

## I Became A Zompirewolf - Chapter 8 - Training (1)

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"His blood tasted a bit weird..." Mistress mumbled as she slowly reverted back to her human self, "It's probably because he had the 'blessing', but still, it's an observation worth noticing."

One of her servants immediately rushed over to her and handed her, her coat. The Mistress wiped Ashton's excessive blood off her face before wearing the coat. When she was done covering herself, everyone else finally turned towards her.

"He's bleeding a bit too much. Get a healer to seal the wound and lock him up in his room. I should take a week for his powers to manifest and then, we'll begin his training." The mistress ordered one of her servants before squatting next to an unconscious Ashton and caressing his bloodied face, "I have high hopes from you, my precious pawn. You will become my new sword to tear the king's family in half."

She looked at Ashton with a passion in her eyes that made the others jealous of him. Even though they know how important he was to the mistress. Witnessing the look on the mistress's face as the boy was being taken away was a bit... gut-wrenching for the others but at the same time, it meant and harming the boy in any way would make the mistress lose her cool.

Their mistress had turned a lot of novices over the years. Countless pawns had been formed and destroyed over the decades, but none of them had been able to make the mistress be so... protective of them.

Maybe the kid was truly exceptional. Maybe the kid truly had received the 'blessing' and if it was the truth, then it would mean that the kid was the first and only human to receive something that only the three major races monsters could get. By the three major monster races it meant... Werewolves, Vampires, and Zombies.

"Mistress are you sure-"

"Do you still doubt me, Donovan?"

Mistress glared at the man who raised his hand to ask her a question, being respectful and knowing one's rightful place were the only rules in her court. Thus even if someone had a suggestion or question for her, they had to seek permission before speaking. Donovan was the only exception to this rule as he was the Mistress's first mate as well as the first one she had ever converted into a Lycan.

Standing 6' 1" tall, this caramel-skinned man had a powerful feel about him. Unlike everyone else in the court, he did not fear the mistress and was her trusted sword. He had shoulder-length brown hair which had been carefully styled in a ponytail to match his beaded beard. He had a muscular body that complimented his large torso. He had two swords strapped on his fairly toned waist.

"... I do. How can a human possibly have the genes needed to activate the 'blessing'? It's completely unheard of." Donovan spoke his mind on the matter, "We-

"It's the reason that it's unheard of that would make it possible for me to give my father a scar to remember me by." The Mistress waved Donovan's concerns aside, "You were there that day weren't you? The day that frail-looking 12-year-old killed one of your elite guards with just a baton, that too with a single strike? You saw the crimson glow in his eyes, didn't you?"

"I-I did..."

"You know what the means don't you?"

"Yes, mistress..."

"Then stop wasting time and set up an appropriate training facility for the boy. You and I, both will give him the necessary training that he needs in order to attend the academy. Anyone else has any questions?" The mistress said in a definitive tone, "Then, I'll be off to rest. Donovan, join me after you are done with the preparations."

"As you wish, Mistress."

Everyone bowed before her as she left the throne room. Only when she left the throne room did the others decide to speak their mind. Although they were doing what the mistress asked of them, they still didn't completely agree with her decision.

Turning others into werewolves was not an issue. It wasn't uncommon for the Lycans to make use of the humans to strengthen their ranks. That was if they didn't eat them first. But how could their mistress turn someone as unpredictable as the boy without doing proper research was beyond their reasoning.

"Sir Donovan, we must eliminate the boy before it's too late." One of the 12 ministers spoke her mind, but she was still hiding behind her mask, "The boy would definitely become a sword worthy of the Mistress's name, but his unpredictable nature might spell trouble for us later. Especially because he loathes us for taking away his traitorous parents."

Numerous others nodded their heads in agreement. However, the moment she was finished speaking Donovan drew one of his swords and grazed her neck. Everyone was shocked by his hostile reaction and stepped back in fear.

"I will not persuade her to do otherwise. If she wants to train the kid herself, she must have seen something our eyes couldn't...." Donovan declared before sheathing his sword, "However if the boy fails her, I'll be the first one to dig my canines in his flesh. You can rest assured about that"