

## **Zompiewolf 311**

### Chapter 311 Fcked Up (1)

Everyone around them was wide-eyed. It had been years since a fight broke out outside the training zones. It wasn't uncommon for the mercenaries to cause trouble there. However, people often ignored the mercenaries, given their close relationship with the wardens and the soldiers.

Most of them were there for just a couple of weeks or probably a month. Therefore, kicking up a fuss about the mercenaries wasn't usually worth it. It almost felt as if ignoring the mercenaries was an unspoken rule of Euphoria.

However, it didn't seem this kid was handed a pamphlet regarding the rules. While some of them shook their heads, the rest prayed to their 'gods' to aid the immature child in his afterlife, because his life was finished now.

Even the mercenaries who saw Ashton fight back had not expected it. At least that's what it felt like at the moment, given the shocked looks on their faces. However, the shock soon turned into anger as the mercenaries drew their weapons out.

From Plasma pistols to energy swords, everything was pointed toward Ashton. The aliens around them immediately cleared the way. Plasma weapons were known to cut through the body mass and hence if the mercenaries fired the weapons, anyone standing behind Ashton would have been sliced as well.

"You bastard!" The blonde woman roared pointing her rifle straight at Ashton's head, "You'll pay for what you did!"

Instead of backing up as the mercenaries had expected, Ashton shook his head and sighed.

"You could have at least used a line that I haven't heard for like... a thousand times before." He said in an annoyed tone, before lowering his sword, "Why don't you stop embarrassing yourselves and do everyone a favour? Just let the girl go and leave us alone. That doesn't sound bad, does it?"

Ashton was hoping severing an arm would be enough of a warning for them, but it would appear his plan backfired. However, whether the guards did the right thing or not, he wasn't backing down until and unless he secured Irina.

Alucard had kept his mother safe for all those years, and now it was his turn to protect Alucard's daughters.

'Tsk, if only Celeste or Sven were here, I would not have to worry about getting my hands dirty.'

If Ashton attacked the Mercenaries anymore, the guards might not take kindly to it. However, if someone else, a third party were to do the dirty work then, they could not have possibly held Ashton responsible.

Hell, if Sven or Celeste killed them, Ashton would not have to worry about a thing. Even if the guards managed to kill them, they would resurrect in a sort while. In the end, no harm would come his way.

[Aren't you forgetting something?]

'Now is not the time to solve puzzles, Astaroth...'

[Tsk, you're no fun at all. Take a look at your Cinder Soul subclass abilities.]

Ashton did so and realised he had a gem hidden underneath the pile of his skill set. Now that he thought back to it, maybe he could have used this skill against Beelzebub to buy himself some time. But he was a bit too occupied back then to experiment with his skills.

However, something about using the skill, [Elemental Summoning (Fire)] did not set in right with him. The place was packed with people, and Ashton did not want to make a bigger mess. Who knew what kind of creature he would end up summoning? In an attempt to save Irina, Verina and Anna might end up getting injured as well.

While he was lost in his thoughts, the humans charged right at him. Two of them swung their swords at his neck. Ashton quickly covered his free hand with flames and grabbed the plasma sword as if it was made of wood while stopping the other one with Balmond.

In the meantime, Verina and Anna kicked them away. Even though they were one of the strongest beings back on earth, in space... it did not seem the ladies had enough strength as their kicks barely managed to push the aggressors back.

"Get back!"

Ashton yelled pushing both the girls behind him as the humans rained plasma bolts at him. They didn't even show any consideration for their own kind who were still within their attack range. As a result, the ones who attacked Ashton with plasma swords died as a result of friendly fire.

Bullets flew everywhere following a thunderous sound. These weapons weren't anything like the ones the Giholos and the Xyrans had used. These weapons were more like a crude version of the proper energy weapons. Even then, they were deadly and tore through flesh like a hot knife through butter.

Everyone ran as far as possible in an attempt to dodge stray bullets. Irina kept struggling to free herself, but her strength wasn't enough. She couldn't do anything but watch as a hail of bullets surrounded them.

"Stop! I don't want to make a bloody paste out of them." The lady smirked as she ordered the mercenaries around, "Let the girl see her dead friends for the last time before we sell her as a slave."

A huge cloud of smoke had covered Ashton as a result of the relentless firing. However, the moment they stopped firing, something charged right out of the smoke. In an instant, the man who had been holding on to Irina was torn to pieces. While the rest of them stood there in shock.

The smirk on the lady's face was nowhere to be seen. Their careless and superior attitude evaporated in an instant when they saw Ashton covered in the blood of their comrade. It was at that moment they knew, they fucked up.

When they saw mutants, the mercenaries had thought they would be able to toy around with them and appease their bruised egos. Now, they were going to have more than just a bruised ego.

"I warned you," Ashton said in the coldest voice, "didn't I?"

Once again, Seraph's crystal and quick thinking had saved his butt. However, the humans weren't going to be so lucky. Ashton walked back with Irina's hand in his, after leaving her with her sister, he turned back with such ferocity it sent shivers down the spine of the humans.

However, before he could do anything else, one of the guards attacked him with a scythe. Ashton easily managed to block the blow, but he had his suspicion that the attack wasn't meant to harm him. He then locked eyes with his attacker. It was a red-skinned humanoid alien, with glowing yellow eyes.

"You caused quite a havoc here." She winked at him, "So, be a good boy and let me punish you."

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Ashton did not waste a moment and pushed the alien back using Wind manipulation. However, the woman easily dodged the attack and settled herself on Ashton's shoulders.

"Oh... you're a bad boy." The lady hissed in his ears before locking her legs around his neck, "I'll have to give you a more... intimate punishment."

She was trying to restrict Ashton's windpipe, hoping he would pass out. Little did she know, Ashton had not been breathing ever since he stepped on the planet. Perks of being a vampire.

"Punishment through tickling?" Ashton scoffed before falling hard on his back.

Since the woman had made herself comfortable on his shoulders and fell headfirst on the ground. It might have hurt her, considering the loud noise it made. However, the alien turned out to be stubborn and equally resilient.

She did not let go of Ashton, instead of wrapped her legs around him even tighter. At the same time, she began pulling his head. Her intention was clear, if she could not suffocate him into submission, she would end him instead.

"Too bad... I have a thing for white hair and you were good-looking as well..." The woman mumbled through gritted teeth.

By now Anna decided to transform and use her powers, and the twins did the same. However, Ashton raised his hands, telling them to stop. He was the only one who broke the law, so the guards couldn't do anything to them. Also, it wasn't like Ashton needed their help to fight someone like her.

"Too bad," Ashton calmly replied, "I don't do crazy."

After summoning the winds to help him, Ashton yanked the lady off of his shoulders with relative ease. The tables were turned instantly as it was Ashton's turn to ride on top of the alien.

"You wanna suffocate me? Let's see how long you last without air, shall we?" He smirked, before pulling the lady into a chokehold of his own creation.

Forget about breathing, it would be a miracle if the lady could get out of the hold unscathed. However, the woman's resistance kicked in once again. Within moments she was back on her feet. Ashton hung on to her back, like a monkey to its mother.

'Damn... why is this bitch so strong!?'

