

## My Vampire 1201

### My Vampire System Chapter 1201: The Dalki leaders

The V under Sach's leg continued to struggle. It attempted to push off the ground using its two hands. Despite using all its strength, it was unable to move at all. It was clear one person was overpowering the other with ease. Sach was already strong before. He had a well trained body and good beast gear on. Now that he was a vampire himself, there would be very few vampires out there that would be able to overpower him.

'The question is, what to exactly do with this strategist?' Sach thought. 'Even those on the Cursed ship were unable to break them using their Vampire powers, so I doubt I would be able to do anything. We could capture them, but what use is that? There is only one thing we can do.'

Sach applied a sudden pressure on his leg. It was quick and decisive, a small crunching sound was heard, and the vampire was no longer moving or making any noise.

"Strategist Om!" One of the other strategists called out. "He's....dead. Even if you are the supreme commander, how could you do this."

Om looked like he would run over to his fallen comrade, but Samantha quickly pulled him back before Sach could do anything.

"Did you not see it? Sach explained. He was a V. The reason why all your elaborate plans weren't working, why it felt like they were always one step ahead of you, was all because this person was working with the Dalki."

There was silence in the room for a few seconds. The strategist was someone who had been in the military for a while. They were even by Oscar's side at times. It was hard for them to believe such a thing. However, they started to remember the video of Head general Innu being a V as well. If he was one, then it meant that anyone could have been one and was really working for the other side.

“I saw his red eyes,” Samantha claimed, now looking at the body on the floor. “Without a doubt, he was a V, but how did you know he was one? She asked for a second time, hoping he wouldn’t avoid the question.

“That isn’t important right now. This shelter is struggling more than all the other Shelters. If it was because of the V, perhaps they have big plans for this place, which also means there could be more. I want you to take me to every group, every platoon to see if they are anymore. Let’s not waste any time.”

Head general Samantha went along with the Supreme commander, showing him every platoon and area. Most of them were clear as Sach didn’t show any actions towards her people, but it wasn’t the case everywhere.

On the south wall, Sach discovered a V. This time, rather than attempting to capture it, he quickly went up behind the vampire and started to subdue it by strangulation, getting it in a type of chokehold. As the vampire struggled for its life and tried to summon all of its powers, its eyes would turn red, and they could see that they were V.

Another area where the V was discovered was in one of the bunkers part of the scouting team. Where Sach had done the same again. It was clever of them. The scout could inform them of when they were spotted before all of the others, especially since they had superior eyesight and hearing.

Walking back after having checked the area, Samantha couldn’t take it anymore and grabbed Sach on the shoulder as they walked through the snow.

“Tell me, how did you know they were V? If it’s something you know, you could share it with all of us.” Samantha pleaded. If she had this skill, maybe she wouldn’t have lost as many people as they already had.

“When the Cursed faction came to see me and healed me, they offered me to go aboard their ship for a short while. I accepted, and during that time, they taught me a lot of things about the V. I know their weaknesses, their strengths and how to spot them. Unfortunately, it is not something I can teach you overnight for one, and for the second, it’s not for me to teach.

“They told me because it is a desperate time. However, I must respect their wishes. Perhaps they are worried that these techniques will be used against them in the future. Which is understandable.” Sach explained although everything he said was untrue. He could tell because he was now one of them, and his nose could pinpoint their smell.

Still, the other vampires also should have been able to tell Sach was one as well. If it wasn't for the special spray that Logan had produced and handed to Sach. After using the spray with Owen, and with no one knowing what Sach was, they thought it could come in handy for him.

Honestly, perhaps at another point and time, Sach's actions would be criticised but just like with the first war, when those who were weak were pushed aside, as the strong fought for their lives for Earth, no one said anything.

“Samantha, Samantha, your back! We have urgent news. There's been a strong reading of a Dalki that has just landed. It's possibly one of the leaders you asked for!” A man with glasses at the gate yelled.

‘They must have been informed that the V here are dying, which means they know that there is a vampire here but who have they sent?’ Sach thought.

“Are we going to go out and attack them!” Samantha asked, clenching her fist.

“That is not like you at all. We have no idea who this Dalki is. Remember what happened last time? You were the one who called out my mistake, so I have to call out yours. Wait until we get more information.”

While at the Shelter, Sach was still getting information on what was going on all over the beast solar system. He had learnt that Owen was once again engaged in combat with the same four spiked Dalki as last time.

Owen had done well against it before, but maybe that was due to it not knowing about its powers.

It was then that the whole shelter felt a slight rumble beneath all of them. The ground vibrated slightly, but there was no loud bang or huge explosion in the area as such. Still, Sach could hear it more than the others and rushed as quickly as he could.

Now standing on the wall, far in the distance in the snow, they could see a Dalki with wings and a single horn that had partly been broken.

“One Horn!” Samantha screamed, but Sach soon pulled her back.

“Samantha, if you can’t keep your emotions in check, then I am going to have to temporarily relieve you of your position.”

It was strange. One Horn was just standing there in the snow, on his own, as if he was waiting for them to attack.

“We aren’t strong enough,” Sach said, knowing that even with his vampire powers, he couldn’t beat a five spiked Dalki.

“Then what do you want us to do? Just sit here, wait here and stall. Stall for what?”

It was then that a message had been sent out to Sach, directly from Sam. About the Cursed faction being under attack from none other than the great Blade family.

‘What in the world is going on? Sach thought. The timing couldn’t have been worse. The only thing he was thankful for was the fact that Nathan and his group had gotten out there before they had attacked.

‘Quinn is currently at the Cursed faction planets, but will he now be rushing back to save his group? Or will he choose to try to get rid of the threat first? The good news is, with One Horn here, Owen dealing with the other leaders. I should have the strongest Dalki in front of me. I’ll just have to keep him here as long as possible, to let Quinn do what he needs to do. He’s dealt with many Dalki before, so he can do the same again.’ Sach thought, but all of this would be great if One Horn was the strongest Dalki they had.

My Vampire System Chapter 1202: A Penalty

The others in the room with Quinn were also quick on the uptake. One teleporter not working could just have just been a coincidence, two not working however indicated that something was wrong. Jammed teleporters were one of the first signs that an attack was incoming. The Dalkis' ability to do such a thing was one of the reasons they had been warned to stop relying on the teleporters.

"Inform all of the Cursed planets to prepare themselves for an attack!" Helen immediately ordered. She was unsure if the other planets were affected, but there was always the worry that something big was on the horizon and it was better to be safe than sorry. "Make sure that the Daisy faction is prepared as well. I might not be able to give an update straight away, tell the Cursed faction leaders to take command until we get the situation under control!"

There was no need for Helen to say it twice, as everyone had been getting ready for the war ahead of them. Quickly everyone inside the teleporter room had stepped out to look into the distance.

Just like Earth, the Daisy planet also had four seasons it went through. Currently, it was undergoing its version of 'spring'. There was a clear blue sky, and thanks to that Quinn and the others could clearly see the large black blip, and many pods dropping down from the mothership. Helen could only stare at it frozen in place, as the black pods reached the surface a few moments later.

'A mothership here of all places?! Have the Dalki decided to use their full force on the Cursed faction? But why, what do they have to gain? Did they know that Quinn was here?' The woman wondered.

Soon though, reports about similar situations occurring on the other planets came in and Helen was beginning to realise the true horror of their actual situation. Not only was the Cursed faction being attacked but at the same time this was happening, the other two major groups as well. What was worrying her most though, was the fact that the other planets had said that they could see a mothership hovering over each one.

For the first time she was at a bit of a loss of what to do, before she finally said something.

"The Travellers, some of them are still out hunting. If they meet with the Dalki they're done for!"

At the moment, Peach, one of Daisy's older sisters, was also standing by her side and was the one giving her an update on the situation with the other planets.

“Helen, we don’t have time to take care of them. Right now we need to try to gather as much information as possible before deciding on our next course of action. I’m afraid the only thing we can do is hope that they come back in one piece. I’m sure they must have seen the mothership before us so they would be travelling back as we speak.”

Although she didn’t like leaving things up to fate, Helen had to admit that her sister was right. This was war at a scale none of them had expected. This wasn’t the time to save a few at the cost of countless others.

Looking at Quinn she was wondering what his plans were, perhaps he could call for help from the Cursed faction. However, she just witnessed him standing in place with a look of great concern, but it almost looked as if he wasn’t looking at the Dalki ship itself but something else.

Helen was correct. At the moment, Quinn was staring at the sudden notification screen that had appeared the moment he had set foot outside of the building and laid eyes on the mothership.

[A new quest has been received]

[As leader of the Cursed faction you must act like one]

[Stop the Dalki from taking over more than half of the Cursed planets]

[0/10]

In total the Cursed faction owned eighteen planets, which meant that Quinn could allow nine of them to be taken over or destroyed. He could see that the number would increase as each planet was taken over, but the Quest message didn’t stop there.

[To complete the quest, destroy over half of the motherships]

[0/10]

'Both of these messages look like they go hand in hand but not quite. Just because I destroy the motherships, the Dalki that have already been deployed could still take over the planet. I have to make sure that they are protected even after destroying the motherships.'

Lastly there was the last part of the message which was why he stood still for so long.

[Failure to complete the quest will result in a penalty]

[Quest reward]

'A penalty? This is the first time the system has ever assigned such a thing. Why at a time like this? What would the penalty even be? Since the rewards are usually stats and level ups, could it be that it intends to take some of those away?'

This was worrying him more than anything. Without the teleporters, and with how far the other Cursed faction members were, it would take them a long time to even help out in the war. He needed to act fast if he wanted to save those planets.

Although he might not die, failing the Quest could lead to him getting weaker. If the system was able to give him stats and levels making him stronger than it stood to reason that could just as easily take them away.

'I think the same.' Vincent agreed. 'As you know, the system was based on a game. It uses AI that assigns Quests based on the information around it. The thing is I never thought a penalty would show up. In the game itself there were penalties each time you would die. Of course, in real life if you die you don't get a second chance so I never thought I would see this.'

'What type of penalties did the user get from dying?' Quinn asked, thinking that they might be similar.

'It was pretty random and could range from a loss of items or abilities, to the loss of levels, stats to just a simple loss of experience points.'

None of those options sounded good to Quinn. He had long since wanted to stop relying on the system. It was odd how quick it had allowed him to strengthen himself in certain areas. Even without its help Quinn could be considered to be plenty strong now, but to fight the likes of Arthur, Hilston or the Dalki leaders, he needed all the help he could get.

“Helen, I’ll go out and look for those Travelers that are still outside. Using my shadow powers I am the ideal person to do it, but I won’t be able to bring them back to the Shelter, I have something else I need to do. I’ll carry on looking for the others instead.”

“What are you saying, what are you planning to do Quinn?” Helen asked.

Looking at the large ship, and reading the Quest again, it was clear as day what he needed to do. He needed to find a way to destroy a ship that couldn’t even be taken down by energy blasts.

‘The outside is probably too strong, so the only way is to look for a way to sabotage it from the inside.’ Quinn concluded. The system hadn’t given him any Quests that had been completely impossible, so he hoped it hadn’t started now. Then again, this was also the first time it had brought up a penalty...

“Assemble a team that is willing to go out with me, I’ll help the others on the way, and they can update you on the Dalki situation once I’ve taken down that thing. Then we can focus on the rest.” Quinn ordered.

‘The rest? That thing? He can’t be planning to go from one planet to the next and take out the motherships, could he?’ Helen was shocked. The amount of black pods that continued to rain down was testimony that there were far more Dalki on the planet than any of them had ever seen. It would be troublesome enough to just deal with them, but it looked like Quinn had made his mind.

Helen too wanted to save the Travelers. The only thing she could hope was that Quinn could come to his senses once they were on the outside.

As the leader of the Daisy faction she quickly called for the group of twelve individuals that would be sent with Quinn to get the Travelers that were outside and to bring them back information. These twelve were the ones who had been rewarded with the blood weapons.



Now that there was no way to deliver the rest of the weapons, he left them all in the hands of Helen to distribute them among those she trusted. Daisy was one of the strongest factions out of the others so they probably needed it the least, but it was useless not to use them and hoard them at the moment.

Just as Quinn was ready to move out, he could feel something. The bond he had with his people on the Cursed ship. He could tell that they were in the middle of a battle and it felt that it wasn't an easy one.

'They're all so far away that I can't pinpoint who's who. It could be Alex and the others, the Dalki have invaded there as well, or maybe those on the Cursed ship?'

Thinking about this, Quinn was hesitating whether he should check in with the others, but that's when the Quest line updated.

[1/10 Planets have been taken over by the Dalki]

'What the...'

My Vampire System Chapter 1203

Climb

The organisation of the Shelter during this state of emergency and the gathering of the twelve who had been honoured with receiving the blood weapons had taken some time, but at most it was an hour or so. At the same time, the pods had stopped dropping from the large mothership and the group had yet to experience any such attack, which was why the sudden message as he was about to leave was so troubling to Quinn.

'What could have happened for one of the planets to have already been taken over so fast? Did they send out an advance party before we found out about the Dalki? Even so, it should be impossible for nobody to report anything about it!' Quinn thought.

On top of that, he was sure the system would have informed him with a quest like it did so before if it was the case. Quinn was with the twelve others ready to leave at any moment and was at the north gate.

“Helen, has any of the planets reported anything about being on the brink of being overrun?” Quinn asked, speaking through a receiver in the mask he was wearing. Helen was currently inside the base trying to formulate plans. Despite the calls and information that was coming in, she answered immediately when it was him.

“I’m not sure, but we are unable to contact any of the members or faction leaders stationed on Demakera. According to some outside ships observing the situation, the Shelter looks to have been destroyed.” Helen reported.

Hearing this, Quinn thought back to the information that he had seen about the planets the Cursed faction owned. Demakera had a B ranked Shelter. It shouldn’t have fallen this quickly, unless a strong number of Dalki were there or perhaps a strong spiked Dalki was present.

“Sam suggested that we concentrate our forces on a few of the more important planets. Otherwise it looks like the Dalki will be able to slowly lower our numbers.” Helen reported.

It was a good plan, but there was a major issue with it.

‘If they do that, what about my Quest? If the Cursed faction retreats to the other planets then it will make it easier for them to take over. I’ll fail the Quest once we lose possession of ten planets! No, I can’t tell Helen not to go through with the order. I can’t risk peoples’ lives just because I could receive a penalty from this damned system!’

It was another race against time for Quinn. The evacuation of those in the Shelter would take a while anyway, but there was one thing the Cursed faction leader could do to complete the task. Destroy ten motherships before they were able to take over the planets.

“Quinn, I’m afraid I have some more bad information for you. I have sent over a video that you need to look over. Whatever you decide to do I’ll understand.” Helen said.

Knowing that it would be important if she wanted him to watch it, he immediately started. It was a recording of livestream but not just any livestream, one that Void and Bonny had taken about how the Cursed faction's ship was under attack.

'Human's.... Not Dalki and they don't look like V either.'

After listening to the video for a little while, he understood just who exactly had attacked the Cursed faction ship and it was none other than the Blade family.

'Hilston!' Quinn stepped on the ground so hard, that his foot sank several inches into it.

'Quinn, your people need you here right now.' Vincent acted as his voice of reason. 'One planet has already been taken over. There is a good chance that more will follow. Who knows how dire the consequences will be for failing the Quest, in any case it will leave you weaker!'

'I would hate to be in your shoes right now, but know this, during the time I have been with you, you weren't the only one who has grown stronger. Trust in your friends, who treasure the Cursed faction ship as much as you do. You can always use your ability to arrive there as support, but once you leave here is nobody you could use to quickly get back.'

Vincent was right, if those that had a close bond with Quinn were in serious trouble and close to death, he would be able to feel it, and although he could tell members of his family were fighting hard, it didn't seem like any of them had been injured to such a degree.

On top of that, with each planet the Dalki took over, it spelt death to the ones living on them.

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On Planet Demakera, smoke was rising from the destroyed Shelter. The walls had fallen to pieces and blood was everywhere. There didn't seem to be a single human survivor, and even the secret underground Shelter had been torn and taken apart.

Standing, in the middle of what was now a large pile of rubble was an odd looking Dalki wearing a nice buttoned up shirt.

‘The others are more war hungry than I thought.’ Graham looked to his left, and could see a human had been lifted up by a Dalki, soon squeezing its head, finishing it off on the spot. ‘It seems a lot of my brethren are just following their natural instincts, urging them to kill whatever they see. I wonder why some seem to be less affected than others. Well, I hope to find the answer soon. I hate to rely on others but this time I will have to.’

‘This Shelter was easier than I expected. I guess that means I have run into the weaker of the three groups.’ Graham thought.

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Quinn had made his decision. After watching the video a bit more, he had seen that Nate had arrived and with him the tide had turned slightly. Seeing his confident smile on camera, Quinn chose to believe in his friends, and was off.

Using his Shadow travel, the ten women and two men with blood weapons were traveling with him.

They went through the large meadows, filled with flowers and trees, heading directly towards the mothership. In the shadow the other twelve were quite nervous about the whole thing.

“What is going to happen if we run into a large group? Isn’t it too dangerous with just the few of us?” A young man named Yag questioned nervously. He held a small axe as his blood weapon in his hand, while his beast weapon, another axe, was on his back. All of them had their blood weapons ready, waiting for the signal to pop out of the shadows and fight off the Dalki.

“Don’t say those types of things.” Iree lectured him. “Everyone knew this would happen, and at least we have the privilege of having the Cursed faction leader with us, not to mention these new weapons. You’ve seen their power, as long as we use them we stand a chance no matter how big the group of Dalki are!”

Still, despite her encouraging words, it was common knowledge that a strong group of ten or more was needed to take on even a single spiked Dalki. Of course it depended on that group's strength. Even hundreds of regular ability users might be unable to defeat such a foe, much less a stronger one.

They had no idea what awaited them, they would have to trust in their own stamina with their increased strength as they got closer and closer to a fight to the death.

Even through the Shadow travel Quinn could smell the scent of blood. Travelling to where it led him, they found one of the hunting groups of this area. The twelve grieved at the sight of five people having lost their lives, none of them looked to have died a pleasant death.

Quinn quickly moved on, and although it was clear that some wanted to check if someone might have survived, they didn't dare say anything as they saw the scary look on Quinn's face as he continued to move. Eventually, following another scent of blood, he moved to a new area, this one had the sounds of people fighting.

Once they came closer, they could see ten survivors with five others already dead. They must have been three hunting groups that had banded together. Unfortunately, they had encountered five Dalki who they were currently fighting with. The Dalki were injured to different degrees but not a single one of them was dead.

"Everyone out, don't let them kill anyone else!" Iree shouted, gripping her spear tightly.

The next second, all of them exited the shadow. The twelve of them got into position, intending to protect the injured yet still surviving ten Travelers. Yag swung his axe at one of the Dalki who hit the weapon, which dropped on the ground.

'Damn it!' He cursed internally while taking a step back and getting out his beast weapon. 'How are we meant to defeat these things? These weapons may be strong but they only power up once they absorb Dalki blood, but I can't even hit the damn thing!'

As Yag was shaking, nearly falling over, a Iree came over stabbing the Dalki right in the stomach. Soon, the weapon started to light up with great energy, and pushing forward again, like a blast of energy, the Dalki was hit and blasted away with a type of red aura.

'I can't believe I called this weapon a piece of crap!' Iree thought while looking at it, but the Dalki, now spewing with green blood, had gotten up again, and was moving towards them.

"You'll pay for this!"

Taking a step forward, for a second it could see an axe. The Dalki had no time to dodge the weapon as it lodged into his skull, piercing through his hard skin and killing it on the spot.

"Yag?" Iree questioned looking over her shoulder, but instead she could see Quinn standing there, his gauntlets covered in green blood and had just gotten out of a throwing position.

"What happened to the..." That's when she could see, in the moments they were fighting against a single Dalki. Quinn had already dealt with the other four quickly, and had just killed off the fifth one.

"I'm heading off, some of you escort the Travellers back, the rest will come with me." Quinn ordered, as the mothership was getting closer and closer.

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Taking a step forward, for a second it could see an axe. The Dalki had no time to dodge the weapon as it lodged into his skull, piercing through his hard skin and killing it on the spot.

“Yag?” Iree questioned looking over her shoulder, but instead she could see Quinn standing there, his gauntlets covered in green blood and had just gotten out of a throwing position.

“What happened to the...” That’s when she could see, in the moments they were fighting against a single Dalki. Quinn had already dealt with the other four quickly, and had just killed off the fifth one.

“I’m heading off, some of you escort the Travellers back, the rest will come with me.” Quinn ordered, as the mothership was getting closer and closer.

My Vampire System Chapter 1204

### Grinding

Iree was too busy trying to help out Yag that she was unable to witness what had occurred, but the others had done. Because they didn’t even get the chance to help or fight. As soon as Quinn went out from his shadow travel, the first thing he did was leap up in the air, propelling himself forward.

The Dalki were still engaged in combat with the others.

Quinn’s hands were covered in blood and started to spin like drills. The second his feet landed on the floor, he could dash forward, hitting two of them directly in the head finishing them on the spot. A third Dalki was seen trying to attack, but with a strong thigh kick, the leg caved in, breaking its bone and making it collapse down to one knee.

A kick destroying a Dalki’s bones was almost unheard of. Soon the other was dealt with quickly as well.

The others were watching with awe. They had heard rumours of how strong Quinn was, yet it was hard to really imagine.

All of them were high ranking Travellers, sure the Dalki they were going against were only one spike, but they knew how hard it was to fight against even one spike.

The first thing the others did was check for wounds on the survivors. There was a healer in the group, which made it easier. If one was seriously injured, then their travel back would be worse as they were slowed down.

During this time, Quinn stayed with them, it was only a few minutes, but they felt like hours for him. Iree noticed that all Quinn was doing was staring at the mothership.

'Still, only one planet has been taken over so far. This means that it's most likely that a strong Dalki had appeared on that planet. That gives me a bit of hope, but now that they have finished with that planet. They will be moving, and I need to be moving as well.'

"Quinn, do you really plan to go to the mother ship? How are you even thinking of getting there?" Iree asked.

The Dalki mothership was in the planet's atmosphere, hovering above ground around the same height where clouds would be on earth.

"The Dalki came out of there. If they want to travel to the other planets after taking over this one, there has to be a way to return. Perhaps we will find out our answer as we get closer." Quinn replied.

"So you don't have a plan, is what I'm hearing?" Iree replied, shaking her head.

The truth was Quinn did have a few tricks up his sleeve, but he would rather not use them if he could.

"I want to help," Iree said. "When we took the weapons, it wasn't just for show. We have fought on this planet every day, and now we need to protect it. If an attack was to happen, we never thought you would be here. If you weren't here, then we would have to do everything ourselves anyway. You see, this faction is probably safer than most because of the way the Shelter was built.

“But that’s only true if we stay in the Shelter. The plants around the Shelter aren’t just for show. I’m sure you also know what Helen and her sister’s abilities are. All those flowers and the vines on the wall can all be used for weapons. It’s probably the strongest Shelter in existence, but that’s where the problem lies.”

“There’s too much risk to leave the shelter,” Quinn answered.

“Exactly, so this group that has been sent out is probably the only group that will be sent out. Helen will probably decide to send as many of those from the weaker planets here. They can expand the Shelter and fortify this planet. To even do that, we need to clear this place, get rid of the Dalki that are on here.” Iree explained. “You...you aren’t planning to stay here, are you? You have others you need to get to. That’s why you’re in such a rush.”

When Iree thought about this, she was referring to the Cursed faction members. She was unaware that Quinn needed to head to the other planets as well.

“After seeing you fight, our best chance is with you. As the Dalki take over the other planets, more will come to this one, and I don’t even think Daisy can hold out. Quinn, you are strong, but there are probably hundreds of Dalki underneath that ship. Maybe you can beat them all, but how long would that take, and maybe there are even more inside. Bring us along the whole way, and let us help you.”

Quinn could tell that these were good strong fighters. This was why they had been awarded the blood weapons in the first place. Still, going up against groups of Dalki, this was something only he was capable of due to his speed and shadow ability.

‘Quinn, this whole quest is a race against time.’ Vincent explained. ‘Think about it. There is probably a Dalki leader out there who has taken out the first planet. The shelters seem to be holding out for a while, but now they are most likely on their way to the next one. The way I see it, it’s impossible to protect all the planets, especially with Helen moving her forces.’

‘So you need to destroy ten mother ships before the Dalki takes over ten planets. They will be using everything they have got, so we should take every little help that is offered our way as well.’

Everyone looked like they were now ready to move out, so Quinn had a few words to say to them all.

“Whoever wishes to go back to the Shelter, feel free to do so. I will continue heading towards the mothership to take it down. I will do my best to save any travellers we find on the way there but will not be escorting them back. It should be relatively safe for them since we have seen no Dalki on the way here.”

The others started to discuss amongst themselves. They thought this was a simple rescue mission. They didn't realise they were going to go into the heart of the enemy territory.

This was too much for a lot of them, and they had chosen to return to the Shelter. Yag and Iree continued to stay with Quinn. While some of those with blood weapons had chosen to leave, but surprisingly a couple of Travellers who were hunting wanted to come along as well.

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In all, ten people had decided to stay with Quinn, and those that left Quinn took the blood weapons back, handing them to those that would stay with him.

“It's now time for me to tell you the truth about the weapons,” Quinn said. “As you all know, I am what you guys call a V. I will tell you the truth. Helen or I was going to tell you the details later. These weapons were made for us, which means that they aren't only activated by Dalki blood but human blood as well. Using your own blood, you can activate the weapons. The time they will be active for is limited though, so don't do so until you need to.”

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Travelling with Quinn once more, they ran into a few more Travellers and groups. In order for them to get used to the blood weapons, Quinn allowed them to fight two Dalki on their own. The group of ten teamed up into two groups of five. With their blood weapons, beast gear and abilities, they were far stronger than they could ever imagine. For the first time, they had defeated two of the Dalki, without losing a life.

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'Is it really good to take out so many of these groups? Won't they know that we are coming then?' Yag asked.

Iree, thought the same thing. Although these scouting groups were on the way, they could have avoided fighting them. It might have taken a while if they waited, but it was only further proof how much of a rush he was in.

Of course, it was quicker for Quinn to kill them than travel around them, but that wasn't the only reason he was fighting them head on. Soon a familiar message had popped up.

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My Vampire System Chapter 1205

Getting in

The group spent a few minutes observing how the Dalki camp operated, checking if there was anyone in charge. After all, the Dalki they had encountered so far had been moving in scout groups, yet the ones present had yet to charge into the Shelter. It was almost as if they were waiting for something... or someone.

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'The outer shell is supposed to be so hard, that the human race was unable to take it down in the last war, but surely there has to be something inside powering it up. I guess in the end I'm just going to have to steal one of the ships and go with the flow.'

In total, Quinn counted around two hundred Dalki. While this number was far from the tens of thousands of people in the human Shelter, for them it was quite a large number. Besides, if numbers alone could deal with that alien race, humanity wouldn't have suffered as much as they had in the first war.

'I could use Shadow cloak, but there are a few dozen two spiked Dalki among them. Once I steal the ship and set off, they'll just immediately pounce on the ship and bring it down. If I take care of them first, then I could use my soul weapon. As long as there's no more strong ones I should be able to fight them all.' Quinn started to go through his options.

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Soon, Iree and her people had formulated a plan around their set of abilities and they began their distraction. They appeared on the outer perimeter of the Dalki camp with a bang.

Each of them had activated their blood weapons attacking a line of Dalki in front of them. Blasting them away. Soon after, they started to use their abilities for defensive purposes and had gotten into a special formation. A turtle like the shape of the Romans of the past.

The Dalki were now paying attention to their group, allowing Quinn the chance to make his way to the unguarded ships via Shadow cloak. With all the noise, he didn't even have to worry about his footsteps making any sound, so he ran at a great speed. The longer he took to reach one, the more likely it was for Iree's group to die.

The Dalki ship had the shape of a jet, only a hard black exterior as if it was the outside of a volcano. Bumpy rocks and a strong reinforced glass pod where one could enter. Opening up the hatch, Quinn hopped inside.

'Great, it looks like it's at least the same type of controls as ours.' Quinn found out with relief, as he started to pilot it. The jet-like ship quickly took to the sky. From his elevation he could see the Iree and the others in the midst of being overwhelmed, their defence down, and the Dalki ready to pounce.

A group of ten Dalki all dived in. At the same time Quinn flew over to their location.

