

Zompiewolf 61

Chapter 61 - Brawl (2)

The fights afterwards merely lasted a few minutes. These were quick-paced matches that weren't unnecessarily dragged out. On the other hand, it also made him realise that these people had much more experience in fighting than he did. Even though their levels were not as high as his.

But the more fights he saw, the more comfortable he became with the idea of fighting inside the cage. It was also a relief that Rose was coaching him about everything. Although, it felt more like she was worried about her money than him.

"Lunas and Alphas, Counts and Countesses... we have finally arrived at the moment you all have been waiting for." The neatly dressed vampire proudly announced, "The fight of the night between the undefeated crimson beauty Bella and the ultimate underdog... wait, is this name correct?"

The announcer suddenly got quiet and inquired about the name before resuming the announcement.

"Ahem, a fight between the undefeated crimson beauty Bella and the ultimate underdog Mr Virgin!"

The crowd burst out laughing the moment the announcer was done announcing. Hell, even the announcer himself was laughing like a mad man. Who the fck would name themselves something as absurd as that? Ashton angrily looked towards Rose, who to no one's surprise was laughing as well.

"You just had to do that, didn't you?"

"Hey, don't give me that look. I didn't lie, did I?" Rose said in between taking deep breaths, "The form said you should name yourself something close to reality. So I did. You're the ultimate underdog and a virgin. If you aren't then I'll get right on the stage and tell everyone that I'm your bitch."

"Fck you!" Ashton shook his head and walked onto the stage.

He had never felt so humiliated in his entire life. But the moment he entered the stage, he realised why Rose did what she did. She didn't do it to make fun of him... well, she did. But there was another side of the story as well.

With a name like that, everyone would believe him to be an amateur. The fact that this was his first appearance on the stage ever, would also reinforce the belief. All of these facts might lead the undefeated Bella to underestimate him and thus making it easier for Ashton to win the fight.

All of those were the reason for how the absurd name would help Ashton. But there was another reason why Rose named him something as absurd as that.

Unlike Ashton, Rose was there to win money and the money she would get was depended on the odds of betting. Now considering Bella's track record and a newbie with a name as absurd as Mr virgin, not a lot of people would place their bets on Ashton.

Which meant, if Ashton won... she could only imagine the kind of money she would end up making. But in case he lost... welp, then she would have to pin the bill on Lucifer. It was not like that bastard would pay her either way.

'He has to win. If he doesn't then guess his blue units will come in handy.' Rose sighed and sunk back into her seat.

In the meantime, Ashton was busy taking a good look at his opponent. Standing at 5'7", the pearl-white-skinned woman had an enigmatic feel about her. She had an overall angular face with a sharp jawline.

She also had crimson hair that went along with her eyes. Apart from that, not much was visible as her face was covered with a black masquerade mask.

Weirdly enough, Ashton had a feeling that he had seen those eyes before. But he couldn't pinpoint where, but he could swear on his life he had seen them before.

"Fighters, ready?"

The referee's announcement snapped Ashton out of his dream world. Whether he knew it or not, it didn't matter. Right now they were each other's opponents and nothing more.

'I'm just here to take the gear. Nothing more.' Ashton nodded and so did Bella.

"Fight!"

The referee disappeared soon after giving them the go, enclosing the two of them inside the glass cage. The cage for this fight was different from the rest because of Bella's unique ability. Anyone who came in

contact with her [Sweet Scent] ability lost all sense of reason and wants only one thing... to bang someone.

That's why this cage was built especially for her fights to ensure that ability did not affect anyone other than her opponent. After all, they had had one such incident before... and it did not end up well.

Soon the cage was filled with an odourless, pink gas. Ashton simultaneously drew his twin blades out and charged at Bella. However, after a couple of steps, he started staggering.

'The hell is going on...'

Soon his mind started going fuzzy and his vision was affected as well. Bella's ability was already taking effect on him and he was yet to lay a finger on her.

"Oh... you're the first one to last this long without falling to his knees and humping the ground." Bella mumbled as she seductively walked up to him, "Maybe I should give you some special treatment after all."

Ashton's face was flushed and his body temperature started to rise. Which as a vampire was not a good thing at all. It was a sign that he was about to lose control over his desires.

However, right when he was about to give in. Bella did something which she shouldn't have. She kicked Ashton across the face. The sharp side of her heels managed to dig into his cheeks and drew blood. The blood then fell on the blades of Ashton's swords.

But that was only the beginning. It took some time, but the mask started to show its effects. Within moments, Ashton was able to get rid of the effects of Bella's [Sweet Scent].

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You have gained [Blidness Tolernace] Level 1.

The duration and effects of <Blindness> will be reduced by 10%.

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Well, Ashton was not quite yet able to get rid of all the effects, but he could get rid of the effects associated with mental attacks. His vision got back to normal and so did his balance. The only thing was... he was quite excited under his belt.

"How... how can you get back to your feet!?" Bella shrieked along with everyone else in the audience when they saw Ashton get back to his feet, "The strength of my skill is absolute!"

"Is it now?" Ashton gave her a weird smile before soaking his blades in his blood once again, "Let me show you some of my absolute skills."

[You have activated the skill <Blood Poison>]

Chapter 62 - Brawl (3)

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>> [Blood Poison]:

The basic ability for Blood mages, a rare class that has only ever been acquired by a few. Upon activation converts the user's blood into a potent poison that can be used to harm others. The user themselves are immune to this poison.

Once the blood poison enters someone's body, it starts inflicting continuous damage of 1% HP for 5 seconds. This ability can be stacked innumerable times. But at risk of the opponent obtaining a bit of tolerance if this skill is used too much on them. However, the opponent will not get total immunity to the poison under any circumstance.

Grade: Low (F grade)

Damage: 1% of total HP

Condition to upgrade: The skill automatically upgrades with the grade of the user.

The skill itself wasn't anything game-changing. As the blood had to somehow enter the opponent's body. That was the trickiest part of using the skill. As the description mentioned, this skill belonged to the mages, who weren't proficient in fighting using weapons. Thus it was hard for them to use the skill to its maximum potential.

However, in the right hands, the skill could be deadly. That was the reason why it was considered to be one of the rarest skills any vampire could obtain. Thankfully, Ashton knew what he was doing.

By smearing his blood on the blades, he had just made the blades much deadlier than before. Now the problem of getting his blood inside the body of his enemy was solved and all he needed to do was to put the ability to a test.

'I originally wanted to test this out along with [Aggravate], but looks like I'll have to leave that plan for some other day.'