[She's like an Amazon, of course, she would be this strong. Lean, fit and Badass, just the way I like them.]

'I think I know why you're a virgin.'

[Your grip isn't perfect now. Get off her, kick her thighs with all the strength you have and then choke her again. That should do the trick.]

Ashton exactly did so. But the moment he let her go, the alien backstopped, headbutting Ashton. Once her prey was staggered, she took her scythe, turned around and swung it, wanting to slice his head off. However, when she turned around there was no one to be seen.

By the time she could feel his presence, it was already too late. Ashton had switched places with her shadow, and brought down Balmond on the guard. It seemed that was it for her.

She kept looking at the Soulblade as it got closer and closer. Only to realise a moment later that the blade wasn't moving at all. Ashton had stopped the blade before it could slice her face in half.

"Now that you are calm enough, would you listen to what I have to say?" Ashton politely asked.

"There is nothing to talk about. You caused trouble, so you'll die. That's the rule." The lady spat out.

"Hot-headed, aren't you?" Ashton shook his head, "I can't afford to annoy your kind. But since you are deadset on killing me, it's only fair to strike you down as soon as I can."

The woman looked at him as if she was going to rip him to shreds. However, through her eyeballs, Ashton could see someone standing behind him. He immediately squatted down, kicking the man behind him.

'How long had he been standing there?'

It might have seemed like Ashton's kick was planned, however, he instinctively attacked him. He was taken a bit by surprise as even his High-grade perception couldn't detect the man standing behind him. Even Beelzebub wasn't able to sneak up on him like that.

[He couldn't because he had no need to. Also, he is a fool who thinks he could intimidate the lower civilization as he pleases. Unleashing his powerful presence is his preferred way of doing so. That being said, if Beelzebub wanted to, he could have sneaked up to you and you wouldn't know about it until it was too late.]

Ashton ignored Astaroth's rant and turned around to see a man standing there, holding a golden spear. More importantly, it didn't seem his kick had done much damage to him.

The man was wearing the same clothes as the lady and belonged to the same species, considering their appearance. But unlike the female, this guy not only looked superior to the rest of them, but he also happened to be much stronger than Ashton.



'He is strong... level 99. Damn it.'

[You're not bad yourself. Your cumulative levels are at 88. But yes, the difference is too big for you to do anything now. I'd suggest you lower the sword and try to talk your way out of this mess.]

"What is going on here?" The man asked in an authoritative tone, "I was about to take a nap but some bastard just had to sign their suicide note on my shift. Lucia, why are you on your ass? Can't you even stand properly?"

"Shut up, you old geezer!" Lucia, the woman who attacked Ashton, retorted, "This bastard killed a mercenary so I thought I would have some fun-"

"To me, it would appear the guy had more fun than you." The man shook his head as his shoulder-length blonde ponytail followed the suit, "Is it true, you killed someone?"

"In self-defence." Ashton gave a short and precise response.

The man stared at him, carefully analysing his body language before speaking again, "Since when do people like you need to use the term 'Self-defence'?"

"Not my safety, but of a friend." Ashton replied pointing at Irina, "Your mercenaries here thought it was okay to touch someone without their permission and berate their friends. I also gave them ample opportunity to make the right decision. But when they didn't, I thought I should help them make the decision a bit faster."

### Chapter 313 Fcked Up (3)

Everyone around them gasped when they heard Ashton chat with the commander so nonchalantly. After all, the man in front of him was possibly the strongest C-grade brawler in the galaxy. Heck, even quite a few B-grades tried to not engage him. He was just that capable.

But to see a mere child go head to head with a man like that filled them with anxiety. If the bastard pissed off the commander, every single one of their lives would be in danger.

"You sure are fearless, I'll give you that." The man uttered with an expressionless face, "However, I don't know whether you're stupid or brave to cause chaos on my turf. Apologize to everyone, and then I just might let you live."

"With all due respect," Ashton kept staring straight into the man's eyes, "I do not give a fuck whether this is your turf or not. I tried avoiding this situation for as long as I could. It's your mercenaries who constantly egged me on until I did what I had to. For that, I'm not apologetic. Not a bit. If you like apologies that much, go ahead. I won't stop you."

Leon ignored Ashton's comment and continued, "So you're saying, if I were to harass your... female companions here, you'll kill me as well?"

"If you didn't let them go and apologize, then sure."

Silence. Absolute silence. The kid might have been strong, but he just signed his death warrant. That's what everyone was thinking. However, Ashton was confident in his abilities, that's why he kept fearlessly countering the commander. He might be at a higher Grade but Ashton wasn't fazed.

Sure, he might have to transform into demonic form to fight. However, considering he pushed a freaking A-grade Xyran to his limits, a mere C-grade brawler would not have been able to do much. On top of that, he had a plethora of skills that would come in handy.

Especially [Heaven's Downfall]. If he used that skill... well, let's just say he would end up killing a lot of people. And no one wanted that to happen. In other words, there was no reason for him to back down.

"Cocky bastard, I would love to see Euphoria break that confidence of yours." The commander smirked before pointing toward the lady, "I think introductions are in order. She is Lucia Zhask, my younger sister and the deputy commander of this zone and I'm Commander Leon Zhask. As you might have guessed, we are Talegorians."

"Ashton Fenrir, from Earth."

Ashton gave them a curt nod upon sensing no hostility from them. However, his eyes were carefully analysing both of them. Considering one of them had tried to kill him mere moments ago, he had no reason to act all buddy-buddy with them.

"A fine name, Mr Fenrir. You can leave, for now, however, if you cause trouble again I would not hesitate before slicing your head off of your shoulders." Leon sternly remarked.

"You're more than welcome to try."

Saying so, the earthling turned around and joined the queue. To their surprise, as Ashton walked ahead, everyone stepped aside. They had essentially cleared the queue. They did not know about the kid but if Leon avoided fighting him then he had to be somewhat strong. Thus, they didn't want to piss him off.

"You're just going to let them go?"

Lucia asked her brother. Clearly, she was annoyed as she was hoping Leon would at least kick the arrogant bastard's butt at least once. After all, their zone was considered the most violence intolerant zone on the planet.

"Yes, because this time," Leon turned towards the leader of the mercs, "this bitch crossed the line. Kneel."

Leon whispered and all of the mercenaries dropped to their knees. However, their action wasn't voluntary. It was due to Leon's innate skill called: [Soul Speech]. This skill was the reason why even people having higher grade beings had trouble going up against him.

[Soul Speech] was a skill that hijacked anyone's mind. Basically forcing a target to obey the caster's every command. That is as long as they had lower intelligence than the caster. However, this part of the skill was purposefully hidden from everyone else and they thought Leon's [Soul Speech] was absolute.

"Forgive us..." The lady barely managed to mumble, but her efforts were immediately met with a hard smack right to her face.

"Giving forgiveness is not my cup of tea." Leon replied before getting awkwardly close to her face, "Break."

A mere word caused a mental breakdown of all the mercenaries in the vicinity. Their loud cries gave the onlookers the worst case of goosebumps they ever had. Meanwhile, the worst memories ever experienced by the mercenaries flashed again and again in front of them, making them lose their minds.

