

## **Zompiewolf 261**

### Chapter 261 On The Move (2)

"Destroyed?" Beelzebub asked for confirmation yet again.

"Yes sir, Cygnus space station was destroyed in its entirety. We suspect it's those T.I.T pirates again." His female attendee replied, "We suspect no one survived the attack."

"Any news regarding section chief Aamon?"

Beelzebub couldn't care less about anyone working on the space station. He only wanted to know whether Aamon survived the attack or not.

"Parts of his ship were found floating around the debris of the destroyed space station. Considering his love for spaceships, it is unlikely that he abandoned it and escape."

Beelzebub took a deep breath to calm his raging nerves down, "Fine. You can leave now."

Aamon was one of the few Xyrans who could get on the planet and effortlessly blend in with the locals. After all, he was one of the few who had knowledge regarding the cultural background of earth, which was also referred to as the 'Forgotten Planet X201'.

Since Earth wasn't of any importance to them, not a lot of them decided to learn about it. The few who did usually did it because they couldn't afford to learn about other prospering planets. Hence, it was difficult for Beelzebub to send someone else either.

He could ask Lucifer for help, but Beelzebub knew, he wouldn't help him. Especially after what he did to Lucifer.

"I need to do something about these fucking pirates," Beelzebub swore as he headed for the high-level meeting.

The meeting was scheduled to discuss a more important matter than the mere destruction of a barely functioning space station. In fact, Beelzebub had a feeling Cygnus's destruction would be most likely viewed as good riddance.

They were wasting a heap of resources to keep it functional but now they wouldn't have to bother about it anymore. Also, Beelzebub didn't want to raise the topic of Astaroth's 'potential' survival yet. He needed proof first, and it was unlikely that Lucifer would help him and testify.

Living on a planet that the Xyrans didn't give a fuck about was something Astaroth would do. All signs were pointing to it as well. But signs and logic wouldn't be enough to persuade the council.

Without any proof, the council would not waste a single molecule of fuel, let alone personnel to find Astaroth. That was the whole reason why he sent Aamon to gather some kind of evidence which Beelzebub would then use to persuade the council to attack Earth.

But alas, his brilliant plan failed... brilliantly. Forget about the council, he wouldn't be able to persuade his own wife to believe him. Seeing no other way, he had to drop the matter now and focus on bigger problems... The Precursors.

A species that they had never seen or interacted with before that happen to regularly invade their territory. According to what little knowledge the Xyrans had about them, they were probably looking for something in the galaxies that fell under Xyranian controlled space.

"So far all attempts to communicate with them have resulted in failure." Andras, the raven-haired Xyran finished reading his report, "On top of that, they seem to be more capable of accurate worm-space leaping than us. Which would also answer the question of how could they so easily invade our territory and escape before we could attack them."

"This is troublesome." Ibis, who was also known as the queen of hellfire and Seraph's daughter replied, "Handling them is of utmost importance. I suggest we put all of the colony worlds into a state of emergency and as soon as these precursors make an appearance, they should launch an infiltration operation before the ships are able to make a worm-space leap.."

It took an hour or so to persuade everyone to go along with Ibis' plan. But in the end, they were ready to do it as they needed more information regarding these unknown creatures. Which required allowing suicidal missions as well.

Once the meeting was resolved, Beelzebub gathered all his courage and headed toward Ibis. He needed to persuade her to launch an investigation on earth. Even if it meant he had to manipulate her and the precursors seemed to be the perfect candidates to serve as the scapegoats for it.

"Ibis, I think I might have some information that you would like to know," He said.

"I'll listen to whatever you have to say at home, not here," Ibis replied and turned back to discuss some other issues with a bunch of important delegates.

Judging by how obsessed Beelzebub had been regarding Astaroth, she knew her husband would only like to talk about that. Sometimes, she even thought he was deluded to think that Astaroth, her former fiance and Seraph's killer, was still alive.

She even wondered, even if he was alive, why was her husband so hellbent on finding him? After all, Astaroth had already served his share of punishment for betraying Seraph and killing him.

Ibis wanted nothing more than to close that chapter of her life and move on. But Beelzebub did not think so and was obsessed with Astaroth. He had always been the jealous type but the way he kept thinking of conspiracy theories to prove that Astaroth was alive was a bit disturbing.

That was the entire reason why she didn't want to listen to his absurd remarks in presence of other council members. She did not want to admit it, but her reputation mattered much more than Beelzebub's obsession.

"It's not what you think," Beelzebub urged, "It's about the precursors."

And just like that, he managed to get her attention. Now, he just had to make his story believable.

"If they are frequently leaping into our controlled space, don't you think it's obvious they must have some kind of base in here?"

As Ibis nodded, Beelzebub knew she was interested and he had to keep pushing forward, which he did.

"Since they have been hidden from us all this time, maybe we should start looking for them in places we haven't before. There are hundreds of forgotten planets that we don't care about, and in hindsight, these are the best places for the precursors to hide."

He continued, "Not only these planets are not advanced enough to defend against them, but the residents of these planets might also think of them as 'Gods' and welcome them with open arms. If this is the case, then we should move ASAP and secure those planets back, don't you think?"

Beelzebub had planted the seeds of suspicion in Ibis' mind and he also made it believable. There was no chance Ibis was going to ignore him this time.

"Fine, if you think it's possible then form a team and explore these forgotten planets. But you better come back with some results or even I won't be able to save your ass from the council."

"Oh, don't you worry a bit." Beelzebub smiled, "I will definitely be back with unexpected results."

## Chapter 262 Under Attack! (1)

After the promise of giving a few more weeks to Tom, Jonathan did not disturb him. But when the weeks passed and there were still no results, he had no choice but to provide some form of encouragement to the human scientist. Having his wife hunted by ghouls should do the trick.

With that thought in his mind, he once again found himself inside the hidden laboratory, only this time Jonathan had brought his shadow assassins with him.

"Tom, 5 weeks... I gave you five weeks so please tell me you have something to show as results, for your family's sake."

Jonathan was clearly irritated and infuriated at this point and wasted no time threatening Tom. But to his surprise, Tom welcomed him inside the lab with a confident smile. It felt like Jonathan would not need to use extreme measures to 'encourage' the mad scientist.

"You're right on time, your highness." Tom enthusiastically rubbed his hands together, "I have been waiting to show you the fruits of my labour."

"Ah, very well then." Jonathan gestured to the shadows to stay behind and guard the gate while he ventured deeper into the lab.

Jonathan didn't know what to expect or what Tom meant by showing him the result, but the moment he saw Mera's clone he was confused. She looked exactly like she did before and it didn't appear if she had undergone any changes or not.

