

## **Zompiewolf 231**

### Chapter 231 The Battle Of Livan (3)

"What is THIS!!!"

Mera was enraged. She had thought she would sweep the floor with her huge army and rain carnage upon Ashton before putting him back in his place. However, never in her wildest thoughts, she could have imagined her enemies would defend themselves so fiercely.

Just knowing the odds would have made most armies surrender on the spot, but these bastards were built different.

The moment her soldiers were about to enter the gates, a series of explosions ceased their march. In a blink of an eye, she had already lost a fifth of her forces to the explosions, While those who were fortunate enough to not die, had their will shaken to the core.

Even she was baffled by what she was seeing. Explosions should not have had any effect on them! The humans tried it before and failed miserably and yet... her troops were dying from mere explosives? It didn't make any sense.

Nevertheless, seeing the explosions in action, further strengthened Mera's resolve to take them down. With technology like this, she could finally attack Jonathan and have her revenge. But before that, she needed to get Ashton and whoever had developed the explosives on her side.

"Keep charging ahead, you morons!" Mera yelled at the top of her lungs, "They can't have infinite explosives to throw at us!"

The soldiers were hesitant but knew better than to argue with a mad witch. Gathering all of their courage, they headed straight through the area with mines littered everywhere. However, much to their dismay, the barrage of explosions didn't stop.

Within minutes her forces had been halved, most of them were dead and those who weren't were left incapable of fighting.

It was at this time Baiter gave everyone the bad news, that all of the mines had been used. They were on their own now.

Although the odds had increased in their favour quite a lot, they were still going to lose in a head-on fight. After all, 30 to 1 was a ratio anyone would be fond of.

"Stop sulking and prepare for battle. We only need to hold them back till Ashton gets back!" Virgil tried his best to incite the forces but it was clear that he wasn't very good at it.

Only Baiter and Virgil knew the secondary objective of using the explosions. The rest of them didn't so they didn't know what bullshit Virgil was spouting about Ashton coming back and even if Ashton arrived there, what could he possibly do against an army of fifteen thousand men by himself?

It was at this moment that Sheera stepped up to take the charge and fill her duty as the second-in-command.

"My soldiers! I have always said, a life that ends with a foolish death is not worth living. But this death... it's not filled with foolishness but honour and bravery, for only honour and bravery can make us embrace death like an old friend."

"I'm not going to lie to you and say we'll make it alive. For even Lycaon, himself wouldn't have lied to you. But with his blessing, we shall meet in heaven once again, to drink alongside the gods and our fallen comrades."

Sheera continued, "Those who still want to desert us, they can. I won't hold a grudge against them, but my soldiers! I ask you this, what do you want? A warrior's death or a coward's life?"

"Warrior's death!"

"I can't hear you!"

"A WARRIOR'S DEATH!"

"Then take your arms and charge at the enemies without any fear! We are the descendants of Lycaon, no matter how big of an army we face, we shall be the ones who will be remembered for millennia to come!"

And just like that, the soldiers who were afraid to die, charged into the battlefield, ready to embrace death as an old friend.

"Your verbal skill is scary..." Virgil mumbled while smiling.

"Let us handle the crowd. You should try to figure out a way to take Mera down. With her gone, the soldiers would stop as well." Sheera returned his smile before charging along with her soldiers, "Good luck!"

"What about the king though? You contacted him right?" Baiter shouted at her retreating form.

"Don't expect help from them. Mera is more of a strategist than any of us. She had someone destroy the portal leading to Livan before coming here." Sheera shrugged her shoulders, "It would take at least a couple of hours before king Jonathan would get here."

It was bad news, but it wasn't as bad as Baiter had expected it to be. At least King Jonathan was not siding with Mera. So even if they died, there was a high chance she would receive some sort of punishment. But knowing Mera, she must have already planned something for it as well.

"Baiter, you're the one with a brain. I'll leave the thinking to you." Virgil patted the man on his back before rushing towards the fight himself.

"Sure... if only it was so easy."

Baiter shrugged his shoulders and began thinking of a plan. But nothing came to his mind.

He could have used the spare hand cannons he had to try and attack her, but the weapons did not have the range to do so and sneaking up to her was out of the question as well. Even if he did, he would likely get killed quicker than he could pull the trigger.

Meanwhile, on the battlefield, Sheera's ferocity and the courage of her troops had left everyone else baffled beyond any limit. With a single strike, the royal knights were taking half a dozen heads. However, apart from them, the rest of the soldiers were not doing so good.

The numbers advantage was too much for them to handle and slowly but surely, they were losing the fight.

Though just as everything seemed to be lost, Lycaon heard their prayers and a saviour arrived on the battlefield to protect them all.

"What is that!?" one of the knights guided Sheera's attention towards a figure standing at quite some distance.

"What the hell is Mera up to now!?"

Sheera cursed loudly as a giant made of bones was seen heading towards them. Since none of them had the ability to pull off something like that, she automatically assumed it was another one of Mera's plans.

But when Sheera stared in Mera's direction, she realised the mistress was just as shocked as they were.

'If it doesn't belong to her then could it be?'

"Wait, is that someone on top of its shoulders?" Virgil pointed out and a moment later everything became clear, "It's Ashton! HE'S BACK! I TOLD YOU HE'LL BE BACK! HAHA!"

Chapter 232 The Battle Of Livan (4)

How? Why? When?

All sorts of questions were running in the minds of whoever saw Ashton riding on top of the skeleton.

A skill like that had never been seen before by anyone present on the battlefield and yet they were sure that their eyes weren't playing tricks on them as the skeleton giant got closer and closer to them.

The creature was at least 15 meters tall and did not have any gaps within its body. In place of eyes, it had a couple of holes. Just looking at the eyes felt like staring at death itself. It had no mouth or any external organs which made it look even more unsettling.

It was just a gigantic pile of bones moulded together to support the gigantic frame of the body. But the even more unnerving thing was the aura of the man riding on its shoulder. Everyone who had seen Ashton could tell the man riding on the skeleton's shoulder was him, and yet it felt as if he was someone entirely different.

Not to mention, the aura around him felt different. It was no longer radiant but as if the aura of death was looming over him. Sheera had felt such aura before, usually over people who were about to die on the battlefield. But this time it felt different.

She could feel death's aura all around Ashton but it felt like the aura itself wasn't trying to harm him. If anything it was there to protect him. By this time, Irina and Verina ran out of the bunker as the ground began to shake under the steps of the goliath's massive feet, which they assumed to be an earthquake.

As soon as their eyes fell on Ashton they knew... he was a vampire. Being the descendent of Dracula, they had the ability to identify any and all vampires in their vicinity.

However, to think that Ashton was a vampire too... It wasn't a surprise why it was a hard pill to swallow for the sisters that Ashton's vampiric genes were left undetected for so long.

"Could he be a hybrid?" Irina asked her sister who shook her head.

"He is something more. No vampire or werewolf could possibly command the undead to such an extent." Verina sighed, "Now it makes sense how he knew so much about vampires and could kill Camilla and so many others... He is the first one of his kind, much like Lord Dracula he too is a progenitor of his own race."