[Skill Shadow on activated]

Now that they were in his line of sight, Quinn could activate his shadow, rising in front of them. The Dalki's punches turned into almost nothing, powerless as they hit the shadow but it took quite the toll on Quinn's MC points. He wasn't able to protect Iree, Yag and the others for too long, otherwise he wouldn't have enough to deal with whoever was left in the mothership.

'Quinn, what did you do?' Iree pondered, staring at the shadow in front of them. They soon readied their weapons again, and when the shadow fell back down, they all struck at the Dalki in front of them. Each strike fed their weapons with more blood, boosting their power even more.

'I have to get them out of there, the higher spiked Dalki, are moving to the front.' Reaching out his hand, Quinn started to use his Shadow lock on them one by one. The first to go was Iree, followed by Yag, and they continued to disappear in front of the Dalki's eyes.

"What is going on?!" A two spiked Dalki cried out, as he charged forward at one of the humans. It was a burst of energy, and using all its strength, it punched one of the humans in the stomach lifting them in the air around thirty meters high. The woman's body had gone limp in an instant, and when she fell on the ground she was unable to stand up.

Quinn used his Shadow lock on them while in the ship, it was a bit more difficult, and he was only able to cast the skill slowly on them. He was unable to reach all in time. Soon, another woman had lost her life, this time to two Dalki, who had attacked her from both sides. Alas, as the last one on the ground, there had been nobody to save her.

Now that the intruders had been dealt with, the Dalki became aware of a certain someone who was flying one of their ships. With the way it was moving, and with no orders given they knew it had to be an enemy.

One of the two spiked Dalki used its strong bulging thighs to jump towards and while it had reached a remarkable height, Quinn had moved up higher, making it fall back to the ground. Before Quinn could move towards the mothership, though, he would have to deal with the other nine ships that the Dalki were in by now.

'I have to do something!' Quinn looked up, and gathered Qi in his fist. Just enough, and threw a punch hitting the hatch above him, shattering the glass. Then standing up and fighting against the wind resistance, he placed his hands out, bringing out his allies from the Shadow space.



Iree was slightly perplexed to find herself in the front seat and the wind wasn't helping with that. Meanwhile Quinn stood in the empty space between the back of the small ship, and the seat.

"Pilot the ship while I get these guys off our tail!" Quinn shouted and before she had a chance to say something he had already hopped to the back of the ship. The foremost Dalki ship had already gotten relatively close. Quinn quickly threw out his leg and a blood crescent kick flowed.

Once it hit the wing, it sliced through half of it, yet it was enough to make it fall off balance and crash into the ground beneath. Seeing the others get close, Quinn began to fire off Blood swipes from his hand, hitting them.

He didn't need to destroy the ships, just make sure they would be unable to fly again.

"Quinn, where do we go? I don't think the ship is just going to open up for us!" Iree shouted, as the two of them were soon approaching the back of the large mothership.

"Just keep going forward! When I say jump, just do it!" Quinn shouted back.

Iree wasn't sure what his plan was, but she had been ready to lay down her life for Quinn, so she wouldn't question him now. Full force she went to collide into the mothership, and the others seeing this decided to pull back. If they did the same then the ship would simply explode once they crashed.

At the last second, Quinn grabbed Iree and encased the two of them in shadow slowing down their velocity. Getting rid of it, Quinn grabbed onto the outside holding on to the uneven bumpy surface of the mothership.

Finally, using his Shadow travel, he entered through the substance of the Dalki mothership, and the two of them found themselves inside.

"Now, let's take this damn thing down!"

Getting in

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Soon, Iree and her people had formulated a plan around their set of abilities and they began their distraction. They appeared on the outer perimeter of the Dalki camp with a bang.

Each of them had activated their blood weapons attacking a line of Dalki in front of them. Blasting them away. Soon after, they started to use their abilities for defensive purposes and had gotten into a special formation. A turtle like the shape of the Romans of the past.

The Dalki were now paying attention to their group, allowing Quinn the chance to make his way to the unguarded ships via Shadow cloak. With all the noise, he didn't even have to worry about his footsteps making any sound, so he ran at a great speed. The longer he took to reach one, the more likely it was for Iree's group to die.

The Dalki ship had the shape of a jet, only a hard black exterior as if it was the outside of a volcano. Bumpy rocks and a strong reinforced glass pod where one could enter. Opening up the hatch, Quinn hopped inside.

'Great, it looks like it's at least the same type of controls as ours.' Quinn found out with relief, as he started to pilot it. The jet-like ship quickly took to the sky. From his elevation he could see the Iree and the others in the midst of being overwhelmed, their defence down, and the Dalki ready to pounce.

A group of ten Dalki all dived in. At the same time Quinn flew over to their location.

[Skill Shadow on activated]

Now that they were in his line of sight, Quinn could activate his shadow, rising in front of them. The Dalki's punches turned into almost nothing, powerless as they hit the shadow but it took quite the toll on Quinn's MC points. He wasn't able to protect Iree, Yag and the others for too long, otherwise he wouldn't have enough to deal with whoever was left in the mothership.

'Quinn, what did you do?' Iree pondered, staring at the shadow in front of them. They soon readied their weapons again, and when the shadow fell back down, they all struck at the Dalki in front of them. Each strike fed their weapons with more blood, boosting their power even more.

'I have to get them out of there, the higher spiked Dalki, are moving to the front.' Reaching out his hand, Quinn started to use his Shadow lock on them one by one. The first to go was Iree, followed by Yag, and they continued to disappear in front of the Dalki's eyes.

"What is going on?!" A two spiked Dalki cried out, as he charged forward at one of the humans. It was a burst of energy, and using all its strength, it punched one of the humans in the stomach lifting them in the air around thirty meters high. The woman's body had gone limp in an instant, and when she fell on the ground she was unable to stand up.

Quinn used his Shadow lock on them while in the ship, it was a bit more difficult, and he was only able to cast the skill slowly on them. He was unable to reach all in time. Soon, another woman had lost her life, this time to two Dalki, who had attacked her from both sides. Alas, as the last one on the ground, there had been nobody to save her.

Now that the intruders had been dealt with, the Dalki became aware of a certain someone who was flying one of their ships. With the way it was moving, and with no orders given they knew it had to be an enemy.

One of the two spiked Dalki used its strong bulging thighs to jump towards and while it had reached a remarkable height, Quinn had moved up higher, making it fall back to the ground. Before Quinn could move towards the mothership, though, he would have to deal with the other nine ships that the Dalki were in by now.

'I have to do something!' Quinn looked up, and gathered Qi in his fist. Just enough, and threw a punch hitting the hatch above him, shattering the glass. Then standing up and fighting against the wind resistance, he placed his hands out, bringing out his allies from the Shadow space.

Iree was slightly perplexed to find herself in the front seat and the wind wasn't helping with that. Meanwhile Quinn stood in the empty space between the back of the small ship, and the seat.

"Pilot the ship while I get these guys off our tail!" Quinn shouted and before she had a chance to say something he had already hopped to the back of the ship. The foremost Dalki ship had already gotten relatively close. Quinn quickly threw out his leg and a blood crescent kick flowed.

Once it hit the wing, it sliced through half of it, yet it was enough to make it fall off balance and crash into the ground beneath. Seeing the others get close, Quinn began to fire off Blood swipes from his hand, hitting them.

He didn't need to destroy the ships, just make sure they would be unable to fly again.

"Quinn, where do we go? I don't think the ship is just going to open up for us!" Iree shouted, as the two fo them were soon approaching the back of the large mothership.

“Just keep going forward! When I say jump, just do it!” Quinn shouted back.

Iree wasn't sure what his plan was, but she had been ready to lay down her life for Quinn, so she wouldn't question him now. Full force she went to collide into the mothership, and the others seeing this decided to pull back. If they did the same then the ship would simply explode once they crashed.

At the last second, Quinn grabbed Iree and encased the two of them in shadow slowing down their velocity. Getting rid of it, Quinn grabbed onto the outside holding on to the uneven bumpy surface of the mothership.

Finally, using his Shadow travel, he entered through the substance of the Dalki mothership, and the two of them found themselves inside.

“Now, let's take this damn thing down!”

My Vampire System Chapter 1206: Inside of the Dalki Mothership

The place was quite dark, and was dimly lit. The ground they stood on was made of a black metal material. Taking a few steps it echoed throughout. Iree was slowly taking in everything around her. She couldn't believe that the two of them had actually infiltrated a Dalki mothership! This was an unprecedented feat!

‘This... this is something that will go down in history... and I'm actually a part of it!’ The young woman smiled. ‘It really wasn't a mistake to follow him!’

Iree had always been loyal to the Daisy faction since they had been the ones who had looked after her growing up. After the Cursed faction had taken over, she had actually considered leaving the faction, yet the only reason she hadn't done so was because Helen had chosen to stay. Now the woman felt that her leader had truly been visionary.

While everything looked foreign to the woman by his side, Quinn seemed to recognise the material on the walls. Unless he was mistaken the Dalki appeared to be using the same stuff as the vampires.

'If it's truly the same material, how can the outside of their ship be so strong? Have they discovered a new way to use crystals to increase their defences?' Quinn wondered. 'Whatever the case, now that we're inside, there should be a way to take this thing down. If Logan isn't busy, I could link up the mask and use it as a feed. The Dalki command centre should be the optimal target...'

Raising his hand, a few seconds later shadow portals started to open up and those that had been fighting on the ground came out. Three of them fell to their knees and he could see that they had red puffy eyes.

"Claire, Anna, they're both dead!" One of the females sobbed, tears continued falling down her face, while the other two who had cried did their best to calm her down.

Only then did Quinn realise that for a moment he had completely forgotten that two people had died to allow him to reach the mothership. It would be easy enough to justify his behavior in that he had been too focused on his goal. Perhaps he was just getting used to seeing death around him at this point.

Either way, he now felt upset, yet it was less because of their deaths per se, but more about the fact that the deaths of people who had sacrificed themselves for his sake didn't make him sad. What's more he had noticed that he was also feeling a slight hint of relief that at least it hadn't been someone closer to him.

"I'm sorry. I tried to save you all, but I wasn't quick enough. I will do whatever I can to make sure that their loved ones will be taken care of if we survive. If I could I would keep all of you in that Shadow space for safety, but I'm afraid that there is a good chance that I will need to use all my powers." The weak smiles on their faces told Quinn that this was a small solace to the humans by his side. Fortunately, nobody blamed him for their deaths... or at least not openly.

Quinn opened his system, checking how many MC cells he had remaining. Unfortunately, he was down to just one third after having protected the group from the initial Dalki attacks using the Shadow on skill. Keeping them in his space would mean he would be unable to use it at all.

“Perhaps we should split up.” Iree suggested. “We can cover far more ground in groups of three. If their ships follow the same layout as ours there should be a life support system, generator, engine room and command centre. Taking out any of those should cause the mothership to take a big hit.”

“They’ll surely have those places heavily guarded, though! Without Quinn, it would take five of us to contend with a group of Dalki and that’s assuming they are one spike Dalkis!” Yag protested.

“Then don’t take them on.” Quinn commented. “If you think you can handle it then do so, but it will be enough as long as you can find out where those rooms are. Just inform me through the communication device and I’ll take care of them. In the meantime I’ll try and create as much noise as I possibly can to distract them.”

“Let me come with you, Quinn.” Iree requested with a smile. “If you’re busy fighting, you won’t have time to take down the ship, will you?”

Not wasting anymore time they proceeded forward, until they reached a large hallway. There were several different rooms they could go through, and unfortunately the Dalki didn’t have a map lying around. No one had a clue where exactly they were since the mothership was already gigantic from the outside, rivaling a city.

The one thing they were thankful for, was the ship itself didn’t have the population of one. It felt more deserted as they could see nearly no one inside.

Yag went down one of the hallways with a girl named Deni and Bella. Deni had a regular beast dagger in her left hand and the blood dagger in her right one, while Bella had a blunt weapon that looked more like a baseball bat but red in colour since it was her blood weapon. As an elemental user she didn’t have a regular beast weapon. The three of them were slowly creeping around the place, hardly making any movement at all.

“I don’t know if it’s a good thing that we haven’t seen anyone, or a bad thing.” Yag whispered.

“Just take it as a good thing.” Deni replied. “They’re probably overconfident and have sent out their entire force, leaving behind only a skeleton crew. I guess they never accounted for the possibility that someone might get in.”



The three of them had only been separated from the others for around thirty minutes and that's when they could hear it. A loud bang that went off in the distance, followed by a blaring beeping sound. It wasn't just one bang, but it was one after the other going off again and again.

"Do you think that's, Quinn?" Yag asked.

"Well he did say he was going to distract them." Bella answered

The sound of heavy footsteps could be heard there. Yag quickly looked if there was anywhere they could hide, before pulling the two women to the side hallways. Going further down the hallway, they used the frame of one of the door openings to hide themselves behind it.

A Dalki had soon gone past their hiding spot. After waiting for a short while longer, they decided to head in the direction of where the Dalki were going, hoping they could find something. Eventually they came across a strange large room. The room had giant machinery and tracks going somewhere, yet there was no one to man such a thing, and this 'factory' seemed to be ongoing.

As they followed one of the tracks, they discovered that there were beast crystals on conveyor belts going further in.

"What are they doing with beast crystals?" Deni asked. "Dalki can't use beast armour, right? I mean, at least I don't think so."

"Let's just follow where this goes. This seems like too large an amount of crystals just to be used for their ships. Maybe we'll know more if we find out what this factory is making or where it goes."

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The several explosions were of course courtesy of Quinn. Using his Shadow travel, in the Dark space it was quite easy for him to navigate where everything was inside.

The Dalki hadn't even noticed him before he had found out where the command centre was. There was just one slight problem. There were three Dalki inside. A one spiked Dalki, a two spiked Dalki and lastly the one who should be their leader, a four spiked Dalki.

This was a level of Dalki that Quinn had never faced before, so he didn't know how hard of a battle this would prove to be. On top of that, if he couldn't end it in an instant he was sure that the Dalki spread around the ship would come towards their location, which was why he had desired to create a large distraction.

Through the hallway that would lead to the command centre, Quinn had appeared along with Iree. The two of them stood there and teased the two guards by the door in order to lure them away. Of course seeing them, the guards straight away ran towards where Quinn and Iree were. However, what they didn't know was just how fast Quinn was. Picking up Iree, and grabbing her like she was on her wedding day, he ran straight past the two of them.

The next second, he jumped in the air, and using his Qi to reinforce his leg, he struck at the ceiling as hard as he could. With a single strike part of the wall crumbled but not all, so he kicked it again, and as he was falling to the ground threw a blood swipe for measure, causing the top part to collapse in on itself.

Landing back down, Quinn safely put Iree back on the floor gently, and he could see her face was a little red.

"Sorry, did you get hurt?" Quinn asked.

"No, no, I-I... this was the first time I was held like that. And so easily..."

'That should hold them off for a little bit, but more will come.' Quinn thought, as he quickly took Iree and the two of them went into the command centre using his shadow travel. Quinn carried on moving as he could see the Dalki inside were on high alert.

Going past all of the others until he had reached the one spiked Dalki, on the left. Popping out, he kicked both of the Dalki's legs from the bottom, causing it to tumble as it fell to the ground, Quinn then performed a Blood hammer strike bashing it, and throwing it straight at the four spiked Dalki.

Seeing its fellow teammate coming towards him, the four spiked Dalki grabbed him by his head and legs. The next second he started to pull using his incredible strength ripping the Dalki apart, its green blood and insides falling to the ground.

“Useless!”

‘That’s some strength they have.’

“Iree, use my mask to contact Logan! Describe everything you can see to him and let’s just hope he’ll have a way for us to take this thing down.” He instructed as he threw it towards her, but there was still one Dalki in the room that needed to be dealt with before she could reach the controls or get to the command centre.

“Alright, four spikes, you think you’re so strong, we’ll see about that! I’m sorry, but I’ll have to finish you off quickly!” Quinn shouted, briefly closing his eyes he emptied the Qi inside his body. Instead a red aura filled his centre life force energy, making his body change into another form.

My Vampire System Chapter 1207: Scarier than a Dalki

Currently, Iree was trying her best to approach the control panel. However, a large obstacle stood in her way in the form of a two spiked Dalki. Her blood spear was drawn and her hands gripped around it tightly, while the small cut she had made on the palm of her hand continued to supply it with great power.

‘I might have stood a chance against a one spike Dalki on my own, but a two spiked one might be out of my league, even with this awesome spear’s power.’

However, there was one thing for sure, she couldn’t afford to turn her back on an enemy like this. Iree was carefully watching the Dalki’s movements. It was smiling and creeping towards her. It used its large tongue to lick around its mouth, taking pleasure in the fear it was creating.

The mask that had been handed to Iree started to vibrate. Receiving an incoming call again. She couldn't answer, for one slip in concentration, and it could be the end for her, and that's exactly what the Dalki had been waiting for, leaping forward.

Expecting such an attack, Iree thrust her spear right at the Dalki, piercing through its hand. The second the blade came into contact with the green blood, it started to glow stronger with power and slid in further, but even then, the Dalki upheld its creepy smile, not caring for its hand.

Shortening the distance, the Dalki was now within reach of Iree. Its fist came down aiming right at her head. If she tried to yank out the spear, she would be hit, but letting go of it would mean she would lose the only weapon that could realistically do anything against her foe.

'If that hits me, then I'm dead!' Iree realised as she could see her life flashing before her eyes.

However, just before the fist connected, a flicker of Shadow appeared between the two, blocking the hit. The Dalki was just as surprised as the young woman was, but she was the first to recover from their stupor. Using this to her advantage, she pulled the spear out with all her might and started to retreat back towards the console of controls.

'That shadow, it had to be Quinn, right?'

She and the Dalki were wondering where the Shadow had come from. Looking around the room, they could see a young human male was in the middle of transforming.

'What....is that?' Iree thought. 'He...looks...like a monster! Is that... a real V?!'

Quinn had yet to turn fully into the Bloodsucker. In the middle of his transformation, he had seen Iree in trouble. When she had decided to come along with him, he had also used the Shadow On skill on her.

Initially, Quinn had wanted to preserve as many MC cells as he could, but after seeing the number of spikes the Dalki had, he had changed plans. There was no longer any need. While in his Bloodsucker form, he would be unable to use his Shadow or blood skills anyway, so the least he could do was help Iree out as much as possible.

However, now the transformation was complete. His hair had fallen to the ground, his muscles were bulging, showing next to no fat on his skin, and his fangs were sharpened. In the Bloodsucker form, he nearly reached the height of his Dalki opponent.

Instantly, Quinn dashed forward at speed quicker than he did so before and went right up to the Dalki's side. Soon he swung out his leg, his thigh and calf veins bulging to support the great strength.

'All my base stats are doubled, but I can't afford to take a single hit from that four spiked Dalki. I'm not as fast as with the armour's active skill, but I can't just pick away at this one.'

'If I hurt the Dalki, it will only allow it to get stronger and stronger as time goes on. I need to finish this fight as soon as possible, preferably instantly. I've practised the thigh kicks time and time again, but I haven't performed it once since I was in this Bloodsucker form, so let's just see how much damage this can do!'

The Dalki, instead of trying to dodge the attack, which he wasn't even sure he could do, decided to throw out a punch of his own, aiming for Quinn's head. The Dalki could tell that this opponent's form was strong, but as a four spiked Dalki he had next to no fear. Having recently evolved into a four spike, he felt almost invisible against anyone but his leaders.

"I will kill you!" The Dalki shouted, throwing its fist out harder and nearly just as fast, but due to Quinn's speed, his attack was able to hit first.

The second it had made an impact, a sound was heard in the Dalki's body. Something it had never experienced before, making his eyes open wide. His fist was slightly off target, falling to the side, skimming past Quinn's face.

At the same time, the Dalki's bone had pierced through his thigh skin, drawing an immense amount of blood.

'I can't fall! Not like this!' The Dalki pushed through the pain. The new rise in energy was making him practically feel nothing anyway, and he could see the Bloodsucker's fist coming at him. The Dalki grabbed the hand by the wrist.

'Shit, I never thought he could remain standing! Two hits should have been enough to finish it, but a four spike can already contest me in a battle of strength?!' Quinn thought as he saw the Dalki fist about to hit his face.

Quickly, Quinn had grabbed the other hand, and now the two of them were holding each other's hands up by their heads, pushing and pulling. Quinn still had his legs, but the distance between the two of them was too great. If he tried to reach with his kick, there was a chance the Dalki could overpower him even in this form.

"Maybe you never fought against a four spiked Dalki before, but a wound like this will soon heal, but I still get the energy boost from the fight. This is how the Dalki gets stronger. Their bodies break down from the fighting and heal, making them even stronger than before. Maybe fighting you will allow me to become a five spike!"

Now thinking about it, it was the same with Borden. At first, he could only summon a few spikes, but the number of spikes on his back would grow through fights and accumulated injuries.

'Doesn't this mean that they can keep getting stronger?' Quinn thought.

Trying to think of the best course of action, Quinn wondered if he should transform back and try to defeat him using other methods. It was then that another message had come up from the system screen.

[2/10 Planets have been taken over by the Dalki]

Seeing this, Quinn didn't have time to mess up. Using all his strength, he pulled the Dalki forward, and with his sharp teeth, he opened his mouth wide, biting down into the neck of his enemy. The green blood soon went through Quinn's body, empowering him more than he had ever experienced before

[4 spiked Dalki blood has been consumed]

[40% power boost has been temporarily applied]

With this, Quinn could easily hold the four spiked Dalki with his arms, then let go. He placed his far leg back and swung it once again with all his strength of a Bloodsucker and power boost. The second the kick connected with the Dalki's head, it flew off from its body and slammed right into the console, destroying one of the control terminals.

The two spiked Dalki, was still engaged in combat with Iree, but when it saw the head of its leader on the console, it froze for a second. Iree, who had been doing her best to survive until this moment, decided to use this moment.

"We are going to win this war!" She shouted, thrusting the blood blade right through Dalki's chest, piercing its heart.

'I Did it, I managed to kill a two spiked Dalki.' She thought to herself, but when looking up, she could see its head had been removed from its body as well. Now Iree was left seeing the most frightening figure she had ever seen. Something that she could have only dreamt up in her worst nightmares.

Quinn, still in the Bloodsucker form, had green blood spatters around his face. His mouth was open wide, baring his fangs.

She took a step back, almost stumbling to the floor.

'This....'

Soon, his body started to revert back to its original size, his hair started to grow back to what it once was.

"Did you manage to contact Logan?" Was Quinn's words as the transformation had ended.

It took a while for Iree to answer because she was having a hard time grasping what had just happened, and she had expected for Quinn to lunge at her at any moment next.

“Um...no, but I think I might have missed a call from them.”

It was then that Iree had gotten an update from Yag and the others about some interesting things. It looked like they didn't need to call Logan after all. Besides, even after they had tried, he was unable to answer on his end.

Quinn quickly headed to the engine room, where the Dalki that were guarding were soon dealt with. The engines were easily destroyed by Quinn and the ship started to fall to the ground right on course to hit the other Dalki.

It was at that moment that Quinn had received another notification from the system.

[1/10 Dalki Motherships destroyed]

“Quinn, before we get off this ship, we should head to a place not too far away from you. I'm sure we can use them somehow!” Yag said.

As the group headed over, Quinn wondered if he could defeat ten ships in time because he was currently lagging behind. They were moving fast through the ship as they knew they didn't have much time until it would crash into the ground.

During that time, Quinn's masks started to vibrate once more.

'Is Logan getting back to me, or maybe Sam tried to call me again.' Quinn thought. He had tried to call them back, but there were no answers either. At least he could tell Sam was still alive.

“Quinn! It's Alex. It's done! Your Demon tier item is ready!!”

My Vampire System Chapter 1208: One Down



After destroying the mothership's engines, the ship was slowly starting to fall from the sky. It appeared to have some type of backup system that prevented it from just crashing down, instead it floated down towards the ground. It was a shame because Quinn had been hoping that by bringing it down, they might be able to crush the Dalki camp underneath them.

'This ship will fall and crash, I'm sure since the system even said that the quest was complete, but if there is an easier way to destroy these ships, it would help out with the Quest.' Quinn also needed to make sure there was no way possible for them to easily get the thing back up and running as well.

Eventually, Yag had led Quinn and the others to a strange factory room, where the crystals were being processed even now. They had exited from the Shadow space and were busy turning their heads looking around.

"Why did you bring us to this place, and what is it?" Iree asked.

Although they were curious about the place, the others still were worrying about the fact that the ship was currently falling out of the sky at the moment. The only reason why Iree wasn't panicking was because she believed that Quinn could save them. As long as he was in his current form that is.

While looking around, the two of them had made eye contact, and a flash of Quinn's other self had appeared in her mind. It was so frightening she could feel her back starting to sweat, so the young woman quickly looked away, avoiding further eye contact.

Quinn was her saviour, but ever since she had seen him turn, the mental image was stuck in her head. Iree had even made sure her hands were wrapped, so the smell of blood wouldn't leak out and agitate him.

She didn't know that doing that was completely useless, because Quinn could smell it even then, not to mention he had already had his fill of Dalki blood, satisfying him. Should he feel a bit peckish he could always just take another sip from the flask where he had stored some of it, since it should be of help on the other planets.

“This one seems to be a factory for crystal processing.” Yag tried to explain. “There are several conveyor belts that go to different places as well. One of them should be the engine room that you guys just destroyed, as for the other two we didn’t really have time to check them out, but this was what we wanted to show you.”

Opening two large heavy steel doors, Yag and Anna struggled to push them open, until Quinn stepped forward and used a single hand to offer them some help. The doors swung open, allowing them entry to another room, still linked to the factory.

There was a slight glow coming from the large metal containers, and non processed crystals could be seen in them. Quinn wasted no time jumping on top of them to get a closer look.

‘Crystals! This whole container is filled with different grade beast crystals! Just one container seems to have as many beast crystals as the Demi-god tier beast had kept, and there are twenty containers in this room alone!’ From his elevated position he could see that nearly all of them were filled up to the very top. There was only one that had been emptied, while another appeared to be in use, probably fueling the emergency system.

Moving along, Quinn quickly followed the other conveyer belts, learning that these crystals were being used to power certain things on the ship, not just the engines. The amount of crystals was beyond even what the Bertha ships the military had used.

The next room had a pillar in the centre, and on the top half a sphere, above which was something slightly resembling the ship. Around the room there were several glass containers filled with crystals like a dispensing candy machine.

Once one crystal was used up, the factory would quickly exchange it for another crystal, powering it all.

‘This technology is far too advanced to originate from the Dalki.’ Vincent could tell at a glance. ‘Most of them only care about fighting and getting stronger. It almost seems impossible that any of them would have the patience to put that much time and effort into not only studying but also inventing something like this.’

'So you think all of this is Jim's doing? After all, we know that he's been helping them from the beginning.' Quinn questioned.

'It would make sense. Jim has always been clever, and with no restrictions holding him back, I wouldn't be surprised if he managed to create things that we have never seen before. If only he was on our side... Quinn, we have to stop him, no matter what!'

Quinn agreed, and soon found himself walking up to the pillar and placing his hand on it. There was no reaction from him, and at a time like this he wished Logan was here.

'Wait a minute?'

Thinking about this, Quinn remembered that his system in a way did work like Logan, at least the Inspect skill did. At certain times using it when touching certain electronics or items would give him certain details.

[Inspect]

[Dalki defense system]

[Shield at 100 percent]

[Energy at 100 percent]

'So this is the reason why none of the attacks got through to the motherships? They are able to utilise this many crystals?'

A shield created from beast crystals was something that human ships could do as well, but the conversion rate was less than ideal, and that was being polite. The energy inside the crystals would be used up far too fast similar to how Logan used crystals with his energy blades.

'I guess if the Dalki have no other use for the crystals like we do they can use it for this purpose.' Quinn thought.

'Jim could have also invented a more efficient way for energy to be used as well.' Vincent added.

Regardless, Quinn wasn't the type of person who would be able to figure something like this out. Since it was a device located on the inside, it would be nearly impossible for anybody to destroy a Dalki mothership from the outside. Humanity simply didn't have the crystals necessary to constantly fire their lasers to compete with the Dalki reserves, especially since the latter had the better technology.

Because of this, Quinn decided that it was best to leave the place as it was. Hoping that they could use it in some way later on. Before leaving though, Quinn went back to the previous room, and withdrew all the crystals from the containers placing them in his dimensional space.

'The Dalki own half of the best planets and have been collecting crystals for far longer than us. Only they never bothered to turn them into weapons or armour. Just with the loot of one mothership, it will help alleviate the crystal problem by a lot.'

