

Zompiewolf 461

Chapter 461 Mother Of All Twists

After a deep breath, Ashton was ready to chat with the mistress. Little did he know, their chat would soon become a C-grade movie script.

The last time Ashton had heard about Mera, she was on her way to Nirvana to look for her mother. However, that was only the half-truth.

Instead of heading to Nirvana, Mera used her clone to fulfil that purpose. The clone who liked to call herself Nora.

The clone did find their mother, and they travelled back to Lycania roughly around when Ashton left Earth.

But then the undead trouble took a turn for the worse, and the family had to disperse again to handle various matters. The whereabouts of Mera's mother were a massive question mark.

"All this chatter, and still I fail to see how is your family's drama any of my concern?" Ashton's impatience was growing with each passing moment.

"It will be your concern if you learn to shut your mouth." Nora rolled her eyes.

"Nora, careful now," Mera interjected, "Our boy can screw your innards with ease."

"Oh, I have no doubts about it." Nora blew a flying kiss in Ashton's direction, prompting Anna to emit a short yet threatening burst of aura.

"Enough." Ashton tapped the table with his fingers, "Get to the point."

"Very well."

Mera placed a seemingly empty flask on the table. However, Ashton's [Perception] told him things were not as they appeared. The flask wasn't empty but contained transparent smoke, similar to corpsification gas.

"You're thinking in the right direction." Mera continued, "This is the cure to our problems."

"The antidote for corpsification gas!?"

It was unbelievable. But before believing Mera, Ashton wanted to see it work with his eyes. After all, trust wasn't in his vocabulary when it came to Mera.

To nobody's surprise, Mera knew Ashton would ask for proof and had already arranged an undead to experiment on. Nora promptly left the room and returned, dragging an undead mutant like a dog.

Once everything had been set up, Mera unplugged the flask to allow the gas to do its job.

"ARGH!"

The undead began yelling and screaming in pain as soon as the smoke touched him. Nora had to pin the squirming undead to the ground to ensure the antidote could do its work.

Within a minute, the results were in front of Ashton. The patient's skin slowly turned back to a darker shade, and the rotting flesh was replaced with newer scar tissues.

The patient didn't entirely turn back to as he was before, but with complete recovery in sight, it was only a matter of time before he returned to normal.

The undead was slowly turning back. However, instead of turning into a werewolf, the man transformed into an ordinary human being. Ashton was sure about it since he had used [Detection] on the man both before and after the procedure.

Before the smoke took effect, the patient possessed two genes: Werewolf (Deceased) and Undead. Surprisingly, the human gene was found in him after the procedure.

[Huh, no one else's genome was altered due to the antidote. A bit strange, don't you think?]

'There have been some changes.' Ashton thought, 'Not in the rest, but in me.'

[What do you- oh, crap...] boxnovelfull.com

Ashton's genes have been altered quite a bit. Since his [Undead] genes had transformed into [Partial Grim Reaper], that part of his genetics didn't change. But the deceased part of him did.

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Species: Human-based Tribrid (Active), Carbon-based Space Farer (Active), Precursor's Subordinate (Active), Human (1.27%)

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'Human (Deceased) turned into Human (1.27%). It looks like the gas can modify undead genes into a human's.'

[And humans could be transformed into werewolves or vampires. A perfect way to regain a big chunk of the lost population.]

'More importantly, since she would play an important role in giving their identities back to the werewolves, they'll be blindly loyal to her.' Ashton continued, 'Unlike her father, Mera would not have to worry about a coup for a long time.'

Meanwhile, the antidote had had quite an effect on Ashton. As if that wasn't enough proof, even the amount of Dark Aura Ashton had stored reduced after coming in contact with the antidote.

More importantly, Astaroth's theory seemed legit. The antidote could be Mera's way to reestablish Lycania with her as the queen, just like she wanted all this time.

"You're cunning. Gotta give you that." Ashton smirked, "After all this time, I thought you would've given up on your fantasy, but I was wrong."

Mera smiled back once she realised the boy had caught on to her schemes, "What can I say? Trickery and deception run in the family."

Avalina already knew about Mera's plan; therefore, she wasn't surprised. But Anna was entirely out of the loop.

"What are you people talking about?" She asked Ashton.

"Our benefactor here," Ashton pointed at Mera, "wants to turn the undead back to being humans, and she would then have a monopoly over werewolf genes. I'm sure you can imagine where I'm heading next."

It didn't take long for Anna to cook up some scenarios. Essentially, only those who supported Mera before would be remade into werewolves, and these people would transform some more, bringing them all under Mera's 'pack'.

Those who challenge her authority would be sent into enclosures to live the rest of their days as humans.

In other words, the entire kingdom would be directly or indirectly bonded to Mera by blood. Making it impossible for anyone to challenge her 'big family'.

"I-I don't know what to say." Anna muttered, "It's such an elaborate plan; I don't think any sane person could have come up with it."

"You are right about everything but a small detail," Mera shrugged, "I won't be the one ruling over them."

Ashton was surprised at what Mera was blabbering about. Seeing the look on Ashton's face, Mera knew it was time to reveal the truth.

"Avalina, would you tell him or should I?" Mera mumbled while Avalina took a deep breath, "I guess I'll have to be the villain once again. Very well then."

"What are you on about now?" Ashton was getting irritated by all the secrecy now.

"I'm not the one who came up with this plan. It was your father's idea to unite everyone under one ruler. It's almost as if he knew how... unique you were and wanted to set up a grand stage for you."

She continued, "As for the one who will turn the humans into mutants, it's going to be you. Not me, not Avalina, but you."

Chapter 462 Nirvana (1)

Later that day,

[You got a chad father, gotta give you that.]

"..."

[Still not in the mood to talk?]

-n0ve1、 com "..."

[You know I'm going to keep bugging you, right? I'm not like your girl who would leave you alone just because you told her.]

"For fuck's sake, SHUT UP!"

[Well, the plan worked; now, if you don't mind, you can talk to me.]

Ashton sighed as his head hit the heavy pillow. It wasn't as if he was intentionally avoiding everyone. But there were too many thoughts in his head that didn't make sense. At least not to him.

Who was his father to possibly plot out his life to this extent?

Everything Ashton had achieved, from strength to connections, how could his father possibly predict all this information? Even a one in a billion kind of genius wouldn't have been able to predict someone's life to the minutest details. Yet, his father did just that.

On a side note, the news of Ashton's father's involvement in his life wasn't the only bomb Mera dropped on him. Even more surprising information came out later.

