

Zompiewolf 281

Chapter 281 Dance Like A Fool, Kill Like A Maniac (2)

The black sky roared over the continent of Nirvana. It wasn't anything new, the undead preferred living in a cold and humid environment. Thus they created artificial rainstorms to keep themselves in the best conditions.

However, even as the skies roared overhead, they couldn't stop a lady's footsteps from echoing in the empty halls of the ruined castle. Her jet black hair was drenched from rushing all around the city in the rain. Even as the hairs stuck to her ashen face, they couldn't stop the anger from overflowing.

Her people had failed her, and now she had to report it all to someone whom she had only heard tales of. Someone whom she thought only existed in myths. But to her and all of Nirvana's surprise... the man was more than just a myth.

"My lord I bring news-"

"Calm your tits. I already know what you're about to tell me."

A giant of a man walked out of the shadows, turning his gaze away from the lady and out of the window. The room was completely shrouded in darkness and whatever bit of light broke through the darkness came from the window.

Aella tried not to stare at the man but couldn't help herself. After all, the one in front of her was a living legend. The more she looked at him, the more she realised he was nothing like the stories described him.

He wasn't a crazed giant who killed anything in front of him, but a sensible man. He did have some artificial improvements in his body. Including an arm completely made out of metal and an artificial eye. Unlike the stories, he wasn't bald but had blonde hair that was tied in a ponytail.

All in all, their lord wasn't as they had thought him to be. If it wasn't for his signature abilities, they would have thought he was an intruder their four-armed 'gods' had warned them about. But the man proved his strength which left them no choice but to acknowledge the person as...

"Also, please stop with this lord nonsense." The man turned and smiled at Aella, "The name is Frank, and you should address me with that."

"As you wish, Lord Frankens- I meant Frank." Aella corrected her mistake.

"So, you failed to stop them?"

Aella quietly nodded her head. She tried to speak, but no words came out of her mouth. This wasn't how she imagined her first meeting with their progenitor would go. But now thanks to her father's idiotic advisors, she now had to face Lord Frankenstein with nothing but shame.

"It's a shame." Frank shook his head, "Shame that I won't be able to punish them myself."

"I would dispatch the soldiers as soon as possible. I swear on my father's life, I will bring them here if it's the last thing I do."

"I have no doubt, but don't get me wrong. By the time you reach there, they would already be dead."

Frank once again turned his back towards Aella, "He wouldn't let them live. At least, if he's as capable as I have heard."

"He?"

"Someone whom I have been interested in for quite a while now." Frank smiled, "I believe you people refer to him as the strongest mutant alive."

Aella was confused. How did Frank know about the one with the name Ashton Fenrir? Did he arrive in Nirvana merely days ago? Or was he somewhere else before? Was it possible he had been on the planet for longer than they believed?

More than that, why was he smiling? The undead had technically waged a war against the world and there he was smiling like he couldn't care less about anyone but Ashton.

After a moment of silence, Frank spoke once again.

"Could you get me access to this kingdom... what it was called..."

"Lycaia?"

"Yes. I want you to get me access to there. Officially. I don't wanna just get there and destroy whatever semblance of order they have left there."

"Are you going to get involved in the matter going on there-"

"Don't be ridiculous. If I get involved, this petty thing you call a 'war' would be over in a matter of seconds." Frank chuckled, "I'm just going to observe from afar. Get to see if the man I have heard so many praises of, is even worthy enough or not."

"I-I'll make arrangements right away." Aella paid him her respect and was about to walk out when Frank called her back.

"Just to make sure we're on the same page," Frank's smiling face suddenly turned grim, "You wouldn't mind if I got rid of a few nuisances in the vicinity, would you?"

"I-I don't understand..."

Suddenly, Frank jumped out of the window into the streets. his departure was followed by the screams of countless people. The only thing was... no one was supposed to be there. Especially at that time of the day.

Frank reappeared just as fast as he had disappeared. Only this time, he was carrying over a dozen corpses with him.

"Do you recognise anyone?" Frank asked, placing the corpses in front of Aella.

She looked at them but couldn't recognise them. However, there was something about these undead... it could be they belonged to some other factions. They probably belonged to Gehenna. The continent south of Nirvana.

Gehenna was the continent that approached Nirvana with 'corpsification' gas. Only later it was discovered they had been in contact with the 'gods'. Which made Nirvana and Gehenna set their differences aside and work together to take the world.

Aella was against the idea from the beginning, but only when Frank appeared, did she get the courage to openly oppose their plan. However, it was too late. Servina and Leo had already been dispatched by her father to execute the will of the Gods.

Thankfully, Frank couldn't care less about their idiotic schemes. Honestly, Aella felt Frank didn't care about them in the least. He was there for Ashton Fenrir and nothing else.

"I don't know them." She replied.

"Fair enough." Frank proceeded to ignore her and take out some sort of hand-held device from his inventory, "Dracula, Lycaon, if you get this message then get your asses back on earth. Shit's about to get real here."

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"I can't believe it..." Virgil sunk deeper in his chair.

"I know, I felt the same when I got to know about it." Ashton replied.

"No shit." Fae scoffed in disbelief.

He had just informed them about the undead's true purpose behind the attack. Along with who was the actual culprit behind everything. Their reaction was like he had expected... only it was a bit more dramatic.

If it was undead, they could fight and defeat them on equal footing... but going against an intergalactic species? That was something that struck a nerve. Especially since they weren't aware that these 'gods' were mortal beings similar to them.

After all, most of them had a mindset that Xyrans were gods. Even then, they weren't far from the truth. They might not be literal gods, but they certainly were some god-like creatures. Thankfully, their opponent was going to be that strong, even if they had an advantage over them.

After chatting with Astaroth, Ashton was sure they could deal with the Giholos... some of them at the minimum. At least people of Livan would, as for the rest of the world... Ashton wasn't so sure about it.

Hell, if they weren't able to defend against a surprise attack from the undead, how the fuck were they planning to survive an alien invasion? Just thinking about it made his head throb uncontrollably.

"So it was all because an alien race got bored and decide to play around a bit?" Verina asked the question running through everyone's heads.

Ashton nodded, "It's only a speculation but judging how these Giholos operate, they are most likely looking for new playthings for themselves."

"That's ridiculous!" Irina lashed out, "How could they do something like this-"

"This isn't the first time you know." Ashton immediately cut her off, "The last time someone pull a stunt like that, the humans left the planet. Maybe, it's a karmic cycle for us to face."

Everyone got silent after Ashton mentioned it. Not because they didn't want to argue with him, but because they knew he was correct. No matter what kind of powers these 'administrators' had over them, in the end, they were aliens who interfered with the world of humans.

Now someone else was planning to do the same to them. The Karmic cycle was coming to a close.

[I see you didn't say it's a karmic cycle for 'you', but us.]

'What's the point of denying it? I'm no longer human. Nothing's going to change that. Also, I'm better off this way. I don't want to keep confusing myself as human when I have grown so comfortable being something I used to despise.'

[Ah... the boy grew up again. What are you doing to my heart!?!]

'My heart.'

[You mean, our heart.]