Ashton couldn't help but let out a smile when he saw Bella fidgeting around. She had no idea why the hell her skill was not working on him. It had always worked before on the others, but not on him.

She kept thinking about it while keeping her distance. But it seemed Ashton did not have as much patience as her. He wanted the fight to be over as quickly as possible so he could get back to the cottage before the mistress got suspicious.

He charged towards Bella, with a blade on each side of him. It appeared without her charms, she was nothing to be afraid of. Ashton decided that going for her limbs would be the best course of action as he

did not want to give her any previous wound. especially with a power he had never used before on anyone.

However, before he could put his plan into action, Bella took him by surprise and shot a stream of fire out of her palm. The change was so sudden, Ashton was barely able to dodge the attack in time. If it hadn't been for his overly developed perception skill, he would have turned into fried chicken right then and there.

'This fcking bitch!' Ashton breathed heavily, 'I was being considerate to not hurt her too badly and she decided to fry me? That's it. No mercy.'

Being considerate about one's opponent was a foolish thing to even think about. But as Ashton wasn't thinking of this as a battle, he was going easy on her. But no more.

'Don't even think about it.' Rose's voice echoed in his head a mere moment before Ashton was about to activate his undead genes, 'Are you retarded or what? There are so many eyes on you. You think this is the right time to use something none of them has ever seen before?'

Ashton was a bit frustrated at this point. But he could see sense behind what Rose was saying. It would be stupid of him to do something like that. Not to mention, if someone recognised that he was using undead and vampire abilities simultaneously, they might even connect the dots between him and the death of the bloodsuckers back in Maddencreek.

He took a deep breath and calmed himself down before replying to Rose, 'Thanks for your help.'

At the moment, he was a vampire and he had to fight like one. Which meant, he would have to use his brain for a change.

'She can use fire as well... I don't have any skills to counter that. I can't use Nemean Hide either. It would throw away my identity. This leaves me with one choice... gotta use agility to my advantage.'

"Kill him and get it over with!" All of a sudden the crowd started yelling.

It was to be expected since none of them had thought the fight would go on for this long. And the longer the fight dragged on, the higher was the chances that the odds would get messed up. None of them wanted that to happen.

Suddenly, Bella's fists erupted into flames. It looked like she wasn't going to hold back anymore. But there was an ace hiding in Ashton's sleeve. A move that will end their match in one shot.

Without wasting another moment, Bella shot her flames at Ashton, who for some reason, stayed rooted to his spot.

"Direct hit! It's all over folks! Don't forget to-" The announcer was so sure in Bella's ability he was already declaring her as the winner, however a moment later he saw something he couldn't believe, "How... when, when did Mr Virgin appear behind Bella?"

Before anyone could answer or process what had just happened, Ashton appeared right behind Bella and kicked her right in the head, sending her flying away to the opposite side of the cage.

The impact was so strong, she lost her consciousness. Just like that, her undefeated streak came to an end. Much to everyone's dismay and surprise. Everyone who had placed their bets on Bella was crying on the inside, while a couple of others were jumping around.

Even Rose was included in this group. The 3000 Blue units she had bet on Ashton's victory had been turned into about 45 thousand Blue Units! That was the kind of odds that Ashton was up against. But as usual, he overcame his troubles in style. However, inside his head, something else was going on...

'Why would a noble like Anna Swan compete in underground fights?' He thought as he viewed the information of 'Bella', 'I guess, we all have our secrets and circumstances.. I shouldn't probe about it unnecessarily.'

Chapter 63 - Busted

"I wanted defence equipment but they had none in 'stock' or were already sold out." Ashton sighed as they walked out of the black market, "Why is my luck so shit?"

"Hey, at least you got another rare accessory. Cheer up!"

Unlike Ashton Rose was in a good mood. Why wouldn't she be? After all, she got all the money she wanted. Heck, she even got more than she had hoped initially. Whereas, he wanted to get some defence equipment and couldn't find an uncommon quality thing.

He thought maybe he could save this opportunity and get something later. But he was told he had to get something right then and there or his winnings will get revoked. In the end, he was forced to get an accessory instead.

Item: Grim Reaper's Necklace

Type: Accessory/ Necklace

> Defence: Boost undead stats by 20%

Stats bonus:

>> Armour: +10% in presence of an Undead (increases with user's level or the number of undead creatures around).

>> Boosts the effect of curses cast by the user by 50%.

Rarity: Rare

Description:

A necklace said to have been retrieved from the Archlich, the second floor boss of the 'Dungeon of death'. It is said to have some hidden bonuses and abilities that none of its previous owners had been able to discover.

This Necklace can only be equipped by a Vampire or an Undead.

The weapon had been enchanted and imbued with unique abilities and effects.

Effect(s):

> Protects the wielder from curses by absorbing them and turning them into mana. <The user can not use mana yet. Please get to level 15 to unlock mana manipulation.>

> The necklace senses the presence of familiar skill. The user has been granted a Sync Skill: [Dance of the dead].

When [Corpse Parade] ability is activated, the user will be awarded some stat boosts depending on the type of Undead resurrected.

> Grants the user the active skill: [Locked] <Unlocks when the user reaches level 15>.

> Grants the user the active skill: [Locked] <Unlocks when the user reaches level 25>.

'At least I learnt something new today.' Ashton thought as the image of 'Bella' crossed his mind.

Back when Ashton saw 'Bella', even though he couldn't see her face, he had a feeling he had seen her before. That suspicion was easily confirmed when he used Detection to peek into the girl's stat.

He had hoped that he would get to know something he could use to take 'Bella' down. However, he had never thought to discover that Bella was Anna swan. The same girl who stood by him when the Gruntas and other nobles started berating him after the exam.

From that moment on, she had piqued his interest a bit. Ashton could see a noble coming there to bet on fights and buy stuff, but he could have imagined someone of noble birth fighting in a place like that.

Either way, since it had nothing to do with him, he didn't care about it. Also, it wasn't like he could just go up to her and ask her about it. Anna clearly wanted to keep it a secret and thus went to the length of colouring her hair and everything. So Ashton decided it was better to stay silent about it. For now.

A few minutes later, Ashton had his hands on the goods he wanted and Rose had hers on the money. But she wasn't as heartless as Ashton thought she would be. After all, she gave him another 10k blue units from her winnings.

Ashton was calling it her winnings because he didn't place any bets on himself. What money Rose used to bet on him was hers and hers alone. The only thing Ashton was entitled to, was the necklace he got and nothing else. The money Rose was about to share belonged to her alone.