Especially the part where Ashton's parents helped Mera in cloning herself on the promise that she would train him and keep him safe during his early years.

Avalina was upset with herself when Mera revealed the truth about their corporation; however, deep down, she knew it was time to reveal all the secrets they had been hiding from Ashton.

'Now that I think about it, had it not been for Mera, I would still be rotting in that enclosure. But even then...'

Ashton's anger towards Mera lessened when she apologised for being harsh with him. That said, he wasn't feeling any better, and if anything, he was feeling much worse than before.

A toy, that's how he felt he was—a toy for his parents to play with.

Whenever this thought entered his head, all the pent-up anger again made its way to the surface. This was partially why Ashton decided to lock himself up in a room and try to calm down before confronting everyone. But as it was clear to everyone, it wasn't going too well.

[Listen, kid, I know how you feel. Both because we share the same brain and I have gone through something similar.]

"You don't know shit—"

[I have lived longer than you and have seen things you'd never wish to see. Daddy issues are one of them. No matter how thankful I am to Seraph for training me into a warrior, I too resent him for taking away my childhood.]

It was the first time Astaroth had opened up about his life in such detail. Previously, he had only given Ashton the necessary information and did not bother about the rest. But this time, Ashton had a feeling it was different.

[Even in the earliest of my memories, I can see him punishing Beelzebub, Lucifer and myself. We were war dogs first, Xyrans later and treated as such. No matter how much anyone said they cared about us, they wouldn't give a rat's ass had we gotten ourselves killed.]

[We're both treated and raised as weapons. However, we don't have to stay like that. Whether you're following your father's wish or not, it's not up to anyone but you to decide who you are, don't let anyone take that away from you. Remember that.]

Ashton had never felt this way before, but once Astaroth opened his heart out, he realised the two were more alike than he had previously thought.

As weird as it was, talking with each other was surprisingly productive. It was strange thinking that two different beings from different planets in the vast galaxy could suffer through similar problems. Maybe the universe wasn't as big as people had thought.

[Made up your mind yet?]

Ashton nodded, "Head's a bit more clear now. Thanks for the pep talk. Now let's get working."

"We shouldn't have-" Avalina muttered, but almost instantly, Mera interrupted her.

"He had the right to know," she said, "John would have wanted the same."

Avalina knew Mera was right, and that's why those words hurt her more. That said, she did not wish to hide anything from Ashton.

However, after seeing his reaction when she revealed he was a clone himself, she decided not to disclose any more information about the past. After all, Ashton was a kid; traumatising him wouldn't have done any good to anyone.

"You don't have to worry," Anna chimed in while grabbing Avalina's hand, "Your son is the strongest guy I have ever met. Secrets like these might slow him down, but they won't stop him. Have some faith."

Avalina smiled through her sadness, even though she knew she had no right to feel that way. Not after putting her son through hell for years.

"I swear, if I ever see Johnathan again, I will kick his ass." Avalina chuckled, "That bastard went to get milk and left me to handle this mess!"

Everyone laughed, watching Avalina, but they fell silent once the door opened.

"Alright, if you're done gossiping, shall we get to work?" Ashton mumbled while assuming his seat, "But first, did my oracle of a father inform anyone what I should do next?"

"Ashton," Anna shook her head, "don't."

"What? The man can plot my entire life, and I can't even joke about it? A bit harsh, in my opinion."
Ashton smiled, "Maybe he didn't inform you about the joke."

Completely ignoring their banter, Mera again inserted herself to guide the conversation in a fruitful direction.

"As a matter of fact, he did." She said, "All your answers can be found in Nirvana; that's what he said. However, getting there won't be easy. Nora, do you mind?"

Nora cracked her knuckles while smiling, "Finally, my turn to be useful. Unlike popular belief, Nirvana isn't only the land of the undead. Technologically speaking, they are much more advanced than both Vampires and werewolves combined."

She continued, "I know you're confused-"

"Must be the aliens." Ashton interrupted, "Bet you a thousand yenos someone's been helping them."

"Yeno?" Avalina asked.

"Intergalactic currency," Anna clarified, "Quite influential too. You could buy a planet like earth in a few hundred yenos."

"Ahem, we're getting side-tracked!" Nora exclaimed, but no one was listening to her anymore, "Fucking gold diggers! One mention of money, and they all lose their composure."

Chapter 463 Nirvana (2)

After rigorous planning, the meeting concluded with a few things being decided. The first and foremost was the dispersion of the 'antidote'. Mera still did not want to reveal the source she got the antidote from, but it wasn't like Ashton was blind.

With one look at the composition and a bit of Astaroth's help, Ashton knew the antidote couldn't be made on Earth. Seven of the twenty components used in it couldn't be found or synthesised on Earth due to technological limitations.

Which meant Nora or their mother might have stolen the antidote from Nirvana. It was unlikely that Mera got help from some alien species. Still, since Nirvana had been in contact with mysterious outworldly creatures, they were more likely given the antidote and the corpsification gas.

Ricochet will stay behind with the rest and figure out a way to make the antidote airborne. That way, it would be easier for the cure to treat the majority of the undead. The only issue was the blast radius.

Contingency was like the capital of the undead. Corpsification gas was running rampant in there. If they were to cause the explosion anywhere outside the city, the antidote would neutralise the excess corpsification gas; however, the undead in the town would remain unaffected by the gas.

Consequently, they needed to invade the city and trigger the antidote explosion. That way, the concentration of the antidote would be enough to neutralise the layer of protective corpsification gas over the city and also cure the undead within the city.

However, this plan would have to wait. Ashton had made it clear no one was to go on this suicide mission. No one but his team.

"It might sound harsh, but you people are too weak to do it by yourself," Ashton stated while scanning the room.

No one argued against him. Despite being some of the strongest people on Earth, they were Nothing compared to the top dogs within the galaxy. Hell, with an average E grade, they won't even make good foot soldiers.

"Focus on developing the antidote bomb or whatever you wanna call it." Ashton continued, "I'll leave Dolos, Gokung and Celeste here. If you finish development before I return, they should be enough to guide you through the city."

"Roger that," Ricochet responded, "My men and I should be enough to sneak into the city, but with your summons backing us up, it'll be a walk in the park."

"Confidence is good, but don't let it get to your head." Ashton warned him, "Nothing good will come out of it. Trust me, been there."

Ricochet nodded and kept quiet from that point on. Being lectured about overconfidence by a barely adult was surprisingly eye-opening, even though it initially felt somewhat weird.

