

Zompiewolf 291

Chapter 291 The Progenitors (1)

A few moments ago...

The sky turned dark once again. People of Livan stared at the heavens, praying to their god to save them from any more trouble. But when they saw more spaceships covering the sky, they knew their prayers weren't answered. Another fleet of new enemies presented themselves.

Once again metal pods dropped from the sky as Virgil, Sheera, Anna and everyone who could fight got ready to do so. They were expecting the worst. After all, anyone who dropped from the space couldn't be their friends as they didn't know anyone outside their planet.

The pods opened up, and unlike before when a particular species of aliens appeared in front of them, a variety of aliens entered their sights. It was peculiar, considering all of the aliens earlier dropped looked similar to each other.

These aliens, on the other hand, weren't only different, but also appeared to be a bit on the weaker side. Though Virgil knew better than to judge someone based on their appearance.

He got ready to fight the aliens, but to his and everyone else's surprise, these aliens immediately turned towards the Xyrans with their weapons ablaze.

"What is going on here?" Sheera mumbled.

"You tell me..." Virgil replied.

The Progenitors were the only ones present there to aid Ashton. Thousands of mercenaries working under them joined the fray as well. The Xyrans who were under a trance had no shot at battling it out with the mercenaries.

They were weak, while the new guests were full of energy and not to mention, had much better weapons than the ones the earthlings were using. Some of them even carried better weapons than the Xyrans themselves. The Werewolves had no idea who these people were and why they were helping them.

But they were sure as hell glad they received some help. And so, the one-sided massacre began.

"What about their ships-" Baiter pointed out the obvious.

If it hadn't been for the continuous firing by those ships hanging over their heads, they would have attacked the Xyrans themselves. But the moment he looked at the sky, he couldn't contain his surprise.

The ships had been engaged in a battle of their own. Two entire fleets of spaceships were clashing against each other, hurling missiles and all sorts of futuristic weapons he could have only dreamed of, at each other.

Since the ships assigned to Beelzebub were strictly meant for recon missions, they did not pack quite the punch that the Progenitor's ships did. The battle was decided as soon as the T.I.T. pirates attacked the guardians of the galaxy.

The sky was lit up. The Xyrans fought bravely, but they were outclassed and outgunned. It was only a moment of time before the Xyranian ships were downed. But the loud noises of the explosions snapped the Xyrans out of Anna's trance.

They were confused, not knowing what had been going on. However, a moment later, they realised they were under attack and engaged the mercenaries with all their might.

"Shouldn't we help them?" Baiter asked Virgil as soon as the Xyrans were awake.

The battlefield was littered with the sound of explosions as the mercenaries continued their onslaught. Guns and cannons weren't the only weapons being used. Some of them were using weirdly shaped blades and hammers that were seemingly made up of what appeared to be light itself.

However, they were extremely sharp. Cutting and slicing their opponents in half with ease. Verina and Irina couldn't take their eyes off the plasma blades. For them, who had devoted their lives to mastering the art of handling the sword, the blades were like a holy grail.

"Do you think they even need our help?" Virgil replied while placing his hammer down, signalling there wasn't any need for them to join the fight, "God, I wish I had a hammer like that..."

The others followed his suit and decided to rest up a bit. Anna, however, sensed Ashton was in trouble. She began looking for him but couldn't find him anywhere. Neither could she see the alien he was fighting.

"Where's Ashton?" She frantically asked them.

To this point, all of them were so scared of fighting against the Xyrans, that the thought of Ashton had completely slipped away from their minds. But now that Anna reminded them, all of them began looking for him.

However, before they could look for long, they were greeted by a blinding light. They could feel the heat generated from that beam of light from far away. Anna had a hunch Ashton was where the light came from. Without exchanging words with anyone, she flew in the direction of the light using her wings.

It was the first time she was using them, thus she was a bit wobbly, but her body soon adapted to the changes as she rushed over to the sight of the explosion. In the meantime, Verina and Irina used [Partial Transformation] to sprout wings of their own and rushed after her. Leaving Virgil and the rest of them amazed.

"Anyone else wanna do something they shouldn't be able to?" Baiter asked, wondering if anyone else would suddenly transform into something else.

"Come on, let's get going. We should be the ones to save Ashton. After all, we are a part of his team." Renee mumbled as she gathered her weapons to race behind the girls on foot.

However, as she was doing that, a notification appeared in front of her. But it wasn't just her. Everyone around her, whether they were werewolves or vampires received the exact same notification.

You are in the presence of your Progenitor. You will receive bonus effects.

> All stats +30%

> All abilities and skills have been upgraded by 2 grades.

> HP increased by 50%

> Mana increased by 50%

In the presence of the progenitors... what was that supposed to mean? All of them stared at the notification in front of them. But only the elders who had lived on the planet for more than 85 years understood its meaning. After all, it wasn't the first time they had seen or heard about such a notification.

"He's here..." one such granny exclaimed, "Our lord... our god Lycaon is here to help us out of our misery!"

Their gods were there. They were back to help them out of this crisis! Well, they were a bit off the mark about it. But they were correct about one thing, the progenitors were back where they belonged.

Chapter 292 The Progenitors (2)

Back on the primary battlefield, Beelzebub was slowly coming back to his senses. The attack on him was unexpected but the damage he received was much less than he had anticipated. However, he knew someone had intentionally lowered the output of the plasma cannon to make sure he survived.

But even if he survived, the boy wouldn't have. After all, a lower civilization piece of crap wouldn't have high resistance to plasma attacks.

"My job here is accomplished, now all I have to do-" Beelzebub mumbled to himself but when his eyes fell on the boy he was shocked.

Ashton was completely unscathed. There wasn't a single burn mark anywhere on his body. This baffled Beelzebub who thought the boy would have turned into a roasted Zirogan. Much to his dismay, he was now in a worse condition than that of the earthling. (Author's note: Zirogan is kinda like space pig.)

'How...?'

It then hit him. Of course, the boy would be safe. Seraph's crystal would have protected him from any sort of damage related to fire or in this case, it made him immune to fire-based damage. Since fire is a sort of plasma, the plasma cannon didn't work on him either.

"That damned brat!"

Beelzebub got back up in rage. Even if he was hurt, he was still a Xyran, he could defeat a low civilization insect even with one per cent HP. Half of his HP was still remaining, which was more than enough to kill the brat over a dozen times.

Yet, as soon as he took a step, another realisation hit him. Just who could have hit him with the plasma cannon? Certainly, it wasn't his team or the Giholos since their ships had already been destroyed. The signs pointed to the involvement of a third party.

He did not have to think for too long. Anger might have clouded his head, but he was still a Xyran. The most intelligent species in the galaxy. It only took him a moment to arrive at the decision that this was the doing of the pirates.

