

Zompiewolf 301

Chapter 301 Attending Matters (1)

A week had passed since the battle and sadly Ashton was still unconscious. Since it had been so long, Aamon who happened to be the 'chief doctor' aboard the pirate ship, had to declare that Ashton had slipped into a coma.

However, his brain was responsive so there was hope he would recover soon. The only problem was... they didn't know when he would wake up. It could take days, months or even years. This news hit everyone hard.

Especially Anna, who was already blaming herself before Aamon diagnosed Ashton. As for the rest of them, they were too busy to worry about Ashton. Livan was once again destroyed and they had to start rebuilding again.

Irina and Verina had informed Alucard about Ashton's condition as well as Dracula's arrival. But surprisingly, he did not show any emotions when information about his father was told to him. It was almost as if he knew it was going to happen sooner or later.

Alucard immediately made his way to Livan along with... Ashton's mother, who was visibly upset and worried about her son.

As soon as Alucard arrived on the ship, he paid his respects to the other Progenitors. Whether he followed them or not, they were still 'godly beings' in his eyes, which made them worthy of his respect.

Once done, he briefly greeted his daughters before heading inside Dracula's room. It had been roughly a century since he last saw him, but the moment his eyes fell on him, all the hatred he had been holding inside him came rushing back.

"I don't think you are here to apologise or something." Alucard made a sarcastic comment.

"You're right. I wasn't." Dracula replied back without looking his son in the eyes, "I only came here to save the boy, but now that we are here... I would like to mend things. Or at least, try my best to do so."

"I'm not here for that... father." Alucard gritted his teeth, "Just tell me... why? Why did you kill her? Why did you kill mother!"

Dracula sighed heavily. This was one thing he did not want to discuss. But he knew it was the only thing that would bring Alucard to him.

"Very well. Close the doors and sit down. I'll answer your questions."

The next day, in the medical bay...

Ashton's body had recovered completely and hence he had been transferred from the Healing Chamber to one of the rooms. It was there Ashton opened his eyes again. It was nighttime.

Unlike the last time, there was no equipment around him, just a comfortable bed and silky blanket. His wounds had completely disappeared and he felt more energetic than when he was floating in the tube. So much so, that he even managed to sit up and take a look around.

As he sat up, the sheets made a light sound. It was enough to wake Avalina, who had been sleeping on the sofa next to his bed. She saw him sitting and rubbed her swollen eyes. She couldn't register what was happening, but the moment she realised Ashton was safe and sound, she couldn't hold herself back.

She ran up to him and hugged him tightly. It was the first time when Ashton realise his mother was strong after all. Even if he had tried to get out of her vice grip, it wouldn't have been possible.

He might have been the strongest on the planet, but he wasn't strong enough to pull out of Avalina's motherly touch. So he did what he could and sat there, savouring every moment.

"Why are you so reckless!?" Avalina broke down.

"Haha, I'm your son, am I not?" Ashton replied, pressing his forehead against his mother's, "I am alright, nothing can harm your son. You know it better than anyone else."

Before Avalina could reply, the commotion she made attracted others' attention as well. A moment later, Anna, Verina and Irina all rushed inside the room.

"You're up!"

Anna exclaimed and was about to lunge at him, but refrained herself seeing as they weren't alone there. However, the vampire sisters had no such concerns and jumped in for a family hug. After all, Avalina had more or less given them her blessings when she got to know about how much the twins were interested in him.

[This is quite... awkward. Hope you don't react... you know.]

'You just couldn't help yourself, could you?'

[Old habits die hard, brat. How are you feeling?]

'A bit sloppy, but otherwise fine. The Mournblade restored my health... I thought I would have to live forever with 1% HP.'

[Raphael has his moments. But don't expect him to do the service for free. He would charge you something eventually. But first, we have some matters to attend to, don't we?]

Ashton nodded. They definitely had some matter to take care of and as he was reminded of everything Astaroth had told him earlier, his hands were in fact itching to do something.

At the same time, the others were still discussing what to do with Beelzebub. The last time they decided they should at least hear Ashton's opinions on the matter before making a decision. But now since he had slipped into a coma, it wasn't wise to waste any more time.

It was only a matter of time before Beelzebub woke up, and they had to have a plan before then.

"Keeping him as a prisoner is like keeping a 'dormant' supernova bomb on board." Lycaon commented, "I say we follow the plan and bury him somewhere in Antarctica."

However, before anyone else could say anything, someone entered the room.

"Where is he?" Ashton asked.

However, rather than replying to him, they were surprised to see him walking around. After all, Aamon had said it would take him days before he would even be able to get off the bed after waking up from the coma.

"You should rest up a bit more. Beelzebub isn't running away." Lycaon calmly replied but it was clear he was trying to suppress Ashton.

They both were primarily werewolves. It was obvious for an Alpha to try and suppress the young when they were angry or emotional. However, Lycaon's attempt was in vain. Seeing the tension rising, Frank thought it was best for him to interject before things could get heated.

"I'll bring you to him. But remember, you cannot kill him under any circumstance."

"Believe me. Killing him is the last thing on my mind." Ashton replied before bringing out Raphael, Astaroth's Mournblade.

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"I want to believe that you won't kill him. But why do you have a dagger out like that?" Frank asked Ashton who was confused, "Dagger or short sword, whatever it is. It sure as hell doesn't look to me like a tool to propagate peace."

"A dagger? What dagger-"

Ashton looked down, only to realise he did not have Raphael in his hands, but his trusty short sword, Balmond. He was pretty sure he had called out Raphael, not Balmond and yet his eyes weren't deceiving him. As a result, he was confused until he heard Astaroth's voice again.

[What do you think you are doing...?]

'I wanted to seal Beelzebub within Raphael's domain. That way, we wouldn't have to worry about him, nor would we have to kill him.'

[So you went ahead and were about to do the one thing you were told not to? Looks like your intelligence regressed after being hit by Beelzebub.]

'Shit, it completely skipped my mind.'

[One of these days, your life will skip you instead.]

Ashton's cheeks flushed red from the embarrassment he was feeling. Not only exposing Seraph's crystal got him into trouble earlier, but he was also about to do the same thing again. Thankfully, he had a question to change the topic before he embarrassed himself further.

'But how did you-'

[Raphael is my Mournblade. Do not think you can only use him whenever you please. Only when I deem it so, Raphael will present himself in front of you. I thought I was taking unnecessary measures, but now I stand corrected.]

[That weapon is a relic, strong enough to destroy planets. Therefore, I have decided you will only be able to use the weapon under my strict supervision to prevent... accidents from happening.]

'Alright...'

Ashton shook his head. He knew Astaroth was disappointed, but at the same time, he was glad no irreparable damage was done because of his hastiness. The secret was safe and that's what mattered at the moment. Other than that, the room had gotten quiet as if they were waiting for him to say something.