"Thanks for this," Ashton mumbled while Rose transferred the money to him, "I wholeheartedly believed you were going to take off with the money."

"Yeah, well, I might be a bitch. But even I know what's right and what's not." Rose smiled, but this time her smile felt like it was genuine, "Either way, I need to keep my fighter happy, don't I?"

"This was a one-time thing." Ashton immediately retorted, "Don't think I'm going to fight here regularly."

"What? I thought you liked the experience! On top of getting name and fame, you also get high-quality gear and good money. What else do you want?"

"Yeah yeah, it's all good. But there's just this one thing that bothers me... it's ILLEGAL! If anyone from the academy got a whiff of the situation, I'll be kicked out of there on the damn spot. That's something no amount of money can make me do."

"The mask ain't good enough to hide your face?"

"To be honest, it isn't. At first, I thought it would be a great idea. But when that Bella girl kicked me in the face, the darn thing almost fell off."

Rose got silent all of a sudden, or in other words, she was thinking something. It was true that the mask could hide his face, but if it ever fell off, things would get troublesome. Both for him and... for her.

"I'll figure something out. Till then you don't need to fight there." Rose confidently replied.

Ashton was surprised she actually listened to him for once and did not offer him more money to continue. Well, even if she had offered him more money, he would have declined.

No amount of money was more important than his revenge, and to get that revenge, he needed to be a good boy in front of the mistress. He needed to learn as much as he could and try to earn the mistress's trust before stabbing her in the back with the sharpest dagger.

"Glad we could come to an agreement. And on that note, we should part ways here. I don't think the werewolves would like to meet you just yet even if you have your werewolf genes active."

"Oh, I get it. You don't wanna introduce your girlfriend to your mommy. Typical playboy stuff. Huh!" Rose threw a bit of drama and stormed off.

Anyone who would have seen it happening would have thought Ashton to be a real jerk for sending his 'girlfriend' away like that. In fact, he could already feel their judging eyes on him.

'That bitch...' Ashton ignored everyone and walked back into his room through the window. However, as he did he realised he wasn't the only one there.

"Where have you been?" The mistress's scary voice echoed behind him.

'Oh.... shit.'

Chapter 64 - Blood Moon

"I think I asked you something." The mistress continued.

Ashton slowly turned around to see her sitting there while Disha stood behind her like a guard. sitting next to the mistress, there was a fairly large box. Ashton momentarily wondered what could be inside the box.

But right now, that wasn't important. He needed to think of a way to get out of the situation he was in. If not, well, then he was screwed pretty bad.

'Why the heck is she even concerned about me?' Ashton thought.

He had been hoping his absence would not get noticed because of how her mood had been before. But it appeared that she had already gotten over whatever the problem she was facing back then. As a result, now her focus was entirely on him and his absence.

"I... went out for a walk." Ashton hastily replied with whatever came to his mind first.

"You went for a walk... through the window?" The mistress shook her head, "What kind of fool do you take me for? Did you forget, I know everything about you? It is unlike you to do something like 'going on a walk' out of the blue. That too, without asking for my permission or telling anyone else."

"It's something I've picked up recently."

"You're walking on thin ice now, Ashton. I'll suggest you stop lying and give me the truth. Where have you been to? And how long? Think and answer carefully."

The following moment she got up and threateningly took a step towards him. Her eyes looked as if she was trying to make a hole in his head. Ashton thought he had learned to control himself around her, but right now, just being around her was making him sweat.

It wasn't happening because he had gotten weak. But as the mistress was not holding back against him anymore. It was only when she revealed her hidden strength, did Ashton started to worry about himself.

He knew very well what she was trying to do... assert dominance. That was the mistress's way of making someone 'talk'. She didn't utter anything else, but Ashton knew... he had to come up with a believable lie. Even if it was absurd.

"I was out with a girl."

"You... were out with a girl?"

Out of all the things, Disha and the Mistress had thought Ashton would say, this was by far the most unexpected one. Ashton, out with a girl? Impossible. But considering the way he was acting, it did seem like that was the case.

After all, it would have been the boys first date. Maybe that was the reason he didn't want anyone to know where he had been, because, well, maybe he did not know how to tell them.

"Who is she?" The mistress asked him, judging by her muffled voice, it was clear that she was trying really hard to not let her emotions get the better part of her conscience.

She had been trying time after time to make the boy fall for her and this mystery girl, whoever she was, just met and she swept him off his feet? In her eyes, Ashton was her precious pawn and he only belonged to her and her alone. No one else, male or female could take him away... at least until her plan was completed.

On top of all that, Ashton getting a girl on the first day there was still not believable. Or more like, the mistress wasn't ready to believe it, even though she had no reason not to.

"She's someone I saved during the exam. She said she wanted to take me out as a way to thank me for doing so." Ashton was lying through the skin between his teeth now, "I wanted to tell the mistress about it and ask for permission."

He continued, "But when I saw how tense you were, I thought it would be better to leave without asking for permission as to not trouble you even more. I'd rather take the punishment than upset you in any way, mistress. I apologise for getting you all riled up."

Ashton could see his golden tongue was doing his job. The mistress's expression changed drastically and it appeared she had calmed down because she went back to sit on the bed. In the meantime, Ashton was still bowing before her.

"It's fine. You don't need to apologise. But make sure you don't leave without taking my permission." The mistress dismissively waved her hand, "Oh, and Disha informed me you were looking for some gears. So I have prepared something for you."

She threw the heavy-looking wooden box at him, "I hope you'll find it to your liking."

"Thank you."

Ashton had a surprised look on his face, but deep down, he was laughing like a maniac. Today was indeed his lucky day. How could it not be his lucky day when he got all these gears and money for... well, free?

"One more thing." The mistress interrupted him before he could open the package, "Don't go out tonight. It's not a safe night for werewolves."

"Full moon?"

"Much worse." Disha shook her head, "Tonight is the night of Blood moon. A rare occasion that happens once every six months. It empowers vampires but severely causes problems to our kind."

it was the first time Ashton had heard about this blood moon thingy. A night that empowers the vampires why weaken the werewolves? It was interesting and he wanted to know more... you know for research purposes.

"When werewolves come in contact with the red light of the moon on the night of blood moon," The mistress took over the explanation, "The werewolves lose their reasoning and rationality and give in to their primal bloodlust and let's be honest. There's only one way to subdue someone like that."

"Tiring them out," Ashton mumbled.

"Exactly. And how are we supposed to tire someone out without going outside and fighting them? The answer? We can't without risking the rest of the werewolves. So... close your windows and do not go outside in any case."