"So you have made up your mind?" Avalina asked Ashton about visiting Nirvana.

"Considering dad was an oracle as you people assume he was, then there's no point in not following his wish." He shrugged, "Also, I have a few questions, and Nirvana might hold the answers to those questions."

The land of the undead was a harsh place to be, let alone invade. Despite being technologically advanced, their mindset was surprisingly primitive. At least for the lower and middle echelons.

Unlike werewolves, the undead had no secondary diet, and their sole diet consisted of human meat. Considering Ashton's strange likeness towards the humans, Nora was worried he would not like the things he would have to witness there.

Her opinion of Ashton was outdated. Once upon a time, he favoured humans and tried to avoid conflicts around them. That said, having been to space, he no longer cared about trivial things such as someone's species.

According to him, there were only two kinds of people—those with him and those against him. Human, hybrid, tribrid, Precursor, Xyran, those were not a single entity.

The only thing Ashton believed in was doing onto them as they did onto him. He'd help them to the best of his abilities if they were good to him. But if they dared to cross him, there would be hell to pay.

As far as Nirvana was concerned, their connection with extraterrestrial species was the only thing Ashton was worried about. Besides that, he was pretty confident Earth had no challenges to offer him.

"In the meantime," he turned to Avalina, "I'd like you to send a word to Alucard, well, not to him but to his council. 'If Emperor Alucard deems me worthy, my blade will always be by his side'. There plain, simple and corny as hell. That should do the job."

Avalina smiled, "That would shut their mouths for good. Especially since the news of your return and defeating the horde had reached them by now."

"Then that does it. I'll be in my room if you need me for something. You coming?"

"Since when do you need to ask me that," Anna sneakily winked in his direction, well aware of Ashton's intentions.

Before Avalina could object to them, they were already gone. Ricochet awkwardly excused himself, leaving Avalina with Mera and Nora behind.

"Looks like you chick has grown into a Phoenix." Mera chuckled.

"And I missed most of it." Avalina shook her head, "Well, nothing can come in the way of two horny teenagers."

"The boy has a succubus as his mate, so who can blame him?" Nora pointed out, "They have been living together all this time. Did you expect him to be a celibate monk all this while?"

"You sure know a lot about these things," Mera took a jab.

"Sorry to say, sis, but not everybody has to live a boring life like you." Nora shrugged, "You two can enjoy yourselves. In the meantime, I'll look for the human Ashton brought with him. What was his name again?"

"Ricochet." Mera sighed, praying for his well-being now that Nora had set her eyes on him.

"Right, Ricochet. It would be fun to see him ricocheting around my room if you know what I mean-"

"For Lycaon's sake, keep your thoughts to yourself!"

Chapter 464 Beelzebub's Decision (1)

The next day Ashton had a rough blueprint of Nirvana in his hands. Nora had tried to remember as many details as possible about the kingdom from when she was there. Mera used this information to draw a rough city plan; the map she made was enough for Ashton to get to work.

The only issue was, how were to going to cross half the planet and get to Nirvana?

If Ashton had his ship, it would only be a matter of minutes, but it could take days now. More importantly, the portal connectivity between the nations and Nirvana had been severed soon after the undead took over most of Lycania.

In hindsight, it was more of a strategic move than anything else. Even if the werewolves were to accuse the undead of causing this catastrophe, they would innocently point towards the closed portals. If they wanted to take over the nation, why won't they take advantage of their situation and invade through the portals?

"We don't need portals, do we?" Ashton mumbled while lying in bed, "The Giholo ships should be able to carry us."

"What about the fuel?" While playing with Ashton's hair, Anna replied, "Those ships have been dry for months. Also, some of them have been scrapped to use against the undead, and I doubt they'd be in working condition."

"Ricochet is an expert when it comes to these things. I once saw him and Kass chatting enthusiastically about ships before we left. Maybe he could help."

"Maybe, you need to start living in the moment for a while."

Anna stood up with her hands behind her head. Her naked body was in full display, making Ashton smile like a complete moron. Saying he was mesmerised by her was quite an understatement.

Brushing her hair aside, Anna leaned in and whispered in Ashton's ear, "Happy birthday, love. How does it feel to be of the 'age'?"

"You tell me, you've been eighteen for a couple of months now," Ashton replied before pulling Anna in for a kiss.

"Alright, I'll start washing up. You're invited as usual." Anna turned around and winked.

Her body was so slim and toned; it was no surprise all the men kept drooling over her. Her porcelain white skin resembled the snow covering Livan. It looked immaculate, without a single blemish or flaw on its surface.

[You are one lucky bastard.]

'Tell me something I don't know. Also, you can stop drooling now.'

[Ahem, since it's your birthday, I, too, have prepared a gift for you.]

'Let me guess, you did what I asked of you?' Ashton smirked, 'You know you can't call that a gift.'

[You ungrateful brat! Fine, I'll think of something else. But now, it's time to visit Beelzebub.]

Ashton sighed, left the bed and began working out.

'I'm not sure about this, Asta.'

Last night, before getting busy with Anna, the two men sharing one brain chatted with each other. Ashton was by far stronger than Beelzebub now; as such, there was no point in keeping him a prisoner inside Raphael's domain.

Also, Ashton had planned to make the gluttonous bastard do some work for him since killing a Xyran wasn't an option. The question was, how would Ashton convince him?

[First, stop calling me that. Second, I share your concern, but Beelzebub can be an asset. Both politically and warfare-wise. He might be an ass, but there's no denying his capabilities when it comes to warfare.]

'Have any idea about his status?'

[Considering this is the longest time I have left someone in Raphael's domain, I'm confident one of two scenarios will unfold if you enter the domain now.]

'Beelzebub would either go berserk on me or-'

[Think of you as a hallucination. Pretty sure his head wouldn't be in place after being left alone for months with nothing to do. Honestly, I'd be surprised if he showed any emotion towards you or me for that fact.]

"Let's get it over with."

Ashton finished with pull-ups and quietly covered up. Prisoner or not, he wasn't going in front of a man with his dragon in full view. Once done, Astaroth allowed access to Raphael, and both of them went to greet Beelzebub in his 'prison'.

Ashton opened his eyes and found himself lying on his back, staring at the ceiling. The room was dimly lit and still, oddly still. Had he not been aware, he'd thought he was alone in the room.

Suddenly, the sound of rattling chains broke the silence of the room. Ashton turned around, and there he was.

Beelzebub was in the same position as Ashton remembered him. There wasn't a part of his body that hadn't been chained to the domain itself, making escape impossible.