Following the conveyor belt to one more place, Quinn had entered another room which he didn't recognise. He had assumed that since the Dalki had been created by the vampires they would have more similarities, but some of this stuff looked modern even for the current time period. There were several long stick objects, but it was clearly an invention, or machinery of some kind. Each with a large crystal on top of each of them.

Placing his hand on the device he did the same again.

[Inspect]

[Planet Jamming Array]

'So this is what causes the teleporters to stop working? At least now I know what they look like, so if it happens again we can look for it. Not every time the teleporters have been jammed has there been a mother ship along with it, so I guess they must have a mobile version of these things as well.'

For this one, Quinn was unable to leave it be, because he needed the teleporters to work. First he took out the crystals from the device, each one of them at the Emperor tier level. It looked like this device too needed a lot of energy to sustain it, which made it valuable loot.

Next he grabbed one of the strange devices and placed this in his dimensional space as well, before destroying the others.

After taking every crystal they had, Quinn was soon off from the ship. He took the others with him and with the shadow was able to create a safe landing. It looked like the Dalki who were on the ground were now unorganised and had split up in different directions, but all of them should be heading to a certain place, the Shelter!

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**\*BANG\***

The whole ground shook violently. It felt like a giant earthquake, as items fell from shelves, just as the people who had just been standing. The good thing was that the mothership had fallen slowly so it didn't create too much of a problem, but still with its giant weight and how far it was they could feel the impact.

"He did it, he took down the Dalki mothership!" Peach screamed with excitement, witnessing what would later be recorded as the turning point in the Second Dalki War.

"Who is He? And did they really take out a Dalki mothership? How could that happen?"

"Who else could it be but Quinn, the only man deserving to be my husband?!" Helen questioned with a smile. "Maybe, he's grown so much, becoming such a big deal that he might be a bit too much for me."

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This news wasn't just a good reason for the Cursed faction to celebrate though, because the news had also spread to the Earthborn faction and the Graylash faction as well.

“That kid... I guess I can’t call him a kid anymore, after he was able to achieve something great before us again.” Owen muttered to himself with a smile

“This will be another morale boost that we can all use. It proves that the Dalki aren’t invincible.” Sach spoke, but both of these world leaders still had their own problems to face. Yet, they were thinking the same thing.

‘I have to catch up to him.’

---

The news had also managed to spread to the Dalki themselves. In particular Graham who was just walking out of another destroyed faction base. Blood splattered across his face.

‘They actually managed to take down one of our motherships? I never expected them to be able to do that, much less in such a short amount of time...’

“Tell me exactly where the ship was taken down!” Graham ordered, be surprised that it was in their region.

---

Travelling back through the shadow Quinn and the others had returned to the Shelter. The celebrating news didn’t last long because Helen was preparing for battle. The Dalki soldiers that were on the ground were already coming over.

Quinn quickly spat out the others from his shadow, and soon went to see Helen on top of the north wall.

“Helen, I need to ask you, are the teleporters on this planet working?” Quinn asked.

“They are working, but only on our planet. We’re still unable to move to any of the other planets, because it’s not working on their end.” Helen clarified the situation for him. Still it was good enough all things considered.

“Helen, I did what I could for this place, but I have to move on. I trust you and your sisters to be able to deal with those from the Dalki camp. With the portals active again, prioritise the lives of the people over the Shelter, if necessary.”

“I need to go to protect the rest of the Cursed planets!” Quinn said, as his body started to sink into the shadows.

“Wait Quinn, where are you going?” Helen asked.

“To get something that will help us win this fight!” Quinn answered before his head finally disappeared.

My Vampire System Chapter 1209

## The Amule

Forging was a process that required immense amounts of concentration. It was akin to a science as the timing and the location of their hammer strikes, the hotness of the flame and various other things all had to be taken into account by an experienced crafter. It was even harder when they had to be working with new materials they didn’t have any prior experience with. In the end, a lot of it came to the forger’s intuition and skill.

The forging room was almost devoid of people, except for two. Andrew, the person who had crafted Oscar’s personal weapon, making him the only known crafter to have ever created a Demon tier weapon, and the Cursed faction’s master forger, Alex.

The duo were preparing different things to complete the process of creating the Demon tier item. The only thing was, although they were aware that time was limited given their situation, they couldn’t

afford to rush things either. A single wrong step and all could be for naught, since they lacked the materials to do it over again.

Every so often the room was shaking violently. Each time this happened, Alex would stop hammering for a few seconds. As soon as the vibrations subsided, he would continue in his forging.

“Damn those Dalki, couldn’t they have picked another day?!” Alex let out his frustration. If it wasn’t for the enemy attacks the two of them might have already completed their job.

Meanwhile, Andrew was finishing up the molding process on what looked like a large metal slab. Even though he had giant muscular biceps and rough fingers, they were capable of doing small delicate work.

“When I went out, the situation wasn’t looking good.” Andrew’s sweat was dripping down his face, slowly finishing the final details. “The Dalki have already breached the Shelter.”

Hearing this, there was no time for talking, and the final steps had to be finished. Alex came over pouring a brightly shining liquid into the moulding that Andrew had created. While it was cooling down, the two forgers would have to carefully apply hammer strikes where it was needed.

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Just as Andrew had said, ten Dalki had already made their way into the Shelter and were currently in the midst of causing a rampage. Buildings got destroyed, panicked civilians were running around, trying to escape somewhere safe.

Those who were stationed on the wall and the Mechs were busy firing at the Dalki that were moving towards them. They had no choice but to ignore the screams behind them, otherwise more of the Dalki would soon get inside the Shelter.

To help make sure that no more Dalki would make it inside, was none other than Linda. She had used her transformation ability to enlarge herself to the limit, and was using her large beast weapon and great strength to hit away the invaders.



'I can only protect the north gate, and these Dalki have great strength themselves. At most I could deal with a couple on my own. With support from the faction I can hold them off, but it's only a matter of time before more get inside.' Linda was worried, aware that without some miracle her actions would ultimately be futile.

Ko, the leader of the faction, had come to the same conclusion and was hoping that the Graylash faction, as they were the closest ones, might help them out. Alas, nobody appeared to be coming to reinforce them, all equally busy protecting their own bases.

"What shall we do?" Ely asked the vice leader. "I don't think they're going to send anyone. It might have been a different story if General Robin would have still been in charge, but we can't change that now, so what are we meant to do?"

"Hold and wait! It's the only thing we can do. Honestly we are lucky that we have been able to last this long thanks to the two of them." Ko said, as he watched Wevil sprinting around the Shelter, doing his best to help out.

He had just finished dealing with one of the Dalki inside, causing their numbers to fall to nine. However, he did so coming out with a broken arm, his transformation had come to an end, as he had used too much energy.

'I've gotten stronger! Can't wait to tell Nate that I managed to take on a single spiked Dalki all on my own!' Wevil thought to himself. Despite his proud accomplishment, he was also aware that given their current situation this wasn't enough.

While searching for a willing human he could use a Blood bank to heal his injuries, he felt a strange energy originate from behind him. Everyone else could also feel a slight shiver in their spine. Even the Dalki stopped in their tracks for a second to turn and look into the direction the energy came from, the main base.

'Isn't that where Alex is busy working, what is going on?'

The nine Dalki that had been terrorising the place, all started to head towards the main shelter building in unison.

“No, Alex! He isn’t a fighter!” Wevil shouted. He started to run forward but at that moment, one of the other gates had been breached and another Dalki had entered. Immediately, it went to swipe and grab one of the women closest.

The Dalki had grabbed nothing but air, as Wevil now held onto the girl.

“I saved you, so I’m going to need a little something from you. I hope Linda isn’t looking.”

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In the forging room, the Demon tier item had just received its finishing touch and was now pulsing with energy. Although the initial glow started to dim down, it did nothing to hide the prowess hidden inside the item.

“Quinn! It’s Alex. It’s done! Your Demon tier item is ready!!”

After delivering the message, Alex had somewhat expected for Quinn to come out of his shadow straight away, but for some reason the Cursed faction leader hadn’t done so. Instead, the ones who had arrived were several Dalki.

The first thing Andrew did after seeing them barge through the doorway, was grab a large forging hammer. His hand started to glow and he ended up throwing it directly at them. It flew straighter than a hammer should have done and when it hit the foremost Dalki’s torso, it sent it alongside the two behind it flying backwards.

“Take the item, we must protect it!” Andrew shouted.

Quickly, Alex picked up the small item. It was a round object that would fit into the palm of one’s hand. The forger tied the necklace piece, a small black chain, through the loop at the end. The Demon tier amulet now could be worn around one’s neck like a necklace, which he promptly did.

'I'm sorry Quinn, I know this is your item, but I'll need to take it out for a test drive first.' Alex thought but something strange occurred... or more accurately nothing did. Despite wearing it the beast gear item didn't activate. Alex didn't feel the least bit of power course through his body as it should have!

"Crap!" Alex cursed as one of the Dalki who had recognised that the necklace was what had led them here, ignoring Andrew, it threw a fist towards Alex. His red wings came to life, and allowed him to fly up quickly to the ceiling avoiding the blow.

'Why? Why doesn't this thing give me any extra strength, speed or ANYTHING? Was there something wrong in the process? No, even if we made a mistake, it shouldn't have wasted it to the degree that it's completely useless!' Although Alex had been sure about his techniques and even Andrew hadn't found any faults in it, it didn't change the fact that the necklace was acting like a dud.

Worst of all, he could see another one of the Dalki approach Andrew. He was strong for a forger, but he was not a top class Traveler. Seeing this, Alex threw out his special blood fairy swipes, but when it hit the Dalki, it did next to no damage.

At the same time, he himself wasn't out of danger just because he was a couple feet above the ground. This was a forgery and it was filled with weapons, the Dalki were picking up anything they could find and were hurtling the sharp objects towards him.

One of the things Alex loved to do in his spare time other than making weapons was practice his flying skills. He moved through the air avoiding almost all the items. Among the Dalki though there were two spiked ones. One of them used its great strength to hurl an axe twice as fast as the others.

The weapon pierced right through one of his red blood wings. An electric shock ran through his whole body and it felt as if someone had pulled out his teeth without any anesthesia, causing him to fall and crash head first into the ground. The pain he had felt now multiplied, but the adrenaline was keeping it down. He was also worried about someone else. Lifting his head he could see Andrew's shoulder had been pierced by a Dalki.

A forger's life was over if they could no longer use their arms, but by the looks of it, Andrew would have little time to lament this. Fluttering his uninjured wing, Alex managed to dash forward slightly and was now close to Andrew. He raised his shadow blocking the other attacks. With so many Dalki surrounding them, his MC cells were depleted after just three attacks, and now they were coming towards him.

Alex felt his body being hit away, by a large great force tumbling to the ground, and instead of him suffering from the attacks from the attacks, they had hit Andrew instead. Andrew didn't look away from Alex on the ground, and blood filled his mouth.

"You have the talent to take beast gear to the next level. Live, run and make sure that Demon tier weapon ends up in the right hands!" Andrew said, his mouth dripping blood.

Alex wanted to fight back, he wanted to do something but he knew it was all useless and if he stayed here Andrew's sacrifice would end up vain.

He grabbed his flask that was filled with vampire blood, in particular it was Quinn's blood. A great energy rose in him, making him stronger than he had felt before. His wing instantly healed from the prior wound.

Perhaps if he had consumed the blood beforehand they would have been able to last a little longer, but winning still wasn't an option. With a face full of tears, Alex regrettably fled from the scene, by flying his way out of the forging room and into the halls. There he quickly found a cracked wall that the Dalki had created to get to him.

Once out, he landed on the ground and looked around him. The situation in the Shelter was far more disastrous than he had anticipated. The Dalki had managed to break through one of the gates that Linda was unable to protect. Wevil was busy fighting, along with the other faction members.

"Why don't you work!" Alex shouted, grabbing the amulet around his neck. Moments later the nine or so Dalki that was in the forging room with him had come out as well.

"I'm sorry if I had known your situation was this bad, I would have been here sooner. Let me deal with the rest." A voice sounded directly behind him. Alex had been so lost in his thoughts that he hadn't even noticed that Quinn had appeared from his own shadow.

"Quinn, kill them! Kill them all!" Alex screamed in anger, as he lifted the amulet off his head, and handed it over to Quinn.

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My Vampire System Chapter 1210

## The Amulet Part 2

The second Quinn touched the amulet he could feel that it wasn’t like any of the other beast gear he had received before. The others were just pieces of equipment until the user tried to activate them, but the amulet itself was already giving off a strong energy, as if it was alive.

Whenever Alex would mix his blood into making beast gear it would usually dye the equipment red, although when using higher tier crystals like the Demi-god tier ones their original coloration would stay. However, for this Demon tier crystal, Alex didn’t use his blood, since it wasn’t to be forged into a weapon and Alex was worried about the outcome if he did try to do so.

It had a strange design for the amulet with its colour being half black and half white. Together they resembled the shape of the upside down marking that the Demon tier tree had given out to the Marked.

Unfortunately, Quinn didn’t have much time to use his Inspect skill to figure out what it could do, as he needed to deal with the situation inside the Shelter first.

'After everything I did to protect this place from the Demon tier tree, now the Dalki are rampaging all over...' Quinn lamented the situation. As a Vampire Lord his nose was filled with the heavy smell of blood that spoke volumes about their own death toll.

'At least there are enough of you for me to do this.'

[Soul Weapon 'Item type' activated]

A great pain ran through Quinn's body as the energy from inside him got unleashed. The blades from his item started to pierce through the skin in his arms, running up and down them, drawing out his blood.

Swinging out, both of the bladed chains closed the distance to the Dalki in front of him, its severed head flying through the air. Not even a second later the now lifeless heads of its companions joined in.

'The Dalki that everyone was struggling with... Quinn's managing to defeat them all so easily... It doesn't look like I'll have to worry about him, and he seems to have figured something regarding the Demon tier Amulet.' Alex thought and with that he ran back to the forging room.

He had to check how Andrew was doing. He hadn't known the other forger for too long, but it was the first time that Alex had ever had something like a teacher who showed him the ropes and genuinely praised his talents. He had accepted an invite from a nobody forger like himself, and because he had stayed to help him finish crafting the amulet, he had sacrificed his own life.

Making his way through all the halls, he eventually reaches the forger room, only to find Andrew lying there on the floor with a pool of blood underneath him. Rushing to his side he could see he had been punctured several times, his guts partly spilling from his stomach, but his eyes still had a bit of life in them.

"You've... come back? How... long has... it been?" Andrew spoke softly, each word costing him a bit of his limited remaining lifespan. Once the Blood fairy had fled the other Dalki had quickly followed after the source of the immense power they had felt coming from the amulet, but not before making sure that Andrew would pay for getting in their way.

“This is all my fault!” Alex sobbed, as he looked into Andrew’s eyes. He grabbed a small blade that had fallen to the floor. “You still want to live, right? You can’t just die yet! Not before you’ve seen what we’ve managed to craft! I promise I’ll let you live! I’ve seen Quinn do this a few times, and the others told me what needed to be done!”

Making a cut, Alex started to draw a strong symbol underneath the forger, who lacked the energy to accept or refuse what the other was doing. It wasn’t the same way Quinn would do it, but back in Vampire World, Alex had seen others do this a few times. Finally when the special symbol was drawn underneath Andrew’s body the Blood fairy squeezed his hand, dropping several drops of his blood into the forger’s mouth.

“Please, come back!” Alex shouted at Andrew.

The wounds didn’t start to heal, making the forger question if he had made a mistake. But soon enough Andrew’s body began to toss and he let out a blood chilling scream. More followed at a volume that even those on the walls could hear them.

“I’m sorry. We all had to endure this, so I know how much it hurts, but I promise once you get through this, you’ll be back to your pride!” Alex held on to Andrew’s hand, hoping it would take at least some pain away.

Unsure if the words had gotten through or not, he continued to stay by Andrew’s side until the other shot up, his eyes a glowing red and the next second something sprouted out from his back.

Two large red blood-like wings even bigger than Alex’s.

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When Quinn had put the amulet around his neck, the first thing he did while fighting against the Dalki was try to activate it. However, he didn’t feel anything change, like would be usually the case when he benefited from additional stats.

After seeing how much the Demi-god tier equipment improved his other stats, he had been looking forward to his first true piece of Demon tier equipment, but its performance so far was underwhelming.

He hoped his Inspect skill would give him the information he would need like it did for the other items, but first Quinn needed to deal with all the troublesome Dalki who had made it into the Shelter.

Fighting against the Dalki with his Soul Weapon they were no match for him. Soon the strain from using his soul weapon was felt on his body, and he had placed it away.

'I already dealt with over half of them in the Shelter, now to deal with the ones at the gate!' Quinn ran off in the direction of the gates where the Dalki were seen coming in. At one gate there were around twenty of them, and jumping through the gate, Quinn grabbed the head of the first Dalki and slammed it to the ground.

[Weapon active skill activated]

Using the silver coloured gauntlet he started to drain the energy from the Dalki. The power he had lost and the effect of using his soul weapon were fading away. Another came close to Quinn. He fired out a Blood shotgun with the palm of his hand.

A concentrated version of the blood spray. The blood attack didn't spread out as much and the damage was more concentrated in one place. The Dalki was seen being thrown back, and at the same time Quinn had received another message.

[The opponent has been poisoned]

'What? It can actually poison them without me having to directly hit them? It still works if I use my blood skills? Is it because the blood attacks go through my gauntlets? I guess things like a Crescent kick wouldn't have the same effect.'

The gauntlets were starting to get better as Quinn used them more and more. It also showed the importance of equipment.

After regaining his energy, Quinn was fighting once more. He chose to fight with his Qi more than his blood abilities. Thanks to the gauntlet he could regain the energy that he had lost. His blood powers he would use them sparingly.

After clearing out all the gates, the Dalki inside were also dealt with. During the fight though, Quinn had noticed something. Meeting up with Linda at the north gate, there was one Dalki left, and before it could do anything Quinn slammed his Blood drill through its head.

'It was a two spiked Dalki, if I use my Qi too much I start to lose control of the balance in my body as well. I need to find a way to increase the power of my blood as soon as possible.'

Then, what had been happening ever since Quinn had obtained the Demon tier item had happened once again. From the dead body, strange glowing small little particles lifted, and came straight towards Quinn.

They weren't heading towards him though, instead they had entered the inside of the amulet, and a notification screen had appeared.

[The Demon tier Amulet has now consumed enough energy for use]

[0/1 Slots are now available]

[Continue to supply the Demon tier Amulet with energy in order to unlock more slots]

With no context whatsoever, Quinn had no clue what the Demon tier item could exactly do. Now that the fighting inside the Shelter had settled down, he could finally take a look.

[Inspect]

It took a while for Quinn to read all the information that the Demon tier Amulet provided and when he finally had figured it out, a large grin appeared on his face.

'With this, I might actually be able to complete this Quest!!!'

The Amulet Part 2

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'The Dalki that everyone was struggling with... Quinn's managing to defeat them all so easily... It doesn't look like I'll have to worry about him, and he seems to have figured something regarding the Demon tier Amulet.' Alex thought and with that he ran back to the forging room.

He had to check how Andrew was doing. He hadn't known the other forger for too long, but it was the first time that Alex had ever had something like a teacher who showed him the ropes and genuinely praised his talents. He had accepted an invite from a nobody forger like himself, and because he had stayed to help him finish crafting the amulet, he had sacrificed his own life.

Making his way through all the halls, he eventually reaches the forger room, only to find Andrew lying there on the floor with a pool of blood underneath him. Rushing to his side he could see he had been punctured several times, his guts partly spilling from his stomach, but his eyes still had a bit of life in them.

"You've... come back? How... long has... it been?" Andrew spoke softly, each word costing him a bit of his limited remaining lifespan. Once the Blood fairy had fled the other Dalki had quickly followed after the source of the immense power they had felt coming from the amulet, but not before making sure that Andrew would pay for getting in their way.

"This is all my fault!" Alex sobbed, as he looked into Andrew's eyes. He grabbed a small blade that had fallen to the floor. "You still want to live, right? You can't just die yet! Not before you've seen what we've managed to craft! I promise I'll let you live! I've seen Quinn do this a few times, and the others told me what needed to be done!"

Making a cut, Alex started to draw a strong symbol underneath the forger, who lacked the energy to accept or refuse what the other was doing. It wasn't the same way Quinn would do it, but back in Vampire World, Alex had seen others do this a few times. Finally when the special symbol was drawn underneath Andrew's body the Blood fairy squeezed his hand, dropping several drops of his blood into the forger's mouth.

"Please, come back!" Alex shouted at Andrew.

The wounds didn't start to heal, making the forger question if he had made a mistake. But soon enough Andrew's body began to toss and he let out a blood chilling scream. More followed at a volume that even those on the walls could hear them.

"I'm sorry. We all had to endure this, so I know how much it hurts, but I promise once you get through this, you'll be back to your pride!" Alex held on to Andrew's hand, hoping it would take at least some pain away.



Unsure if the words had gotten through or not, he continued to stay by Andrew's side until the other shot up, his eyes a glowing red and the next second something sprouted out from his back.

Two large red blood-like wings even bigger than Alex's.

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When Quinn had put the amulet around his neck, the first thing he did while fighting against the Dalki was try to activate it. However, he didn't feel anything change, like would be usually the case when he benefited from additional stats.

After seeing how much the Demi-god tier equipment improved his other stats, he had been looking forward to his first true piece of Demon tier equipment, but its performance so far was underwhelming. He hoped his Inspect skill would give him the information he would need like it did for the other items, but first Quinn needed to deal with all the troublesome Dalki who had made it into the Shelter.

Fighting against the Dalki with his Soul Weapon they were no match for him. Soon the strain from using his soul weapon was felt on his body, and he had placed it away.

'I already dealt with over half of them in the Shelter, now to deal with the ones at the gate!' Quinn ran off in the direction of the gates where the Dalki were seen coming in. At one gate there were around twenty of them, and jumping through the gate, Quinn grabbed the head of the first Dalki and slammed it to the ground.

[Weapon active skill activated]

Using the silver coloured gauntlet he started to drain the energy from the Dalki. The power he had lost and the effect of using his soul weapon were fading away. Another came close to Quinn. He fired out a Blood shotgun with the palm of his hand.

A concentrated version of the blood spray. The blood attack didn't spread out as much and the damage was more concentrated in one place. The Dalki was seen being thrown back, and at the same time Quinn had received another message.

[The opponent has been poisoned]

'What? It can actually poison them without me having to directly hit them? It still works if I use my blood skills? Is it because the blood attacks go through my gauntlets? I guess things like a Crescent kick wouldn't have the same effect.'

The gauntlets were starting to get better as Quinn used them more and more. It also showed the importance of equipment.

After regaining his energy, Quinn was fighting once more. He chose to fight with his Qi more than his blood abilities. Thanks to the gauntlet he could regain the energy that he had lost. His blood powers he would use them sparingly.

After clearing out all the gates, the Dalki inside were also dealt with. During the fight though, Quinn had noticed something. Meeting up with Linda at the north gate, there was one Dalki left, and before it could do anything Quinn slammed his Blood drill through its head.

'It was a two spiked Dalki, if I use my Qi too much I start to lose control of the balance in my body as well. I need to find a way to increase the power of my blood as soon as possible.'

Then, what had been happening ever since Quinn had obtained the Demon tier item had happened once again. From the dead body, strange glowing small little particles lifted, and came straight towards Quinn.

They weren't heading towards him though, instead they had entered the inside of the amulet, and a notification screen had appeared.

[The Demon tier Amulet has now consumed enough energy for use]

[0/1 Slots are now available]

[Continue to supply the Demon tier Amulet with energy in order to unlock more slots]

With no context whatsoever, Quinn had no clue what the Demon tier item could exactly do. Now that the fighting inside the Shelter had settled down, he could finally take a look.

[Inspect]

It took a while for Quinn to read all the information that the Demon tier Amulet provided and when he finally had figured it out, a large grin appeared on his face.

‘With this, I might actually be able to complete this Quest!!!’

My Vampire System Chapter 1211: Demon tier powers

[Demon tier Amulet: Branching Link]

[The Branching Link Amulet absorbs a part of energy from anything the User kills. Once the amulet has gathered enough energy it will unlock a slot. With each slot the amount of energy required to unlock a new one increases]

The information itself was split into different segments and this was merely the first one. Only after having killed a certain amount of Dalki did the energy requirement pass its threshold, unlocking the first slot, which was also the reason why neither Alex nor Quinn had received any sort of benefit from wearing it initially. The good news was that it sounded like it would work with anything that he killed, be it beasts, vampires, Dalki or other living things.

‘As long as I keep killing Dalki, doesn’t that mean I can technically have an unlimited amount?’

Quinn wondered. However, the system was vague, only claiming that it would require more and more energy for each additional slot, making him worry that at some point it could have the same issue as his exp bar.

[Once a slot has been unlocked the User is able to use it to mark any living creature.

Success chance will depend on the life-force and willpower of the living creature it is used on.

No matter the outcome, the slot will be used up.

Each successful Marking will also take up one slot.]

Given the description it appeared that Marking higher tier beasts, stronger people or the Dalki leader would most likely be hard to impossible. Quinn would have to choose between using the slots to attempt it, after all succeeding in marking someone like One Horn might very well change the tide of war, or use the slots on weaker Dalki, creating something like an elite guard.

[Those that are Marked can be either partially or fully controlled by the user.

Energy can be shared between User and Marked based on the User's discretion.

It's possible to strengthen a Marked via the User's energy.

It's possible to suck a Marked completely dry, thereby adding its strength temporarily to the User.

The only way for the Marking to disappear is upon the death of a Marked, death of the User or destruction of the Branching Ling Amulet]

This was the power of the Demon tier Amulet. Quinn wasn't too surprised that it turned out to have some brainwashing capabilities since the Demon tier tree had used its powers to enslave others. Still, there were differences to the original.

'I'm not able to control just anything. It seems like there is only a chance to control something and the amount of things I can control is vastly different. The energy as well given to the Marked comes from

myself. I'm guessing they need to be alive to attempt to put a marking on them. Breaking a strong beast's will, or a human's will would be incredibly difficult to attempt at the moment.'

'Then there's the last catch. I thought it was strange that the Demon tier Amulet didn't give any stats, but that's because I can also take the energy from those that I have marked. I wonder if it's the same as Qi energy, or perhaps it will directly boost my stats depending on what I control. It's a temporary boost for me, but permanently affects the marked. Which means it's best if I don't use it on my own people.' Quinn concluded.

However, after reading everything, Quinn had come up with an idea just how he could use the amulet to help him take down the Dalki ships even quicker, but before that, he needed to run some tests.

Quinn wanted to check up on Alex, yet the Blood fairy had run off inside. But decided not to, since time was running out and could tell he was in no such danger due to the bond. After seeing to Wevil and Linda. He made sure that the two of them could look over him while Quinn had gone out on his own.

"Wait, Quinn what are you planning on doing?" Linda asked, before Quinn rushed off.

"The teleporters aren't working on this planet. So nobody can come to help or escape from this place. At the same time I need to get back to the Cursed faction planets and help them. There's a device on the motherships that jams the teleporters." Saying these things, Quinn was off out into the open field.

"Wait...is he planning on entering the mothership?" Linda realised.

"Not just enter." Ko said, who was standing by her side watching Quinn enter his shadow. "He intends to bring it down. I just got news that the Cursed faction managed to destroy one of those things!"

Although Quinn was able to destroy the mothership, it took far too much time. First, he had to find the Dalki camp on the planet so he could steal one of their ships, else he would just be shot down, before even coming close to his target. Even after he had successfully infiltrated them, he would have to face the crew of it and find the right rooms.

So he needed to find a quicker way. Soon he had come across another group of Dalki scouts amid the strange tailing trees and large colourful plants.

Wasting no time, Quinn began to take them all out fighting them. The amulet absorbed the energy as each of the Dalki was killed, until there was only one left. Soon, getting up behind the Dalki, Quinn attempted to use the power of the amulet on the Dalki.

He pressed it on its back and activated the energy. It started to light up for a few seconds, but the power soon disappeared.

[Marking has failed]

The Dalki swung its arm behind it, and now with Quinn's single slot gone, he had no use for the Dalki anymore. Using the blood drill was the quickest and easiest way to pierce through the Dalki's hard exterior and had the highest chance of killing it in one shot, and it hadn't failed him today, as he slammed it into the Dalki's chest.

'The move is so effective against Dalki's that Eno might have created it with the specific purpose in mind to counter them.' Quinn thought but he was realising the power of the amulet was harder to use than he first thought. 'If I want to mark something I have no clue the percentage or success rate. At the same time, I want it to be in good condition. It's not like the shadow eater where I don't have to worry how weak the person I use it is on.'