Ashton ignored Astaroth's drama-filled voice and averted his focus on the task at hand. The look on the faces of his subordinates frustrated him. Their powerlessness... their defeated looks... nothing pissed him off more than watching them like this. Especially after everything they had been through together.

The reason behind it was simple. They knew the battle ahead of them was one they might not win. Their battle with humans ended up regressing their knowledge and technology.

Although they could use the portals, drones and satellites left behind by the humans, the mutants never had any desire to expand beyond the limits achieved by the humans.

They had spacecrafts left by humans. But the thing was... after a century of neglect they were nothing more than rustbuckets. Even if they could be repaired, Ashton doubted mere having a dozen or so spacecrafts would be enough to fend off an entire armada.

[You know, the Giholos aren't that strong. It's just that the earthlings were too busy fighting amongst themselves that they forgot how to co-exist in harmony and progress together.]

'What do you mean?'

[The internal fights and conflicts exist in every civilization. But how they handle those conflicts matters the most. Some talk it out, some fight it out, and some handle it in the worst way possible. They do nothing but hold a grudge or some shit.]

[What happened on earth was similar to the third case. The undead despised both werewolves and vampires. While the vampires and werewolves despised each other. Yet rather than doing something about it, y'all decide to keep quiet and not do anything. The mutants thought by not addressing the conflict they were doing the world well. But it was the opposite.]

'I think I get what you're saying. Inactivity is slow death or something, right?'

[Mm-hmm. But don't think it ain't the same for the Giholos. Rather than fighting with other species, they decide to fight within their own. Their males might obey the females, but that doesn't mean there's no resentment between them.]

That was all Astaroth had to say for Ashton to take the hint. The Giholos were aware of the problems the species had between themselves and decided to exploit them. Since they were 'foreigners' they wouldn't expect the enemy to know more about them and so the same to them.

Hence they were unafraid of the earthlings using their tactics of 'divide and conquer' on themselves. However, since Astaroth was on their side, their plans of remaining anonymous were in tatters.

'So all I need to do is turn the males against the females. Is that it?'

[Well, that should give you an advantage over them. That's for sure. Do I need to spell the rest out for you?]

'No, you don't.' Ashton smiled, 'I know quite a few candidates who can exploit the horniness of the Giholo males.'

It was a cheap trick but it was also an unexpected attack. An attack no one could prepare against even if they knew it was coming. As long as Ashton managed to distract the males, the female Giholos would be left unattended.

The rest of them would then deal with the females with ease. A simple, yet effective plan. At least in theory. However, it would take a lot of preparations for the plan to actually come to fruition.

'The only thing is, how to I get Anna to train her powers?'

[Dance like fools, kill like maniacs.]

'What?'

[Oh, nothing. It's a phrase we used to address the Giholos with.]

Chapter 283 Training Others (1)

Enemies were approaching them, and they had no idea when the Giholos would launch their attack. Sadly, it seemed even Servina wasn't aware of that part of the plan. If she was, then she would have given it up to Celeste a long time back.

This meant, they had to drop everything and focus on training everyone so that they could at least defend themselves while Ashton and his group took down their major adversaries. Thankfully, they were already being trained to use the weapons created by Baiter, hence they did not have to go through much.

On top of that, Sheera was there with the remnants of the king's army. Thus the prospects of fighting back were looking good. As if that wasn't enough, Ashton had instructed Sven and Celeste to help make swordsmen and magicians out of the massive population they had.

The only problem was... Ashton needed to help Anna in training to understand and control her powers. So far, they had little success here and there. Nevertheless, Anna was adapting to the changes pretty fast.

"Wanna go again?" Ashton panted.

He was drenched in sweat, however, his opponent did not seem to be going through fatigue. If someone saw them, they would get confused about whether Ashton is helping Anna train or if it was the other way around.

"You said it yourself. I need to get stronger quickly." Anna shrugged her shoulders, "The more we train the sooner I would learn to control my powers."

"Well... that's true." Ashton smiled wanly.

[You're enjoying this, aren't you?]

'Don't push your fetishes on me.'

[I told you, let me switch. I'll be able to help her better that way.]

'Oh, I'm sure you would love to help her. Fucking pervert.'

[Touche.]

Without Astaroth's help, Anna's training would have been damn near impossible. Because the more Anna used her succubus abilities, the higher were the chances she would lose control over herself and when that happened even Ashton had a tough time getting her under control.

That's why they were using her abilities and slowly figuring out their uses, rather than letting her use everything at once and let her demonic side take over to do what succubi do best. Apart from that, the three abilities she got on top of her werewolf abilities were quite good.

Especially the skill [Demonic Force Manipulation]. It was a skill that boosted the user's physical capabilities in exchange for stored [Lust Energy]. It sounded a bit weird based on the description of the skill.

But after sparring with Anna when she was utilising [Demonic Force Manipulation] Ashton could say Anna was stronger than any of his summons, let it be Sven or Gokung. The only downside was the skill used [Lust Energy] instead of mana.

[Lust energy] itself wasn't the problem. In fact, it was a good thing Anna no longer had to depend on mana to battle. The problem was... the method of procurement. As one could guess, a succubus could gather [Lust Energy] by performing acts of... intimacy.

So far she had been able to get some by using Ashton. That's the reason he was drenched in sweat. Thankfully, they did not need to cross the boundary of having sex and were using other means to gather energy bit by bit. But Astaroth had mentioned it was the quickest and the most efficient way to gather [Lust Energy].

"Should we try 'that' ability now?"

Anna asked, her cheeks had turned crimson just like her hair by the mere thought of using the skill they had been saving for the last.

[I think she should be able to handle it while she's in her Demonic form.]

"Yes, let's try it. After all, that's the ability we'd need the most during the battle."

Anna nodded, as she did Ashton's body temperature soared higher than it had ever been. His Charm resistance was putting up as much of a fight as it could. However, his body had other plans. His reaction to her ability was... extreme. Even though his Charm resistance was already at level 19.

That was the strength of Anna's [Indomitable Lust] ability. The skill was true to its name. The only thing Ashton could feel was an insatiable desire and hunger directed towards the succubus. Even though Anna wasn't doing anything to warrant such a reaction, the only thing Ashton could think of was to force himself on her.

If this was the case for him. He could only wonder what would happen to those who had little to no resistance toward womanly charm?

"Wait a moment... My lust energy is increasing! But why?"

This wasn't an after-effect Astaroth had informed them about. But it was supposed to happen. Well, it wasn't the only thing Astaroth hadn't told them. If this surplus [Lust energy] wasn't utilised in time, Anna might as well go crazy with arousal instead.

[See what happens when you give in to the lust.]

'Are... you mad?'

Ashton barely managed to keep his head in place to reply while in his condition and this fucker wanted him to let go? If he didn't show restraint, even God wouldn't know what he might end up doing to Anna.

[Believe me. I'm not trying to screw you or that girlfriend of yours. Letting go would do you good since you're the one who converted her.]

Ashton bit his tongue and decided to let go. He stopped resisting Anna's [Lust Energy]. For a moment it felt like the world had turned black, his vision was blurry and the only thing he could see was Anna.