Luckily, he didn't have to because the moment Lycaon saw the blade he got wide-eyed. Frank might not have known what the blade was, but since Lycaon was the one who created the blade, he knew exactly what he was looking at. But there was one thing he wanted to know.

"Kid, where did you get that blade from?"

Although the blade had changed its form, it was a dagger that was once used by Dracula and was made by him. As for the question, Lycaon asked it since he explicitly remembered breaking the blade in half before they departed to explore the galaxy.

The power of the blade was too much to handle without their supervision. Since they were asked not to bring anything from their planet, Lycaon decided it was best to destroy the blade. He deposed the handle while he gave the rest of it to Dracula to take care of.

To this day, they did not tell each other what they had done with their respective parts. It was a contingency plan, to prevent the blade from getting into the wrong hands even if one of them was forced to spill out the secret.

As for the handle, Lycaon threw it in the deepest part of the ocean, hoping to never see it again. Yet, there it was, right in front of him in all of its glory. However, rather than being worried, Lycaon was happy to see his creation still thriving even after about a century.

'Not only did the kid assemble the blade but he also managed to tame it. What an incredible feat!' Lycaon thought to himself, 'The blade probably accepted him because he was bitten by Dracula, so in a way, Ashton was the heir to it. Could it merely be a coincidence?'

"I had to assemble it." Ashton replied, "I won the blade in a sort of tournament, while I was gifted the handle after defeating his highness, Alucard in a friendly spar."

"I see... so it was a stroke of luck as I suspected," Lycaon mumbled, "Do you mind if I take a look?"

Ashton felt he could trust them. How could he not when all of them had put their lives on the line just to defeat Beelzebub. As soon as Lycaon got his hands on Balmond, he began behaving like a child who found his long-lost toy.

"You still haven't answered my question..." Frank smiled.

But before Ashton could come up with an answer, Lycaon answered in his stead.

"He obviously wants to feed Beelzebub's sword to it. Not only would it make him vulnerable, but this weapon would get stronger than ever before. Isn't that it?"

"Yeah that would work- I mean obviously. Hehe..." Ashton scratched the back of his head, "But how do you know all this? I mean about Balmond's ability."

"How do I know?" Lycaon was all smiles as he handed the weapon back to its owner, "Because I'm the one who created it."

"Wait, that would mean-"

"The Dark Creationist, at your service." Lycaon nodded while crossing his hands before his chest, "Well, not really. I don't usually create weapons anymore. But considering we all lost ours during the fight, I might as well take up the name once again."

Ashton could not believe his ears. When he first found Balmond's blade he was informed that in order to unlock Balmond's true potential, he would have to get it looked at by the one who created it. But never in his wildest dreams, he had thought he would get the opportunity to do so.

'I really am a lucky son of a gun.' Ashton barely managed to contain his smile.

[Of course, you are. You were lucky enough to have me, after all.]

'Remind me again, how many times I almost died because of you?'

[Remind me again, how did you get as strong as you are right now?]

'Truce...?'

[Truce.]

"I am a bit confused about how are you going to 'absorb' a weapon," Frank mumbled, "but I trust Lycaon, so I'll trust you too. Let's get going. I just hope things don't go south. Especially since we have won the battle."

Chapter 303 Attending Matters (3)

Even though Beelzebub was 'asleep', he wasn't shown any leniency by the progenitors. As soon as Ashton entered the chamber that had been turned into a prison cell, the heavy aura of Beelzebub greeted him. The air was so dense, that even Ashton had difficulty in breathing.

In the end, he decided it was best to turn his werewolf genes off so that he wouldn't need to breathe anymore. He was chained from the head to the toe, and these weren't the usual metal chains either. But chains made out of what Ashton mistook as light.

"These chains exert the gravitational pull equivalent to ten times of the earth. These aren't the strongest restricting device available, but it was the costliest one we could smuggle." Lycaon described the use of the chains to Ashton.

However, there was a slight issue. Sensing the threatening environment around, Sven and Celeste immediately jumped out of Ashton's shadow on his own accord and stood in front of him, guarding their master against the threat of a... sleeping Xyran.

"Your summons seem to hold you in a high regard." Lycaon approved Sven's reaction.

The Death Baron was not aware that the 'threat', he wanted to protect his lord from had already been neutralised. Well, sort of. Upon realising that, he couldn't help but be a bit embarrassed.

As for Celeste, she only needed a reason to get berated by Ashton. Thus, rather than being embarrassed, she was excited instead. The Progenitors saw it and shared awkward gazes amongst themselves. While Aamon chuckled.

"No need to feel weird, Sven and you too, Celeste." Ashton let out the fakest laugh he ever had, "You did the right thing. You can go back now."

"As your command," Sven replied and hurriedly assimilated himself with Ashton's shadow followed by Celeste's sulking figure.

"Your summon, the knight, has keen sense of duty. If you don't mind, I would like to train him myself." Frank immediately blurted out.

Ashton thought his request was a bit weird. But what he did not know was, that Frank had been disappointed when he returned to earth. He had expected to see at least a few hundred grade-C undead and had hoped to take them under his wing.

Much to his utter disappointment, even the strongest of them was merely an E-ranker. A few of them were D-ranked, thus that itself wasn't a problem as he could still train them. However, none of them had much potential to evolve. As for those who did, they were busy wasting it away.

The Progenitors might have wanted their world to be at peace, but the undead had turned into a species of lazy bastards. Unlike the Vampires and the Werewolves who due to differences between each other, were always training, trying to one up each other.

Nevertheless, that wasn't the case for Sven. Thus when Frank saw him, he decided he was a suitable candidate to be trained by him. He had the levels as well as the potential he was looking for, other than Ashton, of course.

"That's his choice to make. If he wants to, then I wouldn't stop him." Ashton replied with an expressionless face, "For now, we should focus on the task at hand."

[Before summoning Raphael, tell them to leave first. All of them.]

Ashton agreed and asked them to leave. Aamon, Lycaon and Frank... all of them were a bit taken aback by such an absurd request. He might have been stronger than them for a fraction of a second, but they were by far stronger than him right now.

Not to mention, if Beelzebub woke up, there was no way in hell Ashton would be able to stop him. They weren't sure about it, but he could even break free from the chains and cause problems. They simply had to be there, just in case things got out of hand.

"That wasn't a request, esteemed leaders." Ashton politely made it clear to them, "Please don't take this to heart, but I'm sure you have your own secrets to guard. Just like I have mine. So please, step outside for a bit."

It seemed Frank and Lycaon were about to argue but Aamon placed his hands on their shoulders and shook his head. He was just as clueless as the rest of them, but he assumed Ashton's new admin, whoever he was, must be guiding him to do what he was doing.

Lucifer had not informed him who the admin after him was, but he had told him to trust the Admin. So that's what he was doing now... placing his faith in what Lucifer told him.