His suspicions were confirmed once he received the distress call from the ships under his command. Those T.I.T pirates had shown and taken them down with a surprise attack. However, that wasn't all. Soon he felt three new presences in his vicinity...

"I never thought I would see you in such a pitiful state, great lord of backstabbing." Dracula unveiled himself and the two others all the while bowing before the Xyran, "I thought cloaking our presence wouldn't work against a high-ranking personality like you. You can imagine my surprise when you didn't."

"You three..." Beelzebub gritted his teeth.

How could he not know the people who tried to assassinate him at least a dozen times? That too in central worlds, that were completely under Xyran control. He always wanted to meet the three leaders of T.I.T in person, but never had the opportunity to, until now that is.

Still, there was one more surprise waiting for Beelzebub. A betrayal even he could not see coming.

"I greet the lord," Aamon said while flipping Beelzebub the finger.

"I should have known." Beelzebub scoffed, "Without an insider, these morons couldn't have done anything."

"Enough talking... Aamon, please take care of the brat." Frank slammed his gauntlets together, "No more bullshit. Let's end this."

Ashton's expression was one of... sombre. He had a rough idea of what was going on and Astaroth swear these people were on his side. That was all, he had done his job and now he just had to wait for the 'big guys' to solve their problem with the Xyran.

'Their aura... it's ridiculously strong.'

[What did you think would happen? There are not one or two, but four A-rankers in front of you. Each of them has enough strength to destroy an entire planet if not a solar system.]

Ashton subconsciously tugged hard on his chest. Even being in the presence of the Progenitors was making his heart tighten. He could only wonder what would happen once they began fighting for real.

"Come on kid, back up." Aamon grabbed Ashton and easily pulled him back, "This is a fight you only need to observe and not contribute to."

As soon as Ashton stepped back, all of the progenitors, simultaneously let out their murderous aura. In the same instant, Ashton's head began throbbing, thanks to his pain resistance, he was able to tolerate it.

At that moment, Ashton realised he was nothing more than a spec of dust in front of the A-rankers. Not even a dog. He viewed their stats and only scarred himself further. All of their stats were in three figures while some even reached four.

That was the difference between them. The progenitors had around the same stats as the Xyran had. Even so, some of their stats were much higher than Ashton had expected.

"I can understand your astonishment." Aamon smirked, "Those in rank A are called monstrosities. But the three fuckers in front of you are monsters even among the monstrosities."

Frank lauhed the attack first, backed by Lycaon while Dracula stayed behind, supporting them as a spellcaster. Their lineup was perfect, Frank was an impenetrable wall, Lycaon was in charge of the offence, while Dracula provide sustainability. It was clear even with their enhanced stats, they weren't taking the fight lightly.

Bang!

Beelzebub's and Frank's fists collided, sending out a shockwave that uprooted the trees around them. If Aamon had not grabbed on to him, even Ashton would have flung away. At the same time, using Frank's broad shoulder as a platform, Lycaon jumped over, kicking the Xyran in the face.

Noticing he wasn't going to have an advantage over them in a hand to hand combat, Beelzebub decided to take advantage of his wings. The ginormous wings expanded to reveal they were much bigger than anyone would have expected.

"Going somewhere?"

Dracula brought out his wings and intercepted the Xyran before he could do anything. Suddenly, bolts of lightning shot out of Dracula's hands, which Beelzebub deflected as if they meant nothing to him... only to be struck by Frank a second later.

"The three of them are having a tough time against him, even though he is injured?" Ashton couldn't believe it.

"The Xyrans don't rule over the galaxy for nothing, kid." Aamon sighed, "Watch and learn."

Chapter 293 A Fallen Angel

Till now, The progenitors had been relentless in their efforts to put an end to the farce Beelzebub was putting up. That's why it surprised Ashton when the suddenly stopped. Even though they stopped Beelzebub didn't attack them but stood there silently as blood dripped down through every part of his body.

As for the Progenitors, they backed up a bit. All the while staring at the Xyran as if he was some kind of explosive. All of a sudden, a blinding light surrounded Beelzebub. Simultaneously, the aura around Beelzebub turned from warm and welcoming to sinisterly dark. Darker than anything Ashton had ever felt in his life.

The halo over his head disappeared and its place was taken by a broken rusty crown. As for his white wings, they turned black and changed their shape entirely. His angelic appearance turned demonic in a matter of seconds. Just looking at him sent shivers down Ashton's spine.

Beelzebub's now, crimson, eyes stared at his opponents. None of whom dared to act irrationally now, for their reckless behaviour could now lead to their deaths. That was the strength Beelzebub now possessed.

"What is this... what's going on..." Ashton mumbled.

He couldn't believe he thought he would be able to take someone like him down by himself. Ashton's attack in front of the Xyran now seemed nothing more than a child's tantrum.

"That my friend is the true face of Xyran nobility..." Aamon replied, "Also known as the fallen angels."

Hundreds of questions were running rampant inside Ashton's head. But he was too overwhelmed to ask them right now.

In an instant, Beelzebub grew 12 feet tall. At the same time, all wounds he had received were recovered instantly. Even the effect of [Aggravate] was negated. For the first time in his life, Ashton thought he knew what a god of hell would look like. For he was standing right in front of his eyes.

Strangely enough, Astaroth had not uttered a word since the Progenitors appeared. When usually nothing would have kept him silent in situations like these. Moreover, Beelzebub was supposedly the one who screwed him over, that's why his silence bothered Ashton even more.

"To think the kinds of you forced me to change my form..." Beelzebub sighed, "I'm disappointed in myself. But I guess, you people already expected it. So tell me... how many of the fallen have you killed before?"

"I don't know, I was too busy ignoring their cries to remember the count." Dracula sniggered, but even he seemed a bit tensed now.

In reality, they had only run simulations based on what Aamon told them about. They had killed Xyrans before, but they had never killed a member of Xyran nobility before. At least not after they turned themselves.

Basically, they had prepared for theory and not the Progenitors had to put their knowledge to succeed in the practical examination.

"Still keeping up the fake persona. Fine, I'll let you laugh the last time before killing all of you."

Beelzebub's speed was now unmatched and he fully intended on using it to the best of his advantage. He grabbed Dracula's head even before any of them could react, before punching his chest with all his might.

Ashton was standing at quite some distance from them, but even then he could hear the cracking noise Dracula's bones made as they broke. Still, Dracula used the opportunity to deal whatever damage he could and pushed a dagger made of blood right into Beelzebub's eye.

Beelzebub let out a cry of pain, before dropping Dracula instinctively. This time was crucial. Beelzebub was in pain, it was up to Frank and Lycaon to defeat him now.