By this time Mera too had sensed something to be off with him. However, she still assumed that the Goliath was a much bigger threat than a literal kid.

"Stomp them all."

Ashton whispered before jumping off of the goliath who immediately began making quick work of the fifteen thousand soldiers on Mera's side. Ashton then turned his attention towards Sheera and Virgil who were still in shock after seeing Ashton up close.

"Good job holding them back till now." Ashton felt it wouldn't be fair to not commend their selfless efforts to keep his town safe in his absence.

"What are you-" Virgil asked the question racing through everyone's mind, but Ashton raised his hand to silence him.

"Not now," he said, "take the soldiers and get back inside the city. I'll handle the rest. I'll answer your questions once all of this is over."

"As you wish." Sheera bowed her head before ordering the soldiers to go back.

She knew the aura Ashton was exhibiting wasn't of someone who was weak. Hell, with just his presence alone, it was clear the battle was already over. It would take a lot more than mere fifteen thousand soldiers to take him down. Especially with the giant helping him out.

The next moment Ashton's eyes fell on the one he had been wanting to take revenge on for a long time. Finally, it was time for him to exact some long-awaited vengeance.

Mera was looking at him too, she wasn't looking 'down' on him anymore. Her gaze was one of confusion and fear, just a tinge of it, but there was no denying she was afraid of what he had become. The second Ashton stared at her, the goliath cleared a path for Ashton to walk straight up to her.



But rather than walking up to her, Ashton decided to have a chat with her first. Probably the last one they'll ever have.

"Remember what you asked me once, mistress?" Ashton chuckled, "What was the colour of my blessing? You won't believe it even if I told you now. But since I'm revealing all of the secrets, maybe it's time to let you in on it as well."

Ashton waited for her to say something but she didn't, not wanting to waste his time, he decided to continue his tale.

"Black. That's the colour of my blessing and if you're wondering what I am, then you'd be pleased to know your slave is a tribrid. You do know what that means right?"

Mera gritted her teeth so loudly, that even Ashton could hear it. For some reason Ashton found it incredibly hilarious, however, as much as he wanted to rub more salt on her already sizzling wounds, he had something to take care of, which was to level up his werewolf genes.

But it didn't seem like Mera was about to let him do that.

"KILL HIM!" She yelled at the top of her lungs and immediately both Bishop and Marcee transformed and charged at him.

"Take care of them," Ashton mumbled and his shadow began reshaping itself until it spewed out two shadowy figures.

"Sidekicks should never try to fight the hero." Celeste laughed at them before strangling the werewolves up with their own shadow, "If our master has to take care of every Tom, Dick and Harry, then what will we do, right Sven?"

"Hmph!" Sven grunted loudly before slicing their head off in one swift swing from his shadow blade.

[Your summon <Sven> had killed two High Ranking werewolves.]

[24% Exp has been earned.]

[Current Werewolf Level: 29]

[Current Exp: 48%]

"Entertain her while I take care of the rest."

"As you wish, Master."

Chapter 233 The Battle Of Livan (5)

Despite what Ashton said, it didn't seem like Mera was in the mood to get entertained by a couple of dead people. Sven and Celeste were strong, but they were nowhere near as strong as Mera was, especially after she transformed.

Celeste and Sven tried to do the same thing they did to Bishop and Marcee and end Mera's tael once and for all, however, before Celeste could even bind Mera, she attacked Sven and sent him flying.

Without Sven, Celeste was no match for her as Mera grabbed her and smashed it into bits with her fearsome claws.

"They were supposed to entertain me? Are you sure about that kiddo?" Mera snarled and turned to where Ashton was standing, however, he was nowhere to be found.

"Don't tell me you bought the bullshit I spouted before. As if I'll let anyone put their hands on you before me." Ashton whispered in her ear lodging his blades in her back.

Mera winced in pain but even through her pain, she realised Ashton wasn't trying to kill her. If he did, he wouldn't have missed the golden chance to do so. The bastard was playing with her... just like she used to.

She tried to grab his hand and slam him to the ground, but before she could even touch him, Ashton jumped backwards, saving himself from her vice grip.

"How did you get behind me?" Mera growled at him while her silvery fur slowly turned red.

"Hm... I'll answer you if you answer a question of mine." Ashton smiled through the mask of vampirism.

He was wearing all of his precious gear, especially both of the grim reaper's equipment he had found so far. That way he had enough mana to sustain Sven, Celeste as well as the Goliath for an extraordinarily long period of time.

But more importantly, he could use as many skills as he pleased to take care of the bitch once and for all.

Nevertheless, she had a plan to make the brat submit to her. Just like he had done the day she bit him. A moment later, the area within 10 meters was covered with visual pheromones that her body secreted after her transformation.

Ashton was within the range and it was only a moment of time before he submitted to her will. However, to her surprise, he remained unaffected by it.

Ashton smacked his head before sighing in defeat, "What part of me being a tribrid you didn't understand? Your pheromones wouldn't work on dead people and well, technically, I am one of the undead."

"I'll make you submit to me either way!" Mera lunged at him with ferocious agility.

Ashton might not have wanted to acknowledge it, but even though they were at a similar level, her battle prowess was still above his. Not only did she quickly adapt to his attack patterns, but she was also able to counterattack just as well.

"What happened to your voice?" Mera smiled as her claws continuously drove Ashton back, "Go on, entertain me! Do IT!"

However, Ashton did not respond to her provocations and kept defending against her blows. He wasn't even dodging her and taking hits after hits. It was only a moment of time before Ashton's forearms gave in to her relentless attacks and began bleeding.

Mistress took his silence as a sign of defeat, but she didn't want to defeat him. She wanted to break him. She wanted to tear him apart to the limit where he would have to beg for mercy. But not to save himself, but to beg for mercy to kill him.

The more she attacked the more blood came gushing out of his arms and the more excited she got. It was as if just the mere thought of hurting Ashton was bringing unfounded peace to her soul and pleasure to her body. Her flushed cheeks were the proof of that.

"Go on bastard, look me in the eye!" Mera growled and to her surprise... Ashton obeyed her.

She wanted to see the pain of his broken bones within his body, the pain from the gushing blood. However, what she saw were a pair of cold, emotionless but deadly eyes staring right through her and into her soul.

"You-"

She once again threw her claws at him, however, this time Ashton grabbed her furry hand before it could even get close to him.

Boom!

The next moment, Mera's mouth was covered in blood. With a single punch, Ashton shattered her snout while blood gushed out of her mouth and nose like a broken faucet.

His punch left her staggered, so Ashton being the gentleman he was, decided to give his beloved mistress a complete makeover and so began the one-sided smash bros competition.

With every punch, Ashton's next punch got stronger. It wasn't like Mera couldn't have defended her from all those attacks. However, no matter how much she tried, her body refused to move as she wanted.

"What is this sorcery?" She barely managed to mumble through her bloodied nose and dislocated jaw, "What have you done to me?"

[You have been poisoned after being in continuous contact with the skill <Blood Poison>.]

[Due to massive blood loss, you have received <Shock> debuff.]