[Let's begin...]

Astaroth mumbled and Raphael materialised in Ashton's hands out of thin air.

[Don't worry, Raphael won't deduct your HP for being used. The brat would charge me instead since I'm the legitimate owner, not you. That is, if I managed to get a body for myself first.]

'I wasn't worried in that regard.' Ashton sighed before bringing the big black sword right in front of his face, 'This sword... I don't know why but it feels a bit too heavy.'

[It's because you don't have the complete ownership of it. Soon you'll have your own Mournblade and that... might be a broken one too, just like this planet of yours.]

Ashton smiled before swinging the Raphael around a bit, in order to get used to it. But as he did, Beelzebub woke up. Their eyes met and the hair on the back of Ashton's neck all stood right up.

He knew Beelzebub was pathetically weak right now, but the bloodthirsty gaze in his eyes was enough to force Ashton to take a couple of steps back. Obviously, Ashton did it subconsciously, and when he realised his mistake he immediately corrected it by staring Beelzebub right back.

"You chose an amusing host, brother." Beelzebub scoffed, "Just like yourself... pathetically weak and ugly."

"Looks like no one ever showed you a mirror." Ashton shrugged his shoulders, "or else you would know what 'Ugly' meant- wait, are you sure? Fine."

Suddenly Ashton's eyes began to glow. His entire persona changed and his voice got heavier. Someone else was in-charge of his body now.

"Maybe I should show you who is 'pathetically weak' between us?" Astaroth's voice boomed over Beelzebub's, "Brother..."

Chapter 304 Tale Of A Backstabbing Brother (1)

Ashton's entire demeanour was changed in a fraction of a second. He wasn't in the driver's seat but could feel Astaroth's rampaging emotions. In the year he had known him, Ashton had never seen Astaroth lose his emotions, but now he was on the verge of going on a rampage.

Astaroth's emotional turmoil was expected, considering Beelzebub was the one who took everything from him. His life, His love, his respect... everything. But the cycle of time and karma never forgets nor does it forgive. Astaroth could finally have the justice he had been waiting for so long.

"It really is you, isn't it." Beelzebub chuckled, "The bloodlust in your eyes... there is no mistaking it. How long has it been since the General of Gluttony and the General of Massacre were in each other's presence?"

Astaroth didn't reply, trying to not do anything stupid in the heat of the moment. However, the urge of ripping Beelzebub's head was continuously increasing as Astaroth clenched his fists. His nails dug deep into the palms as the General of Massacre tried to hold on to the shred of patience he had.

"One hundred and fifteen years, three months, fourteen days and eleven hours," Astaroth replied through gritted teeth, "That's how long it has been, give or take a couple of hours. Can't remember it clearly when you stabbed me in the back."

Beelzebub stared at Astaroth as if he was studying the latter before his smile disappeared. Astaroth was standing in front of him, but something felt strange. He was... different. Even his stone cold stare wasn't the same.

"How did it feel?" Astaroth asked him.

"Betraying you? It was... exhilarating. Imagine, the man who was crowned as the next leader of the council being called a traitor. It was fun, especially when I was embracing your beloved fiancée in my arms." Beelzebub smirked.

However, the smirk disappeared as soon as it appeared. Astaroth did not hold himself back anymore and kicked the smirking bastard right in the face. It felt good... too good. But once the gate of rage was opened, there was no stopping him.

Astaroth proceeded to kick Beelzebub over and over again until Beelzebub couldn't raise his head anymore. Once he was in that state, Astaroth grabbed his hair and forced Beelzebub to look him in the eye.

"You have no idea how good it feels to have gotten my hands on you." Astaroth laughed maniacally, "Nor do you have any idea of what I'm gonna do to you."

Beelzebub stared daggers at him but did not say a word to offend him anymore. Despite fooling around a bit, he simply could not afford to die here. He had big plans of outing Astaroth and had to handle everything calmly.

Astaroth, on the other hand, took Raphael and slammed him on the metal floor, cracking it instantly. When he took the sword out, they were in an entirely different room. The same one Ashton had met Raphael in for the first time.

Beelzebub's chains weren't transported inside the domain with him. He was free. He lunged at Astaroth to take his Mournblade away. However, got his face slammed hard on the ground a moment later.

Beelzebub grunted loudly, trying to get up, but Astaroth's foot stopped him from moving. This is what he was afraid of when he saw Raphael. Domain Dominance was an ability Astaroth often exploited to stop powerful enemies from getting an edge over him.

Once the target had been summoned inside the domain, not only did they become weaker than the caster, but also the domain itself was a living weapon. The caster had complete dominance over anyone else inside it. In other words... Beelzebub was Astaroth's bitch now.

Levels, skills and anything else did not matter inside the domain. The only drawback of the skill was the limit placed on the number of people the caster could 'dominate'. Astaroth could only have one person inside the domain other than him at any given point.

Meaning, that if he wanted to pull someone inside the domain, he would have to either kill or release the one currently inside the domain. Also, the lifeforce Raphael would absorb while utilising this skill was around 10%.

It was lesser than anyone other Xyran noble had to sacrifice after summoning their Mournblade. The only one who had an even lesser rate was their teacher, Seraph. He was also the only one who had a repercussion rate of merely 4%. Which meant whenever Seraph summoned his Mournblade he only lost 4% of his HP.

"Being back in this room must feel nostalgic to you, right?" Astaroth whispered while looking around the domain, "The last time we were here, we were training our butts off to kill those Precursors."

"Then you and that fucking master of ours got cold feet when we were so close to destroying the Precursor's escaping fleet!" Beelzebub muttered as he struggled to free himself from Astaroth's grasp.

Astaroth took a deep breath before kicking the bastard away. Beelzebub could have attacked Astaroth again, but he knew the result would remain the same. No one, not even the Precursors could defeat Astaroth once they were inside his domain.

"What are you gonna do? Kill me?"

"Raphael, speed up the time inside the domain once I leave," Astaroth ignored Beelzebub, while he tried to calm himself.

"By how much would you like to-"

"Enough to reduce his life force to 1%, then freeze the time."

"Request acknowledged," Raphael responded.

"No, you can't do this to me! YOU COWARD! Fight me!"

However, Astaroth ignored Beelzebub's attempts to aggravate him again and faded back to reality. Once outside, his legs gave away and the following moment, Ashton was back in control of his body.

[The Mournblade is in front of you. Do what you want with it. I'll answer your questions later.]

Ashton nodded and did not ask any questions for now. Astaroth would talk when he was in the mood to do so. Till then, it was best to leave him alone.

—

Balmond is eyeing <Beelzebub's Mournblade>, Would you like to feed the blade to Balmond?

Yes/No

—

"Yes."

