

Zompiewolf 471

Chapter 471 Infiltration (2)

Situated within the bosom of clouds, the central office could only be reached by elevator. Ashton's disguise would only allow him to access the 120th floor, not above.

To access the office, he would need to switch his disguise, as only the security personnel were allowed access. Thankfully, Ashton had planned his next steps in advance.

Ding

Ashton calmly walked out of the elevator as soon as the doors opened. The lobby was full of guards carrying heavy weaponry, and at the moment, the place looked more like barracks than an office.

Not wanting to waste his time, Ashton darted towards the canteen. From there, he would hand-pick someone and alter his appearance again to access the office. However, his plan wouldn't go off without a hitch.

"Hold it." A dark-skinned man covered in swat armour blocked him, "Maintenance was called off for the day; did you not receive a notice?"

'Shit!'

The man then snatched the ID around Ashton's neck, carefully analysing it. Out of all the levels, someone could have told him about the maintenance being called off, but no one did.

It couldn't be they had planned it all from the beginning, could it?

The answer to that question did not matter. If he got busted there, things could turn ugly. Fearing the worst, Ashton promptly scanned the room to find a way out.

Roughly a hundred people were around him, and killing them all would only take a couple of minutes. However, engaging them might trigger the alarm and despite how strong he was, fighting an entire city alone was a bit too much, even for him.

"What are you doing here?"

Ashton was about to attack the guards when someone called out to him. The change in the guard's demeanour was enough to let him know the woman must have been someone at a high post.

"I keep forgetting you are deaf..." The woman mumbled impatiently, "Oi, guard, tell him to turn around."

The guard did as he was told before walking out of the way.

[Ain't she a cutie?]

Despite being undead, the woman was a sight to behold. Her pearl-white skin radiated the sunlight coming through the window.

The woman looked nothing like a typical undead. Instead, her resemblance was more in line with that of the vampires. Her youthful appearance could easily fool anyone who lacked a detection skill.

"Follow me." The woman gestured to him and quickly made her way to the elevator.

Ashton quietly followed her, all the while noticing everyone saluting the woman. She must be a high-ranking individual to make the stern-looking soldiers behave like children seeking their mom's approval.

Once inside the elevator, the woman used the access card required to reach the office. The ride was long and awkward, with neither saying a word.

The elevator doors opened again, revealing the massive army in front of the office. Most of them were weaker than Ashton had assumed. However, he felt a singular strange presence in the lobby.

[You felt it too?]

'What do you think?'

Someone strong, possibly a B-grade being, had camouflaged themselves within the crowd. Whoever they were, they had a knack for hiding in plain sight. Despite using [Perception], Ashton couldn't find the person emitting such a strenuous aura.

'Shit got interesting.'

Ashton was careful not to smile, but on the inside, he was excited for the first time since arriving on Earth. Finally, someone who could challenge him. But before that, he needed to find the supposed 'blueprint' or at least some information regarding Tartarus.

[Keep your eyes peeled, and don't even think about causing a ruckus. We need to find that freak before he finds us.]

'Then it's a good thing there's two of us. I'll look for the clues while you try to find out where the fucker is hiding.'

[Sigh, there goes my free vacation.]

"Here,"

To Ashton's surprise, the woman led him straight to his target- the central office. However, he was not expecting to see the place covered in blood and gore. The room looked like a human had exploded there, covering everything in their blood and gore.

"I want this," the woman whipped her bony fingers around the room, "to be cleared within two hours. You are not allowed to eat any of this stuff, so clean this stuff traditionally. Do you understand?"

Ashton smiled and nodded before taking out the broom and getting to work. Years of using a broom around the enclosure ensured that the woman did not get suspicious of him and, after ten minutes, left him alone in the room.

[He's here!]

The enigmatic aura once again revealed itself. But this time, it was no longer hazy. Ashton did not even need to use his Perception to know the freak was standing right behind him.

Before the man could do anything, Ashton borrowed one of Raven's skills to separate them from the rest of the world.

"Silent kill zone, as impressive as always." Ashton smiled before facing his enemy, "Wouldn't you agree?"

The man didn't reply, at least not in a conventional way. Six tentacle-like arms appeared behind his nameless foe.

"Kinky, let's see what you can do with them."

"You talk too much," The man said as he hurled his tentacles at Ashton.

Dodging tentacles was easier than dodging plasma bullets. However, the octopus didn't give up. Like homing missiles, the tentacles kept following Ashton around, but not once did they manage to strike him.

From an amateur's perspective, Ashton was toying with his opponent. However, in reality, they were stuck in a stalemate. While the tentacles couldn't catch up to Ashton, it wasn't like he could reach the man either.

The tentacles were attacking him aggressively and simultaneously defending the man.

[Stop playing with him and end it, you sadist bastard!]

'I thought I was the stern one among us.' Ashton replied and stopped dashing all over the place, "Fine, have it your way."

Following a loud bang, the tentacles struck Ashton. It was over, but not the way the assailant had imagined. One after another, all of the tentacles fell to the ground.

"What-"

"Your tentacles were impressive, but it seems my [Dissociation] was faster," Ashton shrugged while waving the dissected tentacles, "Got any other tricks up your sleeve, or is this it?"

Chapter 472 How To Raise A Vampirewolf (1)

As much as Ashton wanted to witness the extent of his abilities, he was running out of time. The [Silent Kill Zone] wouldn't stay active extensively, as it was an assassin class skill. Sooner or later, someone will find them and Ashton had no desire to wait for so long.

In order to figure out an exploitable weakness, Ashton used [Detection] on the creature. Instead of detriment, he found something hilarious and promptly used it to his advantage.

"Viper, the name doesn't suit an octopus like yourself," Ashton chuckled.

"Why you..." Viper hissed.

Aiming for the throat, he darted in Ashton's direction. A bold yet predictable move. A split second before reaching his target, Viper crouched and swung his knife to hit Ashton's abdomen.

In his dull life as a test subject in Tartarus, he never got the chance to fight someone as strong as himself. That's why he rarely showed emotions. However, this time things were different.

Fighting someone as strong as Ashton was a rare opportunity and Viper wanted to savour it. That's why he changed his aim and struck Ashton's stomach instead.

Thinking he managed to outpace his opponent, Viper was excited. The adrenaline ran wild in his veins; it was the first time a kill had made him so unhinged.

However, much to his shock and dismay, the knife's blade snapped in half when it touched Ashton's skin. Only at that moment did Viper realise he had been played. Ashton did not bother defending against the attack because he wore armour underneath his clothes.