Both of them simultaneously rushed in to take advantage of Beelzebub's weakened state. But Ashton could feel something was amiss. When his eye was injured back when they were trapped in Eastern Palace, Astaroth healed it in a flash and considering Beelzebub was just as strong as him if not stronger, he should have been able to do the same!

"It's a trap!" Ashton yelled but it was already too late.

Boom!

A loud noise was heard and the next moment, Frank was on his knees. A huge chunk of his chest was scattered around him. However, a pound or two of missing flesh wasn't going to make his life hell. He was weaker, but not weak enough that he couldn't fight.

"Ah, you still have strength left to fight?" Beelzebub scoffed, "I guess some earthlings can be interesting after all."

"Oh, we are!"

Suddenly, Lycaon who was in his werewolf form grabbed onto Beelzebub's hands. While Frank summoned all his strength to knock him down.

"They wouldn't last long on their own."

Aamon gritted his teeth loudly. It seemed he had heavily underestimated the strength of a Xyran noble. As a result, the rest of them were suffering.

"Don't move from here kid. I'll have to help them out," Aamon mumbled before taking off.

Ashton couldn't do anything but watch as the ones he thought would win began struggling to keep their lives. He had seen a lot of battles, but this by far was wilder than his imagination.

"I have to do something... but what even my pathetic ass can do?"

[There is something you can do.]

Meanwhile, Aamon arrived to help the progenitors and helped Lycaon to keep Beelzebub restrained. However, no matter how hard they tried, they knew it was only a matter of seconds before Beelzebub broke free.

"Oi! Mosquito! How long are you planning to snooze? Just do your job already!" Lycaon shouted at Dracula who was lying face-first on the ground.

However, upon hearing Lycaon's voice, Dracula slowly got back to his feet, "How many times... do I have to tell you? The name is Drake!"

Without wasting a second, Dracula rushed over as Aamon pushed Beelzebub's head down, exposing his neck. Their plan was simple. Let Dracula suck him dry while they restrained the Xyran. After all, even a god can't live without blood coursing through their vein.

However, Dracula barely managed to take a couple of steps before he collapsed. Something was wrong with his body. As if things couldn't get worse, Aamon's grip over Beelzebub's arm weakened and he was flung away in an instant.

A similar fate awaited Lycaon, as Beelzebub grabbed his head and slammed him to the ground next to Frank. With both of his hands now free, even Frank stood no chance in front of the Xyran and had his arms ripped off.

"This was your master plan?" Beelzebub roared while staring at Aamon, "You betrayed your kind for them?"

However, it seemed Aamon's attention was somewhere else. He was looking behind Beelzebub as if he had seen a ghost.

"No... what are you doing!? Get away!"

Beelzebub was too busy handling the big fish he forgot about the small fly.

"Betrayal is not something you should be talking about," Ashton smirked before pulling the Mask of Vampirism aside.

"You-"

Before Beelzebub could react and do something about the bastard, Ashton had already sunk his teeth into him. As Beelzebub's blood touched his lips, something weird happened. Ashton had hoped he would be able to learn a skill or two from the Xyran's blood, but something entirely different happened.

Chapter 294 Hard Work? Nah, Smart Work (1)

At the same time, Astaroth's words echoed in Ashton's head.

Moments ago...

"I have to do something... but what even my pathetic ass can do?"

[There is something you can do. Remember what I told you about the Carbon-based Space Farer race?]

"About getting a 20% stat boost?"

[Not that... I told you they can also adopt characteristics, abilities, or classes from any race they come in contact with. However, they can only do it once until you evolve again. You get what I'm saying?]

Ashton did not have to think twice about it. Astaroth clearly wanted him to use Beelzebub's strength against him and in doing so, he would get possibly the best characteristics he could, based on all the species living in the galaxy.

However, there was one thing bothering Ashton. Actually, two things were.

"But didn't you say-"

[You are not evolving into a Xyran. You are merely renting the genes till the next evolution. Therefore, the Xyran would not be able to limit your growth. Now go before it's too late.]

With finally having a plan of action in his mind, Ashton rushed over to where the fight was going on. Well, it wasn't a fight anymore considering Beelzebub was doing whatever he wanted to with his enemies.

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

[What?]

"Why don't you take care of Beelzebub yourself?" Ashton rephrased his question.

[You know I can't take over your body-]

"That's bullshit and we both know it," Ashton said with a serious expression.

He had known it for some time now. Astaroth could lie all he wanted but the blessing didn't lie. The first time he took control over their body, Astaroth had established partial ownership over Ashton's body because his organs also contributed to the metabolism of Ashton's body.

It was for that reason he was able to freely communicate with Ashton while he couldn't do so before.

In a similar manner, Astaroth could also take over their body as he already had some control over Ashton's body. But he wasn't. Whenever he had the urge to, he would take 'consent' from Ashton. However, it wasn't an ironclad rule but merely a formality which Astaroth could have skipped anytime he wanted using his 'ownership'.

But he never did. At first, Ashton thought Astaroth wasn't using it in hopes of blindsiding him. But as time passed, he realised Astaroth wasn't necessarily an evil part of his mind. He had his moments, but as a whole, Astaroth was a dependable guy.

[I guess you're not that big of a fool.]

"Being around you had its advantages. So tell me."

[If that bastard senses my presence, he would stop at nothing in order to destroy you and by extension, me. At the moment, we aren't strong enough to defeat him on our own. So, it's better if you do not mention me.]

"Wait a minute... if he can sense you, then why hasn't he-"

[Because I was suppressing my presence. Why do you think I have been silent till now?]

Astaroth had a point. Just like he always did. With that, all of Ashton's questions were answered, at least for now. Now he had to focus on the perilous task ahead of him.

Ashton knew if he revealed his presence a tad bit sooner, he would get annihilated instantly. Beelzebub wasn't someone who would entertain him by asking questions anymore.

The progenitors were getting thrashed in front of him. Watching something like that happen would have sent anyone on a downward spiral. Let alone an E ranker like Ashton. He might be one of the strongest people on the planet, but on the scale of the galaxy, he was nothing more than an insect.

'Well, it isn't like he would leave me alone after dealing with them.' Ashton tried reasoning with his fear, 'And if I'm going to die, either way, I better go out fighting to my last breath.'

Back in the present time...

—

The genetic code sequence has been copied successfully.

Carbon-based Space Farer Skill: [Species Adaptation] activated.

Required gene to learn the skill: Space Farer.

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

The user is trying to adapt to a higher civilization than permitted.

Administrator override protocols have been instated.

Would you like to receive basic stats, attributes, skills and the current class of the Donor?

—

"Yes!"

—

Beginning transformation. Please wait...