After saying so, the Mistress got up and left along with Disha. Only to return a moment later to give him another piece of advice.

"Also, about this girl of yours. I don't mind her dating you. You can do what you want, but if you ever stray away from the path I chose for you... she will have to go." The mistress threatened, "So, focus on your task, rather than on girls."

'Says the one who never gave up trying to seduce me.'

Chapter 65 - It's Time (1)

Ashton wasn't sure whether the mistress was pissed off or something, but she took it upon herself to make the rest of Ashton's days hellish. From the moment he woke up, till the moment his feet gave out, all he did was train, train and train.

But that wasn't all. As they did not have a simulator to use in his training, the mistress volunteered herself to be his opponent. She could have let Disha or one of the other bodyguards fight him. But nope. She wanted to do it by herself as she did not want him to get 'injured'.

'I seriously want to know what her definition of getting injured is!' Ashton cursed under his breath.

Every day, a new part of his body was broken and although he did not feel much pain, the regular pain of breaking his bones was taking a bit of toll on him. At first, since his pain tolerance was going up, he was fine with it. But when it started happening every day, things took a turn for the worse.

It almost felt as if the mistress was enjoying doing so... like it was her way of punishing him. It was at that moment Ashton started to fight back seriously. He had had enough. But no matter how hard he tried, it was impossible to land a single hit on the mistress. A thing which surprised no one.

The mistress was one of the strongest werewolves in the Lycanian kingdom. How could a kid defeat her, when even the King's strongest warriors couldn't?

Right now, the mistress had wrapped herself around him. No matter how hard Ashton tried, he could not get out of her grasp. The mistress was all smiles as Ashton started squirming around.

Her sadistic smile sent shivers down the spines of everyone who was witnessing the fight. Thankfully, it was their last day there. So this was going to be the last time any of them would have to witness such a thing.

The mistress finally let Ashton go as he was on the verge of collapsing, But not before she stepped on and snapped a few of his fingers. Blood gushed out of the broken fingers which had spread like petals of a flower.

The mistress nodded towards Disha who immediately rushed towards Ashton and expertly healed his wounds. But despite being a top-class healer, she could only heal his physical wounds. Not the mental wounds left in his head.

'Not yet... not yet... not yet...!' Ashton kept repeating in his head over and over again.

All this... training made him hate the mistress even more. But rather than acting on his hatred, he decided to hold on to it. Soon he will have his revenge on her... soon. Till then, he would take all the anger, humiliation and pain he had suffered through her hands and store them in his heart. When the time was right, he would make the bitch pay for everything she had ever done.

"You good?" Disha tenderly inquired.

Ashton nodded and got back to his feet. Disha was probably the only one under the mistress command who somewhat cared about his well-being. But then again it could also be one of the mistress's ploys to cultivate a friendship between them so she could use Disha when the right time came.

This thought didn't even cross his mind. Rose was the one to suggest that. In the last 6 days, Ashton had been going out to hunt regularly with her. Since Rose was a hybrid, she was well aware of the struggles of levelling up different genes simultaneously and wanted to help him.

But the help came at a cost. Ashton would have to promise to participate at least once or twice a month in the underground fights. Not right then, but when she had figured out a way for him to conceal his identity. Till then, he was under her debt.

"I think that's enough for now." The mistress signalled Disha to step back.

Ashton was still injured. Disha could see that clearly, but when the mistress told her to step back, she did so without any question. At that moment, Ashton realised one thing... All of them were mere puppets to the mistress.

As long as they served their purpose, they were kept around, and if they couldn't then... well, they were discarded faster than the mistress was discarded by her father. Ashton did not want to be of any use to her. But he also knew if he wanted to take his revenge he would have to get closer to her first.

One way to do that would be to prove to her that he was worthy of her trust by completing the tasks she had been 'cultivating' him for.

'Till then... keep it all to yourself.'

"Ashton, I hope you don't hate me more for what I have put you through these few days." Suddenly the sadistic look she had was replaced by concern, "But I had to make you understand that you are still filth.

You might be able to beat a bunch of kids but if you want to become truly useful to me, you will have to get much stronger."

It took every ounce of self-control Ashton could find within his broken body to not laugh at her face. He was a kid, how the fck could she believe he would be able to defeat someone not only older than him but much stronger as well?

"The academy might look like it would take care of its students. But frankly, none of them, the professors, staff and even the director give two fcks about all of the students." The mistress sat down next to him, "They only care about those who are strong and turn a blind eye towards everything they do. So you have to be one of them."

She continued, "I'm not asking you to become an S ranked student. But at least get to A or B if you want to live your academic life a bit... peacefully. Otherwise... your life there would be made hell. Like mine was."

"Wait what?" Ashton blurted out, "How come you're so strong now?"

Just the thought of someone as strong as the mistress herself, being weak was absurd.

"Sounds unbelievable, right?" The mistress smiled wanly, "That's the power of evolution. It can turn the weakest into the strongest and the other way around. Within a span of a couple of weeks, my ranking jumped from C to S in the academy. But I had gotten lucky thanks to an early evolution. It might not be so in your case so... focus on getting stronger now. Is that clear?"

"Yes... mistress.." Ashton mumbled.

Chapter 66 - It's Time (2)

"Ashton, you good?" Disha asked him as they once again walked into the academy.

"Yeah. I'm good." Ashton replied absentmindedly.

Ashton could not sleep the entire night because of what the mistress told him. He was planning to hold himself back during the competition to get rid of the 'slaves' the mistress had so graciously given him. But now it seemed like a bad idea.

'If I were to rank low, I would have been allotted one of the shared quarters. Thus the possibility of having the slaves around me all the time would be nullified as that isn't allowed.' Ashton sighed, 'as a result, it would have helped me tremendously to go out in the dark and level up as an undead and a vampire.'

'But on the other hand... doing something like that would print a target on my back. The bastard nobles would relentlessly harass me and I would not be able to fight back in the daylight. If I did, the professors would surely cause more issues for me. Fck! No favouritism, my ass.'

No matter what path Ashton chose he will lose something. But in the end, he would have to choose one of the two. Either stay free from conflict during the day or tolerate all the crap nobles will put him through and hunt during the night.

Tolerating those bastards was not a problem. He had been doing so ever since he was born. But with the power he had now, he would find it difficult to not fight back. That was the thing he was more concerned about.

As long as he didn't fight back, all he would have to do was to get used to the nobles crapping on him all the time. But the moment he fought back while staying in the weak rank... he would have to worry about the professors as well.