"What the hell!?"

"It's a dragon's armour," Ashton smugly replied, "physical attacks can't even tickle me, to be honest."

Without wasting a breath, Viper jumped, intending to kick Ashton's head off, but the latter effortlessly blocked his well-executed chain of attacks. With every attack that Ashton blocked, Viper's frustration grew immeasurably.

"DAMN IT! DAMN IT! DAMN IT!"

"Your attacks are just as monotonous as your slurs. Add some variety to it, for god's sake." Ashton smiled as he continued blocking Viper's strikes with one hand, "You have potential, but that's about it. Even a diamond loses its value if not polished properly."

[Are you here as a guest lecturer or a thief?]

'Neither; I'm here as a guest.'

[There's no point arguing against you. Please do us all a favour and end it already. Let the man rest in peace, or in pieces, whatever you prefer.]

Finish Viper off? Why would he do something like that after comparing him with a raw diamond?

Instead of killing him, taking him in was more beneficial for Ashton as it would also contribute towards his evolution tasks. Although Viper wasn't super strong, if Ashton converted him into a werewolf, he would get much more substantial.

Who knows, if Ashton played his cards right, he might even end up finding a successor to rule over the undead. With that, he would have irrevocable influence over all the world's major nations.

'Won't that be a life worth living?'

[Pretty sure your mysterious father would have already planned for it in some capacity.]

'Thanks for reminding me.'

Back to the topic of conversion, once converted, Viper could act as a spy for him, and Ashton wouldn't have to worry about looking for secrets and endangering himself.

As for complications, there would be none as once bound by blood; Viper would have to follow the alpha's orders, whether he liked it or not. But Ashton had a way of ensuring that Viper became an obedient puppy.

"Alright, play time's over."

Ashton struck Viper's rotary joints with lightning-fast motions, rendering him motionless. Despite Viper's best efforts, his hands and legs remained motionlessly attached to his torso.

"What did you do!?"

"You were flailing your arms a bit too much, and I can't have you unnecessarily complicate the procedure." Ashton whispered before grasping Viper's neck while transforming into a werewolf, "This would hurt a lot."

Before Viper could protest, Ashton had already sunk his fangs into his shoulders. There wasn't anything Viper could have done to stop Ashton. Although the process only lasted a minute, the pain viper experienced was unimaginable.

It felt like a hundred daggers simultaneously pierced his body. Even the bones weren't untouched by Ashton's bite's effects. Everything until now was similar to what Ashton had gone through. But what happened next surprised both Ashton and Astaroth.

As Viper turned into a brown-furred werewolf, bursting through his body armour, the tentacles on his back reappeared and became one with his changing body.

Four tentacles wrapped around his limb, and the remaining two covered his chest like armour. Instead of claws, blades made of bones popped out of Viper's hands.

By the end of his transformation, Viper had become a weird hybrid between a tentacles monster and a walking werewolf.

Solely judging by their stats as a werewolf, Ashton was somewhat weaker than Viper. This meant, Viper could challenge Ashton for the position of the 'Alpha'.

[Houston, we have a problem.]

"Oi admin, can't you do something?"

[Of course, I can. But do you want to get caught by the Xyrans?]

"I knew you'd say that."

[Why are you smiling? Don't tell me you finally lost your damn mind!]

Ashton shook his head but didn't drop his smile. Although it was unlikely to occur, he was prepared for a scenario like this. After witnessing how Mera lost control over her 'pack', it'd be foolish for him to commit the same mistakes.

[Fucking hell, you actually did it-]

"I did." Ashton smugly replied, "A little bit of my blood should keep him in check. But if things get out of hand, I might resort to putting a collar or something on him."

—

Your evolution tasks have been updated!

Werewolf evolution task(s):

>> Fight and defeat 10 B-grade beings: 3/10

>> Turn 2 creatures into Werewolves: 1/2

>> Add new members to your pack of werewolves. (Currently have: 3/7 werewolves in the pack.)

Vampire evolution task(s):

>> Consume fresh blood of 2 B-grade beings: 1/2 completed.

>> Consume fresh blood of a legendary creature: 0/1 completed.

>> Add a new member to your family. (Turn another creature into your slave): 1/1 members added.

Grim Reaper evolution task(s):

>> Raise a Lich (incomplete).

>> Create and Tame 10 summons. (Currently have: 6/10 summons)

>> Consume the flesh of a mythical creature.

Chapter 473 How To Raise A Vampirewolf (2)

Within moments, the [Silent Kill Zone] faded out of existence. The room was just as Ashton had left it, which meant he had a lot of 'cleaning' to do.

"Wouldn't you say it's the perfect opportunity to test our recruit's abilities?" Ashton remarked.

[Well, it's for you to decide whether you created a weapon or a sweeper.]

Ignoring Astaroth's comment, Ashton instructed Viper to pick up the mop and get to work. A look of annoyance flashed on Viper's face, but he obeyed the command like a puppet. The vampire blood coursing through his veins compelled him to fulfil his master's order.

However, instead of doing the work himself, Viper commanded his newly regenerated tentacles to do the work for him while he stood like a tree in front of Ashton.

[Looks like being turned by a fool did not affect him.]

"It took you so long to realise that?" Ashton scoffed, "I mean, even with you inside my head, I'm getting by just fine."

[Ha! The man has jokes! I won't retort because it was a good one. Humour aside, what are you planning to do next?]

Ashton immediately understood what Astaroth was hinting towards. Like when he turned Anna, he was now responsible for feeding Viper. While his lust and blood could satisfy Anna's hunger, Viper might not share the same cravings.

Considering that Viper had turned into a vampirewolf, he would need to feed on human blood, at least.

While the werewolf genes wouldn't require human flesh for nourishment, vampire genes would require human blood as there was no replacement for it. Getting human blood or flesh wasn't that big of a deal in Nirvana, but suspicion would arise if a human started consuming things they shouldn't.

Moreover, if Viper were to act as a spy, he would need to continue, as usual, not to arouse any suspicion. Consuming blood and flesh was likely not a part of his routine.

"Before you order me to give you a lapdance, let me make something very clear to you." Viper calmly stated, "I'm not a human like you believe. I'm an Octuri, a humanoid species living on the planet earthlings known as Phaethon in the Alpha Centauri system."

[In other words, he wouldn't need to resort to cannibalism. Good news!]