<Balmond is happy with the quality of food provided to it.>

<Balmond is now evolving into a [Soulblade]>

Chapter 305 Tale Of A Backstabbing Brother (2)

—

Item: Balmond

Type: Soul Weapon

Damage: 1600-2003 HP per strike

Stats bonus:

> Strength: +22% while equipped for use.

> Agility: +31% While equipped for use.

> Stamina: +23% while equipped for use.

> Stealth: +19% while equipped for use.

> Abilities related to the [Blood Mage] class/ Vampire genes are buffed while the blade is equipped.

> Soul Blade stats are increased after transforming into a Demonic form.

> Deal bonus damage to the targets of its choosing.

Rarity: Mid-Legendary (Upgradable to Mythic rank once High-Legendary tier is unlocked.)

Trust level: 69%

Description:

After absorbing a Mournblade, Balmond has exceeded the limitations placed on the lower civilizations and reforged itself into something new, a Soulblade, the first of its kind. The weapon itself is stronger than most of the Mournblades.

However, due to the unique devouring ability, the only limitation it has depends on the willpower of its owner. This isn't by far Balmond's limit, but a new beginning for a new ruler of weapons to emerge.

Effect(s):

Cannibalism: This weapon can devour weapons of the same type to absorb their stats and make them, its own.

Please note: Once it devours a weapon, that weapon is lost forever and can not be recreated.

Attacking enemies using this weapon exposes them to Haemorrhage, making them lose 4% of their HP for the next 10 seconds. This ability has a cooldown period of 10 seconds (Ineffective on Elite beasts. Can only be triggered once. The attack will not ignore [Haemorrhage resistance]).

(Weapon's ability was upgraded. Effect duration increased from 10 seconds --> 15 seconds. Damage increased from 4% --> 7%)

Bloodthirst: Attacking enemies would make the dagger feed on their blood, which the dagger with use to heal the user. The ability has a cooldown of 4 seconds, and the maximum HP that can be restored is capped at 400 per strike.

(Weapon's ability was upgraded. Cooldown duration decreased from 5 seconds --> 4 seconds. HP restored increased from 200 --> 400)

///**NEW!**///

Soul Absorption: Killing monsters and other living beings would store their souls within the blade. Bonus effects would be provided based on the number of souls stored.

>> Each soul absorbed would increase the user's HP by 5 points.

>> For every 10 souls absorbed, the user would gain 1 Unallocated Stat point.

>> For every 30 Souls absorbed, the user would gain the ability to copy ability from one of the souls absorbed.

Grants the user, the passive skill: Locked. (Evade death 3 times to unlock)

Grants the user, the passive skill: Locked. (Unlock the above-mentioned skill to reveal the criterion for unlocking this skill.)

Ashton rubbed his eyes together and stared at the screen again. Seeing the screen was still there, he hurriedly began reading it. This was by far the lengthiest weapon description he had ever seen.

The worst part about it? If Astaroth was in a better mood he would have readily summarised it all and told Ashton what he needed to know. Things like new abilities, the changes to the old ones along with the changes in his stats.

But considering that he wasn't going to do anything like that, Ashton had to do it by himself in the old fashion. But the more he read, the wider his eyes got. Astaroth's prediction was coming true... He got his hands on an even broken weapon than before.

"It is just as the description stated... I'm the only limitation to Balmond's growth," Ashton shrugged his shoulder as he read on, "The only thing bothering me is the requirement for unlocking Balmond's hidden abilities... Evade death 3 times... what am I supposed to do? First jump in a volcano then save myself?"

As for Balmond's physical form, it changed again. This time it adopted a look leaning towards Beelzebub's Mournblade. But at the same time, it had a unique touch to itself. The black sword had a golden hilt along with luminescent blue marking etched across itself.

Also, it grew in size... by a lot. It grew from being a short sword to a Greatsword. This was the only reason Ashton was a bit worried. After all, he had become well-versed in using a short sword and daggers that shared similar shapes and sizes.

But since his primary weapon had become a Greatsword, he would now have to get used to using two-handed weapons and it sure as hell wasn't going to be easy. Thankfully, he knew someone who could teach him how to use it properly.

"I just hope he doesn't try to trick me into marrying his daughters as a bet again..." Ashton sighed as he remembered the last time he had a duel with Alucard.

Also, there was another thing Ashton was worried about. As Balmond was absorbing the Mournlade, he couldn't help but wonder whether it would also absorb undesirable characteristics as well. For example, the permanent HP loss.

Thankfully, his fears were unfounded as Balmond only absorbed the positives while throwing the negatives away. At least that's what Ashton assumed since there was no mention of it in the weapon description.

[That is one hell of a weapon. Hm... I guess I am your lucky charm after all.]

Although Ashton hated to admit it, Astaroth's voice was music to his ears, or his head, whatever you wanna call it. But more than that, he was a bit worried about him and seeing him being 'normal' gave Ashton quite some relief.

'You good?'

[What's gonna go wrong with me?]

'Well, that's true.'

[By the way, I appreciate your sentiments. Thank you.]

Ashton was a bit surprised by what he just heard, 'You said what?'

[You just had to make it awkward, you damned brat.]

Ashton chuckled and did not tease him further. The man had been through his fair share of turmoil and he did not want to add his stupidity into the mix.

[I guess I should explain more about what happened between Beelzebub and the rest of us.]

'I can't say I'm not interested in it.' Ashton thought, 'But I won't force you or anything. If you want to talk, then I won't stop you.'

Astaroth got silent for a few minutes. Ashton thought he did not want to talk and was fine with it. Prying into someone's past wasn't his thing, especially if the past in question was literally a century before he was born.

In the meantime, Ashton decided not to waste his time and began swinging Balmond, in order to get used to his new form.

[All three of us, me, Lucifer and Beelzebub were orphans. Thrown away by our parents because we were born with a Mournblade. Having such powers might seem a blessing now, but back then it was nothing more than a curse. Technically, any sort of weapon was considered taboo.]

[We were unaware of each other's existence as we wandered around aimlessly, trying to survive in a world where everyone saw us as nothing more than an animal, a pest even. In such a cruel world, one noble soul found us and took us in.]

'Seraph...'

[Yes. He too was born with a Mournblade, arguably, the strongest of them all. Therefore, he knew what we were going through and decided to take us under his wing and teach us how to use our weapons. It was there the three of us met and became 'brothers' and Lord Seraph became our father figure.]

[We had no idea back then, but in reality, Lord Seraph was the leader of the Xyran Council. And as the leader, he had the responsibility to find and raise other Mournblade possessors. Whatever we know now, everything was taught to us by him, from combat to compassion, from power to politics, everything. But one day... everything changed.]

Chapter 306 Tale Of A Backstabbing Brother (3)

Seraph wasted no time training the trio. Day in and day out, training was the only thing in their minds. By the time they reached adulthood, all three brothers were well-renowned figures amongst the Xyrans. No matter where they go, people would hail them as heroes.