Lucia shook her head and left, while Leon kept watching them suffer. The more he watched them, the calmer he got. After all, Ashton had done a number on him. Even though he showed he wasn't affected by the kid, on the inside, Leon was boiling with rage. A feeling he hadn't experienced in quite a while.

'That kid had more intelligence than me...' Leon thought while 'disciplining' the mercenaries.

Leon knew when, where and with whom to pick his battles. But to do that, he had to confirm whether his [Soul Speech] was effective on the target or not. Thankfully, he could easily do it by casually bringing up something in their conversation.

Back when he asked Ashton to apologize, he already used [Soul Speech]. The fact that Ashton did not obey him, simply pointed out that the kid had more intelligence than an average E and D-grade being like him would usually have.

If it works, he would get a new toy to break. But if it doesn't then he would not try to escalate the situation and try to evade fighting as much as he could. That was the way he ensured his survival.

Most of the C-grades and even B-grades usually prioritise investing their points to increase strength, HP, mana and whatnot, over intelligence. Thus Leon had no trouble going against opponents no one at his level would. That was the secret to his strength and skills.

Moreover, his zone had been the least troublesome because 99% of the people that came to Euphoria were weak E and F-grade beings, seeking to get stronger. Hence bullying them around was nothing for him. As for the 1% that had higher intelligence than him, were much weaker and this could be subdued easily using brutal force.

But Ashton was different... he was strong both mentally and physically. This fact worried him to the core. There was something about Ashton that made Leon uncomfortable... very uncomfortable.

'That kid is trouble... I should report him to the higher-ups. But first...' He turned towards the mercenaries and whispered, "Perish."

Suddenly the cries were replaced by silence as the lifeless corpses of the mercenaries slumped over. A mere word took the lives of countless humans.

## Chapter 314 12 Trials

The Trial zones in Euphoria were divided based on the difficulty of the trials one would have to face. According to the management committee, even though there were 12 zones with varying difficulties, they were mainly categorised based on the 'Zodiac Scale'. But these Zodiacs were a bit different than what the earthlings were familiar with.

"Please place your hand on this stone tablet." The alien instructed Ashton with a smile, "You will be assigned a zone for your first trial through the Euphoria's will."

"You mean the planet's will?"

Ashton was a bit surprised to hear the planet had a 'will' of its own. After all, Astaroth had not informed him about any such thing. However, the mere thought of a planet having a will of its own was a bit... 'absurd'.

[There's nothing absurd about it. Though what these fools are calling a 'will', is artificial intelligence. Once you place your hand on the tablet, it would analyse your grade, levels, skills and abilities, before allotting you a suitable trial zone.]

Ashton nodded before placing his hand on the tablet which immediately began glowing red. A moment later the glow faded away. Once the task was completed, Ashton looked back at the lady, only to see her motionlessly staring at him.

But she wasn't alone. Legit everyone around him was doing the same. The look in their eyes felt like they had seen a ghost or something.

"Is something wrong?" Ashton asked the receptionist.

"N-No, sir..." The woman replied, "It's a rare occurrence, that's all. Please take this wristband with you. It will track your progress as well as inform you once a trial has been completed successfully. You can also use it to quit the trials halfway if you wish and we'll escort you out."

She continued, "But please keep this in mind before quitting. You can only attempt a trial once every decade. Thus if you quit a trial halfway, you'll only be able to attempt it again after a decade. If you have any questions, I'll be more than happy to assist you."

"A decade? That's quite a long waiting time."

"As you can see," She pointed at the ever-growing queue behind him, "We get quite a lot of people wanting to face the trials. In order to reduce the stress on our staff as well as to maintain fairness, the long wait time was arranged so that no one could abuse the system."

'So that's why Lycaon and the rest, told us they wouldn't be able to accompany us.' Ashton thought before voicing his last query, "I see. What about the trials? How will I know what to do to complete it?"

"Generally, you just need to survive till the wristband informs you of your success. But we have been informed sometimes the trials change based on the participant. In that case, you'll be given specific instructions in the form of a quest."

"Alright, that's all I wanted to know."

"In case you ever have any doubt during the trials, you can use the FAQ section of the wristband menu. Thank you for your visit and we hope you succeed in all of the trials."

Ashton gave her a curt nod and departed to the other side where the girls were waiting for him. However, the gaze of the guards was carefully tracking their every move. It would appear the earlier problem has not been solved yet, unlike what Ashton believed.

"So, how many trials did you get?" Anna asked him beamingly, "I got six."



"Four." Irina sulkily replied.

"Three, here." Verina, on the other hand, did not seem displeased at all.

The number of trials one would get was directly in relation to their strength and potential. Also, they'll get specific trials that would make their current selves stronger. That was the reason Irina was a bit disappointed as she had technically been told she was the weakest among them.

"I haven't checked. Let me do that now..."

Saying so, Ashton tapped the wristband twice and a holographic screen appeared in front of him. On the screen, all of the trials allotted to him were listed serially. Everyone's eyes remained wide open the moment they saw the list.

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Upon careful consideration, the user has been allotted the following trials.

>> Trial of Hydra

>> Trial of Ursa

>> Trial of Cetus

>> Trial of Eridanus

>> Trial of Ophiuchus

>> Trial of Draco

>> Trial of Centaurus

>> Trial of Pegasus

>> Trial of Andromeda

>> Trial of Auriga

>> Trial of Serpens

>> Trial of Monoceros

Please complete the trials to receive the rewards.

Note: The user has to complete the trials in the order they have been listed. Failing to do so would result in no rewards.

—

"There had to be a mistake right?" Anna mumbled, "All of the twelve trials? Is this even possible?"

The rest of them were speechless. Those who received nine trials at once were considered to become A-grade beings in the future. But if that was the case, what would they call someone who received all of the trials at once?

While everyone was in shock, Ashton and Astaroth could not help but laugh. Especially when Astaroth recalled how even he was only able to get 10 trials in one attempt. Euphoria was clearly indicating what had been obvious for quite a while.

The rare combination of genes and skills that Ashton possessed gave him the potential to become the strongest being in the galaxy. That is if he did not lose his head in the way.

"Well... it is what it is, I guess." Ashton shrugged his shoulders, "I'll just try to clear as many quests as I can and hope for the best."

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At the same time, somewhere else on Euphoria. The 'rulers' of Euphoria had gathered to discuss business as usual when they were alerted by one of their secretaries. It seemed their 'usual' day wasn't going to be so usual after all.

"Twelve trials at once... interesting." Lodd, the ruler of the third seat smirked.

"We could have a monster on our planet." Kersi, The second seat's ruler commented, "What grade was he again?"

"It says Grade E, in the report." Halacha, Ruler of the First seat replied, "Maybe we should establish some sort of connection with him. He would be of great help to us in the future."

The rulers nodded in agreement before going over to the next issue, "A report from Leon... that's strange. That idiot usually kills anyone who causes trouble. He didn't do the same here?"

"That's the problem, sire." The secretary replied, "He couldn't kill the troublemaker."

"Interesting... very interesting..." Lodd smiled once again, "It would appear our days of boredom are over. Haha."