The Xyran appeared tired, his swollen eyes lifelessly staring at the floor, helpless to do anything. Ashton felt sorry for the man for a moment but quickly pushed the thought out of his head.

Slowly walking up to Beelzebub, Ashton noticed the rage and humiliation the Xyran had felt after his defeat was nowhere to be found. Beelzebub had been turned into a shell of the person Ashton had fought with a couple of years ago.

"Why are you here?" He weakly mumbled, "To make fun of your prisoner? To rub salt-"

Beelzebub frantically stared at Ashton, but then the look on his face changed.

"You... how did you-"

"I got stronger," Ashton shrugged, "Raphael, lose the chains for a moment, please."

Raphael did as he was told, and following a loud clang, Beelzebub was free from his restraints.

"What do you want?" Beelzebub asked while rubbing his wrists to ease the blood flow.

"You're being oddly courteous," Ashton raised an eyebrow.

"Did you expect me to attack you as soon as you dropped the shackles?" Beelzebub shook his head, "I don't know what that bastard Astaroth has been telling you, but I'm not stupid enough to attack you here."

"Since neither of us is interested in idle chatter, I'll get to the point." Ashton mumbled, "How would you like to become a werewolf hybrid and work with me?"

Chapter 465 Beelzebub's Decision (2)

Beelzebub stared at Ashton as if he saw a ghost spreading the lord's message. The suggestion was so ridiculous, the Xyran had no idea whether he should laugh at the absurdity of the situation or Ashton's ludicrous offer.

"If that's all you have to say, feel free to chain me up again." Beelzebub shook his head before assuming his previous position, waiting to be chained again.

Beelzebub was a proud Xyran who believed in the ideology of genetic supremacy. There was no reason for someone like him to accept inferior genes in his body willingly.

Without his purity, his status in the Xyran society would be ruined. Death seemed more feasible than an offer to be turned into a lowly hybrid. Astaroth had foretold Ashton about such a scenario.

The Xyrans were way too deep regarding their superiority over other species. The only gene they would have willingly accepted was probably the precursor gene—something Ashton most conveniently possessed, albeit a small fraction.

The next moment Ashton revealed something even Anna had never seen about him. His status page.

"Something tells me going through this would change your mind." He said.

Beelzebub had no intention of entertaining Ashton any longer and raised his head to speak his mind. However, he ended up going through Ashton's genealogical data.

The boy was exceptional. At least in reference to the planet he was inhabiting. Had Ashton been part of an advanced civilisation, he would already be in the top 0.1% of powermongers of the galaxy.

That said, Beelzebub had no idea why the kid was showing him his data. Until he finally saw what Ashton wanted him to see. The look of absolute disbelief on Beelzebub's face was everything Ashton wished to see.

Even the 'most advanced species', a.k.a. the Xyrans, had a tough time getting a sliver of Precursor genes through evolution. The reason is that those evolution choices designed by the precursors were random and depended on various factors.

That said, even the Xyrans were yet to successfully decipher the 'life path' needed to unlock a desirable gene pool. Beelzebub did not know of a single Xyran with any precursor genes.

Despite openly loathing their predecessors, it was no secret that the Xyrans had been dying to get some precursor genes to further 'purify' themselves.

Yet, despite their 'advanced tech' and 'superiority complex', a seemingly ordinary earthling had achieved what they couldn't. Ashton's existence was a slap on the Xyran's faces as, despite their best efforts, a mutated human had progressed further in the quest than they ever could.

Suddenly, more than anything, Beelzebub wanted Ashton to impart some of his genes on him. After all, as long as he could get a small fraction, like 0.01% of precursor genes, no one would pay any attention to the rest of his genome.

Ashton possessed a treasure, ignorant of its value. The turn had been tabled. Now it was Beelzebub's turn to convince Ashton to turn him into a werewolf, undead or his bitch.

As long as he could get his hands on the Precursor genome, Beelzebub didn't care what task he would have to accomplish.

"I-" Beelzebub spoke but was quickly interrupted by Ashton.

"Well, you could have had some of it for yourself." Ashton shrugged before turning to leave, "Unfortunately, you declined my most generous offer of not only having these genes but also leaving this prison. So the deal is off. If luck has it, next time we see each other, it'll be in hell."

Before Beelzebub would pitch a word in, Ashton had already hopped out of the domain, leaving him alone with his thoughts.

[You should try fishing one of these days, I'm certain you'll perform quite exceptionally.]

"Bait and switch. A centuries-old tactic, yet still works like a charm." Ashton mumbled, "However, I would not have been able to fool Beelzebub had you not told me about his greedy nature."

[Hah! So you admit you couldn't have pulled it off without my help?]

"Now I think about it; it would have been easier to turn him against his will."

[...]

"Fine, I could not have done it without your help." Ashton sighed, "Happy now?"

[Oddly so. What's next on the menu?]

"A stroll."

Livan's population had exploded once the news of Ashton's return spread around the continent like fire. People from both close and far lands came to seek aid in Ashton's city. That said, it wasn't surprising that he encountered a lot of refugees during his stroll outside.

Then there were the Giholos. Ashton was a literal god to them; his presence alone made the aliens feel a sense of duty towards him and his people. As a result, they worked relentlessly to make Livan the most advanced place on the continent.

Ricochet and his men were assumed to be Ashton's close aides. Hence, they, too, were enjoying the royal treatment they were receiving. But they remembered not to let it get in their heads, or Ashton wouldn't hesitate before kicking their asses out of the Ghosts.

After a couple of minutes, Ashton arrived at his destination: Ricochet's room. After knocking on the door, he waited only to receive a surprise nothing in the universe could have prepared him for.

"What are you doing here?" Ashton asked a barely dressed Nora.

"What do you think?" Nora yawned, "I had some exotic human meat for the first time last night, and I loved it."

Fearing the worst, Ashton pushed her aside with little to no effort and scanned the room. Ricochet was curled up like a ball on the bed, naked. As for the bed, well, it was split in the middle, and the floor was cracked as well.

At a glance, it looked like a tornado had hit it. A particular tornado went by the name Nora.

"Of all the people..." Ashton shook his head once he realised what had happened there.

"I'll take my leave now," Nora replied, smirking as she smacked Ricochet's butt, "I'll see you tonight, darling. We gotta work on that stamina of yours."

Once Nora left, Ricochet turned toward Ashton with helpless eyes, "Sir-"

"I have no interest in hearing about your snu-snu fetish," Ashton tossed a pair of trousers to him, "We got some work to do."

