

Zompiewolf 91

Chapter 91 - Skill Page: Alteration (1)

The first few days in the academy were more of a rollercoaster than Ashton had assumed. His plans of keeping to himself and maintaining a low profile were blown into smithereens. As much as he hated the attention on him, he had become the talk of the academy.

But it was not all that bad. As the rumours of him knocking out a second-year spread around, he was met with less and less hostile gazes around him. As for the loss he was taking by not attending the physical training, well, it wasn't much.

He could easily compensate for the exp he could have gained within those two hours, by training with Duncan for 4-5 hours. It was a waste of time, but it was the best thing he could have done, considering the curfew in the city was still active.

However, there was one thing he was worried about more. It had been a while since he had feasted on blood and flesh. As a result, the vampire and the undead genes within his body were on a rampage.

Even though his levels were in harmony, it didn't mean he could ignore the nutrition needed for the genes. But since the curfew was still active and hunting inside the academy wasn't an option either, getting his needs met was a challenge.

Thankfully, he had Rose on his side. Well, technically, she wasn't on his side but on the side of money. She was well adapted to the art of hunting in Contingent and knew exactly where to hunt in times of curfew.

The only problem was, Ashton needed to consume fresh flesh. Which meant that he had to consume the flesh of someone who was killed no longer than 3 hours ago. After that, even if he consumed their flesh, he wouldn't be able to quell his hunger.

Thankfully, that wasn't the case with blood so he could store some of it in his inventory and drink it when he could. Sadly, there was a limit to how much blood he could store in the inventory. a meagre amount of 100ml.

But as she was a money monger more than anything else, she had not shown any of those spots to him. Instead, she charged him money, a lot of money, to bring him prey in his times of extreme need.

As much of a trouble as it was, there was nothing Ashton could have done about it. Although he wanted to go out there and hunt on his own, it was better to let the professionals do the dirty work for him. That way, even if she got caught, he wouldn't have to suffer the consequences.

But as the slaves always had their eyes on him, he had to be subtle about doing things. Thankfully, he had already thought of a plan to get rid of their suspicion. If a student was having dinner with a professor, it should have been alright, right?

If they reported it to the mistress, and the mistress asked him about it, he could simply say that he was trying to get on the professor's good side. So that what happened to him before would never happen again. It was a believable excuse so he did not have to worry about them suspecting him.

"Good evening, Professor." Ashton was on a call with Rose, "Are we still on for a 'formal' dinner?"

"Of course. Come over whenever you please." Rose's voice echoed from the other side.

"Alright. See you in a bit, Professor." Ashton disconnected and turned towards Daniella, Duncan's pregnant wife and the mistress's second slave, "Daniella, I'm leaving for dinner with Professor Rose. Don't prepare a meal for me."

"Of course, master. Have a great meal." Daniella bowed as a few strands of her brown hair fell on her face.

"How many times do I have to tell you? Call me by my name. I'm no master, just a kid. Is that alright?"

"Yes, Ashton." She mumbled as he left, "Let's inform the mistress, he went to see her again."

Back in Rose's room...

"Here's your 1000 blue units."

"And here's your 500 grams of werewolf meat. Bon Appetit!"

"You just had to do that, didn't you?" Ashtn shook his head in disgust.

Even though he had consumed raw meat before, it didn't mean he did not feel disgusted every time he did that. After all, how could someone get used to eating others like that? This was the reason why he wanted to go out and hunt by himself.

While on a hunt, the adrenaline he would feel within his body would fuel his hunger for flesh even more. That was the reason why he did not feel disgusted to eat someone right after defeating them. However, being served a plateful of raw meat like that and being told that it belonged to someone alive made things a bit... awkward.

'They do the same to humans all the time... Count this as revenge...'

Well, thankfully, he had a trick to make the disgusting feeling go away. These creatures had treated humans as dairy products for them, So what he was doing was nothing less than what they had been doing to the humans. Drinking blood on the other hand was not as bad. In fact, Ashton quite enjoyed drinking blood.

"You know, you have a walking blood farm along with you." Rose stated, "Your slaves can take care of your needs for blood."

"And you could stop dressing so skimpily," Ashton pointed at her almost see-through attire, "if anyone saw you like that, they'd think you're trying to seduce a student."

"Is it working?" She replied with a very suggestive look.

"Nope." Ashton shrugged his shoulders, "By the way, why do you even need that much money? I mean, it's not like you to stash the money without using it."

"Who said I'm not using the money?" Rose said that and slid a weird-looking skill page towards him, "It was all needed to get this."

"This is-"

"Don't think much about it.. It's just an investment, and I'll be expecting some results soon." She winked as Ashton realised what the skill card was for, "Let's get you in a fight tomorrow, shall we?"

Chapter 92 - Skill Page: Alteration (2)

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Item: Skill page

Type: Commodity

> Upon tearing the page, grants the user the skill: [Alteration]

Usage: Can only be used by Vampires having Transforming abilities.

Rarity: Unknown

Description:

A skill page with ancient origins. The writing on the page has worn off a bit thanks to poor storage measures. But the page should work just fine.

Effect: Grants the user a skill.

[Alteration]: Allows the user to change their body features as per their will. However, there will be some limitations to the effectiveness of the skill. The user will not be able to change their facial features completely, but it'll be enough to fool others into thinking the user is someone else.

To use this skill, the user has to imagine which part of their body they would like to change and the changes will reflect within seconds.

Condition to upgrade the skill: Establish a new well-known second identity or use 25 skill points to level this skill up.

Grade: Low

Cooldown: 10 hours

Active Duration: 2 hours (can be cancelled by the user as per their will.)

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"This is perfect." Ashton almost threw up the meat he had been feasting on, "But there is no rank mentioned on this skill page. Aren't they supposed to be classified based on their colours and stuff?"

As excited as Ashton was to get his hands on something like the [Alteration] skill, he also had to be cautious about using it. At first glance, it looked like a normal skill, but the colour of the skill page was troubling him a bit. After all, he had never heard about a greenish-yellow coloured skill page before.

"It's not a skill page, but an aptitude page. Unlike your regular skill page which can be only used once, this type of page can be used again and again." Rose explained while sipping on some blood, "There are not many of these, and I just so happened to know someone with this page. Since you needed a way to hide your identity, I thought I should get it for you."

"Wow... I never thought you could think of anything past money." Ashton scoffed as he transferred another 6000 blue units to Rose, "I don't need your charity. Keep this, and place a bet on me the next time I participate in a fight. Now tell me, if I can't tear the page, then how do I get the skill?"

"Just put a drop of your blood on the paper and it will recognise you as its owner."

