

## I Became A Zompirewolf - Chapter 6 - Ceremony (1)

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Ashton still had the cover wrapped around his head. However, if it was true that for days had been passed, then he knew where he was being taken to. It was time for his induction ceremony. As he was being dragged through the courtyard, he could hear the cheers from the other humans. They were celebrating as if he had won a battle or something.

'Pathetic as.sholes!' Ashton crushed the humans under his breath.

This wasn't something anyone should be celebrating! He was being taken hostage for god's sake. He had wanted to join the resistance, not the Lycans! He still didn't know what happened to his plan or whether he was fed some kind of sleeping tablet to make sure he wouldn't leave the place even if he wanted to.

But it was for that same reason he had not been eating anything that he was offered for the last few days. Then how come did he get all tangled up in the mess? He tried using his newly transformed physique to free himself but against full-fledged werewolves, his strength was just like that of a toddler. No matter how much he struggled there was nothing he could do now. It was too late. His fate was already sealed.

Just like that, he was thrown in a car where two Lycans hold him down as they rode on. He could still faintly hear the cheers of the others. However, soon everything turned into silence and the only things he could hear were the sound of the car heading towards an unknown location.

'Damn it, damn it, damn it!!!' Ashton kept cursing under his breath.

He was angry with himself. After everything he had done in the last couple of months, all his plans went straight to drain. He just wanted one thing... to avenge his parents and now he wouldn't be able to do crap about it.

Once he was converted into a werewolf, there was nothing he would be able to do against the Lycans. Loyalty was programmed in their blood as the

human gene was replaced by those of the Lycans. No matter what kind of disagreement they had, the Lycans would have to stay true to their pack.

However, for those who still try to defy the pack and go against them existed the death penalty or worse... exile. Some would have thought being exiled was better than dying when in reality being exiled was far worse than a quick death.

The world was not a good place to roam around without proper preparation. The Undead, the cold ones and the Lycans were bad, but there were far worse things out there that no one even knew about because whoever set out to discover about hidden monsters, never returned back.

Earth wasn't earth anymore but chaos. The only semblance of order there was on the planet was the various kingdoms/regions that had been made by the new lords of the world. Right now, Ashton and the Lycans were headed towards one such place... the capital city of the Kingdom of Lycania, known as Deja.

Deja was also the city where the 'mistress' had indomitable influence. One could say she was the uncrowned queen of that city, it was a title that wasn't far from reality. She was, after all, one of the many illicit children of the king.

She was considered to be the most gifted individual among all of the King's children but since she was born out of wedlock, the purists within the Lycan society did not allow the King to treat her as his daughter. It was the same reason she was dead set on making the royal family's life as miserable as possible.

All of a sudden, the car stopped. They had arrived at their location, the Mistress' mansion. It might have seemed like a mere couple of minutes since their journey started, however, it was all thanks to their technological advancements that they were able to make a cross country trip within minutes.

The man sitting on his right side, grabbed Ashton by his nape and pulled him out of the car. His head was still covered so he couldn't see a thing, but he could feel the eyes on him. Hundreds of them were looking at him. Some with hunger in their eyes, while some were looking at him with peculiar interest.

[You have obtained a new skill: Low-grade Perception.]

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>> Perception: A prime ability found in bloodsuckers. It is the ability to see, hear, or become aware of something through the senses. You can now sense the intention of low-levelled beings through this skill.

Grade: Low

Condition to upgrade the skill: Achieve maximum friendliness/hostility with any intelligent being or use 5 skill points to level this skill up.

Current Vampiric skill points: 0

<Info: You can earn certain types of skill points by performing certain tasks. You'll get to know about the tasks once your powers have manifested.>

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'Low-grade perception? Wait, what even is this-'

All of a sudden, Ashton was slammed down on the floor like a sack of potatoes. The following moment, the cover on his face was lifted, however, his hands were still chained. Ashton forced his eyes shut before slowly opening them to check his surroundings.

Several slim banners surrounding each of the ten onyx columns had lit up the lower levels of the throne hall and while coating everything in an orange glimmer. Numerous angelic paintings could be seen on the oblique ceiling dance in the flickering light of the torches while carved images and gargoyles looked down upon the limestone floor of the magnificent hall.

A teal carpet ran from the throne to the doors and was matched by small circular ones on either side of the hall while rounded banners with gilded tassels drape from the walls. Between each banner stands a tall candle, many of which had been lit and in turn illuminate the statuettes of Lycan heroes and leaders standing above them.

Several people were sitting on either side of the carpet. All of their faces were covered in weird masks that Ashton thought resembled their 'true' faces. Behind each person were high, tinted glass windows are contoured by curtains coloured the same teal as the carpet.

A dignified throne of gold sat at the far end of the room, right where he was forced to kneel down. The area around the throne was adjoined by four plain, but comfortable seats for those closest to the mistress as she occupied the throne. A werewolf was carved right above the throne.

"Now that everyone is here, let the ceremony begin!"