Nonetheless, Quinn didn't quit there and continued to look for the Dalki hunting squads. After fighting another squad it looked like his amulet filled quickly. Ten dalki was enough to fill up the first slot.

Meeting a third squad, Quinn defeated another ten, but a second slot wasn't filled. Capturing the last of the Dalki though, Quinn was able to make a second attempt at capturing one and once again it failed.

From then, Quinn met a smaller squad, one of five. Killing only a few of them had allowed him to regain the first slot. It looked like even if a slot had disappeared, the energy carried over so he didn't have to start from the beginning again. The good thing as well, was even if it failed the first slot energy requirements seemed to stay the same.

There was a worry that he would have to continue fighting more and more as the slots continued. Managing to have only one Dalki left, if it didn't work a third time, Quinn was going to have to try it on a lesser beast instead.

After all, he still wasn't sure what controlling a beast would actually work or feel like, nor did he have any reference as to how hard it was to mark a one spiked Dalki. Placing the amulet on the Dalki's back once more, when it lit up and Quinn moved his hand away. The exact same design that was shown on the amulet stayed on the giant lizard's back.

It was the same red as the Marked had, but his was only the size of the amulet itself, making it much harder for anyone else to notice.

[You have successfully marked someone]

[1/1]

'Yes! Now, let's see what you can do.'

My Vampire System Chapter 1212: Full control of a new body

It had taken a few tries, but finally the marking had succeeded, granting Quinn control over a Dalki of all things. As soon as the red mark had appeared on its back, it had stopped all its resistances. All of its aggression, its anger, everything seemed to have seeped out, reminding him of Peter when he had just been turned. However unlike his undead friend, the creature before him was still very much alive, standing straight and awaiting instructions.

'Great, so I don't have to worry about them going crazy wild like the Marked from the trees. Now to test out a few things.' Quinn thought.

The description had stated that the User of the Branching Link Amulet could do two major things to his Marked, Control and Energy Transfer. The former was split up between Partial Control and Full Control, whereas the latter allowed the User to either enhance the Marked by sending them his energy or strengthen himself by draining them, although at least the latter case was just a temporary boost.

'Let's try controlling it first.'

It was a strange feeling, when activating the Demon tier Amulet he could feel a connection to the Dalki in front of him, yet it was different to the one he shared with his family members. It felt more as if he had grown an extra limb that he could now control.

There were a few simple tests that Quinn had done, for one he tried to make the Dalki use his own martial arts which worked out surprisingly well. Its body was stronger and taller than the Vampire Lord so it took him a while to get used to.

Next Quinn tried to control the Dalki while also using his own body. Moving both bodies was easy enough, but when he tried to spar with it, that was when problems started to arise. The Cursed faction leader already had some experience in regards to splitting his attention to use his shadow powers, but mixing in the control over a Dalki made everything far more complicated than he had anticipated.

'It's only going to get more difficult the more Marked I'm going to add, so I need to get the hang of it.'

There had to be a solution to this problem, so instead of fine controlling the Dalki, a feat that a puppeteer like Fex might be better suited for, Quinn went into the forest to try and control it through basic commands. With his sharp nose it didn't take them long to find a suitable test dummy.

It was an Intermediate tier beast that looked like a boar, so it wouldn't be too hard for him or the Dalki to defeat it, yet the goal was still for Quinn to learn about the limits of the Demon tier Amulet. On the way here, he had already confirmed that a mental command to 'follow' him was sufficient for the Dalki to act. There was no need to control each individual movement like its leg.

Its brain still had some self function capabilities, however questioning it was not something that could be done, still this gave him an idea. Instead of outright ordering it to 'attack' the beast, Quinn informed the Marked that 'beast = enemy', curious to see how it would react. As soon as the Dalki's eyes landed on the boar, it rushed forward to finish it off, but just before he connected Quinn sent out another command 'beast = ally'.



The Dalki immediately stopped, short of the boar's forehead. The Intermediate beast, jumped backwards before it charged at the Dalki for daring to attack it. To Quinn's surprise the Marked just took the hits, without retaliating.

'So the Marked can differentiate friend from foe if I tell them to, they can follow at least simple commands and they fight like they usually do. Something more complicated like making it use my martial arts appears to require my own control. Hmm, if I took the time to teach it to them, could it perhaps use it on its own? Perhaps I should make one join Nate's training in the future.' Quinn thought, but since they were at war and he had a Quest that was practically a race against time, he quickly proceeded to the next test, Full Control.

Activating the amulet again, Quinn instinctively knew what he needed to do, so he closed his eyes to tighten his senses.

'So this is Full Control, huh.' Quinn looked at his hands, yet they weren't pale like usual, instead they were large and covered in scales. Standing opposite him was a human that looked small, his eyes closed.

'This is far better than I thought, I can control the Dalki body completely like my own.' To familiarise himself with his new body he took a few practice kicks and swings and this time there was no delay and no awkward feeling like when he had used Partial Control.

However, he then wondered what about his own body, was it now just standing there like the Dalki did before it. Even though the Dalki did not have the amulet, Quinn could still feel the time and its uses the same way he could do before. He attempted the Partial Control and it worked. Quinn's body was moving him as it was directed.

Next Quinn wanted to test out the Energy Transfer to see how it felt. Even while his consciousness seemed to be fully inside the Dalki's body, he could tell that he was able to do this. Soon small amounts of energy entered the Dalki's body, its strength was growing at an amazing rate, but he could feel his original body was getting weaker.

'This is good. I could improve the one spiked Dalki to have a power of a two spike or three spike with my powers, which means my plan will work.'

Committing to this test even more, so he himself went away from his original body, and tried to transfer energy once again, and still even at a distance the skill of the Demon tier had worked.

There was just one last thing Quinn wanted to test and that was the simple commands in his original body, while he was still in the Dalki body. The reason for this was Quinn's body was the one with the system, however while in the Dalki body he was unable to access any of the system information, like using the Inspect skill on the boar-like beast who was fleeing after realising the futility of its actions.

The next test started with Quinn sending his own body the command to protect itself at all costs. He wanted to see whether it would just use the Vampire Lord's natural strength or also utilise all the blood powers, shadows powers and beast gear he had access to without the need for Partial Control.

This was of the utmost importance since it would decide how safe Full Control actually was. Dalki Quinn walked up to his vampire body punching his fist out, only for it to get caught in Vampire Quinn's palm. Something he had seen bullies do to him a while ago and he felt like imitating.

'Being this tall sure is nice. No wonder the Dalki aren't scared of humans, we look so... small.'

From his position he used the Dalki body to do a thigh kick. The muscle structure was slightly different, but the power was supreme. Just before the kick would make contact though, Quinn's body jumped back and moved away.

'Do I have to make my body see the Marked body as an enemy for it to attack me? That would be hard to do, unless I could see what both of me are seeing at the same time, but I only have vision from what I am fully in control of. Let's just see if I can get it to attack me.' Quinn thought.

He charged in again, this time throwing out multiple punches which were blocked and parried away. Getting frustrated, Dalki Quinn stomped the ground lifting up pieces of the rubble, and started to punch them towards Vampire Quinn.

Next he ran behind, hoping to trap his original body and went to punch even faster. So far he had been a little cautious after all he didn't want to hurt his own body, but then a shadow had risen, stopping one of the blows from hitting him.

'I guess if it's life is really on the line it will use abilities as well, but it still hasn't attacked back!' Quinn quickly went to the ground and did a long sweep across the floor with his leg, that's when Quinn's body jumped up in the air, and landed on top of the Dalki head.

'I never realised how annoying and fast it could be to fight myself!' Dalki Quinn grabbed Vampire Quinn by the thighs, and tried to smash him into the ground, but just as his body was about to hit the ground, it twisted in flexible ways to break free. Jumping off the Dalki body, his original was free from injuries once again standing there.

"What the...how did you even do that?" Quinn questioned his body. While that was something he could do, after all, he had just himself doing it, it was nothing he would have ever attempted to do unless someone had told him to. Grappling techniques wasn't something he had really studied. It was at that point a smile had appeared on the body's face.

"I tried my best to hide it from you, but I think we have played long enough. It looks like you're still lacking when it comes to fighting. It's been a long time since I had a body of my own, and yours is truly strong, but I guess you still can't beat experience." The body replied.

'My body, it's speaking, and what the hell is it saying?' Quinn thought completely confused, it was then that he remembered what Shiro said to him after looking inside.

There was more than one consciousness inside his body.

'It couldn't be...'

My Vampire System Chapter 1213

Hug it ou

When trying to communicate with the Dalki, no words were spoken at all. Dalki could talk and have conversations with each other and humans. However, when Quinn had left his own body, he had never

expected it to speak, but right now, not only was it talking, but it sounded like it was a completely different person.

This led him to think back to when Shiro had seen inside Quinn's mind to talk to Oscar. That his body currently contained two conciseness. He didn't exactly know how it worked, especially with the system, but that could only mean that the person talking now was...

"Vincent?" Quinn called out, a bit unsure if it was the case or not.

Quinn's body smiled back. "Look, I know I'm usefully more handsome than this, but it's the best I could do." Soon he was walking up to Quinn and looked up, placing his hands on his abs.

"How? How are you able to use my body? Aren't you stuck in the system? I thought it was linked. Is it because of the Amulet? I mean, it has to be." Quinn continued to ask multiple questions as he was stunned. Honestly, more than anything, he was unprepared for a meeting like so.

"Does that even matter?" Vincent asked as he continued to weirdly touch the Dalki's body. He didn't say anything but Vincent was actually trying to analyse what the creature was like. Stuck in the system, he had heard and learnt so much about them but had never met one in person. He felt like a baby who was experiencing senses for the first time again.

Although Quinn was mostly ignoring this. "The Dalki are quite tall, or maybe this body is short?" Vincent placed his finger on his chin before looking into Quinn's eyes.

"Honestly, I wanted to tell you something for a long time now, Quinn, and I was waiting until we were face to face. However, this might be the best chance I ever get to say it. So I'm going to say it now. I'm proud of you.

"When I created that book, I never thought anything like this would happen. I left it for our family. I wasn't sure if it would ever be needed. Of course, I thought something might happen far off into the future, but being on this journey along with you and everything you have been through, I never wished for it. Still, you were able to take everything on in your full stride, and I think more than anything I need to tell you how much of a good job you have done."

This wasn't the first time that Vincent had given Quinn praise. He had heard it numerous times as a voice in his head. Every time he did hear them, there was an overwhelming warm feeling inside him. This was why he was wondering this time, why there was a different feeling. He was trying the best he could to hold down the lump in his throat.

"Vincent...I hated you." Quinn said.

Hearing this, Vincent took a step back and tilted his head, looking at him strangely.

"At first, I mean. I hated your cocky attitude, how you would keep secrets from me when you could have helped out more. There were times where I didn't even completely trust you, thinking you were working for your own goal rather than mine, but I slowly realised that honestly, throughout all of this, there was one person who was always by my side and who had been dragged into this just as much as I was. Thank you."

After expressing their feelings, there was an awkward moment between the two of them. They had even turned both ways to face each other. Until Vincent, being the older one, turned back around.

"Why don't you give your grandpa a hug, huh?"

Before Quinn could do anything, the ground started to shake. More pods were shot out from the mothership and were landing. Interrupting the moment and they knew what they both needed to do.

Now knowing that Quinn was able to control his body while he was in another, Quinn had a few more questions he needed to do to find out what exactly was different. After asking a series of questions, Quinn found that his body was still mostly controlled by the Amulet more than he thought.

Whenever Quinn would give a command, Vincent claimed that the body would allow him to only do so much. Controlling it based on the restrictions set from the command itself. Based on the instructions given, it would also allow him to use the system, which was why Vincent, even with no prior knowledge of using the shadow powers, was able to.

There was a simple fix to this though, Quinn would simply command his body that it was free to do as he wished, and now Vincent could control it how he liked with full access to the system, also taking it away whenever he wanted as well.

“Wow, this is really a cheat. You don’t have to think about doing anything. You can just access the system and use whatever you like. If any of the vampires knew about this, they would all want their own system.” Vincent said after testing out a few skills. To a certain extent, Vincent knew what it was like, but knowing about it and experiencing it were two different things.

The last thing Quinn wanted to check was if there was anything that could be done with the Amulet to allow Vincent to control the Dalki body. However, no matter what they tried, it just wasn’t possible. When Quinn would return to his own body, Vincent would return to the system, back to how he was.

On top of that, Vincent didn’t have control of the Amulet’s abilities. Only Quinn did. So whenever he wished, he could take energy from his own body, making him stronger.

“With all the tests done, I guess it’s time for us to get to work”, Quinn said.

“What do you want me to do? We’ve gotten this far mostly due to your own judgment, so I’ll listen to whatever plan you have.” Vincent said.

-----

With Vincent in full control, Quinn, still in the Dalki body, they both went along to the mothership. Vincent was still having fun using the shadow skills and was currently heading straight towards the mothership. When they were getting close, Vincent would stay on standby a little distance away, and now Quinn in the Dalki body was ready to do what he had planned.

Just like with the last mothership, there was a camp that was being built underneath the mother ship. It looked to be more along the way compared to the last one. As if a fortress was to be made to stay there long term if need be.

Quinn’s plan was to disguise himself within the Dalki group, hoping he could deal with the problem a lot easier while fighting as little as possible and losing as few lives as possible as well. After telling Vincent

to give him a few scratches here and there, Quinn could feel the power of the Dalki blood energising him; it was different to the power he would take for himself with the Amulet. It was more of a raw energy.

Next he was off and heading straight for the camp. With his injuries on his body, the Dalki immediately came running towards him.

‘This is good. This Dalki was from the scout team, so they should ask me what I saw if I’m like this.’ Quinn thought. When the first Dalki reached him, he soon saw a fist coming towards his face, and the next second, his back was planted on the floor.

‘What just happened? Did the Dalki just hit me? Could they tell it wasn’t one of them?’ Quinn thought.

“How could you come back alive!” The Dalki yelled. “We do not retreat!”

The Dalki had a significantly different culture compared to the humans, and Quinn needed to come up with a pretty good reason why he had returned.

“I need to make a report. All of our squads were wiped out, and it was by a vampire!” Quinn said, hoping this would be enough. “They said if we ran into them, we needed to head to the mothership.”

Of course, Quinn didn’t know if this was true or not. He didn’t even know if the Dalki knew about other vampires, but he did know that the Dalki were working with vampires. To find out a vampire was killing their kind had to be big news.

After huffing and panting, it looked like some Dalki took the initial one away. Although most of them were hot-headed, it didn’t seem that all of them were. Quinn was thankful for this. Eventually, another Dalki had approached him.

“It’s good you came back alive. I heard that one of our Dalki ships was destroyed. Graham thinks that it couldn’t have just been done by the humans alone and told us to report on everything. Head to the mother ship and inform them.”

This was what Quinn was hoping for. After entering one of the smaller ships, Quinn was allowed to enter the mother ship. Once he was on board, he knew the place's layout relatively well due to being on the last one. However, he needed to travel by foot, and he had made a couple of wrong turns at some point, but he had eventually found the room he was looking for, the room where the jamming devices were located.

"What are you doing here!" A guard shouted.

Last time, Quinn had made a distraction, and the guards had run all over the place, but this time two one spiked Dalki stood by the door.

There could be no survivors knowing what Quinn was doing. Using the power of the Amulet, he started to transfer energy to himself. He grew stronger, and then when he walked up close to the guards, he grabbed both of them by the head and smashed them together as hard as he could. The skulls could be felt cracking, and green blood spilt from their foreheads.

The Dalki were caught completely off guard, never expecting such a thing. The next second, while dazed, Quinn lifted up both of his elbows, slamming down as hard as he could on top of their heads once again. It was a deadly blow.

'With the increase of my own body's power, I raised it to the same strength as a two spiked Dalki. We can do this. With Vincent in my body, he will be able to fight as well. He can protect the Shelters while I go off and destroy the motherships.'

Not long after, and the mother ship was seen falling from the sky once again.

—

Back at the Shelter where Linda and Wevil had been busy taking care of the injured fighters and resting themselves, they currently all had their eyes glued on a world event, and they weren't the only ones. They were watching a fight, which was about to occur between Hilston and a Dalki that they had never seen before, which had five spikes on its back.

Hug it ou



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"Vincent?" Quinn called out, a bit unsure if it was the case or not.

Quinn's body smiled back. "Look, I know I'm usefully more handsome than this, but it's the best I could do." Soon he was walking up to Quinn and looked up, placing his hands on his abs.

"How? How are you able to use my body? Aren't you stuck in the system? I thought it was linked. Is it because of the Amulet? I mean, it has to be." Quinn continued to ask multiple questions as he was stunned. Honestly, more than anything, he was unprepared for a meeting like so.

"Does that even matter?" Vincent asked as he continued to weirdly touch the Dalki's body. He didn't say anything but Vincent was actually trying to analyse what the creature was like. Stuck in the system, he had heard and learnt so much about them but had never met one in person. He felt like a baby who was experiencing senses for the first time again.

Although Quinn was mostly ignoring this. "The Dalki are quite tall, or maybe this body is short?" Vincent placed his finger on his chin before looking into Quinn's eyes.

"Honestly, I wanted to tell you something for a long time now, Quinn, and I was waiting until we were face to face. However, this might be the best chance I ever get to say it. So I'm going to say it now. I'm proud of you.

"When I created that book, I never thought anything like this would happen. I left it for our family. I wasn't sure if it would ever be needed. Of course, I thought something might happen far off into the future, but being on this journey along with you and everything you have been through, I never wished for it. Still, you were able to take everything on in your full stride, and I think more than anything I need to tell you how much of a good job you have done."

This wasn't the first time that Vincent had given Quinn praise. He had heard it numerous times as a voice in his head. Every time he did hear them, there was an overwhelming warm feeling inside him. This was why he was wondering this time, why there was a different feeling. He was trying the best he could to hold down the lump in his throat.

"Vincent...I hated you." Quinn said.

Hearing this, Vincent took a step back and tilted his head, looking at him strangely.

"At first, I mean. I hated your cocky attitude, how you would keep secrets from me when you could have helped out more. There were times where I didn't even completely trust you, thinking you were working for your own goal rather than mine, but I slowly realised that honestly, throughout all of this, there was one person who was always by my side and who had been dragged into this just as much as I was. Thank you."

After expressing their feelings, there was an awkward moment between the two of them. They had even turned both ways to face each other. Until Vincent, being the older one, turned back around.

"Why don't you give your grandpa a hug, huh?"

Before Quinn could do anything, the ground started to shake. More pods were shot out from the mothership and were landing. Interrupting the moment and they knew what they both needed to do.

Now knowing that Quinn was able to control his body while he was in another, Quinn had a few more questions he needed to do to find out what exactly was different. After asking a series of questions, Quinn found that his body was still mostly controlled by the Amulet more than he thought.

Whenever Quinn would give a command, Vincent claimed that the body would allow him to only do so much. Controlling it based on the restrictions set from the command itself. Based on the instructions given, it would also allow him to use the system, which was why Vincent, even with no prior knowledge of using the shadow powers, was able to.

There was a simple fix to this though, Quinn would simply command his body that it was free to do as he wished, and now Vincent could control it how he liked with full access to the system, also taking it away whenever he wanted as well.

“Wow, this is really a cheat. You don’t have to think about doing anything. You can just access the system and use whatever you like. If any of the vampires knew about this, they would all want their own system.” Vincent said after testing out a few skills. To a certain extent, Vincent knew what it was like, but knowing about it and experiencing it were two different things.

The last thing Quinn wanted to check was if there was anything that could be done with the Amulet to allow Vincent to control the Dalki body. However, no matter what they tried, it just wasn’t possible. When Quinn would return to his own body, Vincent would return to the system, back to how he was.

On top of that, Vincent didn’t have control of the Amulet’s abilities. Only Quinn did. So whenever he wished, he could take energy from his own body, making him stronger.

“With all the tests done, I guess it’s time for us to get to work”, Quinn said.

“What do you want me to do? We’ve gotten this far mostly due to your own judgment, so I’ll listen to whatever plan you have.” Vincent said.

-----

With Vincent in full control, Quinn, still in the Dalki body, they both went along to the mothership. Vincent was still having fun using the shadow skills and was currently heading straight towards the mothership. When they were getting close, Vincent would stay on standby a little distance away, and now Quinn in the Dalki body was ready to do what he had planned.

Just like with the last mothership, there was a camp that was being built underneath the mother ship. It looked to be more along the way compared to the last one. As if a fortress was to be made to stay there long term if need be.

Quinn’s plan was to disguise himself within the Dalki group, hoping he could deal with the problem a lot easier while fighting as little as possible and losing as few lives as possible as well. After telling Vincent

to give him a few scratches here and there, Quinn could feel the power of the Dalki blood energising him; it was different to the power he would take for himself with the Amulet. It was more of a raw energy.

Next he was off and heading straight for the camp. With his injuries on his body, the Dalki immediately came running towards him.

‘This is good. This Dalki was from the scout team, so they should ask me what I saw if I’m like this.’ Quinn thought. When the first Dalki reached him, he soon saw a fist coming towards his face, and the next second, his back was planted on the floor.

‘What just happened? Did the Dalki just hit me? Could they tell it wasn’t one of them?’ Quinn thought.

“How could you come back alive!” The Dalki yelled. “We do not retreat!”

The Dalki had a significantly different culture compared to the humans, and Quinn needed to come up with a pretty good reason why he had returned.

“I need to make a report. All of our squads were wiped out, and it was by a vampire!” Quinn said, hoping this would be enough. “They said if we ran into them, we needed to head to the mothership.”

Of course, Quinn didn’t know if this was true or not. He didn’t even know if the Dalki knew about other vampires, but he did know that the Dalki were working with vampires. To find out a vampire was killing their kind had to be big news.

After huffing and panting, it looked like some Dalki took the initial one away. Although most of them were hot-headed, it didn’t seem that all of them were. Quinn was thankful for this. Eventually, another Dalki had approached him.

“It’s good you came back alive. I heard that one of our Dalki ships was destroyed. Graham thinks that it couldn’t have just been done by the humans alone and told us to report on everything. Head to the mother ship and inform them.”

This was what Quinn was hoping for. After entering one of the smaller ships, Quinn was allowed to enter the mother ship. Once he was on board, he knew the place's layout relatively well due to being on the last one. However, he needed to travel by foot, and he had made a couple of wrong turns at some point, but he had eventually found the room he was looking for, the room where the jamming devices were located.

"What are you doing here!" A guard shouted.

Last time, Quinn had made a distraction, and the guards had run all over the place, but this time two one spiked Dalki stood by the door.

There could be no survivors knowing what Quinn was doing. Using the power of the Amulet, he started to transfer energy to himself. He grew stronger, and then when he walked up close to the guards, he grabbed both of them by the head and smashed them together as hard as he could. The skulls could be felt cracking, and green blood spilt from their foreheads.

The Dalki were caught completely off guard, never expecting such a thing. The next second, while dazed, Quinn lifted up both of his elbows, slamming down as hard as he could on top of their heads once again. It was a deadly blow.

'With the increase of my own body's power, I raised it to the same strength as a two spiked Dalki. We can do this. With Vincent in my body, he will be able to fight as well. He can protect the Shelters while I go off and destroy the motherships.'

Not long after, and the mother ship was seen falling from the sky once again.

— —

Back at the Shelter where Linda and Wevil had been busy taking care of the injured fighters and resting themselves, they currently all had their eyes glued on a world event, and they weren't the only ones. They were watching a fight, which was about to occur between Hilston and a Dalki that they had never seen before, which had five spikes on its back.

My Vampire System Chapter 1214

Abandon the ship

When transferring energy from himself to the Dalki's body that Quinn was currently in. He made sure not to overdo it for a few reasons. The first there was simply no need to. The power of a two spike was simply too much for any one spike to deal with. This was something that could be used to their advantage because even though Quinn had the power of a two spike, two spikes did not appear on his body.

However, there was still Vincent who was outside roaming close to the camp. During the testing the energy that was transferred to the Dalki body would eventually be returned, but if he was to take up too much energy, it would only make his body weaker. At the end of the day, the Dalki could die, but Quinn's original body could not.

The next task was for Quinn to escape from the ship, it took a lot to get one Mark and he didn't want to go through the process again. With the ship floating down falling from the sky, Quinn needed to brace himself. Another Dalki had already taken the ship he had come in and flown off.

'I guess I can only jump off and hope it doesn't break my legs.' Quinn thought. 'Wait a second.' Another idea had struck him.

Eventually, when going to the outside area, he found the spot where he wanted to jump from. Powering his legs and using the Dalki's incredible strength, he managed to leap through the air going a great distance away from the ship. Still, he would be affected by the ship's crash if he stayed in the area.

When coming close to the ground, he could eventually see a shadow beneath him, touching it slowed down his velocity and he was able to safely land in one piece after entering the shadow space.

'I see you have gotten the hang of using my body.'" Quinn said.

"And it looks like you did a good job as well." Vincent replied back.

Now heading back to the Shelter, Quinn decided to switch so he was back in his own body. He wanted to still practice using the demon tier amulet more and controlling the Dalki. He didn't have much time to

practice, so he had to use all the spare time he could get, at the same time there was something else that he wanted to check out.

'Its as I thought. Even though I destroyed another Dalki ship, it didn't add to the quest. After all this is one of those that belong in the Graylash faction. So I need to destroy all the ones in the Cursed faction area.'

Looking through his system, he soon found even more bad news, a third planet had been taken over. Quinn knew what he was doing though. At the rate the planets were being taken over there was no way for him to complete the quest, unless he was able to receive some help of some kind and this was most likely the only way.

Looking at the system even further, Quinn noticed one last change that had happened.

[Amulet slots 1/2]

'It increased, but how? Did it also take the energy from the Dalki I killed as a mark?' When looking at himself, he noticed that there was some fresh green blood on his two gauntlets. Blood that couldn't have been there too long.

'Looks like you caught me.' Vincent said. 'While you were in there, I decided to roam around a bit, and I came across another scouting group. They spotted me so I really had no choice, and it looks like it helped you out in the end.'

If it was anyone else controlling his body, Quinn perhaps would have said it was risky, but it was clear that Vincent was a skilled leader who had some fighting capabilities, even though he wasn't much of a fighting leader in the past.

'With another slot, I can get another Dalki that will just help us out even more.'

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Heading back they soon saw the Shelter ahead of them. Everyone was in high spirits. The attacking Dalki had been dealt with, so they had time to rest and organise themselves. On top of that, they just witnessed the enemy mothership falling.

However, during this time, nearly everyone had their eyes glued to a screen of some kind. At least the civilians inside and the members of the Cursed faction.

Going through the Shelter, Quinn soon found himself in a large hall where all the injured were being placed. Inside here was where Linda and Wevil were present sitting next to each other against a wall.

Popping out of the shadow, Quinn appeared.

“Quinn! Behind you!” Linda screamed seeing him, and immediately launched forward with her fist but the punch was soon stopped by Quinn himself. Wevil too was quick on his feet grabbing his dagger and went to attack the Dalki, but Quinn suddenly appeared in front of him as well, slapping the dagger out of his hand.

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[Shadow lock]

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After explaining himself, and why exactly he had a Dalki with him, the panic and almost heart attack Linda had received had settled down.

“Why would you do that? It’s a good thing a lot of people weren’t watching you and you got rid of it quickly.” Linda complained. “Still, I can’t believe you can really control a Dalki, and more than one. That’s nearly stronger than an ability. Demon tier items are really something else.”



While Linda was thinking of the amazing things one could do with the Demon tier item, she soon felt Wevil giving her a nudge and saw him point to his wrist watch where the video he was watching was still playing.

“Oh right, Quinn there’s something you have to see.” Linda said, and soon bringing up the video, Quinn could see what was currently happening on the Cursed ship. At the moment, the video was switching between many perspectives.

It showed that a group of Dalki were on board and the Cursed faction were fighting against them, not just them though. There were also ability users that Quinn didn’t recognise.

“I know you’ve been busy so I’ll try to give you as much information as I know.” Linda started to explain. “The Cursed faction were suddenly attacked by the Blade family, but they had sent a load of ability users first, perhaps to weaken our forces. Later on though, they ended up coming themselves, the Blade family. I don’t know when, or how but the Dalki started to invade the Cursed ship as well.”

Quinn had gathered that from what he knew before, watching the videos Quinn did see some good. The Cursed and Chained that were fighting just moments ago. As soon as the Dalki appeared, they had almost put their battles aside to deal with the oncoming threat. That’s when the video had finally changed to another scene. A fight between a five spiked Dalki with a large long tail, and Hilston.