Ashton pricked his finger and forced a drop of blood out. As soon as his blood touched the rough surface of the page, it started shining and a couple of seconds later, Ashton had received another skill.

[You have unlocked a <Bloodline> skill!]

[Current State: Dormant.]

[You cannot use this skill. Skill information is hidden.]

[Your level and Grade are too low to master a <Bloodline> skill. Please evolve and continue to know more about your lineage to unlock the skill as well as its true perks.]

'What the hell is this about?'

Ashton thought doing as he was told to would solve his doubts. Instead, learning the skill made his mind go even more rampant. It was his first time hearing about a <Bloodline> skill.

'Explore my lineage? But I don't even remember my parents! How the heck am I supposed to know more about my lineage?'

"Something wrong?" Rose interrupted his chain of thoughts. The confusion in his head must have been clear of his face, "I tried reading your mind but for some reason, I couldn't. Did you learn how to cast a mental barrier or something?"

"You are overthinking too much." Ashton hurriedly claimed himself, "You weren't able to read my mind because there wasn't anything for you to read."

"Is it your way of telling me that you're brainless?" Rose sniggered.

"Think whatever you want to." Ashton shook his head and got up to leave, "Thanks for the dinner. But since I can now change my looks, I think we should try hunting together."

"Aww, and here I was thinking I would be able to extort some more money from you."

Ashton sighed and walked out of her room. She was going to extort him anyway. But rather than handing her the money, he would be handing her a bet to win. Rose wasn't aware of it, but she had tremendously helped him out. With the skill to alter his appearance, he should be able to solve a lot of his problems.

'But first, let's try out the skill somewhere else, shall we?' Ashton had a crooked smile on his face as he headed towards the B ranker's dormitory.

His time for revenge had arrived sooner than he had expected, and only a fool would have wasted an opportunity like this. But first, he needed to get rid of everything that could have outed him to others.

He didn't need to change his uniform. Ever since he ripped his uniform a week ago, he had to use the regular uniform while he waited for his official uniform to arrive. Thus, he only needed to get rid of his facial features.

After making sure that there was no one around him, he started with the alteration process. The first thing he needed to hide was his hairs. After all, there was not a single student in the academy other than him who had white hair.

Thus he would be outed in no time if he did not change his hair. After the hair it was time for his nose, eyes, followed by the jawline and cheekbones.

By the time he was done, he was unrecognisable even to him. But the process was tremendously painful. It was all fun and games till he changed his hair colour. But when he started to change his actual face, it felt as if the bones within his face were melting away.

If it hadn't been for his [Pain Tolerance], he would have probably passed out just from the kind of pain he had to go through. It reminded him of something Rose said to him during their visit to the black market.

"Nothing is free in this world." He smiled through the pain, "If you want to change your face, you have to pay for it through pain."

However, the pain he felt only solidified his sense of revenge against the Gruntas.. He could not wait to get his hands on them anymore.

On the second floor, in B rank dorms...

"It's been awfully quiet for the last couple of days, hasn't it?" Luke Wami, one of Nick's roommates mumbled as the three of them got ready to sleep.

There was nothing extraordinary about Luke, at least it would seem like that to those who didn't know him or his background. The fact that Nick chose him to be one of his roommates was telling of itself. After all, Nick would not have chosen a nobody to stay with him.

Standing at 5'7", The redheaded Luke had a cheerful persona and charming looks which made him popular amongst other students, and even some professors had taken a liking to him. But his charisma wasn't the only thing about him.

He was on his way to becoming an illusionist. A rare class among the werewolves who had the Blue blessing. Illusionism ran deep within Luke's family and all of them were trained to become an illusionist from the young age of two years. Thus, he was confident he would become an illusionist after achieving his class selection.

"How can it not be?" Nick scoffed as his servants left the room after making his bed, "I got forced that bastardly mutt to learn a lesson after all. You should have seen his face when he got punished. Haha!"

Although the B rankers were not allowed to have personal servants to help them out, Nick was made an exception as he was under 'house arrest'. Thus, Nick and his roommate had been enjoying their time inside their room.

As for their third roommate, he hadn't joined the academy yet. He had been enrolled and took the exam, but since then he went back to his family estate to sort out some family mess.

"Yeah. It was about time that idiot learnt his place." Luke shook his head, "He thought just because he stole the S rank, he could do whatever he wanted against the nobles."

"I couldn't agree more. Pass me some water will you?"

"Looks like we're out... tsk, what were the servants even doing!" Luke mumbled in annoyance, "Wait, let me see if there's anyone outside."

Luke walked outside only to discover that the lights of the entire corridor were out. Thanks to that, not a single thing was visible.

'What the heck is going on here? The lights are never out.' Luke was a bit worried, 'Also, where are the servants? They couldn't have gone far.'

The next moment he felt something behind him. He turned around, but before he could do anything, he was promptly kicked in the side of his head knocking him out. Just like the servants had been.

'How many people did this fcker, had in his room.' Ashton thought as he dragged Luke's unconscious right next to those of the servants, 'I sabotaged the lights on a whim, but it would have been impossible to do all of this without getting spotted had the lights been on.'

After dropping Luke, Ashton used his perception one last time to check whether there were more people inside the room or not. After making sure that Nick was alone in the room, Ashton made his move.

"About damn time, Luke. Put the water next to my bed, will you?"

Nick had his back turned towards the gate, so when Ashton entered the room, he assumed it was Luke.

"Why are you so quiet all of a- who the hell are you?"

"..."

Ashton didn't utter a word. Although his appearance had changed, his voice had not. Also, there were cameras in the room, which had been installed to make sure Nick did not violate his 'house arrest'. If Ashton said anything, it would get recorded and he would be easily identified, which he couldn't afford.

"Are dumb or what? I asked you a question! Who are you and where is Luke!?" Nick was visibly getting agitated,

Nick was making a lot of noise now. Ashton could not have wasted any more time. He lunged at Nick, who was taken by surprise as he didn't expect anyone would dare to attack him in broad daylight. The second moment, Ashton had him pinned on the ground with one of Nick's arms in his hand.

"Y-You bastard! Do you know who I am- AAHHHH!"

Nick let out a bloodcurdling scream as Ashton popped his shoulder open. A large part of his Collar bone was also sticking out of his skin as blood trickled down from his shoulders. Ashton quickly let go of him.

He had only wanted to dislocate his shoulder, but it appeared that he underestimated his own strength.

'Fck, this bastard would alert everyone. I gotta leave!'

Ashton's plan for taking proper revenge was about to go down the drain but he had to keep his identity a secret, he had to leave. However, it would appear Nick had different plans.