However, a moment later he was back in control of his body. But that wasn't all.

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You have received a buff: [Supernatural Bodily Aspects]

Physical abilities have been drastically increased by 30% for the duration of the skill [Indomitable Lust].

Damage: 104 (+31) --> 135

Armour: 99 (+29) --> 128

Stealth: 101 (+30) --> 131

Stamina: 95 (+28) --> 123

Agility: 102 (+30) -->132

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"Wow... I never expected something like this to happen." Ashton chuckled, "This-"

[Learn to trust me sometimes you brat.]

"Yeah, yeah-" Before Ashton mocked him back, he was once again tackled to the floor by Anna,
"You're... hungry?"

Anna nodded.

"Knock yourself out," Ashton smirked before getting on top of her, "But this time, we're doing it my way."

He had been drained through hours of training and knew he wouldn't be able to resist her charm. So, instead of letting her bite him, he slashed his finger allowing his blood to flow right into Anna's mouth.

But it seemed he had underestimated her. Instead of waiting for the blood to reach her, Anna grabbed his finger and began sucking on it. It felt a bit weird at first, but then it turned out alright.

"Ah whatever, do what suits you the best."

Chapter 284 Training Others (2)

"What about her third ability?" Ashton asked Astaroth once they were back in Livan.

Ashton had no idea why but Astaroth was dead set on not telling him anything about Anna's third ability. While he believed the Xyran had his reasons for doing something like that, not telling him about it only made him want to know more.

Especially since Astaroth went as far as blocking [Detection] from viewing that particular skill.

However, Astaroth stood firm. He did not give a crap about what Ashton had to think. He might not inform the lady about her third ability, but for now, Astaroth thought it was for the best that no one knew about the skill.

After all, it was a skill any Xyran would want to have. That being said, if any of them got to know about it, there would be a blood bath. Which wasn't something Astaroth was very excited about.

On top of that, considering even a low civilization like the Giholos was posing such a threat to them, fighting against the Xyrans would be... a fool's decision... well, even a fool wouldn't do such a thing.

[I'll tell you when the time is right. For now, focus on training the soldiers. If you die, there won't be much to talk about, would there?]

'Yeah yeah, what I would ever do without you?'

[You could die, I suppose.]

'Thank you for having such high confidence in my abilities.'

Ashton shook his head. He knew whenever Astaroth was behaving like this it was better to drop the topic and leave him alone for a while. Since he was on his way to Baiter, it was the perfect moment to do so.

"How's it looking, Baiter?" Ashton asked with a smile.

"Ah, you're here early." Baiter replied without turning to face Ashton, "Just a couple of finishing touches left and your armour will be ready for use."

"Good, can't wait."

Ashton replied and took a seat by the door, scanning the workshop. It wasn't anything extravagant since their budget was limited, still, it was one of the best workshops available in Lycania. Especially after most of them got destroyed along with Deja and Contingent.

However, the workshop was a mess. Even though Baiter absolutely hated working in a messy environment. But since Baiter wasn't acting out, Ashton could guess who had made the mess there.

"It would appear Airen had graced this place with his presence," Ashton said with a broad smile on his face.

At Airen's mention, Baiter couldn't help but chuckle as well, "That little devil always finds ways to play with my tools. No matter how well I hide them. I should probably have a chat with Duncan about it."

"I doubt he would listen to him. After all, he's as stubborn as his father. Maybe Daniella could find a way to-"

"No, it's fine. The kid light up the gloomy environment." Baiter scoffed and waved his hand, "But I'll have to say, he's growing quite fast for a human child. He's barely three months old and yet he crawls faster than a year old kids run."

"You noticed it too huh..." Ashton's face got serious all of a sudden.

Duncan and Daniella's son, Airen was born just a little over three months ago. On the outside, everything looked fine, but when Ashton used the [Detection] skill on him... he was informed something was off about Duncan's son.

Genetically speaking, a human couldn't inherit a 'blessing'. Yet Airen had one. Since Ashton didn't want to trouble anyone with the abnormality of the situation, he decided to keep the information to himself.

That being said, even Astaroth was a bit intrigued when he saw Airen. Sadly, for once, even he was clueless as to why Airen was born different from the rest of the humans. If Ashton had to guess, it could be possible due to two reasons.

One, Airen was a hybrid but the [Detection] skill wasn't able to detect it. Or when Ashton imposed a slave contract on an unborn baby, it altered something in the baby.

'It's no use thinking about it now. What's done is done, I can only keep an eye on the boy and protect him from evil eyes befalling him. That's the least I can do since I might be responsible for his abnormality in the first place.'

Astaroth remained silent. Usually, he would be mocking him for becoming a softie. But this time, he didn't. Ashton found it a bit weird but chalked it up to the little argument they had earlier.

"And it's ready." Baiter proudly proclaimed while showing off his latest creation, "I call her... The Orge's Ugliness!"

"Yeah, I think you should stop naming them, Baiter. No offence." Ashton chuckled before admiring the armour in front of him.

"You brat, I will take offence! My naming skills are exceptional!"

"Oh, they are exceptional. I don't doubt that." Ashton shook his head, "Mind if I?"

"Go ahead, it's yours either way. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to meet my wife or she'll kill me."

With that Baiter left Ashton alone in the workshop, with the armour created from the corpse of the Ogre he had killed in Contingent. It was miraculous how a dead monster could be converted into such a beautiful thing.

"Maybe, I should treat Baiter a bit better."

[You definitely should. That man has quite a talent in creation.]

'You're back, that's good.'

[Hm... let's check the armour though, shall we?]

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Item: --

Type: Armour

Defence: Absorbs 540-675 HP per strike

Stats bonus:

>> Armour: +15% while equipped for use.

>> Agility: +5% while equipped for use.

>> Abilities related to a [Warrior] type class are increased by 20% while equipped for use.

Rarity: Epic (Upgradable)

Description:

Made from corpses of an undead from another dimension. A rare find on the planet earth. An armour created by the hands of an expert craftsman. A creationist that would go on to make quite a huge name for themselves in the near future.

Effect(s):

One of a Kind: Since this armour is the first epic grade armour created in the last decade, all effects associated with the armour itself have been upgraded to <Epic> Grade.

Ogre's Blessing: When fighting against humanoid creatures, the offensive abilities of the user would be upgraded by one grade. The same buff would be applied to allied units within a 10-meter radius of the user.

Forger's Will: Boosts the effect of fire affinity by 25%.

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"It's a good addition to my arsenal. Without a doubt." Ashton smirked, "That Baiter knows more about me than he shows."

Chapter 285 Unleash The Wolves

A month later. In Livan, Ashton's territorial capital.

It was Virgil's turn to keep a watch on the southern section of Livan. Despite taking the job seriously, he couldn't help but let his mind wander off every so often. Virgil twirled his prized combat knife with his finger in an attempt to cure his boredom.

People were wander below the watch tower, going about their daily training routine. Whenever someone met his gaze, they would smile before hurrying away. It almost seemed they were scared of something. However, they weren't scared of him, but the one accompanying him... Sven.