Chapter 466 Escapee (1)

In a flash, a week passed. Ashton's plans had advanced considerably in the days that followed. Ricochet, with the help of Giholo engineers, successfully managed to get one of their ships to working condition.

Albeit unsafe for space travel, there shouldn't be any problems with the ship as long as they don't try to escape the atmosphere. They even managed to scrounge up enough fuel for two trips around the planet.

Back in Vania, the rebellious nobles had reinforced their loyalty to Alucard, just like Ashton had predicted. The nobility had tried to confirm the news of Ashton's return and victory through 'spies' living in Livan, and that was why it took a week for them to clear their stance.

As for Lycania, Sheera and her soldiers finally reestablished the connection with Livan and received news of Ashton's return. They were elated and rushed back home to meet their lord.

Sheera wasn't the only one who wanted to meet with Ashton as counsel from Vania also arrived to discuss 'geopolitical' matters with him.

However, by the time they arrived, Ashton was already on his way to Nirvana. All they could do now was to wait for his return and meanwhile enjoy Giholan services offered.

A month later...

In a dimly lit alleyway stood a lone woman covered in the rotten blood of her pursuers. Like her, the walls surrounding her now had a touch of blood over them. While the rain above tried its best to cleanse the horrific sight.

Having nothing else to do, the woman began looting her pursuers and found a fairly dry cigarette. Having been an avid smoker, the sight of vintage cigarettes caused her to smile, a rare event for someone like her.

After piling up the corpses under the shade of a balcony, she sat on top of them before lighting the cancer stick and having the time of her life. Living as a human in Fright city, these moments were never taken for granted.

Not by Alina, at the least.

In whatever bit of light the alley had to offer, an engraving could be seen on her half-shaven head.

'04'

It read, identifying her as a test subject. The vampires weren't the only ones experimenting on humans, and the undead were way ahead in researching and testing the humans.

Their research successfully turned humans into powerful beings with a variety of powers. Some were so frightening that those humans were either turned into the undead to control the abilities they had or killed.

Alina seemed to be one such test subject who managed to escape from the clutches of the undead, carrying a power that no undead would want to cross.

It was the second day since her escape from one such research facility, codenamed: Tartarus. Alina was the fourth human who successfully accepted the augmentation and the first to escape from the facility.

The ones before her either pledged loyalty to the undead or were killed. She was presented with the same offer but chose the third option and made a break for it.

Escape wasn't easy, especially with 'Chasers' on her tail. But thanks to her ability, she managed to get rid of them and have a peaceful smoking break, which seemed to have run out.

'It was more likely they were kept for further experimentation,' Alina thought while crushing the cigarette butt, 'I should probably get some clothes. Walking around naked will garner unwanted attention.'

Thankfully, she did not have to look far to get something to wear. After all, she was conveniently sitting over a pile of clothes if one ignored the corpses attached to them.

"Tsk, tasteless fuckers don't even have proper duds."

Alina put some clothes on while two strangers watched her from afar.

"She's quite a... piece," Anna remarked.

"Oh, is the succubus acting up all of a sudden?" Ashton joked, "But I agree, she is somewhat special."

"Stop drooling over yourself." Anna turned Ashton's face towards hers, "I'm the queen of lust here, so behave yourself."

"That's not what you said last night," Ashton whispered in her ear as she grabbed Anna in his arms, "But, point taken."

It had been three-and-a-half weeks since they landed on the artificially constructed coastal town known as Fright city. Unlike the rest of Nirvana, Fright city wasn't entirely dominated by the undead.

Around twenty per cent of the city's population consisted of humans. Mainly to ensure an endless supply of humans for various purposes, a fraction of humans were allowed to live normally in the city, with conditions.

As long as the humans reproduce to hand over one child to the 'Council', they can continue living as usual. But failing to do so even once would result in them being taken away instead of the children.

How did Ashton get all this information?

The answer to it would be his acting skills. After hiding their ship, Ashton began posing as an 'inquisitor' who had arrived from the capital to clear some urgent matter, and Anna was his human slave/assistant.

No one questioned them because it wasn't all that uncommon for situations like these to happen in Fright City.

Their main goal was to access Tartarus and gather information about Jonathan, Ashton's father, as he was brought to the same facility after being given away to the undead.

However, despite the best of their efforts, the duo could not locate Tartarus. It was a well-hidden secret not everyone knew about, and those who did refuse to speak about it.

When it seemed that luck hadn't entirely abandoned them yet, and through the grapevine Ashton had cultivated over the weeks, he learned about an escapee from Tartarus.

Upon putting his tracking skills to the test, Ashton quickly found Alina. But he wasn't the only one who found her as a dozen men kept chasing her through the alleyways.

The duo was about to help her when they saw an interesting sight.

Just as it looked, Alina had her fate sealed; her pursuers turned on each other. A couple of minutes later, Alina was the only one left standing, and the interaction made it clear why Tartarus was so dead set on getting her back.

"What should we do, though?" Anna crossed her arms in front of her chest, "It's not like we can go and ask her, 'Hey! Could you point us to the place where they tortured you for god knows how long?'"

"We won't need to ask her anything," Ashton smirked, "She'll tell us herself."

Chapter 467 Escapee (2)

Life in Nirvana wasn't for the weak-hearted. Despite being a futuristic city with flying cars and sentient robots, Fright City was a lawless place, and power was the only language needed to rule over the city.

Since both Ashton and Anna did not lack 'power', they easily impersonated someone he had little to no information about without anyone questioning him. Essentially, their life in Nirvana wasn't all that different from their merc life in space.

Ashton arrived in the city as an Inquisitor from the capital, but after a couple of weeks, he became known as a bonafide mercenary with a kick-ass partner.

Although he strictly used his Undead genes, Ashton was the strongest person in the city, followed by Anna. So it wasn't a surprise people in higher places wanted to connect with them.

They also wanted to work with them because it was rare to see an Undead having such a close relationship with someone on the opposite end of the spectrum.

The contractors were a bit more interested in them than their talents. Their interest worked in Ashton's favour as he got information that was otherwise out of his grasp, like the information about Alina.

"Back again?" The bartender casually asked the duo, "The usual?"

"Yes, please," Ashton hissed back, "Anything else about the chick?"

The bartender shrugged while preparing the drinks, "Not much, but I heard Makarov and his goons went after 'er. An 'our later, they 'were found dead in an alleyway."