At the same time, the story of their overwhelming victories would reach the ears of other species. Especially those who were opposing the Xyran's needless attacks on the Precursors. However, soon the trio became the ones feared by other species as the precursors lost the one-sided war.

Even though a lot of other species wanted to protect the precursors, in front of the three Xyran generals, their resistance seemed to be nothing more than an ant squirming in water.

But there was something else. As time passed after the battle with the precursors, Astaroth began getting closer and closer to Seraph's daughter, Ibis and soon they were in love. However, Astaroth wasn't the only one who had feelings for Ibis, Beelzebub did as well... for longer than Astaroth had.

In his twisted mind, that reason was enough to brand Astaroth as his enemy. After all, he was the one who loved Ibis since the day his eyes first met hers. How dare Astaroth take her away from him? He would not allow that to happen.

Not to mention, the Xyrans only saw him as a sidekick of Astaroth as he continually outperformed him. It was the same for Lucifer, but he did not have a bone in his body that would think ill of someone who had saved his life countless times before.

In the meantime, Astaroth had won battles no one else could. Thus making him the most prominent figure in the trio. Soon Beelzebub began to get more and more jealous of Astaroth's success. Everything that Beelzebub ever wanted was right in front of him, but Astaroth was the one taking it all.

Fame, respect, love... everything. This made a crack in the relationship between the trio and anyone they were closed to. The once inseparable brothers were now bickering amongst each other. Lucifer always took Astaroth's side as usual, which left Beelzebub feeling as if no one was on his side.

[The bastard then thought of doing something none of us could foresee...]

Astaroth's voice cracked up for a bit, but he continued the story. After all, Ashton had the right to know the power of the enemies he would inevitably have to face.

Once Beelzebub realised that no one was going to take his side, he became hysterical. The trauma from years of battles was finally messing his head up. Soon, he began viewing everyone as his enemy. However, even between the enemies, he had one last ray of hope.

He knew even though Ibis and Astaroth loved each other, they would not be allowed to marry each other, until and unless Seraph gave them his blessing along with the permission. Also, if Seraph decided someone else should marry Ibis, then there was nothing any of them could do.

With his mind made up, he expressed his desire to marry Ibis, to Seraph. Assuming that Seraph did not know about their relationship, so he might allow his daughter to marry him instead. However, much to his shock and surprise, Seraph was already aware of what was going on.

He went ahead and mentioned how he couldn't have found a better Heir to his legacy than Astaroth even if he wanted to. He also reminded Beelzebub that as his brother, Beelzebub should not try to do something so underhanded and respect his siblings and his decision.

This was enough to throw Beelzebub over the edge and he did something no one could have expected. Under the guise of repentance, he drugged Seraph sending him to a downward spiral and losing control over his Mournblade.

Seraph began destroying anything and everything in his sights. Chaos broke out and thousands were killed in an instant. Even Beelzebub had to rush out of there and barely made it alive. For a second, a remorseful expression flashed on his face, but it was soon replaced with a twisted expression of 'justice'.

But this was only the first phase of his plan. Once Seraph got uncontrollable, Beelzebub rushed to Astaroth and told him there was something wrong with their master.

[I dropped everything and rushed over to help him. But it was too late. Seraph had become deranged. Fire and ashes were the only things visible around him... the air reeked of death as more than a hundred thousand lives were lost within an hour.]

Ashton sat on the floor, carefully listening as Astaroth portrayed his feeling with words. As he did that, Ashton could only imagine what he would have done if he had to do something in Astaroth's situation. He certainly would not have been able to do shit.

[However, due to some miracle, I was able to subdue Seraph and he barely managed to confess that it was all Beelzebub's doing when the bastard appeared and killed our master and father. Soon the entire council was there, they had seen what Beelzebub did and I thought they would punish him for it, instead they... turned their backs on me.]

Apparently, while Astaroth was fighting Seraph, he convinced everyone that Astaroth was the one who poisoned the master and when the master realised it, he decided to kill him as Seraph wasn't going to let him marry his daughter.

It was all a lie obviously, but everyone believe Beelzebub. Not because they wanted to, but because the council had decided to make them believe so. Over the years they had grown weary of Astaroth and his strength thinking he was a bit too powerful for their tastes.

Therefore, they found this to be a suitable time to get rid of him once and for all. Since the council basically did everything and the people always obeyed them, Astaroth was branded as a traitor and 'killed' in an accident.

[But I survived and managed to run away with Lucifer's help. The only one who believed me when even Ibis turned her back on me. But Beelzebub got wind of the situation and damaged my ship right before I escaped using space jump.]

"And that's how you ended up on earth along with the 'virus', as you call it." Ashton nodded his head understandably, "I don't know about you, but I sure as hell wanna kill those bastards."

[We will, but in time. For now, we need to stay low. If the Xyrans got to know that you possess not one, but two Mournblade, they'll either accept you with open arms or kill you before you could even yell help.]

Ashton got up and walked around the room. Astaroth's backstory had sent his respect up a notch in his head. Those fucking Council bastards were treating Astaroth as a weapon to get rid of the precursors and once that was done, they realised they had created a monster and got rid of him.

Maybe it was what would have happened to Ashton as well, had he submitted to Mera or to Johnathan. He would become a weapon, born to be used and cast aside.

"I was wondering..."

[What?]

"Since you're a Xyran-"

[Took you long enough to know that.]

"Just let me finish, you 3000-year old virgin bastard." Ashton irritably retorted, "You're a Xyran, and I now possess Xyran genes as well- well kind of, so why don't you teach me?"

Astaroth got silent for a couple of minutes before replying to him, "Alright, I'll teach you what I can. But remember, the training would be harsh."

"Alrighty!" Ashton threw a punch in the air, "By the way, the comment I made earlier, is it true?"

[...]

Astaroth's silence was loud enough to speak the truth.

"No wonder you're always wanting me to get laid... you sick pedophile!"

Chapter 307 Departure (1)

Everyone was waiting for Ashton as soon as he walked out of the prison cell. Especially the Progenitors who were eager to know what he did with Beelzebub. Their anxiety levels were at an all-time high. Moreover, they were worried that Ashton might have done something harsh considering his temper.

Avalina, Anna, and the vampire twins were there as well. Since these women had known Ashton for longer than anyone else, Aamon strike up a conversation in an attempt to know more about him. Although Irina and Verina did not have much to talk about, Avalina and Anna told them whatever they knew about him.

The more they got to hear about him from Anna and Avalina, the more they were worried. after all, from what they said about him, Ashton seemed to be a trouble magnet who often had a hard time keeping his emotions in check.

When he walked out, all of them immediately leaned in to look inside, only to see an empty room. There was no sign of the Xyran inside. No corpse or blood was visible either. This confused them as they didn't know whether Beelzebub was alive or not.