The aura of death around the Death Baron was enough to make anyone sweat buckets within a second. Even if they knew he wasn't going to hurt them, they couldn't help but fear the undead.

Which wasn't irrational considering what they had been through. But why were they so scared of Sven? After all, he didn't look anything like the zombies. It was because they had seen Sven in action just a couple of days ago when some zombies tried invading their city.

Ever since then, whenever the citizens saw him, they turned pale and quickly averted their gaze before scurrying away. When they saw him, they saw the countless dead bodies scattered around him as he stood on top of them like some sort of devil.

"Weak." Sven shook his head.

"Give them some time. They'll adjust." Virgil chuckled, "Don't you have to train them?"

"Master instructed me to stay here."

'Considering they are afraid of you, its the most rational choice.' Virgil thought before replying, "Right. Right. By the way, I've been wanting to ask you something. You don't mind, do you?"

Sven shook his head. Telling the man to speak his mind.

"Do you think we have a chance? I mean no matter how much we train them, they don't have any real-life experience and throwing them into war like this-

"I trust master's judgement. If he believes we can win, then we will win."

Virgil nodded his head, "That we will."

In the previous month, he had seen the progress the citizens had made. Earlier, barely a third of them could use weapons. But now almost all of them were either comfortable with a weapon or the magic they had learned.

Hunting monsters for food also seemed to have helped them sharpen their skills. But fighting a bunch of rogue animals and what could be properly trained aliens, were two different things.

One could understand and predict the attack pattern and behaviour of an animal. But understanding their opponents and adapting to their attacks during a battle itself was something only the veterans could do.

Virgil wasn't sure if the civilians would be able to adapt so fast against unknown enemies. But it didn't seem anyone else was bothered enough to think about it.

'Maybe it's me overanalysing everything.'

The second thing going inside Virgil's head was what truly worried him. If the enemies decided to rain hellfire upon them from their spaceships, then what good will ground troops do? If anything, they'll be like sitting ducks waiting to be slaughtered.

But before he could think about it anymore, everything went downhill.

Everything happened so quick...

One moment, Virgil was on top of the watch tower, the next... he was on the ground. The tower had collapsed and he was caught inside the rubble.

Before he could think of getting out of there, he had to cover his eyes from a blinding light coming out of the sky. Through his blurred vision, he could see people running around, panicked.

Some were running ahead with weapons in hand, while some were rushing for shelter. They were here, the Giholos had found them.

"Damn it..."

Virgil's leg was crushed under the rubble of the destroyed tower. Even if he managed to get out of there, it would take him some time before engaging in the battle. His worst fears had come true, the enemies had decided to use their air superiority to get rid of them.

They relentlessly bombarded the city. Countless buildings collapsed, and blood got splattered everywhere. Those with weapons open fired but their weapons were nothing in front of the canons the aliens were operating.

Something weird happened after a while. The attacks ceased for some reason. Instead, huge metal pods rained upon them. One such pod landed right in front of Virgil. Although this was the first time Virgil or anyone had seen these metallic pods, they immediately know someone was inside them.

And sure enough, the pods opened to reveal the Giholos walking out into the battlefield. Weapons in hand, they were ready to kill anything in front of them. Unfortunately, Virgil was right there, unable to move when a Giholo saw him.

The four-armed alien rushed to kill him with what seemed to be a hammer made of mana. But before it could strike him, he slumped on the ground, its blue blood splattering all around.

Sven stood in front of him, with his sword in hand. He was an undead, thus the collapsed tower dealt little to no damage to him. However, what it did manage to do was to enrage him. Even Virgil had never seen such fury in the eyes of the undead.

"You need help?" Sven asked Virgil.

"If you could lift these boulders then yeah, I need a hand..." Virgil spoke through his gritted teeth.

The sudden appearance of the enemies had overwhelmed his senses, thus he didn't feel much pain. But now that the ugly bastard had been dealt with, his pain returned with more intensity than before.

"Healers heal the injured. Those who can move, prepare a defensive line!" Ashton barked orders at everyone, "Whoa, you got shat on pretty hard, didn't you?"

"It's really not the time to make jokes..." Virgil replied while leaning over Sven, "Someone, get me a weapon!"

"Just get healed first. We'll talk about weapons later."

Everyone was a bit confused. They were under attack and yet Ashton was smiling? Did he finally lose his mind?

Their questions were answered a moment later when a portal opened behind him and an army of creatures walked out. An army of Undead and...

"Wraith Wolves!?" Virgil exclaimed in shock, "But how?"

"What do you think I've been doing the last month?" Ashton smiled, "The surprise isn't over yet."

As he said that, a woman walked out of the portal. They had never seen her before, but once their eyes fell on her, it felt impossible to focus on anything else. That was the case for both men and women.

"Anna, try not to overwhelm them, please." Ashton chuckled, "We might be strong but we do need a functional army. Not an army that's too busy jerking off."

Chapter 286 A Strange Reaction (1)

The former chief's son, Janis, was one of the first people to fight against the Giholos. However, from the moment he saw them, he knew the fight wasn't going to end in his favour anytime soon. Yet he took the Hand Cannons and fired away at as many aliens as he could.

The aliens were firing their own mysterious weapons at them. They had no idea what kind of bullets they were using, but it definitely seemed a lot better than the ones they were. Their magic bullet tore through their metal armour.

Turning the armours that were supposed to protect them, into molten steel that burned through their skin and organs. The battle wasn't one-sided as it seemed the Giholos had underestimated their enemies. Still, as the momentary shock dissipated, the Giholos got stronger and stronger.

Janis was so focused on firing at the Giholos in front of him, that he completely forgot about a potential attack from behind. A stray plasma bullet hit his leg. The bullet melted his skin and seared the muscles within. Even the bones could no longer be seen and then he felt a punch in his chest.

The punch was enough to fling him toward the group of Giholos, whom he had been fighting. His vision blurred as he groped to feel the wound. His hands came away sticky with blood.

Yet surprisingly he couldn't feel any pain. Which was weird since blood was pouring out of his chest and leg at an alarming rate. All the adrenaline rushing in his body had made him numb to pain. He still wanted to fight, he had to fight if he ever wanted to see his wife again.

He had to live on to know he had got justice and the bastards who took his wife away had been punished. But the universe had different plans for him. He felt disoriented and confused. His head was buzzing crazily and he couldn't move, no matter how much he tried.

From the corner of his eyes, he could see a flurry of movement around him as armoured figures swarmed him as if he was an animal in a zoo. They had a weird four-jawed faces that made them appear terrifying.

If Janis had seen them before, he would have nightmares about them for the rest of his life. Yet at that moment he couldn't help but stare at them angrily. Their world already had too many problems of its own and yet these fuckers arrived there to add more shit on their plates.

The aliens appeared to be talking amongst themselves through weird screeching sounds. Janis' health was dropping rapidly and he knew he wasn't going to make it. While the aliens stared at him, he ignored them and focus on the photo of his wife that he always carried with him.

The photograph was the only remembrance he had of his wife and child. But now, even that was soaked in his blood.

"I'm sorry..."

That's all he managed to mumble before a Giholo snatched the photo away from him. Janis' vision narrowed as he struggled to get back the photograph, only to be kicked back down. The aliens were staring at the picture with puzzled looks.