Ashton hadn't been aware of it, but according to the Mistress and Disha who both attended the academy, the professors always favoured the higher ranking student. They could beat the shit out of a low ranked student and get away with it. But if a low ranker did the same to a high ranker, their life would be made hell. The corrupt professors would make sure of it.

The mistress had experienced it first hand when she decided to stand up to the bullying of her half-sister, who also happened to be the King's legitimate daughter. In the end, her half-sister, Keshika, was beaten up so badly by the mistress that she had to be taken to the Capital for treatment.

After that, The mistress was forced to do horrible things for the professors, at least according to her. Things had gotten so bad, at one point she even tried to hurt herself. But that all changed once she evolved from being an F-grade being to an E-grade. But her genes weren't the only thing that evolved. Her rank in the school did as well.

Only then was she even acknowledged by her peers and professors. But she decided to make them pay... subtly. However, her happiness was soon destroyed when she was called in for a hearing to address her attack on Keshika.

As a punishment for assaulting King's daughter, she got banned from ever entering the city of Contingent without the king's permission.

The only plus side was that she was allowed to continue her education and it was thanks to the allies she made during that time, she turned out to be as strong as she was now. Some even argued she was strong enough to overrule the king's commands anytime she pleased.

Ashton tried to know a bit more about her past. Hoping he could find something or someone from her past life that could help him with his revenge. But his attempts were quickly shot down by both the mistress and Disha.

"Some things are better left buried in the past."

That's what they told him. So, with no other choice, Ashton decided to focus on what he had to.

'I can think of some ways to get rid of two humans easily... but I won't be able to do the same with the nobles or the professors.' Ashton finally decided what he had to do, 'If worse comes to worst, I will just have to kill both of them. Even though that's not something I want to do, I can't let anyone stand between me and my revenge.'

Ashton had lived as a human for 99% of his life, so it was obvious he didn't want any of them to suffer. But since it was clear that the slaves were loyal to the mistress, Ashton had no choice but to look at them as potential obstacles in his path.

But then, on the other hand, his life in the academy was already going to be hellish because he was a 'mutt'. So matter what his rank was, he would be looked down upon. The only question was, how much did he want to be looked down on?

'Nah... having a higher rank would deter those bastardly nobles from doing anything. Well, it looks like I'm aiming for the top then.'

"Look who it is!"

Ashton heard a familiar annoying voice and sighed heavily. He already had too much on his plate and did not want to deal with someone like 'him' right now. But his luck was already bad enough. It was Lucas with his gang of royal knights.

Well, he wasn't the only noble with knights and attendants. All of them had a few men and women around them. As far as he could see, Ashton was the only one there with a single attendant.

"Step aside, Lucas," Ashton said in a cold tone, "that is if you don't want to piss your pants again."

"How dare you talk to our master like that, you filthy mutt-"

One of the blue-haired knights standing behind him unsheathed his sword and was about to take a swing at him when someone parried the blow and kicked the knight away.

"I never knew the knights from the Wring family had a fuse shorter than their dicks." An empowering voice echoed throughout the academy plaza, "Now get back before I chop them off entirely."

Everyone in the plaza had their eyes on them. It wasn't every day they get to see the knight whose skills even the master swordsmen of the academy acknowledged.

"Donovan..."

The blue-haired knight gritted his teeth but otherwise didn't do a thing. Even with all of the knights there, it would be difficult to deal with him. After all, even the king of Lycania had praised the Bismarkian knight for his talent and valour a week ago. It was all over the news.

"I could have taken care of him by myself." Ashton looked at the one whom he probably hated even more than the mistress, "What are you even doing here?"

"Fulfilling my orders." Donovan replied and sheathed his sword, "The mistress wanted me to keep an eye on you till you got your rank. So here I am. Come on, let's get going before any more idiots trouble us."

"Alright..." Ashton mumbled and kept walking to get himself registered.. But with Donovan there, he couldn't help but wonder what the heck was he and the mistress planning to do now.

Chapter 67 - Problems Everywhere (1)

Donovan's sudden appearance wasn't the only problem Ashton had to think about. Unlike the rest of his genes that depended on him feeding on flesh and blood to level up, the werewolf genes levelled up by literally being in a battle.

He didn't need to kill someone to gain experience as a werewolf. He got experience by getting hit, dodging attacks and dealing damage. As a result, he was already on the verge of levelling up again. Thanks to the reckless beatings the mistress gave to him.

But that wasn't the problem. The problem came in the form of maintaining harmony between his genes. Lucifer had been quite clear in his instructions. All of the genes had to be within the 5 level range of each other. If not, then the harmony between the genes would get destroyed and as a result, one gene might overpower the others.

In case of such an event, not only his secret will be out for everyone to see, he might even lose control of himself altogether. And right now... Ashton was stuck at a dead end. He only needed 2% exp to get to level 11 as a werewolf. However, his undead genes were still stuck at level 5...

Which meant, if he levelled up before consuming the flesh of a fresh, preferably alive, target... he might lose everything he had worked for.

'I need to find a way out of this mess.' Ashton thought.

The registration was already completed. Now he only needed to wait while the exam started. Thanks to that, he had enough time to come up with a plan. Also, the fact that he had to level up as an undead before, meant that he had to be sneaky about it. He could not afford to be discovered and get attacked before having someone's flesh.

If that happened... his werewolf genes might get triggered and level up. There was a way to ensure that didn't happen though. He could simply deactivate the werewolf genes, that way he would not need to worry about levelling up as a werewolf. Easy right?

Wrong!

The watches they had been provided with had an inbuilt heart rate monitor. It was a precaution so that the medical personnel could monitor the examinees and save them if need be. But this precaution was the thing stopping Ashton from doing something reckless.

Having a heart rate monitor on him meant, the moment he deactivated the werewolf genes, the medical personnel would be informed that his heart was no longer beating. As the vampire and undead genes did not require him to have a beating heart. Then the shit show will start.

It was for the same reason he could not throw away the watch and do what he needed to before reactivating the genes. Not to mention that activating or deactivating the genes would alter his appearance as well. Which was yet another great way to give his secret away for fun.

But if he activated the undead genes while the werewolf genes were active, his heartbeat might get a bit slow but not enough to make the medics give any attention to him. So, Ashton decided to go for it and do whatever he needed to... even if it meant he would have to kill a noble. It wouldn't matter as long as he could make it seem like an accident.

"Don't worry about the nobles. They won't dare to do something odd knowing that Sir Donovan is here." Disha reassured him.