The moment Ashton was about to leap out of the window, Nick fought through his pain and kicked Ashton off his feet.

"Where do you think you're going!!!" Nick's eyes had turned red with rage the rage and pain he was feeling.

'How he fck is doing this!?'

Ashton was shocked. Pieces of bones were still sticking out of his shoulder, and it was evident Nick was in pain. Still, he was ready to fight him? The hell was wrong with this bastard's head!

Ashton heightened his [Perception], he could feel half a dozen people were rushing towards them. They must have heard Nick's scream.

'Judging by their speed, it would take them a couple of minutes to get here.' Ashton calmed himself down, 'If I want to escape I'll have to wrap it up within a minute.'

"You did not think this through, did you?" Nick said with a sadistic smile on his face, "Were you foolish enough to-"

Ashton knew exactly what Nick was trying to do. Waste his time till someone arrived for backup, and Ashton wasn't about to let that happen. He lept over Nick's injured shoulder and punched him on the chin with all his might.

The placement wasn't the best as Ashton hastily attacked him, but it was enough to stagger the noble asshole.. While Nick tried to recover, Ashton quickly jumped out of the window and disappeared into the darkness.

Chapter 94 - A Taste Of Your Own Medicine (2)

As the next day rolled around, Ashton realised something he had not been in the rush of making out of Nick's room. He conceded the fact that he could have lost everything he had worked for till then for some stupid revenge had he been caught.

'Nah, it wasn't an act of some stupid revenge. That fcker deserved it, and more.' Ashton corrected his train of thought, 'He just caught me off-guard. That's all.'

His plan was to make a quick sneak attack on Nick and then do the same with Nicole who was residing a floor above. Nice and easy, however, that bastard Nick proved to be more tenacious than Ashton had assumed.

After all, who the heck would be able to try and stop their assailant while their bone was popping out of its socket and through the skin? Ashton probably could have done something like that, but simply because he had [Pain Tolerance] to help him do that, along with the help of his other genes.

Nick, on the other hand, did not possess either of those things and yet he did something Ashton could not have done under normal circumstances. Ashton had even peeked into Nick's stats but was not able to find anything that could have possibly helped him.

Which meant only one thing, Nick and perhaps even Nicole, were hiding something. It was probably a family secret which if leaked, could have made a lot of trouble for them. It could even be related to how they were able to score so many points in a matter of seconds during the examination.

"It's better if I lay low for a while now." Ashton shook his head as he woke up, "It's awfully quiet though. I thought the hostel would be hustling and bustling after what I did. But I guess not."

However, a moment later Duncan came rushing into his chamber without his permission. It was the first time he had done something like that, so Ashton knew, something serious must have happened.

"Master, there are some people looking for you." He said in one breath, before pointing towards the entrance.

'They are here sooner than I expected them to be.' Ashton smiled.

Just because he wasn't able to hurt Nick as much as he wanted to, didn't mean his revenge was over just yet. He relaxed his expression, threw a t-shirt over and walked out of his room to greet his visitors. Who, to no one's surprise were a bunch of professors who were close to the Gruntas, or at least to their parents.

"How may I help you, professors?" Ashton asked with a confused look on his face.

"Don't act as if you are oblivious to the situation." Amaira scoffed and pointed towards him with her head, "Arrest this kid."

A couple of guards walked inside with black metallic cuffs in their hands to arrest him. However, before they could tie Ashton up, he signalled them to stop.

"Just because I am extending my hospitality to you as you are my Professors, doesn't mean I can't show you my other side." The smile on Ashton's face was quickly replaced by that of annoyance, "You think you can just walk into my 'home', and arrest me just like that?"

He continued, "I might not look like one to read, but I have read about the rules and laws of the city as well as the academy. If you want to arrest me for whatever reason, first show me a warrant to do so."

The two guards looked at each other. Obviously, they did not have a warrant to arrest him. How could they have one when they were nothing more than the gatekeepers of the Academy's main building?

"Oh, but you do know as professors of the academy, we can call in any of our students to present themselves in front of us whenever we pleased?" Professor Tanaka, the blue-haired man from the previous council trial was present there as well.

"I don't suppose you assume your student to attend your call in handcuffs. Do you?" Ashton replied, "Well, whatever, I'll entertain you just this once. Please lead the way."

The professors were surprised Ashton agreed to follow them after putting so much drama. However, they were glad he agreed to the condition without putting much hassle. But there was something else going on in Ashton's head.

As soon as the professors turned around, Ashton whispered into Duncan's ears, "Call the mistress and tell her to get here as soon as she can. Preferably within the next hour."

After saying so, he quietly left with the professors. Just like the last time, he was once again led into the Disciplinary council's trial room. However, this time there were no students there. All of the seats there were occupied by the professors.

There were some faces he recognised, like the Director, Professor Kakaroff and Rose. While he had seen others for the first time. In front of them was Nicole, who was sitting in the middle of two adults. The resemblance she had with them confirmed that they were her parents.

As soon as they saw Ashton, the father got up in rage as if he wanted to cave his skull into the ground. But he was quickly reminded by the director to sit down. Which he begrudgingly obeyed.

"Let's get started with the trial-"

"Sorry to interrupt you Madam Director," Ashton politely said, "But I still don't know what I am doing here."

"The audacity-" The Grunta's blonde father once again got up in rage.

"Mr Grunta, do I need to remind you this is a courtroom where you are not allowed to speak unless you're asked to?" Grunta mumbled an apology and sat back down as the director turned to face Ashton.

"Ashton Bismark, it is suspected that you were behind the attack on Nick Grunta, which happened last night." She answered in an authoritative role, "We are gathered here to judge whether you are guilty of committing the stated crime or not."

"How many times would you people keep blaming me for things I have not committed?" Ashton shook his head, putting on a classic acting performance, "When I first heard about the academy, I was ecstatic to attend. But now, I just realised this place was nothing but a mansion filled with hypocrites and discriminators. Seriously, you need to stop making me the scapegoat of everything that's wrong with this place."

"We are not here to listen to your monologue." Amaira scoffed as soon as Ashton was done speaking his mind, "Just answer the question we have, and nothing more."

With that, a series of questions were presented in front of Ashton. Like where he was last night at a particular time? What was he doing before Nick was attacked? And another bunch of absurd questions.

However, not once did any one of them mention the camera recordings of the room Nick was residing in. Probably because showing them the video would have immediately cleared Ashton of any suspicions.

But the thing that surprised Ashton the most was how the Director was going along with all that crap without raising any of the questions anyone with a sane mind would. It was as if she did not care about what happened to him at all.

'So that's what she meant by not supporting me. What a bitch...'