## Chapter 315 Trial Of Hydra (1)

Hydra was said to be a multi-headed monster that dwelled in the deepest trenches of the northern ocean of Euphoria. For obvious reasons, no one had ever seen whether this monster existed or not. No one but the Xyrans.

Though considering there was a trial named after it as well as the black murky water of the oceans, it could be debated that the Hydra was real and was responsible for the contaminated waters.

On top of that, the Trial of Hydra was one of the trials rarely ever assigned to anyone even in their fifth or sixth attempts which are often considered to be the final attempt.

That was the reason Ashton was the only one teleported to the trial zone, which happened to be a beach around the northern sea. When he left, everyone tried to dissuade him from entering Hydra's trial first. As no one had entered the trial in over a couple of centuries.

But the instruction he had received from Planet Euphoria was clear. The trials needed to be completed in a certain order if he wanted the rewards. If he didn't desire the rewards, then he was more than welcome to attempt the trials as he saw fit.

'Only a fool wouldn't want additional rewards.' Ashton shrugged his shoulders.

As for the beach... it was weird. White sand could be seen as far as Ashton's eyes went. It was in complete contrast with the sea which looked more ominous than ever before, now that Ashton was face to face with it.

The twin-stars Euphoria revolved around were at their peak. Interestingly, one of the stars was in front of the other, making it seem like they were one. As much as Ashton would have loved to take in the ominous beauty of the planet, he was there for a trial, not a picnic.

"Any words of wisdom?" Ashton smiled.

[Don't go into the water. Let the bastard come to you. Also, I won't be giving you any more hints... probably, since it wouldn't be much of a trial otherwise.]

"So it's an extermination trial," Ashton nodded while scratching his chin, "this might turn out to be easier than I expect."

[Of course. It's an easy one that's why no one else is given this trial.]

"..."

[Tell me one thing... what do you think 'contamination' means in this context?]

Ashton stared at the black water in front of him. It was an obvious answer... poison. By now, he was quite familiar with different types of poison and just looking at one, he could tell with certainty how dangerous the poison was. To back his overconfidence, he was correct most of the time.

[It is poison. However, not just any poison, it is the deadliest poison in the galaxy and probably the universe. Who knows?]

"You Xyrans are sick, to be honest. Who the fuck makes an ocean and then pumps a shit ton of poison in it?" Ashton shook his head in disbelief, "Here I thought having salt in the ocean was fucked up, but this... this is in a league of its own."

[It's not entirely our fault. The precursors were the ones who made Hydra. Well, it was more like a pet to them who got pissed after the Xyrans did what they did to his owners. He was going on a rampage, thus we decided to do something about it.]

[We just created a prison for the Hydra in the form of the northern sea. How the hell were we supposed to know that sucker would contaminate the entire ocean with his poison?]

"Really? That's the best argument you could come up with? Sometimes I wonder whether I am stupid because I share a brain with you? Because it sure seems so like it now."

It was rare for Astaroth to say something reeking of stupidity. But whenever he did, Ashton was sure to take a dig at him. This time, however, Astaroth had outdone himself.

How the heck could the Xyrans have dumped a 'poison leaking' squid in an ocean and then be surprised that the ocean turned into complete poison? What did they expect? The poison would get diluted in the ocean?

Maybe Ashton finally had the answer to why the Precursors chose to make Humans succeed them. After all, these Xyrans were just a bunch of morons! Their stupid decisions clearly shared a story of their own.

However, before he could comment any further, there was a sudden movement in the ocean. The poisonous water rose like a gigantic wave, covering even the smallest ray of light from above. It almost felt as if the waves were on their way to swallow the one who dared to stand in front of them.

"Oh shit!"

Ashton immediately summoned the winds and constructed an invisible platform from compressed air, to hover above the outpouring ocean. It wasn't as stable as he would have wanted, but it was better than drowning in poison. Before he could celebrate though, he was greeted by an unsightly sight.

"That sure as hell isn't a squid!"

[Did I say he was? Stop making up random assumptions and then yell at me for them! Just because I live in your head doesn't mean I am responsible for your imaginations.]

,m The waves weren't generated by themselves. There was a reason behind it and the reason was right in front of him... the Hydra. The creature appeared to be like a dragon, covered in bluish scales from the head to the toe.

It had four legs and two massive tails, but the most bizarre thing was its heads. From the top, Ashton could see nine heads staring right at him. Out of the mouth of each head, a suspicious black smoke was coming out which Ashton presumed was the poison Astaroth mentioned earlier.



Also, its sharp teeth and strong jaws could kill with one bite. For reasons unknown to him, Ashton knew killing this beast was next to impossible.

[Not next to impossible. It is impossible. Do you think the Xyrans were foolish enough to let the ugly bastard live if there was a way to kill it? The Hydra is essentially immortal, so don't even think of killing it or something.]

"If I can't kill it, then what the fuck is this trial about?" Ashton yelled back at Astaroth.

[Why the fuck are you asking me that? Ok fine, this is the last hint for this trial. Check the mission prompt from the wristband!]

Ashton was too embarrassed he forgot to check it, even though he was reminded to do so before. He hurriedly tapped on the wristband and as Astaroth said, he received a mission.

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[Objective]: Complete the Trial of Hydra.

[Task]: Survive against the Hydra for an hour.

[Progress]: 0 out of 60 minutes passed.

[Reward]: 10 stats points increase in all stats, 1000 HP increase, 2000 Mana increase, 500 Dark aura increase and a special reward.

[Mission Commissioned by]: Planet Euphoria [Only an Administrator can view this info: Euphoria is a Xyran AI]

[Priority Level]: 1 (The host cannot ignore the mission, the mission needs to be completed as soon as possible and within two attempts.)

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"Tell me one thing... if I fail to survive then how the fuck am I going to attempt it a second time? Stupid AI of stupid Xyrans!"

Chapter 316 Trial Of Hydra (2)

Five minutes had passed, yet it didn't seem like the hydra was going to calm down any time soon. After constantly spewing poison gasses at Ashton, the Hydra had now decided to chop the zompiewolf into pieces using his thousands of teeth.

[It is obvious the bastard would go for the most painful way to kill someone.]

'No thanks to your kind.'

[...]

Despite what Astaroth had to say, Ashton could feel something strange. As if the hydra was only acting to hurt him. After all, the creature had so much poison within himself, that he turned an entire sea poisonous. Yet he wasn't making use of that poison whenever Ashton got close to him.

This was even more suspicious. If someone had a weapon strong enough to one-shot their enemy, why the hell won't they use it? No explanation came into Ashton's head except one... the hydra did not want to kill him and was only acting as if he did.

However, why would it do something like that? Especially since Ashton was a stranger to it. Could it be possible that the creature only retaliated seriously when it was under some sort of threat? That would make sense as Ashton had not attacked him even once based on the information he had.

'If that was the case, Astaroth would have already pointed it out. Maybe he didn't because he didn't want to give me another hint? This entire situation is weird.'

All of a sudden the attacks stopped. The Hydra stood still with his heads turned towards the centre. It almost felt as if the heads were having a conversation of their own.

"What's going on now?"

[I'm as clueless as you are. The Hydra I knew was aggressive, really aggressive. However, his movements now have gotten a lot rusty. At least that's why I thought at first.]