—

"What are you doing!"

Beelzebub grabbed Ashton's neck and tossed him away from him. In his eyes, Ashton was an insect and just like any normal being, he hated being touched by insects. Without his consent, at least.

As for Ashton, he might have been hurled away with all of Beelzebub's might, but his mission had been completed. Soon the transformation began and with it came pain. However, in front of walking death, the pain was barely noticeable.

You have learned: [Top-tier Demonification].

Demonification in progress.

Beelzebub could feel something was off. The brat had been scared of him not too long ago, and yet he attacked him so boldly only to bite him? It didn't make any sense. The brat must have some sort of goal behind his action.

Thinking so, Beelzebub ignored all of them and focused his attention on Ashton. However, the progenitors and Aamon weren't going to let him do so that easily. While they didn't know why Ashton did what he did, they knew one thing... they had to protect the kid at all costs. Even if it meant dying for real.

"We're your opponents, remember?" Lycaon smirked, "Imagine what would happen to our egos if you ignore us for a brat."

"You dog... talk about yourself." Dracula chimed in while kicking Frank's severed hands towards him, "My ego is too big to be hurt by this demonic shit. But damn, these broken bones do hurt like a bitch."

"Ah, now I know what I wasn't missing." Frank reattached his arms as if nothing had happened, "Your whiny voice."

Beelzebub was surprised to see how resilient these idiots were. He had not expected them to go to this extent all to protect a child. At the same moment, he thought maybe the kid had to be somewhat special... or must know something that these pirates wanted to get their hands on.

"Fine... I'll deal with you lot first."

Chapter 295 Hard Work? Nah, Smart Work (2)

The sky was spinning, the ground seemed to have shattered to pieces as the grade-A warriors got ready to have their second bout. It was clear that Beelzebub had the upper hand there. Still, the progenitors weren't backing down.

Lycaon looked around to watch his allies and knew none of them was in any shape to fight back. While Beelzebub's attacks might have seemed to be basic manoeuvres, those moves were enough to dismantle them entirely. That, by itself, demonstrated the kind of power the Xyrans possessed.

'If even Frank can't take the damage head-on, then none of us can.' Lycaon thought to himself, 'Not without proper weapons at least.'

He plunged his hands deep into his inventory and took three weapons out. Once for each of them. Call it overconfidence or negligence, Beelzebub did not attack them while they armed themselves. He might have stabbed his 'brothers' before, but at the end of the day, he was still an honourable member of the Xyrans.

But to his surprise, Beelzebub didn't think the pirates were taking him seriously. After all, the weapons they had brought out were antiques in terms of the weapons the Xyrans used.

"A hammer, a spear and swords... is that the best you fools could come up with?" Beelzebub mocked the trio who simply ignored his words.

At the same time, Dracula had used his psychic abilities to establish a three-way link between them. They did not have to speak a word to converse with each other anymore. Their thoughts would be enough to do the work for them.

"Prepare your strongest attacks." Frank spoke first, "I should be able to hold him down for about 5 to 7 seconds. You guys will have to do what you must in the meantime."

Lycaon and Dracula agreed in silence.

"But remember we can't kill him yet. We all know what will happen to the earth if we did." Lycaon reminded Dracula, "The entire reason why we left the planet, would get jeopardised."

Dracula nodded. If it had been some other planet, they would not have hesitated before killing Beelzebub. But Earth was a sensitive topic for them as well as those who were against the Xyrans in the first place.

If they killed Beelzebub, even accidentally, the council would know about it in an instant. As all of the members, no matter how big or small of a role they played, had their lives linked to each other. In the event one of them died, they would get to know immediately and thus the Xyrans would retaliate in kind.

To top it all off, it seemed the council or at least some of the members were already informed about Beelzebub's visit to the earth. That would make sense considering the number of soldiers he had under his command was more than his 'personal' forces.

Thus killing them then and there was out of the option. They had to subdue him somehow which was a much more difficult task to accomplish rather than simply killing him.

"Just stop him from using his cheat-like abilities and we just might be able to mortally wound him."
Dracula reminded Frank.

A battle was a place where anything could change. People who seemed to be winning could lose in an instant and vice versa. That's why there was a saying: A battle is not over until one side had either surrendered themselves or their lives.

With new gauntlets in his arms, Frank charged at the Xyran like a mad bull. Beelzebub shook his head in disappointment. After all that hype, he had expected the pirates to do something he couldn't have predicted and yet, he was able to put a stop to Frank's charge by using just a hand.

Frank did manage to push Beelzebub about 5 feet backwards, but that was the extent to it. Beelzebub was putting enormous pressure on his head. The Xyran might not want to show it, but keeping Frank in place was taking him quite some strength.

"You should not have touched me."

Frank smirked before grabbing onto the hand Beelzebub was using to stop him. As soon as he did that, an electric discharge shot out of the gauntlet, paralyzing Beelzebub.

Usually, no mortal being would have been able to survive such a strong discharge, but the Xyrans had high resistance to a lot of things. Electricity was one of them. That's why Beelzebub was merely stunned. As for Frank, well, he was undead so the electricity would not affect him.

Lycaon and Dracula did not waste a second before jumping the Xyran. Lycaon used his plasma swords and pinned Beelzebub's feet to the ground. Meanwhile, Dracula was holding his spear as he was about to throw it.

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. The next moment, the spear turned red as Dracula turned paler than he ever was. As for the spear, it grew bigger and bigger as more and more of Dracula's blood was syphoned off.

"Spear of Destruction!" He yelled at the top of his lungs before hurling it straight at Beelzebub.

Lycaon used his extraordinary agility to push Frank and himself away from the blast radius of the spear. After all, the spear was only a spear in name. It was more of an anti-matter weapon that could evaporate anything and everything in the blast radius.

But it was a weapon that would not have been able to kill Beelzebub. However, it should be enough to erase the demonic form of the bastard. Without the demonic form, they would have a fighting chance. Especially, since their army would probably be able to join them by then.

Beelzebub regained movement as soon as the numbness due to electric power faded away. And saw... something strange. He could see something was headed his way. But no matter how hard he tried to move, he couldn't. By the time he saw the swords pinning his feet to the ground, it was too late.

The spear met its mark, sending a shockwave throughout the continent. The spear hit him right in the chest. The loud sound of the collision was enough to make the entire continent shake as Beelzebub was trapped inside a crimson sphere.

Their plan was successful! The Progenitors had put a stop to the tyrant... for now. Or had they?

Chapter 296 Hard Work? Nah, Smart Work (3)

The progenitors huffed and puffed. The action against Beelzebub might have only lasted for about 10 seconds, but to them, it felt like an eternity. Not to mention, it took almost everything they had within themselves to put him down. The trio stared at the crimson sphere, inside which Beelzebub had been imprisoned.