"What did you do?" Aamon calmly asked.

Unlike the rest of them, Aamon knew Ashton was being guided by a Xyran. Thus he would not have ended someone like Beelzebub, after being aware of the consequences. The administrator would have stopped him from doing anything rash. But finding that Beelzebub was missing, made him a bit... concerned.

"He's here." Ashton brandished Balmond's new form in front of them.

Well, he couldn't tell them about the Raphael, so he improvised and told them that Balmond evolved upon consuming Beelzebub's Mournblade. Unlocking a subspace where Ashton could hide the Xyran without killing him.

Essentially, he told them the truth but replaced Raphael with Balmond as a mobile prison.

Thankfully, no one questioned him once Aamon mentioned that it was possible for Balmond to have unlocked a new ability. After all, it was technically a Mournblade and all Mournblades had a specific ability associated with them. That's what he knew.

"It's fine, as long as he is alive." Aamon sighed in relief, "For a moment I thought of the worst-case scenario."

"Then we should get going," Dracula spoke for the first time ever since his meeting with Alucard.

"What the-"

Aamon jumped back from shock. No one had noticed Dracula till then, as he had locked himself in his room. But now, he was standing amongst them, almost as if he appeared there out of nowhere.

"Stop teleporting randomly! Damn it!" Aamon yelled while the rest of them shook their heads, "I should not have taught you that."

"Oh please, I knew it long ago. You just made me tune it a bit." Dracula scoffed.

"Excuse me, but go where?" Ashton respectfully asked.

The guests from space stared at each other and then proceeded to nod. Lycaon let sighed heavily before placing his hands on Ashton's shoulders. No word was spoken and yet Ashton could feel the dense atmosphere around them. Lycaon was about to say something and Ashton knew he wasn't going to like it.

"We can't fool Xyrans for long. They will realise what happened here sooner or later and would head towards earth soon enough." Lycaon said, "It would take them a couple of years or maybe even three years to get here. But when they do, and they will, someone would have to fight them. That gives us two years to get you to Grade-A at the very least."

He continued, "Unfortunately, Earth does not have the resources needed to supplement your growth. That's the only reason why the earthlings are still stuck at D-grade even though more than a century had passed since our evolution. It's kind of a shame if you ask me."

At this point, Aamon joined in, "I assume you're already aware of how much the Xyrans hate humans. In their eyes, the mutants aren't too different from humans either. Since they view you the same, they have intentionally set up barriers to prevent earthlings from getting stronger."

Ashton nodded. He was already more or less sure about it. Especially after witnessing the strength of the Giholos. Something was wrong with the growth of the earth. Aamon's words only confirmed his suspicions.

"So that's why you left the planet as well. It makes sense now." Ashton mumbled.

"More or less," Frank replied.

Ashton knew someday he would have to leave it all behind, but he wasn't expecting that time to come so soon. However, he didn't have any choice. The battle with Beelzebub was an eye-opener.

Victory might have been his this time, but it wasn't because of his strength or skill, he only won because of his luck. Also, luck wasn't a reliable ally and could change at any moment.

"Fine. If I have to leave to get stronger, then so be it." Ashton nodded, "But, to defend my territory along with my people. I won't compromise their security in any condition."

"Don't you worry about that. You already have gained some strong followers." Aamon said with a smile and it hit Ashton as well.

"The Giholos."

Since Seraph was a god in their culture and Ashton possessed Seraph's crystal, technically they viewed him as his reincarnation. Thus they would do whatever he instructs them to. Now, he didn't have any concerns that came to his mind.

Lycaon then turned toward Anna, "You'll have to join us as well. After all, you can't stay away from your mate or master or whatever the relationship is between the two of you."

Anna was a bit taken by surprise. To her, it would have made more sense if they left her behind as she wasn't strong like the rest of them.

"Don't take it otherwise," Frank interjected, "I don't know how you evolved into one of the strongest beings present in the galaxy, but what I know is, we can't separate a succubus from her bond or you'll go crazy. Also, if you join us, you'll be able to get stronger as well."

"You two should join us as well." Dracula suggested to the twins, "I'll extend you the offer I gave to your father all those years ago, come join me and you'll be stronger than ever before."

Irina and Verina looked at each other and then at Ashton who was happily chatting with Avalina and Anna. Their father had already warned them that Dracula would try to include them in his cult and if he did, they were to say no to him.

However, seeing Ashton so happy made them want to stay with him as well. Going against their father wasn't something they would do, but fondness for someone makes people do random things. They had made their decision right then and there.

"We'll go."

Chapter 308 Departure (2)

The next day, thundering sounds of the engines shook Livan. Ashton had said his farewells to the ones he cared about. In the meantime, countless Giholos could be seen stationed all across the city. Earlier that day, they had sworn to protect Livan and its citizen to their last breath.

Seeing as Livan had turned into a kind of sanctuary, Ashton insisted Avalina stay there till he got back. To his surprise, she accepted the proposal and assumed the position of acting 'Baroness' of the city.

Ashton would have liked it even more if his mother would have accepted to travel with him, but for some reason, she declined. Ashton got a feeling it had something to do with his missing father, but he couldn't be sure of it nor could he force Avalina to spill the beans.

In the end, both of them met at the middle ground and Ashton let the topic go. As for the rest of them, they were in good hands. Sheera and Virgil were both exceptional fighters and with time, they would grow stronger as the Giholos had agreed to train the warriors of Ashton's 'tribe' as they called it.

"Don't worry, they'll be fine."

Anna approached Ashton who was busy gazing at the continuously shrinking city below. They were standing on a glass floor which gave them complete visibility of whatever was underneath the ship. It was some kind of 'Observation bay'.

"Of course, they will be." Ashton returned her smile, "What about you though? Did your parents approve of this?"

Anna did not inform her parents about her departure before it was too late for them to stop her. Initially, they were worried about her since she was embarking on a journey they couldn't quite stomach. But after chatting for a while, they willingly allowed her to leave.

"Oh please, the moment they heard Lord Lycaon vouching for my safety and my training, they practically pushed me inside the ship." Anna laughed, "Still, I did not inform them about my 'evolution'. I don't think they are quite for that bomb right now."

Ashton nodded and continued gazing outside.

Unbeknownst to Ashton, there was someone else watching him as he left the planet. Someone who trained him mercilessly, someone who was the reason he got to know what the meaning of true hate was. Someone who was formerly known as the Mistress. However, she wasn't alone.

"It would appear your mutt has outgrown your shadow, princess." A grotesque figure of a woman remarked.

She had patched skin from a variety of creatures, humans and mutants. But oddly enough, her appearance was surprisingly similar to that of Mera. Her grey hair and muscular figure were the only distinctions between the two. It was Monica, Mera's now Undead mother.