"The chick was better than we were led to believe." Anna tapped the table thematically with the music, "Can't wait to face her."

"I just hope she doesn't show up in me pub." The bartender jabbered while stroking his three-foot-long beard, "It'd be a shame to lose this beauty. Either way, 'ere you go, Blood monk for the lad and mint lemonade for the lassy."

The duo grabbed their drinks, tossed some credits and left to check out the rest of the pub. Skull n Bones was a pub only in name; in reality, it was more like a guild for the mercs.

From weapons to information, from business to pleasure, everything needed by mercenaries was readily available for them, albeit at the right price.

The department of pleasure was usually handled by human captives, as undead women were quite cold regarding matters like intimacy. No matter how hard the men tried, they could not rile up their cold blood.

To maintain their cover, Ashton had seemingly 'bought' Anna from one such establishment and had trained her to be his partner.

It wasn't weird as thousands of undead had humans as their pets, slaves or worse- dinner. That was also why the pub had a lot of options for food and drinks suitable for humans alongside ones consumed by the undead.

That's why Ashton did not have to worry about getting his share of 'nutrients' to keep his undead and vampiric needs in check. However, before they could finish the drinks, someone important called for them.

"There they are!"

Pub's owner welcomed them as soon as the two entered his office. Tall and obese, this pale-skinned man has a generally unflattering feel about him.

Maybe it was the half-eaten human leg in front of him, or perhaps it was his disgusting smile; Ashton wasn't sure why being around Draco repulsed him so much.

There was nothing Anna wanted more than bashing open the bastard's head like a rotten watermelon. Unfortunately, a 'slave' like her wasn't supposed to act of their free will, so she could only put a smile on her face while thinking of a hundred ways to kill him.

"Draco, it's always a pleasure to see your rotting face," Ashton put the fakest smile on his face before assuming an empty seat across from the man, "You were looking for me?"

"Yes, yes, I got a job for you two," Draco replied in a heavy Russian accent, "You heard about the girl from the lab?"

Ashton nodded, "Timothy told us what happened to Makarov's crew. I assume the lab rat might not be a rat after all."

"Bah! Makarov was a fool!" Draco dismissively waved his hand around, "It was not a job of his calibre, yet he stuck his nose and look at him now. Dead!"

"Wasn't it you who sent them after her?" Anna chimed in, but Draco paid no attention to a 'lowly being' like her.

At this moment, Anna decided to kill the bastard once they were done with their primary objective. Her bloodlust was leaking madly. Thankfully, Ashton was there to conceal it with his aura.

"Let's get to the chase," Draco spat, "Some special client sent a job asking for you. It is related to the girl; sending you the details now."

With a ping, a notification materialised in front of Ashton's eyes. A gig offer, the task was simply retrieving an 'asset'. In the place of the item's name were two digits: 04. Undoubtedly, Alina was nothing more than a test subject for the corp.

It was clear the gig was from someone working within Tartarus, even if it did not explicitly mention it. This job could be the entryway Ashton had been looking for, but it would be suspicious if he readily accepted the gig without questioning the lack of details.

It would seem Draco had predicted what Ashton was about to ask and immediately blurted out, "Don't overthink about unnecessary details. The pay is good, and on top of it, the client has offered a bonus as well. Accepting the job won't hurt you."

"Yeah, I assume your cut must be quite significant if you're trying so hard to convince me," Ashton closed the tab and went into business mode, "Come on, spill it; where's the catch?"

Draco sheepishly stared at Ashton like a deer caught in a bear trap. His following words would either lead him to gain the biggest jackpot of his life or the worst hit at his credibility.

After all, Draco had already accepted the job on Ashton's behalf. Backing down now would take a severe hit on his image, and Ashton's refusal might also end up costing Draco his life. But before Draco could say a word, Ashton intervened.

"You already accepted the job, didn't you?" Ashton mumbled.

"Well... in a way, yes." Draco stammered, "Please just help me out this once, I'll-"

"Fine, we'll do it."

"What!?" Draco yelled, expecting Ashton to refuse.

"I said, we'll do it. But you'll owe me for it," Ashton replied and got up, "and it's going to cost you a lot."

Chapter 468 Predator

While Ashton was 'searching' for Alina, his summons were busy wreaking havoc all over Fright city and the surrounding area. Nirvana had never been struck by such a series of 'terror attacks'; therefore, their sole response was: panic.

Nobody knew who these mysterious people were or what their objective was. The only thing the undead legion was confident about was that none of their secret facilities was safe.

In the last month, out of the seventy-two training and RnD facilities had succumbed to the dominance of 'shadowy' creatures. These creatures silently crept through their defences, and before the security was aware of their presence, they would've already lost the battle.

Soon the news reached the ears of the rulers, and to say they were displeased was an understatement. Hundreds of officials were deployed to sort the mess out, as Fright City was an important town for them.

The sooner they could get the situation under control, the lesser the damages would be. Not to mention they won't have to lose any more of the secret projects their scientists had been working on.

Sadly, out of the hundreds of representatives sent to Fright City, none proved helpful. Those who seemingly found a clue regarding their shadow crisis disappeared overnight, and those who didn't were as clueless as the rest of the capital.

"They have to communicate somehow!" The Governor slammed his fist on the table, "It's impossible to execute plans with such precision and tact simultaneously without it!"

"We have tried, sir. Despite the best of our efforts, we haven't been able to-"

SMACK!

The assistant's head flew through the window as the rest of her body fell lifeless to the floor.

"Always negative news... I gave you bastards all my power to hunt down those terrorists, only for you morons to prove how useless you can be?"

The remaining undead hung their heads down both in shame and fear. Although the Governor's anger was justified, it was directed in the wrong direction.

The bastards were literal ghosts who came in, took their targets down and disappeared into thin air. No one who saw them was left alive, which led to speculations that one could die just by looking at them, and that's why it was so difficult to fight them.

What could they possibly do against a group like them?

But as usual, the Governor wasn't ready to believe their theories. The man was only concerned with results and wanted them fast. As for anyone who tried to talk some sense into him, they had their heads sent flying out.

However, before the Governor could sever any more heads, his HoloCaller-- holographic phone, rang. One look at the caller ID drained the colours from his face.

"Get lost." He calmly mumbled, and the people were more than happy to oblige his request.

Once the room was empty, the Governor went to his knees and accepted the call. A moment later, a massive Frankenstein-lookalike monster was standing before him.

The President was in no way related to Frank because the undead can't have biological offspring. But since he was a great admirer, the President decided to alter his physique to resemble their progenitor and fool the crowd into suppression, even in a virtual 'democracy'.