Thankfully, Ashton had a perfect alibi in form of Rose who backed up every statement he made. If it hadn't been for her support, Ashton would have still gotten screwed over big time. Especially since he could not have mentioned anything about the recordings himself as he was not supposed to know anything about Nick's treatment during his 'house arrest'.

As for the professors, they were running out of ways they could have framed Ashton for something they knew he probably didn't have. But the surprises weren't over yet. A little over an hour had passed since the questioning started when the doors to the courtroom were thrown open, and in walked the Mistress along with her bodyguards.

Everyone in the room immediately recognised her. After all, she was someone whom even their king did not dare to take lightly.

"Excuse me but this is a private matter of the academy-"

Professor Tanaka immediately jumped in to diffuse the situation as he knew the Mistress's appearance was not something they could have ignored.

"If the so-called private matter involves my ward, then it is a matter I have to get involved in, don't I?" She cut the professor off and stood right next to Ashton, "Now then, shall we restart this 'trial'?"

Chapter 95 - A Taste Of Your Own Medicine (3)

"With all due respect, Ms Mera, this trial already has enough people-"

This time it was Amaira who thought she could get the Mistress out of the trial room, but just like the professors before her, her attempts were shot down immediately.

"If it is a problem of space or crowd, then I suggest you tell one of the Gruntas to leave the chamber. If their son must have a representative, then so should Ashton." The mistress replied with a forced smile, "As for you, should I call you ma'am? Or by the nickname, I gave to you back when we were attending the academy?"

Ashton did not know what the nickname was but it should have been something humiliating or embarrassing at least, judging by how the colour of Amaira's face got drained of any colour, the moment Mistress mentioned it.

'I knew it was going to be fun, but this is way better than anything I could have imagined.'

Ashton tried real hard not to laugh. He despised the mistress, but there was no denying that her comments were downright hilarious. As far as he was concerned, he only wanted the mistress to be there as he knew she was not going to let anyone play with what was 'hers'.

He had sensed it when he was unjustly punished the last time around. So he knew, with her by his side, these professors would not be able to frame him. At least not without any 'proof'. However, there was also another benefit of having her there.

She knew the academy rules and regulations way better than he did. After all, she was an alumna of the academy. Thus, if the professors tried to corner him by stating some bogus rule or something, the mistress could have shooed them away like the foot-licking dogs they were.

"Ms Mera, I would like to remind you we are in the courtroom. You need to behave appropriately." The director let out a heavy sigh. She knew that the mistress was there, this matter was not going to die so easily.

"Appropriately?" Mistress scoffed, "Is anything about this trial appropriate? First, you unjustly punish my ward for defending himself against a senior student and the lunatic twins, and as if that wasn't enough, you are trying to do the same thing all over again?"

Ashton could tell she had touched a nerve with Amaira and Tanaka. After all, both of them were happy with the ruling the princess gave. But now, they were silent, not daring to speak up as the mistress and the director chatted back and forth.

"Unjust punishment? Are you calling her highness unjust? How dare you!"

Nicole's father once again got up in rage. He was one of twelve lords having close ties with the royalty, so it was obvious he wasn't going to sit there idly and allow someone to disrespect the princess.

"No, I just want to know how high was your highness, when she gave such a bullshit ruling in favour of your children." The mistress shrugged her shoulders, "Also, shut up, before I tell someone to bring a leash and bound you along with your children there. You have a fetish for that, don't you?"

Suddenly, a burst of energy could be felt coming from the table the director was occupying. Well, the table was nowhere to be seen, but the director was still sitting there. And she did not look happy at all.

"How many times do I have to repeat... maintain the decorum of the courtroom!" She yelled at the top of her lungs before reverting back to her usual self, "Now, let's not indulge ourselves in childish behaviours and sort this mess out like adults."

Everyone was stunned into silence. Even the mistress appeared to be visibly shaken a bit. It was the first time anyone had seen the director lose her cool in public. So it was obvious they were a bit... weirded out.

As for Ashton, he had to touch his chest to see if his heart was still beating or not. Here he was thinking the mistress was strong, but the director's strength was on a whole other level. Also, both of them were fighting each other like tigresses, trying to establish dominance over one another.

"Apologies for causing a ruckus." It was the first time Ashton or anyone of the bodyguards had ever seen the mistress apologise to someone, "I admit, I got carried away a bit. But I hope you can understand, it's also your fault. Just a small bit, but it is."

'So that's what she was playing at. I should try to get her level of intelligence. It would make my life a bit easier!'

Apologise? The Mistress? Well, she was not going to do so unless she had an ulterior motive. And right now, her motive was to vice her claws around the director.

"How can it be the director's fault. You did not teach your ward proper manners and etiquette, that's why he was going rogue on campus. We just did what he had to, to limit the nuisance caused by him."

"You should know better than anyone how effective my teaching techniques are, Professor Amaira. After all, you were one of my first students!" The mistress replied with a smile, "However, let's go over our idle talks some other day. Right now we should focus on the idiotic and proofless case you have compiled against Ashton."

Another hour later...

"So you're telling me you brought, Ashton here for questioning based on a student's hunch?" The mistress spoke in disbelief, "A hunch was enough for you to drag an S rank student to defend against some baseless accusations?"

Everyone remained silent. They were well aware of what they were planning to do and how ridiculous their arguments were.

"I thought the academy was an autonomous educational body where anyone could obtain knowledge regardless of their lineage. But it seems that ideology is long gone if all you need is a hunch to punish an innocent child."

She continued, "That too based on a hunch of someone who obviously has hard feelings against my ward. For all I care, the nobles could have planned it amongst themselves. All to get rid of a 'mutt' who was much better than their offsprings could ever wish to become."

The last part of her speech packed quite a punch as the faces of the Gruntas turned red. First, someone attacked their son, broke several of his bones and when they expected justice to be served, they were being humiliated!?

In their minds, the situation could not have gotten any worse. But boy it was about to happen as the mistress had had enough of their demon spawns making Ashton's life difficult. Seeing as none of the professors could answer any of her questions, she decided to take it a step further.

"According to what you professors said earlier, Nick or whatever his name was, was supposedly in a house arrest right?"

"That is correct." The director replied.

"Then all of this mess could have been easily solved by reviewing the footage from the room in which the incident took place." Mistress said in a matter-of-fact tone, "That is assuming that he was actually under house arrest all this time."

Before the director could respond to her, Tanaka jumped in with a 'piece of information'. Apparently, the assailant had destroyed the cameras prior to attacking Nick. Thus there was no evidence and hence they had to go with the 'hunch' Nicole had.

'So that's the way you have decided to cover up your mistake eh?' Ashton thought to himself.