"What do you mean?"

[Remember what I told you about the Precursors and how humans are their exact copies? My guess is, that Hydra is trying to figure out whether you're a Precursor or not. After all, he was trained not to hurt his masters.]

Astaroth's words carried some weight of sense. Since Hydra's trial was difficult, it wasn't given to anyone, not even the A-grade had any knowledge about the trial. Thus it was possible that the Hydra was seeing a human for the first time since he was imprisoned on Euphoria.

This would also explain why the hydra was only making half-assed attempts at striking the challenger down.

"If it's true, then it could work in our favour."

[That is if all the heads are in agreement.]

"What do you mean all the heads?"

[Nine heads. Nine brains. Nine personalities. If even one of them thought you weren't what they thought you were, they will stop at nothing to kill you.]

[Think of it like this, someone you're very close to died or left you without saying anything. Then someday a doppelganger arrived in front of you and you became the happiest you had ever been. But then you realised the person in front of you wasn't the one you thought. Wouldn't you be angry? Pissed? Confused?]

Ashton did not have to think about such a scenario. After all, he had undergone the same emotions when Avalina unintentionally caused him an existential crisis. He was pissed for sure, even though the emotions he felt back were nothing compared to what Hydra would feel.

For him, Ashton's appearance was like a miracle. A moment he had possibly dreamt about for hundreds of thousands of years, maybe even more. Therefore, when it would realise his emotions had been played with, Hydra would essentially lose his crap and might even destroy Euphoria altogether.

Sadly, there was nothing Ashton could do now. How was he supposed to know what Hydra was and his relationship with the godly race? But if anything went wrong, he would be the one to be held responsible for Hydra's rampage.

"Let's just hope it doesn't come to that." Ashton mumbled, "If we are hoping for things, I hope this hour would pass a bit faster."

He checked the clock and only 11 minutes out of the 60 had passed. It sure as hell didn't seem like Hydra would use the remaining time discussing the matter between himself. Sure enough the next moment all nine heads simultaneously turned around, staring daggers at Ashton.

"Uh-oh..."

Ashton rushed back to the sandy beach, but this time Hydra did not stop. They had decided to kill him and rushed onto the beach.

"Fuck! I need to stop it somehow!"

[Just keep running!]

"Where? In around the planet?"

[If it would take an hour, then sure, go ahead.]

Ashton used the wind manipulation skill once again to try and create some space between them. But one of the heads foresaw Ashton's move and spewed poisonous gas all around the air. Even the poisonous smoke appeared to be faster than before and the smoke cloud covered the twin-star above, shrouding Ashton in complete darkness.

Ashton instinctively covered his nose and kept using his wind manipulation skill to push the smoke away. But he couldn't do it indefinitely and he knew it.

'I have to get rid of this fool before he kills the entire planet! Severing the heads should stop them from gushing out poison.'

[I wouldn't recommend that if you don't plan on fighting an eighteen-headed bastard.]

'What do you mean?'

[If you even managed to sever one of the heads, two more will take its place. How do you think it has so many heads now? The Xyrans tried to do what you want to for quite some time.]

'So that's why you mentioned Hydra was essentially immortal?'

[Yes. So keep running and hope for the best-]

Astaroth did not have to tell him twice. Ashton was well aware that stopping right now meant signing his suicide note. But there was one thing that confused him the most.

'Wait, you said severing his head, spawn two more, right?'

[Yes.]

'Then why does the Hydra has nine heads instead of 10?'

[We don't know but, my master, Seraph did manage to permanently sever a head without the beast sprouting new ones. Sadly, no one knows how.]

Upon hearing this, Ashton stopped in his tracks, changed his direction and charged straight toward the Hydra.

[The fuck you think you're doing!?!]

"What your master did... probably."

A moment later Ashton turned off his werewolf genes so that he wouldn't need to breathe. Since the poison was in gaseous form, he would essentially become immune to it as long as he did not open his mouth.

The next moment, he summoned Balmond, jumped straight on Hydra's back and swung it with all his might. However, one strike wasn't enough to sever the head, forcing Ashton to keep hacking it away all the while dodging the attacks from the remaining heads.

At times he closely managed to save himself by jumping back down and climbing up again. But these close calls could not dissuade him from doing what he wanted to and soon enough, one of the nine heads fell down like a severed tree.



Almost immediately, Hydra's black blood solidified and it felt something was about to pop out of it when Ashton blasted the fresh wound using Seraph's Flames. The severed head was cauterised and surprisingly, no new heads popped out from there.

'I told you there had to be a way.' Ashton thought before checking the time, 'Wait, taking out a head took five minutes off the timer! I can finish the trial earlier than expected-'

Before Ashton could complete his thoughts, one of Hydra's tails whipped him off his back. The hydra did not appear to be pleased by Ashton's actions. Just like it wasn't pleased when Seraph did the same to him.

### Chapter 317 Trial Of Hydra (3)

'How... my perception skill isn't working?' Ashton thought while wiping dust off of himself.

Even though Hydra used most of his strength in that attack, the short tail did not do much damage. Thanks to [Blood Armour] skill.

[You thought the trial was going to be simple? The trials mess with your senses and technically, your Perception is a sense as well. As a result, it was compromised in this trial and possibly for the rest of them as well.]

'I really am a lazy bastard.' Ashton shook his head, 'How could I not notice it earlier? Thankfully, the tail did not break any bones or shit. But I should be careful regardless.'

Since [Perception] was the first skill Ashton had learned, therefore, he never had an opportunity to fight without it and he had subconsciously developed some sort of dependence on it. It was one of the important skills in Ashton's arsenal. Fighting without it was going to be a pain.

But the reality was a bit different since he had been fighting well with the hydra without realising it. Upon noticing that, Ashton became confident he could fight back. All he needed to do was keep the rest of his senses at their peak performance. Or... use a broken ability to aide him.

[You're deadset on killing the Hydra?]

'Nope. I'm still aiming for the time to run out. But until it does, I'm gonna have a bit of fun myself.'

[I know that smile... you reckless bastard, you are aiming for Hydra's skill!]

'It would be a waste not to.' Ashton's smile got even wider.

Whether it be the Hydra's regeneration speed or the poison ability, Ashton did not care as long as he could get his hands on one of those two skills. However, if he could choose one ability, he would go for the poison one.

After all, he already had quite an effective healing ability in the form of [Regeneration]. Not to mention, he had no interest in spouting dual limbs or heads like the Hydra. Having multiple heads might suit the monster, but it definitely wouldn't suit someone like him.

With these reasons in his mind, Ashton was leaning towards learning the poison skill more than Hydra's regen ability. As for the Hydra, maybe he sensed Ashton's ominous stare or maybe his reaction was from the pain of losing his head, but the creature immediately charged at his enemy.

Ashton saw the Hydra sprinting towards him, yet he did not move from the spot. Instead, he waited for the enraged creature to get closer. Patience was going to be the key to victory, reckless moves won't do him any good.

Even though he wasn't a Xyran or a Precursor, Ashton was still quite strong. Strong enough to hold his ground until the time ran out. The Hydra, on the other hand, wanted to end his opponent as soon as possible. Thus, was bound to make mistakes.