The Governor did not dare raise his head but greeted the 'President' of Nirvana, formerly known as a king roughly two centuries ago.

"Mr President, y-you could have asked t-this lowly-" The Governor blurted out but was cut short by the President, which wasn't a good sign.

"Report." The President's voice echoed through the chamber.

The thought of lying entered the Governor's mind for a moment, but he quickly shut it down. The price of deceit won't just be his life but being turned into the President's boy toy for sickening experiments.

"Sir, my men have proved to be incompetent bastards. But rest assured, I will catch those terror-loving bastards soon!"

Having no way out, the Governor was forced to admit the failure and incompetence of his 'juniors'. That's right, none of it was his fault for offing dozens of capable employees on a daily basis, but the fault of those working under him.

The President didn't seem affected by words any longer. Blameshifting was a thing of the past. But if someone was going to stick to the past, then that's where they belonged... in history books.

Much to Governor's surprise and perplexity, the President abruptly ended the call without speaking another word.

"That's weird-"

Before the Governor could think anything, the room was suddenly filled with odourless white smoke. Despite realising what the gas was, there wasn't anything the Governor could have done to change the outcome.

"Why... no! LET ME OUT!!!"

He desperately slammed his fists on the door as his undead immortality was slowly stripped away from him. The next moment, he realised he could breathe again, and his rotten heart began to beat rapidly. Within moments, the gas had turned into an ordinary human.

"No... please... no..." The Governor mumbled as the gas dissipated out of existence after finishing the job.

But the worst was yet to come.

The next moment, the doors were kicked open and in walked a lone man, covered in black from head to toe. However, the man was no ordinary undead or even a human.

From his back, six tentacles popped out, each with its' unique shape and purpose. The Governor tried to fight back, but against the man in black, his efforts were in vain. Soon the tentacles violently entered his body through the mouth before plastering his flesh around the room.

Once the job was done, the man called someone, and the President answered, "Is it done?"

The man nodded.

"Good. I hope you will not disappoint me as that fool did." The President asserted while massaging his forehead, "I'll call you in a week to see your... progress."

Somewhere else in Fright City...

Ashton's plan had worked, and Fright City was now under his rule. Albeit, no one was aware of it. Ashton had taken pointers from them when the undead silently threw Lycania into disarray. Now it was his turn to make them taste their own medicine.

'I bet those motherfucks are turning in their 'graves' by now.' Ashton thought as they exited the club.

[I genuinely thought handling the undead would be trickier than this. But it looks like they are just as weak as the rest of your planet.]

'Don't underestimate them yet. Who knows what trick they could be hiding under their sleeves.' Ashton replied, 'After all, they store most of their alien tech in the capital. If anything, I believe the worst is yet to come.'

[Spoken like a true pessimist. Besides, it's not like they will send an alien after you, haha!]

Chapter 469 An Assassin's Work Of Art

"Shadow terrorists can appear at any time from anywhere, so keep your eyes open at all times. According to the little intel we have on them, their group consists of four individuals with irregular abilities. Sadly, we don't know what those abilities are."

The Sergeant General, Rishi, was in the middle of debriefing his soldiers. There was no emotion in his voice, nor did he look the part of someone in his position. The bald man had patched skin plastered all over his frail-looking body.

Judging by his appearance, someone would think he was in a circus. But those who happen to know about him and his past preferred to maintain a respectable distance from him.

Rishi was one of the only seven recorded cannibals in Nirvana who preferred to consume undead meat than a human's. It was one of the many side effects of the infamous Crux project. A secret project which seemingly gave the participants abilities that would make even the aliens envy them.

Sadly, it came at the cost of using one's sanity and an insatiable lust for 'cannibalism'. However, Rishi had been seemingly 'cured' of his condition and now functioned just like any other undead citizen of Nirvana. Something only a handful believed.

"Garuda is the last remaining facility in eastern Fright City. Therefore, it will likely be the next target of those fucking terrorists." Rishi barked at the soldiers, "If they appear, you better die trying to stop them, or I'll kill you myself. Is it clear?"

A loud explosion shook the ground. It would appear no one gave the terrorists a memo about the debriefing. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been rude to interrupt their world-shaking meeting.

Rishi immediately rushed to the nearest surveillance station. The reality was far worse than anything he had expected. The underground facility was under attack by not one but all directions. Also, the number of attackers did not match the information he had received.

"Four? It's more like four hundred!"

Another series of explosions went off, strategically taking down the outer surveillance grid. The facility was effectively dark now, with no way of knowing their enemy's location.

Rishi was pacing up and down the room, hoping to find a way out of their crisis. In the meantime, the soldiers were instructed to wipe the facility database clean of anything the intruders could want for themselves.

While some of them were busy with that, the rest rushed to confront the assailants. In reality, they were only guinea pigs for Rishi to get information on the intruders and their abilities.

Under the cause of evacuation, there was one thing Rishi overlooked- The test subjects. Each of them possessed at least one destructive ability, and usually, they would be sedated before transporting them one after individually.

However, under the given circumstances, taking such measures was almost impossible. The panic allowed the subjects to steal the 'freedom' they desired, and they lashed out.

Garuda was now facing a siege and a coup at the same time. The stationed forces were not enough to simultaneously deal with both situations. It was a nightmare that no one wanted to face.

Rishi now understood why the other facilities fell at the hands of these terrorists. Their primary objective was destroying the facility, let it be from the inside or outside.

"A slow poison, huh?" Rishi mumbled with curled lips.

The psychopath inside him was having the time of his life. The screams and the sight of blood were like drugs to him. The more he heard the dying cries of his people, the merrier he felt.

However, his pleasure did not last forever as everything went silent at once. There were no more explosions, no more cries, nothing, and everything was... peaceful.

Rishi took hold of the radio and barked at the soldiers to report in, only to realise nothing came out of his mouth. Only then did he notice the barrier around him; someone had isolated him from the rest of the facility and did it with expertise.

"Show yourself!" Rishi thundered, but once again, nothing but air came out of his mouth.

'What a disgrace...' Raven shook his head at Rishi's stupidity.

For a moment, the silent assassin wondered what killing a moron as Rishi would accomplish. However, Raven was bound to execute his master's words, not to question them.

A moment later, Raven showed himself to his target. But Rishi's reaction was nothing like the former had expected. Instead of being scared and confused, Rishi broke down laughing like no man ever had.