Right before jumping out of the window, he had made sure that the cameras were untouched. Which meant, the professors were now on the defensive and trying to cover up their sorry asses, rather than blaming him.

"Now that's oddly convenient don't you think?" The mistress shook her head in disbelief, "Once we are done here, you should pack your things. Clearly, the academy is no longer a place of education anymore. But of plotting and scheming. I'll be teaching you-"

"That won't be necessary. Ms Mera."

The director immediately interrupted her. Why? Because Ashton was someone she could not have allowed to sever her relationship with. Also, if his real identity was leaked, some not so decent people would start hunting him. Especially if word about his talent got out. She had to keep Ashton under her supervision for his safety and her atonement.

"Well, judging by how things have been going around him recently, I think it is necessary, Madam director." The mistress put up an A grade acting performance, "I can't trust simple words anymore. I need some action to ensure the safety of my ward in your academy."

"What do you want?"

"Punishment to the Gruntas and anyone who had been colluding with them to falsely accuse Ashton of something he did not even do. That should be a good start."

"Fine. If that's required to restore your trust, then it shall be done." The director mumbled with a sense of finality in her tone, "There will be another trial against Nick and Nicole Gunta. There they will either have to prove they were innocent in all this mess, or they will be suspended for three months. The court is now adjourned."

As the sound of the gravel resounded throughout the room, Ashton shot a smile in Nicole's direction. Her hunch was correct, but since it was only a hunch, it could not prove his involvement. Ashton had been hoping for something like that to happen, and now that it had, the second phase of his revenge was complete.

'I hope you enjoyed a taste of your own medicine, noble assholes.'

Chapter 96 - Off To Brawl Again (1)

Slap!

A loud reverberation was felt across the room. The mistress and Ashton had just gotten back to his room from the trial room, and without wasting a second, the mistress expressed her displeasure over the situation. All the while, Ashton just stood there like a statue.

The mistress had slapped him hard, but he didn't even flinch, despite knowing the attack was coming. However, one slap was not enough to quell the Mistress's anger. She kept slapping him until his cheeks turned black and started to bleed a bit.

All the while, not a single squeal came out of Ashton's mouth. He was expecting something even worse to happen to him, but the mistress stopped punishing him.

Even though she defended Ashton in public, she knew Ashton well enough to realise he would not have called for her help had he been truly innocent. Either he had attacked that Grunta bastard himself or made someone else do it. She was sure he had some kind of involvement in that matter and she was not happy about it.

While Ashton stood there in the middle of the room, the mistress went to wash her hand with the bowl of water Daniella had brought in. She still looked pissed but was composed enough to converse with Ashton without beating the shit out of him.

"I don't care how and why you did what you did. But you will never do anything like that again." She ordered Ashton in a stern tone, "I will not have my plans get derailed just because of some stupid farce between two brats. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," Ashton responded while his nails dug deeper and deeper into his palm.

Just because he knew this would happen and was concealing his emotions, didn't mean he wasn't raging inside. The blood oozing out of his palms were evidence of how enraged he was. But he had to remain calm as usual. He had to act like a docile pet for now, so that he could bite that bitch's head off later.

Hearing his voice made the mistress sigh heavily. She had been treating him like a grown-up, but at the end of the day, he was just a 16-year-old brat. Dumping too many responsibilities on him would not

solve anything, and would make him act out even more. Also... she might have accidentally taken out a lot of pent up frustration on him, even though he did nothing to deserve it.

"Come sit here." The mistress gestured him to sit beside her on the bed, "Daniella, get me a first-aid kit. Listen, Ashton, I lost control for a bit... because too many things seem to be happening around me, all of a sudden. Things that can even overwhelm someone like me."

"I understand," Ashton replied without looking in her direction.

"No, you don't. You don't understand how bad things are in Maddencreek." She mumbled before laying down on the bed, "A lot of people, have betrayed my trust recently. People whom I would have trusted my life to, like Donovan."

Ashton turned to face her, the news was too shocking for him not to react. Donovan, the mistress's most loyal servant or mate or whatever, had betrayed her? This news was something Ashton could not ignore.

"You're shocked too huh?" The mistress smiled wanly, "But yes. He had betrayed me and joined my father's side. Even though he hated him just as much as I did. But he wasn't alone, Disha went along with him and to be honest, I'm not surprised. After all, whenever she saw him, her eyes got all lovey-dovey. Infatuation is a bitch."

"But when did all of this happen? They were on your side just a few days ago, right?" Ashton tried to pry out some more information out of her, "Also, since you were their alpha, couldn't you stop them using your abilities?"

"Let's just say, I trusted them too much and paid the price for it. Thankfully, I had a habit of not giving anyone a complete plan of my next move. So they can't harm me from a strategic point of view." The mistress sighed again before sitting up, "That being said, I don't trust anyone now. Especially not you. Considering you have been meeting a lot of professors these days."

Ashton looked at Duncan as mistress said that. It was just an act to show that he didn't know about it beforehand.

"I was just trying to get them on my side," Ashton said while his eyes were still fixated on Duncan, "after all, you saw what happened today. Something much worse would have happened if I didn't have some other professors on my side."

The mistress nodded. At the same time, Daniella returned with the first-aid kit. The Mistress took it from her and poured some iodine tincture on a piece of cotton before gently rubbing it on Ashton's bloodied cheeks.

"I'm sure you had no ill intentions, unlike Donovan. Still, I will recommend you to do what I have told you to and nothing more."

She continued, "There's no need for you to get involved with anyone, let it be a professor or a student. As long as you keep focusing on the tasks I give you, you will have no problems through my side."

"Yes, Ma'am. I will try my best not to get involved in anything that I should not be concerned about." Ashton nodded along, but his gaze was still on Duncan, who slowly started to get a bit uncomfortable.

"Very well then. As long as you keep that in mind, I won't have any reason not to trust you." She mumbled while applying the tincture on the other cheek, "It would be a shame to waste all that potential you have, wouldn't it?"

After that, the mistress stayed there for an hour or so to talk some things out, and left after warning Ashton to not do anything stupid ever again. Little did she know, he was going to do something stupid as soon as she walked out of there.

"Duncan, I'm feeling like my movements have rusted a bit after sitting all day." Ashton said with a sinister smile on his face, "Would you mind if we spar for a bit?"

Chapter 97 - Off To Brawl Again (2)

"Huff... Huff..."

"Come on, get up. We're not done yet." Ashton instructed Duncan before cracking his knuckles, "I told you I was feeling a bit rusted. I need to freely move my joints you know."