But the closer he looked at her, the more he realised why he couldn't see any changes in her. It was because she had none. Tom was trying to fool him... just the mere thought of it angered Jonathan.

He had the life of Tom's family in his hands and this fucker was thinking he could fool him?

"Is this some kind of joke to you?" Jonathan threateningly took a step toward Tom, "I warned you about what would happen if I don't-"

"Get results, I know." Tom shook his head and walked over to the pod next to them, weirdly enough, the pod itself was covered unlike anything else in the lab, "Here's your result!"

It took a moment for Jonathan to realise what was going on. The pod wasn't a pod, but a makeshift portal! This bastard was planning to escape from there, or so Jonathan thought, but it didn't make any sense.

If Tom wanted to escape, he could have easily done so before Jonathan arrived here. On top of that, he was smart enough not to pull off any hasty and half-cooked plans.

'No, this portal isn't for him to escape, but to call someone in!' Jonathan immediately took his sword out and called for the shadows and sure enough, someone was about to walk out of the portal.

"Restraint this bastard!" Jonathan yelled while pointing at Tom while he charged at the individual coming out of the portal.

He didn't bother to wait for the person to reveal themselves and swung his sword, severing the head of the person. But the next moment a hand reached out of the portal and grabbed him. Then another, and another. The hands kept on coming until he had been completely immobilised.

It wasn't just one person that was coming out of the portal, but an entire army! Watching their king being overpowered by a horde, the shadows let go of Tom and rushed ahead to save Jonathan. But before they could do much, they too were consumed by the horde.

There were only three of them and more than a thousand enemies and more were still walking out of the portal. But more than the enemies, their identity was what baffled the trio the most.

"Undead!? What are you fuckers doing here?" Jonathan blurted out and had his head immediately slammed on the ground.

"Shush," A woman dressed in black whispered before rubbing her feet on his head, "Be a good doggie and sit tight while we turn your kingdom into our kingdom."

The shadows couldn't see their king being humiliated like this and immediately lashed out. But before they even got the chance to stand back up, both of them found a gaping hole in the middle of their chests, courtesy of the same woman who cleaned her feet on Jonathan's head.

"Tch, always acting high and mighty." The woman replied before finally turning her attention to Tom, "You did a good job, my pet. Now, where is the map of the portal network I instructed you to get for me."

The crimson-skinned woman was in a great mood as her plans were being executed without any trouble.

Even though the woman was technically dead, she was the most gorgeous woman Tom had set his eyes on. Everything about her was wonderful... from her lean face and oval jaw to her bony cheeks and black lips.



Even her pale and seductive grey eyes were enough to make Tom do anything she wanted him to. He had only heard her voice till now, but now that she was standing in front of her, she wanted nothing more than to serve her.

"Right here, Servina!"

"Good, very good... It's time for your reward now, isn't it?" Servina chuckled and pulled him closer to herself and forced her black lips on his while he stood there, frozen, from both fear and excitement.

Her long slender legs wrapped themselves around him, not allowing him to get away. Tom knew the woman was nothing but trouble, he wanted to pull away before he lost himself to the pleasure.

But no matter how hard he tried he wasn't able to... In that moment of pleasure, his senses had been seduced and he could no longer think straight.

Desperate for more he leaned in a little closer, their foreheads touching. He couldn't fight against the primal urges that were going through his body.

Her very smell was like an aphrodisiac, flooding his sense of judgement. He felt as if he had achieved everything he ever desired to have... but all this only lasted for a moment.

The very next moment, when the woman parted away from the kiss, Tom's face fell faster than a corpse in cement boots. In that instant his skin became greyed, his mouth hung with his lips slightly parted and his eyes turned black and were stretched as wide as they could.

"Welcome to the family." Servina laughed while Tom flailed on the ground crying in pain as his body was forced to turn into an undead creature, "Now you won't have to worry about your family being turned into our kind."

#### Chapter 263 Under Attack! (2)

An unsuspecting crowd was working about as usual. Little did they know that their peaceful days were over. A moment later, the ground shook under the pressure of numerous explosions. Hundreds of people died in an instant, but the danger wasn't over yet.

Through the countless cracks in the ground, a weird black smoke seeped out. Those unfortunate enough who didn't die from the explosion were in for a very painful experience.

As the black smoke entered their body through various open wounds and orifices, they began howling in pain like never before. Soon, their skin turned slimy and bones began to reshape. The dislocated bones ended up rupturing the organs, causing immense pain and internal bleeding.

Soon their bodies were covered with black nerves forcing them to turn into something that shouldn't be possible. At this point, there was no way for them to revert this condition. All of them were being turned into undead beings.

Those who turned into undead soldiers quicker than the rest began hunting and infecting those who weren't. Mothers began biting and tearing into their own children, everyone was doing the same thing.

It didn't matter what relationship they previously had, right then, the only they cared about was quenching their hunger. No matter the means.

The royal knights and the army immediately mobilised under Sheera's command. Since they were informed about the weird behaviour of the people that came in contact with the smoke, all of them were equipped with the necessary equipment to keep the smoke out and rushed in to fulfil their duty.

"Close down all the portals to make sure the terrorists can't escape!" Sheera barked orders to everyone, "Alpha team one, locate his highness and secure a path for the royal family's retreat. Teams Beta to Zeta you're on evacuation duty with me."

"Yes ma'am!"

"Team Theta, gather recordings, testimony, anything that can help us figure out what the hell is going on here."

The concerned team leader nodded and rushed out with her team, "The rest of you will focus on location and capturing the terrorists. If you can't capture them, then execute them. Is that clear?"

"Yes, commander!"

However, while she was giving orders, something odd had already happened. Although the soldiers were quick to block most of the teleporters, they couldn't protect all of them. Some of the unknown terrorists had already gone through two portals.

"What?"

"Commander, it's confirmed. Some of those bastards left for Contingent and Livan." The soldier exclaimed, "We were able to take a few of them down and it would appear it is a work of the undead. As for how they entered Deja is still a mystery."

Sheera took a deep breath. She had no idea how quickly these undead bastards were able to move from one portal to the other and caused a mess. But wondering about it wasn't going to help them out in any way. Right now she had to worry about more important things.

'We might have blocked their access to other cities from here. But Contingent and Livan have not.' Sheera thought about it, 'I don't think Livan has been integrated into the complete portal network, as for contingent... not only it is connected to other cities, but it's also connected to other kingdoms!'

She might just have figured out the reason why those bastards headed towards the portal leading to Contingent. They were intending to attack every freaking kingdom and take the werewolves down for good.

This wasn't some terrorist attack, it was an invasion! Those fucking undead bastards planned all of this for god know how long!?