As Ashton's face was down, she assumed it was because of what happened earlier. In her eyes, even though he was strong, he was still a kid. So she thought that he was nervous because of thinking about what could happen inside the arena.

Ashton gave her a smile before turning to his thoughts again, 'Who the hell is scared of those scrawny ass bastards. I'm scared about what I might end up doing to them if I levelled up.'

"She is right. Being around me is like being around the mistress herself." Donovan confidently chimed in.

'Why because you're both pieces of shit?' Ashton had an urge to say it out loud but chose otherwise.

Ashton did not know why the hell was he being so bossy. He was strong, no doubt, but Donovan might as well be overestimating himself. Or maybe in their absence, something happened to him. The chance of the latter scenario happening was no less than Ashton becoming an S ranked student of the academy.

'Maybe I should ask him about it?'

But before Ashton could act on his thoughts, the director walked in front of the ground and immediately everyone's attention was on her.

"It's such a pleasure to see so many enthusiasts once again. This year all of you have achieved something that more than 1500 people couldn't. That is to become a part of the famed Werewolf academy of battle arts and magic."

The Director welcomed them all with open arms and the crowd started clapping and cheering. She gestured everyone to calm down and continued.

"But before you officially become a part of the academy, there's one final test you need to go through. The ranking test. Just like the previous round, this round too will be a battle royale survival round... with some changes."

A moment later the director started explaining the changes in the rules.

"You will not find any weapons or gears scattered around the map. Instead, you will have to use the weapons and gears you found in the previous round. Also... we won't be surveying anything, unlike the last round. Here at the academy, we know each individual have some talents that they won't like to be broadcasted outside."

"Thus in order to find the true strength of the students, the battle zone had been blacked out. Which means anything can go inside. However, you can still be tracked using your watches so don't do anything that would make me expel your sorry buttocks. That's all. Have fun kids!"

The director disappeared as quickly as she had appeared and as she did, a weird smile appeared on the faces of the noble kids. Thanks to the Director's blackout rule, they would be able to do as they pleased without worrying about the consequences. Their goal was to force all of those mutts and half-blood to the last places.

However, none of them had a smile as big as Lucas. He had made up his mind to make that filthy mutt pay for what he said earlier.

"This is bad... will you be okay?" Disha asked Ashton.

"Oh, I will be," Ashton said his farewells and went inside the arena with a smile.

However, as soon as he was gone, the looks long Disha's and Donovan's faces changed.

"You think he knows?" Donovan inquired.

"Haha, nope. That fool doesn't have a fcking clue. Neither does the mistress." Disha threw a fit of laughter.

"That's good then. Today, Ashton Fenrir dies... you people, make sure of it or else-"

"You don't need to warn us, Sir Donovan. We hate him just as much as you do." The Gruntas who had been standing behind them, mumbled together, "Also, the 'Conundrum' has already made us aware of their expectations. All of the nobles under our authority will make sure he dies inside."

Donovan's sudden appearance and his actions of defending Ashton were no coincidence. Nor was he there under the mistress's command. He was there to make sure... Ashton died and after that, he could take over Maddencreek and make the mistress his bitch. Which, with the help of the nobles and the 'Conundrum' had gotten a bit easier.

Chapter 68 - Problems Everywhere (2)

Conundrum... an organisation no one with sane minds would even think about going against. And usually, no one did so either. They were the ones to choose their targets and eliminate them. To them, it didn't matter who they had to put an end to.

It could be a regional ruler or a peasant, so literally, anyone as long as they were deemed as a danger to the throne. Once the target had been marked, they would be taken care of... silently.

Most people thought their existence was just a myth, a hoax, a rumour. No one had ever seen them, so why should they believe in them? But the important thing was... just because they did not believe in them, didn't mean they didn't exist.

Well, anyway, it was in their interest that they weren't known among the general populous.

But who were these people? How much authority did they possess?

Well, no one had the answer to any of that. The organisation was so secret, even the members of the Conundrum did not know the identity of each other. Only the one rising above them all was aware of every member of the conundrum. This person simply went with the name, "The Head", while its members were known as 'fingers'.

Their sole purpose was to eliminate anyone or anything that could threaten the safety of their kingdom. They had been doing this ever since the kingdom was built on the corpses of innumerable humans and werewolves alike.

Also known as the shadow ruler, 'The Head' was responsible for inducting new members into their cult and showing them the ropes. This time... they had decided to induct the closest person to the one they had deemed as a threat... The Bismarckian mistress.

Unlike what the king said to fool himself and the ministers around him, the Head had no doubts that their king had a weakness or his daughter. That was the only possible reason, the king did not punish her severely or end her altogether despite getting numerous chances to do so.

As a result, the political and battle strength of the mistress had grown so much she could easily rival any noble in the empire... even the king himself. All of it was because the weak king allowed her to roam free and do as she pleased.

The King could have fooled everyone else, but not someone like the Head. Since the king was not prepared to handle the mess, The Head decided it was time for the Conundrum to step in and handle everything by themselves.

As a result, a week ago, they invited Donovan, the mistress's closest aide to try and make him defect to their side. The head knew how loyal he was to the mistress and thus was surprised when Donovan agreed to their proposal of getting 'rid' of the mistress. But on his terms.

"I will deal with her. I won't kill her, but I'll make sure she doesn't cause any problem to the kingdom anymore."

Those were his exact words. However, his readiness to join forces with them left a bad taste in their mouths. Even if the mistress and Donovan had a fallout, what Donovan was doing made little to no sense to them.

But considering that the Mistress would never even think that Donovan would betray her, it was the right choice to let Donovan by their side... for now. After giving promising the strength and support from their side, Donovan left to enact the first phase of his plan.

The plan to finally get rid of the bastard who had been responsible for all of it... a plan to kill, Ashton. At first, Donovan thought it would be difficult to get him killed during the examination, which also happened to be the best time to do so.

Every couple of years, someone always died during those weird tests. But everyone seemed to overlook that fact because most of the time, only halfbreed and mutts were the ones to die. People about whom no one gave a shit about anyways.

Killing Ashton inside would have been difficult because... well, Donovan had no connection with the other noble families or their wards. However, the Conundrum easily solved that issue, and to his surprise, Donovan realised Ashton was already on the hit list of several noble families. Especially the Gruntas and the Wrings.

As a result, Donovan did not have to put any effort into uniting the families to complete one task. To get rid of Ashton. But his plan would not have been successful if the Mistress stayed in Contingent. He had to get her out of there first and foremost.