It was only then she realised the blood she thought to be coming out of his wounds wasn't his blood. This was the first time she had seen anything like it, but the blood from around the battlefield had gathered itself around him in the shape of a majestic armour... unlike anything she had ever seen before.

Ashton had played her into thinking he was getting pinned from her attacks, but in reality, he was simply waiting for the effect of poison to take place.

His blades had been covered with his blood from the beginning and when he stabbed Mera with them, the poison had slowly begun spreading throughout her body. She opened her mouth once again but before a single word came out of her mouth, Ashton kicked her right in the face.

"I told you didn't I? I'll answer your questions if you answered mine." It was Ashton's turn to laugh now, "But sadly, that offer has expired. Now you will tell me what I want or I'll drag the words out of your throat."

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The aftershock of his punches could be felt all across the battlefield. The force behind his punches even rivalled that of the Goliath's foot stomps. Soon his hands were covered in Mera's blood and yet the punches never ceased. But something felt off... beating her was proving to be too easy.

Chapter 234 Secret Revealed (1)

A heavy stench of death loomed over the battlefield. Thousands upon thousands of mangled corpses lay scattered all over the place, turning the white glistening snow into a shade of rouge.

It felt as if even nature wanted the battle to come to an end and tried its best to wash away the blood and gore off of the field, but failed miserably. By the time the rain managed to wash away one such bloody patch, a dozen more were created as the goliath kept trampling on its enemies.

Most of the corpses were in such a condition, that not even their mothers would have been able to identify them. It almost felt like the bowels of hell had been opened up, cursing the world of the living. And in the centre of it all was a man, bashing the head of an unconscious woman.

Everyone within Livan was terrified of the carnage their lord had just brought on the enemies. They were bound to get doomed but somehow, their lord changed the course of the battle.

Not a single thing about the sudden reversal of the attack made any sense to them but for now, they were happy to be alive. At the same time, some of them were worried about the well-being of their lord.

While the citizens were celebrating, Sheera, Virgil, Irina and the rest of them still had their eyes glued to the battlefield where Ashton was still busy raining hell on Mistress Mera.

After what seemed an eternity, Ashton finally stopped. At least that's how it seemed from the distance. In reality, he was simply listening to what Astaroth had just told him.

[It's not her. I mean it's her but she's not the one you're looking for.]

"A clone?"



[Probably. If it was her, you would at least have to think twice before pulling all the manoeuvres you just did.]

Ashton fell quiet. After all the times he had spared with Mera, he knew she had a talent for predicting her opponent's moves. No matter how complex strategies he employed, she would always come on the top. That was the thing Ashton was worried about the most while fighting her.

However, this time, she couldn't do a thing even though the techniques Ashton was using weren't anything she shouldn't have seen before, apart from the use of his [Necromancer] and [Blood Mage] class abilities.

What Ashton wanted to emphasise was the fact that, despite being overwhelmed by his hidden abilities, Mera would have found a way to fight back. Like she always did. That was the entire reason why Ashton so desperately wanted to get to level thirty and summon Wraith wolves for help.

Despite having a plethora of talents, there was no way Mera could have defeated them while they kept regenerating and attacking her over and over.

At one point or the other, she was bound to slip and die. However, judging from the way how quickly she got her ass handed to her by him, it was clear there was something wrong with her.

[Don't worry, I'm sure you'll get another chance to get back at her.]

"That's not the point. I lost the advantage I had over her for no reason." Ashton kicked the unconscious Mera or whatever the thing was in anger before cancelling the Goliath's summon, "How much exp do I have to get in order to level up?"

[Vampire and Zombie Genes are already at level 30, you would need to evolve to progress further. As for your werewolf genes, you'll need to kill around 50 people to level up.]

"Why so many? Sven and Celeste killed two of them and I got like 24% exp."

[Only low-levelled soldiers are left on the battlefield now. Most of the stronger ones got trampled by the boner- I mean the bone goliath.]

"Should we get started from her then?"

Ashton's gaze fell on the clone. Real or not, she was stronger than anyone else present on the battlefield. But before he could do anything, an uninvited guest showed up at the doorstep of his city.

It was Jonathan with his army. At the same time, everyone who was within the limits of Livan came rushing out to congratulate Ashton on his win. Little did they know, no one had won the battle.

The entire platoon of royal guards was standing in front of Ashton and yet he wasn't sweating one bit. Why? Because he knew it came to worst, he could kill them all.

It would be difficult, but thanks to the grom reaper's earrings and cloak, his mana regeneration was boosted. It would only take a minute before he could summon Sven and Celeste again to aid him.

As for the fight, if anything, killing the knights would only help him level up quicker than killing 50 run of the mill soldiers.

At this point in time, Ashton wasn't aware that Jonathan actually had picked his side and was there to help him out. As a result, he was being cautious around Jonathan and his soldiers. However, the misunderstanding was solved when Sheera arrived there and informed Ashton what had happened.

Jonathan nodded towards his unconscious 'daughter', and a couple of knights rushed over to restrain her before taking her away. when Ashton tried to object, Jonathan looked at him with enraged eyes.

But Ashton wasn't fazed by it. He wasn't the same kid as before who would back down just because his opponent was a king. However, openly showing his hostility might give him quite a bit of trouble so it was better to stay silent for now.

"Come in, we have a lot to talk about."

That's all he said before heading inside the city. Ashton went along with him, but as he came across his team, he could see the fear and confusion in their eyes. The same went for Verina and Irina, however, they weren't afraid of his new strength, but rather they were intrigued by him.

"Follow me, I have a feeling I might need to explain a lot of things to his highness. Seems like a good time to answer your questions as well."

## Chapter 235 Secret Revealed (2)

Everyone was back inside the city but only a handful of people were there with Ashton and by a handful, there were only four of them in a room. Jonathan, Ashton, Verina and Irina along with a bunch of royal knights standing behind Ashton who had been handcuffed.

It was a precautionary measure so that Ashton did not attack them. The cuffs, however, were made of a special material. The same one that didn't allow the one wearing it to use any mana.

Virgil, Sheera and the rest of them were sent away as the information Jonathan wanted Ashton to disclose could potentially break the balance of power in the world if leaked. If that happened... then god knows what the greedy bastards hiding in various empires would do to get the power Ashton had.

Why Verina and Irina were allowed to attend the meeting? Well, it was because of two reasons. Firstly, since they were vampires they could help Jonathan to understand more about the vampiric genes within Ashton's body.

And lastly, they were Alucard's daughters, so they could convey the information to him and probably help Ashton in protecting his identity. Or at least he would be able to help deal with the situation on his end.

Once everyone had settled, Jonathan began asking the questions. Some gruelling questions. It was clear he was upset, but it didn't seem he was upset with Ashton. Probably he was worried about his daughter and ashamed of her actions at the same time.

"Let's get the big question out of the way first, how?"

"That'll be a bit... difficult to explain." Ashton shrugged his shoulders, "It's not like I don't want to disclose it to you. It's just that my memory is hazy from back when it all happened. But I'll tell you what I know for certain."