Astaroth's words didn't go unnoticed by Ashton. However, following Viper's words, something else had acquired Ashton's attention.

"Wait, so you mean to say those tentacles around you-"

"We are born with them, yes." Viper nodded, "However, they have been genetically modified since."

With the sudden revelation came a plethora of questions. If Viper was an outworlder like he said, why did it show him as a human when Ashton used [Detection] on him? More importantly, what was a supposed alien doing 4.5 light years away from his home planet?

Viper had the answer to one of those questions, while Astaroth had the answer to the remaining.

"I'm a slave. At least I was when we arrived on your planet." Viper sighed, trying to remember more about his past, "I was sold off to an intergalactic merchant after being branded as a 'traitor'. Just the thought of that bullshit makes me laugh.

"In reality, the men in the position of power were too scared of me to let me live. So they decided to frame me in some scheme and then sell me off."

He continued, "Everything happened so quickly I didn't even get the chance to fight back, and before I knew it, I was here... strapped to an operating table.

"I was deemed a specimen as your kind did experiment after experiment on me. Changing me to the point I failed to recognise myself in the mirror. Until... I became the ultimate assassin that they wanted me to be."

While he had no interest in listening to a pawn's backstory, Ashton couldn't stop him once Viper started. Maybe the little bit of humanity left inside him prevented him from treating Viper like a weapon, as he had intended.

But more importantly, Ashton was much like Viper in a way. After all, he was supposed to be a weapon, engineered by the genes of an intergalactic warmonger and the most badass human to have ever lived on the planet.

Even Astaroth held back his stream of witty humour for once. While he couldn't connect with the creatures like them, he knew how it felt to be betrayed by the ones for whom he constantly put his life on the line.

"You are stronger than anyone on the continent, so why were you doing their bidding?"

"You think they'll leave someone like me unchecked?" Viper laughed.

Afterwards, Viper explained how a chip had been implanted in the back of his neck. In his words, 'it was an invisible whip designed to keep him in line'.

Viper continued, "The pain of being remade into this 'thing' was nothing compared to the pain of disobedience. So I decided to follow their order like a dog."

"You speak as if the chip isn't there anymore."

"It's all thanks to you. Something must have happened to the chip while I was transforming because I don't feel it anymore." Viper smiled wanly, "I am finally free from the shackles of involuntary slavery, and for that, I would gladly become your pawn. At least I'll willingly follow you, not the other way around."

"There won't be a need for that," Ashton replied, "As long as you can help me with a few things, you're free to do as you want."

"You're being awfully nice for someone who forcefully converted me," Viper chuckled, "well, what do you want to know?"

"Tartarus, what do you know about it?" Ashton asked, ignoring Viper's remark.

The smile on Viper's face disappeared faster than snow in mid-summer. Judging by his look, he knew more than the facility's address.

"That place... stay away from there." Viper stammered, "You can't possibly imagine the carnage those sick bastards have caused. To them, it doesn't matter who you are and which faction you belong to. If you can walk, they will relentlessly experiment on you until they are satisfied or you are dead."

Viper did not say another word. His apathetic eyes reflected the state of his shattered mind. They must have done quite a number on him for him to behave like this.

Ashton didn't know whether the rage he was feeling was because Viper was now a member of his pack or for another reason. But one thing was certain; those bastards should start counting their days.

Chapter 474 Tartarus Invasion (1)

Within moments, Viper revealed Tartarus' location. Unlike Ashton's belief, the facility was nowhere near Fright City. Hell, the site wasn't even on the mainland like the rest of the facilities.

Since the experiments conducted there could harm the general populous of the city, it was constructed on an island south of the city.

Tartarus was an island prison, which was later turned into a research facility roughly half a century back. According to Viper, the place was filled with twisted individuals who knew nothing but to kill their target.

Viper further stated the corpsification gas was tested there before being deployed over Lycania. However, he wasn't sure as he wasn't involved in the project and only heard about it through walls.

Finally, Viper revealed the reason behind Nirvana's twisted love of conducting experiments, and the reason was not pretty.

"Since nuclear weapons couldn't harm the mutants, the then king decided to create a new weapon of mass extinction, which they did in the form of this corpsification gas you talked about."

He mumbled softly, "However, they couldn't do it alone, so they requested help from outworldly species. While the weapon was in the developmental phase, they needed something to keep the rest of the planet in check. Therefore, they decided to make an army of mutants to force their will on the world if deemed necessary."

"Pretty smart of them," Ashton nodded, "While the rest of the world was busy rebuilding their nations, Nirvana said fuck everything and focus on the future domination plan."

[A quiet and unique approach to shaking the world without anyone noticing.]

Ashton had a few more questions he needed answers to, but their chat had already taken more time than anticipated. The woman who brought Ashton to clean the room returned before he or Viper had the time to react.

"Oh, you did a good job- What is going on here?" The woman blurted out once Viper entered her field of vision, "Security- mmhmm! HMM!"

Before things could get any more complicated, Viper launched a tentacle at her. Within moments, the tentacles wrapped around the woman like she was sushi. Her mouth was covered, her limbs tied to the side, waiting for her fate to be decided by two strangers.

"I thought she was with you?" Ashton's remark confused Viper.

"Why would you think that?" He questioned, "I'm an assassin; I work alone."

"She was the one who lured me inside the office, and with all this security, I thought it was a trap to catch me."

Viper began laughing as soon as Ashton revealed his reasons for doubting the woman.

But in Viper's mind, a single question popped: Why would someone think the undead would go to such an extent to capture one man?

When the President or some other official wanted things done, they did it secretly. Making a show of such a scale wasn't their style, as they preferred taking a swift and smooth approach to 'disposing' of unwanted presence.

It didn't make sense, and Viper conveyed the real reason why the office was so crowded.

"A new Governor has been appointed to take care of the mess left behind by the now-deceased Governor." Viper explained, "As for the force, all of them have gathered here for the Governor's first oration, nothing more."

At that moment, Ashton could hear Astaroth laughing his ass off. For hours, Ashton had been acting as if all the preparation he had witnessed was for him. The presence of the guards, the weapons, everything was a mere coincidence, nothing more.

[They organised a party for me, I'd have to attend it. The confidence in your voice when you said that... haha!]

'Alright, alright, it's enough. No need to act immaturely-'

[Like hell it is enough!]

Ashton decided it was better to ignore Astaroth because he wasn't stopping any time soon, and he couldn't blame him. He knew if their roles were reversed, he wouldn't just be laughing.