Duncan was on his knees, covered in blood all over, and it was no coincidence that he ended up like that. After all, Ashton's fists were covered in his blood. The rules of the academy might have protected the students, but he was the only one who could have protected 'his' servants.

In other words, he could have done whatever he pleased with them and no one would bat an eye. Because frankly, no one cared about humans either way. Ashton knew these bastards were spying on him, but he left them to go unpunished because he had a 'soft spot' for humans.

He could have punished them from the beginning if he wanted to, but there was something he needed before making his move or his plan could have backfired. Now that he had the things he required, thanks to Rose, he could have easily gotten rid of them.

But now, he had realised that waiting was a mistake. Initially, it was his plan to win their trust over with patience, but now he did not have any left. He needed to make sure they were loyal to him and only him. No matter what he had to do.

It was a tough pill he had to swallow, but in the last couple of days, Ashton had realised something. In the world they were living in, being good to somebody won't do shit. If he wanted to get something, he would have to be prepared to snatch it away from others, through violence or wit or a combination of both.

"Hm... looks like you're at your limit." Ashton squatted down to take a good look at Duncan, "Guess I'll have to switch opponents. Since there isn't anyone else here, I'm afraid I will have to ask Daniella to help me while you recover."

Saying so, he got up and started walking towards Daniella, who had been watching Ashton beat the living crap out of her husband. She wanted to help Duncan out, but she was too scared to make a move. But now that Ashton was headed her way, her legs suddenly found their strength back as she hastily moved away from him.

"Leave... her... alone!" Duncan barely managed to mumble before choking on his own blood.

"Sure, I'll leave her alone... if you get up first." Ashton smiled and sat down right then and there.

"The mistress will... kill you if she got to know about this!!!" Suddenly Daniella found her voice and yelled at him.

As soon as Ashton heard what Daniella said, he started laughing like a maniac. It was the first time they had seen him behaving like this and even though he was just a teenager, his laugh sent shivers down their spines.

"Kill me? How delusional can you morons be?" Ashton said between his fits of laughter, "I'm way too important for the mistress for her to kill me. You, on the other hand, are simply disposable resources and believe me. Once she is doesn't have a use for you, you are going straight into her enclosure to spend rest of your miserable life."

Ashton turned walked back to Duncan and kicked him right in the face while he struggled to get back to his feet. Ashton was no longer pulling his strikes back. He wasn't using his entire strength either, but it was enough to break Duncan's bones with ease.

"If I kill you, then sure, she would be pissed and 'discipline' me again. But we all know how well that goes, don't we?" Ashton then took Duncan's spear and stabbed his leg, "Come on, Duncan. You can stand up. After all, if you don't then god knows what will happen to your wife."

"ARGH!!!"

Ashton drew the spear back and stabbed him again and again, till his legs were filled with wounds. Forget about standing, it would be a miracle if he was even able to crawl at this point. But that didn't stop him from trying... and failing miserably.

"It's a shame you can't move, I wonder why? Well, you should rest up, maybe that'll help. In the meantime, I'll play with your wife instead."

Ashton aimed the spear right at Daniella's bloated belly when Duncan finally gave up. At that moment he would have done anything to save his wife and their unborn child. Even if it meant betraying the mistress.

"Please don't... I'll do... whatever you want... just don't hurt them. I beg... you."

"Anything?"

Duncan nodded as tears streamed down Daniella's face. She could have never thought a child would be so frightening as well as capable of doing something Ashton just did.

'He's no child... He's a monster! Even worse than the werewolves!'

She wanted to say those words aloud, but her mouth was sealed shut. As if her body was trying to take control over her actions, to ensure her survival.

"Fine, you wouldn't need to do anything extraordinary either." Ashton placed the spear inside his inventory and pulled some kind of paper out of there, "You'll just need to become my slaves in the true sense of the word. I'll be the only master the two of you will recognise and no one else. Do you accept this?"

"Yes..."

"Alright then," He threw the paper in front of Duncan, "I suppose you know how to use this?"

"A slave... contract?"

"The hell are you acting all surprised for?" Ashton scoffed, "You don't expect me to believe you just based on your words, do you? Just put your blood on the sheet and get it over with. It's not like you need to prick your finger or anything to get your blood out, it's already everywhere."

Duncan gritted his teeth in fury. He thought he would be able to trick a kid, but this 'kid' had already prepared everything.

On one hand, if he signed the contract, would have to do absolutely everything Ashton asked. If he didn't then he would be burned to crisp, thanks to the 'betrayal' clause mentioned in the contract. And on the other hand, if he didn't then he and his wife both will get killed.

He had no choice... he had to sign the contract. Thus, he soaked his palm with his blood and placed it on the paper. As he did that, a notification appeared in front of Ashton.

[You have acquired a new slave.]

[Number of slaves in possession: 1]

[You can view their details under <Slaves> tab.]

"Great, now let's get your handprint as well.." Ashton smiled and threw another contract towards Daniella, "Sign it and live peacefully, with your husband and the child, or don't and die."

Chapter 98 - Off To Brawl Again (3)

A slave contract wasn't a simple sheet of paper. The terms and conditions listed on it would decide the future of the ones signing it. But it was more like some sort of trade, in which the humans willingly gave away their loyalty in hopes of getting food and shelter.

Strangely enough, the invention of the contract wasn't done by the werewolves or any other factions, but by humans themselves. Why would they do it, you ask? Well, simply because in the past, their treatment was much worse than they usually suffered through nowadays.

The evolved beings were able to use their strength to dominate them and make the lives of humans a living hell. Thus, the humans willing came to an agreement with the werewolves, they will willingly give away their loyalty to them, in exchange for certain things like food.

This helped the humans secure a source of food and shelter along with a plethora of different things. While for werewolves, it ensured that none of the slaves would act up no matter what they made them do. After all, revolting was in the nature of humans and the contract would prevent them from doing that.

It was a win-win situation was both parties. While the lifestyle of the slaves didn't improve much, a least they were able to get something out of slaying away unlike before. Thanks to the terms of the contract.

As soon as the contract was signed, a tattoo resembling a chain would appear across the neck of the human. While a similar tattoo would appear on the wrist of the master. This symbolised successful bond formation between the slave and the master and also served as a way to punish them.

If either the slave or the master violated the terms, they will be punished. While in the case of the slaves, the tattoo would either tighten itself around their neck and choke them to death, or it would burn them alive.

While in the case of the owner violating any terms, they would not be allowed to have any slave... for a month. It wasn't surprising that the punishment for the 'masters' was so lenient. After all, even though it was the human who came up with the idea of willful slavery, still, it was the werewolves who incorporated it on a large scale through various resources.