The two of them were in the training room going back and forth, neither one giving in.

“Tell Logan or Sam that the teleporters are back online on some of the planets. Get the Cursed faction members that are unable to fight to come to the Daisy faction or here. Worst case scenario abandon the Cursed ship. They don’t need to risk their lives fighting for it.” Quinn answered.

“Wait Quinn, you’re not going to go back and fight them!” Wevil said surprised after hearing his answer.

“From the looks of things, the situation had actually gotten better for them since the Dalki invaded. The Dalki and Hilston seem to be equal in power but in the end one of them will lose out. Sil is still there and I can tell if someone is in serious danger. At any point I can travel to them. If I went now, honestly I’m not sure I could beat either one of them.

“The Cursed ship isn’t my only responsibility, and something dangerous is happening at the Cursed planets as well.”

Something in Quinn’s gut was telling him that the takeover of the Cursed planets were unnatural. He could tell when arriving on this planet. The Dalki were making a base, planning to stay here a long time, thinking that the battle would last.

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My Vampire System Chapter 1215: Last wish

Before leaving the place, Quinn wanted to check with Ko, the faction leader, if they would now be okay with him leaving. As he was ready to leave the faction base, he had Linda and Wevil following behind and had stopped by his office. The base itself was one of the few places that had been least affected by the attack and was also doubling up as a safe centre for civilians. This Shelter has suffered a lot, and even more so since the Graylash faction were unable to help them like they had done on the other planets.

Quinn still felt like he was partly to blame, perhaps if he had found out what was the cause of the Marked and what the Demon tier beast was earlier, more could have survived, especially Robin.

“Quinn, honestly I heard about all the other bases being attacked and I have seen part of the Broadcast. I’m quite surprised you even came here, but you don’t have to worry about us. The stray Dalki left out there will take a while until they do anything. Besides we are a strong faction.”

Hearing this had settled Quinn’s heart a little, for he had planned to take the other Cursed members back with him. Usually, Quinn would try to complete quests on his own, but he knew he needed all the help he could get.

“I know these people belong to the Graylash faction, but you and I have been through a lot. The teleporters to the Daisy planet are up and running. I believe it’s one of the only few places that are. If there is a sudden attack, then the safest place to retreat to would be there.” Quinn answered.

With that said and done, Quinn was ready to leave the base and outside was the last member of the Cursed faction. Alex Stood there waiting, but he wasn’t alone and he looked kind of nervous.

“What the?” Wevil commented, rubbing his eyes. “Am I seeing things, or does that large muscular man have the same set of wings as Alex as well?” Wevil asked.

Quinn was about to ask the same thing but now knowing that it wasn’t some type of hallucination, he soon used his inspect skill.

[Blood fairy]

‘Another Blood fairy? His wings are twice the size Alex’s, but then again, Andrew is twice the size of him as well. For a second I thought he might have been another subclass.’

Knowing that the forger Andrew worked closely together with Alex, Quinn had an idea of what most likely happened.

‘I warn you that this will be another thing that will need to be hidden from the vampire society. One of them, you could perhaps play it off as a subclass that you never intended to create, but with two, there is a good chance that any of the leaders could use this as a case that you were planning to go against them.’ Vincent warned.

‘At the moment that is the least of my worries. If Alex wishes to save someone he feels is close to him and worth saving, then I will agree with his decision and support him.’ Quinn replied.

There was also another reason why Quinn wasn't so against the idea of having two blood fairies. Andrew was considered one of the top forgers in the world and Quinn was thinking of ways to convince him over to their side.

"Quinn, look I can explain." Alex started to get defensive, and by the look on Andrew's face, it looked like Alex had already gone over explaining the difficult part of things.

"Don't worry, I'm sure you had your reasons. Come on, we need to get out of here." Quinn said, as they headed to a special room located around the back of the main faction building. A place where all the teleporters had been placed. It seemed like the Dalki didn't even bother to attack such a place since they knew that they were unable to use them and it was why Quinn had to destroy the mothership despite the fact that it didn't help out with his Quest.

"When we get back, Linda, Wevil, I want you two to head to one of the Cursed planets KunKun, I will be heading to a different one to the two of you. Make sure you keep your shadow abilities active at all times. That way I can hop over to where you are when I can." Quinn ordered.

"Wait, don't you think it will be safer if we all go together. I know your strong Quinn, but there might also be Dalki that even we can't face." Linda replied. "We were struggling there enough as it is."

It was hard for Quinn to say why, because really he was doing it mainly due to his quest, but that would mean he would have to explain the system to them all.

"The Dalki seemed to be building a base of some kind on each of the planets, and at the same time none of the Shelters could get help due to the teleporters being jammed. We need to get rid of those teleporters as quickly as possible. The only way to travel at the moment is via ship. If we both head to different planets. Once I am done dealing with the mothership on my end, I can use my shadow link to travel to you two.

"The idea is, me and Alex will travel towards the Cursed faction in one sector. While you two in the other. After dealing with the mother ship, I'll hop over to you two and deal with the Dalki there, while Alex makes his way to another planet, and soon hop back."



To the Cursed members there it sounded like a lot of work, but they had learnt that somehow Quinn was already able to take out two of the Dalki ships. It was clear that this was something that only he could do.

“Quinn, I also managed to finish this.” Alex said, handing over Quinn’s red mask that he had given to Alex a while ago. “I managed to use that upgraded crystal and it looks like it worked. I increased it from the emperor tier and now it’s at the legendary tier. I know you’re plenty strong already, but every little bit helps, right?”

Using his inspect skill, Quinn looked at the stats of the mask. Originally it was an incomplete emperor tier item so it didn’t grant the user much. But it did have a passive skill that allowed one’s adrenaline points to rise, which in turn could boost a single stat.

“Alex, bringing you along will be dangerous. You don’t have the best equipment yourself. Even here you had to face some trouble, so I think it’s best if you keep it, and I don’t want you or Andrew to wait any longer. Make yourselves the best equipment you can. You have to protect yourselves before you can protect others.

“The same goes for you Quinn.” Alex said smiling.

—

Returning to the Daisy planet, Quinn could see that things were good here. The walls were just as intact as they were before, a few members were injured but they were light injuries. It seemed while he was away the few Dalki that were still out and about on the planet, had attempted an attack, but had failed.

[3/10 planets lost]

Looking at the Quest, Quinn didn’t even have time to explain to Helen what he was doing but just quickly updated her on everything. Telling her that he had informed people that they could come to them for protection. He also requested another ship, for Wevil and Linda’s use.

Helen had returned to give Quinn the news that both of the ships he had requested were ready.

“Wait Quinn, with the teleporters active, more people from the planets will start to come to the Shelter. I’m sure the Dalki will catch on to this, and they may even target this planet again as an excuse for it. Which is why I can’t go with you, but I have received news and the other planets need help. So eight of the blood weapon users that helped fight with you before are coming with you. I have split them up into two groups to go along with you.”

Last time, two of them had lost their lives because they had decided to come and help Quinn, but he couldn’t deny that they could help fight off the enemies at the Shelter while he did what he needed to do.

“Thank you.” Quinn answered as he was ready to leave, turning around, he soon felt someone grab his hand and pull him in. Based on the strength used, he knew it wasn’t an enemy and soon saw the one pulling him was Helen.

Her face went in close to his, his mind was freezing in the moment, and before he knew it she had grabbed him by the scruff off his neck and pulled him in. Pressing her lips against his.

‘There so...soft..’ Quinn thought at that moment.

She had let go, and had a guilty look on her face.

“I’m sorry Quinn, but I just had to be even more selfish just this once. If I told you I wasn’t scared I would be lying. With the war going on, I have already seen people dying and getting reports from all the other planets. There is a good chance that maybe you and I will never see each other again after this, and if I didn’t kiss you at least once. I would have died with a huge regret.”

After saying these words, Helen looked at Quinn expecting some sort of answer from him, and Quinn could see this as well, but while thinking about her, another girl had popped into his head.

‘Quinn, don’t not now, instead use this to encourage her.’ Vincent came in before Quinn could say what he was about to say.

“I won't accept it. I won't accept that as your last wish. You want to experience more things like this right? Well then live and don't die, that way you have the chance to experience it again, because I won't be dying.”

My Vampire System Chapter 1216

Catching up

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They were too large and powerful to be tied down or hidden underneath some type of clothing. The other four blooded weapon users on the ship with them couldn't stop staring as well, as if they were hypnotised by the red colour.

‘Damn, am I feeling a little jealous?’ Alex thought.

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‘The weaker planets probably needed more help with the process, but this was one of the closer ones. I’m sorry for all the lives I can’t save.’ Quinn thought.

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“Everyone, let’s go, jump!” Quinn Shouted, breaking through the loud sound of the wind.

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“Look at everyone else. They seem ready.” Andrew said. “Shouldn’t we be the least worried since we have wings?”

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In the middle of the air, Quinn unleashed the Dalki that was in his shadow lock, appearing next to him.

There were around twelve Dalki in total on the ground. A squad leader of around fifty or so people fighting, and a few of them with blood weapons.

“What is that?” One of them asked as they could see several people falling from the sky. Just as the people were about to crash into the hard ground, a large dome of shadow appeared, covering the centre area where the Dalki were bunched up. The next second, the shadow fell to the ground, and Quinn was seen with the others standing behind thier weapons drawn. Setting off, Quinn was already fighting against the Dalki.

In seconds Quinn had turned the battle. He swung out his fist, firing off large blood swipes, stopping them from getting close to the others. Blood drills were formed, killing Dalki on the spot, and Qi punches were made, sending the unmatched creature in strength, flying through the sky.

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After an hour, so the good news had arrived, Vincent could see the notification screen popping up in front of him.

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The good news was, with Vincent fighting, he had unlocked a third slot in the amulet. Growing Quinn’s army of Dalki even more so. This pattern repeated, and having no need to travel in space, and having obtained a third Dalki after a few failures, the third ship had been taken down.

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By the time Quinn had dealt with the third ship, travelling back to Alex, they had swiftly arrived at the planet, and the process was repeated once more.

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On top of that, Quinn's plan this time on the fifth Dalki ship didn't quite go to plan. After infiltrating the base in many different ways, it looked like the Dalki were communicating with each other.

After entering the ship and heading to the usual jammer room. Quinn, controlling one of the Dalki, had gone inside after killing the guards, but suddenly, he could see three spiked Dalki inside guarding the room. A fist had come towards his face, delivering a blow that his current body couldn't withstand.

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Quinn quickly returned to the two Dalki that were on board, and they were in the midst of battle. Using the power of the amulet, Quinn gave a huge surge of energy to one of the Dalki's enough so that the two of them could eventually beat the three spike, and the ship was taken down.

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My Vampire System Chapter 1217

The impossible ques

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Their forces had suffered a few skirmishes here and there, but the Dalki still hadn’t managed to get past the first trench that had been created by the group. Since the V now were no longer present within the army, Samantha’s tactics on defence were working far better.

They had reinforced their defences, moving slowly, gaining territory further and further away from the land. The close combat ability users would be present in the trenches that were now covered in snow. Making it harder for the Dalki to pinpoint where they were.

Traps could be cleverly implemented, and this time, no one would be informing the enemy side.

At the same time, towers with far ranged ability users were scouting to spot the Dalki before they arrived. Before, Samantha's goal was trying to get rid of the mothership or the base that the Dalki was trying to set up.

However, after learning of One Horn, they decided that the slower approach was best.

Sitting in his makeshift office was Sach, who was getting reports after reports.

"Quinn, what the hell are you doing that is allowing you to take down the motherships so quickly?" Sach wondered. Despite asking the faction leaders what had occurred, it sounded like they didn't know much, and even worse, Sach could see that the Cursed faction ship was still in trouble.

'Two planets have been evacuated so far from the Earthborn group, but I told them to detour to planet Kimbar since One Horn is here. It's a good thing that the Cursed faction sent us their two army groups, but once the evacuation is done, what to do next?'

This was what Sach was struggling with because rather than looking at individual battles, Sach was still trying to look at the war as a whole. After the Dalki had attacked, they had gotten more information on the entire situation.

The Dalki had enough Motherships to send one to every single planet that the Earth owned. It had come as quite the surprise to him that the Dalki had this many forces, but still, the humans were outnumbering them ten thousand to one, not that it meant much in the first place.

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'It might be best to send Nathan and the other group to attack the Dalki planets just like they had done ours. Their forces could be spread thin, and it might get them to split up. If they aren't expecting it, we can blitz the planets and move out, easing the pressure on our own forces. Or there is another option.

'Why is One Horn even here in the first place?' Sach was thinking about the planet where he had confronted One Horn with the others. 'Oscar had told us to attack the planet that belonged to the Earthborn group because he was afraid they might use it to attack us in the future. We are in a severe situation now, yet there has been no action from that planet at all. On top of that, if One Horn is here, it means that he isn't there either.

'Maybe, sending Nathan there might be the best thing, and we can find out why the Dalki find that place so important in the first place.'

He still hadn't made up his mind, but what Sach had to keep in mind was even if they successfully defended their planets from this current attack and got rid of the Dalki mother ships, the war wasn't over because there was still the Dalki planets themselves remaining, and thinking about this, he still had no clear way of just how they were going to win this war.

----

Planet Ortun was a dark planet where the ground was primarily black. It had a challenging environment where part of the ground would spew up hot molten lava at times. It wasn't the best place for humans to live in, but the setting did encourage strong beasts to roam, which was why it was an important planet for the Cursed faction.

Arriving at the Shelter and meeting up with Weevil and Linda, Quinn was surprised at how small it was, but this was most likely due to the environment. It was one of the few places where no such civilians lived, and the only people that were there were high-level travellers.

"I heard about this place, but it's so far out I never visited here," Iree said, as she saw what looked like a giant volcano in the distance erupt, it spewed lava down its sides, and smoke could be seen rising from the top.

“The Shelter is on the small side. I think only around two hundred or so Travelers actually live here.” Yag added. “It seems like the Shelter wasn’t attacked at all. Even the Dalki will have a hard time travelling on this terrain.”

Quinn wasn’t sure about that one, even more so since using the Dlaki’s body, he was coming to learn just how resistant their hard scales were. It was no wonder that bullets of the past were unable to penetrate their problematic skin.

‘If the Dalki aren’t attacking the Shelter, it might be best if I come with you Quinn for this one like the first planet. After all, you know how much we struggled on the last one.’ Vincent suggested.

It was true, the Dalki were catching on to Quinn’s plans, and there was a good chance that they would have increased the defences on the ship itself, so the plan that he had implemented so far wouldn’t work out this time.

‘You have a point, then I think what we should try and do is get our third slot back. It could be a big help to us in the end.’

With that agreed by the two of them, they were soon off searching the unforgivable land for the Dalki. At the moment, Quinn was in complete control of his body, and he was trying his best to control both of the Dalki more accurately.

Soon they came across a strange giant caterpillar creature. Its body looked like it was made of fur, but Quinn thought that was impossible as it had seen it crawl over a small stream of hot lava without it catching fire or burning. It was also difficult to see since its fur looked to be camouflaged similarly to the ground it was on.

This was the perfect test for Quinn. He controlled the two Dalki, moving them to defeat the king tier beast. While being a puppet master of one, Quinn was noticing something interesting from the other. Although he had just given it simple commands, it seemed to now be fighting in a different style to what it had done before.

Before, it was fighting similar to how the Dalki would fight on their born natural instincts, but now the Dalki was using the skills Quinn knew known as Muay baron. Soon Quinn had defeated the beast with the Dalki and had obtained its crystal.

'There fighting techniques are evolving as I use them more and more. They are no longer just a normal one spiked Dalki. I wonder if this information is permanent or if they die, they have to learn the skills all over again as I get a new Marked?' Quinn thought.

Thinking about evolving, he also thought about something else. The first Dalki Quinn had defeated on the mother ship said. That Dalki said they grew from hard battles. Growing in strength, breaking down and healing again.

Did it mean that it was also possible for Quinn to grow the Marked Dalki that he controlled? If so, there would be no need for him to try and waste time getting a two spiked Dalki. He could just evolve his own.

It was an interesting thought that could help Quinn in the future, but now wasn't the time. Continuing to head towards the giant mothership in the sky, Quinn had come across his first set of Dalki that were out roaming about. It looked like they were currently having trouble facing off against beasts that naturally roamed the planet as well.

'I guess the beasts from the other planets had stayed clear of them, but these ones are a little different to the usual.' Quinn gathered.

Finding the right time, Quinn went in to deal with them along with his two Dalki. He was getting used to the right amount of energy he needed to supply them with to efficiently deal with an opponent in equal strength. However, now that they were learning his fighting skills, they could still fight other Dalki with even less borrowed energy from Quinn.

Lastly, they had captured the last Dalki and had unlocked the third slot. So far, the process of marking a Dalki had been a strange one. He was unlucky at first, being successful on his third try. Still, sometimes it would take him five times. Sometimes he would be successful on his first go, which made it hard for Quinn to exactly know the odds of capturing a Dalki or if he had just been unlucky or lucky.

However, soon he had obtained his third Dalki once again.

“Alright, It’s time to head to the mothership again. We’ll do this one together, Vincent.” Quinn said, but just before he was about to leave, a disastrous message had appeared in front of him, updating him about the quest.

[7/10 Cursed planets have been taken over]

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Quinn couldn’t believe his eyes, despite everything he had done, it looked like his quest might still fail after all.

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‘Maybe, sending Nathan there might be the best thing, and we can find out why the Dalki find that place so important in the first place.’

He still hadn't made up his mind, but what Sach had to keep in mind was even if they successfully defended their planets from this current attack and got rid of the Dalki mother ships, the war wasn't over because there was still the Dalki planets themselves remaining, and thinking about this, he still had no clear way of just how they were going to win this war.

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Planet Ortun was a dark planet where the ground was primarily black. It had a challenging environment where part of the ground would spew up hot molten lava at times. It wasn't the best place for humans to live in, but the setting did encourage strong beasts to roam, which was why it was an important planet for the Cursed faction.

Arriving at the Shelter and meeting up with Weevil and Linda, Quinn was surprised at how small it was, but this was most likely due to the environment. It was one of the few places where no such civilians lived, and the only people that were there were high-level travellers.

"I heard about this place, but it's so far out I never visited here," Iree said, as she saw what looked like a giant volcano in the distance erupt, it spewed lava down its sides, and smoke could be seen rising from the top.

"The Shelter is on the small side. I think only around two hundred or so Travelers actually live here." Yag added. "It seems like the Shelter wasn't attacked at all. Even the Dalki will have a hard time travelling on this terrain."

Quinn wasn't sure about that one, even more so since using the Dlaki's body, he was coming to learn just how resistant their hard scales were. It was no wonder that bullets of the past were unable to penetrate their problematic skin.

'If the Dalki aren't attacking the Shelter, it might be best if I come with you Quinn for this one like the first planet. After all, you know how much we struggled on the last one.'" Vincent suggested.

It was true, the Dalki were catching on to Quinn's plans, and there was a good chance that they would have increased the defences on the ship itself, so the plan that he had implemented so far wouldn't work out this time.

'You have a point, then I think what we should try and do is get our third slot back. It could be a big help to us in the end.'

With that agreed by the two of them, they were soon off searching the unforgivable land for the Dalki. At the moment, Quinn was in complete control of his body, and he was trying his best to control both of the Dalki more accurately.

Soon they came across a strange giant caterpillar creature. Its body looked like it was made of fur, but Quinn thought that was impossible as it had seen it crawl over a small stream of hot lava without it catching fire or burning. It was also difficult to see since its fur looked to be camouflaged similarly to the ground it was on.

This was the perfect test for Quinn. He controlled the two Dalki, moving them to defeat the king tier beast. While being a puppet master of one, Quinn was noticing something interesting from the other. Although he had just given it simple commands, it seemed to now be fighting in a different style to what it had done before.

Before, it was fighting similar to how the Dalki would fight on their born natural instincts, but now the Dalki was using the skills Quinn knew known as Muay baron. Soon Quinn had defeated the beast with the Dalki and had obtained its crystal.

'Their fighting techniques are evolving as I use them more and more. They are no longer just a normal one spiked Dalki. I wonder if this information is permanent or if they die, they have to learn the skills all over again as I get a new Marked?' Quinn thought.

Thinking about evolving, he also thought about something else. The first Dalki Quinn had defeated on the mother ship said. That Dalki said they grew from hard battles. Growing in strength, breaking down and healing again.

Did it mean that it was also possible for Quinn to grow the Marked Dalki that he controlled? If so, there would be no need for him to try and waste time getting a two spiked Dalki. He could just evolve his own.

It was an interesting thought that could help Quinn in the future, but now wasn't the time. Continuing to head towards the giant mothership in the sky, Quinn had come across his first set of Dalki that were out roaming about. It looked like they were currently having trouble facing off against beasts that naturally roamed the planet as well.

'I guess the beasts from the other planets had stayed clear of them, but these ones are a little different to the usual.' Quinn gathered.

Finding the right time, Quinn went in to deal with them along with his two Dalki. He was getting used to the right amount of energy he needed to supply them with to efficiently deal with an opponent in equal strength. However, now that they were learning his fighting skills, they could still fight other Dalki with even less borrowed energy from Quinn.

Lastly, they had captured the last Dalki and had unlocked the third slot. So far, the process of marking a Dalki had been a strange one. He was unlucky at first, being successful on his third try. Still, sometimes it would take him five times. Sometimes he would be successful on his first go, which made it hard for Quinn to exactly know the odds of capturing a Dalki or if he had just been unlucky or lucky.

However, soon he had obtained his third Dalki once again.

"Alright, It's time to head to the mothership again. We'll do this one together, Vincent." Quinn said, but just before he was about to leave, a disastrous message had appeared in front of him, updating him about the quest.

[7/10 Cursed planets have been taken over]

[8/10 Cursed planets have been taken over]

[9/10 Cursed planets have been taken over]

Quinn couldn't believe his eyes, despite everything he had done, it looked like his quest might still fail after all.

My Vampire System Chapter 1218



Fight for me

Seeing the first notification screen pop up, Quinn wasn't too overwhelmed. He knew that at some point, he would see a notification pop up saying that one of the Cursed planets had been taken over. Especially since it had been a long time since one appeared. Seeing it was a reminder that he had to keep marching on.

However, soon after, not just one notification appeared but two more. Now he was only one planet away from the quest failing. His eyes couldn't leave the number as he read it over and over.

'Just...one more?' Quinn's whole hand was shaking as a feeling of dread was coming over him. His stomach was churning, wanting to escape from himself, and he started to feel incredibly cold.

'What is happening to me?' Not even Quinn understood himself why he was feeling this way.

He never thought just failing a quest from the System would make him feel like so, but there was a reason for it all, and it was his own fault.

Quinn had already sacrificed so much for the quest. He had no clue what was happening to those in the Cursed faction. The fighting had started multiple hours ago, and he could tell from the bond that they were still fighting.

Still, he told himself it was for the quest. Once he would complete the quest, he could go off to help them. He had put the quest up so high above in importance, above everything else, telling himself that if he was to fail this quest, he wouldn't be able to help the Cursed planets or those in the Cursed faction from Hilston.

It was the only way he could concentrate on such a task while other things were going on.

All of these thoughts had been used for motivation, and now they had come crashing down crushing him until his last breath.

'Quinn, Quinn!' Vincent yelled in his mind, grabbing his attention. 'Don't lose hope! The quest isn't complete yet, and there is always something that we can do! Don't let a stupid system be the decider of everything before it actually happens. There are still things we can do.'

Quinn awkwardly laughed inside. The System had already decided his course of actions for him. It was why he was in this challenging situation in the first place. Once again, the thought of the System being an actual Curse rather than a gift came to mind.

Swiping away the notification screen, Quinn looked at the Dalki mothership in front of him. It was still a far distance away, and he needed to take down five more.

Not just five more, but five more before the Dalki took over one. How long would that even take? Quinn wouldn't be surprised if the next notification screen appeared any second, failing him.

'What happened? How did three get taken over so fast? I thought with the long waiting period something must have happened?' As Quinn was thinking things through, there was really only one answer he could come up with. It had to do with the planet evacuations. If a few of them were complete or in the middle of their process, the quest would mark them as having lost their planets.

Quinn had managed to convince Helen to try not to concentrate the forces too much in one place, but in the end, he couldn't just tell her not to try and save people's lives just because he was worried that the System might make him weaker if he fails. There wasn't even a guarantee that it would be the case. Then how would he feel after if he was to ignore the quest?

'Quinn, I have a suggestion that might not solve our problem but gives us a chance.' Vincent said. 'I'll be honest with you, I agree with your train of thought. Due to how big of a quest this is and based on what has happened in the past, I think that the rewards would be good if we were to complete this quest.'

'After all, if the System really is using my ability, my powers within itself, then just this level of a task is too high. Which I hate to say, but I think that if we were to fail, it would also mean that the penalty would be large as well.'

This wasn't what Quinn wanted to hear, so he was starting to wonder just where Vincent was going with all of this.

'If we fail the quest and you can't complete it, then there is a chance you could go down a few levels, your stats are affected or something else. I know your worries. You worry that you're not strong enough to face Hilston, or the five spiked Dalki he is facing, but if your stats went down, then it would just be the same. This is why I think we should use this time. At this moment, all of your stats are unaffected!'

'So I should just give up on the quest, abandon all of these people on the Cursed planets? Even if I didn't complete it, I should at least help them eliminate the Dalki to minimise the losses. Maybe I can continue to level up from them!' Quinn questioned since he had levelled up another time since he had fought all those before, currently bringing his level up to 69.

In his mind, even if he lost the stats, there was a good chance that at level 70, Quinn could evolve, which would make up for the loss, but even then, there was no guarantee.

'No, my solution is, let me fight.'" Said Vincent. "My solution is to let me use your body and head to the Cursed faction. You can use the Dalki strength and control two at the same time. Even if you run into tough ones, you can face them, and if needed, borrow energy and continue to take down the ships.

'If you need to use your original body, I can always come back here, thanks to Wevil and Linda. I will fight in your place, Quinn and help out those in the Cursed faction as much as possible.'

This was a solution Quinn hadn't thought of. For so long, he had been fighting by himself, and even when he had others, there was no one other than Sil that was currently at the level where they could help. There were times where Quinn wished he could clone himself, and perhaps this was the closest situation to it.

In the end, the risk involved in this situation was lowered. If Vincent couldn't take on Hilston he could at least help all the others on the Cursed ship. At the same time, if Quinn ran into another great foe in the Dalki, he could take some of his own energy from his body, and if he died, he would only be placed back in his original body.

'I can only control your body. If I could, I would take your place and be the Dalki taking down the motherships. This is the best way, and I promise I will try my best to save as many lives as possible.

Quinn, trust me, I know how much the Cursed people mean to you, and I know how much you want to help everyone.'

Thinking about this, Quinn felt like he had no choice. The idea of the penalty was too strong.

'Vincent...do your best out there. If there's any trouble, then I will be back. I trust you...kinda.' Quinn said, thinking back to the strange girl he had seen before.

With that, Vincent was soon off in the shadow and was heading back to the Cursed ship. Quinn was now in control of the Dalki body they had just captured and had two more by his side.

Quinn and the two Dalki continued to travel together. What Quinn was finding strange was how little Dalki there were on this planet compared to all the others before. Even in the scout team he had met, there was only a few.

'Is there a type of dangerous beast on this planet that has been killing them? Or is it because they know the force on the Shelter is small, but they still sent a mothership, so that can't be the case.' Quinn wondered.

Eventually, Quinn could see the mothership up ahead that was floating at the base of what looked like an inactive volcano. The others that Quinn had seen had all been somewhat active. Either in smoke, eruptions or spewing out some substance of some kind, but this one was larger than the others and was doing pretty much nothing.

When he had reached the foot of the volcano, he had expected to see another camp of Dalki that was being established just as he had seen all the times before, but there was no such thing. Instead, in the distance, Quinn could only see a single Dalki standing there.

'What, where are all the Dalki? Did they stay onboard the ship?' Quinn thought, but something was strange. As Quinn got closer, he was expecting some sort of ambush, but there seemed to be no such thing. Hiss cautious nature was telling him something was up, because the strangest thing of them all, was the fact that the Dalki that stood there on its own, was wearing clothes of all things.

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My Vampire System Chapter 1219: Crash Landing

While Vincent was in Quinn's body, using the shadow abilities still felt very foreign to him. He could use the blood skills in Quinn's body without having to rely on the system because he had used these skills and the same moves in his body a long time ago, again and again.