'Let's heat up your anger a bit more, Shall we?'

The relaxed expression on Ashton's face was an indicator of what was going to happen next. However, by the time Hydra realised something was wrong, it was already too late.

[Skill: <Heaven's Downfall> has been activated. Hellfire has been summoned.]

In a flash, the area within a fifteen-metre radius of Ashton was turned into a pit of raging black flames. The scales around Hydra might have been strong, and impenetrable, but the same wasn't true for the padding underneath Hydra's feet.

The scale should be strong enough to tolerate the heat of the flames. Also, Hydra's regeneration might heal the burn instantly. That's what Ashton thought before activating the skill.

However, Hellfire wasn't an ordinary fire. It would not allow the Hydra to heal the wounds because of their unique property of sticking to a target. It didn't matter whether the Hydra could heal the burn wounds or not because the fire underneath his feet would never stop.

Nevertheless, what happened next was completely out of Ashton's 'precise' calculations. When Ashton used normal fire to cauterise the severed head, nothing happened to the poison cloud around the Hydra.

But the moment Hellfire touched came in contact with the poisonous smoke, it resulted in a loud explosion. For a moment it felt as if the twin stars from above had descended on Euphoria, themselves. The light was blinding.

Ashton was forced to close his eyes as the shockwave from the explosion flung him far away. A moment later, the bright light faded away... leaving behind a gigantic crater of fire. It took a while for Ashton to get back on his feet, but when he did it almost felt as if he was standing in hell itself.

The crater, which was roughly a kilometre wide, had turned into a gateway to hell. In the middle of which was the Hydra. Parts of his body were still on fire as hundreds of scales had been torn off its back, exposing its soft flesh.

Hydra was injured, but the resilient bastard was still alive as well as 5 of its remaining 8 heads were still intact. Nevertheless, it was clear the fight was more or less... over.

"Fire immunity saved my ass." Ashton let out a sigh of relief, "Had it not been for that, I would probably have been advertised as 'Euphoria's Fried Tribrid' or something."

[Don't ever throw punchlines... I beg you. Either way, I'm afraid your suit didn't quite make it.]

Ashton looked down and sighed again. He wasn't naked, but he was barely clothed as his suit was in tatters. It was certainly a sight Celeste would have killed the Hydra to see.

"I knew something like this could happen," Ashton smiled while pulling another spacesuit out of the inventory, "that's why I came prepared."

Once in his new suit, Ashton headed inside the crater. Hellfire coupled with the poisonous smoke had done quite a number on the Hydra. While the creature's eyes were still as hateful as they had been before, there was no denying it was the hate that came after defeat.

"Shall we end this farce then?"

Ashton steadied Balmond to sever another head when a notification interrupted him.

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The trial has been concluded.

Official results: The Hydra is unable to fight anymore. The participant wins by default. Since an impossible feat has been achieved, additional rewards would be provided.

The participant will be teleported out of the trial zone in: 10 seconds.

—

"What the hell!?" Ashton yelled, before lunging towards the nearest severed head.

He wasn't going to let his labour go to waste like this. Even if he couldn't finish the Hydra, he was at least taking some of the Hydra's flesh with him. At the last possible moment, he managed to store a severed head in his inventory before he was teleported away.

The following moment, he was back to where he had started. But the instant he was out of the Hydra trial zone, he was greeted by the sight of a curious and shocked mob.

The look in their eyes was enough to tell Ashton all he needed to know... none of them had expected to come out of there alive. Yet there he was, standing in front of them as if nothing had happened.

But Ashton's gaze immediately shifted towards the screen in front of him. He rubbed his eyes and looked at it again... but nothing changed.

'Is this for real?'

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Rewards for clearing the trial:

10 stats points increase in all stats.

1000 HP increase.

2000 Mana increase.

500 Dark aura increase.

Special Reward: (Title) [Hydra's Adversary]: Damage dealt to all mythical creatures increased by 12%. Damage dealt to all reptilian creatures increased by 24%. Armour increased by 20% when facing a mythical or a reptilian being.

Rewards for subduing [Hydra]:

Poison immunity.

[Hydra's scale Armour]

Hydra's Blood: 500 ml.

Rewards for being the first one to complete the trial in 10,000 years:

Unknown Creature's Egg.

5 level increase for all genes.

Chapter 318 The Fourth Seat (1)

'It would appear, your suspicions were correct.' Ashton thought, 'Perception skill is out for the count.'

[Hm... to think Euphoria would take out one of your most-used skills in the first trial. Us Xyran did a great job at designing that AI.]

Ashton was in no mood to hear Astaroth go on about the greatness of his species. Thankfully, he didn't have to. The moment he was out of the trial zone, the same receptionist from before came running toward him, followed by another individual and a plethora of guards.



Ashton quickly checked his information. This man was too high-levelled to be a participant in the trials. Nor did he appear to be a part of the guards. Also, judging by the way everyone was behaving around him, he was most likely one of the seat holders Frank informed them about.

These 'seat holders', were technically a part of the ruling body of Euphoria. In other terms, they were like the kings and queens of various trial zones on the planet. Also, they were ranked based on the difficulty of the trial zones they were in command of.

The higher the number of seats, the stronger and more capable they were. It was due to the condition one had to fulfil in order to become a seat holder. To become a seat holder one had to conquer the trial related to that particular seat.

If someone else wanted to have a seat, they had to defeat the one occupying the seat after conquering the trial related to that seat. However, it was only the case if someone had the desire to become a seat-holder. If they didn't, well, they didn't have to.

Usually, the lower half of the seats, that is from the sixth seat to the twelfth seats, were the ones that get challenged. As most of the people were given trials for these seats. Even then, the leadership of these seats rarely changed if ever.

Even if the lower trials were easy, it didn't mean the ones occupying them were weak. On top of that, only the weak-minded people want to take a seat and remain on Euphoria when they could travel to space and get stronger.

As for the upper half... well, half of them hadn't 'won' the seat and had 'inherited' them instead. Considering it had been a long time since anyone had conquered the first three trials, and no seat could be left vacant, these seats were given away to the bloodline of the ones who had originally cleared the trial.

This was done in hopes that one day, a person would appear from the conquerer's bloodline and will do the impossible. This, however, didn't mean the top six-seat holders were weak. In fact, they were the strongest on the planet. All of whom were at least B-grade beings with the top three seat holders being graded as A.

'He must be the seat holder of Hydra's trial.'

[Looks like he's here to challenge you. I wouldn't blame him. If given the choice, even I'd fight a weak E-grader than a mythical being like Hydra. Not to mention, once he defeats you, no one will be able to call him a fake seat holder.]

'What a sly bastard. Well, it's not like I'm interested in having a seat or some shit. But still...'

[Even so... I'd say fight him.]

'Do you think I'm some ultimate fighting champion or some shit?'

[As if you could ever become something like that.]

Ashton must have had a weird look on his face upon hearing Astaroth's words because the following moment the bald seat-holder made a snide remark.

"Do you always look this shitty or did the Hydra give you a facial?"

The guards around the man broke down laughing as if it was the most hilarious joke they had ever heard. But to everyone apart from the guards, it was clear their laugh wasn't a genuine one.