A forgotten thought reemerged in Ashton's mind through the echoes of his laugh.

"Wait, if that's true, then..." Ashton got lost in his thoughts.

"What's wrong?" Viper asked, concerned with Ashton's silence.

"I came here because I was supposed to get a clue about Tartarus here." Ashton replied, "At least that's what I got to know after hacking through countless servers. So when you attacked me, I thought either you or someone else planted the 'leak' to capture me."

Viper's expression was everything Ashton needed to know: the Octuri had no idea what he was talking about. However, if it wasn't Viper, then who could have possibly planted the bait?

"Where is this new Governor of yours?" Ashton inquired.

"She's right here." Viper replied, shaking his tentacle, "Though I don't think she is capable enough of doing what you're thinking."

"Uncover her mouth for a minute."

"You know she'll scream the second I let go, right?"

"No, she won't," Ashton smiled, "I have a trick up my sleeve."

Viper sighed but did as he was told, and just as he had predicted, the moment the woman was free, she opened her mouth to scream. However, much to Viper's astonishment, she closed her gaping mouth and sat down like an obedient puppy.

Having no idea what was going on, Viper turned towards the only man who could rid him of his doubts.

"Why the surprised look? I told you I had a trick." Ashton winked at him.

"You can control the undead too! What the fuck are you?" Viper exclaimed in disbelief, "Why didn't you use it since the beginning? Things would have been a lot easier for both of us."

"There's a time for everything, and it's now." Ashton shrugged before turning his attention towards the new governor, "Who do you work for?"

"The democratic country of Nirvana-"

"Let's try a different approach. Who assigned you this post?"

"The President."

Ashton looked at Viper for confirmation, and he nodded, "The president personally selects and trains the candidates to take over important posts as these."

"Good. Since you're close to the President, you must know a way into Tartarus, don't you?"

Chapter 475 Tartarus Invasion (2)

"As prisoners?" Ashton quizzed Lucia, the governor, "That's the only way to enter Tartarus?"

Lucia nodded, "I only have the authority to collect and send prisoners for experiments. One would require a recommendation letter from the president to join Tartarus even as a gatekeeper."

Ashton was hoping Lucia would at least be able to send him in as a guard. That way, he could move freely and gather information about his father. But being a prisoner would limit his ability to do so.

While he could change his appearance to imitate one of the guards to take what he wanted, it was unlikely that prisoners would be allowed to use their abilities freely.

Considering the undead are in contact with outworlders, Tartarus must have the technology to negate the inmate's abilities. Talking to Viper only confirmed his doubts.

'I won't be able to use [Corpse Parade] to control the undead either.'

[You might as well forget about using your inventory. If they can block people from using their abilities, they should have precautions in place against using one's inventory as well]

The more they thought about it, the more Ashton realised how stupid his plan was. Infiltrating Tartarus from the inside was impossible. Take his abilities and weapons, and there was little he could accomplish.

At this rate, an invasion would prove more fruitful than infiltration.

It seemed Viper was thinking along the same lines. Instead of infiltrating, an all-out invasion felt like a better choice, even though both options were suicidal.

But then again, invading Tartarus wasn't a joke. On top of that, they had no idea about the defences deployed around the facility. Attacking despite the lack of intel was like inviting death over on Christmas eve.

"I need to think things over." Ashton abruptly got up to leave but stopped for a moment, "As of now, you are not in charge of the city affairs. Since she's under my influence, she would help you out."

"I-I'm an assassin. Not a politician who can-"

"Don't worry, just let Lucia manage the city as usual. You need to make sure no one gets suspicious, and if they do, well, you know what to do then." Ashton replied, "I'll visit you when I have a plan in place. Until then, carry on your duty as an assassin for the crown."

"Alright, but i'm telling you, leaving me in charge is a risky move." Viper urged Ashton to rethink his decision, but in vain.

"What's life without a little risk?" Ashton smiled and left, pushing the trolley of cleaning supplies as he did.

There was never a dull night in Fright city. Despite being a town filled with undead, it was pretty lively. Ashton would have mistaken the city for a pre-war paradise if he didn't know the truth about Nirvana.

However, Ashton wasn't in the club for pleasure tonight, even if his appearance suggested otherwise. Altering his facial features had become a habit of his, one that had helped him immensely ever since stepping foot in the city.

As he slowly sipped down a cocktail consisting of human blood, he couldn't help but wonder how many people would have to be sacrificed to run the city.

"Fourteen thousand and fifty-two," Anna whispered in his ears before joining him, "I'm not sure how much livestock they have to provide an uninterrupted supply of food and drinks."

"That's something I would never want to know." Ashton sighed before chugging down the remainder of his drink, "So, got any success?"

Anna shook her head, "Catching her is going to be much tougher than I thought. I'm unsure whether it's something she received training for in Tartarus or something she picked up on her own, but tracking her is almost impossible."

"She escaped from Tartarus. If she weren't talented enough, she'd either be dead or have never made it out of prison in the first place." Ashton replied, "Either way, I found a lead."

Aston explained what he had been busy with, and Anna was both pissed and pleased simultaneously.

She was angry because what Ashton did was the single most reckless thing he could have done. However, since he managed to get some intel, his recklessness could be excused. But it didn't mean Anna wouldn't give him shit for it later.

"Now, all we need is a rough blueprint of the facility. Once we do that, we can think of striking them down." Ashton went on, "To get that, we will need someone who has been inside the place or, should I say, lived inside those walls."

"Alina."

"She's the safest option."

The way things stood, Ashton had two options. Either force the information out of Alina or persuade her to help. But for either of these, they would have to corner her so she would hear them out.

[Not the best way to go about a conversation.]

"Unfortunately, it is the only way to get her talking." Ashton mumbled, "Don't you think so, Alina?"

The woman sitting next to him choked on her drink. She hurriedly got up, intending to leave while she had the chance, but Ashton was faster than her. Grabbing her hand, he pulled her back to her seat.

"How did you know-"

"It doesn't matter," Ashton cut her off, "What matters is your answer- Will you help us or not?"

Without the blood on her face, Alina looked rather attractive, not as beautiful as Anna, but in the same league, with different ranks. However, the coldness in her eyes negated the beauty of her face.

"You know I could kill you this very moment without lifting a finger?"

"We both know you already tried and failed miserably," Ashton scoffed, "If you're going to bluff, then I'll suggest you get some more practice first. Just answer my question, will you help us or not?"