"Give it back... you ugly bastards!"

Janis lashed out once again and this time... one of the Giholos pressed his gun against Janis' forehead and fired. Slaying the man in an instant. Once he was dead, they stored the photograph before continuing with their assault.

To them, Janis was just another low-levelled insect, whom they could just step on and continue without turning back. This behaviour was about to turn into a grave oversight by the Giholos.

They might have killed the werewolves, and their souls might have left their bodies, but as long as their corpses remain, they would rise to fight over and over. Just like Janis did.

Once the Giholos had discarded any thought about the person they had just killed, Janis rose back as undead and lunged at the Giholo's unsuspecting backs. His razor-sharp bony claws dug right into their flesh. It wasn't enough to kill them, but it was enough to make them turn their attention away from what was in store for them.

"Skeereeee!" A Giholo roared and all of them rained the undead Janis with Plasma bolts.

But Janis wasn't the only one there. A moment later Sven came charging toward them like a mad titan. The Giholos panicked and threw everything they had in their arsenal. However, much to their surprise and dismay, bullets just phased through him.

Sven ripped one of them in half by swinging his sword, before grabbing the head of another one and ripping it out along with the alien's spine. The aliens roared in surprise and anger as their comrades fell one after another.

All of them abandoned their weapons and charged at Sven with their hands. However, in a surprising turn of events, rather than facing them head-on, Sven crouched at the last possible moment.

As he did that, a hail of shadowy arrows brushed past him, splattering Giholo's blue gore all over the ground. Soon, a heap of alien corpses was found on the ground. Sven turned around and gave Celeste a thumbs up, who responded by throwing a flying kiss his way.

Soon the fallen Giholos rose up and joined Celeste's side. The duo was making a quick work of the aliens who invaded them from the south. In a distance, loud explosions could be heard, followed by sparks of black fire.

"Gokung is having fun on her own," Celeste said while staring in North, "I won't let her take my spot away!"

"It's a battle, not a game." Sven picked up the sword once again, summoning his own skeletal army to aid him.

"Tsk, what do you about the peril of a woman's heart." Celeste retorted while shooting arrows made of shadow at the incoming horde, "You died as a virgin, didn't you?"

"I have no recollection of my previous life. The only thing I know is to serve my master." Sven replied before swinging his sword, "Anything more than that is unnecessary information in my opinion. Here they come again..."

Chapter 287 A Strange Reaction (2)

"What are these creatures!" A Giholo exclaimed in his screeching voice.

Their attack on a primitive civilization was going just like they had planned. But all of it went wrong when suddenly a group of weird four-legged creatures appeared on the battlefield. Judging by their frail appearance, it seemed they would be easier to kill.

But they were wrong. These bloodthirsty creatures were anything but weak. The beasts tore through their comrades as if they weren't afraid of anything or anyone in front of them. Not even a god's presence would scare them.

In a desperate attempt, the Giholos tried everything they could to put a stop to them. However, no matter how hard they tried, they weren't able to take the wolves down.

It wasn't because the Giholos couldn't kill the wolves. Their desperation was simply the result of their incapability to destroy the creatures completely.

They would 'kill' the wolves and their wounds would simply heal and they would continue their charge against them. From whatever information they had gathered on their last visit to the planet, there was no mention of the existence of such creatures anywhere.

The Giholos wanted to finish off the battle in an instant so that they could look for their 'Holy artefact' that was lost somewhere within the region they had attacked. That was the reason why they sent an advance party to subdue what remained of the earthlings so that they could excavate without being disturbed by anyone or anything.

It was supposed to be a walk in a park for them. Regardless of what they thought, the Giholos could never anticipate the level of resistance these earthlings had shown. It was quite infuriating and shameful for them but praiseworthy at the same time. For once, the invaders were on the back foot.

Had they known what these creatures were capable of, they would have tried negotiating with them rather than trying to trample them. However, it would seem it was a bit too late to negotiate anymore.

"Should we retreat?" Siclo, one of the privates under the advance squad asked their captain.

"And do what? This is our one and only chance to subdue these impudent morons." Giglaw, the captain, yelled back, "Retreat is not an option. We have to fight to the death."

Giglaw might have said that, but every atom of his body was screaming at him to run away. However, being a Giholan male, he knew he would be killed the moment he stepped his foot back on the mothership without accomplishing his mission.

That was the reason why even though they were getting massacred, he couldn't retreat and forced the soldiers to do the same. Even though the blood of their comrades was splattered all around them.

"They might seem united, but once their leader falls, so would they."

Giglaw informed his soldiers of his plan on open comms. It wasn't like the earthlings either have the technology or would know their language. So, it was a simple tactic of not wasting their time and using open frequencies to convey his message.

Siclo was smiling, finally, they had a plan of action. But soon his smile faded away as his head got blown away. Giglaw got covered in his war brother's blood and gore. But Siclo wasn't the only one who died there.

Following Siclo's death, the rest of the squad was obliterated in a similar fashion. Until only Giglaw remained on the battlefield surrounded by the wraith wolves.

'A sniper?'

Giglaw was scared to move. Not because of the wolves, but because of the one sniping them down. It was a weird feeling, being terrorised by someone who belonged to a civilization that remained unnoticed by the rest of the races.

Crushing them should have been a piece of cake, and yet, they were struggling like they were the ones who were being invaded.

"I heard you wanted to take me down." Ashton walked up to Giglaw while he stood there, embracing silence like never before.

Giglaw was stunned. How come the earthling was communicating in their language? No matter how long and hard he thought about it, nothing came to his mind.

"How do you know our language?" Giglaw asked.

"I know a lot more things, to be honest." Ashton smiled, "Now since I'm the one you're looking for, you should probably reveal your plans now. What are you doing here?"

,m Once again Giglaw chose to remain silent. The earthling might give him a painless death for telling him what he knew. However, the ones on the mothership above, wouldn't be so kind. If he betrayed his kind, death would become a distant dream. Something Giglaw would yearn for, but would never get.

"Do what you want, Earthling. I'm not someone who'll betray his kind." Giglaw proudly replied.

"I was hoping you would say that. I shall dispose of you and your... friends now." Ashton smiled before taking off his gloves.

Since these Giholos were the last ones remaining who invaded Livan, Ashton decided to burn them all in an instant. That way, he would have more time to prepare for whatever the Giholos had in store for him next.

But the moment the stone embedded in his arm was revealed, Giglaw fell to his knees. At the same time, the firing from the 'mothership' halted as well. Attacks all around Livan ceased immediately as the Giholos surrendered their weapons and went to their knees as if they were praying or something.

"What the hell is going on here?" Ashton asked Giglaw who didn't reply but began slapping and punching himself.

[I told you not to reveal the crystal, didn't I?]

"I vaguely remember something along those lines..."

[Yeah well, I was expecting Giholos to act out, but I never expected them to act out like this. Look at this bastard, punishing himself for talking crap to an apostle.]

"Apostle?"

[Seraph was hailed as a god by them. At least that's what it seems and the reason for the Giholos to be here might be related to Seraph's crystal that's yours now. Thus for them, you're like a messenger of god- Something's not right.]