[Blood Prison] was a technique Dracula had developed especially for scenarios like this, where capturing the target took precedence over ending them. However, even if that, he did not get to use it often because of two reasons.

Most of the targets died instantly because of the impact of the [Spear of Destruction]. Dracula had tried to use the skill without the [Spear of Destruction] but only to realise it wasn't possible. Using the spear was a necessary part to trigger the [Blood Prison].

One could think of it as a necessary chemical explosion which is necessary to trigger a nuclear bomb. Without the [Spear of Destruction], [Blood Prison] would not get triggered. It was as simple as that.

As for the second reason... [Blood Prison] Skill was yet to be perfected. The crimson sphere needed a continuous supply, you guessed it, blood. The sphere continuously syphoned off the blood of the one trapped inside to sustain itself and it wasn't a small amount either.

In the dozens of times, Dracula had used the skill before, even if the target somehow survived the [Spear of Destruction], they would not be able to survive the ridiculous amount of blood loss they'd incur later.

At the same time, the Prison wouldn't disappear until the caster wanted to. Essentially, turning the prison into an execution site. However, considering Beelzebub was in his demonic form when the skill was triggered, he should be able to survive the skill.

"How long will it last?" Frank asked as his gauntlets turned into rubble.

"Long enough for us to recuperate while the bastard gets weaker and weaker." Dracula replied, "Don't sulk so much, you overgrown fur baby. We'll find the material to make those weapons again."

Lycaon nodded his head but otherwise remained silent. The weapons they lost were all made from the rarest of rare materials. Some of which were so rare, that they couldn't even be found in the intergalactic black market.

"Anyway, where is that kid?"

Now that the threat of Beelzebub had faded away, their focus turned towards Ashton. He was flung over by Beelzebub deeper into the forest, but it didn't seem like the Xyran intended on killing him. At first, they thought maybe Beelzebub knew that the one Lucifer had been helping was none other than Ashton.

But upon thinking about it closely, they realised if that were to be true, Ashton would have been killed long before they even arrived.

"But we can't deny that he might suspect something." Aamon who just got back to his sense, chimed in, "If he didn't, he would have once again killed all of them without a second thought."

"Since Beelzebub wouldn't talk for a while," Lycaon said, "talking to Ashton is our only choice. Aamon could you go, look for him-"

While they were talking, they heard a loud banging noise. Someone was banging their fists on something... and the sound was coming from within the sphere.

"What the hell? I thought he was supposed to be unconscious!"

Frank was bewildered. Their attack was the last arrow in their quiver. If it failed, nothing would be able to stop Beelzebub from destroying the entire planet in search of Astaroth.

"The prison should still hold him back, right?"

Lycaon tried his best not to show any signs of distress, but it was clear he was panicking as well.

"I-I don't know... It should!" Dracula replied.

Honestly, nothing was going according to their plan. However, since the prison's strength depended on the one being held inside, theoretically speaking, it should never break. However, that did not seem to be the case anymore.

Soon cracks began appearing on the sphere's surface and a moment later, it was shattered. What followed next was truly a sight of horror.

Beelzebub stood in front of them, a fountain of blood dripping through his mouth. His Demonic form was more or less gone, with only patches remaining here and there. His entire body appeared as if he had just come out of an experimental session with a mad scientist.

Huge chunks of his flesh were missing from his face, torso, and even one of his legs, exposing his body to the outer world. His left hand was missing, and so was his left wing. Yet, he was... alive and angrier than he had ever been.

It seemed the spear did not hit the centre like Dracula had planned and his aim was slightly a bit off. It would explain why Beelzebub was still conscious since Dracula failed to do his job properly.

"You... are dead." Beelzebub hissed at them.

Suddenly, a sword appeared in his hands. It wasn't anything that any of them had seen before. However, the moment Aamon saw the sword, he recognised it.

"Good lord... no... not this..." He mumbled instinctively.

The low-ranking members of the Xyran society had only heard myths and stories about how the Xyran nobles were born with a small black and veiny sword with them. It was the only way of recognising who was a noble and who wasn't as being a Xyran noble was based on capability and not heritage.

The sword or the 'Mournblade' was the only sign to point at this 'heritage'. In stories, it was also said that even though the Mournblade was bounded to its user from birth, the owner could not use it whenever they wished.

Instead, soon after birth, the blade assimilated itself and became one with its owner. Only to reappear when their owner's life was in grave danger. Nevertheless, since the tale seemed to be too far-fetched, everyone except the nobles thought it was a myth.

The lower class was sure this myth about Mournblade was merely a trick to keep the commoners from entering the noble council. Aamon was one who believe that to be the case. It also made sense how Beelzebub was able to escape the [Blood Prison].

The Mournblade must have eaten away the curse, freeing Beelzebub from his captivity.

Chapter 297 Hard Work? Nah, Smart Work (4)

Unadulterated rage... the rage was the only thing rampaging inside Beelzebub. He was a god in front of these lowly creatures and yet dared to oppose him? Had it not been for Mournblade, he would have died inside whatever the sphere was.

His state might have been pitiful, but it was nothing in comparison to what he was going to do to them. He hadn't been this bloodied and bruised ever since the holy war. Nor had he ever thought he would need to see his Mournblade ever again.

"Looks like my life shortened again..." Beelzebub shook his head.

Unlike what the others believe, the Mournblade was a double-edged sword. Yes, it did save the lives of countless nobles in dire times. However, in return, the blade would also take away a chunk of their lifeforce or HP once they had recovered a bit.

Unlike normal wounds, the HP taken away by the Mournblade would never recover. In other words, the maximum HP of the user would be permanently decreased by 15% every time the sword would appear to aid its master. That was the cost of having their lives saved.

Since it was the second time Mournblade had to save Beelzebub's life, his HP was now capped at 70%, instead of 100%.

This was the reason why it was rare to see the nobles fighting on the frontlines, despite having a plethora of abilities that can be used to dominate the enemies. One neglectful act can reduce their Hp and by extension their life by 15%.

"You... lowlives, my kind gave you those powers and you dare use them against us?" Beelzebub lashed out.

"You can't fool them." Aamon retorted, "The Xyrans never gave anyone their powers. They simply regulate it. You know it better than anyone!"

"Enough!"

With a mere swing of Beelzebub's sword, whatever remained of the forest was uprooted instantly. The ground was shattered along with it. However, in the midst of the freshly destroyed forest, something took Beelzebub's attention away from the trio.

"I was right after all..." Beelzebub smiled wanly, "There is no mistaking this energy, this aura... Astaroth, you sneaky bastard."