None of them wanted to offend a seat holder, especially an upper one. Thus, no matter what joke the moron cracked, all of them laughed like maniacs. As for Ashton, just because Astaroth could troll him, didn't mean every Tom, Dick and Harry could do the same.

"You seem to know a lot about facials. Maybe you get one yourself on a regular basis?" Ashton replied with a smile, "The rest of you seemed to have some experience in the field as well, considering you're all so close with the lord maybe he gave you facials as well?"

This time the crowd genuinely sniggered while the guards remained dead silent. The sniggers immediately stopped once the guards glared at them. They did the same with Ashton, but he simply didn't give a fuck about them or their gazes. He was there to complete the trial, not to indulge with their kind... the universal kind of scummy morons.

"Oh, you're bolder than I had been informed. Do you not know who I am?" The bald guy forced a smile on his scarred grey face, while words were forced out of his mouth.

"Considering you're here right after I defeated the Hydra, you must be one of the upper seat holders of Euphoria." Ashton shrugged his shoulders, "If that is the case, then you don't need to worry, I have no interest in having your seat or something. Thank you for coming all the way here, but I'll be taking my leave."

Having said his piece, Ashton turned around to carry on with the trials. However, it didn't seem like someone else shared his sentiments. The seat-holder grabbed Ashton's shoulder and pulled him back while the guards formed a wall around them.

"Who said you could leave like that?" The baldy wasn't forcing a smile on his face anymore, instead, he was being openly hostile, "You think you could make a fool out of me, Jacklin? The great fourth seat-holder?"

Ashton was a bit taken aback to learn that Hydra's seat was the fourth seat. It essentially meant, there were three trials that were more difficult than the trial he had just faced. Just that mere thought was a bit worrying to him.

"My apologies. I did not mean to offend such a great personality." Ashton replied sarcastically before pushing Jacklin's hand off of his shoulder, "There, you have your apology, now I need to leave."

Saying so Ashton turned around to leave. The faster he completed the trial, the faster he would be able to leave the shitty planet. However, the guards surrounding him did not budge.

"Your apology isn't enough." Jacking smirked thinking he had Ashton under his control, "If you want to leave this place alive, then hand over the rewards you received for defeating the Hydra."

Ashton really did not want to fight the asshole. But now... the fucker was crossing the limit. The hairless bastard was either too weak or too scared to face the Hydra himself, yet he was asking for the rewards so shamelessly as if it was his birthright?

"Oi... don't you think you're being a little ridiculous?" It was Ashton's turn to drop his smile, "It would appear your shamelessness has no bounds. If you need something, shouldn't you beg for it instead?"

"This... fucker..." Jacklin spoke through his gritted teeth, "I want to see every fucking bone in his fucking body broken and his tongue ripped out!"

Having received their orders, the guards simultaneously jumped Ashton, only to be flung away instantly. These guards were no match for him, especially after defeating the Hydra.

Witnessing the guards being thrown away like toys left the spectator's mouth wide open. Ashton stood in front of them, wearing an armour made of bluish scales, and Balmond in his hands, looking like a legendary warrior.

"I wasn't going to challenge you for your idiotic seat," Ashton calmly said, "but considering you're deadset on picking up a fight with me, then I might as well beat some sense into you, you fucking fake seat."

Chapter 319 The Fourth Seat (2)

By this time, Anna and the twins had also finished their trials and arrived there, only to see Ashton preparing to fight some other guy.

"What's up with him and fights?" Anna shook her head.

"The progenitors told us not to do the exact thing Ashton is doing." Verina chimed in.

"If you want to have Ashton do something, ask him to do the opposite. Noted." Irina smirked, "Should we stop him?"

"I think it's already a bit late for that. Look at the guards around him. They must have tried to jump him, but got beaten instead." Anna sighed and sat down, gesturing the girls to do the same "Let's just wait for him to deal with the guy. We can get the details later."

The twins looked at each other, before following Anna's lead. Even if they wanted to intervene, it was unlikely that Ashton would allow them to. For now, it was best for them to sit and watch the situation. If they felt like Ashton needed help, they would immediately jump to aid him.

"That armour though... it's the first time I've seen anything like it."

Irina, who was obsessed with anything related to warfare, immediately noticed it. The armour covered Ashton's entire body, except his face. That coupled with his sword... he looked more like some kind of Paladin than anything else.

The set of armour had a squared helm with a v-shaped opening leaving the eyes. While nose and mouth were completely covered. Attached to the top of the helm were black hairs. The hairs seemed to almost mimic the back of the Hydra's individual heads.

The breastplate appeared to be made from many layers of smaller pieces, mimicking the scales of the Hydra. It covered everything from the neck down and ended at the groin. It was the same case for the rest of the armour set.

As for the shoulders, they were fairly pointy but quite short. On each shoulder pad, a small face of a dragon or a hydra was carved. The same decorative figure could be seen on the front of his helm, the back of his palms, and his knee guards as well as his chest plate.

There was also another hidden head carved on the nape, which was covered with fluttering black hairs. Nine carved heads represented each head that the Hydra had.

"How come he got a badass armour while we got low-grade abilities." Irina complained but immediately answered her own question, "Tsk... those tough trials give awesome rewards, don't they?"

"Mm-hmm..." Verina nodded while Anna's complete attention was on Ashton.

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"Where did you get that armour from!?" Jacklin bellowed.

This was the armour the same one that once belonged to his ancestor. The one who 'survived' the trial and had received as a reward. However, upon his death, the armour went missing under mysterious circumstances.

But to see the armour in front of his eyes again... Jacklin knew it was destiny that wanted him to have the armour. As he was its 'owner'. But to see an impostor wearing it so blatantly in front of him, was a bit too much.

'But there are some discrepancies between the legend and what I'm seeing,' Jackling thought to himself, 'The armour was supposed to have only one Hydra insignia in front of the breastplate. But I can count at least eight right now. Had the records been tampered with? It doesn't matter. I can get my answers when I get my hands on the armour.'

Jacklin couldn't help but lick his lips in the excitement of having a relic all to himself. He was staring at the lower part of the armour when he licked his lips. But in the eyes of the crowd... the lord was making inappropriate gestures toward the unfortunate participant while staring at his crotch.

[He's into you.]

'Ugh... I was all fired up but now I'm just disgusted.' Ashton thought before speaking up, "If you're done lusting over my cucumber, can we fight? Also, in case you didn't know, I don't swing that way so you might want to ask someone else for a facial."

"Wha- Nevermind that. I'll put an end to you low civilization bastard right now."

As soon as the words ran out of his mouth, Jacklin disappeared. Ashton couldn't find him, and without the [Perception] skill, he couldn't predict the baldy's moves either. Ashton's situation was similar to that of a driver driving through thick fog.

A moment later, Jacklin reappeared on Ashton's side and threw a kick aimed at his nape. The movement was so sudden, that it wasn't possible for Ashton to react in time. After all, Jacklin had blindsided him.

However, Ashton's body reacted on its own, blocking Jacklin's attack. Once the attack had been interrupted, Ashton grabbed the leg and threw Jacklin back from where he had disappeared.



"What just happened...? Did I develop eyes on my back or something...?"