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't want to." Alina replied, "But I have a condition; I'll come with you."

"Mind telling us why?" Anna chimed in.

"I need to rescue someone; that's all I'm gonna tell you." Alina sternly replied before going silent.

"Very well then, let's get to planning."

Chapter 476 Tartarus Invasion (3)

While Alina savoured the flavour of taste-filled food, Anna and Ashton were busy having a discussion of their own. Anna was worried about Alina joining them as they didn't know her, nor was she under Ashton's influence like Viper was.

Moreover, her unpredictable nature could lead to unnecessary complications throughout the operation. But the thing he was concerned about the most was Alina's intelligence.

Even though she looked like a goof while eating, there was no denying she was a capable individual. After all, not only did Alina fool her, as the latter tailed her, she turned the tables on Anna, following her back to the club undetected.

Had it not been for Ashton, Anna would have never known Alina was sitting beside them the whole time they discussed her. For these reasons, Anna was sceptical about allowing Alina to join them.

"I know how you feel, and your reasons are all valid," Ashton gently grabbed her face, "However, she's the only one who successfully managed to escape Tartarus. She's the only one who can get us inside that prison fortress."

"I know, but I'm having a bad feeling about this-"

"Do you trust me?"

"With my life."

"Then don't worry about me," Ashton whispered as he kissed her forehead, "You know me, don't you? She might not know this, but she'll forfeit her life as soon as the thought of betraying us crosses her mind."

Although Ashton didn't explicitly tell her what he meant by that, Anna understood the meaning behind his words. One of his shadow lieutenants had already been placed inside Alina's shadow, waiting to execute the target on their master's command.

Having this information certainly took some weight off Anna's mind. Despite Ashton's preventive measures, she had decided to keep close tabs on Alina.

At that moment, someone rhythmically rapped on the door. Alina immediately jumped off the bed, refusing to let go of the heavenly chicken drumstick.

Anna positioned herself between Alina and Ashton as the latter approached the door.

"Your knocking sequence was off; I could have killed you for that." Ashton joked before letting Viper in, quickly introducing everyone, "The lady in red is Anna, and the goof on the bed is Alina. This is-"

"Viper!" Alina exclaimed before rushing in for a hug.

Ashton looked at Anna, who happened to be staring right at him. Viper and Alina knew each other? What a fortunate turn of events!

"Hey, little one. So you're the one who escaped the prison." Viper smiled, "Can't say I'm surprised, honestly."

After a moment, Ashton asked the obvious question, "Let me guess, you met her during your stay in Tartarus?"

"Sure did!" Alina replied with a beaming smile, her arms still wrapped around Viper's torso, "He was my instructor back in the facility and the only one who treated us more than test subjects."

"Who would've thought the big bad assassin is a softie?" Ashton teased them before everyone finally settled down.

Since Viper knew Alina, Ashton's complicated feelings about Alina diminished a bit. Moreover, since Viper was under his authority, Alina wouldn't dare try double-crossing them.

Still, he didn't order Celeste out of her shadow as a guarantee of Alina's 'goodwill' towards them. That said, Ashton wanted to know more about Alina to put Anna at ease and immediately pushed the topic towards them. Viper understood Ashton's intentions and helped him along.

But one thing bothered Anna, and she had no desire to sit on it even for a moment.

"I find it weird that she escaped from the facility, and you had no idea about it?" Anna questioned the duo, "Considering how close you two are; I think you'd be the first one to find her. After all, you certainly have the skills to do so."

The stern look on Alina's face made it clear she wasn't all too happy with the accusatory question thrown her way. But Viper was more than glad to quell Anna's 'thoughts' on the matter.

"I have already informed Ashton about my circumstances. Even though I might not look like it, I was nothing more than a puppet working under the President's orders. Since finding or capturing Alina wasn't a task assigned to me, there was nothing I could have done to find her.

"The entire reason why I'm even here at the moment is all thanks to him," Viper turned to Ashton with a smile, "Had he not destroyed the chip embedded in me, I would still be getting my hands dirty for the sake of man I haven't even met. I hope that clears your doubt?"

Anna nodded, "As long as you don't give me a reason to raise my blade against you, we'll get along just fine."

This wasn't how Ashton wanted his 'team' to have their first meet and greet, but in hindsight, it could have gotten way worse. With hostilities out of the way, Viper continued his story.

In the gist of it, before Viper was forced into becoming an assassin, he was assigned the job of an instructor to train potential 'assets'. The arrangement didn't last for long, as a couple of months later, Viper was chipped and didn't return to Tartarus.

It happened six years ago when Alina was thirteen. After his departure, things changed within the facility, forcing Alina to risk fleeing, a feat even Viper failed to achieve.

"That reminds me, where's Jay? For as long as I remember, you were inseparable." Viper asked, and all the happiness on Alina's face disappeared instantly.

"I wasn't the only one attempting to escape, but I was the only one who did it." Alina sniffled, "Everyone else got captured."

"That's why you want to return, to free them?" Ashton realised the pieces were finally getting together.

Alina nodded.

Had the situation been any different, Ashton would have praised her resolve. However, the news she gave them would put a stint on their plans.

Rescuing someone in a regular prison cell was easy, but since these people had been caught trying to escape, they'd be placed in high security. Which meant his quick in-and-out strategy was out of consideration.

[An all-out war, just the way I like it.]

'Got any ideas?'

[I can come up with a few things.]

Chapter 477 A Twisted Reunion (1)

A couple of days later...

The lightning flashed and pushed its inverted limbs down to the battlefield. In three seconds, the loud boom of thunder struck the air. Light and docile raindrops soon turned heavy and violent.

Moments later, the rumbling thunder came, and right on cue, the rain began to fall even more haphazardly from the sky as if it wasn't entirely committed to rain.

"Damn! Just look at that explosion!" Miko, One of the soldiers stationed at the west wing of the Tartarus, said in awe, "I wish I would've been stationed near the north or east wing. The view from there would've been more exciting, don't you think?"

"Oh, just shut up and focus on the task we have been given, understand?" Noel retorted as he took another drag from his cigarette.

It was a wonder his cigarette wasn't going out in such terrible weather. Soon the raindrops began getting heavier and heavier as the clouds raged through the heavens.

"Huh, say whatever you want but isn't our Section Chief the best? He's fighting against those humans by himself!"

"Yeah yeah, he's great and all. But he's still a new fly here." Noel retorted, "Besides, those human bastards deserve a harsher punishment for even thinking about escaping."