That's where Disha became a member of his plan. Despite how much Disha was loyal to the Mistress, she was and always had been loyal to Donovan more. Why? Because she had feelings for him. Feelings that Donovan never acknowledged before.

It was for that reason why at first Disha was hostile to Ashton but then as per the mistress's order and considering their upbringing, she decided to get close to Ashton. But even then, the moments she had spent with Ashton were nothing more than her pretending to be happy around him... As her hatred for what Ashton had done to Donovan were still on her mind.

Since Donovan was aware of the feelings Disha had for him, he decided to use them to his advantage. He promised to accept her as her 'Luna', the primary mate if she did something for him.

Disha jumped at the opportunity. She had been waiting for that moment all her life and readily agreed to do anything as long as she could have Donovan accept her.

So by using Disha, Donovan let the Mistress know that he was leaving her as someone who got defeated by a kid, he did not feel like he was someone worthy enough to stay by her side. That was the reason why the mistress had been upset the day Ashton asked her for some gear.

It was all, Donovan's ploy to throw the mistress off balance and remove her focus from Ashton. Leaving him alone with Disha. The plan worked as the mistress left Contingent and back to Maddencreek, much earlier than she had planned to talk to Donovan and knock some sense into him.

However, Donovan wasn't in Maddencreek at all. He had been in Contingent for a couple of days now. Planning and plotting for every single scenario to end Ashton during the exam. Once that was don't, in a couple of days, he would overthrow the mistress with the help of the Conundrum and make her realise the weight of her choices.

That way, everyone will get their win. The nobles would get rid of Ashton, Donovan would get rid of the mistress, and the Conundrum will have their threat eliminated. But first, they needed to get rid of Ashton.

"Don't screw it up. There's more at stake here than your childish squabbles." Donovan reminded the Grunta twins before they disappeared into the arena.

"They will do our job. You should just focus on doing yours." Their knight, Sir Alexander Jaeger, retorted, "Don't think just because the conundrum trusts you, we will as well."

It was Disha's first time seeing the famed knight and to be honest, his built even put Donovan to shame. She even wondered how the hell did someone of his physique become a knight? He would have been better off as a tank or brawler.

Not only he was a literal 6'9" giant, but the swords strapped onto his back were also just as huge. His shoulder-length brown wavy hair matched with his copper-alloy armour. If someone saw them, they would think that both Donovan and Alexander were born to oppose each other.

"As suspicious as ever, Alexander." Donovan smirked, "Didn't I tell you before... to shut your trap? I am the in-charge of this operation. So if I were in your shoes, I'll be really careful about that I said."

Rather than replying to him, Alexander just smirked and left along with the rest of the knights. Even though it pissed Donovan, he decided to remain silent. There was a saying among the knights, 'The knight who used his mouth to talk, was the weakest of them all.'

It essentially meant, as a knight, they should use their blades to do that talking for them. Only the weak used words, the ones who were truly strong only believed in proving themselves using the might of their blade.

What Alexander did there, was the prime example of that saying. Donovan knew that because they had trained under the same blade master who only ever taught the two of them. One could even say that they were like two flowers of the same plant who cultivated their strength from the same source. That was until Alex betrayed him and their master.

'Smile all you want Alex,' Donovan cursed under his breath, 'I'll get rid of you soon.... very soon.'

Chapter 69 - I'm Weak. Just Kidding! (1)

'I knew these bastards would pull something like this...!' Ashton smiled as he entered the arena, 'I wonder whether the Director decided on the 'blackout' protocol so I could do what I want without worrying about others outside.'

Ashton wasn't surprised, to say the least. He had more or less expected these fools to do something like this. The moment he got inside, he was immediately cornered by the around 15 nobles. Obviously, most of them were the same people who had tried to fight him a week ago.

"Looks like you ran out of luck, mutt." As usual, Lucas was the first one to bark, "You're going to die today. But before that, we'll make you beg for your life!"

"Like you were begging for yours, when I found you in the previous round?" Ashton smirked as Lucas's face turned bright red with rage, "Either way, you retards think you can kill me? Really?"

"Don't worry about what we can and can't do." Nick said in his emotionless voice before cracking his knuckles, "But what you should know is that, I'll be collecting my first place rewards from you too."

"You mean these?"

Suddenly Ashton was covered in black armour from the head to the toe along with the bone whip in his hand. But there was something else... he should not have had all that armour! The director said they

would have to use the gears they had obtained in the last round. Then how the heck was the bastard mutt using an armour that was clearly not a part of the prize pool?

'Phew... it was a risky move but it worked!'

While everyone was busy strategising about what to do next, Ashton had his undivided attention on what the director was saying. Although she said that they'll be using the gears and stuff they obtained in the last round, she never explicitly said they won't be able to use the things they brought with them.

That's why Ashton remained silent while all those idiotic nobles were taking everything out of their inventory. He was taking a risk... and if it failed, he might as well get paralysed from the shock of trying to access his inventory.

But his bold move paid off. Not only was he stronger than the rest in terms of levels, but also in terms of equipment.

'As much as I hate to admit it... the mistress's armour is quite good.' Ashton thought to himself.

The box that the mistress gave him on the night he got back after fighting with 'Bella', carried a full-body armour. An armour that went along with Nemean hide, that Ashton already had in his possession.

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Item: Widower's Wrath

Type: Armour

> Defence: 150-183 HP per strike

Stats bonus:

>> Armour: +15% while equipped for use (increases with user's level).

>> Reduces 2x damage taken from Night Creatures.

>> Enhances armour by 20% when fighting against Werewolves and Vampires

>> Reduces 0.6x damage against Weapon attacks.

Rarity: Rare

Description:

<Information regarding the origin of this armour has been hidden by its creator. Need the permission from [????] to view this content>

The weapon had been enchanted and imbued with unique abilities and effects.

Effect(s):

> Protects the wielder from negative effects such as Poison, Haemorrhage, Stun, and Paralysis.

> Increases all of the user's existing resistances by two grades (when equipped).

> Grants the user, the passive skill: [Negate].

The armour automatically negates the effect of every fifth attack it takes, along with the damage.

Cooldown: 5 minutes

Grants the user the active skill: Locked. (Needs creator's permission to unlock.)

Grants the user the passive skill: Locked. (Needs creator's permission to unlock.)

—

Although the armour did not have any extraordinary effects, it was still more than enough for Ashton. Another thing that intrigued Ashton the most was the need for the approval of the creator to unlock some effects as well as the armour's description.

'I'll have to find the man sooner or later. But for now, let's see how good this armour actually is.'

"It's just an armour. What can it do against fifteen of us?" Lucas barked yet again while the rest of the nobles nodded along.