'Have they fooled us all into thinking they do not possess enough intelligence to pull off something like this?'

The more Sheera thought about it, the more infuriated she got. But at the same time, she admired the level of patience and planning it would have required to pull the plan off successfully.

"Warn other kingdoms about this situation and advise them to be prepared for an assault! Also, contact the academy and tell them to destroy the portals there. It might be too late to save them, but at least we'll be able to save the other cities and kingdoms from suffering the same fate."

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, in Contingent, the attack had already begun.

"Someone... help me! Daddy where are you?" A child yelled at the top of her lungs as soon as she heard the explosions go off.

Mona's fingers become entwined in the woollen blanket, gripping it as if it were more substantial than a mere square piece of multicoloured yarn. Held on to it like a shield to protect her from the huge cloud black cloud that was slowly spreading across the city.

"Mommy..." The ten-year-old mumbled, seeking help from the mother she never met.

Her father had gone out a few hours ago to get some supplies but hadn't returned yet. She was worried, and the sight in front of her made her completely break down in tears. The distant but painful cries of the people were a bit too much for a child like her to handle.

Through her window, she could see hundred if not thousands of people running away from the mysterious cloud, as the latter chased behind them.

Mona's home was quite far away from the epicentre of the explosion that resulted in the formation of the black cloud and hence it looked no bigger than a large mushroom to her.

Yet the continuous scream coming out of countless mouths made her feel as if she was living through a nightmare. A nightmare she never wanted to relive in the future. Not to mention the cloud was spreading throughout the city at a scary speed as if it wanted to devour more souls.

It engulfed everything in sight. It didn't differentiate between Werewolves and humans. Whatever touched it, was turned into a mindless undead being. At the same time, the earth was scorched beyond repairs.

Yet unbeknownst to the little child, more than a dozen guards were putting their lives on the line to protect innumerable children like her... but in vain.

As the cloud got bigger and bigger, the girl threw the blanket over herself, hoping it would protect her from the scary cloud. She was just a kid. She wasn't capable of handling such situations by herself. She needed someone's help, someone's guidance.

Then from the lane outside her apartment complex, came the sound of sirens and tires screeching on the lane. The cavalry was there to save the civilians. Natalie looked down at the blanket and release her hold of it.

The once perfectly knitted blanket now had multiple finger holes in it and was stretched out of shape. She heard people running out in the corridors. Upon hearing the commotion, she gathered whatever strength she had, threw the blanket aside and rushed to open the door

The moment she opened the door, she felt a gloved hand on her shoulder. Strangely, the hand contained more warmth than the blanket could provide. She heard a tender voice but couldn't focus on the words. Only then did she realise she had been crying this entire time.

"Come on kiddo, let's get you out of here." Anna embraced the kid with a smile before turning on her communicator, "The build's secured. We are on the way back to the academy."

#### Chapter 264 World's Strongest Mutant (1)

Complete and utter chaos. Those were the only words which could summarise the ongoing tragedy in Contingent. No one knew for sure what was going on, but the academy staff and senior students were busy rescuing as many people as they possibly could.

Even the black market wasn't safe anymore. So they gathered whatever they could and headed towards the academy to provide them support. While setting up a base of operations inside the newly built underground building.

The director had taken the role of a commander in a time of crisis. Her first action was to call the capital and request backup. Only to be informed they were in a mess of their own.

But they did advise to destroy every portal in Contingent that they could to stop terrorists from running rampant in other cities and kingdoms. A kingdom-wide state of emergency had already been announced and the Barons were already contacted and told to be on guard for intruders.

However, rather than destroying the portals immediately, the director decided to let the citizens escape through them. After all, most of the portals in Contingent were quite close to the campus hence they could be easily secure and used... temporarily.

Therefore, they were able to send most of the people away while the second and third-year students were running around rescuing people. At the same time, the professors were busy trying to figure out a cure for the 'corpsification' gas.

It didn't matter whether people were showing symptoms of it or not. But if they had come in contact with the gas, they were being observed and put down the moment they act out. It was an evil, but necessary process to protect the rest of the citizens from potential harm.

"We have secured everyone we could, madam director. Now either we can let the students escape or start destroying the portals." Professor Kakaroff reported.

"What about the cure?"

Director asked even though she already knew it was impossible to develop a cure within minutes of an outbreak. If they were so efficient, humans would have already developed a cure to stop the mutants from ever toppling them down and forcing them to flee.

Even then she was hoping... maybe there would be a miracle that would help them. But her hopes came crashing down when she saw the defeated look on Kakaroff's face.



"However, we have successfully made a list of visible symptoms that can help us find potentially infected people and separate them." Kakaroff replied, "I should get back on coming up with a cure."

In the distance, sounds of active explosions could be heard. Whoever these terrorists were, they knew exactly where to go and what to take down. It hadn't even been an hour and yet they had brought the proud city of Contingent to its knees.

Stopping them did not seem to be possible. For starters, these terrorists weren't stepping out of the black smoke, which made it difficult for anyone to attack them without coming into contact with it. Hence, fighting them head-on wasn't a possibility.

The only reasonable thing they could do, however, was to trap them in the city. And that's exactly what the director decided to do.

"Tell the students to escape and destroy the portals behind them. Deactivate those that we can't destroy and then destroy the remote access to those portals. It would take them months to override the remote authorisation of the portals and escape." She said while equipping her armour.

Watching her getting ready for battle, confused a lot of people. How was she planning on fighting them? It was true she and the professors of the academy were excellent fighters, but this was a battle they had lost even before they knew a battle was about to break.

"I'll distract them and buy you all as much time as I can." She said before transforming into a black werewolf, "Once the students have left, the professors can leave and destroy the portals from the other side."

\*\*\*

At the same time, In Livan...

The undead soldiers slowly crawled out of the portal, careful not to raise any alarms the enemy might have placed around. They were expecting resistance, considering how much trouble the lord of this region had caused recently.

But to their surprise, there was not a single person over by the portal. It almost felt as if they did not care about who entered and who left their region. It felt a bit peculiar but they brushed it off since Livan was still under development.

"Maybe this brat isn't as mighty as we were led to believe." Jerico, Servina's right-hand man remarked as soon as he stepped foot out of the portal, "The strongest mutant in the world, my ass. Set up the bomb there. Let's get this over with as soon as possible."

One of the zombies nodded and dragged a large container to the decided spot with the help of five others. However, a moment later, there was a short explosion blowing their heads away. Out of the six carrying the container, three immediately fell, their brains scattered all over the place.

All of them were on alert. They had no idea where the attack came from and what attacked them. Not to mention, they were standing in an open field with no cover, but there were some trees right ahead that could be used as cover.