As Astaroth said, the Giholan mothership was shot down. In its place, a dozen or so completely different ships could now be seen. Ships that were way more advanced than the ones used by the Giholos.

[Ashton... HIDE!]

"What's wrong?"

[XYRANS! They are here!]

Chapter 288 Need A Hand? (1)

If the appearance of Giholos were bad news, the Xyrans were like some fucked up shit. They ruled over a better part of the galaxy, trampling over the forces of a puny planet like Earth was something they wouldn't even bat an eye on.

Several more pods shot out of the Giholo's dipping ship. However, Ashton had a feeling not all of them would have been successful in making it out of there. Even out of those pods, most of them were shot down by the Xyrans.

The Giholos were just as shocked to see the Xyrans as Astaroth was. Those fuckers had no reason to be here, then why were they there? It couldn't be possible they were there for Seraph's crystal just like the Giholos were, could it?

Thousands of questions were running inside Astaroth's head, but he knew staying there and trying to find those answers would only end up in his death. He needed to ensure Ashton's safety first and foremost. If he got into their hand, then it was game over for him.

[Come on Ashton RUN!]

'Where the hell do you want me to go, huh?' Ashton lashed out, 'They have us fucking surrounded! If I make a move, they'll immediately get suspicious of me. Are you even fucking thinking right now?'

The Giholos might have been thinking the same thing as, despite countless of them being killed right in front of their eyes, none of them dared to take a step.

They wanted to help their comrades, they wanted to avenge them, however, they knew in front of Xyrans they were nothing more than insects. Insects that were killed the moment they made any sounds.

Soon enough, the spaceships stationed themselves right above Livan. Ashton was worried, thinking they might destroy the entire city along with everyone standing there. He looked around and saw all of their heads pointed upwards, staring at the freshly arrived ships.

A moment later, pods began dropping from the ships in a similar fashion as before. Only this time, their landing was smooth and planned out, unlike how the Giholos dropped in. The pods opened and aliens with the stark appearance of humans walked out.

The only difference was their abnormal height and gigantic wings on their backs. All of them were dressed in white clothes and armours from the head to the toe, that being said, their faces were covered, providing them with a mysterious persona.

Just by a glance, everyone knew it was better to shut their mouths and pray to God they don't meet their end. Within seconds, the Xyranshad managed to calm the chaos without saying a single word. That was the level of authority and power they carried as their shadow.

"What a shithole..."

Ashton heard one of them say, as they hurried toward him and the hundreds of Giholos there. Without saying another word, the Xyrans chose to target the aliens first. The gunshots came in quick succession.

The Giholos barked, hooted, and gurgled as the well-aimed bullets hurled their lifeless carcasses down on the ground. There were no warnings, no issuing orders of surrendering, nothing. Just a plain old massacre.

The funniest thing about it? None of the Xyrans seemed to even care about what they just did. When there were no more targets to fire at, they quickly reloaded their weapons and returned them to their holsters.

They were no angels or gods, they were monsters. Just like Astaroth had said. Since they were prohibited to fight amongst themselves, they decided to trample on the weak to satisfy their bloodthirst.

The white armoured soldiers then stepped aside to reveal half a dozen other aliens with sapphire armour and one with golden armour. Judging by how all of them were behaving around the one wearing the golden armour, it seemed he was their leader.

The man carefully stepped forward, not wanting to get any of the vile blood of the massacred Giholos on himself. Meanwhile, the soldiers stayed put, pointing their weapons at the werewolves that were still alive.

In front of them stood the one wearing the golden armour. His flashy robe flapped in the air, while his eyes were filled with disgust. It felt like he was standing in the middle of a pig farm.

"Who is your leader, lycans... I believe that's what your kind is called?" Beelzebub's commanding voice roared over all of them.

The citizen turned toward Ashton, who for the life of him could not speak up. It was like he had a lump in his throat and struggled to swallow it. Just looking at the Xyran in front of him, drowned Ashton in despair. Something he had forgotten long ago.

"I don't like to be kept waiting-"

"It's me." Ashton finally managed to gather the courage to make himself 'visible' in the Xyran's eyes, "And we preferred to be called Werewolves."

"I prefer to call you kind pests. That's a more-" Beelzebub stopped when his eyes fell on something he shouldn't have seen, not at least on this pitiful excuse of a planet, "That thing in your hand, where did you get it from?"

'Damn it!' Ashton cursed his negligence.

Astaroth's panicked state threw him off and he entirely forgot about the crystal. But cursing himself now wasn't going to fix anything. As seconds flew by, Ashton realised he was only digging his grave with every passing moment.

A moment later, Beelzebub disappeared and reappeared in front of Ashton, grabbed his hand and lifted him off the ground as if he weighed nothing.

"I am speaking your language, aren't I?"

"In a forest..."

"Where?"

"We can't get there anymore. The portals have been deactivated-"

Slap!

Beelzebub had barely touched him, yet to Ashton, it felt like hundreds of gorillans had just run him over. Every single bone in his face had been damaged in an instant. The strength of the Xyran was much more than he could have ever predicted.

"I'm not interested in your fucking monologue. Tell me where did you find it?"

Chapter 289 Need A Hand? (2)

Upon seeing their master getting attacked, Ashton's summons immediately lashed out. No one shall be allowed to treat their master in this manner. However, their skills could not back up their will. Their intentions were good, but even the Xyran foot soldiers were too strong for them.

It didn't even take a couple of seconds for them to subdue the summons. If Ashton's summons were this weak against the Xyrans, then there was no hope for the rest of them.

"Let's strike a deal, shall we?" Beelzebub was getting frustrated now, "For every second of my time you waste, I'll kill one of your people at random. So you either tell me where you-"

"I already told you!" Ashton gave up, "I found it in a forest about 700 kilometres south from here. Inside the forest, there's a hatch, it will lead you to a secret room. I found this stone inside that room. But we have to be careful... are you ready yet I'm running out of shit to say!"

"I'm on it!" Anna yelled back.

Suddenly a shockwave ran throughout the city. Anna, who had been hiding till now revealed herself, and so did the power of succubus. The shockwave was an aftereffect of her third ability. The ability Astaroth had been hiding till now... [Dream Imprisonment].

In other words, the power to trap others inside dreams. Upon activation, the user can create a false reality or illusion in the form of dreams and trap others inside either the user's or the target's dreams or nightmares. The target's body may stay awake while their mind is trapped or it may disappear into the dream as well.

It was a dangerous skill that could affect countless people if not used properly. Hell, it could also kill the targets if the user wished to do so. However, since Anna's control over the skill wasn't perfect and the skill's grade was low for now.

On top of that, the Xyrans had high resistance to psychic attacks. Therefore, killing the Xyrans using this skill was going to be impossible.

However, it would have been enough to throw them off-guard. While Ashton made quick work of them. This was the plan Astaroth came up with in case shit went south real fast, just like they did now.

[This is your chance. I hope you know what you are doing.]

'I gotta fight. It doesn't matter whether I do it or not, these assholes will kill everyone if I did nothing.'