Ashton proceeded to tell them about his plan to escape the enclosure but he skipped the part where he wanted to join the resistance as it would not have placed him in a favourable light in front of them.

He simply told them he was tired of being imprisoned and wanted a new life for himself. That's why he hatched a plan to escape, however, before he could escape he got into an encounter with a zombie who ended up biting him as he struggle to free himself from its grasp.

After that, all he remembered was that someone pulled the undead off of him and the next morning he woke up he was back in his room within the enclosure.

"When I tried to remember what had happened the previous night, I lost my consciousness and woke up on the day the Mistress, I mean, Mera came to get me."

"But if that was the case then shouldn't you have already turned into a vampire or an undead?" Verina asked the most obvious question.

"He would have but sometimes the gene calibration takes up to a week to finish." Jonathan chimed in, "That's why after being bitten, the humans are kept in isolation till their powers begin to show up. But I'm afraid Ashton did not get the chance to get isolated and was bitten too frequently."

"But the conflicting genes should have resulted in his death. I mean we have tried experimenting with the vampire and undead genes and they all-"

Verina quickly shut Irina's mouth as she was giving away too much information regarding the subject. They might have a good relationship with Lycania now, but no one had seen the future, they might stab them in the back if they got to know about the effect undead's bodily liquids have on the vampires.

Jonathan had caught on to them, but for now, he needed to focus on Ashton and deem whether he was a threat or not. If he was then no matter how important he was to anyone, Jonathan would have to get rid of him.

"There's one thing that's troubling me..." Jonathan changed the topic, "how did an undead get so close to the enclosure?"

"That's as much of a mystery to me as it is to you." Ashton shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you been colluding with the undead?" Jonathan did not beat around the bush and jumped straight to ask the most obvious question, "First the island of doom and now this, it seems the undead simply can't leave you be. It's a bit too coincidental don't you think?"

Ashton looked at Jonathan and smirked. At that moment, Ashton realised Jonathan was behaving less like a king and more like a father. Maybe he was even trying to get a little something from him that would be enough to throw Ashton in prison.

That way, he would be able to ensure the safety of his daughter as well as keep Ashton on a leash and use him whenever the time and opportunity showed up.

"If you want to get rid of me, I'm afraid you'll have to try harder than that," Ashton said with the sweetest smile on his face, "But let me make one thing absolutely clear. I will kill Mera and anyone who gets in my way, anyone."

At that moment, the knights standing behind Ashton drew their weapons out.

"You dare threaten his highness?" One of the knights roared and was about to smack Ashton on the back of his head.

What happened next was too quick for even Jonathan to keep track of. Ashton got up and snapped his handcuffs in half as if they were made of twigs before kicking the royal knight in the face.

The next moment, there a gigantic hole in the wall behind him could be seen and the knight who wanted to assault him was laying on his back puking a mouthful of blood.

"The next time any of you bastards interrupts us, I will personally make sure that it's the last thing they do, and that is a threat." Ashton snarled before sitting back down as if nothing happened, "So where was I?"

"You would kill anyone who gets in your way..." Irina involuntarily mumbled.

"Right. Thanks for reminding me. Also, let me tell you something, your highness. The woman you took away before I killed her wasn't your daughter. It was her clone but I will be taking her under my custody. Just thought you should know that."

He looked around the table and it looked like even though Jonathan wanted to say a lot more things, he had lost the will to do so.

"Great then, I'll take my leave, if you don't mind. I have a city to rebuild."

Chapter 236 Level 30 (1)

A couple of hours later, Jonathan and his army finally headed back towards Deja. Staying there any longer was pointless as neither Jonathan nor Ashton had anything else to say to each other.

However, despite showing his strong stance and not allowing Ashton to take Mera's clone in for interrogation, Jonathan had made it clear that no matter how strong Ashton was, in the end, he had to heed his command.

Well, at least that's what he thought. But Ashton only gave up on interrogating Mera's clone when Astaroth informed him that interrogating the clone would prove useless. Since the clone would think of herself as the actual person and would not accept that she was a clone.

In the end, interrogating her would prove to be a waste of time. On the other hand, giving her up would mend whatever little bit of fracture his words might have caused between Jonathan and his relationship.

As for Jonathan, as much as he wanted to protect his daughter's secret, he couldn't do so. Sooner or later, Ashton would find the fact that Mera had multiple clones made of her to ensure her protection



That being said, Cloning was a process that was lost along with the humans, and not even Jonathan knew how Mera accomplished it but she was careful enough to not let anyone else get their hands on the technology. All he knew was that his daughter had about 6 clones of her.

Two of which were now under his custody. Obviously, it wasn't him who found out the information. It was his shadow assassins who discovered it.

However, Ashton's behaviour was troubling him more than Mera's disappearance. At the speed he was progressing, it was only a matter of time before he became too strong for him or anyone on the planet to handle.

He had heard Ashton's message loud and clear. From the way, he had behaved it was clear that he was slowly turning into a rebel. Which meant, he was about to turn into an ulcer for Jonathan.

But as soon as Jonathan put himself in Ashton's shoes, he could understand his actions. After all, just out of the fear of an invasion from other kingdoms, Jonathan was getting paranoid and wanted to take over the swamps and take over their kingdom before they could take over his kingdom.

What Ashton was doing here was similar. Mera invaded his territory and he retaliated, that was all to it. However, since Jonathan prevented him from taking his vengeance, it went without saying that Ashton was angry at him too. Hence, he acted out.

'What a mess this has become...'

Jonathan tried to calm his nerves and think about the situation carefully. No matter how hard he thought everything came to one conclusion... it wasn't safe to make an enemy out of Ashton.

He was a one of a kind being and with his support, Jonathan's dream of ruling over the werewolves as a whole would no longer be a dream. But then again, he didn't want to lose his daughter either. Despite having their differences, Mera's death would have a profound impact on Lycania.

It was obvious he didn't want either Mera or Ashton to lose their lives as both of them were important to him. Also, if Ashton was to kill Mera, it would only weaken the kingdom as, despite her flaws, Mera is an integral part of Lycania.

A few of the kingdoms were in fact more worried about her and her strategic qualities than Jonathan's might. And even though it was clear that the two of them never get along, when it comes to Lycania's safety and integrity, Jonathan had no doubt in his mind Mera would come to their aide.

That being said, Ashton was an important figure as well. He was no longer a mere pawn for Jonathan to help clear the swamps. He was the living embodiment of Lycania's alliance with Transylvania and Alucard.

This relationship between Alucard and Ashton also meant Jonathan could not place his finger on Ashton without fearing the consequences Alucard might bring forth to him. Ashton being a tribrid was just a bonus that granted him safety.

"It's better to leave Ashton alone for a while. Once everyone is cooled off, we can revisit the conversation." Jonathan reminded himself as he and his soldiers headed back to Deja.

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Meanwhile back in Livan, people were scrapping whatever they could and helping the city rebuild. Even the soldiers who had been captured before the battle gave in when they saw Ashton's might and had turned into his loyal subjects.

Virgil, Sheera and everyone in their respective teams wanted to know more about Ashton's secret. Since the cat was already out of the bag, Ashton didn't refrain from giving them answers. His answers might have been vague, they were enough to shut them up for now.