"Drop the bomb and make a run for it!" The raven-haired leader yelled at the top of his lungs and his soldiers followed his suit.

Little did they know they were in for another surprise.

Bang!

Another bullet was fired, but this time, it didn't hit any of the zombies. They were smirking since whoever was shooting them had missed the target. However, their smiles disappeared a moment later. What happened next had them wishing that the bullet would have hit someone instead.

A chain of explosions obliterated most of the five hundred undead that walked out of the portal. The lucky few who survived had their limbs missing. Some even had chunks of their heads missing but they were miraculously still alive.

"What... happened?" Jerico mumbled as he forced himself to get back to his feet.

As he did, he saw a white-haired man walking towards them. All alone, with some kind of a rifle dangling to his back.

"The world's strongest mutant? Why would you give me such a cringe and useless alias?" Ashton smiled before pointing Balmond at Jerico, "Now tell me, who the fuck you are?"

Chapter 265 World's Strongest Mutant (2)

The moment Ashton received the word from Sheera about potential intruders, he grabbed Baiter's latest creation, [Wraith Sniper Rifle] and headed to watch over the portal. Even though, Baiter had already filled the area around the portal with remotely activated mines and could take care of the intruders by himself.

But Ashton explained it was the perfect moment to test the explosive rifle. Even if the rifle didn't work as intended, he could always activate the mines and get rid of the intruders along with the portal.

After using the rifle, Ashton was impressed. It was similar to the crossbow he had been using but the range was much larger and the damage was explosive. Normally, a crossbow wouldn't have been able to kill a target, let alone an undead, from such a distance.

But Ashton decimated the opponents in a matter of seconds. The power of the sniper definitely made it into one of his preferred weapons. Although handling it was a bit taxing and it couldn't be used in close combat, as long as he had to eliminate a target from far away, sniping was the way to go.

As for Jerico, well, it didn't take much effort for Ashton to capture the runt and drag him back to Livan for interrogation. The rest of them were killed without a shred of mercy.

"Hm... Undead, what a disgusting surprise." Ashton let out an overexaggerated sigh when Jerico did not answer his question, "What are you fuckers doing here?"

"Fuck your wives and moms?" Jerico smirked and so did Ashton.

Getting answers out of Jerico's mouth was a difficult task. Not because Ashton lacked the strength to force the answers out of him, but because he couldn't even torture the undead into answering him.

Jerico was a zombie. A creature that felt no pain. What was even the point of torturing such a bastard? The only way to hurt the undead was to use psychic attacks, and sadly, there was no one in Livan who was capable of using them.

Hell, since the mutants conquered the planet, there had been roughly 3 mages capable of using psychic attacks one of which was Dracula. Unfortunately, none of his descendants inherited that ability of his.

As for the other two, one of them was never seen after the war with humans came to an end and the second, well, she was killed by the undead. But back then, Ashton had something entirely different going through his head.

'Weren't these bastards supposed to be mindless? Forget about now having a brain, this fucker can also converse like normal? What the hell?'

No matter whom he discussed the undead creatures, all of them had only one answer for him. The undead were a mindless species whose only driving force was their hunger. But the undead being he was seeing in front of him didn't seem to be motivated by hunger.

To make matters even weird, the fucker had a sense of sarcasm as well. Something the werewolves were not appreciative of.

"Fine, I didn't want to do this, but you have forced my hand," Ashton said with a smile.

[Skill: Corpse Parade has been activated.]

Raising skeletons was merely the secondary function of [Corpse Parade], the skill was initially made to have one particular use. To tame undead creatures into doing the caster's bidding as long as the caster's level was higher than the undead's.

[The undead <Jerico> is now under your influence.]

[The undead <Jerico> now recognises you as his master.]

As soon as the notification appeared in front of Ashton's eyes, Jerico's body went limp. It was funny to watch a zombie snore but as amusing as it was, Ashton had important matters to discuss.

"Oi bastard, get up."

"Yes, sir."

At this moment, Jerico no longer viewed Ashton as his enemy or a werewolf, but as a being of his kind, a zombie and a comrade. Thus he ignored everyone else present in the room and proceeded to talk with Ashton as he would to a superior.

"What's your name?" Ashton asked to make sure the idiot was completely under his influence.

"Jerico, sir."

"Fuck you, Jerico."

"Please open my restraints and I will gladly do so."

"..."

[Not only is this planet broken, but its residents have weird fetishes as well.]

As much as Ashton wanted to have a chat with Astaroth and discuss more of Jerico's fetishes, he chose to focus on the more important aspect of their conversation.

"Why are you here? What was it you wanted to accomplish?"

A moment of silence followed before Jerico opened his mouth again.

"Domination. That was our goal behind attacking this kingdom." Jerico replied as if he couldn't be more proud of himself, "We were the first of the mutants to be born in this world and yet these fucking mosquitoes and pesky mutts were ruling over more than three-fourths of the world's population?"

"It was unacceptable to us. That's why we decided to take the matters into our own hands. Since the vampires had a genetic weakness to us, we could easily take them down." He continued, "The werewolves on the other hand... were a different story."

"They were stronger than us and their pack mentality was almost impossible to break. Thus we planned to turn them into our foot soldiers. That way, not only we will be able to establish a foothold in the middle of a territory dominated by the werewolves but also build an army to conquer the vampires!"

"As much I would love to listen to your monologue, get to the fucking point!" Ashton yelled at him, "How the hell are you going to convert werewolves into undead creatures?"

"Using corpsification gas, of course." Jerico stated matter-of-factly, "I don't know the science behind it, but the containers we have been carrying around contain a weaker version of the Xenonic Virus, the same virus that gave birth to the mutants."

He continued, "Once the contained explodes, the compressed liquid turns into gas upon coming in contact with air. Then this gas propagates further and further, infecting anyone that breathes it in. Unfortunately, about 39% of the people survive the process and turn into Undead, the rest die and serve us as food."

Ashton was in disbelief. But he wasn't the only one. Everyone that was present there couldn't believe their ears either. From what Jerico had just told them, it was clear these bastards have been planning this attack for years, maybe even decades.



Watching the undead boast about it like it was some honourable work, made Virgil's blood boil. At that moment, he wanted nothing more than to rip that bastards head off and tear the rest into pieces, but Ashton wasn't done asking questions yet.

"Did you attack doctor Avalina because of this goal as well?"

"I am but a brigadier. I don't have all the information, but commander Servina must know about it."  
Jerico replied carefully.

"Alright, final question. How many of you people are there in Lycania right now?"

"Do you want to know how many of us entered Lycania today?"