"That's true. We got an earful, thanks to those bastards. More so because of the bitch that ran away." The first soldier continued, "I heard she went on a killing spree back in the mainland. It seems, despite her flaws, she was quite strong."

"She is impressive, unlike the twinkie roll between your legs. Now shut the fuck up and focus- wait... did something move there?"

The guy threw his cigarette and grabbed a pair of night vision-enabled binoculars. Despite his high-class equipment, Noel had trouble differentiating the figures in the dark as it was already pitch black, and the rain only made it worse.

Then suddenly, a bolt of white-hot lightning broke the utter blackness, cleaving the night in parts and lit up the surface but only for the briefest of moments. In that violent but short period of brightness, Noel saw something their enemy did not want him to.

Miko, who was still busy gazing towards the direction in which the chief was punishing the humans, was utterly oblivious to what his partner saw.

"Aww... you never told me how much you hate my 'twinkie'!" He mindlessly laughed at his partner.

"Q-Quick inform the others we have company! We have to- ugh!" The binoculars slipped from his hands, and he fell backwards with a loud thud... he died instantly.

"Your cheap pranks won't work on me anymore, bastard, haha!" Miko thought Noel was trying to pull off a prank of some sort, as usual, and paid no attention to it.

However, when Noel didn't reply to anything Miko was saying, Miko instantly turned to the other side... only to see Noel's lifeless body near him.

A giant gaping hole had replaced Noel's head, and a pool of blood was subsequently formed due to the bullet. Before he could even realise how it all happened, a shot hit him too, and he fell beside the person who was his partner in the military as well as in life.

It was so dark even their fellow soldier would not have been able to discover their lifeless bodies until it was too late.

Another streak of lightning traced the path of its predecessor and unveiled the ones who attacked the soldiers. Under cover of bad weather, Ashton lay flat on his stomach with a sniper rifle in his hands.

From a distance, it seemed he was flying, but in reality, he had mounted the Giholan ship they had brought along to make a quick escape in case things got ugly.

"West coast is clear." Ashton radioed in the rest of them, "Anna, land the ship two kilometres ahead. We'll proceed by foot from there."

"Roger," Anna replied as Ashton made his way back inside the ship.

Pulling stunts like these had become a hobby of Ashton's, and since Anna was around him most of the time, she had gotten used to it as well. But that wasn't the case for Alina and Viper, who greeted Ashton with wide-open mouths in awe of his abilities.

Stormy weather could be considered a curse for snipers. The raging wind and constant interruption in the form of water drops could throw off even the most seasoned sharpshooters.

However, Ashton almost made it seem too easy by taking down more than twenty soldiers within a few minutes.

Anna's vehicular skills were equally praiseworthy. After all, making the ship stay still during a storm couldn't be easy.

"I'm glad I met them before they turned hostile," Alina muttered in disbelief.

"At least you didn't do what I did," Viper replied, "My stupid ass thought I could take him down. But now I know Ashton had no intention of killing me. If he did, we wouldn't be having this conversation."

Before they could continue their fanboying moment, Anna's voice snapped them out of their stupor.

"We're about to land. Get ready!"

The ship touched the ground like a feather. So far, there were no signs suggesting the enemy was aware of their attacks. Once on land, the actual attack would commence.

"Alright, grab your weapons and let's go!" Ashton exclaimed as he walked out.

According to the intel Alina provided, they had a minute before the surveillance team would radio in on the fallen soldiers for attendance. If no one responded to the call, the alarms would go off, making things irreversibly worse for them.

"I'll go ahead and make sure the alarm doesn't go off," Ashton explained as wings materialised on his back, "Viper, you're with me."

"Got it," Viper responded, grabbing onto Ashton's arm.

"Guess we're stuck with each other then," Anna joked while offering her arm to Alina, "Hold tight. Things are about to get rough from here on out."

"I know, I know. Just get me close enough, and I'll make things easier for you." Alina scoffed as she begrudgingly accepted Anna's hand.

Chapter 478 A Twisted Reunion (2)

Meanwhile, inside the prison, the section chief was busy dealing with the rebels. No one had ever thought of escaping Tartarus, yet these pieces of shit not only had the forbidden thought but almost turned it into reality.

All because of their stupidity, he got reprimanded by the President and given a final warning. One more mistake, and he would have to spend the rest of his life in Tartarus, but this time as a prisoner.

Standing 5' 10" tall, this pasty-skinned man had a devout feel about him. Apart from the distinctive burn scar on his back, a particularly notable feature was his fake freckles. Why he had them was a mystery even to his closest confidant.

"Fucking bastards made my life difficult," Mikosh spat on the prisoner's faces, still enraged by their actions, "Bring me my cigar!"

One of the guards rushed to the boss with a delicately packed 'Flavor Bomb' as Mikosh referred them all. The guard didn't bring a lighter because Mikosh didn't need such trivial things.

As soon as the cigar touched his lips, it burst into flames. Mikosh took a long drag before focusing his attention towards the humans.

He grabbed the nearest man by his hair and whispered into his ear, "Tell me where that bitch is, and all of us will be happy. Refuse, and I'll be the only one laughing while the rest of you cry your eyes out."

The man, exhausted from three days of continuous beating, could barely speak. Jay had been the closest to Alina, so his punishment was much more severe than the rest of them.

But even after being restlessly tortured for days, he had not said a word to aid the officials. One could say torturing him was like banging one's head against a mountain. He wasn't ready to yield no matter what the guards or Mikosh did to him.

That's why when Jay opened his mouth to say something, Mikosh lent him his ear, thinking the bastard had finally learned his lesson. However, he couldn't have been more wrong.

"Ask your wife to jerk me off, and I'll tell her... where Alina is..." Jay smirked weakly, "Oh wait, didn't she beat your ass the last time you met? Doubt she'll... listen to you... hehe."

Mikosh saw red. In his fit of rage, he forced the burning cigar into Jay's mouth, making sure to burn his tongue in the process. Jay flailed his arms, trying his best to escape the chief, but Mikosh quickly overpowered him.

Jay's screams were not enough to satisfy Mikosh's rage as the latter pulled his tongue out and slit it in half till it resembled a snake's tongue. Blood overflowed through Jay's mouth, smearing everything around him with blood.

The rest of the prisoners watched in horror while the undead laughed as if they were watching a humorous play.

However, Mikosh had severely underestimated Jay's fighting spirit. Ignoring the pain he was in; Jay raised his hand to attack Mikosh while his back was turned to him.