[You thought those hydra engravings were for decoration? Just like the hydra could see every attack coming, thanks to his numerous heads, your armour does the same for you. All the engravings have the ability to link with the vision of the one wearing them.]

[Hence, when they see an attack coming, so do you. As for what happened before, your body reacted to protect itself like it normally would. But only this time, it all happened before your brain could perceive it.]

[Therefore, even though it might seem like your armour reacted on its own to protect you, it did not. You protected yourself, but it was a reflex action. Get it?]

Ashton digested Astaroth's words carefully before coming up with a summary of his own, "So basically, I have nine additional sets of eyes?"

[Yes, but only as long as you're wearing the armour.]

While the two of them were chatting on their own, Jacklin kept attacking Ashton over and over. Only to get blocked every time. Jacklin could not use his entire strength to overwhelm the fool as it could destroy the better part of the continent if it did.

But as long as he kept limiting himself, Jacklin would have lost the chance to defeat Ashton and claim his armour for himself.

"Damn it! I'm going all out!"

Jacklin yelled at the top of his lungs and suddenly the air around them got heavier. His feet dug themselves deeper inside the ground while his muscle expanded ginormously. Jacklin's size instantly grew threefolds and so did the mana around him.

"I'll tear that armour off of you now!"

Chapter 320 The Fourth Seat (3)

"You shouted you're going all out and this is it?" Ashton shook his head, "Talk about being disappointed. And what was that cringe dialogue? You'll rip the armour off? You can't even land a hit on me and you're gonna rip my armour off?"

"Shut your mouth! Just shut it!"

Jacklin rushed at Ashton once again, but the end result was the same. Jacklin's blows might have been explosive, but in front of Hydra's Scale armour, they were neutralised the moment he touched the armour. After all, it was an armour as tough as the Hydra himself.

If Balmond had trouble getting through it, then there wasn't any way mere punches were going to do much. Not to mention, if someone like Jacklin could break it, then he wouldn't have to challenge Ashton to get the fourth seat legitimately.

After all, the alien turd was doing all this because he did not have enough strength to conquer the trial. But the reason Jacklin's attacks weren't working was a bit different.

The armour's passive effect was protecting Ashton. That was the reason, no matter how hard he tried, he wouldn't be able to deal a single point worth of damage to Ashton. It was a privilege of owning a legendary grade armour.

However, it wasn't as if Ashton was invincible, just like any dragonic species had a weakness, there was a weakness in this armour as well. The reverse scale.

The legends often mentioned that a dragon's scales grew along with them from birth, never shedding nor breaking. There was only one exception: that was a scale that grew in reverse also known as the reverse scale.

It was usually located under their necks, and that was where all the dragon's heart blood converged. It was also their weak point. The hydra might have also had one reverse scale somewhere on his gargantuan body. Considering Hydra's Scale armour had one as well. But it was more like a 'debuff' than a material, visible thing.

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[Hydra's Reverse Scale]: (Debuff) Upon being hit by six consecutive magic-based attacks from an enemy, the armour would lose its immunity from physical attacks. As long as the user can parry magic-based attacks, the armour would be able to nullify damage from any physical attacks.

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This ability of the armour was the reason how Ashton was able to stand Jacklin's blows, despite the fact that he facing a B-grade brawler. Since Brawlers depended strictly on using physical abilities, therefore, Ashton was the worst match for Jacklin. No matter how hard Jacklin tried, he would not be able to hurt Ashton as long as no one used mana-based attacks on him.

Ashton wasn't a fool to blindly accept a duel with a B-grade being simply because he was provoked. He already analysed Jacklin's abilities the moment the occupant of the fourth seat arrived there and engaged him only after realising the advantage he had over the B-grade being.

'I just hope they don't take [Detection] away from me in one of the trials.' Ashton thought while effortlessly countering Jacklin's blows, 'Had it not been for it, I wouldn't have dared to go against baldy. Especially since I can't expose my Xyran genes here.'

[Well, now you know why I asked you to fight him. It was a good way to test the armour. However, there is a problem and you know about it as well.]

Ashton nodded. Jacklin might not be able to damage Ashton, but it was also the case with Ashton. Just because Jacklin couldn't deal damage to him, it didn't mean that he was weak. If it hadn't been for the armour, Ashton wouldn't have lasted more than a couple of seconds in front of him before being forced to use Xyran's Demonification ability.

That being said, Jacklin was a monster when it came to his physical abilities. Thus, even if Ashton tried attacking him, he would either miss or wouldn't deal much damage. Because Jacklin had an absurd amount of points invested in his agility, armour and strength.

These three stats were the only stats a brawler had to care about. As a result, Jacklin had more than 250 points in all of those stats.

"Come on coward! Fight me back!" Jacklin yelled in frustration.

The shockwaves generated by his attacks slowly broke the earth and both of them sank deeper and deeper. As Jacklin got fiercer, everyone around them backed up. None of them wanted to get accidentally hit by Jacklin and end up swatted down like mere insects.

Soon Jacklin lost any graceful movements that he had been utilising till now. His punches turned more barbaric as did his desire to impale Ashton with his fists. But no matter what he tried, none of his attacks seemed to do anything to the boy, even if his punches somehow managed to connect.

However, Ashton had a trump card in his sleeves. Just because his HP wasn't reducing, it didn't mean he wasn't accumulating any damage. The armour was simply nullifying the damage... but the system was time counting the amount of damage he had received.

According to the system, Ashton had already received around twenty thousand HP worth of damage. It would be a waste to not do something about it.

'I was intending to keep my most important abilities ready for the trials. But it doesn't look like this fucker would let me go for trials unless one of us is defeated.'

[Using that ability now wouldn't kill him.]

,m 'It will get him off my back, so it's fine. Either way, I don't wanna kill a high-ranking official on this planet. It would only cause more trouble for me.'

[Hm... sometimes I wonder why you behave like a complete moron. Then there are times like these when your intelligence makes me doubt if we have a third person dwelling within our body.]

'No thanks. Two of us are more than enough.'

Saying so, Ashton decided to use an ability he hadn't in a while. Jacklin, unaware of Ashton's plan, gathered all his might and threw yet another explosive punch.

The crater underneath their feet got shattered. Large chunks of the ground were thrown everywhere. The area within a kilometre radius around them had cracks huge enough to swallow even the largest of trial participants alive.

Hundreds of participants, guards and other workers had to suffer because one of the seatholders couldn't control his strength. The others seatholders would have certainly not taken kindly to such outburst but none of that was important at the moment.

The only thing that mattered for Jacklin was the feeling he got a second ago. Not only did he feel his attack connect, but he could also remember the sensation of crushing bones with his hand! There was no way that bastard was going to survive this attack.

"I did it! The Hydra's armour is mine!" Jacklin proudly exclaimed, but as the dust around them settled down, his smile disappeared.

"Still spewing nonsense, I see."

Ashton was standing right in front of him. Blood was gushing out of his broken arm, but he was unscathed otherwise.

"All me to put an end to your yapping mouth."

Without wasting another moment, Ashton punched Jacklin with his good arm, sending him flying out of the crater.

Skill: [Revenge] is now in cooldown.

Cooldown: 6 days 23 hours 59 minutes.