The way Jerico asked the question, left a bad taste in Ashton's mouth. But then he remembered the theory they came up with back in Transylvania, the undead could be living amongst them.

"No, I want to know the number of all the undead living in the kingdom."

"More than thirty thousand."

Chapter 266 Dark Aura (1)

The more Jerico talked, the more Ashton realised a full-scale invasion wasn't something he could have handled on his own. Unfortunately, he wasn't sure if anyone on the planet could do such a thing.

The undead's plan was well thought out. They had considered the smallest of inconveniences. On top of that, Jerico didn't even know the full extent of their plans as he was merely the leader of a brigade thus he only knew what he should be concerned with.

Also, the undead already had more than thirty thousand soldiers hidden away in Lycania. All of whom were already in action. No one had any idea how they managed to accomplish something like that.

After all, it was a very difficult task to fool a werewolf's nose. Yet, they managed to do it so effortlessly. Ashton wanted to know more about it, but unfortunately, Jerico wasn't important enough to know all the details.

Ashton was once again feeling helpless in the face of crisis. The only reason Livan was safe was because of Sheera's warning. If it hadn't been for her... Ashton didn't even want to think about what could have happened in Livan.

'I wonder what happened to the rest of the cities they attacked?'

[Most of them are probably dead or well... undead.]

'You sure about this though? If we fail, who knows what will happen?'

[If there's someone who can find a cure for this, it's him. Just get the container and we'll leave.]

Ashton nodded. There wasn't much he could do but put his faith in Astaroth's words. At least if they failed, the people of Lycania would be safe from harm. Meanwhile, the entire city was placed on a lockdown and the portal had been taken off the grid so that no more undead would be able to attack them.

After making sure everything had been taken care of, Ashton was ready to leave.

"How do I do this?"

[Just use your authority to summon a portal.]

'...'

[Hm... try and imagine walking into the Eastern Palace. I'll handle the rest.]

Ashton did as he was told and the following moment, a pitch-black portal presented itself in front of his master. It had a striking resemblance to the Instance Dungeon he saw in Transylvania. Only this time, he knew the portal was there because he wished for it.

[The heck are you waiting for, get going. It's tough to maintain a portal with the shitty level of authority you have.]

Ashton hurriedly grabbed the 'Corpsification explosive' as it was called and rushed inside. A second later, he found himself back on the island of Doom, only this time, there were no creatures that were hunting him down relentlessly.

[Let me do the talking from here on out.]

'And let you take over my body-'

[Brat, if I wanted to, I would have already done so. Now shut up and leave the rest to me.]

If it hadn't been for the delicate nature of their mission, Ashton would have never let Astaroth take the steering wheel. But after all the time they had spent together, he decided to trust the Xyran. Ashton collapsed on the ground for a brief moment, before getting back up as if nothing happened.

"Aah... I never thought I'd say this but I've grown to like this brat." Astaroth mumbled while he stretched a bit.

"I'm still here you know?" Ashton replied.

Astaroth got startled as soon as he heard Ashton's voice.

"Damn, now I know how weird it must be to have someone else's voice inside one's head." Astaroth smiled and headed deeper into the palace.

He didn't have to go much deeper though, as the forgotten Arch Lich was waiting for him at the entrance.

"I have been expecting your attendance." The lich mumbled through his hollow mouth, "I can feel the unrest caused by our brethren. They have grown too ambitious for their own good."

The lich almost sounded sad as he uttered those words. Astaroth, on the other hand, dropped the explosive on the ground and bowed before the creature. He didn't like bowing before others, but he had to play the lich his respects if he wanted his help.

"I greet the great Arch lich."

The lich acknowledged him with a nod before turning his attention to the explosive, "This device might be a curse for everyone but for the undead, it's a blessing."

"It empowers them," Astaroth mumbled while the Lich nodded.

He had noticed that the undead were acting a bit too aggressive against werewolves, a species that was supposedly stronger than them. There had to be a reason for them to act so cocky and he assumed the explosive had a secondary function as well. The Lich's nod only confirmed his theory.

"You want my help, don't you?"

"That was my objective, yes."

"Then call out the creatures hiding in your shadows." The Lich instructed.

Astaroth didn't waste any time and called forth all three of the summons Ashton had captured. The undead creatures under the Lich's command surrounded them. However, they weren't behaving like that to intimidate Ashton's summons.

They were simply curious about them. Ashton's summons were similar to them, but at the same time, they were different. After all, unlike them, there weren't merely undead beings, but they had a new soul in an immortal body.

While they could be burned to ashes and never rise again, no matter what happened to Ashton's summons, as long as their master was alive, they would continue to exist. Even the Lich appeared to be interested in them. Sadly, it wasn't the right moment to talk about them.

"Open the container."

"Pardon?"

"I know you heard what I said, my disciple. It might not seem like it, but it is the only path if you want victory over your misguided undead beings."

Astaroth was still on the edge about whether he should do such a thing or not. After all, Ashton's body was the only one compatible with him. If anything happened to him then it was game over for him as well.

"Do it. We can only put our faith in his hands." Ashton's voice echoed and Astaroth kicked open the container.

A moment later, the black smoke swallowed everything in sight. Forget about finding anyone else, Astaroth couldn't even see his hands. But what he could see was a notification floating in front of his eyes.

[The Host's health is deteriorating rapidly due to the presence of an <Unknown substance>.]

[The Undead genes are reacting positively to the <Unknown substance>.]

[Would you like to absorb it?]

"Yes!"

[Command acknowledged.]

[The host has awakened their second Innate ability.]

[New Stat: <Dark Aura> had been created.]

Chapter 267 Dark Aura (2)

Ashton's body wasn't the only thing reacting to the gas. His summons as well as Lich's undead soldiers were too. The smoke was empowering all of them, pushing them beyond their limits. But changes were more intense for Ashton than for the rest of them.

On the other hand, the Lich rejected the smoke even if it tried to latch on to him. How was he able to do it and why he did it was entirely a mystery to Astaroth, but at the moment he did not bother with it. All of his interest was in the changes within Ashton's body because of the corpsification gas.

Astaroth was worried that inhaling too much gas might damage the rest of Ashton's genes. After all, only the undead genes should react positively to Ashton, but the rest of them should be in danger. Especially the vampire genes.

However, to his surprise, even if the zombie genes had explosive growth, the rest of the genes did not have any issues.

'Three levels? What is this absurd exp gain?'



Astaroth was worried a bit. Even though gaining exp was a good thing, he was worried at the rate at which he was gaining exp for the undead genes, would ruin the harmony of the genes. If that happened, who knew how would Ashton's body react to it?