At the same time, Quinn's body, due to it having evolved into the Vampire lord stage, wasn't actually all that different to what Vincent had in the past. But the shadow abilities were a different matter altogether. To use them, Vincent had to access the system. When using the shadow link skill, it gave him a few options of people he could connect to that also had their shadow link on.

'There are a couple on the Cursed ship that have the Shadow ability, but the question is who should I go towards?' Vincent wondered. 'There was that strong blockhead fighter, Nate? No, in this situation there is a high chance he is still in the middle of combat. What I need to gather first is information. I have no clue what has happened on the Cursed ship nor why the fighting has prolonged for this long. The one I need to go to is Sam.'

After making his decision, Vincent soon found his body becoming a shadow itself. When his body was forming back to its solid state, he could see himself appearing in front of Sam, but the sight wasn't exactly what he thought it would be.

When seeing Sam, he looked partially injured. Blood was dripping from his head and was all over his clothes. That wasn't the shocking thing though, what was shocking about the situation was where they were currently. From staring out of the square window in the room, Vincent could see they were around three stories high in some type of building. The walls were made of a hard orange brick of some sort.

In the room itself, he wasn't alone. Layla and Nate were conscious but lying on the floor. It seemed like they were unable to move as they would constantly whine and groan in pain, and lastly, the two reporters Bonny and Void, were present as well.

"Quinn! You're here!" Bonny shouted as she was the first one to spot them. Void, who was by her side, quickly grabbed her and reminded her that she needed to be quiet, making a shushing sound. Sam, who was constantly peeping out of the large window, not seeing anything, smiled when he turned and saw who it was, but that smile quickly faded.

"Quinn, your back. I couldn't get in contact with you before, so I thought something serious had happened to you, but you look fine." Sam spoke quietly.

"What happened here? Why aren't you on the Cursed ship?" Vincent asked, thinking that the current situation was far more critical than telling his own story. Where were the rest of the Cursed members?

Why were they on the planet? The last time they had watched the live stream, they could see that they were still on the ship. So much had clearly changed.

Glancing over to Void, Vincent could see that he was still working away, and it looked like the live stream was still being broadcasted.

Sam didn't say much at first. But he poked his head out of the window carefully again. Seeing how cautious his actions were, Vincent was doing the same. Also, with his careful hearing, he could hear that there was still fighting going on in, but it was a distance away.

"If you look out far enough, I think you will be able to spot it. That's the Cursed ship over there." Sam pointed.

Looking out the window, Vincent could see that the cursed ship was stuck in the sand. It didn't look like it had received the best of landings as pieces were hanging off. Now he realised that they were on a planet.

"It's quite a story, I don't know if you know, but the Blade family attacked us, and they didn't come alone, but they had also unleashed all the captives they held on us as well. But where things started to change was when the Dalki arrived. I'll catch you up as much as I can..."

---

When the attacks from the Blade family ship had stopped. It gave Logan more time to figure out the situation on the ship. He was using his spiders and the cameras onboard to see everything that was going on, but what also turned out to be a good source of information for himself was the live stream that was coming from Void.

Although Logan could see everything, he had to remain where he was in the command centre for a few reasons. He was using his soul weapon to repair any structures that were needed on the ship. With the most powerful ability users fighting against each other, there were sure to be holes here and there that would lead to severe problems if left unattended.

As quickly as they were being made, he was fixing them, but he couldn't do that forever. At the same time, he kept the fighting on the ship to certain areas. Opening and closing off certain areas, making it so all of those would choose to go a certain way around the ship, but there were a few people he couldn't control, and that was the Blade family themselves.

'If they start fighting with their full strength, I don't think my MC cells can keep up. I have to do something.'

Using his calculations, Logan ultimately made a choice to head towards Planet Caladi. The desert planet that was closest. The only thing was while he was on his way there, he had run into a certain Dalki mothership hovering nearby, and they didn't exactly look like they were just going to let them land.

In a quick split decision, seeing the chaos and struggle everyone was facing and hoping to cause even less harm, Logan allowed them to purposely board the ship. It was a risk, but he had hoped that the fighting that was happening between humans at the moment would soon be concentrated on the third enemy that was coming towards them, the only thing he didn't calculate was just who would be coming onboard the ship, and that was a five spiked Dalki.

They had yet to run into one, so why of all things was there one in a place like so next to a planet like so. The only thing he could think was that the Cursed faction was genuinely cursed.

The fighting between the Dalki and Hilston was already causing trouble for Logan. All of the training rooms were reinforced, but with two titans, the damage and attacks were unable to be contained, and as the fight went on, they both started to use more of their strength. If they continued to fight then, Logan could see half of the ship disappearing and all of them dying on the spot.

'I got reports that the teleporters on the ship aren't working anymore, ever since the Dalki came on board. Only a few people managed to use them to escape in time. Damn it, we need to get there quicker!'

Heading towards the planet, Logan knew he would have to put more energy into the thrusters and break through the atmosphere. Calculating it with the planet's gravity pulling them in, it was going to be a rough landing for all of them.

[Everyone, this is Logan. Brace for impact, we are approaching planet Caladi at an incredible speed. We will Crash!]

The message ended there, and it didn't take long for everyone on board the ship to feel just what was happening. Logan could see the giant ship heading straight towards a sandy desert not too far away from the Shelter.

He was doing his best to slow it down, changing the ship's shape using his ability to make it more wind resistant. Parts of the ship were breaking off and flying, the front was getting incredibly hot, but he knew they all needed to pull through.

Lifting the ship up at the right moment, the large Cursed ship started to skim across the sand. Crashing and bouncing more than once. Waves of sand were chucked up in the sky each time, everywhere, and the sudden impact sent those that were fighting inside off their feet.

Even Logan himself was unable to keep his hands on the command centre. When it finally stopped, Logan pulled himself up. He noticed that the ship was still in good condition. They would still be able to fly. With a few weeks of work, they could get it back into top shape in no time, bringing it back to what it originally was.

'There's one thing I need to do.' Logan thought, placing his hands on the command console one last time. All of the exits for a crash landing in such a situation like this one were now opening. Parts of the outer layer of the armour were ejected from the main ship, and several exits were seen all over. Allowing for everyone inside to exit from the ship.

There were around a 1000 Cursed members aboard. The ship could hold more, but some had already left, and there were those that had left when the Cursed revealed themselves as V.

Immediately, people started to leave the Cursed ship, but they weren't the only thing that were leaving. As Dalki could be seen continuing to fight, not taking a break.

A few seconds later, and a large explosion was heard coming from the centre of the ship, and in the air, Hilston could be seen having been grabbed by a Dalki with its feet by his shoulders and was thrown far off into the sand.

Exiting out of the Cursed ship as well, Sam was trying to act as quickly as possible. Many of the chained were in combat with the Dalki, but his priority was not getting rid of the Dalki, but getting everyone to a safe place. With the Shelter nearby, he just wanted all of the others to get away from the fighting that was about to occur. So he had made that his target. Telling everyone to go towards the Shelter while letting the Chained fight the Dalki.

----

Back in the room, Sam had just gotten to this part of the story.

“I know it might have been wrong to abandon the others, but I needed to look out for the Cursed faction most of all. Still, all of this was my mistake. I should have remembered that planet Caladi was one of the first planets evacuated by the Earthborn group. When everyone arrived at the Shelter, it had already been taken over by a group of Dalki. The fight wasn’t over even for us.”

My Vampire System Chapter 1220: Vincent’s truth

Listening to the story, Vincent could only imagine the horror those on the Cursed ship had been through. At first, they were forced to go against their fellow humans, the strongest ability users that were known to exist. After feeling like they had pulled through, the Dalki had arrived.

Although, judging from the story, the Dalki had allowed them a bit of rest, but only for a moment. Then when they had finally crashed as their only option. They thought that they could head to safety at the Shelter, that everything was over, only to enter a den full of Dalki.

“It was my fault.” Sam continued to say. “I was the one that led them to this Shelter, not thinking about it properly. Perhaps we could have tried to find a better place on the ship to huddle up. The strong Cursed members could have helped those fighting against the Dalki. Instead, we just jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire.”

Sam had continued on his story from where he had left off before. After rallying those in the Cursed faction, they headed for the Shelter with a few Dalki hot on their tails. Luckily there were still a few strong fighters left that were able to help and fight them off, Dennis and Fex being two of them.

Eventually, after reaching the Shelter, it was only later that Sam realised his error. The Dalki in the Shelter had turned their attention towards the Cursed group that had arrived. They had grouped up, attacking them immediately. What was worse was the longer they spent fighting, the more Dalki would appear from the Shelter.

Realising his mistake, Sam was panicking and now was overthinking what decisions to make.

It was then that those in the Cursed faction had stepped up. The other leaders sacrificed themselves and had chosen to lead them off while fighting the Dalki.

The good news was that the Shelter was a large one. There were many different buildings they could use for cover. It was a Shelter that had been built for around thirty or so thousand people in the first place. The Dalki and the Cursed faction weren't large in number, so it was like a large game of hide and seek for the two. The Shelter could act like a small town, hiding between houses and more.

Which was exactly what Sam and the others with him were doing now. The split up had happened so fast, Sam had no clue where the others were. The only thing he could rely on was his nose, but he had two that were unable to move Nate and Layla with him.

He wanted to go out and search for the others to see if they were okay using his nose, knowing the worse ones would be bleeding.

'With the two of them, it's hard for me to even move and help anyone. I don't really know what happened, but they haven't been able to recover.' Sam looked at Layla and Nate on the ground. The good thing was Sam had vampire strength, allowing him to lift the two of them.

"I told you to leave us. We will manage." Nate croaked, looking up. His eyes squinted as pain ran through his body. Even just moving his head was painful.

“Sam, do you really think it’s your fault?” Vincent asked. “Do you know how many situations you have been put in and had to have made the right call? We can only look so far ahead, and we can’t see into the future. Who knows if you stayed on the ship, what would happen? Maybe a Dalki would have spotted you and sent all those in the Shelter onto the ship. You could have been trapped with nowhere to run.

“You are a key player in the Cursed faction, and you always have been. Without you, Quinn would have made far more disastrous mistakes.”

‘Did he just refer to himself in the third person?’ Sam thought but chose to ignore it anyway.

“Bonny, Void. I assume the live stream is still going on. Are you using those drones to see what’s going on at the moment?” Vincent asked.

The two were dazed as they didn’t expect Quinn to start asking them questions like so all of a sudden.

“Ermm, yes. The drones were safe from the impact. We are using them to find any of those who are too afraid to fight, but we haven’t been able to go out and help them. However, there is one drone that isn’t in the Shelter at the moment.” Void answered.

“One drone, what is it looking at the moment?” Vincent asked.

“The fight between the five spiked Dalki and Hilston. Their fight has pushed beyond the Shelter, and they are still going at it even now.” Bonny answered.

For a fight to last this long, it meant only one thing, that the two titans that were fighting against each other were evenly matched. Still, when two strong foes fought against each other, it also meant that one wrong move and either one of them could end each other.

“For now, I think we should search for the strong ones in the Cursed faction. Sil, Borden, Fex, Dennis, Megan and Peter. We need to gather them all and regroup. A winner will eventually come out from the big two, and we have to use this opportunity to strike them while they are weak. Either way, today we will be getting rid of them both.” Vincent said as he walked towards the door.

"I'm sick and tired of him having to worry about a human of all things. It's not right." Vincent mumbled.

"Don't worry about the Dalki in this Shelter." He continued. "I'll get rid of them all." Before Vincent left, he stopped and looked at Bony for a few seconds. He started her straight in the eye as her face flushed red.

'I guess while I'm in his body, I should try to help him deal with the problems that he can't face. I'm just helping him out.'

"I would give up on the boy. He already has two on his mind that are too much for him to deal with. Maybe when he is older, and he doesn't have other problems, you can give it a go." After saying these words, no one saw 'Quinn' again.

"Was it just me, or was Quinn acting kind of weird?" Nate asked, hearing the whole thing.

But it wasn't just him. Everyone in the room felt like that wasn't the Quinn they knew. The way he talked, the fluctuations in his voice, and most of all, there was a strong air of confidence around him.

'That...that wasn't Quinn.' Was Layla's thought as her body was slowly recovering from using up all of her Qi. 'Who was that then, and where is Quinn?'

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Inside the Shelter. The Blade kids had managed to stay together. When they arrived, they had been attacked by a few Dalki. They tried their best to use their abilities against it, but fighting against the Dalki and humans were different. Their fast movements and extremely resilient and strength made it nearly impossible for them to use their hand to hand combat skills they had practised with.

However, they were fortunate due to Grim Graylash, an old man and the ex-leader of the Graylash faction, present with them. Regardless of this, the kids were still troubled because he was currently injured.



They too were hiding. They had found themselves inside a storage room of some sort. Most of the containers were empty or destroyed as if the Dalki had already been through the room before. Grim was holding his side close out his ribs where blood continued to flow. In the crash, one of the Chained took advantage of the situation and attacked the ex-family leader, causing a serious wound to his body.

'These kids are strong, but they will struggle against the Dalki out there. I need to find those that can protect them. I don't know how much longer I will last.' The old man thought it was at that moment. Three Dalki could be seen entering the large storage room. Or more correctly, they were heard.

The old man, along with the Blade kids, were hiding behind one of the storage containers. They held their breaths as the heavy footsteps continued.

"You know if you wanted to hide, then you shouldn't leave behind a trail of blood!" One of the Dalki shouted, noticing it outside of the place. He punched one of the strange continues in front of him, sending it flying to the side and crashing into the wall.

Yet, no one could be seen underneath.

'Blood, but I made sure to stop my wound with my ability?' It was then that Grim noticed he wasn't the only one that was hurt. One of the Blade kids had been injured as well. Blood was trickling down and could be seen under his trousers.

It was Adeel. He had been hurt in the crash as well but hadn't told any of the others, so they wouldn't worry about him. He didn't want them to stay in one place because of his injury, but moving made the wound worse.

It was then that the Dalki had spotted more trickles of blood leading towards another container. Seeing this, the Dalki smiled and called the other two.

"My my my, I thought trusting my nose would lead me to something interesting." A voice said in the back.

'Huh, another human, but who could that be, and why would the person reveal themselves? Who could possibly take on three Dalki at once?' The old man wondered.

My Vampire System Chapter 1221: An Awakening

A loud bang went off in the Shelter, and soon after, a building started to collapse, crumbling into pieces falling to the ground. It sounded like a bulldozer had gone full swing, hitting a building, but the sound didn't stop there as the bang was heard again, as another building was hit.

The cause of the noise was due to a mud-like humanoid beast being pushed back, crashing into the buildings. Right now, the beast had created a large shield, and a jet stream of water was pushing against it, not showing any signs of weakening. On initial impact, the strength had sent him through the buildings. Having reached the third building, he had found his footing. His back was up against the wall for support.

'Damn it! This Shelter is horrible for the beast's body to fight in. She has all this open space to use her powers and get away without me getting close!' Raten was complaining. Worst of all, even his mud shield didn't seem to be working out against Vicky's water powers. The strength of a Demi-god tier beast was losing.

Seeing that Raten was in trouble, Vorden soon made his move. He jumped between buildings, using his strong legs to propel himself like a spring, and heading straight for Vicky, who was standing in the middle of the street. Also, in the palm of his hand, a strong orb-like ball of wind was rotating, blue in colour.

The beast had wind powers, and through practice and speaking with Tails, who was inside of his mind, he found out that the wind attacks could actually be contained and controlled. Condensing them several times and holding them all in a ball. Essentially, it had the power of a tornado but with edges as sharp as a knife.

"I have no choice!" Vorden shouted, throwing out the wind ball towards Vicky, but before it reached her. Pai quickly jumped in the way, and his body could be seen hardening on the spot turning grey like a metal colour.

When the attack hit, the wind strikes enlarged and soon lifted Pai in the air. He was in a round Vortex, with the attacks constantly hitting him, but only faint scratches were made on his body.

“What are you two doing!” Vorden cried out as he could see Raten’s Shield turning into a slime mud substance. “There is no reason for us to fight! Shouldn’t we be getting rid of the Dalki, or you should be helping Hilston!?”

Vorden never wanted to fight his fellow siblings, who he had grown up with in the castle. He felt like there was even less reason for them to fight now. They had all caught a glimpse of the fight before they had arrived at the Shelter. Perhaps they didn’t want to believe it, but they could see. It seemed like Hilston was losing.

As if Vicky could read his mind, she shouted.

“As long as that man is alive, you know we have to do this! Hilston is a man that can never lose, never be beaten!”

Vorden wanted to say more, but being in the same position as herself, he could tell that Pai and her, the fact they were still acting out meant they were too far gone. Almost brainwashed in this belief.

‘The jet stream won’t stop, and I can’t put my shield down, but any longer, and it will melt. It doesn’t look like Vorden can do anything against Pai either, not that I expected any help from that weakling in the first place.’

‘Let me swap.’ A voice said inside of Raten’s head.

At first, he thought he was going crazy. Soon he realized that there really was someone else that occupied the same mind as him. Unlike Vorden, Raten hardly communicated with him.

‘Yeah right, you couldn’t even beat me in a fight. What makes you think you could beat her?’ Raten argued back.

'You might be good at fighting hand to hand, but I am better at using my powers. If you die, we both die!' The beast angrily said as it forced Raten out of its body, and the control was now coming from the beast.

The hard mud-like substance that would usually cover the rest of its body started to move and mix in with the mud Shield. Soon it created a large wall combining the two substances. The water continued to hit the wall making its consistency change by the second, but soon the whole wall had collapsed.

Before she knew it, Vicky could see a strange thing heading towards her on the ground. She attempted to use her lightning powers, Zapping it on the floor. Still, the mud creature showed no signs of slowing down, even when being hit.

When the mud creature was close, it formed a spike from itself, heading directly for Vicky. A clanging sound was heard. The one that had stopped the attack was Pai. At the same time, from behind, Pai was holding onto Vicky's hands. The two of them had finally achieved what they had been aiming for.

"Raten, we failed. We have to get out of here!" Vorden shouted, not knowing that the beast was in control. Using his wind abilities, he was quick, but the strange power gathering inside the twins was a stream of water so powerful they would be dead in an instant being hit by that.

It was their signature move when working together. Water powers were also what they had attempted to use to catch them on the island before.

'With both of their abilities combined together. They will be able to destroy anything that touches that water, and it will be too large and quick for us to even run from, so what the hell do we do?' Vorden thought.

Thinking about this and knowing there was no longer enough time to escape. He turned around, trying to plead his case once more.

"Do you really want to kill us? Why does Hilston even want Sil so badly in the first place? Have the two of you ever thought of that? He is so obsessed with getting Sil back he even left his precious island. Do you think any of us ever meant anything to him? Why are you doing this!" The words didn't seem like they were getting through, and even Vorden was just repeating the same things over and over.

“Live your own life, like we have!” Vorden shouted once more.

Raten now back in control. Could see Vorden stupid mistake and quickly ran back.

“I’m sorry, muddy, but if anyone deserves to live, it’s this damn softy!” Raten said as he ran towards Vorden, ready to pull him down. Grabbing his shoulder, he pulled him back, risking his own life, that was until. Someone else grabbed both of their shoulders and threw them behind with a strong force that they landed on the ground.

“Borden?” Vorden called out, noticing the familiar facial features but with the Dalki-like features.

“Yep,” Borden said with a thumbs up.

Seeing how confident Borden was, Vorden felt like he didn’t understand the danger in front of him. The fact that once they joined hands, they were able to use the power of six ability users at once!

“No, even if you take that attack, you’ll die! I know your body is strong, but you don’t understand their power!” Vorden shouted out desperately.

“Hey, relax before you get a bad throat. I’m not dying today, and I’m not the one dealing with it. There was another person I ran to on the way here.” Borden replied.

Before they knew it, another person was seen falling from above. Their blonde hair floated in the air, and a serious look was on their face.

“Sil?” Vicky called out, noticing the main person they had been looking for this whole time, but Sil showed no regard for who they were.

Instead, he ignored them and, when landing, placed both of his hands on the ground. In an instant, a giant pillar was created beneath them. It had appeared so fast it chucked the two up in the air.

It looked like Sil had used a giant hammer when he had landed to knock the ground beneath them up, but it was just his strong earth abilities that he was using at the moment.

Sil soon started to run, and beneath him, he created a staircase made of earth. Keeping up with his super speed. The whole thing looked impossible to anyone who even had these abilities. Just having such abilities and being able to use them like so were two different things. Reaching the two of them in the air, Sil grabbed both of their arms before they could do anything and, using his strength, pulled them, breaking their hands from each other.

“You guys always make the same mistake, taking the strongest elemental abilities. I learnt something when I lost to Hilston, but the abilities we choose are essential. I can’t move as fast as him, my strength isn’t as strong as his, so I’ll just get an ability that can match him!” Sil shouted, his hands started to glow blue, and the next second, lightning continually struck their body.

The pain was so great it didn’t take long for them both to pass out. The ground beneath Sil had now disappeared, and they were falling down out of the sky and quickly to the floor. When they landed, a large bang was heard as he hit the floor, and Sil’s legs could be seen covered in a special coating, helping him receive no injuries whatsoever.

Both Raten and Vorden stood there watching Sil, holding both Pai and Vicky in his hands. They weren’t moving at all. For a second, he hadn’t let them go and dragged them across the floor. When seeing that the others were okay, he finally let them go allowing them to drop to the floor.

The two that they had so much trouble dealing with had been dealt with, so quickly and it was so overwhelming.

“He’s gotten so much stronger, right?” Borden said with a smile. “I couldn’t believe it as well until I saw him fighting against the Dalki. It’s like he has had some kind of awakening.”

Although the other two didn’t say it, both Vorden and Raten were thinking the same thing. Right now, the look on Sil’s face as he walked towards them, the way he used his abilities and had no care for the safety of the others, reminded them of Hilston.

“I’m going to beat that old man. I won’t let that Dalki get him first!” Sil declared.

My Vampire System Chapter 1222: The end of the Blade family

Sil, Borden, Raten and Vorden had all decided to move out from the original area where they had fought. Heading inside to one of the large buildings that seemed to act as a type of hotel. Although they didn’t really use it to hide and instead were just waiting in the entranceway.

The suggestion had been raised by Vorden because there was something serious the group needed to decide, and he wasn’t quite sure that Sil was in the right mind to choose. On the floor, behind the desk, Borden was keeping an eye on them. Both Pai and Vicky passed out on the floor.

“We need to decide what to do with them?” Vorden asked.

“What do you mean?” Raten replied. “If they wake up, you don’t think they’re going to try and fight us again. I think it’s obvious what we need to do.”

Even without asking, Vorden knew what Raten’s suggestion was going to be, so instead, he was looking towards Sil for support. Still, he seemed to have something else on his mind, and Borden, although he had some connection to all of them, didn’t really to Pai and Vicky.

“Do you really think they would continue to fight us even if Hilston is taken out of the picture? I can tell that they are just following his orders, and it isn’t something they want to do.” Vorden argued.

“Even if that was the case, you said it yourself, if Hilston is taken out of the picture,” Raten replied.

The one thing Vorden wanted more than anything was time because Vorden had a feeling that after today, the Blade family would be different altogether, but soon Pai and Vicky would wake up again. They couldn’t just keep fighting against them and knocking them out.

“I don’t care what you do with them, Vorden. You can do what you want, but I need to go and get Hilston. Borden met up with mother, I met with father, which means the one that had met up with him was Peter, and I haven’t been able to find him.” Sil finally spoke, and it looked like he was ready to leave.

“Wait!” A female voice shouted, but in an instant, Borden had his hand around her throat, gripping tightly.

“I have strength beyond what you could imagine. If you try anything, then I will squeeze, and it will be the end of your life.” Borden warned, and he even applied a little bit of pressure to show he wasn’t joking.

The one who had called out was Vicky. She had regained consciousness a while ago and was listening in to the others to hear what they were planning to do. She wasn’t stupid. The loss that she suffered before was because of Sil, and he could easily beat them again. Which was why she was waiting for him to leave.

However, she had heard something, and she wanted to confirm it herself.

‘Why...is that a Dalki body? And this person, they look a bit like Sil? Who are they?’ She thought.

One thing was sure, unlike the others that might have had some sort of troubled feelings for her, this one did not.

“I...I just wanted to ask what happened to mother and father?” Vicky asked.

“They already left,” Sil replied, continuing to look out of the entrance to see what was happening. “I left the ship a little later compared to the others. I thought the two of them might try to help Hilston in some way, and I would try to stop them, but then I saw that the two of them decided to take off into the desert, running off to who knows where.”



Hearing this, Vicky's face was showing a hint of sadness and anger. Soon it started to change as she didn't really know what to feel.

"Vicky, you know they probably ran away to get away from all this mess, right?" Vorden said. "I mean, that island isn't normal. Look what happened to us. We are now in bodies that we don't even own, and all of this started because of him.

"Do you really think anyone would truly stay by Hilston's side if it wasn't for his power? I even saw some of the Chained doing the same thing. Rather than chasing after us or the Dalki, they ran into the desert."

There was no reply from Vicky, so Vorden didn't really know what was going through her mind at the moment, but one thing was clear, she no longer had the will to fight. Even Borden seeing this, had let go of her neck, and she just stayed in place doing nothing.

'Vicky has always been a hard one to get through to. Maybe the easy one to talk to would be Pai, whenever he wakes up.' Vorden thought.

"Sil, I don't think Peter is with Hilston at the moment," Vorden said. "If Peter was ever in any type of serious danger, or his life was nearly lost, then Quinn would be there to save him. On top of that, rather than going after Hilston, we need to make sure everyone else is okay. Where is even that kid that follows you all the time, the one that helped us, Shiro." Vorden said.

For the first time, Sil's eyes seemed to come to life as he turned his head, to look at the others. In his blinded thoughts of Hilston, he had forgotten entirely about Shiro.

"We have to- "

Interrupting his sentence was a loud bang that was in the centre of the Shelter. They all soon came rushing out of the hotel lobby to see what exactly was going on. Borden carried Pai over his back.

The explosions didn't just stop once though, they continued to go on and on. It was clear signs of fighting were going on in the centre, and it wasn't just between a single Dalki and those from the Cursed faction.

“Maybe the others are in trouble. We have to go!” Vorden shouted out, and they started running towards the sounds. Soon though, Vorden stopped to turn around as he could see Vicky standing there.

“Come on, you come as well,” Vorden said, grabbing her by the hand and running along with everyone else.

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The landscape of the centre of the Shelter had wholly changed. The buildings were no more as nearly all of them had been reduced to rubble from the fighting. Those who were currently there and still fighting, it was a group of ten Dalki.

Nine of them had two spikes, and one in the centre with the biggest grin on its face was a four spiked Dalki, named Patch. A nickname given to him due to the different coloured patches he had all over his body.

Usually, a Dalki would mostly be black in colour, but he had lighter shades on his body, making him look somewhat like a cow.

There were around three Dalki that had been killed on the floor around him, but Patch didn't seem to care, for he knew that the people responsible would soon meet their end.

“Guys, let's just get out of here. You two can't fight anymore!” Megan shouted as she looked at a badly beaten Dennis. One of his arms was broken. The socket of his left eye had been smashed as well, so he was unable to keep it open.

“She's right!” Shiro shouted. “You used up the blood in your flasks, and our powers can't help you guys. We have to go!”

“You don't understand. We can't leave this area!” Fex shouted back. He, too, was badly injured, but more so internally. Having taken one punch from Patch.

'That four spiked Dlaki, even after using the blood net, his punch still hit me and broke a few of my ribs.' Fex thought.

As for the reason why they couldn't leave the area, Dennis and Fex could smell it. Those in the cursed faction were hiding in the houses, through the streets in the areas not too far from them. If they left, the Dalki would soon spot them and kill them all.

"This cow like Dalki! He's a four spike. He has to be the strongest in the area. If we just get rid of him, we can rest!" Fex shouted, trying to give himself more energy.

"Hahah, me the strongest!" Patch started to laugh along with the others behind him. "If you truly believe that, then there was never hope for you all at the beginning. Right now, it looks like she has found someone she is enjoying her time with, and it's our job to make sure she isn't distracted."

"Are you talking about Dalki fighting against Hilston?" A voice said from behind. "Because we will get rid of them both."

When turning around, Fex had never been happier to see the crazy boy and the rest of them. Sil had arrived with the others by his side, and they were ready to cause a splash.

"I'm sorry, but I would like to request that I deal with this one." Another voice said. It sounded familiar yet unfamiliar to a lot of them there.

Breaking out of the Shadows, they could see his dark black hair and two gauntlets covering his arms.

