the werewolves from the beginning?" Someone yelled from the crowd, "For all we know, the werewolves could have colluded with Camilla, considering how easy it would have been to do so."

"Yes. The fact that we never found Camilla's remains is also suspicious." Someone else chimed in, "Also, whatever dismembered corpses we did receive could count for six assassins, which is half the amount lord Kai remembers seeing."

The questions kept popping up one after another, like wild mushrooms in a monsoon. They only stopped once Alucard raised his hand, making everyone stop.

"I hear you loud and clear," Alucard expressed as soon as everyone calmed down, "but if you keep throwing allegations one after another then how will the young lad defend himself?"

He continued, "If you have the patience to keep asking questions one after another, then you should have the patience to listen to him talk as well, don't you think? Ashton, would you be able to prove that vampires other than Camilla were involved in the incident?"

"Your highness, I think we should sort some things out first-" Michelle tried to calm everyone down, but before she could do so, Ashton stopped her.

"Of course, your highness, I can do so easily," Ashton replied to Alucard's question with a smile before putting his hand into his inventory.

As soon as he did that, Griffin and the vampires jumped into action mode, drawing their weapons out to rip the young man to pieces, thinking Ashton was about to attack Alucard. However, the latter stopped them from doing anything.

"Wait a bit," Alucard said as he noticed Ashton pull out a sack from his inventory.

"Here's the proof. I'm sure if you search hard enough, you'll find out the people these heads belonged to." Ashton calmly stated before dumping the heads of the mercenaries hired by Camilla to kill the rest of the students.