But the thing that surprised him the most was... they weren't afraid of him. he had expected them to distance themselves from him the moment they got to know about his secret, but they didn't. Weirdly enough, they were happy to know his true strength now.

Their meet and greet lasted for about twenty minutes and then they were off to work as usual. On a positive note, they no longer have to worry about resources.

As per the agreement Ashton made with Jonathan in exchange for letting Mera's clone go with him... everything that the Morgans owned was now officially his. Their land, their soldiers, their riches... every single thing.

Which made it easier for him to secure things needed to make Livan the best city on the continent... well, not yet, but with Baiter's help one day Livan would become a city everyone would want to live in.

[Enough monologue bullshit. You still need to hit level 30 to unlock the evolution quest.]

"Hm... maybe I should go back to hunt down the last Deull. That bastard got off scot-free because of the battle. But not anymore."

[Once that's accomplished and you have evolved, we could look into this cloning thing and you know who we have to approach for that. But before all that, you better have an apology ready for her.]

"I'll think about it..."

Chapter 237 Level 30 (2)

Once again Ashton found himself within the abandoned mine, but this time, he wasn't in any hurry. He had all the time in the world to hunt that remaining Deull. However this time... he wasn't going to chase after his tale. Instead, Ashton was planning to 'smoke' it out... in his own way.

"Master..." Sven gently said, "Where?"

"Dump them anywhere close to me."

Upon receiving his instructions, Sven turned the carriage over, dumping three hundred corpses in front of his master. Behind him, Celeste was doing the same thing. Once done, both of them stood next to Ashton.

[Sometimes your intelligence scares me. Cut that out. Your intelligence always scares me. Most of the time I'm scared of the lack of it, but this time. You have impressed me.]

"What can I say, sometimes I like to surprise people around me."

The following moment, all of the bodies were ripped open and skeletons walked out of them, shedding their skin, blood and muscles. Ashton's [Corpse parade] was turning out to be quite good as it did not depend on his intelligence.

As long as there was a corpse around him, he could raise a skeleton soldier to aid him. His intelligence only mattered when it came to using the higher tier skills like [Resurrection] and [Valhalla].

That being said, [Corpse Parade] had a crucial disadvantage associated with it. The skeleton soldiers resurrected were rarely of any use when it came to combat. They were easier to kill than a level 1 ghoul. However, they had their uses, as Ashton was about to demonstrate.

As for his plan... it was simple.

Resurrect as many skeletons soldiers as possible and make them all charge inside. Although strength wasn't the skeleton's strong suit, their sheer numbers should be enough to drive the deull out.

Once it was out, Sven would tank the Deull's attack, Celeste would bind it using her abilities and Ashton would finish it off. If everything went according to plan then it should be enough for Ashton to level up and finally begin his evolution journey.

As for the corpses... it wasn't like he had any shortage of those. He had thousands upon thousands of them being incinerated at that very moment. How would taking a few hundred corpses with him affect anyone?

"Alright skellies, make daddy proud."

Ashton gave them the signal and the skeletons rushed inside while Ashton took out a note from his inventory and began writing something on it. After all, the catacombs were vast and expansive. It would take them a while to find the Deull, let alone push it outside.

[Are you writing an apology letter or a court summon?]

"It's none of your business."

[Well, technically it is. The sooner you make up with your 'mother', the sooner I'll get rid of you.]

"How? Oh never mind, I got it."

What Astaroth was saying... was kinda true. If Avalina could make a clone out of him, then Astaroth's organs that had been keeping him alive inside Ashton's body would be replaced with the organs of the clone.

In other words, Ashton would have a new set of Astaroth free organs while Astaroth would have a body of himself. It wasn't an ideal solution and even though it seemed a bit far-fetched, it could be possible.

That way, both Astaroth and Ashton would be happy and have a life of their own. Well, it was either that or both of them would end up dying due to some biological failure.

Suddenly the ground began to shake. Ashton immediately placed the note back and took his blades out. Sven walked up and stood in front of him while Celeste assumed the safest position and hid behind Ashton.

As the footsteps got closer Ashton realised something. It wasn't the footstep of one Deull, but at least a dozen.

"How the hell did so many of them survive and I couldn't even find a single one of them before?"

[Do I look like a soothsayer to you?]

"Bitch, you're supposed to know this stuff!"

[The hell do I know! This planet is fucking weird!]

The problem wasn't the appearance of more Deulls, but their strength. As far as Ashton could sense, all of them had similar levels and all of them were stronger than the ones Ashton had killed before.

The worst thing was... most of Ashton's abilities were on cooldown after fighting with Mera. Since he had assumed there was only one Deull remaining, he could easily take care of it without his newly learned abilities but he was wrong.

He couldn't summon Goliath to take the damage, but it was obvious, that Sven wouldn't be able to take all the damage by himself either. And if he couldn't stop them, all of them might get stomped to death. Well, t least Ashton would as the rest of them were already dead.

"Sven, change of plans. Impale me with your sword."

[That sounded so wrong...]

"Shut the fuck up! Stop rubbing your perverted thoughts on me!"

Sven was confused by the sudden command but followed it nonetheless. As soon as Sven did that, blood flowing out of Ashton's hands attached themselves to him, forming an armour around Sven. Once that was done, Ashton used the rest of the blood to make an armour for himself as well.

At that moment, Ashton's [Regeneration] ability kicked in, healing him instantly.

"Damn it, Sven, hit me again!"



[Kinky.]

"I swear-"

[Oh, look they are here!]

Ashton thought the skeletons were successful in pushing the Deulls outside but upon closer inspection... it was clear the Skeletons didn't do shit. The Deulls were rushing out, out of their own volition.

Sven barely managed to hit Ashton again before a Deull rammed him over. Celeste tried to stop them using [Shadow Bind], but against their speed and might, the shadow threads got torn in an instant.

Another Deull came charging straight at Ashton. Taking the Deull head-on did not seem to be a good idea. The momentum of the Deull shouldn't have been enough to hurt him, but he wasn't all that keen on testing his defence out in the open just yet.

In the end, he barely sidestepped, dodging the attack at the nick of time. But he wasn't done just yet.

"Eat this!"

Ashton stabbed the Deull's stomach with his sword and stood there, putting all his might into establishing a firm grip. The Deull's momentum did the rest of the work for him as its stomach got ripped open, spilling its innards all over the ground.

The Deull fell lifeless, after dragging its body for a couple of seconds. All of the blood spilt was absorbed by Ashton's blood armour, making it even stronger. Which proved to be crucial, because the following moment, another Deull rammed into Ashton.

Although Ashton wasn't injured, his blood armour had taken quite a beating.

—

You have received 5% Exp by killing a <Lvl 22> Deull.

Current Werewolf Level: 29

Current Exp: 79%

—

[Their sense of smell is extraordinary.]

"Yeah, then let's make them smell this."

<Skill: Blood Mist has been activated.>

A huge cloud of blood erupted with Ashton at its centre and swallowed everyone. The Deulls turned bewildered with the sudden smell of blood filling up their noses. A moment later they began having trouble breathing and as a result, got slower and slower.