"You will need to keep as many MC cells as you can for the big bad wolf. Otherwise, the pig's house will get blown down." Vincent said. "Wait a second, do they still tell that story at this time? I guess no one understands my references anymore."

"Just we're going to need you, so I'll take care of this one. I just need you guys to make sure that the other little minions don't get in the way."

“I’m already on it!” Another shouted from behind as his fist hit the Dalki straight in the stomach and sent it flying through the air. It was strength they hadn’t seen before. Thinking about who it could possibly be, they could only imagine one person who was crazy enough to start fighting on their own before the others got involved.

“Screw you all!” Peter screamed. “I just need to get one punch in. Let me punch that old man just once!” Peter shouted in anger.

My Vampire System Chapter 1223: Worst Quinn ever

After punching the Dalki away, Peter didn’t stop there. He quickly moved on to the next one y his side, showing off his incredible strength once more. However, rather than use his fists, he was using the pair of Tonfa weapons given to him. Logan’s special design allowed them to shoot out from underneath his sleeves, holding them fairly in his hands.

In the fight with Hilston, one of them had been bent, but they were still great tools for Peter to use. Another Dalki that was close by threw a punch, thinking that its strength would be able to match against Peter’s, but when it collided with Peter’s weapons, it was in for a surprise as the knuckles of the Dalki started to shatter.

Being blunt weapons like so, it never thought it could receive damage so easily.

“All of you, get the hell off this planet!” Peter continued to scream. There was something about Peter’s actions and words in this fight. Usually, the only emotion he showed was aggression, yet they felt more pure and raw for some reason today.

The reason being, was due to the planet they were on.

“You bastards nearly killed me, and now you’re trying to hurt others again!” Peter shouted, hitting another. This time, a Dalki had gotten behind him and clawed at his back. His healing abilities were doing him massive favours as it was getting better, allowing him to fight just as he usually would.

Still, Peter would struggle to fight nine of them, but he didn't have to do it all alone.

"I understand Peter, I know why you're mad!" Vorden said, coming in fast and spinning into one of the Dalki's body, head first. Then having two of the small compressed wind balls in his hands, he threw them down towards the Dalki on the ground.

This planet, and the Dalki being here, was bringing back memories for them both. Because it was the planet where Peter had experienced near death, and it was from a Dalki.

"With them taking care of the others for me, I guess it's time I take out the boss," Vincent said, charging forward towards Patch, the four spiked Dalki.

Watching from the back was Megan, Shiro, Fex and Dennis. Having already been injured, they were now in the middle of recovering. They weren't just injured but also exhausted since they had originally led the Dalki away when the Cursed members entered the Shelter.

What Shiro and Megan were doing for the both of them now was producing small cuts on their hands, allowing the two to consume the blood, giving them time to heal. While doing so, they were paying close attention to 'Quinn' of all the fights that were going on.

After all, they knew how strong Patch was.

'That red glow on Quinn's hands, I've never seen like that before?' Fex started to wonder.

Right now, Vincent was using the blood aura, not as an attack, nor was he using the hardened blood. Instead, with the amount of blood control Quinn was capable of and Vincent's knowledge, he had covered both of his hands in a type of red aura.

When the Dalki came forward to attack, Vincent carefully hit them away, blocking them, and its hands were knocked to the side. The Dalki felt a slight pain as it touched the strange red aura. Vincent punched the dalki two times in the chest, causing blood to fall.

It looked down at the blood oozing from its body, and the Dalki just smiled and punched Vincent back. He had hit him away and right back to where the others were.

[50/100 Hp available]

Skidding across the ground, he managed to use the tips of the gauntlets and dig in, slowing down until he came to a stop.

'It did that much damage?' Vincent thought. He opened his mouth, and blood started to pour out.

"Blood bank activated!" Vincent shouted through the blood-filled mouth, and his wounds were starting to heal.

He still wasn't used to using the system quite yet through his mind, so he just called out commands instead that seemed to work as well.

'I thought that would be enough, but a four spiked Dalki is completely different compared to a two spike and one spike Dalki. Now I understand why Quinn turned into the Bloodsucker straight away.' Vincent thought as they went in for round two.

Charging in again, Vincent still had the red aura covering his hands. Despite the Dalki's attacks coming in faster and stronger this time around, the red aura hands were still able to block the Dalki's attacks. Now, Vincent was more careful and was attacking the Dalki where possible.

"Why didn't Quinn use his shadow to block that last attack?" Fex wondered. "When was he this good at the vampire's hand to hand combat arts as well?"

Watching the fight, things weren't making sense.

Vincent getting frustrated, started to use more blood moves. In the middle of his actions, he spun under a swing from the Dalki and used a blood bullet from below, aiming at its head. He was hoping it would go through its skull.

The bullet left Vincent's fingers and went under the chin and through to the other side, but the Dalki was still moving. What was worse, the more Vincent was injuring it, the stronger it got, and Vincent wasn't sure he could keep up.

By now, all the other Dalki that were supporting Patch, had been defeated by the others. With Sil and the Blades, they defeated them easily.

"Don't worry guys, I can handle this!" Vincent shouted, still dodging the attacks. "Don't help me. I just need to study it a bit more."

It was a masterful display of skills but at the same time, worry for everyone else watching. They were wondering why Quinn wasn't fighting the way he usually was, but at the same time, it wasn't unknown to them for Quinn to try new things.

"Quinn, use your shadow scythe!" Dennis shouted.

"Or your blood hammer!" Peter said. "That's one of my favourite attacks of his."

"He could also use his Muay Baron skills?" Vorden said.

Eventually, realising that nothing Vincent was doing was working, he had tried to go for the thigh kick he had seen Quinn do many times before. It looked great, but something was off as the power in his hips just went there.

'Where's the snap in the legs? I'm sure I copied him perfectly.'

When it hit Patch, nothing had happened.

'Damn it, this is harder than I thought. I am not Quinn. I don't know how to use his Qi inside his body or use the shadow and fight at the same time, and these Dalki are difficult, to say the least. Doesn't he have any items I can use?' Vincent thought.

Before he knew it, he was lifted by his leg up in the air. Thinking about items, the unbreakable sword appeared in his hands using shadow equip. Vincent swung it widely at the Dalki. Due to his strength and sharpness of the sword, it was able to produce cuts but nothing else.

“Alright! I think I might need some help,” Vincent asked

That one word was enough, as Sil, Peter and all the others were seen charging in. From then on, with all of their powers, it didn’t take long for Patch to be on his last breath.

“Hah..look at you fools.” Patch said, lying in his own blood. His body had been literally pulled and smashed apart, now he was on his last words. “Slicer...will kill you all.”

With the Dalki dead, a lot of them now had questions about the strange actions of Quinn. Even now, he was acting differently. As he was using a type of cloth to clean the blood off his armour and equipment, something they had just never seen Quinn do before.

But before they could say anything. The people who were hiding, those who were shaking in terror, started to leave their buildings and from the streets and alleyways, all to cheer.

“They did it! Our leaders did it!” They shouted.

Soon more noise was coming from them, louder as more people joined in.

“Wait, why are they coming out now? What if there are more Dalki?” Megan said worriedly.

“Don’t worry about that,” Vincent replied, walking back to them. “I maybe couldn’t take out the four spiked Dalki, but I was able to take out the rest in the Shelter.”

Everyone was glancing at each other, waiting for the other one to ask the question.



“Who the hell are you?” Peter eventually asked. “Did you hit your head, or are you like these guys?” Peter asked, pointing towards Raten and Vorden.

Seeing this, reminded Shiro of something.

“Oh I know, you’re the other consciousness, the one that was inside Quinn that time, aren’t you?” Shiro asked.

Now the others were even more confused, and it was the first time they had heard of this. Some knew of Quinn having a system, not all, but no one knew about Vincent being inside the system, and now he was going to have to explain himself.

“Well I...I...” Vincent was lost for words, but a strange feeling was coming over him. “Arghhhh!” He screamed, quickly falling to the ground. The power in his legs could no longer hold him up.

“My energy, what is happening to me!” Vincent cried.

“Hey, is he okay? Is Quinn or whatever okay!” Shiro worriedly said.

“Is he faking this to get out of the questions?” Dennis wondered, but Fex and the others soon noticed the sweat running down his face.

“No, my energy is being taken out of me, and not at a low rate either. I don’t think he was meant to take this much.” Vincent replied.

“What are you talking about? We don’t understand.” Peter shouted.

“I’m talking about Quinn, of course!”

My Vampire System Chapter 1224: The Clothed Dalki

One of the major issues with using the Demon tier amulet was that Quinn was unable to see through the eyes of those that were Marked, while also seeing through his own vision. He could switch who he had full control over and then see from that person's point of view, but not all of the Marked visions were shared.

This meant Quinn didn't know what Vincent was currently doing, and neither did Vincent. Still, they both knew where the other was and what they were attempting to do. Which was why Vincent never expected such a vast amount of energy to leave his body.

At first, it was gradual, but the fighting was over in the Shelter, so Vincent wasn't really worrying too much. He put on a brave face and ignored it, counting to act as he had been doing. However, soon the energy started to ramp up, so much so until his legs felt like jelly.

If it wasn't for the fact that the Dalki had already been dealt with, and the others were nearby to help, Vincent would have left at the first sign of his energy being drained. It would have been too risky to continue fighting if Quinn needed the power.

'Quinn, what is happening to you at the moment for you to have to use this much energy?' Vincent wondered.

In a way, using the Demon tier amulet and borrowing energy from himself. Quinn could get a Dalki to the point where it was nearly as strong as his own body. The Dalki already had its own standard strength. If Quinn wanted, he could transfer close to ninety percent of his energy, which he was doing now.

However, the Dalki wouldn't have Shadow powers, beast gear, or Qi. Only Quinn's skills and strength. With this thought, Vincent predicted that Quinn would only have to use this much energy if he was to go up against a four spike, as they had done.

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A little while ago, Quinn with the two Dalki by his side, had spotted a lone Dalki by the foot of a volcano, standing just beneath the mothership. It was a strange sight to see because even after waiting a while and observing its actions, he could see they just stood there in the same place.

'There are no Dalki ships as well. Did they clear them all? Or maybe they placed them closer up the Volcano closer to the mothership.' Quinn thought.

Seeing how things were, the quickest way to get to the Dalki ship was to head straight for the Volcano. Walking around would take a considerable amount of time, especially without his shadow travel.

'If the Dalki spots me and we get into a confrontation, I can use him to tell me where the other ships are.'

With no pods or ships, the Dalki had no way to return back to the mothership. Unless the mothership itself landed. He was sure that there had to be more, other than the few he had fought. Nevertheless, Quinn soldiered on thinking there had to be a way.

'I can still do it. I don't need to overthink what is happening. The more time I waste, the higher chance I have of failing this quest. I just need to take down the Dalki mother ships.'

It was then that the strange clothed Dalki had spotted the three of them, and that was when it had made its first move. Quinn could see what happened as if it played in slow motion. It was a single leg. That was all it took for the clothed Dalki to cover the distance between the two of them.

It lifted one up as if he was going to go for a walk but suddenly jumped using the power of a single leg. It was in the air and soon directly in front of Quinn and the two others.

"You Dalki," Graham looked them up and down. "I don't recognise the two of you?"

After these words, things started to move too fast for Quinn to be able to react to the situation. One of the Dalki by his right side had been grabbed by the neck. Its power, useless in front of whoever this was.

'Two of us?' Quinn started to think as it was the first time he had heard these words. To humans, a lot of the Dalki features and Dalki looked similar to each other. It was only once in a while where they would come across one with something distinctive.

The fact that Quinn's plan had worked so well meant one of two things. The Dalki didn't really pay attention to those that they were working with, or they too struggled to identify between each other.

"Did you two put him up to this?" Graham asked, looking at the other two for answers. "I thought it was strange our ships were going down rather quickly. I thought it might have been a specific individual, but there was also another option. I just never thought I would see it. The day that a Dalki could be convinced to move over to the other side. Of course, it could be an ability of some sort, but that's what I'm here to find out."

A smile appeared on his face, and everything inside of Quinn was screaming danger. The Dalki's life in front of him was soon to die, so Quinn did what he thought would be best. To use the energy drain feature of the Dalki.

'I didn't get to test out the energy drain, so I'm not really sure this will work, but I can only try.' Quinn thought.

The Dalki that was being held soon started to feel weak. The strength in its limbs and eyes were disappearing from its body until eventually it had gone limp. Its life was gone. The good news was, as Quinn stood there, he could feel the surging energy of the Dalki inside of him.

He knew that energy could be taken and given to the one with the amulet. Still, he wondered if power from the other Marked could be passed onto other Marked, and it seemed his little test was successful.

He took note that the Dalki had died, just as the system had stated, there was no way to drain energy from one of the Marked without draining all of their energy. With this newfound strength, Quinn threw out a punch as hard as he could towards the strange Dalki.

'Let's see how strong it is first, and then I can decide if I need to get energy from my own body or from the other Dalki.' Quinn thought.

The fist that was thrown out was quickly grabbed by Graham. It was in the palm of his hand, and Graham hadn't even moved an inch from his spot.

"Oh, this is very interesting, that punch just now. Was it at the level of a top tier two spiked Dalki? Yet, you still only have a single spike on your back? Is this some type of mutation? I guess you are the important one in this little group. I have some questions for you."

Quinn tried his best to move his hand, but it didn't seem to be working. The strength was too much. Even when fighting the three spiked Dalki on board the ship, using this much energy was enough.

'I guess I'm just going to have to borrow a little from my own body.' Quinn did so while quickly switching his full control to the other Dalki.

The energy was being transferred into the first one. Changing full control, Quinn was directly behind the clothed Dalki, and had jumped up, performing a spinning kick towards the head.

The kick had landed, and even the impact was heard, but just like before, the body hadn't moved, and this was when Quinn could finally see it and could tell straight away why. Sticking out from the back of the clothing, he slowly counted each spike.

'1...2..3..4..5 a five spiked Dalki, here of all places!'

The Dalki that had just attacked and the one Quinn was in control of at the moment had its leg grabbed.

"Something is off. If you were really Dalki? Then surely you would have known that such weak attacks would have been useless against me." Graham said.

The next second, the leg on the other Dalki had been pulled from its body. It felt like there was no resistance at all. Similar to a human pulling off a leg off an ant.

It was then Quinn made the quick decision to drain the energy from the Dalki and give it to the one to itself as well.

'What is going on, a five spiked Dalki? What do I do?' Quinn struggled to think. There were a few options, but he didn't have the appropriate time to think them through. The Shelter behind him still had humans and those from the Cursed faction. If the mother ship wasn't destroyed, then they were unable to leave through the teleporters.

Quinn would be fine, but it would mean abandoning all the people and the Shelter. At the same time, if he used the energy from his body. Would it mean Vincent could no longer help the others?

Due to him not being able to think clearly, the only thing he thought at that moment was that he needed to use all the strength he could muster to take down the Dalki in front of him. He had the power of three single spiked Dalki running through his body at the moment, and was drawing the energy from himself. He didn't know how strong he could get, but he just had to defeat what was in front of him.

Now with all the strength in his body and having returned to the original Dalki who had its fist grabbed, Quinn performed a thigh kick. The strongest thigh kick that a Dalki had ever produced in its life.

Just moving his feet from the ground, the rubble was dragged up with it, the wind felt like it was shifting with the entire kick, and it had landed perfectly on the clothed Dalki's leg. To others, it would have sounded like thunder.

The second it connected, the strength in the clothed Dalki's hands had loosened. Quinn used this opportunity to pull back, jumping away.

'I can do it. I can fight with this body!' Quinn thought.

Looking up again, Quinn this time, could see his head had been grabbed.

"You are interesting, very interesting. I'm going to be taking you back with me." Graham smiled, unhurt and unfazed by Quinn's power.

## My Vampire System Chapter 1225: Finding out secrets

The Dalki known as Graham had a firm grip on Quinn's current Dalki body, holding him at the top of his head. Quinn, having delivered one of his most powerful moves while also being in a strong body that relied on sturdiness and strength it looked like his attack had hardly affected him.

'With the last Dalki he was able to rip its limbs off with no trouble at all. He must have crazy grip strength. If I move my head, I'm done for!' Despite the thigh kick not working before. Quinn decided it was the only thing he could do.

Now, lifting his leg up again, Quinn went to kick the leg not once or twice but did so until his body would give up or tire out. As soon as his foot touched the ground, he lifted it up again, kicking his opponent's thigh. Loud thunderous bangs after bangs echoed throughout. The strength of the kicks was shaking even the volcano nearby.

"That move seems rather interesting. Maybe I should give it a go?" Graham said, still holding onto Quinn's head. He then lifted up and twisted his hips, trying to imitate the kick. It was a poor imitation of what Quinn had done, and it looked like nearly no effort had been put into it at all.

Yet, the second the foot touched him, he could feel his whole body falling to the ground. Before he knew it, Quinn could see the dark sky above. Quickly, he tried to get back up, knowing the longer he spent on the floor would mean doom to himself.

'Huh, why can't I get up?' Quinn wondered. It was only then that he realised that his left leg was bent in an unusual shape. His thigh almost looked like he had gained another joint. Underneath the hard Dalki skin, the area was heavily bruised and swollen.

'I...I...have to do something. If this guy gets to the Shelter, there will be no one who can stop him!' Quinn thought.

Using this time, he realised that the Dalki was simply playing with him. All of his actions, not once had it seemed like it was being serious in the fight. Also, the Dalki wasn't aggressive like the others. Instead, it was slowly making its way towards Quinn.

In a way, this just sunk in the fact that Quinn was outmatched in this situation.

"I have to get up, I have to, but I can't draw any more energy from myself." Looking at his hands, Quinn thought of the only thing he could do. With his sharp claws, he started to claw at his enormous chest. Digging in his fingernails around an inch deep.

While in full control, Quinn could feel everything the Marked could, but he bore through it because he could tell it was working. The green blood flowing was making his body rise with new energy.

After scratching at his chest multiple times, he soon continued to do so on his forearms, drawing more and more blood, and that's when Quinn started to notice something as well. The green blood leaving his body wasn't only giving him energy, but the swelling on his leg had gone down. He wasn't sure if he was imagining it, but his legs were also starting to heal themselves.

'What is happening? I thought by hurting myself, I could muster up more energy, but losing blood is giving me the same effect as if I was to drink blood like a vampire?' Quinn started to think.

It was a strange feeling, to say the least. Although his energy and strength were seemingly at an all-time high, he could feel his heart weakening as if he was about to die. Bordering on the line between life and death.

And that was when the last change had occurred in Quinn's Dalki body. He could feel something growing from his back. Out from the middle of his back, a second spike popped out.

"An evolution at a time like this. Well, I can't say that I'm surprised, but if after all this time, you only were able to get to a two spike right now, it must have meant you haven't been doing a lot of fighting. Which is why I'm even more interested in you!" Graham said, charging forward.



Rolling like a log, Quinn moved away from a stomp coming from Graham. The hard ground broke apart, and red hot lava spewed from where he stepped. Soon Quinn pushed off the ground with his hands and looked ahead, trying to see where his enemy was.

'Now I'm a two spiked Dalki. My powers have increased even more!' Quinn thought. 'It has to be a sign that someone wants me to kill this damn Dalki!'

"Don't get too excited." A voice from behind Quinn's ear said, and the next second, Quinn's head was slammed into the ground. It wasn't just bashed into once. Graham continued to hit his head into the ground again and again repeatedly, and whatever Quinn tried, it wouldn't work. Before Quinn could even move, he was injured.

'This is the strength of a five spike?' Quinn was only left with these thoughts. 'Even with all this extra strength I have been given, I was still unable to do anything against it. I can't imagine anyone beating it. I haven't suffered a loss like this since....Arthur.'

'I wonder...I wonder how I would have done if I was in my own body.'

It was then that Quinn decided that he had no choice. He couldn't take the pain anymore. He had given up on trying to defeat the Dalki and found himself back inside his own body.

"Hey Quinn, are you okay?" A young voice said.

Looking up, Quinn could see the other members of the Cursed faction around him. He was in a pile of rubble, and the one who had spoken was Shiro.

'It looks like everyone is safe here, Vincent. Do you think you could quickly update me on what happened here?' Quinn asked, looking for an update on the details.

Giving him a quick skim of events, Quinn was happy to know that everyone was okay and that the Shelter was safe. His body was weak, and he wondered how long it would take him to recover, but that's when he realised something.

'Wait, the Demon tier amulet, I can still feel the Dalki's energy. Has the Dalkinot killed him? He did seem different compared to the others, and if it was a five spike, he had to have been one of their leaders. Maybe I can get some more information from them?

'Vincent, It looks like you did a good job, I'm sorry to say, but I'm going to have to leave you with them for a little while longer.'

Of course, Vincent had no problem with such a thing, and Quinn soon found himself returning to Dalki's body.

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Arriving back in the Dalki, Quinn found himself in an immense amount of pain. He looked to be on one of the strange Dalki ships, heading towards the mother ship, and the one piloting it was none other than the one Quinn had fought not too long ago.

'He smashed all of my bones, but it looks like he also knew the right amount just to keep me alive. I'm sure he has a lot of questions for me, and it looks like they knew just the right amount to keep this body alive as well.' Quinn thought.

Keeping his mouth shut the whole way, Quinn's condition didn't seem to get better or worse. Finally, being carried by the Dalki with one hand, he found himself on the ship. Soon he had been taken to a room he had never seen before but was placed in something familiar.

Now, the Quinn's Dalki body was floating in a green liquid in a giant glass tube. His bones still didn't seem to be healing, but Quinn could feel his mind waking up again.

"This chamber will keep you alive, and if I want to, I can make it so this liquid speeds up the recovery of your body, healing it. Interesting right? The other Dalki don't know about it yet, but I've been developing the solution myself. A way to make the Dalki heal even quicker and eventually evolve on their own. Repeating the process will allow us to force an evolution on those that didn't quite manage to evolve on their own. You are a fortunate person to be in here, although I won't be healing your body until I find out just why you are so special." Graham said as he went off not too far away and started to work away at a strange-looking computer.

Quinn looked around the room to see if he could gather any information. Just being here now, he had already learnt that this strange contraption he was in was something they never knew about before. He wondered if it was because of such machines they had seen an increase in spikes on Dalki lately or if it hadn't been introduced yet.

Both of them were worrying thoughts. Staring off far, Quinn could see that Graham kept on glancing at something. That's when Quinn noticed what it was. It was a live stream. The stream coming from Bonny and void.

At the moment, what was being displayed was the fight between another five spike with a long tail, and Hilston.

'Hilston....will he win?' Quinn wondered as he started to think who was stronger, having fought him and a five spike recently.

My Vampire System Chapter 1226

Broadcasted to everyone

Bonny and Void's live stream was considered popular around the world. However, In recent times their popularity only grew more. As fewer and fewer people were able or willing to broadcast during tough times.

Focusing on current events and asking questions the people wanted to hear, going to places to find the information people wanted to hear. These were all elements that made them popular. The bulk of viewers would be the non-fighters and those not on the front lines. What they didn't expect was that right now, more people than ever were watching their broadcast.

It wasn't just those civilians at home who were watching what was going on. The fight between Hilston Blade and the five spiked Dalki had more viewers than ever. They were people who had never heard of the Blade family before, yet now were able to witness their great power. On top of that, Bonny

accurately gave the viewers everything they knew about the Blade family. The source of her information was none other than Logan.

One of the people that hadn't left the Ship despite everything that was going on, was Logan. He could tell if anyone was to come his way. On top of that, he had the power to still control the Ship and control it in ways that would make it difficult for them to reach his position. As he expected anyway, not a single person had decided to stay on the Ship or come after him.

During this time, Logan kept an eye on the stream, and he also found it amazing how many people were currently watching.

'It's not just those on Earth? It looks like it's those on the Shelters as well that are watching what's happening. How are they able to deal with the Dalki attack going on?' Logan thought.

Despite this, he had decided to inform the public about Hilston Blade and the Chained. Hilston was too big of a threat to leave untouched like they had done so far. If after this, he was able to roam around free again without people knowing how much of a dangerous person he was, it would be bad not just for the Cursed faction but the whole of humanity.

All of the information he was giving was putting the Blade family in a bad light by Bonny, however despite all of this. People couldn't keep their eyes off him as they saw his sheer power being used against the five spikes.

What Logan didn't know was that he was somewhat right about the Dalki currently not fighting against the others on the planet at the moment. This was because they were now watching the live stream and looking at the fight between the two.

In the temporary base they had built on each of the planets, they were watching one of their great leaders fight it out. What the Dalki were building on each of the planets was what the humans had come to refer to as a Dalki fortress.

These were small camps, where they would have strange walls made from the black material, in a similar shape to a wall made of logs. They would then have several towers on the outside larger than the wall. Although they were made very quickly, they were just as sturdy as the Shelters the humans made.

This was mainly due to the black material that was used that seemed to be as hard as Glathriuem but nowhere near as hard to obtain. At least that's what the humans thought.

In one of the fortresses, a dome-shaped arena had been built in the middle. The Dalki liked dark places, so they tended to make areas that would allow for little light to enter. They weren't affected by light in any way. Fighting wise or health wise, it just didn't feel natural to them.

Perhaps it had something to do with the planet that they were born on or something to do with the nature of the beast they were made from, but no one truly knew why. Here was where One horn was currently at.

He wasn't alone, as the other Dalki from the main mothership were inside as well. All of them were watching the projection that was being played on the wall. Large enough for them all to see.

They were cheering at the screen every time Slicer would get a good hit in or a cut. What would be surprising to any human to see this, was they were doing the same every time Hilston would land a big blow as well.

"I'm surprised the humans had someone that could push Slicer this far. How do you think you would have fared?" A Dalki asked who had one missing eye. Because of this, the others often referred to him as Clops, a three spiked Dalki that had recently obtained his fourth spike.

"Have you been listening to the video? From the sound of it, this is one of the strongest humans in the world. Someone that was left off the radar that even we don't know about. The strong point of Slicer is that tail of hers, but the armour he is wearing seems to be giving her trouble. If it was me, I would smash that armour with my fist." One Horn said, making a fist.

Some of the others started to laugh, but as soon as One Horn looked their way, they quickly shut up. It wasn't usual for the Dalki to be scared of others. Even if they did have more spikes, it just wasn't in their nature, but One Horn had a more aggressive nature compared to the others.

"Leave them be. They know Slicer's strength because she has displayed it to everyone numerous times. Although she was someone who had evolved into a five spike before you, you are both a five spike now." Clops said, trying to calm him down and cheer him up. "We don't know who would win a fight between the three of you. It's not like the past where you would all have a go at each other."

The words certainly did put a smile on One Horn's face because it was true. One Horn had caught up to the two that used to be above him in strength. In the past, the Dalki would constantly fight each other over the leadership seat, and this was how One Horn had grown to the top.

But even before that, he had been appointed representative of the Dalki to the humans by his fellow Dalki Graham, which was why he listened to him more so than the others. Graham could see that he had more strength than the others even before he knew it himself, but when One Horn had finally caught up with them, now having five spikes like the other two.

Graham had told him that he was not to fight against the other leaders. For their powers now were too strong. A fight between two five spikes could possibly destroy anything they were on.

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The Supreme commander had received the reports from all the Shelters that the Dalki had stopped their advance and attacks. Some of the Shelters wanted to use this opportunity to try to strike back, but Sach ordered against it.

Going on the attack was not a good option straight after suffering such a large attack. They didn't have the forces, and they needed to use this time to recover. While doing so, everyone who was in the Shelter, including the fighters, were also watching the live stream. This was how nearly everyone in the world was tuned in to watching Hilston against the five spiked Dalki.

Apart from one group in particular.

'This. Fight, it seems to have great importance. We are seeing the strength of a five spike for the first time and seeing what one of our best against one of their best can do. While everyone is distracted, this is the perfect time for you. I hope you stay safe.' Sach thought.

---

The very person that Sach was thinking of had finally arrived at the destination he had been called to. Although they hadn't arrived at the Shelter. Instead, a small army group of around three hundred or so, with Nathan in command, had landed in the middle of the jungle.

'This is the place, the place where Oscar and Sach fought against One Horn.' Nathan thought as he looked off in the direction of the Shelter.

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The Supreme commander had received the reports from all the Shelters that the Dalki had stopped their advance and attacks. Some of the Shelters wanted to use this opportunity to try to strike back, but Sach ordered against it.

Going on the attack was not a good option straight after suffering such a large attack. They didn't have the forces, and they needed to use this time to recover. While doing so, everyone who was in the Shelter, including the fighters, were also watching the live stream. This was how nearly everyone in the world was tuned in to watching Hilston against the five spiked Dalki.