A moment later, his worries were rendered unfounded. Just as the undead genes were about to cross the five-level limit, the exp gain stopped and instead his new [Dark Aura] stat started increasing.

For the first time in his life, well, after waking up within Ashton's body, Astaroth was clueless about what was going on. This [Dark Aura], whatever it was, was a new thing even to him.

It was the first time he had seen or heard about it. But since the exp gain halted, Astaroth had nothing to complain about. But he did notice a thing... as the [Dark Aura]'s value increased, the quantity of smoke around them decreased and soon it disappeared entirely.

"That was a peculiar experience..." Astaroth sighed in relief as everything got back to normal.

[Seraph's Flame has completely consumed the <Unknown substance> and converted it into <Dark Aura> for use.]

[Current <Dark Aura>: 9870]

—

[Dark Aura]: A stat that's hard to come by and can only ever be achieved by a select few who indulge in the art of Necromancy. It can be used to lift mana and intelligence restrictions when it comes to managing your Undead summons.

It can also be used to directly expand the limit of the number of summons you can hold within [Valhalla] or empower any other ability related to [Necromancer] class. It can be increased by consuming souls and <Unknown Substance>.

—

'In other words, it kind of mana especially designed to be utilised by the undead? No wonder they are going rampant with it.' Astaroth scratched his chin, 'However, it makes little to no sense something like this was made on a backward planet like earth. Something seems off here.'

Although Astaroth was more or less sure that no one else would be able to manipulate [Dark Aura], it felt like someone, probably another Xyran, was purposefully causing a mess here by testing their basement inventions on a lower civilization.

The blatant disregard of lower lifeforms was one of the many reasons why Astaroth hated his kind so much. They were used to playing around with them in the name of 'helping' them advance into a higher civilization.

These lower civilizations wouldn't even suspect anything wrong and would blindly trust these godly beings. By promising a certain faction of a world, the Xyrans or any other higher civilization would spark conflicts and watch how their 'experiments' worked or not.

In other words, the lower civilizations were nothing more than mere characters in a sickly game for the higher civilizations. They could do whatever they pleased, and no one would be able to top them.

"These damned bastards..."

Astaroth was furious. However, he was kind of please as well. After all, he found a way to bypass the shitty requirements of increasing intelligence and mana to tame more summons.

Also, the moment he thought the [Dark Aura] was harming Ashton, he could simply block it away using his admin privileges. Therefore, there was no reason for him to be worried so much.

But the same couldn't be said for the others...

\*\*\*

Back in Contingent...

Academy was supposed to be a safe haven for everyone. And it had been, for almost a day... before the undead rushed inside the building. After that, it was pandemonium. The building soon began flooding with the black smoke, just like the rest of the city.

At the same time, thousands of converted undead rushed the building. They were relentless, killing everything that moved in sight. From the scale of the black smoke coming out of the artificially constructed underground air vents, one would think the earth was on fire.

Cough, cough...

"Heal the ones that can fight first," Kakaroff instructed the healers.

He wasn't in a great condition himself. Well, no one was but rather than wasting precious healing magic on a non-combatant mage like himself, it was wiser to heal someone who could fight instead.

Yet the student who was healing him did not stop. After all, Kakaroff was one of the only professors who were still alive and well. His leadership skills were more important than his fighting skills at this point.

Around fifty of them were stuck inside a small locker room. However, apart from Kakaroff, there were only two other professors, both of whom were unconscious.

The rest of them were students. But only twenty of them had actual fighting experience. The rest were newly recruited first-years who stubbornly decided to stay back despite being warned to leave the academy when they had the chance.

"Damn it, what do we do now?" Layla, a second-year student asked Anna, who happened to be on guard duty, "Thousands of those bastards have us surrounded. Also, we destroyed and deactivated the portals so we can't even leave using those."

Anna sighed and shook her head. She, for one, had no idea what they were supposed to do next. Her flames weren't going to last forever and charming those uglies was impossible. To make things worse, it didn't seem like anyone was coming there to help them. They were on their own.

"How did it come to this..." Anna sighed in defeat, she wasn't deluded enough to think any of them were going to make it out of there alive.

However, before she could put more thought into it, the wall in front of the locker room burst open. The pillars holding the ceiling fell off and a pile of concrete poured down. Soon there was a hole wide enough for a gorilla to enter without much trouble.

"Fuck! Everyone, equip the gas masks and get ready to fight!"

## Chapter 268 Undying Flames

"Anna, you need to take a break!" Layla yelled at her, all the while shooting the undead with a crossbow, "Using mana potions might fill your mana, but won't regenerate your stamina."

"Just... keep shooting..." Anna replied in her tired voice.

Hundreds of undead kept charging at them. With no place to back away, this was their final stand. A dozen of them against an endless horde of zombies. As if these odds weren't enough, more troublesome situations kept arising.

Ideally, it might seem as if Anna's flames were the perfect counter for the undead. But the reality wasn't so simple. Yes, Anna's phoenix flames were more than enough to kill the zombies, however, she couldn't continuously spew the flames for long periods of time.

Not only would her body heat up exponentially and she would drain her stamina and mana, but the oxygen around her would also burn up fast as well. Thus she would either die of over-exhaustion or suffocation.

'The gas mask is reaching its limits...' Anna thought, 'Damn it, think of something... come on...'

With the zombies, came the black smoke. So far, they had been able to keep a safe distance from the smoke, thanks to the masks, but it didn't seem that was going to be the case for long.

Anna could get rid of the smoke by burning it away. But that would require her to increase the temperature of her flames, which would once again, backfire on them.

Anna's skin slowly began changing into shades of red. With each passing moment, the redness of the skin got deeper and deeper. Steam could be seen coming out of her body, it was her sweat that was being boiled and turned into vapour the moment it got out of the pores.

Watching her overdo herself like that was too much for the rest of them to handle. So, they amped up their efforts as well, in a desperate attempt to take some burden off of her.

But the undead were relentless with their attacks. Whatever the students had learned about them was proving to be useless. Their 'weak' points, didn't even exist which made it more difficult for everyone apart from Anna to deal with the zombies.

Seeing his students struggle in front of his eyes was too much to bear for someone like Kakaroff. He had always behaved poorly to them and yet they were ready to fight till the end for someone like him? That wasn't right.

Sadly, he did not have many offensive abilities but he could help the students in other ways.

He placed his hand on the wall and closed his eyes, "If there isn't a path to escape, I'll make one."

The next moment, the walls distorted and a path opened up. Apart from his talents in alchemy, Kakaroff had only one ability, [Transmute]. The ability allowed him to manipulate any substance that he came in direct contact with, let it be earth, water or air.