Dracula was the first to notice the change in the air among the rest of them. The air felt heavy, heavier than it had ever been. Soon the rest of them noticed it as well. It felt as if the air around them was being pushed away by something... something that was slowly heading their way.

They didn't know what or who it was but they hoped it was something friendly. Because if it wasn't then they were dead for sure.

Usually, the sky over Livan was vibrant and lovely, but ever since this chaos broke out, nothing was the same anymore. Beelzebub's arrival had made things worse, but the one walking towards the battlefield had made things more ominous.

Even nature was having a tough time disobeying the man's will. No... he wasn't a man anymore but a demon. Earth cowered under his feet with every step he took. The wind appeared to be cautious not to touch the man, should his rage befall on it.

"Astaroth? You got the wrong man." Ashton couldn't contain his smirk, "I don't know anyone with that name."

"Ashton...?" Aamon cautiously asked him.

Even though his voice was the same as the kid they had rescued earlier, his appearance was entirely different. His body was covered in an ancient-looking black armour with red markings spread across it.

Two horns had popped out of the temples of his head, and a broken crown... similar to the one on top of Beelzebub's head could be seen. Along with white wings similar to any Xyran noble.

But the strangest part of it all? His entire appearance had changed. His previously white hair had turned jet-black, and his crimson eyes had turned completely white. Aamon had to focus all of his attention on him to see through the mask covering his face, but it was Ashton. Not a Xyran like he had expected.

'What the hell is going on...'

All of them were confused but relieved at the same time. None of them wanted to admit it, but they seemed to know, for some reason Ashton had transformed into a demon, just like Beelzebub had a few moments ago.

"Haha, you don't know anyone with that name?" Beelzebub laughed more than he ever had, "You can fool them, but not me. Especially when you're wearing the same armour he did."

"Dunno what you're talking about." Ashton shrugged his shoulders, "But I do know this..."

Leaving an after-image and shockwave behind him, Ashton leapt toward Beelzebub. He was faster than the latter had expected him to be and thus couldn't dodge the attack in time. Ashton did not give Beelzebub any time to react or use his abilities.

That was the only way to defeat him. Beelzebub could only fight this long because the progenitors kept making the same mistake over and over. They allowed Beelzebub time to recuperate and strategize. But now, it was Beelzebub's turn to get pushed back.

"What the hell is going on..." Frank mumbled while watching the two demons clash.

Whenever the two of them collided, they lit up the dark sky as if fireworks were going off. Attack after attack, Ashton was doing the impossible. Although the Mournblade could save its user's life, it could only do so if the user used it.

Ashton was not giving Beelzebub an opportunity to swing it, let alone use the weapon to its fullest potential. However, Ashton's attacks weren't enough to end the Xyran. Demonification was a technique that granted the user incredible strength for a limited time.

Since it was the first time Ashton was using the ability, he wouldn't be able to use it to its complete potential or for a long time. Astaroth had already made him aware of it, before embracing silence once again.

Ashton was about to punch deliver another punch to Beelzebub's broken body, when his head began spinning. His body reached the limit quicker than Ashton had predicted.

"Damn it... just one more moment..."

Both, Beelzebub and Ashton, were in mid-air when suddenly they collapsed. Ashton due to overexertion and Beelzebub... because of the relentless beating he had received. The following moment, Beelzebub was back to his feet. The wounds Ashton had given him recovered miraculously... but his HP did go down as usual.

The Mournblade was still protecting its user. However, it seemed after not fighting for roughly a century, even Beelzebub was exhausted. He still had enough strength to kill Ashton. He had to accomplish at least that.

However, as he dragged his body over to Ashton's, his mind was shrouded by an overwhelming urge to sleep. He turned around and saw a glimpse of a succubus standing behind him, using her magic to put him to sleep.

Usually, the attack wouldn't have any effect on him. But since he was exhausted and beaten like crap, he had little to no resistance to a mystic creature's abilities. A creature like a succubus was the perfect being to defeat him, based on the condition he was in.

"To think I got defeated by the likes of you..." He mumbled before sleep snatched him away.

Chapter 298 Secrets, What A Loving Thing! (1)

"What is this place?" Ashton asked the moment he opened his eyes.

He was surrounded by nothingness—an endless white room with nothing to be seen, but his reflection. The place was giving off eerie vibes as if it was a specially made cage, something to hold him there. Honestly, it was getting to Ashton's nerves, especially after his fight with Beelzebub.

"Beelzebub! I have to kill him!"

Ashton panicked as the last moments he captured before losing consciousness flooded his mind. From what he remembered, Beelzebub was alive and much to his dismay, in better condition than he was.

Astaroth had warned him that if he failed, no one on the damned planet would be able to stop the Demonic Xyran. Not the trio, not his friends, no one. Astaroth's warning was the reason Ashton was losing his crap. Since he wasn't on the battlefield, he could only assume he failed to kill the Xyran.

"There has to be another way, Astaroth, you here?" Ashton asked, but got no reply, "Come on man, it's not the time to act like this! We have to stop him."

"Someone already did." A voice echoed from behind.

Ashton immediately turned around, only to see another reflection of him. But this one was clad in the armour resembling the one he was when he 'Demonified'. Only this armour was much bigger than the one he remembered, while he also had a sword similar to the one Beelzebub had. But it was different at the same time.

However, even the sword was a bit different. The weirdest part of it all... Ashton could feel the sword talking to him. The voice he heard earlier wasn't of Astaroth's like he had thought, but the sword's. The sword was talking to him, at least that's what he thought at the moment.

"I see, you're the one bonded to my master." The Mournblade scoffed, "Tch, what a disgraceful master he was... being bonded to the likes of you. he couldn't have bonded with a lower species."

"... What the hell?"

Ashton was dumbfounded. Any sane person would react the same if a talking sword appeared in front of them. Out of all the weird things, meeting with a talking sword was certainly something he could not have foreseen.

"Don't be surprised mortal. For I, the Mournblade, is here to thank you for returning me to my truthful owner."

"Truthful owner? You mean Astaroth?"

"Indeed."

"If he was your owner then what were you doing-" Ashton asked a question but was cut off in the middle.

"Your questions aren't important right now," The blade replied, "The only thing of importance is what are you going to do next?"

Ashton was a bit confused by the blade's question. The blade was asking him questions as if there was something he should have been aware of, but he wasn't.

"What do you mean?"

Ashton could visibly see the sword sigh as soon as he asked that. Something weird was going on and he had no idea what.

"I am asking, whether you want to live or not?"

The blade expected the mortal to panic, but when Ashton didn't, Mournblade was a bit curious about him. Did he know more than he was letting on, or was he truly oblivious to everything?