"It doesn't concern me, mother." Mera replied, "He was a stepping stone who fulfilled his purpose without even noticing. Although it's a bit sad we didn't get to end our 'relationship' on a better tone."

"Falling for a kid?" Monica laughed.

"It's more of motherly love than lust. After all, I did promise Avalina I'd take care of her son no matter what."

"You are weird, my child." Monica shook her head, "You should have told him that whatever you did to him was a plan you came up with his parents. He would have been conflicted but he might have understood you as well."

Mera shook her head before covering her face with her robe. She wasn't a prophet to propagate the truth. She was merely a tool in the grand scheme of things, a tool used to fulfil a prophecy. A prophecy that would change the fate of the galaxy.

"Let's go, we shouldn't make Avaina wait for us anymore," Mera mumbled.

At the same time, there were countless other eyes on Ashton's actions. Mainly of the enemies Ashton never cared to dispose of. The Conundrum might have only been a shadow of what they were in their golden days, but they were still active.

On top of that, they had gotten their revenge on Jonathan and Lycania by helping the undead attack their former motherland. They were the ones who gave the undead the blueprints they needed along with countless other important information.

Had they not helped them, the undead's attack on the werewolves wouldn't have been half as devastating as it was. However, in their eyes, they weren't traitors but messiahs. Messiahs who would cleanse the undead and restore the werewolves back to power.

They were also aware of the prophecy involving Ashton, well, they hoped it was Ashton. According to that, the one carrying the blood of the progenitors and the gods would transcend the mortal realm to achieve godhood and restore the rightful rulers back to power.

They had no idea who made this 'Prophecy' or whether it was even true or not, but so far, whatever was predicted by the 'Prophet of Truth', had been true.

"He is gone," Donovan informed his counterparts, "We can begin unfolding our plans now."

"Good, bring my sister in, I have something important to discuss with her." The leader of the conundrum, Mike Maquinn, instructed.

Donovan followed his command without making a fuss and a moment later, Rose was standing in front of them, chained from the head to the toe. Mike might have helped Servina, but he had a condition for it.

The undead would have to capture and turn Rose over to him, unscathed. However, he did not do it out of some brotherly bond that he once shared with his disgrace of a sister. After all, she had been thrown out of their family for having sympathy for the humans and someone like that had no place in the Maquinn family.

"Are you ready to talk now?"

Rose stared at her brother with eyes filled with disgust, but she was too weak to do anything to him. Especially with all his lackeys present.

"One day... you will be standing in my place and that day... I would be the one laughing you murderer!"

"Tsk," Mike shook his head, "and here I was thinking my lovely... 'sister' would know better than to oppose me. Yes, I killed our parents, so what? Our mom would have been killed by our family sooner or later, so I did the job for them and earned their trust. Unlike you, who deserted us."

He continued, "But I am giving you another chance, tell me where have you hidden Excalibur and I'll end your pain. Not a bad deal, is it?"

"Fine... I'll tell you." Rose finally gave up, "It's in... your ass. Shove your hands up there and you'll find it."

"Take her away and treat her real good, Donovan." Mike spoke with a forced smile on his face, "I want to hear the screams while I sleep."

"As you wish," Donovan grabbed Rose by her hair before dragging her wounded self away.

END OF VOLUME TWO

Chapter 309 Planet Euphoria (1)

"Looking good kid." Lycaon welcomed Ashton with a smile.

"It would have been better if it wasn't skin tight..." Ashton sighed while stretching, "So what's the plan?"

Ashton instantly regretted asking that question, upon seeing the sadistic smile on Lycaon's face. It had been a month since he began his space adventure. Sadly, during all that time none of them had done any 'training' as they were busy getting used to the conditions that came with living in space.

They were forced to stay in the vacuum chamber for at least 10 hours a day. As for Ashton, he had to stay there for twenty hours. His body was the toughest, not to mention with Space-farer genes, he was quick to adjust.

However, for some reason, his reaction speed got terribly slow. His body wasn't obeying his mind, in a way. As if that wasn't a huge problem itself, nausea kicked in over and over. It took well over three days for the nauseating feeling to go away. For the girls, the feeling lasted for a week.

Thankfully, sleeping in zero gravity wasn't much of a problem for him or the twins. They were vampires, hence sleep was like a leisure activity for them. Sadly, the same wasn't true for Anna. The succubus had to suffer a lot before she got used to living in zero gravity.

After a couple of weeks of struggling, Ashton realised Astaroth was messing with his head. Which as a result messed up Ashton's sync with his brain and body. In Astaroth's words, he was rewiring some stuff up but it took longer than he thought it would.

Ashton wasn't pleased with it, but there was little he could do to stop Astaroth.

"Spacesuits are supposed to be skin tight." Aamon interjected, "If they weren't-"

"We'll die in the most horrific way, you have already narrated the entire procedure to us in grotesque details." Irina entered the observation deck along with the rest of the girls.

"Wow."

The word subconsciously escaped Ashton's mouth as soon as he saw them. They were looking wonderful, clad in their black suits which detailed every curve of their body. For some reason, their spacesuits appeared to be much tighter than his. Not that he was complaining.

[I bet you're not complaining now. Try to keep your flagpole in control though, we ain't going for a flag march, are we?]

'I don't wanna hear your advice on this topic. First, get rid of your V-card, then lecture me on what to do and what not to.'

[At least I had a lover.]

'That's even more shameful. You took your shot and still missed, oof.'

[Maybe I should rewire something else in your head.]

'While you're at it, maybe install a debug thingy to get the virgin bug out of there.'

[Touche.]

"I get it we look great, but would you mind not staring at us?" Irina rolled her eyes, but her bright red cheeks gave her true thoughts away.

"I don't mind him looking at me," Verina chuckled, "But if you want to look so bad, all you need is ask. We might even have fun in the shower-"

"Ahem."

Dracula was standing in the corner, completely hidden from them. But when he overheard saying what his granddaughters had to, he couldn't help but step in and stop them before the already indecent conversation took a turn for the worse.

"Let's focus on the training, shall we?" Frank replied, "The place we are headed now, is known as Planet Euphoria. It's a terrestrial planet similar to that of earth, with twice the mass. Also, around 89% of its surface is covered with water."

At that moment, a holographic image of Euphoria appeared in front of them. It was nothing like they had expected. What Frank said about the water was true and the only visible land mass of the planet was a thin strip that ran across the planet's diameter, other than the polar caps.

As for the water... well, it did not appear like water at all. It was a jet black liquid. Honestly... for a planet called Euphoria, the place did not look exciting or happy in the least.

'What even is this place...'

[I remember this planet. One of our mad scientists created it.]

'The fuck? You people have been creating planets?'

[We are self-proclaimed gods, remember? What kind of gods we'd have been if we didn't create a planet here and there. All that aside... I don't think the Xyrans even remember about this planet anymore. It has been thousands of years since this planet was created.]