It was the moment Ashton had been waiting for. Without their momentum, the Deulls were like sitting ducks, waiting to be hunted down. However, before Ashton could react, Sven came rushing into the mist and began hacking anything that moved.

It seemed like being flung away not once but twice in a day was a bit too much even for a dead person like him. Seeing this, Ashton smiled and gave up on killing the Deulls himself.

[Are you not gonna kill anyone?]

"Nah, I'll let Sven vent his frustrations first. He'll get me the needed exp and in the event he fell short, then I'll do it myself. Also, I think I have earned my right to sit this one out."

[You're turning into a freeloader, you know that right?]

"It's hilarious coming from you. What have you been doing while I'm fighting?"

[Give me your body and see what I can do!]

"What's the point of doing anything if you need my body first?"

[...]

"Nice shot Sven!"

—

You have received 6% Exp by killing 2 <Lvl 21> Deulls.

Current Werewolf Level: 29

Current Exp: 85%

—

As soon as Celeste heard Ashton wanted to rest, she rushed over to assist him in the only way she knew. She lifted his head before placing it on her thighs.

"Here you go master," She said beaming as if she accomplished a herculean task, "My SS grade pillows are at your service."

Before Ashton could even reply, he could feel the back of his head get wet as Celeste began shaking in her place.

"The hell are you thinking, you horny bitch!"

Chapter 238 Evolution (1)

—

You have received 7% Exp by killing a <Lvl 24> Deull.

Current Werewolf Level: 30

Current Exp: 0%

You have successfully fulfilled the conditions to begin the evolutionary process.

—

"About damn time," Ashton mumbled as he opened his eyes.

Sven might have done all the work, but finally reaching the holy grail level, as Ashton had come to call level 30, the teenager could not help but feel thankful.

[Let's see if the fruits of your labour are worth the pain or not.]

While Sven was hard at work, Astaroth had explained everything to Ashton in detail. It was mainly about how the evolutionary system worked and things he need to be keep in mind before randomly choosing a path.

Just like his classes were based on the skills he owned prior to getting a class, his evolutionary path would depend on the type of resistances, classes and the genes he had. The stronger abilities he had, the stronger evolutionary race he would get to pick.

However, it didn't mean that some evolutionary paths were useless. Well, practically speaking some of them were useless, but still just evolving would give a being massive boosts in stats and skills. On top of that, by taking a step into evolution, the ascended being would also get the opportunity to obtain a subclass.

Since Ashton had three sets of genes, the probability of him getting a subclass was quite high. However, it was impossible for someone to start on more than one evolutionary path despite being a hybrid or a

tribrid as their body was one and the same. But it would give him more options to choose his next race for.

Which meant... Ashton would have to pick a path where all of his genes would flourish properly. But something like that was easier said than done and Astaroth had no doubts Ashton would mess up the chance of dominating the world and possibly the entire galaxy if he was left alone to make the choice.

That's why he was going to keep a close eye on the brat and make sure Ashton selects the best path he could. It was the least he could do since his life depended on the choice the brat made.

—

Congratulations on taking your first step into becoming a god-like entity.

Please wait while we assess the required information before presenting you with various evolutionary paths.

Current race: Human-based Tribrid.

Current resistances: [Pain Resistance lvl 15], [Heat Resistance lvl 11], [Cold Resistance lvl 9], [Poison Resistance lvl 15], [Paralysis Resistance lvl 10], [Hemorrhage Resistance lvl 15], [Charm Resistance lvl 12], [Fear Resistance lvl 12], [Pertification Resistance lvl 6], [Stun Resistance lvl 12].

Current Classes: [Necromancer] (Newbie), [Revenger] (Newbie), [Blood Mage] (Newbie).

Generating evolutionary paths based on the host's existing genes, resistances and classes.

You can now view and select an evolution tree and obtain a new subclass based on your affinity towards classes and genes of your own.

Note: Once you select an evolution path, you won't be allowed to change it. Please make your choice after careful deliberation.

Please select one of the following paths:

Carbon-based Space Farer (Tier: 1)

Xyranian Grunt (Tier: 1)

Cynthilan Grunt (Tier: 0)

Primal Warrior Servant (Tier: 0)



---

"I can understand why you thought I would mess this up. Fucker just game me random names, without any information regarding any of the paths!" Ashton scratched his head not knowing which choice to make, "Wanna help me out here?"

It seemed Ashton was waiting for an answer from Astaroth but he didn't get any. For some reason, Astaroth had decided to get intimate with his silence, which only irritated Ashton as he wanted to get it over with as soon as possible.

[How did you get these options as your first step!? How the fuck did you do it, bastard!?!]

Astaroth suddenly yelled at him, but a moment later he began laughing like a mad man. He was happy... for some reason.

"Stop yelling inside my head and tell me which path do I pick?"

[Forget about tier 0 options. Normally those are the best options one could get coming from a low-tier planet of yours, but you have much better options now. Just remember this, tier 0 means shit for you now until I say otherwise.]

"So do I pick Xyranian Grunt? Since Xyranian are pretty dope so that should be the best choice right?"

Astaroth got quite at the mention of his kind. But the silence only lasted momentarily.

[Nope. Normally anyone would jump to become a Xyranian, didn't matter whether they got to be a grunt or an elite. I shouldn't be saying this considering I'm a Xyran too, but there are better galactic and intergalactic races to become a part of other than us.]

Ashton could not believe what Astaroth was saying. Till now, everything he had heard about Xyrans made them seem like an unstoppable space race. But Astaroth was saying there were better races than Xyrans? Was he even serious about this evolution thingy or not?

It wasn't as if Ashton didn't want to believe him, but the limited amount of information in his brain was clouding his judgement. After all, according to what Astaroth informed him some time ago, Xyrans were the rulers and conservationists of the galaxy.

[I can sense conflict in your mind. Let me try my best to resolve it. Choosing Xyranian Grunt might seem like the right choice now, but in the long run, it would be detrimental to your growth as you will no longer be able to freely associate with other races.]

[While other races are lenient towards intermingling of different species, Xyrans love their 'purity' too much and would not allow their people to work with other species so easily.]

[On top of that, your evolution tree would get stuck in one stage or the other as Xyran would not authorise a human to raise their rank too much. It would take you centuries to even reach at the admiral level, which is the lowest level where the upper echelon would even allow you to speak your mind in a meeting or such.]

"So basically, they'll intentionally limit my growth by assigning me next to impossible evolution quests. Is that it?" Ashton nodded while lost in his thoughts, "That would be a pain in the ass to handle."

[That being said, choosing the Xyrans would give you two benefits. Firstly, you will receive the highest stat boost ratio upon choosing this evolution path. And secondly, no Xyran will be able to kill you as genocide is strictly prohibited with my race after the great civil war as our civilization is already on the verge of collapsing.]

"Wait, this doesn't make sense. You said they killed you, right?"

Ashton was genuinely confused, after all, if Xyrans couldn't kill each other, then how the hell was Astaroth killed by them? It was evident from the hate Astaroth had for his kind that they had wronged him. Consequently, it didn't seem as if he was lying to Ashton about his past.