"And why exactly am I going to die?" Ashton asked.

"Impure Demonification has consequences." The blade replied, "I assumed Lord Astaroth informed you about the high risks of transforming into one. Especially since you are clearly not qualified to do so."

"He did not..."

"That imbecile, I mean... I see. My sincere apologies then." Mournblade coughed before carrying on with the explanation, "To put it simply... you have exhausted around 99% of your lifeforce or as you call it, HP, while Demonification. The 1% that remains is currently being siphoned off. Thus you will die shortly. However, I can help you out."

"I guess, you're not generous enough to help me without a selfish reason?"

"Of course not. Saving you or killing someone is nothing more than a transaction for me. But I can't let you die. To be precise, I can't let my master die. I already lost him once, and I would like for him to not die again."

"Hm... that is true. If I go bye-bye, so does Astaroth." Ashton scratched his chin, "So you just want to save Astaroth, your master as you said."

The Mournblade scoffed, "Obviously. I wouldn't bat an eye if you were the only one dying."

"Ouch... You're even worse than him at talking." Ashton smiled, "But I guess I'm not too enthusiastic about dying either."

"A fine choice. Now you shall-"

"Now that I answered your questions, could you answer some of mine?"

The blade was clearly agitated by Ashton interrupting him, but since Ashton was technically his owner now, the sword couldn't deny answering him. After all, what kind of servant would he be if he didn't even obey his master?

"Please go ahead..."

"Why did you appear just now? I mean, Astaroth was your master before so you could have appeared a lot earlier-"

"Your physical body was neither strong enough nor could you live through the process of Demonification. Demonification is necessary to call forth a Mournblade." The blade replied, "I hope that answer is enough to satiate your... curious self."

"I do have another question. Last one for now, where are we right now? Is it my conscience or something?"

"Do you watch too many movies?" Mournblade scoffed.

"Movies... what are those?"

"...I'll just answer your previous question. This place is my innate ability. You can call it a Null Domain. An endless private place where you can keep anything and anyone inside. I, and by extension, you are the god of this domain. You can do anything you want once you are inside."

The blade continued, "You control even control the flow of time here. Feel free to change the flow of time, or stop it completely as I have to save the 1% of your life to have this conversation. But I highly recommend not using it without my supervision. Time is not something you should mess around with even if it's only subjected to this domain."

"Just one more question-"

Mournblade immediately cut him off, "Now, since our conversation is over, it's time to send you back. Do not tell anyone that you possess a Mournblade. Also, keep in mind you won't be able to wake up for a while till your body recuperates. Farewell."

Chapter 299 Secrets, What A Loving Thing! (2)

Back on the outside, however, things weren't as calm as one would believe. Following their victory over the Xyrans, the pirates were ecstatic, after all, it was their first win on such a large scale. But the people of Livan were a bit concerned.

To them, the pirates and more importantly progenitors were nothing less than gods and being in presence of gods wasn't something everyone could stomach. Tension among the common people was quite palpable.

Couple that with the fact of their young lord's declining health, it was obvious none of them were feeling all that happy. They didn't need to voice their concerns, though, because the progenitors took it upon themselves to help Ashton out.

They immediately transferred him to their ship, where he was now receiving some much-needed medical attention. What he did was certainly foolish. Going head to head with an A-ranker while being an E-ranker himself was suicidal. But the fool somehow made it through.

"I never thought he would be able to last half as long as he did," Frank mumbled, "Looks like we have been severely underestimating him."

"Either that or he is one lucky son of-" Lycaon replied but decided to not use vulgarities for someone who saved them.

As for Dracula... well, he never expected to see his granddaughters there. But when he did, their reunion could not have possibly gone worse than it did. The moment they saw him, they knew who he was and made sure not to acknowledge his presence.

For someone who says he doesn't care about such frugal things, Dracula was visibly affected. In their quest of saving the world, all of them had to sacrifice one thing or the other, but Dracula was the one who had to sacrifice the most. His wife and his son... basically his entire family. While the rest of them did not have a family to sacrifice in the first place.

Following their 'conversation', if one could even call it that, Dracula had locked himself in his room to meditate.

"It doesn't appear Bats would be joining us anytime soon." Aamon replied, "What about your injuries?"

Frank shrugged his shoulders. He was immortal, as long as he had enough spare parts. He only needed to replace his broken body parts and he was as good as new. In other words, these injuries didn't mean shit to him.

As for Lycaon, he had his arms covered in casts, while healing foam covered much of his body. Aamon, on the other hand, preferred using the healing chamber, the same one Ashton was currently using. It was the latest piece of technology they had on board, thus Aamon's recovery rate was better than theirs.

"Now, it's time for the serious discussion. What do we do with him?"

That was the question they had gathered to brainstorm about. What they had to do with the captive... Beelzebub? Killing him was out of the question. The Xyran would get informed the moment he was killed and then... earth would get destroyed.

Also, keeping him captive on board was too risky. If he got freed, even by accident, he would annihilate all of them. After knowing they managed to defeat him once, Beelzebub would not go easy on them anymore. He would end them the first chance he gets and he wouldn't make it painless for them.

"He might be in slumber now, but when he wakes up, all hell would break loose." Aamon reiterated, "Thankfully, we were able to take his Mournblade away, so he shouldn't be that big of a threat as long as we can somehow restrain him, I guess."

"Even without his weapon, he's too dangerous and we can't even leave him somewhere in space. Let nature do the dirty work for us." Lycaon mumbled.

What followed was a moment of silence. Everything was pointing towards killing Beelzebub and getting it over with. But Frank had other plans.

"How about... we freeze him?"

"You mean cryo-chamber?" Lycaon asked, to which Frank shook his head.

While on the surface, using a cryo-chamber might seem to be a good choice, it wasn't. Especially on Xyran nobles who had high resistance and various immunities to almost any abnormalities. Thus it could be possible that Cryo-chamber wouldn't work on Beelzebub.

"Maybe we could hide him on earth, Antarctica seems to be-"

"No." Aamon interjected, "The idea is good. Brilliant even, but I don't think this choice is something we should decide on just yet. We aren't the ones who should decide on his fate. Apart from that... we should tell him about the Precursors. If Ashton is one of them, that should trigger some of his memories."

At the same time, somewhere else on the ship.

Ashton was floating inside a gigantic culture tank, filled with god-knows-what. All Anna knew, was the suspicious liquid had healing properties. She had seen the other alien, the one called Aamon, get healed using the same thing. But unlike him, Ashton seemed to be taking his sweet-ass time to heal.

"If only I could reach there a couple of minutes before, this would not have happened..."

Anna knew even if she did, she wouldn't have been of much use. Still, she couldn't bring herself to acknowledge that with her heart. She was his trump card, the one supposed to protect him. She failed and now he was dangling between life and death.