Rather than sending the Xyrans into a dream of some sort, Anna's skill only managed to dispatch them into a trance. They were confused, but the people of Livan were quick to use it to their advantage.

The residents charged in on them from both sides. They knew killing Xyrans wasn't possible for them, especially with the weapons they were carrying. They needed better weapons and they had those right in front of them.

"Come on!" Sheera charged first, snatching the gun from the soldier nearest to her and open fired.

The rest followed her lead and did the same. Even the few Giholos that were alive decided to join in. The Xyrans might have been a god-like existence that dominated the galaxy. But that wasn't going to stop them from avenging their comrades.

The tides of the battle had turned in their favour... momentarily. The earthlings might have managed to kill a few of them. But the only thing they accomplished was signing their suicide notes.

A moment later, the Xyran ships assaulted the people on the surface using a variety of weapons. They killed a hundred Xyrans, but the Xyrans killed thousands of them. Once again, their morale broke.

"There was an attempt..." Beelzebub smirked before kicking Ashton away, "I gave you insects an opportunity and you denied it. I'll find out where you found that stone myself, once I rip it off your filthy hands."

Ashton spat a mouthful of blood before glaring at the Xyran. For the first time in his life, Ashton wasn't thinking about winning a fight but stalling for time. He wasn't deluded enough to think we could win against someone who brought his HP down by 14% with a single strike.

All he wanted to do was to take Beelzebub's attention away from his soldiers so that Anna could work her magic of lust once again. No matter how strong the guy in front of him was, even he wouldn't be able to win against his own army.

On top of that, if his own soldiers attacked him, the ships would think twice before obliterating them. That would give the residents enough time to escape from the hell hole.

"Bullying a lower civilization, that's all you can do." Ashton smirked, "But believe me when I say, this planet is going to be the graveyard of you and your soldiers."

It was an obvious taunt. Beelzebub wasn't someone who would fall for such petty taunting.

[Since you won't swap with me. At least say what I tell you to.]

'Fine.'

"Honestly kid, I took pity on you. Seeing you probably didn't even have the chance to spread your useless genes around this dumpster of a planet. But Now I think, It's better to end you before you do anything of such sort-"

"At least I didn't stab a friend in the back as you did."

As soon as those words fell on Beelzebub's ears, he stopped moving. His eyes turned even colder than before as he stared daggers at Ashton.

"How do you know that? How do you know anything about me?" Beelzebub snarled, his cool and levelheaded demeanour was long lost.

"I used to have an admin who told me everything about you and the way you stabbed your friends in the back just so you could bang one of their women." Ashton kept egging on, "Quite shameless of you to be honest. But well, what else can someone expect from a petty bastard like yourself."

Beelzebub had heard enough. He wasn't going to let a maggot talk crap about him in front of his soldiers. He wanted to know who was the fucker that told all this to an inferior species. But he had a rough idea of who it could have been.

It had to be Lucifer. He was the only one who knew what Beelzebub did to Astaroth and since he was working in the sector this planet belonged to, it would make sense how the maggot in front of him was aware of this information. This also meant... this brat would know what happened to Astaroth who stole Seraph's Crystal before fleeing away.

"Now... DIE!"

Beelzebub didn't hold back and threw a punch at the earthling with all his strength. His attacks were relentless, as he kept pounding the kid until he was reduced to nothing but dust. Or so he thought.

Once the dust settled down, Beelzebub was shocked to see there wasn't a single scratch on the boy. His armour was destroyed, but otherwise, he was fine. This couldn't be possible! Beelzebub's attacks should

have been sufficient to destroy even a grade B being, and yet this grade E bastard was laying there smiling at him?

"No, you."

That's all Ashton said before punching the Xyran right in the chest. The alien was sent flying. Everyone who saw it was left dumbfounded. How could a mere grade E bastard kick Beelzebub's ass like this? After all, their leader was a Grade A being! It didn't make any sense!

—

You have received 357% Exp by dealing 37679 HP worth of damage to <Lvl 156> Xyran Fleet Master.

Skill: [Aggravate] is in effect. <Lvl 156> Xyran Fleet Master is losing 2990 HP per minute.

Current Exp: 27%

Skill: [Revenge] is now in cooldown.

Cooldown: 6 days 23 hours 55 minutes.

"Level 156!? What the fuck!?"

[Focus, he isn't dead yet!]

"Of course, he isn't. The bastard has like an entire planet's worth of HP," Ashton panicked, "Since Aggravate is working, I only need to focus on evading his attacks long enough for him to die."

[using <Rearrange> will only grant you 3 minutes worth of-]

"I'll take whatever I can get right now, to be honest." Ashton sighed, "I've already put my head inside the hornet's nest. Might as well get bit by them a couple of times."

Skill: [Rearrange] has been activated.

Total Stat points: 691

How would you like to assign the points?

—

"Drop them all into agility."

<Please confirm your choice. Would you like to increase your [Agility] to 691 points?>

"Yes."

—

Confirmed. Your agility has been increased to 691 points for 3 minutes.

Skill: [Rearrange] is now in cooldown.

Cooldown: 23 hours 59 minutes.

—

Ashton was right on time in rearranging his stats. Beelzebub flew back faster than he had flown away and decide to end Ashton's life once and for all. However, the brat was faster than he had thought. It was damn near impossible to catch him. Let alone attack him.

"You annoying little pest!" Beelzebub yelled at the top of his lungs.

Ashton's attack not only reduced his HP, but also made the right part of his torso useless. Beelzebub felt humiliated just by thinking how an insolent fool, gave him a previous wound. If the upper echelon got to know about it, he could kiss his reputation goodbye.

Everything he had worked so hard for would be taken away from him in an instant. The only thing which could save his reputation was the Seraph's Crystal. If he could retrieve the prized possession of the Xyrans, the council might be willing to overlook his 'Incompetence'.

"Stop running away and fight me!"

"Are all the Xyrans equally dumb? Or are you a special case or something?" Ashton taunted the already Berserking Xyran.

Chapter 290 Need A Hand? (3)

In the meantime, the earthlings were busy fighting against the aliens who were still suffering from the after-effects of Anna's attack. But they had to be careful. If they got too far from the Xyrans, the ship hanging over their heads like a guillotine would shoot them down in an instant.

The only way to ensure their survival was to stick around the Xyrans as they were surely not going to fire at their own soldiers. But this was a problem itself. Anna's attack had only placed them in a dream-like trance.

The Xyrans would break out of the trance and attack them if they were to get too close. Considering how even Ashton was forced on his backfoot while fighting the aliens, it was safe to assume, they wouldn't last against the aliens either.

This forced their hands to engage them from a sort of Goldilocks zone. If they took a step forward, the Xyrans would attack them whereas if they were to take a step backwards, the ship overhead would burn them to a crisp.

"Don't be afraid!" Sheera rallied the troops, "Our 'King' is fighting against the strongest of them all, are we his soldiers so weak that we can't even bring down the enemy's foot soldiers?"

"King?"

The crowds were confused. Why was Sheera talking about Jonathan now? Wasn't he dead already? Even if he wasn't, the king wasn't there to fight against the aliens. Did Sheera hit her head or something?