[I was about to point that out. No Xyran can 'directly' kill you. In other words, they can arrange for your death in a way that you will die without anyone getting their blood on their hands. For example, they could start by sabotaging your spaceship, making your life so miserable you end up taking your own life, hiring an assassin, the list goes on and on.]

Ashton nodded. After hearing all that, choosing Xyran's evolution path did not seem all that great. The stat boost was the only nice thing about it.

But since Astaroth was being kind enough to explain everything about the other races, he decided to hear about all of them before making a decision.

After all, this was a decision he was going to be stuck with forever and messing it up could very well mean messing everything up.

"What about Carbon-based Space Farer?"

[I was about to get there. Hmm... in laymen's terms, they are space nomads that can adapt to harsh environments quicker than most of the basic races. That being said, they can also adopt characteristics, abilities, or classes from any race they come in contact with.]

[However, the stat boost you'll receive would only be 20% and not 50% like in the case of Xyrans. Also, once you choose to associate or pair up with a certain race, you won't be able to associate with any other race till you evolve again. Do you want me to explain more about the remaining paths as well?]

"No this is enough." Ashton said while scratching his chin, "How much time do I have before I need to make a decision?"

[There is no time limit, but you won't be able to earn any exp or skills till you choose a path. In short, you'll be stuck at being level 30.]

"Hm... Fine then. Let's go with Carbon-based Space Farer." Ashton was about to select the option but Astaroth stopped him at the last moment.

[What are you doing?]

"Selecting a path?" Ashton could feel Astaroth sighing, "Did I do something wrong?"

[Don't ever try to evolve out in the open. You might be strong, but once the process of physical change begins, you'll be utterly vulnerable. Killing you then would be a piece of cake. Understood?]

"Fine, I'll do it in the bunker."

Chapter 239 Evolution (2)

[Are you ready now?]

"I think so." Ashton nodded and sat down in the middle of the bunker that Baiter had built.

It wasn't supposed to be used for a purpose like this, but considering Ashton did not have any other options, the dungeon would have to make do for now.

As for choosing an evolutionary path, upon careful deliberation, Ashton had decided to go with Astaroth's advice. However, Astaroth made it clear anything could happen during the evolutionary procedure. He would be in his most vulnerable position, and could even unintentionally harm himself and the people around him.

His exact words were something along the lines of going mad because of the pain, similar to what happens whenever he goes berserk. But only it would be ten times worse since he wouldn't be in the right mind to control his body.

The more Astaroth talked, the more Ashton thought about whether evolution was a curse or a gift? Well, the after-effects of evolving were good and all but what was the point of it if there was a chance he could lose his crap even before he got to enjoy those 'gifts'.

Regardless, Ashton didn't want to injure someone. That's why Ashton decided to do it while inside the bunker as it should be strong enough to take care of his berserking self without causing harm to others around him.

On top of that, he had instructed everyone to stay away from the bunker till he comes out of there and no matter what, they were not supposed to get inside.

As even Astaroth didn't know how long the evolution process would last. Statistically speaking it could take anywhere between ten minutes to ten days. But hopefully, it wouldn't take so long.

[I just hope your people do not do anything stupid when they hear you screaming your balls out.]

"... they won't hopefully." Ashton replied, trying his best to ignore Astaroth's weird comment, "Even if they do, Sven and Celeste would take care of them."

Upon hearing his name, Sven proudly banged on his chest while Celeste gave a not so subtle look towards her master.

"Give me that look again and I'll rip your eyes out!"

"Master, I'll graciously accept all the pain you give to me and turn it into pleasure for you..." She winked in his direction.

As much as Ashton wanted to knock some sense into the bitch, he knew doing so would only make her behave even worse. After all, the pain was indeed a pleasure for her.

[I like her. If you don't want her, could you let me have some fun time with her? That should let her back off for a bit.]

"Get your own freaking body for that. I ain't going anywhere near that crazy bitch. Not after what she did back then."

[Dude, you've not sworn celibacy have you? I mean you do have a donger between your legs so that couldn't be the reason why you keep refusing these ladies. Or wait a minute... are you interested in guys? I'm not judging you or anything. Everyone has a right to pursue their sexual orientation.]

'I swear one more word and-'

[Well, it's not like you can do anything to me. But Sure... I'll stop. Hearing you scream should be the best moment of her life considering how much of a masochist she is.]

"... Let's just focus here, shall we?"

Ashton took a deep breath and made his choice. The following moment it felt as if he was deep within an ocean. But the feeling wasn't uncomfortable. He had expected pain, but instead, a soothing feeling washed over his body.

<All the skill effects have been deactivated till the evolution is completed.>

<All of the resistances have been deactivated till the evolution is completed.>

<This is to avoid any unnecessary complications during the reformation of the host's body.>

<Proceeding with evolution in... 3... 2... 1...>

He could no longer hear or see what was going on around him. Everything around him was perfectly fine. However, it all changed a moment later sudden pain crushed his bones. It felt as if someone was skinning him alive while pouring acid all over him at the same time.

"ARGH!!!"

[Hold it! Push through the pain!]

Astaroth's tried his best to calm Ashton down but failed miserably. The latter couldn't even hear him and kept screaming over and over again. Hundreds of veins within his body burst open, flooding his



insides with his blood, but at the same time, the veins were continuously getting prepared by themselves as well.

It was an endless cycle of tearing the old body parts apart and replacing them with new ones. As a result, Ashton found himself in an endless sea of pain.

Nevertheless, as more time passed, the pain only got worse. The resistances he had honed for months were proving to be useless now that they had been deactivated. Thousands of veins bulged through his skin not, his muscles got leaner, countless bones within his body were shattered and reformed at an alarmingly fast rate.

[Here it comes...]

Astaroth happily mumbled and a moment later a huge shockwave was sent out of Ashton's body, knocking over both Sven and Celeste as well as cracking the bunker in several places. It was a horror show all around.

By the time the evolution process came to an end, the room was barely standing. Ashton's blood was splattered all over. As for him, he was a sweating mess and for the first time in a long time... he felt weak and frail. Just like he had been while living within the enclosure.

[You good?]

"Be honest with me, the benefits weren't the only reason you made me choose space farer race, did you?" Ashton sighed, "Fucking hell, I feel as if I died a dozen times!"

[Well... technically you did. After all, you are quite literally a new being.]

"I'll take your word for it."

[You don't have a choice either way.]

Ashton nodded while panting as if he had just finished a run around the globe. Slowly but surely the pain subsided bit by bit. It took him a while, but managed to get back to his feet and was greeted by a plethora of notifications all of which he promptly ignored.

He needed a bit of time for himself before he could do anything. Which was given since the experience was traumatic, to say the least.

[How do you feel?]

"Surprising well after going through that hell," Ashton mumbled while throwing some punches, "I can't feel much difference, but my body feels lighter than before. So that's good I suppose."

[Great, now let's take a look at your stats, shall we?]

Ashton nodded but neither he nor Astaroth was prepared to see what they saw next.