At the same time, Ashton finished having his conversation with Mournblade, and even though he could not speak at the moment, he could feel everything around him. Thanks to the perception skill.

Ashton thought he'd feel unbearable pain, but surprisingly, he didn't. Maybe his mind wasn't registering any pain at the moment, or maybe the ones helping him were behind it. He slowly opened his eyes but couldn't see very well.

However, he could distinguish a female figure tending to him. Actually, there were more than a dozen people around him, but he recognised only three. Anna was standing right in front of him, her hand was pressed against the glass container he was in. She appeared to be devastated.

He then looked sideways, to see Irina and Verina chatting amongst themselves. Even though Ashton could not see them or listen clearly to what they were on about, through his perception skill, he knew they were feeling anxious, agitated and confused.

He wanted to speak out something, anything to let them know he was fine but failed miserably.

'It would appear I am too weak to speak.'

[Yet I can hear you loud and clear.]

'For once, I'm glad to hear your ugly voice inside my head.' Ashton wanted to smile but his face did not budge, '... guess I messed up big this time.'

[You're not the only one.]

'Where is Astaroth? and what have you done to him?'

Astaroth couldn't help but chuckle. Even though Ashton was weaker than ever before, he was still as goofy as he remembered. But it wasn't the time to goof around. Astaroth had something he had to get off his chest.

[As much as I would like to joke around with you, I have something important to tell you about. The truth about Xyrans and Precursors... also known as Ancient humans and your relationship with them.]

Chapter 300 Secrets, What A Loving Thing! (3)

"Wait... humans? Are you sure about it?"

[I have lived longer than your forefathers, so yeah, I am pretty sure about it. Now stop with your non-sensical comments and listen to what I have to say.]

At the moment, Ashton did not know, but Astaroth was about to reveal the deepest secrets of their galaxy to him. Secrets that were mainly centred around earth and its inhabitants. Secrets that could ruin the Xyrans and the species allied with them.

It all began millions of years ago. When Xyrans were nothing more than insects in the grand scheme of things. In a similar position to the humans and mutants were now. At that time, there existed another species of aliens. Aliens that held godly stature over any other species... these were known as the Precursors or as Xyrans called them, the Ancient Humans.

Just like most of humanity and mutants were unaware of Xyrans and referred to them as gods right now, back then, the Xyrans were no different from them. To them, the Precursors were true gods.

Beings capable of creating entire civilizations in the blink of an eye and destroying them just as easily. Something even the Xyrans had failed to do.

Their power was on a different level. A level that the Xyrans had failed to achieve even after over five hundred thousand years they had ruled over the galaxy. Even the 'Blessing' they had so proudly weaponised was something created by the Precursors and not by the Xyrans.

They could never understand how the Precursors were able to advance to such lengths when the Xyrans had done nothing but hit an obstacle after obstacle. Apart from that, there was something else the Xyrans had failed to do... make the galaxy peaceful.

The Precursors were just and fair rulers of the galaxy. A species that never looked down upon others had given all of them equal opportunities to thrive. However, the Xyrans and their greed was something the Precursors couldn't get rid of.

Since the Xyrans were one of the first civilisations to be created by the Precursors, as time passed, they began viewing themselves as the 'heir' to the galactic throne.

The precursors warned them time and time again but the Xyrans and their arrogance led them on a stray path. A path that would soon lead to a massacre on a galactic level.

[Back when the Precursors ruled over the galaxy, there was an absolute rule. No species was allowed to kill another species. Even the Precursors were no exception to this rule. They had the power to wipe out the entire galaxy if they wanted to, but they never did.]

'I can see where this is going... and I don't like it one bit.' Ashton hinted at the obvious outcome, and Astaroth's silence only confirmed his suspicions.

The Xyrans, blinded by their lust for power, felt betrayed when the Precursors decided to create a new race. A race that was closer to them and resembled their appearance. This race was going to be called the Human race.

If it was only that, the Xyrans would not have batted an eye. But what happened next, sparked a one-sided war. The Precursors announced they would coach and guide the human race, something they had only done for the Xyrans.

Although the Precursors never explicitly mentioned it, the Xyrans were suspicious that the Precursors wanted the humans to succeed the imaginary throne. This infuriated them into breaking the most sacred law of the galaxy... they killed the Precursors.

If the precursors wanted to, they could have annihilated the Xyrans. But the latter knew that the Precursors were never going to break their sacred laws and took advantage of it. They killed every Precursor they could get their hands on.

But the Precursors never retaliated back. Some of them wanted to, they had to punish their erratic 'children'. But most of them didn't want to do it and thus, whatever remained of their civilisation decided to flee the galaxy to seek refuge somewhere else.

,m No one knows what happened to them afterwards.

[Every species in the galaxy began to fear the Xyrans. With fear came admiration. Some admired the way the Xyrans had taken control of what was 'theirs'. While the rest obeyed them, in fear they would do kill them as well.]

Astaroth's voice began breaking apart as he recounted his crimes as well. Back then, he was one of the seven generals of the Xyranian army. Thus he had a lot of blood on his hands.

[But we didn't stop there. Our hatred for the Precursors was immense and we had the perfect candidates to take it out on... the humans left behind by the Precursors. We sent them over to Earth, which back then was known as the Black Planet.]

[Nothing was known about that planet, but it was habitable, even with the harsh environment. We hoped watching the humans suffer would diminish our hatred. But much to our dismay and surprise... the humans thrived on the planet.]

'Hold up, wait a minute... you're telling me, your kind wanted to fuck the humans over so bad, they sent them to some planet you had no idea about?'

[More or less.]

'And here I thought I could not hate anyone more than I hate the mistress.'

Ashton couldn't physically move, but if he could, he would have scoffed harder than ever.

[I know how you feel, but the Xyran council wasn't done yet. Humans developed faster than any species ever had before. Within a few thousand years, they were rivalling species that took hundreds of thousands of years to reach the level they were at.]

[So we struck them down before they grew too strong. Atlantis, Avalon and countless civilizations were destroyed by us. It might seem, that the appearance of mutants was a coincidence. But it wasn't. The only species we wanted to raise were brainless undeads. Thinking it would end the human threat once and for all... but we failed and you know the rest.]

At the moment Astaroth revealed all this information, Ashton could not help but imagine what kind of sick bastards the Xyrans were. The humans did not even know or remember anything about them and yet these bastards were trying to end them over and over again?

[I know its a lot-]

'I would appreciate it if you remained silent for a bit while I digest this information.'

Ashton's voice was cold and filled with fury. So much so, that even Astaroth thought it was wise to give his human counterpart some time to himself.