"But King Jonathan-"

"I'm not speaking about the former king, but the king who is fighting the foes while putting his life on the line," Sheera yelled at top of her lungs, "King Ashton Bismark!"

It took a moment for the people to cheer up, but thinking about having Ashton as their king, left a warm and fuzzy feeling in their hearts. They were still scared. They wouldn't be in their right minds to feel otherwise. However, they weren't scared enough to give up fighting altogether.

"As much as I would love to think like you people," Anna interrupted them, "I don't think Ashton would be interested in being a king. But before arguing over such a trivial matter, we should try saving a kingdom for him to rule over, shouldn't we?"

"Usually I wouldn't want to agree with a woman having close relations to Ashton," Verina chimed in, "But she is right. We can't let Ashton fight this battle by himself. We have to help him."

Irina wanted to say something as well but decided to talk through actions, rather than words. Sparks could be seen flying around the moment their eyes meet. Ashton had never introduced them to each other, and yet the sisters and Anna were in some kind of conflict over him.

,m "Must be nice to have women fighting over him." Baiter gritted his teeth, "But why should I care, I'm no paedophile."

"Good to know." Renee scoffed, "Now if you could only do something about that name of yours, people might start taking you seriously."

"Oh shut it."

"Let's go then," Anna mumbled before turning into her Demonic form.

An armour materialised around her as she turned. But unlike her enticing appearance, the armour wasn't provocative in the least.

The set of crimson armour had a squared helm with a faceguard which had been shaped like the face of a dragon. Attached to its side were two small holes, through which her horns popped out. The shoulder plates were fairly squared, wide and quite big to not hamper her hand movement.

Her upper arms were protected by pointed, layered metal rerebraces which sat nicely under the shoulder plates. Her lower arms were covered by vambraces with a skull-shaped metal ornament piece on each outer side.

The breastplate was made from many layers of squared metal sheets. It covered the entire front and backside, but the attachment straps left her underarms exposed. Meanwhile, her upper legs were covered by a skirt of many layers of metal-like sheets that barely reached below her groin.

The lower legs were protected by greaves which had several layers of some mystical metal sheets on the outer sides, while the rest of her feet were left unprotected, it was done to ensure that the armour didn't hamper her agility. All in all, the armour looked quite intimidating.

It was supposed to be a battle armour, but even that could not hide the fact that Anna was a succubus. Regardless if ladies saw her or the gents, none of them could help but gawk at her, even Irina and Verina weren't an exception to Anna's lustful aura.

Ashton's borrowed three minutes were over. During the time he had stabbed Beelzebub numerous times using Balmond. Any other being belonging to earth would have died ten times over, judging from the way Ashton attacked Beelzebub.

But once his stats were restored to normal, the trouble began. Ashton had been dependent on his speed to dodge and strike the Xyran at the same time, but now his speed was gone, Ashton was just like a ragdoll for Beelzebub.

'Damn it! All that effort and I only managed to drop his health by 35%?' Ashton complained, 'What kind of bullshit situation is this!?''

[Even achieving what you achieved is too much for someone like you. I can only imagine how humiliating the situation would be for Beelzebub. It might have been temporary, but still being beaten around by a kid... he must be raging on the inside.]

As much as Ashton wanted to laugh along with Astaroth, the situation was bad... really bad. There wasn't much he could do now. Most of his skills were on cooldown. However, there was a bright side.

Thanks to [Aggravate], Beelzebub was losing 1% of his HP every minute. If Ashton completely gave up on attacking him, it would take about 65 minutes for the Xyran to die. The only problem was, that Ashton didn't know if he could even survive for 65 seconds, let alone 65 minutes against Beelzebub.

"The situation is infuriating for me." Beelzebub sighed as he appeared before Ashton, "But it also showed me something important. The fact that there are irregular beings like you wasting their talents on useless planets like earth."

He continued, "So here's my offer. Join me and live, or don't and die."

"Yeah, thanks for the offer. But serving under someone isn't something I could get used-"

"Your choice..." Beelzebub shrugged his shoulders before grabbing Ashton's head and throwing him away from there like a ragdoll.

They took their fight somewhere else. Ashton tried to fight back, but his efforts were in vain. He was being beaten black and blue. Even the term 'manhandling' did not seem to justice to what was happening to Ashton.

[COME ON! LET ME HANDLE HIM!]

Ashton could hear Astaroth's voice, but couldn't do anything about it. ill now, it felt like he had a fighting chance against the Xyran, but now Ashton knew it was nothing more than a pipe dream. Beelzebub wasn't fighting him seriously from the beginning and Ashton foolishly thought that was the extent of the Alien's strength.

"YOU. SHOULD. HAVE. JUST. SURRENDERED."

Beelzebub shouted every time he punched Ashton. Ironically, Ashton was actually thinking about taking his offer now. He had no personal enmity or grudge with the Xyrans. Whatever he had learned about them was from Astaroth and Lucifer.

He was believing every word they said. But were they even speaking the truth? After all, if someone would have tried to kill him, it wasn't like he would speak anything good about them, even if they were good... to an extent.

Could it be that Astaroth and Lucifer were doing the same?

Countless thoughts like this one were running rampant through his mind as Beelzebub kept thrashing him over and over. The [Regeneration] ability kicked in, but the rate at which Beelzebub was doing damage to him was much faster than the rate of recovery.

'Maybe this is... it.' Ashton mumbled as his vision got blurry as his.

However, just as Beelzebub was about to land the finishing blow, Ashton saw an enormous blinding electric beam descending on them. Just like the one Xyrans had used to kill thousands of his people.

Maybe Beelzebub was taking too long to end him, so the Xyrans decided to take him out along with their leader. Beelzebub seemed to have realised what was going on. He stopped hitting Ashton and wanted to escape. However, Ashton summoned whatever little bit of strength he had left and wrapped his limbs around the Xyran.

"Where... do you think... you're going?" Ashton spoke between choking on his own blood.

"Let me-"

Beelzebub's voice got drowned in the loud fuzzy of the plasma beam. Ashton assumed he would feel pain, but when he didn't he chalked it up to his pain tolerance being high enough to negate it. But when he realised his HP wasn't going down, he realised something was up.

Without Beelzebub's continuous attacks, his HP was actually recovering. Soon his vision cleared up a bit and he found himself in the centre of a small crater. Beelzebub was there as well, but at some distance.

"What's happening?" He mumbled as he struggled to get back to his feet.

"Need a hand?" A cheerful voice asked.

"Thanks-" Ashton took the hand without looking up, but when he did, he immediately jumped back, "You! You're the one-"

"The one who bit you. Yeah, I know." Dracula yawned.

"Now is not the time for chit chat folks." A hoarse voice suggested, "We still need to take care of the Xyran bastard."

"Oi, Frank, why you gotta take the fun out of everything man!" Dracula pouted, "You're becoming more and more like this were-turd Lycaon."

At the same time, Ashton felt a furry hand on his shoulders. A hand of a transformed werewolf, "You did good kid. Better than anyone of us had expected. We'll chat later in detail. But or now, you should back away. Because things are about to get quite... messy here."