Sadly for him, his body was in disagreement with his spirit. After being tortured for days, he didn't have enough strength to continue fighting. Mikosh knew it and didn't even bother trying to dodge his 'attack' as the soldier brought him another cigar.

"I like you, bastard. I really do." Mikosh mumbled while enjoying his cigar in between, "You're not like the rest of the scaredy bastards who can't even look me in the eye. No, you're different."

He pointed at the remaining prisoners, "They might say they want to kill me, but at the moment, they'll hesitate because of the fear instilled in them. You, on the other hand, will not think for a moment before executing me."

Mikosh nodded at a guard as they rushed and poured a potion over Jay's mouth and face. The quantity wasn't enough to heal his wounds, but only to stop the excessive bleeding. Once done, Mikosh approached him again.

"Yes, that look of defiance you have. That's what I like about you the most. But I wonder, what kind of face will you make when I kill that pretty girl of yours right in front of you?"

"I have an even better idea! Why don't I chop off her limbs and let my boys use her like a living flashlight?" Mikosh gave Jay his characteristic disgusting smile, "Maybe you'll finally get to hit it as well? You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

It was at that moment Jay finally lost his crap and lashed out. But the soldiers were quick to get him under control, all while tasing him.

"Entertain him a little while longer," Mikosh muttered while tying his elbow-length hair, "I'll be back after dinner."

"Yes, sir!" The soldiers bellowed simultaneously before getting to work.

Once out of sight, Mikosh took a whiff of Jay's blood on his fist. As much as he wanted to taste such exotic blood, he had to restrain himself.

After all, the test subjects were dosed with chemicals and whatnot on a regular basis. Some of which could be fatal to the undead.

"One of these days-"

"Why wait for that long?" A voice echoed in the washroom.

Mikosh turned around, but he was the only one inside the room, or so he thought. As he searched the stalls for the mysterious voice, someone jumped him, slamming his head to the floor.

"What-"

Crack!

Before Mikosh could speak or do anything, he found himself under Anna's influence. Undead or not, a man could never deny a succubus' gaze. Once Anna confirmed Mikosh's status, Ashton got off the man's back.

"Is this him?" He asked Alina, who nodded.

"About damn time!" Anna exclaimed as her gaze wandered over to the pile of corpses over the room's far end.

"Well, we got him. But what now?" Alina mumbled.

"Now we go our separate paths," Ashton commented as he transformed into Mikosh, "We'll meet here in an hour, so rescue whoever you want in that time, and just so you know, I won't wait for you if you're late even by a second."

"An hour is more than enough." Viper responded before parting ways.

Chapter 479 A Twisted Reunion (3)

Unlike Alina, Ashton didn't have a clear goal in mind, nor did he know what he was searching for so desperately. He only knew there had to be something, a hint or likewise, to help him discover more about his father and his connection with Phantom.

However, it was a bizarre situation as Ashton had no idea where his father could have left a clue for him to find. That was why he decided to disguise himself as the Chief and get unrestricted access around the facility.

Before sending Mikosh off with Viper and Alina, Ashton made sure to pull some information out of him about his father. Sadly, Mikosh had only been recently employed as the Section Chief and had no idea where Ashton's father could be.

However, the undead disclosed some helpful information, such as the part of the facility where Ashton's father should've stayed as a prisoner from Lycania.

Unfortunately, Mikosh was not carrying the admittance card to allow access to the cells, which meant Ashton would have to come up with another way to get inside the actual 'prison'.

On a positive note, since Ashton had been abusing [Alteration] to change his appearance at least once a day, the skill finally evolved. Now not only could he imitate someone's face, but he could also steal their voice.

Thanks to the much-needed upgrade, Ashton no longer had to fear accidental exposure and confidently went through rooms and corridors. During this time, Anna strictly communicated through telepathy, not wanting to expose their disguise.

"We cannot waste the time we have randomly wandering around." She urged, "We need help and need it fast."

Ashton nodded in agreement. It would take days to search the entire facility if they went to check every room. However, any rash action could lead to their covers being blown, and Ashton wasn't looking forward to that moment.

His stealthy approach wasn't due to fear of the undead but out of caution for unforeseen circumstances. After meeting Viper and Alina, Ashton was confident there could be potentially more dangerous tet subjects in prison.

Therefore, basing his opinion on them, Ashton wasn't a fan of confronting them head-on. After all, he was on their turf and caution was warranted under those circumstances.

While he could employ the help of his soldiers to ease his search, unfortunately, they were preoccupied at the moment.

Celeste was keeping an eye on Alina from the shadows while Sven was by Viper's side to protect him from unforeseen circumstances. Leaving Ashton with Atlas and Raven.

Calling Atlas for help was a big no as he was a literal warmonger, and Ashton had no intention of summoning him until he had no other choice. As for Raven, he was making himself useful by guarding the surveillance room to ensure no one would trigger the alarms while the rest of them went about their business.

That said, Ashton was short on time, and this was the final opportunity he would get to discover the truth about his father. Being overly cautious during this phase could lead to their failure.

"Fuck it,"

Instead of looking for clues, Ashton decided it was time to abuse Mikosh's authority and grabbed the next soldier he saw by the collar.

"Who the hell-" The soldier angrily mumbled, but his face changed when he saw Mikosh, "S-Section Chief! I d-didn't mean to insult-"

Smack!

"Did I give you permission to bark, you imbecile?" Ashton slapped the man, only to speak before the soldier could respond to him, "Take me to the holding cells."

"Sir?"

The Chief's order confused the soldier. Why would the man in charge of the entire facility need a lowly soldier like him to be a guide? Something wasn't adding up.

But before the soldier had the chance to question Mikosh, the ambitious part of his mind overpowered the logical one. Instead of questioning the Chief, the soldier considered it an opportunity to get to Mikosh's good side and climb through the ranks as quickly as possible.

"Private Jwayne Dawson, at your service, Chief!" Jwayne pulled his best salute out of his ass to look good in front of Tartarus's top dog.

Anna looked at Ashton through the corner of his eyes, only to find him as clueless as she was. Both of them thought the other had gotten the soldier under their influence when they realised that wasn't the case; Jwayne's eagerness to work with them felt odd, to say the least.

'I had no idea that Mikkosh fucked had terrorised them into absolute submission or some shit.'

'Even I'm surprised. But I guess it works in our favour.' Anna replied.