However, this ability of his had a lousy drawback. While he was casting the ability, he was rendered immobile. Which meant he couldn't move. Since he had done a bit of research about the Corpsification gas, he couldn't afford to die there, hence he refrained from using the ability till now.

But now since he had to choose between everyone's death and his student's well-being, he chose the latter.

"COME ON! Get going!" He yelled at the top of his lungs, "I can't maintain the power forever!"

Suddenly, the students saw a ray of hope. As a result, their will to fight back was renewed. They finally had a way out of that hell.

"Go! Go! Go!" Anna yelled at the rest of them, "I'll hold them off and join you."

Layla was a bit concerned, but nodded her head and rushed out of the tunnel Kakaroff created. The others followed her suit and rushed outside. Soon, only Kakaroff and Anna were left behind.

"Go, Anna!" Kakaroff shouted at her.

She nodded and shot out a final burst of fire to push the undead back and sped towards the tunnel. She looked at the professor who smiled at her, but a moment later, that smile disappeared as a white spear protruded from his neck.

Dozens of spears made of bones were hurled toward them. Anna was able to dodge them, and only received minor injuries, but Kakaroff got pinned to the walls, blood oozing out of his mouth and half a dozen wounds. He was gone and with him, the tunnel.

"Damn it..." Anna cursed under her breath, "This really is the end, isn't it?"

Anna might have been safe from the spears, but her gas mask wasn't so lucky. One of the spears had managed to tear the filter off entirely. She had no doubt this was the end of the road for her.

Even if she could miraculously survive the horde, the smoke was going to get her for sure. There were two choices in front of her. Either she could have her pathetic death and get swarmed by the zombies, or go out with a bang. To be honest, the choice was simple.



"A bang it is..."

She smiled and stood tall as the zombies rushed in. This was her moment, her final moment. She remembered her family, wishing they were safe. But apart from them, there was someone else she couldn't help but think of...

"Why am I thinking of him right now?" Anna shook the thought of Ashton out of her head, "If he was here, he could have found a way out of this hell hole. He always does... maybe that's why I'm remembering him... right?"

She took a deep breath inhaling a ton of smoke along with oxygen. She needed as much fuel as she could gather for her final move... even if it meant she would have to absorb the corpification gas.

Soon the zombies had her surrounded. However, there wasn't a tinge of fear on her face. Rather than that, she was smiling like a certain idiot in her mind.

"Oh, fuck... OFF!"

A blinding light erupted from her body, and the temperature of the surroundings soared astronomically. The zombies might have cornered her, but she wasn't going to down on their terms.

In an instant, the undead bastards were turned to dust. Anna had killed them all... but at the price of her own life. A death fitting of the princess of the flames... or was it?

"Cough, cough..."

## Chapter 269 I Would Have Been Your Daddy (1)

At the same time, outside the academy...

Those who could fight were giving their all to keep the zombies at bay, in the hope someone would arrive to help them out. The hope of help was the only driving force for them to keep fighting. But as more and more of them collapsed, the hope slowly began dwindling.

The students who just walked out of the tunnel had exchanged one hell hold for another. Did they think they would be safe outside? No, but they thought they would at least have a fighting chance.

Undead were everywhere, but so were some familiar faces.

"Hey, look! The professors are here!" A second-year student yelled and ran toward them, "Professors, we are here! We can-"

The happiness of reuniting with living people had blinded their vision. They thought every familiar face would extend a helping hand to them, but that wasn't always the case. By the time the student realised what was happening it was already too late.

The undead jumped on her and began feasting on her flesh. Her screams sent chills down the spine of whoever witnessed the brutality of the undead.

The so-called professor turned around to reveal her grotesque half-eaten face. Her facial bones were in plain sight as a bunch of muscle fibre and skin tissue grabbed onto her body. A futile attempt to maintain her lost identity.

The students had not expected to see their friends, seniors and even some of the professors have been turned into the undead. These were the people who ventured into the unknown to gather information and if possible, strike back. However, they met a horrible end.

"Shit, everyone form a circle. Make sure your backs are facing each other. Those who do not possess offensive abilities fall back to the centre." Layla immediately shook herself back to reality and took charge, "Do not leave any space between each other. If even one of them manages to break through the circle, we'll all die!"

Her idea might have bought them some time if they were facing vampires or other werewolves, but not against these newborn zombies. The undead professors finished digging into the student and then turned their attention toward the rest of them.

If the zombie professors were to regain a bit of their intelligence, they would have mocked their students for setting up such a weak defence. But right now, there were no professors or students. Just predators and prey.

"Damn it! They're too fast!" Gabriel, a blonde second-year student, shouted. "None of my attacks are working!"

"Keep trying!" Layla yelled back while shooting icicles on the zombies herself, "We have to hold them off!"

Even though Layla was standing in front of the zombies, for some reason, they weren't attacking her. Neither were they targeting the ones who could fight back. Instead, it appeared they were only attacking those that couldn't attack them properly.

It almost felt as if they could smell who were the weak ones and decided to get rid of them first. Layla noticed something weird.

The more people these undead killed, the more intelligent they became. It would also explain why there were attacking the weak ones first. They wanted to get more intelligent before engaging the strong ones in combat.

The zombies weren't behaving like mindless creatures anymore. They were more like a pack of scavengers. Their teamwork and strategy quickly managed to overwhelm and injure countless students in an instant. Every micro-movement of theirs had a purpose.

"Damn it, they are playing with us." Layla mumbled, "They don't want to kill us at once, but make a show of it."

The situation was dreadful, and yet she couldn't help but feel a bit humiliated. However, the humiliation she felt soon turned to anger.

"Back off, I want to have a chat with the brats." Servina appeared in front of them with her lackeys at her toe, "How do you like a glimpse of your future? Lovely, isn't it?"

Behind her were a dozen others, all of whom were wearing some kind of weird black suit that covered them entirely.

Facing off against the zombies was a difficult task, but facing off against these people and surviving was... impossible. They could feel it in their bones.

The aura around the lady was... suffocating. The students literally began having difficulty breathing as soon as Servina appeared in front of them. Even though they had their gas masks on.

"A glimpse of the future?" Layla retorted, "You really think we're gonna let your pathetic asses roam freely? You might kill us, but you'll be following our suit soon enough. Who do you think we are? We're Lycans, no matter how many underhanded tricks you use, we will decimate all of you!"

"Fiesty, aren't ya?" Servina smiled, "Well since I've taken a liking to you, I'll keep you as my pet bitch. Might be fun to see the kind of make you'll make when your friends die because of your big mouth."

Saying so, Servina nodded and one of her servants pulled Layla away. While the rest of the zombies surrounded the remaining students.