"Fear... oh, how much I had missed this feeling!!!" Rishi mumbled to himself, "Show me more. MORE FEAR!"

Rishi lunged at Raven with his sharp claws in front. One scratch from his poisoned nails was enough to kill a fully grown Gorillan. Therefore, it was enough to kill someone like Raven.

'DIE!' Rishi thought as his claws dug into Raven's flesh.

"Is that it?" Raven's voice echoed within the barrier, "Is that all you had to offer?"

"..."

Rishi couldn't believe his eyes, and it was the first time a direct hit of his claws had failed to kill someone. The look of pure shock in his eyes was much more entertaining than Raven assumed.

"Allow me to show you how it's done," Raven whispered before smacking Rishi away and disappearing in the shadows.

Before Rishi could understand what was happening, a hundred cuts appeared all over his body. His tendons were ripped apart, forcing him to his knees, and his hands had been rendered useless, limping on the side. All of it happened in the blink of an eye.

The moron no longer enjoyed the sense of fear. Instead, he felt fear paralysing him as one should. Scanning the darkness, he realised something was off... he couldn't see anything, nor could he hear anything. All of his senses were gone, replaced by a neverending void.

Raven stood in front, admiring his artwork before deciding it was enough and sliced his head off in one smooth and clean motion. His severed head rolled to the side, still trapped in the endless void of darkness.

"May your tortured soul find peace in the void." Raven offered a quick prayer before heading off to finish his next target.

Chapter 470 Infiltration (1)

While his summons were busy taking over the Garuda facility, Ashton was busy making plans to storm Tartarus. Unlike the rest of the facilities, information about Tartarus was tough to come by, even information dealers not wanting anything to do with it.

That's why finding Alina and persuading her over to his side was the primary objective. At the moment, Anna was hot on Alina's tail. However, Ashton had requested her not to get into an altercation with her.

Alina's powers were frightening, and even Atlas would not stand a chance against her. Psychological attacks are a weakness of those who do not possess high intelligence.

Although not sure, Ashton assumed Alina's attacks were either psychological or similar to succubi, and she could also manipulate her target using sexual appeal.

However, the possibility of it being the latter was negligible, and Ashton was pretty sure of it as he had witnessed Alina at work. She did not even lift a finger before the assailants began killing each other like psychopaths.

Another reason to back up Ashton's theory was the lack of a 'medium' for Alina to influence a bunch of undead. Humans, even those with abilities, lacked 'aura', the medium by which succubi control their prey's mind.

Since Alina did not possess 'aura', it was unlikely she was a succubi hybrid or something similar.

[Even if these undead were in contact with intergalactic species, no sane space-dweller would ever give something as precious as a succubus to a bunch of bastards who can't even get aroused.]

Ashton chuckled and continued with his research to get any information on Tartarus. Although getting on Alina's good side would be fruitful, it would be good to have a backup plan in place if things went south.

[Remind me again, how many times have you hacked into their servers only to find nothing useful? Why do you keep entertaining useless things?]

"I entertain you, don't I?" Ashton mumbled without taking his eyes off the screen, "Besides, if I start getting rid of useless things, your mouth would be the first on the list."

[If you did, who would have given you the idea of hacking into their servers?]

"Taking your previously spoken words into consideration, you gave me a useless idea then?"

[...]

"Either way, I got a lead. Well, it seems like one." Ashton snapped his fingers in excitement, "According to this, the final blueprint of Tartarus should be somewhere inside the governor's office. Hmm..."

[What's wrong?]

Ashton hummed and hawed before replying, "It's a trap. Someone has caught on to our shenanigans."

[What makes you think it's a trap-]

"Two things," Ashton confidently replied, "Firstly, considering Tartarus's secrecy, it's unlikely such crucial information would be kept inside a public building. And secondly, this isn't the first time I have hacked into the defence servers, and nothing like this was here before."

[Interesting. Someone wants to fish you out. Thankfully, you're not going to fall for it.]

Ashton's silence made Astaroth uncomfortable, so he continued.

[You're not going to fall for it, right?]

"I heard you well enough the first time, Asta." Ashton replied while erasing any trace that he had been within the servers, "Unfortunately, it would be rude of me not to attend a party organised for myself."

Astaroth sighed, but even he couldn't shake off the excitement surrounding the 'event'. After all, it had been a long time since Ashton had had the chance to use his skills.

Not to mention, it was an excellent opportunity to analyse the undead's strategies and defence capabilities.

In other words, it was too good of an opportunity to pass on.

"Let's get going."

Later that day...

Wearing a hoodie to cover his face, Ashton stood in the rain, staring at the massive building. It wouldn't be an understatement to say the governor's office was the most protected place in Fright City, with the exception of hidden facilities.

After a quick scan around the area, Ashton found roughly six hundred troops assigned to protect the office. That many soldiers would have been enough to scare off earthlings, but it wasn't enough to make Ashton flinch.

Had he wished, Ashton could have burst through the doors with ease to demonstrate his strength. But what was the fun in that?

'If I am infiltrating them, I should do it properly.'

[Aren't you enjoying it a bit too much?]

'I'm just getting started.'

Despite hating Phantom from the bottom of his core, Ashton could not deny the efficiency of his tricks. So, he decided to use his technique of disguising himself and causing confusion on a scale no one on Earth had ever faced.

[Good plan, but your new look would require a new disguise.]

'Don't worry; I have it all planned.' Ashton replied as he noticed a maintenance truck parked in the alley next to the office.

Ten seconds that's all it took for Ashton to acquire a new uniform. Ashton went a step further to ensure nothing was out of place and changed his appearance to match the maintenance guy. That way, he could use the man's ID without any issues.

Following his confident smile, Ashton's face changed beyond recognition. The [Alteration] ability wasn't one of his frequently used abilities. Yet, Ashton was proficient enough to use it with little effort.

With his smile, he headed towards the rear exit. The guards there checked his ID and let him in.

"Make sure the cafeteria is clean." One of the guards commented, "The new governor is a bit of a freak regarding cleanliness. You know what, clean the kitchen first-"

"Jock, let the man go and focus on your job." Someone smacked the man before pushing Ashton inside,
"The fuck are you waiting for? Get going!"

Ashton nodded and headed inside with his cart. While waiting for the elevator, two men joined him. Judging by their uniforms, one would assume they were clerks in the office. However, their stern demeanour gave them away.

The governor decided six hundred soldiers were not enough to stop the 'intruders' and had some more dressed to go undercover.

'Tsk, I almost feel bad for the exp I'd be wasting by killing them.'