This idea was such a hit that even the vampires and undead, at least those who had enough intelligence, immediately adopted this idea of turning slavery into a way of commerce.

However, these contracts only worked against humans and not with those possessing other genes. Ashton didn't know whether it was because the werewolves were afraid of tables being turned on them or for some other reason altogether. But according to Rose, there was no record of such a slave contract ever existing.

As for Ashton, he did not allow Duncan and Daniella to have any rights. They were literally his slaves and would get food and shelter based on his generosity, but nothing more. He knew it wasn't fair and he initially wanted to give them some more benefits and willingly make them sign the contract.

But after what they did, in his eyes, they didn't deserve it. However, in future, if they did a good job and Ashton felt like he could trust them, he would reevaluate the terms and give them more benefits. But nothing was set in stone just yet.

Also, there was one term he did put on the contract. Upon signing the contract, Duncan and Daniella no longer had freedom of speech. Which essentially meant, their vocabulary was very limited.

Ashton did so to ensure that they will never be able to talk or write about anything that they should not have. Like him leaving the dorm room at night to hunt or to go and fight underground battles.

This made Ashton's life a lot easier. He no longer needed to hide and sneak away from them. He could do whatever he wanted and Duncan and Daniella would not be able to do anything to hinder him. If they tried to do something, they'll die immediately.

'But having just the two of them sign the contract would not have been enough,' Ashton thought before pouring a healing potion on Duncan's wounds, 'The child Daniella is carrying could be a hindrance to me.'

[You have acquired a new slave.]

[Number of slaves in possession: 3]

[You can view their details under <Slaves> tab.]

Even though Ashton wasn't sure whether Daniella would somehow be able to use her child to escape the loop. Thus, he wasn't willing to take a risk. As a result, he even included the unborn child in Daniella's slave contract. For that reason, it was showing that Ashton had three slaves instead of two.

"There you go. All healed up." Ashton stored the empty bottle back inside his inventory before turning towards Daniella, "Clean this place up while I go out for a walk."

"Yes... master." To her surprise, the words forcefully came out of Daniella's mouth.

"I can get used to this." Ashton smiled and left the room.

He wanted to get a bit more exp for his werewolf genes, to make sure no one surpassed him in his class. And the best way to do that was to head towards the black market. Although it was a bit dangerous for him to roam around the streets at night, thanks to the curfew, still it was alright to head out during the day.

However, as he made his way towards the main gate, he saw a couple of weirdly dressed people there. It felt as if they were part of some kind of elite police force or something. While one of them was an adult, there was a girl about his age accompanying him.

It only took a glance for Ashton to realise that the girl was in love with pink. Everything, from her hair to her bow and arrows was pink. As for the man next to her, he was a walking brochure of a tattoo artist and had numerous knives strapped on his bulky body. They appeared to be busy conversing with... the director.

'Hm... interesting. Should I try listening in- never mind, they are leaving already.'

Ashton continued walking towards them when the girl turned around and looked him straight in the eyes. He didn't know why, but the moment she looked at him, Ashton felt vulnerable. As if he was being interrogated or something. It was an awkward feeling but it disappeared as soon as the girl left.

'The hell was that!?'

Chapter 99 - Off To Brawl Again (4)

There was something off about that girl. Ashton's instincts were screaming at him. The look she gave him left a weird taste in his mouth. But before jumping to any conclusion regarding the girl or the man who was with her, he needed to get some information about them. It could be that they were friendlies or a neutral party.

Or it could be that the Gruntas were still not going to let the matter go and hired these people to cause a ruckus in his life? Given all the money they had, it wouldn't surprise him if they actually did something like that. After all, a noble's ego was something once hurt, would take a lot of effort and revenge to mend.

As much as Ashton wanted to leave for the black market, he decided it was not the right time to do so. He better postpone it for a few hours.

'What am I even thinking?' He vigorously shook his head, 'This is the best opportunity to leave. I wouldn't change my plans just because a couple of random people showed up out of nowhere.'

Ashton convinced himself he was simply overthinking things and made his way out of the academy. The Director was still near the gate when Ashton headed outside, but she did not acknowledge him in any way. It appeared that her friendly persona was long gone. At least that's how it looked to Ashton.

Either way, it wasn't like he desperately wanted to talk to her either. While he appreciated allies and helpers, he wasn't going to let anyone bend him to their will. Not if he could help it, obviously.

It took a while for Ashton to reach the black market. Basically, because he was stopped by the city guards at every fcking square he had to cross. Of course, the officers only had one intention in doing so. To pester a kid who was walking the streets by himself.

However, that changed the moment Ashton showed them his academy ID. When the officers saw his ranking, they immediately let him pass. They didn't do so because he was an S ranker, but because they were worried about the backing the kid must have had. Had they known he did not have any backing, their reaction would have been very different.

On top of that, since Ashton was roaming the streets by himself, they assumed he was being 'guarded by the shadows'. It was a term used by the commoners to depict the possibility of nobles being protected by bodyguards and mercenaries who were hiding from plain sight.

'Guarded by the shadows, my ass.' Ashton thought to himself before augmenting his face, away from everyone's eyes, 'If it wasn't for their presumptuous nature, they would have delayed me even more.'

After he was finished preparing, he entered the black market. Even though it was daytime, the place was hustling and bustling like never before. Probably because most of these people would have wanted to get out of there before sunset.

Ashton had a feeling, no one would want to wait there while there were terrorists on the loose. Ashton knew there were no terrorists in Contingent. After all, he was the one because of whom all this crap started in the first place.

Without wasting any more of his precious time, he walked straight towards the counter to get himself registered for a fight. But there was an issue. Since he wanted to level up his werewolf genes, he had to fight as a werewolf.

That meant, he could not use his alias as Mr Virgin this time, who was a vampire. Nor could he use the [Mask of Vampirism], or his twin blades as they were times used by vampires. In the end, he had to create a new identity for himself, which was a good thing, considering it was something he needed to do in order to level up [Alteration].

—

[Name: Vince]

[Class: Classless]

[Type: Brawler]

Ashton register himself as a brawler because, well, he could not have used either of his two weapons. The twin blades were the weapons of Mr Virgin, while the Bone whip was something Ashton used and using the weapon here might out his real identity.

So he decided to go fight with his transformed fists. After all, that was the way werewolves fought most of the time after transforming. As for the matches, he was lucky as one of the fighters from the next scheduled match had walked out and they had a free spot available.

Ashton took the spot without any hesitation and placed a 2000 blue units bet on himself. After all, he was confident in winning. But when he asked about his opponent and why did the other guy ran away, he got no answer from the counter.