Within moments, they were standing in front of a massive door made of titanium alloy. While earthlings might have difficulty breaching the doors, Ashton could put the door away with some time and effort. Thankfully, he did not have to waste either.

Jwayne walked up to the door and entered the code; however, the door was still in place. The following moment, Ashton realised Jwayne did not enter the lock code as he believed; instead, he called the soldier stationed on the other side of the door.

"Why does a Private want- Sir!" The soldier stationed on the other side was moments away from verbally thrashing Jwayne when he saw the man standing behind him, "I-It's an honour, sir!"

"Stop wasting my time and open the doors," Ashton ordered in the sternest voice possible.

Unlike Jwayne, this soldier took notice of Anna. Previously, whenever Chief Mikosh had to visit a prisoner, he did it alone. He went so far as to rid the guards while he was inside.

If that wasn't weird enough, few female soldiers were stationed on the island. Therefore, the soldier in charge of the gates, knew most of the women working there, and the one accompanying the Chief wasn't one of them.

Ashton saw the guard's wandering gaze shifting towards Anna and knew he needed to act before they started questioning him.

"If you're wondering who she is," Ashton casually pointed at Anna, "I don't know either. However, she's here under the President's order. You know what that means, don't you?"

A few seconds passed, and the soldier on the other side didn't move from his station. Just as Ashton thought their cover was blown, the doors opened from the inside, allowing Ashton access to the vault of secrets.

However, before entering the prison, Ashton pulled Jwayne aside, "No one, and I mean, no one is allowed inside while we're inside. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir!" Jwayne saluted them again, smiling from ear to ear, "I won't disappoint you, sir!"

"Good lad," Ashton patted him on the shoulder as the door closed behind them.

Chapter 480 A Twisted Reunion (4)

The world inside the door was in complete contrast to the outside. While the outer area looked as if it was barely maintained, the inner section was squeaky clean. No speck of dust could be found on the white floors and walls.

Had it not been for the prison cells on both sides of the corridor, Ashton would have thought he was visiting some high-end hotel to enjoy the weekend.

Moreover, while the undead refrained from openly using alien technology in the cities, they had gone all-out for the actual prison.

"All these-" Anna was too stunned to speak her mind.

"I guess aliens have been a lot closer to us than we thought," Ashton mumbled.

[We have always been closer than you think. Haven't you heard of Area 51? Some type-2 civilisations treated it like a getaway trip from their monotonous life.]

"That's a... news to me," Ashton was a bit surprised about what Astaroth said, but it wasn't the strangest thing he had ever heard.

[I heard it was fantastic, and in exchange for visiting Earth, they had to pay in 'technology'. You won't believe how those people ripped off the humans.]

"You sure are quite jolly talking about our history?"

[Of course I am! Don't take it to your heart, but the humans weren't the brightest bunch. I heard some aliens even managed to form a group called the 'Illuminati' to rule over the Earth for centuries, and the humans had no idea about it! Well, some did, but no one believed them so-]

"Oh my, thanks for the 'modern affairs' lesson. But if you don't mind, I have a job to do."

Ashton wisely decided not to indulge Astaroth anymore, or his constant blabbering would irate him.

Back in prison, most of the cells were occupied by humans who were barely humans anymore. Most of them had been merged with animal DNA which gave them ridiculous looks.

As far as Ashton could see, agony and madness were the only things accompanying these 'lab rats'. Although he had convinced himself that he was no longer a human and did not care about them, Ashton's resolve shook violently as rage surged inside him.

At the moment, he had to force himself to think why he was there. Had it not been for his father, he wouldn't be able to hold back and destroy all the bastards who dared to do something so cruel.

Anna seemed to read Ashton's mind and rushed to comfort him. Sensing her touch managed to snap him back to reality.

As the duo went through the glass cells, the occupants rushed to the opposite end of their cells. It was as if the mere sight of Ashton made them fearful for their lives.

Not one of them was bold enough to stand up to Ashton, which made him wonder what Mikosh could have possibly done to them for them to be so scared of him.

"Letting him live was a mistake." Ashton mumbled, "Thankfully, I'll have time to correct it."

At that moment, a man wearing a yellow hazmat suit appeared before them. Thanks to the white background, Anna easily spotted the man, and so did he.

"What are you doing here? Guards! GUARDS! there's an intruder!" The man yelled, not knowing the guards had already left the chamber.

"Stop yelling, for fuck's sake!" Ashton yelled back, startling the weak scientist.

"O-Oh, Chief Mikosh, It's you!" The scientist let out a sigh of relief, "I thought someone had invaded us, haha! Stupid me, how can that happen as long as you are there to protect us? Excuse my arrogance, but would you mind telling me who the woman is accompanying you? She doesn't seem to be undead-"

'God, this man talks a lot!' Ashton thought before coming up with an excuse.

Thankfully, the scientist solved his little problem himself, "Ah, you must be here to oversee the revitalisation of our most prized test subject! I completely forgot to inform you, but it has been rescheduled for next week. Please don't kill me~ haha, of course, you won't!"

Little did the man know how close he was to death, and with every word out of his mouth, he only got closer and closer.

At that moment, Ashton heard Anna's voice to telepathy, "Everyone seems to be scared of that man even more than you."

Ashton looked around. Much to his surprise, the occupant of each cell was shivering like they saw a ghost or something.

Their reaction, coupled with how casually the man was talking to Mikosh, was enough to let Ashton know the man under the hazmat suit was someone important, and someone important would surely know his father.

However, he couldn't directly ask the man about his father, or he might get suspicious. Therefore, Ashton decided to bring it up in the most casual way possible.

"Hmm, I see." Ashton replied, maintaining his role, "Well, we can't let her visit go to waste, can we? We should let Lady Bella see the result of your hard work herself."

"Woah, did something happen to you?" The man laughed, finally taking his helmet off, "You never showed any interest in them, and now you're asking me to give you a tour?"

As soon as the man took the helmet off, Ashton had to fight the urge not to puke. The bald man had a glass covering half his head, acting as a makeshift skull.

That wasn't all. The guy had augmented and mechanised his body to the point he could no longer classify as an undead anymore. The closest thing he resembled was an Ena-bot than an Undead or human or anything born on Earth.

"I still don't care about them," Ashton replied, "But the President does. That's why she's here. The sooner you give her what she wants, the happier both of us will be."

"True, true. I would also be interested in the experiment's progress if I had my life on the line." The man casually replied, "Come on then, you'll be pleased to see our progress!"