"Didn't you say the stats would only increase by like 20%, then what's this?"

[That's what I'm trying to figure out...]

—

Name: Ashton Fenrir

Species: Human-based Tribrid (Active), Carbon-based Space Farer (Active).

Status: Zompiewolf

Class: Revenger (werewolf class), Blood Mage (vampire class), Necromancer (zombie class)

Subclass: ??? (Carbon-based Space Farer subclass) [Please complete the assigned quest to unlock the subclass.]

Title: [Defiant], [Novice Brewer], [Monklin Slayer], [Researcher], [Owner Of the Eastern Palace], [First Modern Space Farer of Earth]

Age: 16 years

Gender: Male

Grade: E-tier (Evolution is possible) [Get to level 60 with all your Genes to begin the second stage of the evolutionary process.]

Affiliation: Werewolves.

Level:

> Werewolf Level: 30 (0%)

> Vampire Level: 30 (0%)

> Zombie Level: 30 (0%)

Cumulative Level: 62

Stats:

HP: 10500/10500

Mana: 5950/5950

Damage: 104

Armour: 99

Stealth: 101

Stamina: 95

Agility: 102

Intelligence: 165

[UNUSED STAT POINTS]: 10

Number of Summons: 2/10

Domain Authority: Wraith Wolf Dungeon (60%), Eastern Palace (10%)

Nature:

Calculative

Uptight

—

Forgetting about the stats, his HP and Mana alone had increased by about five thousand and three thousand points respectively. It was unlike anything Ashton had expected, even in his wildest dreams. However, this wasn't the end yet.

<Resistance cap has been increased from level 15 to level 20.>

<Skill cap has been increased from level 10 to level 15.>

<All of your active skills have been upgraded by one level as a gift for successful evolution.>

"Um... is this normal?"

[Like hell it is!]

Whether it was normal or not didn't matter as Ashton was quite satisfied with what he was seeing. But he was the happiest when he saw his cumulative level.

'Wait, wasn't Alucard level 61? Does it mean I'm stronger than him!?'

[Don't even think so. You are stronger than him based on your genes and level, but unlike you, he does not blindly rush his levels to the maximum. He hones each and every single one of his skills to the limit before even thinking about levelling up more.]

[If anything it would take you at least a year of training before you reach his level of mastery. However, you are officially the strongest being in this country so I suppose that's something you can celebrate if you want.]

Chapter 240 The Key (1)

With Ashton's evolution, came a plethora of benefits. The most important one among them, however, was the availability of a new subclass. Neither he nor Astaroth was aware of what this new subclass could be, but considering how much his stats had already increased, Astaroth was pretty sure it was going to be a broken subclass.

Also, after carefully thinking about it, Astaroth had come to the only possible explanation regarding how Ashton's stats increased by roughly around 60%. His stats had increased by 20% just as he had expected, but it was increased by 20% for every set of genes Ashton had, meaning an overall increase of 60%.

"Hm, I do have some free stat points to use. Better dump them all to intelligence so that the limit of summons would increase."

[A wise choice. Considering every point you invest in intelligence would increase by 2-3 points thanks to the grim reaper's set.]

After that, there wasn't much for Ashton to do immediately. He did have a quest to find out what his subclass was going to be, but that was it.

[Hm... your subclass is not the only thing you want to find out, do you?]

Astaroth read what was going inside Ashton's head with ease and was happy that both of them were thinking the same thing.

"It would be wrong of me if I didn't test the full extent of my powers, wouldn't it?"



[Yeah, but you should take a break first. Maybe handle a few things around your territory of some shiz. Getting into battles over and over again would only put more strain on your new body. KIt would be wise to adjust to your body first before going on a rampage to hunt more Grim reaper's stuff.]

Ashton nodded and headed outside after calling Sven and Celeste back into his shadow. As much as he wanted to see what had changed within his skills, what Astaroth suggested to him was true. He had been in back to back battles for a while now.

First, it was the Deulls, then the Mera's Clone, then the Deulls again and finally the pain resulting from evolution. He shouldn't overwork himself to the bone only to be exhausted when a truly fearsome enemy appeared in front of him.

As soon as Ashton walked out of the bunker, he found everyone waiting for him there. This surprised him as he wasn't expecting to be greeted by anyone when he got out.

"What... is going on here?" He asked Virgil who was standing right in front of him, with his battle hammer in his hands.

"Oh boy, you're fine? We were about to break into the room to check on you..."

"Firstly, put the damn hammer down before you destroyed someone's chances of becoming a father. Secondly, why would you wanna break inside? I remember telling all of you to keep a distance from this place no matter what."

"We... heard you scream and thought you were in trouble." Verina replied while the rest of them hemmed and hawed, "Wait a minute, did you grow taller?"

"That's not all," Irina chimed in, "Can't you see, his entire body structure has been changed."

No one had been paying attention to it til now since the change wasn't that noticeable. But now that the vampire sisters had pointed out the obvious to them, they began noticing changes in their lord.

Not only had he grown a bit, but the aura around him had also gotten denser. So much so, that a few low levelled civilians were having a hard time standing as their feet had gone numb.

"You evolved, didn't you?" Verina dropped the bombshell on top of everyone, "The screams and the change in appearance both check out if that's the case."

"It's that obvious huh..." Ashton smiled and shook his head, "I was hoping to keep it a secret but since it's already out then there's no point in hiding it. Yes, I have evolved into a grade E being."

"Yo, congratulations!" Baiter nodded, "No wonder even the king had to acknowledge most of your demands. He must have sensed you were about to break through."

Everyone began congratulating him while some like Virgil, Sheera and Irina expressed their desire to evolve as well. It was only After Ashton promised to help them out later, did they turned their not so sulky faces back to normal.

"So what's next on your list, my lord?" Sheera asked.

"For now, we should all focus on getting the city back up and running." Ashton replied, "In the meantime, I'll go and make arrangements to do something about the territory owned by the Morgans and also do something with the enclosures Mera owned. After all, we will need manpower if we want to get this place up and running as soon as possible."

"You want more human slaves my lord?" Duncan who had been waiting for his turn to speak asked, Ashton.

He sounded respectful, but deep down he didn't want the people living within the enclosure to suffer the same treatment that he and Daniella had to.

Ashton smiled and gestured for the man to come forward. At that moment Duncan knew he fucked up. He had made Ashton angry and now he would have to face the consequences.

"You remember what this is, correct?" Ashton showed the human a piece of paper.

"Yes, my lord. It's our slave contract."

What Ashton did next baffled everyone. He tore the contract to bits, effectively freeing all of his slaves, namely Duncan, Daniella and their unborn child.

"My lord...?" Even Duncan was surprised by what just happened.

"If you want to work for me and help me rebuild this city, you can. Or if you want to leave, feel free to do so. But from this moment on there will be no more slaves in Livan." Ashton announced with a smile, "There will be servants and labourers, but they will get paid either in money or with commodities."

He continued, "Consider this the first law I've imposed as the lord of this territory. If you agree with me then it's fine. However, if you don't, then feel free to leave. But the law will stay the same. Any objections?"

"No, my lord!"