'Well, whatever, guess I'll have to figure it out myself.' Ashton thought before heading towards the ring.

Unlike the previous time Ashton fought there, the ring or arena as some called it, wasn't covered by a cage. Which meant, basic arena rules were applied to the match. Two ways to win, either knock your opponent out or push them off the arena. Pretty simple.

Ashton felt a bit relieved upon finding out the rules. He was there to fight and gain exp. But just in case things started going south, he should be able to win the match by pulling off something like he did with Donovan. A moment later, the announcer started doing the introductions as usual.

"In this corner, we have some newfound talent, going by the lame name Vince!" The announcer found a way to screw Ashton's alias once again, "And on the opposite corner, we have the man who can never have enough toys in his arsenal, The Master Baiter!!!"

"The hell!? What kind of bullshit name is that?" Ashton instinctively spoke.

"A name that's much better than yours, Lame name Vince." The announcer taunted Ashton before hurriedly scurrying away.

Just then, Master Baiter entered the stage. He wasn't very tall, only about 5'4" and was carrying a large sack on his back. He did not have a single strand of hair on his head, face or shirtless body. Also, his eyes were covered with huge black goggles that made him look like some mad scientist.

"Great... I enrolled in a fight with a joker." Ashton shook his head, "No wonder the other guy backed out. The odds of winning the match would be leaning overwhelmingly towards him. Thus he would not have made much money despite winning the match.. I just hope this fool gave give me some exp at least."

Chapter 100 - Oh Shoot! (1)

As soon as the match started, Master baiter immediately ducked within the sack he had been carrying with him. Ashton didn't wait and lunged at him. With his claws drawn, he was about to punch the baiter into oblivion, when suddenly he was pushed back with an invisible force.

'The heck was that?' Ashton looked back at his opponent, only to realise that the man was now covered in some kind of a weird-looking armour.

From a glance, Ashton could say that the armour looked to be self-made from scrapped metal and other things, with wires sticking out of it from weird angles. The man looked more like a broken ancient robot than anything else.

'It would be rude of me to judge someone based on their appearance.' Ashton snapped out of his arrogant way of thinking and started fighting for real, 'But first, let's see what you got.'

—

Name: Rico

Species: Werewolf (Active).

Status: Werewolf

Class: Creationist

Title: [Creator Of Scrap], [One Among A Thousand]

Age: 19 years

Gender: Male

Grade: F-tier (Evolution is possible)

Affiliation: None.

Level:

> Werewolf Level: 15

Stats:

HP: 2200/2200

Damage: 30

Armour: 30

Stealth: 30

Stamina: 40

Agility: 22

Intelligence: 60

Nature:

Observant

Skill:

Werewolf Skills:

>> Creation: A skill allowing the user to visualise blueprints of forgeable equipment inside their head and store them for later use. This skill can also be used to reverse engineer some basic pieces of equipment from unknown sources.

The user will be able to store rarer blueprints as the level of this skill goes up.

Grade: Low

Cooldown: 1 day

>> Forge: This skill allows the user to forge a stored blueprint with ease. Once activated, the user's body will continue to forge the equipment in question, even while they sleep. This skill won't deactivate unless the user cancels it, or they run out of material to continue forging, or they successfully crafted the equipment they wanted to.

The user will be able to forge more and more complex machines as the level of this skill goes up.

Grade: Low

Cooldown: 1 day

>> Refuse Storage: Also known as the curse skill of the creationists. Upon accepting the Creationist class, the user will no longer be able to use their inventory as they used to. They will only be able to store raw materials needed for creation inside their inventory.

>> Intelligence Dependence: Creationists are not allowed to use stat points as they see fit. Instead, all of their stats will depend on their intelligence. The higher the intelligence stat, the higher would be the rest of the stats.

<User's level is too low to view any more information.>

—

'So... that's why he was carrying the armour in a sack. Rather than using the inventory.' Ashton thought while he analysed the armour, 'Man, it must be tough to not be able to use the inventory like it was made to be used. I can never see myself becoming a creationist, to be honest.'

"Come whenever you please, I'm in no hurry." Baiter taunted him.

Ashton should have been pissed, but for some reason, he chuckled at his opponent's challenge. It was the first time Ashton was fighting someone like Baiter, and even though they were yet to exchange a proper blow, Ashton felt a sense of sportsmanship.

"Fine by me." Ashton accepted his challenge and once again launched himself at Baiter.

However, this time he was alert. After all, he wasn't going to repeat the same mistake twice. A second prior to the collision, Ashton jumped over Baiter's head and brought his transformed arm down on him like a cleaver.

Ashton thought since he was more agile than his opponent, there was no way Baiter would have been able to stop him. But he was wrong. Although he was indeed faster than his opponent, Ashton forgot to take one thing into account. The effects Baiter would have imbued on his armour.

In a flash, Baiter raised both of his hands over his head. Ashton's blow was able to put a huge dent into the metal protecting Baiter's hands, but apart from that, he wasn't able to do much. However, before Ashton could get himself away from Baiter, the latter kicked him right in the chest.

The next moment, Ashton was flung towards the edge of the arena. His momentum was too much, if he didn't do anything, he would have been thrown out of bounds. Ashton quickly racked his brain and dug all four of his claws deep within the arena, which saved him from falling off, but just by an inch.

However, it didn't appear like Baiter was done yet. With a loud bang, he shot himself in Ashton's direction. He never thought Ashton would do something like that to stop himself from getting thrown out. But since Ashton did that, he didn't leave any other choice for Baiter. Ashton was quite literally going to push him out of the arena with his body.

"I knew you would do something like that," Ashton smiled at the last moment and jumped over Baiter who was charging at him like a raging bull.

Considering how fast Baiter was running, there was no way he would be able to balance himself in time. His disqualification was inevitable. Or so, Ashton thought.

Well, Ashton was correct in his assumption, there was no way Baiter was going to save himself from his certain fall. But that didn't mean he was going to let Ashton win so easily either. Just before he would have fallen off the arena, Baiter grabbed on to Ashton's legs.

His plan was simple. If he was going to get eliminated, he was going to take his opponent with him. Meanwhile, the crowd awed and gasped with the constant shift of momentum amongst the fighters.

However, the crowd wasn't going berserk on its own. The constant change in the odds of the bets was putting them on the edge as well.

"Damn it! Let me go!" Ashton barked at Baiter.

"Not unless you pull me up." Baiter laughed but did not let go of Ashton's legs.

"You know what? Keep holding on if you'd like."

Saying so, Ashton jumped out of the arena. Leaving everyone stunned. Both of them fell on the ground below.. The match had no winners? Which essentially meant that no one won the bets either.