'Wait... how old are you again?'

[For about a hundred and twelve thousand years? I don't remember clearly, it's been a while after all. Aside from all that, the training in this place might be a bit harsh for the ladies, for you... I don't know. It wouldn't be a walk in a park for sure.]

Astaroth did not say another word. He wanted Ashton to experience the perils of the planet himself. After all, it wouldn't be much of a training if he was continuously guiding him. Ashton could sense what Astaroth was thinking and did not push the subject anymore.

"Let me tell you now, the flow of time on that planet is messed up." Dracula informed them, "Time there flies faster than anywhere else. You'll be training there for five months, but only five weeks would have passed for us. But that isn't the only thing you should be aware of."

Ashton could not believe what he heard next. How could something like what Dracula told them could even be possible? Planet Euphoria was a place overrun by monsters. As if that wasn't enough, every month they spend there... they'd lose one of their senses.

First, it would be their eyesight, then hearing, then touch, followed by smell and finally taste. Thankfully, they can drop out at any time they wanted. But still, the training was a bit absurd. How the fuck were they supposed to hunt monsters and live without their sensory organs working?

"Don't overthink too much." Aamon chimed in while pointing at the progenitors, "You can drop out any time you want. After all, none of these idiots could even make it past the third month. Just think of it as a learning experience and take things slow. There will be people watching over you, just say the words 'I quit', and you'll be teleported out of the trial zone."

He then turned towards Ashton, "Leave your summons here. They can't train there either way so we'll be training them here. Also, we don't want them to unintentionally help you, considering they have a strong bond with you. That's it for the debriefing, we'll land in an hour so prepare what you have to."

Chapter 310 Planet Euphoria (2)

"Next!" The alien lady at the counter yelled.

It had been an hour since Ashton and the girls joined the queue to get admitted into one of the 12 'training zones' spread across Euphoria. The planet's 'sun' was already nowhere to be found and they were still stuck in the outer sector of the planet.

At first, Ashton thought since the training was supposedly so tough, the number of people trying to get in would also be small. But that wasn't the case.

But when they landed, the reality was much different. The plaza around the landing zone was filled with a variety of noises. More than a thousand people were already waiting to get admitted inside. A thousand creatures per counter... so more than six thousand aliens were there.

It was a good opportunity for Ashton to learn about the creatures there, and Astaroth did not disappoint him. Some of the aliens had golden skin, much like that of the Xyrans but lacked the wings and the humanoid shape.

Instead, they appeared more like primates just a bit on the bigger side. These aliens were called Pseudic, highly intelligent species that specialized in weapon manufacturing. But the most bizarre alien species that Ashton saw would have to be the ones called Mukus.

These were shapeless gooey creatures that had no shape of their own. Instead, they had the ability to switch into the shape of the creature that came into contact with them. Thus they were often also called, Mimic Slime.

However, since they had to use their true identities in order to enter the training zones, they were being carried around in some sort of mobile container.

As for the girls, they were fascinated as well. After all, it was their first time seeing something like this and did not have an Administrator to help them get acquainted with everything. Their only source of information was the electronic tablet Aamon handed to all of them before they left the ship.

The tablet had all the information they would require on the aliens and the trial. It also had a built-in translator that helped them understand what the aliens were talking about. Aamon had also provided them all with weapons and necessary gear, which were stored in their inventories.

While Astaroth was telling him about the aliens, Ashton's perception kicked in. There were some hostile gazes on him. This confused him as he didn't know anyone there, therefore, none of them had a reason to be hostile. However, a moment later he realised why someone would be hostile toward him.

"Ugh... this smell, I told you I smelled some dog shit here."

As soon as they heard a familiar speech, Ashton and the girls immediately turned around to witness something they could never imagine seeing. Especially considering the fact they were so far away from earth.

'Humans?'

Right behind them, Ashton could see a bunch of humans clad in their space suits. However, they didn't share many similarities with the humans on earth. It would seem a century in space was enough to evolve their physique.

Each of the half a dozen humans that were standing in front of them was at least 8 feet tall and built like some greek gods. Hell, their physique was enough to make a dent in a werewolf's alpha ego.

As for Ashton, he did not appreciate the gaze of the humans. Especially the way they were staring at the girls. As much as Ashton wanted to know more about them, considering he too was a human once, he knew these kinds of people were the right ones to quench his curiosity.

"Dang, you're right. I never thought I would see these dogs in space. What happened to animal cruelty?" The blonde woman lifted her helmet while she said that.

"Peta left the planet with us, remember? Haha."

"Let's go," Ashton told the girls and turned around to leave.

Sensing no good would come from indulging them, Ashton turned around and decided to switch queue. It was a minor inconvenience, but he could more or less predict that the humans would only want to cause more trouble.

'Hm... if these assholes were always this annoying then I think I know why the mutants drove them out of the earth.'

[You took the words right out of my mouth.]

However, the humans had other plans. As they were leaving, one of them caught Irina's hands and pulled her towards themselves. Even though Irina was a vampire, she could not free herself from the man's clasp.

Verina immediately bared her fangs at them, but Ashton stopped her from doing anything rash. For once... the humans appeared to be stronger than them, but obviously, they weren't strong enough to last a minute against Ashton.

Moreover, the reason Ashton stopped Verina had nothing to do with their strength, but with the guards. Despite having its fair share of hardships, Euphoria had one of the strongest military strengths among the lower civilizations. At least that's what Aamon told them.

This meant, that the slightest instance of violence was strictly and swiftly dealt with. Ashton had already noticed that the guards had their attention on them, and expected them to resolve the issue. That's why he stopped Verina from doing something that might cause trouble for them.

But much to his surprise, the guards simply watched them and didn't lift a finger.

"Haha! The kid thinks the guards would defend them from mercenaries." The blonde woman scoffed, "Kid, we work alongside the guards, you think they would help you out?"

"Of course..." Ashton shook his head, "I just can't seem to wrap my head around your pettiness. You couldn't do shit to the mutants back on Earth so now you're resorting to bullying children?"

Trouble would always find its way to him. That had been the case ever since he was born. For once Ashton thought he could trust the authorities to do the right thing, only to be let down. If nothing else, it was a lesson for him.

"You sure have a big mouth for someone who can't even wag his tail properly." The bald man standing next to the lady threw a punch at Ashton.

All of them were laughing and smiling as they finally got a chance to do the mutants dirty. However, their smiles evaporated as the man's arm went flying in the opposite direction. The baldy clutched his severed arm and began flailing around. While the rest of them watched on... too dumbfounded to even speak.

"Children are often an easy target." Ashton spoke while sheathing Balmond, "Maybe a severed arm would change your opinion. Now, let the girl go and apologise, or I'll send you off to meet your ancestors."