Fifteen against one? There was no way this bastard could defeat them all. Also, if he couldn't kill all of them or else, their families would kill him afterwards. No matter how much the director tried to protect him, he would be gone either way.

However, before any one of them could take a step towards him, something happened. Ashton made his move first... and started running away?

"Should have known the bastard would run away." Lucas yelled yet again, "After him!"

With the Gruntas and other nobles by his side, Lucas was feeling way too overconfident. As a result, he decided to actively participate in the fight, while he was usually someone who would stay behind and let the others do his job.

Nick and Nicole were the only ones left behind. Even though the previous altercation between Ashton and him had only lasted about a minute, that much time was enough for him to know what kind of person Ashton was.

"The mutt is planning something." Nick finally spoke after a moment of silence, "He isn't someone to run away just because odds were stacked against him."

"If he was, then the Conundrum wouldn't have bothered even trying to get rid of him." Nicole chimed in, "What should we do then? Attack or analyse?"

"For now... let's just focus on the competition. While they are chasing him, let's eliminate as many people as we can. That way when we kill him, we'll be able to twist the narrative to our advantage."

Eliminate everyone till only the fifteen of them were left... seemed to be a good plan. With the blackout, the only ones who could let their secret out were the ones who were not a part of their plan. With none of them around, they'll be able to do as they pleased with Ashton without worrying about the consequences. It was a win-win for all of them.

"Let's use 'that' like we did in the last round.." Nick said as an ominous smile appeared on his face.

Chapter 70 - I'm Weak. Just Kidding! (2)

In the meantime... at an unknown location.

The sound of hasty footsteps echoed in the empty alleyway. A woman who appeared to be in her mid-twenties was rushing somewhere, while periodically looking behind her shoulder... as if someone was following her.

Even though there was no one in the abandoned alley apart from her, in the woman's line of work anything could happen at any time. Especially, if someone found out she was a human in disguise. If that secret got out, she couldn't even imagine the things the werewolves would do to her.

If she was lucky, they would feast on her, while she was alive. But if she wasn't... then she would be begging someone to kill her. However, if she managed to cross the territory without being noticed, the resistance would have a chance to fight back against the vampires and werewolves.

As for the undead... they'll figure how to get rid of them later.

'I have to get out of here before the scent covering my tracks wear off.' The black-haired woman thought and broke in a run, 'Almost there!'

At the end of the alley, the woman dropped down to her knees and started looking for something. But before she could find anything, suddenly the dark alley was flooded with light. With the light came an unparalleled feeling of despair as she had never felt before.

Even though nothing had happened to her yet, she could feel her life slipping away. That was the kind of fear she had of ones standing behind her.

"I told you I smell a rat." A feminine voice echoed.

"You tell loads of useless things. Do you expect us to take a note of everything?" A stronger and hoarse male voice retorted.

"Cut it out you two. It's too early for me to listen to your idiotic bickering again." A peculiarly squeaky but masculine voice could be heard in the alley.

"Yeah, let the captain do his thing... then do me later." Yet another female spoke up, "Treat me like a-

"Shut it or we might need to start looking for another member." The man with a squeaky voice said again, "As for you, I will recommend that you give yourself up to us before we do something you'll regret."

The woman from earlier raised her hands over the head and slowly turned around. She knew her game was over, but she needed to help her comrades... that was the least she could do for them. The woman slowly began to cover her escape route back as it was.

She was supposed to climb down the sewer and swim back to the resistance hideout. But now that she had been busted, she had to at least buy enough time for her people who had been hiding in the sewer.

The woman, tried her best but as she was doing that, an arrow pierced right through her shoulder, followed by her shrieking scream of agony.

"These fcking retards... they never listen. Dim the lights, let her see her friends." the squeaky voice echoed again.

The woman looked towards them, wanting to know just which group was going to be responsible for her death. Instead what she saw, made her break down crying... The ones she had been trying to protect... her people... her comrades... all of them were already dead and their severed head was being dangled in front of her.

Their bodies had been replaced by pikes, as fresh blood dripped through the steel staff. Their eyes were still open, depicting their last expressions of pain, and suffering at the hands of the werewolves.

"Man... we started ignoring these resistance bastards to focus on the vamps and these pussies began thinking they can get away with anything?" A young girl with two braided pink pigtails walked up to her, "Oh my... Cap! She's a cutie. Can I keep her? Please! please! please?"

In her hands was a pink bow and red arrows, it was clear as the sky above them that she had been the one to shoot the arrow at the human.

"No can do, Miya. She clearly knows some secrets that's why she was in a hurry to leave." The man who was being referred to as the Captain by others came into the woman's vision, "On top of that, we have a contract to fulfil. Once the interrogators were done with her, then I may request them to hand her over to you. Is that okay?"

Unlike his squeaky voice, the captain's physique could not have been more barbaric. The blonde guy was covered in battle scars from the head to the toe and numerous tattoos. It was to the point that it was confusing to say which ones were tattoos and which ones were scars.

With a build like his, people would have expected him to carry a cannon strapped onto his back. But surprisingly, he was carrying a bunch of knives.

"They'll break her for sure! Who would want to play with a broken toy!?" Miya pointed her tongue towards the captain and stormed back to where she was.

"This girl..." Cap sighed, "Well, I forget she is only a kid despite her age. Diablo, get this bitch in the truck and let's get going. I kinda need that money for a new tattoo."

"Aye aye, boss." The man with an extraordinarily masculine voice said as he got out of the car.

His voice was the only thing heavy about him. Other than that, he was practically a brown-haired dwarf. He was so short, that it made everyone wonder how the heck was he even able to drive a car in the first place.

"Come on, let's get going." Diablo, the dwarf, was about to drag the human away when Scarlet, the vice-captain of their squad stopped him.

"Wait. Something's not right... Diablo GET BACK!"

All of them simultaneously jumped back and as they did, the woman exploded. With bits and pieces of her splattered all over them and the alley.

"I told you! We should have sedated her first! These resistance bastards are treating their people like expendable toys!" The flaming redhead, Scarlet yelled at Diablo as usual, "How are supposed to find their hideout now?"

"Relax... she wasn't the last one in the city working for the resistance. I'm sure there are more of those bastards in Contingent. We just need to be vigilant and they'll eventually make another mistake." Cap flexed his neck before walking back to their vehicle, "Get a report made and submit a report about what happened today... damn! How am supposed to get the tattoo now?"

"You and your tattoos...." The rest of them shook their heads and got busy cleaning up.