"The king will kill you! Deja will not keep quiet! You will pay the price!" Layla screamed at Servina who promptly slapped her mouth shut.

"Ah, so that's why you were acting so cocky," Servina pulled Layla's face close to hers and licked her exposed neck, "What do I have to fear from a kingdom that's about to collapse? The king you're so hopeful would come to save you, is already dead. HAHA!"

"Wha..."

"Don't bother with the details," Servina slapped her away, "kill them."

Servina's soldiers made their move, but suddenly tentacles shot out of their shadows and wrapped around their legs, preventing them from taking a step further.

Servina immediately let go of Layla and turned around, a portal had been opened behind her. All of them were so wrapped up playing around with the mutts, they didn't notice it yet.

In front of the portal, a white-haired person was standing. His arms were deep in his pocket as his gaze pierced right through her. Also, he wasn't alone.

Behind him were three shadowy figures. The thing that troubled Servina the most was the aura of death revolving around all four of them. Were they undead creatures just like her?

"Just who is he..." Servina absentmindedly let go of Layla, "How can he breath in the smoke and remain unaffected?"

"Ashton!" Layla happily exclaimed. There was hope for them after all!

Chapter 270 I Would Have Been Your Daddy (2)

'Oh, yes... this is much better.' Ashton thought as soon as he stepped out of the portal conjured by the Lich, 'I feel like I'm on steroids.'

[Abyssal Smoke is reacting to your presence.]

[Your Dark Aura is increasing rapidly.]

[Your stats have been boosted by 33%]

[All Necromancer class abilities have been increased.]

Abyssal smoke, that was the name Astaroth gave to the black smoke while he was in control of Ashton's body. The name was a bit... over the top, according to Ashton. But now that he was experiencing the effects of breathing the smoke in, he could understand why Astaroth named it so.

"Who are you?"

A voice interrupted Ashton's pleasure. He opened his eyes only to stare at a poor excuse of a woman. He wasn't one to judge people based on their appearance, but Ashton couldn't help but see Servina in an unfavourable light.

Heck, Celeste looked a thousand times better than her, even though her face was always covered by her shadowy hood.

[Oi, stop with these misogynistic thoughts and deal with them.]

'What misogynistic? I'm just stating facts here.'

[Looks like the smoke has clouded your brain.]

'Yeah, that's where you live.'

Ashton was in a good mood. In fact, he hadn't felt this good in god knows how long. But his mood was about to get ruined. While others might have a bit of difficulty breathing and seeing through the smoke, Ashton was immune to all of its effects.

In fact, the longer he stayed inside the smoke the stronger he was getting. It was all thanks to the [Dark Aura] stat, providing him with random stat boosts. It was a shame that the boosts weren't permanent.



"By the way... where are we?" Ashton mumbled to himself while looking around, "Wasn't that Lich guy supposed to open a portal to Contingent? This place doesn't look like Contingent to me..."

[No one has as much command over magic as that Lich does, at least in this country. I doubt he would send us to the wrong place.]

Astaroth might be saying that, but the place there were in did not look anything like Contingent Ashton remembered. However, as he looked through the smoke, he saw people wearing the academy's uniform. Which meant he was at the right place... and the city itself had been totalled.

Ashton's silence was killing Servina. Even in the smoke, she could realise the person in front of her was a strong one. Stronger than any one of them... but what could merely four of them could possibly do when she had an army of more than thirty thousand at her side?

"I asked who are you-"

"Shush." Ashton placed a finger on his lips, "Do you wanna die or what? Just stay quiet for a moment."

Saying so, he casually walked up to Layla and helped her get back to her feet. Since Ashton rarely conversed with the nobles while he was enrolled at the academy, he only knew Layla by her face and not by her name. Still, he knew she was close to Anna.

"Where's Anna?"

"...she stayed behind to let us escape," Layla replied while pointing towards where the tunnel once was, "I don't think she-"

"Thanks for the information." Ashton smiled, patted her shoulders and left in the direction she pointed, "Oh and I think you can kill them with ease now that my subordinate has immobilised them."

No one even tried to question or stop him. All of them were too shocked to see how carefree Ashton was.

He didn't try to rescue the students and simply walked past them as if he couldn't give a shit about them. Well, it wasn't a lie either way. He had more important matters to handle than rescuing a bunch of runts.

Even Servina was a bit taken aback. He might have been strong but this disrespect was a bit too much.

"This bastard..." Servina gritted her teeth, "How do you think you are? Acting all high and mighty even though you are alone?"

Ashton sighed and turned to face her, "Didn't I tell you? I'll kill you the moment you opened your mouth. Or maybe I forgot to put my thoughts correctly. Well, it's said one should grant the last wish of a dying person, so I think I should answer your questions first."

A moment later Ashton disappeared and reappeared in front of her. Almost as if he had teleported in front of Servina, but in fact, he had merely walked up to her.

"Who am I you ask? Hm... how do I explain this, oh right," Ashton smiled before slapping her so hard, Servina's skull bent at a weird angle, "If I was born in Nirvana, I would have been your daddy. As for your second question, no, I'm never alone."

As soon as he uttered those words, the ground shook and didn't stop shaking. Everyone was confused until they realised where the vibrations were coming from. Ashton grabbed Servina by her hair and forced her to watch the portal.

"Earlier, I had summons, but now I have an army. An army of the strongest undead on the planet."

Thousands of undead walked out of the portal one after another. But before the portal closed, one last being walked out. Gracing the outside world with his presence after... a lot of years.

"At last, I'm free from the curse." The Lich said with a horrendous smile, "Thank you, young one."

"It's fine gramps!" Ashton winked at the gigantic skeleton, "Do you think, you could take care of the mess here?"

[How high are you? Ordering the Lich around like that, you're definitely not in the right headspace.]

"You messed up, it's 'hi, how are you?' Higher civilization, my ass."

[May God save us all.]

"I'm just messing with you. I'm fine." Ashton smiled before dragging Servina and throwing her across the portal, "We'll talk more when I get back. For now, sit your ass there. I have left some... people to entertain you while I'm gone."

[Ashton... I just want to confirm. You do know you'll have to kill all these people right?]

The smile on Ashton's face disappeared as he nodded. Both Deja and Contingent were a lost cause. Just like the people who were still stuck in those cities.

Even if Ashton could absorb all of the Abyssal Smoke in those two cities, he couldn't completely erase its presence. Also, those who were unfortunate enough to come in contact with the smoke would eventually die and spread the disease even more.

The smoke might have been an elixir for him, but it was a venom for the rest of them. A venom that would give them a slow and painful death. Thus, it was better for Ashton to kill them to save them from the misery of such wretched death.