Apart from one group in particular.

'This. Fight, it seems to have great importance. We are seeing the strength of a five spike for the first time and seeing what one of our best against one of their best can do. While everyone is distracted, this is the perfect time for you. I hope you stay safe.' Sach thought.

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The very person that Sach was thinking of had finally arrived at the destination he had been called to. Although they hadn't arrived at the Shelter. Instead, a small army group of around three hundred or so, with Nathan in command, had landed in the middle of the jungle.

'This is the place, the place where Oscar and Sach fought against One Horn.' Nathan thought as he looked off in the direction of the Shelter.

My Vampire System Chapter 1227

Prisoners or V

The Earthborn group had attempted to find out what was happening on this particular planet before. They had discovered a group of Dalki not too far away from a group of humans. This was something

unprecedented, so they had come to the conclusion that the only reasonable explanation had to be that these 'humans' had to actually have been V.

Alas, the first mission had turned out to be a disaster, mainly due to the presence of One Horn on that planet, who had bested Oscar, Sach and Samantha in a battle of strength. As if the subsequent loss of the Supreme Commander hadn't been enough, the military had also lost their only Demon tier weapon.

'I was in charge of the reports back then and learned from Sach everything that happened.' Nathan thought as he and his group were still deep in the jungle-like territory away from the Shelter. The map displayed different routes and the area they were currently in.

Because the military had once owned the Shelter they knew the area very well. It was perhaps what had also been Sach's downfall as he had been overconfident.

'Sach warned me not to repeat the same mistake that they had made. One Horn should not be there, but I need to remain cautious and act under the worst case assumption that there might be a Dalki just as strong there..'

Three men came out of the jungle in full beast gear. Underneath it was their military uniform. They gave a quick salute before handing in their report.

"Sir, we have finished scouting out the area as per your instructions. The Dalki are indeed still present. From what we could find out there has been little to no interaction between them and the humans in the Shelter so far."

"However, from what we could see it appears that the Dalki have spread out in a shape that allows them to act as sentries. Those on guard outside consist of eight single spiked Dalki, two, two spiked Dalki and finally a single three spiked Dalki who should be their leader."

Taking this information in, the Dalki forces here were smaller than all those that had been sent to the other planets. They outnumbered the Dalki greatly which was good news all apart from one fact.

'We should be able to handle one spiked and two spiked Dalki, especially if we can manage to divide and conquer them. But the three spike... we might need to isolate him first or last to stand much of a chance...'

Next it was Nathan's job to sort an attack force that could deal with the issue. Unfortunately, retreat wasn't really an option. The fact that the Dalki remained here and even went so far to protect this place, especially when they had launched an assault on other planets, meant that something on this planet was of great importance to them.

Unfortunately, given the circumstances, Nathan couldn't call for reinforcement.

This was a special task that had been given to him, the more people that knew about it, the higher the chance one of the V would find out, leak it and thereby cause all sorts of problems. On top of that, there weren't really any reinforcements to help in the first place.

'The best course of action would be to have no confrontation in the first place, maybe I'm missing something.' Nathan thought as he continued to look over the files. The others were getting anxious and riled up, thinking that they were about to go into full combat any second now, but Nathan was sure that patience was the right answer in this situation.

'The reports...what if we were wrong? I've spent a long time with Quinn and the others, so I know more about the V than anyone else here. Not only do their eyes turn red and they use the strange red aura for attacks, but their nose is so sensitive it can distinguish between humans and themselves. We aren't too far away from the Shelter, so shouldn't they have picked us up by now?'

'The reports also never specified any cases of V actually being spotted here... Are these humans that are with the Dalki really working with the V? Rather than working with, could it be that the people are actually their prisoners? In that case, could it be that they're less worried about someone coming in and more about those people escaping?'

Still, this theory raised the question of why Dalki, who had never been known to take prisoners, would go out of their way now? What's more the reports agreed that the inhabitants of the Shelter had fought back together with the Dalki.

'That could just be due to us attacking them aggressively. At the time, the people must have been afraid due to the existence of the V, so they properly didn't take the time to check them out.'

With this new idea in his head. Nathan ordered those three to watch if any of the humans ever left the Shelter, and if so to find out what they were doing. This way he could determine if they were collaborating or if they really were prisoners or not.

A while later Nathan had received another report from his scout group.

"We have been observing them for a while now. The Dalki attack any of the beasts that enter the area. Once in a while a group of humans go out of the Shelter to gather resources and water from a river not too far. During this time, a single Dalki will head out with them."

The group consisted of five people. It was a small number of people allowed to leave the Shelter. Clearly not enough for them to overpower the single Dalki. It was looking more and more like Nathan's new theory was right and that the people weren't the Dalki's allies but prisoners.

"Assemble two squads. I want the ten strongest men in terms of single attack strength abilities, and make sure that their abilities don't make much noise either. Their goal will be to kill the Dalki who accompany the people. After that make sure to capture the humans with them ALIVE! Get one of our intelligence agents on standby as well, some questions are going to have to be answered."

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Soon enough ten men gathered in front of Nathan, and with the information of the route and scouting team, they were able to all move together well due to the information. This was the way one would use the advantage of numbers, without necessarily needing all of them to be top fighters.

When they had finally reached the river, they could see the group of people gathering large amounts of water. The Dalki stood next to them on watch. During this period, Nathan started to gather his ability in his hands, readying a bubble that was larger than any other.

"Okay, now!" Nathan ordered.

Immediately, coming out from the jungle forest, the group of ten all used their abilities against the single spiked Dalki. One squad aimed at his head while the other at his heart to ensure he would die in that one shot. Meanwhile, Nathan had run forward to encase all of the humans by the river in a giant bubble to ensure they wouldn't inform the other Dalki.

The humans were shocked and hesitated about whether to help the Dalki or not. Two of them recognised the military uniforms, so they tried to use their abilities on the military personnel. However, while in the bubble they realised that something was wrong.

"What is this? Why isn't my ability working?!" A man shouted in panic.

Nathan's ability may not necessarily be the strongest, but it was perfect for dealing with other ability users, who weren't too much stronger than him. Looking to his left, he could see that his people had already accomplished their task, the Dalki had died before injuring any of them.

When there was only one, a burst option of strong abilities was the best option, due to the Dalki's nature of getting stronger the more injured they were. Now that they were free, Nathan didn't have to worry so much about having to fight the humans.

"Now that the Dalki has been dealt with, I just have some questions I want to ask you. Please cooperate with us, so we can save everyone inside the Shelter." Nathan hoped that this approach wouldn't be met with resistance from them.

Nathan made a sign for the other ten who still had their weapons drawn and abilities active to lower them, so that a fight could be avoided. Although they were inside his bubble, the people could still use their beast gear, and if they were to step out use their abilities again. Of course he didn't reveal that to the four of them.

'Wait, why are there only four of them this time? Didn't the report say that the humans always traveled in groups of five?'

"Let them go, or I will be the one to take care of you all!" A female voice shouted from behind.

Turning around, a little down the river, Nathan could see a dark skinned woman with long braided hair, but what stood out about her the most was the weapon she had in her hand. It was glowing and pointing towards them. One felt cold just looking at the weapon.

'That's the...Demon tier weapon!' Nathan instantly recognised it. 'Why did the Dalki hand it over instead of keeping it for themselves? Were we unlucky... or was all of this a trap to lure us out?'

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My Vampire System Chapter 1228: The urge to kill

Quinn had decided to let his consciousness remain inside the Dalki body as this was a rare opportunity to learn more about the Dalki. Sure he had already been told about their origins, and he believed to know what their end goal was, but all of that had been told to him by others.

By now, they had already become their own species and judging by the scientific method the Dalki was using on him, it was clear that he was someone with great intellect.

Luckily for Quinn, apart from the fact that the six spiked Dalki had not outright killed him, was the fact that Graham was allowing him to watch the fight between Hilston and the five spiked Dalki. The Vampire Lord wasn't particularly cheering for one side or the other to win, in fact he would much rather see them defeat each other, but the important bit was that his Cursed faction had seemingly decided not to get involved.

"I see that you seem to be showing a great interest in the fight." Graham noted while still analyzing what looked like wave patterns on a certain screen. "Honestly, I was half expecting you to tell me everything I

needed to know about you by now. Begging me to restore your body back to the way it was, but you did no such thing.”

“Are you not afraid of death?” Graham turned around, looking Quinn right in the eyes.

Quinn honestly didn’t know what the right move was at the moment. Should he try and pretend that he was the Dalki that he had taken over, perhaps admit to having sold out his race? However, the question was whether he could actually pull it off?

“The look in your eyes, it’s... different. You’re the one of the few who has the same look as me.” Graham muttered more to himself than to Quinn, before turning around and going back to his computer glancing at the fight happening in the background once in a while.

“Perhaps I have found someone who can understand me more. You see, the intelligence of our race is not inferior to that of humans. We are capable of doing the same things as them and just like them some of us are different. Unfortunately, most of us don’t make use of that gift. The majority gives in to that aggressive impulse our bodies produce when we come across humans. I suppose in that way we are no different from beasts.”

“I wonder if our creator designed us with that flaw in mind or if it was just a coincidence. Many may think that I’m the only specimen who has managed to surpass this urge, but the truth is they are completely wrong. It’s just that my urge goes far beyond just simply wanting to kill off any one human I see. After taking my first life, I knew straight away that my urge went beyond that of my brethren, yet I had no way of satisfying it for the longest time.”

“Speaking about humans, I still have to make up my mind whether I should consider us more or less advanced than even them. Speaking from a physical point of view, the answer might be obvious. However, while humans grow to reach their final form, what about us? We can evolve, but doesn’t that mean that we have yet to reach our full potential?”

“Each new spike opens up a new world, beyond our wildest imaginations, but does it ever stop? What might happen if we reach ten spikes, twenty or even a hundred? I consider it my duty to push my race to

the top, so it will reach its peak, but of course there is one huge problem that might make it so I will never be able to personally witness the ultimate evolution of a Dalki... Our time limit.”

Listening carefully, Quinn was starting to realise that this Dalki was pretty insane. Talking about satisfying his urge beyond just killing a human... Did he intend to outright eliminate the human race then? Or was it the evolution of his race that he sought?

As for the last line, ‘Our time limit’ Quinn had a good guess what that was referring to. The short life span of the Dalki. He had long since wondered if this entire war couldn’t be avoided. If the Dalki were forced to fight to find a way to escape death, couldn’t they just hand over the Demon tier beast?

However, after listening to the clothed Dalki speak, Quinn now understood that it might be impossible for both races to coexist, because it was just in the Dalki’s nature to want to kill them.

“This is why I can’t understand why you would be working with the other side. A weak one spike... well I suppose now you’re a two spike going up against us? Just what could they have promised you to make you switch sides? Why would they even want to accept you, given that you would have run into someone who could have taken you out sooner or later?” Graham asked, hoping for some reaction from his possessed brethren.

“Checking your brain waves I can tell that your mind isn’t being controlled at the moment. You are able to register everything I’m saying even now, so why? How could they exploit us?”

“Humans have weaknesses, people they care about, those they would risk their lives for to protect. Even the ‘V’ as they had so poorly been coined, who believe to be able to disregard their own feelings, have things they care about. Even that vampire had something that was used against him to get him over to help us.”

“On the other hand, we were created at the same time. So we are all of a similar age. We are related but at the same time not, unable to have any children of our own that could be used against us. The only thing we care about is ourselves and were it not for our need to work together to save our own lives, we would probably fight each other to further evolve ourselves.”

There was silence in between. And Graham had turned around to look at Quinn once again, before turning away after getting no such answer.

"... a shame. I guess your sole purpose will be as just another one of my test subjects then." Graham sighed.

"Do you think she will lose?" Quinn finally spoke from inside the Dalki's body.

"Slicer? As a five spike who hasn't seen the limits of her evolution how could it be possible for her to lose against that human? No, not only will she not lose this fight, there might even be a chance she could evolve from it." Graham smiled as the strapped Dalki could only be referring to the fight on the screen.

That in itself was a scary thought, but Quinn could see a light. The one in front of him, the one fighting Hilston, and the one that had fought against Oscar. The Dalki weren't so much above them. These were the ones that they needed to beat.

"Are you willing to make a bet, if Slicer will be able to live?." Quinn asked

Graham knew that the Dalki in front of him couldn't run anywhere else, so out of curiosity he shifted his gaze to the screen. He was eager to discover whether the confidence of his subject had any ground to stand on.

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Ruby continued to hold the Demon tier weapon in her hand. It was shaking slightly, something that Nathan didn't miss.

"You don't want to hurt us, do you? As you can see we haven't hurt any of your people, just the Dalki. I apologise for the way you might have been treated by my predecessors, but we're here to help you." Nathan put the palm of both of his hands up to calm her down. He knew the weapon was a ticking time bomb. If the active skills were used correctly all ten of them could perish in an instant.

Ruby looked at the dead Dalki on the floor. It was then that water started to fill her eyes.

“Why? ... why did you come back? Just leave us alone... please. I-I don’t want to... I don’t want to cause any more trouble!”

It was apparent that Ruby was unstable, but Nathan couldn’t just let them go before getting any information out of them. They were the key to finding out why the people in the Shelter were being kept as prisoners and why the Dalki would never give their prisoners something as vital as the Demon tier sword in the first place.

“Are you sure you want us to leave?” Nathan questioned here. “We’ve already killed that Dalki, so I’m sure you won’t be able to just walk back like that. We also can’t just let the others find out that we are here. You’re humans just like us, surely you don’t want to cooperate with the Dalki. Whatever they have on you, with that weapon and our help we can help you get out of here!”

Still not putting the sword down or letting go, it looked as if Ruby was considering his words.

“... no, he is already helping us! I can’t let his troubles go to waste.”

The Demon tier sword started to glow brighter, and a strange ice vortex was forming around it.

“Everyone, get out of the way!” Nathan shouted.

My Vampire System Chapter 1229: The Dalki or Military

A vortex of ice was swirling around the Demon tier sword. The motion started slow at first, but soon started to pick up speed as more ice formed around the blade. Nathan knew what was about to happen soon if they did nothing. His heart was beating, afraid of their demise if the sword’s active skill would be fired off at them.

One of the humans’ great human treasures to be the end of him was not something he had expected.

'That damn active skill creates a large tunnel of ice and just the smallest touch will make us turn into ice sculptures!' Nathan started to panic as his ability could do absolutely nothing against that. The General quickly made a signal with his hands, a sign for his subordinates to enter the bubble he had created.

It didn't take long for a well trained group to overpower the group of normal civilians from the Shelter. In a matter of seconds they were disarmed, pinned to the ground, having faced next to no trouble at all. The soldiers then turned, while Nathan also moved himself, so they were to face Ruby and the charging Demon tier weapon.

'I didn't want to do this, but I have to gamble that she won't hurt her own people.' Using those people as human meat shields left a bitter taste in Nathan's mouth, but it was clear that Ruby wouldn't just listen to reason. Nor could they run away or fight such a thing. 'I just hope she hasn't already gone through the motions of activating the skill yet.'

Seeing what Nathan had done, Ruby of course didn't want to hurt those from her fellow Shelter. Unfortunately, great power was already flowing through the weapon and the woman felt like she was unable to move from her place. She attempted to lift the weapon away, but it was stuck in place as if her hands were frozen as well.

'This is the first time I've tried using this weapon. I should have tried testing it a few times!' Ruby panicked.

'I have to do something.' Nathan thought as he ran forward. He wasn't sure if this would work, but he had to try something, otherwise they were all doomed. Two bubbles formed over his hands.

"Help me, I don't want to kill them." Ruby cried out.

"It's a deal then! I just need you to answer my questions and help me out after this." Nathan quickly agreed, as he held onto the demon tier's bladed edge of the sword with his finger tips. He pushed with such strength that the palm of his hands had been cut open from the blade but only ever so slightly, before the blade propelled with force and left her hands. It could be seen falling into the river nearby.

At that moment, the active skill activated. For a moment it looked as if the whole river lit up, but seconds later the large body of water froze over. Some of the military personnel looked down the river to see how far it had frozen over, but it went even further than their eyesight could see.



Rather than apprehending Ruby, who was now on the floor shaking, Nathan went to check if there was anything they could do about the Demon tier weapon.

'If we bring this back to Supreme Commander Sach and the others, this will be a big help to us in the war.' Nathan concluded.

When looking in the river it made for a strange sight. Despite its weight it was floating at the top. From the tip, the river was frozen, while the other half of the river continued to flow.

One of the Earthborn group members was tempted to walk over the ice and go grab the weapon.

"Stop! Don't you know what will happen to you if you step on that ice?!" Nathan shouted, and they were quickly reminded of the weapon's true terrifying properties. Nathan's bubble had a few more uses, but they weren't combat related, but today seemed to be his day.

He coated himself in the bubble, and soon, jumped into the water. The current had weakened since half of the river was frozen, which was good but just in case, Nathan encased himself in a bubble so he wouldn't touch the wall of ice.

Eventually he reached the sword and grabbed it by its hilt. He could feel a terrifying energy residing within, making him wonder how Ruby had even been able to use it. Eventually he returned to the ground, his clothes should have been drenched in water but the bubble seemed to also protect him from that. He now had the biggest smile on his face.

"The Demon tier sword! It's actually back in the hands of the Earthborn group! No, that's not right. I'm part of the Cursed and we are part of the human race. It's back in our hands. With this we can help out with the war going on!" Nathan exclaimed, before wrapping it up and placing it on his back. He had no sheath for the weapon so it stood out quite a bit.

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After what had happened, the Earthborn group and those from the Shelter including Ruby had headed back to their secret hiding space. The Dalki body had been hard to dismember, so the only thing they

had been able to do had been to tie it up to some heavy rocks and chuck it into the river hoping that it would take a long time until the enemy found it.

The group of soldiers and civilians were now in an open cleared area, where the nearby trees had been cut down, and there were a few tents. Not all of the three hundred men had stuck together, so this was just being used as a temporary space for Nathan and the others.

“You should hurry getting off this place.” Ruby finally spoke. “Even if they don’t find the body, the fact that we haven’t come back yet, means that they will soon come looking for us. They will think we’ve escaped.”

“I know, I have a rough understanding of your situation.” Nathan said, bringing over a nice warm drink in a cup, placing it in her hands, The rest of the military group were doing the same. Hoping not to treat them as enemies, getting them to feel more comfortable and to speak more freely.

“Which is why I need you to tell me just what is going on? I’ll be open with you. Just as you have already guessed we’re from the military. I know that the ones who have come before have treated you unjustly and for that you have my deepest apologies, but we are here to get you out of this situation. Isn’t this your best chance while One Horn isn’t here?” Nathan asked.

The General spoke loudly on purpose, so the others nearby could hear, their reaction looked like they were quite pleased about what was said. Perhaps they did want to be saved, but they were waiting, waiting for Ruby to decide. It was clear that she was the one in charge around here.

There had to be a reason she was the one given the Demon tier weapon.

“Just tell them Ruby!” One of the men demanded. “I know Arthur helped us before, but this is the military we are talking about! They can help us.”

Ruby clenched her fist and looked right past Nathan towards the one who had just spoken.

“Exactly, they’re the same military who abandoned us at the first sign there was trouble! Do you remember who saved us from those beasts? It was Arthur! The military were the ones who had chosen to attack us!”

Hearing the name 'Arthur' Nathan was trying to recall if he had heard of someone of significance with that name, but there was no one who came to mind.

"Look, I promised I would answer your questions because you helped me from harming my fellow men, even if I can't agree with your methods." Ruby admitted in an angry tone. "The truth is... we don't really know what's going on at the moment, either. Arthur just came by and told us that we would be okay, that the Dalki would help us."

"It was hard to believe, but they kept their distance and they did protect us from beasts and the like. Eventually your military came and... well, you probably know the rest yourselves."

"You keep mentioning this Arthur. Is he someone we should know?" Nathan couldn't help but ask.

"The person who saved our lives The one who came here when the military had left this Shelter back when it was a red portal planet. He was the one who showed us how to fight back, helped us grow our community and we were able to live happy lives without caring about those outside. Then, he just came back one day, only with the Dalki as company."

"The only information we got from Arthur himself was that they would help us, and that the human race would lose the war against the Dalki. It was the only way that we would survive, because not even he could beat them."

It was clearly devastating news, to hear that this Arthur person that had saved them claimed he was unable to beat the Dalki, but there were plenty of people who would be afraid of fighting the Dalki, especially after what they were going through, so what was the big deal?

Nathan struggled to comprehend.

My Vampire System Chapter 1230

The special deal

The questions from Nathan didn't stop there, as there was still plenty more that he needed to find out. First of all, just what type of deal had this Arthur person struck with the Dalki to make it so that they would protect humans?

It didn't really make any sense for those bloodthirsty creatures to suddenly change their nature. What reason could the Dalki possibly have to listen to his request, especially if Ruby and the others didn't lie about the part of him being stronger than them?

Unfortunately, Ruby and the others seemed to know next to nothing about this Arthur, apart that he had chosen to act as their benefactor. After some more questioning, Nathan finally stumbled upon something they could tell them and that was in regards to the powers Arthur had displayed.

Apart from Ruby the others had also confirmed that this Arthur person had used powers that sounded similar to the red aura used by the V, yet he seemed to have another power on top of that.

The shadow power he was apparently capable of using sounded awfully close to what he had seen some of the Cursed group use.

However, from the description it sounded as if Arthur had been an older gentleman, and the timeline of when he had first arrived at the Shelter didn't quite add up to the Cursed faction's founding.

'Is there a relation between Arthur and Quinn? I should ask him about it. Perhaps there is a traitor in the Cursed faction that Quinn doesn't know about?' Nathan thought.

"Do you think Arthur is a V then?" Nathan asked. Ruby gave him a look of utter confusion. When the others from the Shelter were asked the same thing, they reacted in the same way. It was clear they had no clue what a V was supposed to be.

'Don't tell me...'

As it turned out, this Shelter had been cut off from the outside world for far longer than Nathan and the others had realised. They had next to no electronics that would allow them to see, or know about current or past events.

“The Demon tier weapon, where did you get it from?” Nathan asked Ruby eventually.

“One Horn gave it to me after the battle. As for why he did that, your guess is as good as mine. I doubt he just did it because we helped the Dalki fight back against the military. I can only assume that he didn’t consider me much of a threat, after all if even the Supreme Commander had been powerless against him, what chance would someone like me stand?” Ruby explained.

Nevertheless, the General thought there was more to it than that. One Horn must have known that given their plans of simultaneously attacking the planets he couldn’t stay on this one forever. As such, Nathan assumed that he had done so to make sure they would keep their end of the deal with this mysterious Arthur. Dalki couldn’t use beast gear, so leaving it to one of the people in the Shelter would boost their fighting power. Additionally, it had been a good way to sway those in the Shelter over to their side, building their trust.

It was scary to consider that the Dalki were capable of more than mere violence and the efficiency of his actions was apparent. Even amongst the five they had ‘rescued’, there were those that seemed to be still untrusting of the military, only complying reluctantly, seemingly grateful to the Dalki that had helped them previously.

‘It’s hard to blame them when the Earthborn group attacked them without giving it a second thought. In a way the Dalki are their saviours, but I still don’t know what this Arthur could have given the Dalki to make them protect this Shelter...’

Moving away from the others, Nathan decided to take Ruby to the side. He had noticed that during his questioning, she kept looking over at the others and even they seemed to be a bit nervous as if they were being careful with the way they answered certain questions.

“I think you know what I’m going to ask you.” Nathan began, looking at the face she was pulling once more. “I want to save the rest at your Shelter and bring them back to us. With your help, we can take down the Dalki. We know how strong their forces are.”

“While it would have been risky before, now that we have recovered the Demon tier weapon, even the three spike Dalki will be easy to deal with. We have a great chance to do so with minimal lives lost.” Nathan paused waiting for her to say something, but Ruby still remained silent.

“Look, Ruby, you have already given us all the information we could get from this place. You should understand that there is no logical reason for us to go and save the rest of your Shelter. It’s been impossible to gather any information from the Dalki and I doubt that those left behind would know much anyway. I’m only doing this to try and right the wrong the military did to you all.”

“We can’t just leave this place, knowing that they have captured normal humans.”

Nathan was actually exaggerating here. Even with the Demon tier sword back in their possession, it might be hard to fight off the three spiked Dalki, at least in a frontal confrontation. On the other hand, if the five of them were to return, Ruby could use the weapon to strike him from behind. With him out of the equation, they would have the manpower to defeat the others with minimal losses.

Of course, handing back the Demon tier weapon to Ruby was a risk. There was a chance she was still fighting for the other side so he needed to confirm her feelings, or what had been holding her back so far.

“I know, I know what you want me to do as well, but I can’t.” Ruby answered. “Because, I don’t know where my daughter is...”

This was something that Nathan hadn’t expected. This girl who he had come to learn was named Ruby, telling him they were using her daughter as a hostage. If the whole camp was being contained and protected, it would make no difference to put her daughter aside.

After all, fighting against the Dalki, or trying to rebel wouldn’t make a difference since the Dalki could just defeat them with ease, so why take a hostage? Trying to put himself in the shoes of the others, Nathan could only think of one thing. It was to make sure that the special deal they had made would still go through, in case he changed his mind.

There had to be an external worry, and that couldn’t be anyone in the camp, but must have had something to do with the initial goal of having those in the Shelter protected. They must have really wished for this Arthur person to be on their side no matter what.

‘The second Arthur made the request for the Dalki to protect this place, they knew they could use something to barter with him, yet what is it that he has that they want?’

“Maybe I will be speaking from a military point of view, but we are taught to not think on an individual basis. I know it might be wrong for me to say this because I am not in your position and not taking your feelings into account, but right now you are being quite selfish.

“Are your views the same as everyone else’s? If everyone in your Shelter learned that there was a chance for all of their lives to be saved and for their life to return to normal, do you think they would dislike that? From what we’ve seen, it’s clear that the Dalki don’t treat you like equals. If you carry on the way you are now, soon you will be nothing but slaves.”

Nathan had said what he wanted to say, and now it was left up to Ruby to decide. He was sure there was a reason everyone looked up to her, and he was gambling that it was because she cared about the Shelter and their feelings.

Ruby had gone off with the others, they were all allowed to converse as they naturally did, but time was running out. If they wanted the element of surprise to be on their side against the Dalki then they needed to do so now.

It didn’t take long, but Ruby had finally returned. “Tell me what I need to do.”

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A short while later, and the group of three hundred were put into action. They attacked the Shelter from multiple points in groups all at the same time. Due to the information they had received they were able to fare even better than they had originally believed.

Once she had chosen to cooperate fully, Ruby had been able to give them information on the Dalki’s patrol paths, and even tell them the times when they would be further split apart.

Once their plan went into action Ruby had managed to play her part in everything splendidly. Rallying up those in the Shelter, and when coming out to ‘help’ The Dalki, she was able to use the Demon tier weapon to greatly injure the three spiked Dalki, albeit with tears in her eyes.

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While everything was going on, even higher in the trees, sitting on a branch out of sight from nearly everyone, was a person.

“Sir, it looks like the military have returned to this place once again. Those in the Shelter have seemingly betrayed the Dalki. Without One Horn present it looks like the humans will be able to achieve a victory this time. Would you like me to help out the Dalki side?”

“No. Stay put. The outcome won’t matter. He will be far too busy dealing with his own troubles, before he gets a chance to hear of this.”

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"No. Stay put. The outcome won't matter. He will be far too busy dealing with his own troubles, before he gets a chance to hear of this."

My Vampire System Chapter 1231: The big fight

When the Cursed ship was still in orbit, having yet to crash land on Planet Caladi, interesting things were happening. Peter had quickly suffered a defeat from Hilston. Hardly any strength had been used in the fight.

Despite him being a Wight and having Quinn's stats, it all seemed like nothing against the one known as the world's strongest human. This was because he was also somewhat of a superhuman himself. Right

now, every piece of equipment he wore on his body was shining brightly, as the properties of the Demon tier equipment were giving him additional stats.

“From your shouting, I thought you would amount to something at least, but I guess not,” Hilston said.

It was then when Peter felt like he had no hope to beat such a titan that something strange had occurred. Crashing through the ceiling of the training room and slamming down onto the ground, it felt like the whole ship had tilted on its side for a second.

Something had landed in the centre of the training room.

Looking at its back, Peter could tell it was a Dalki. He could see an unusually long tail, but worse of all, he had counted the number of spikes on its back.

‘How the hell did a five spike get in here?’ Peter wondered. Looking above him, he could see a hole, but it didn’t look to be a forced entry, almost as if someone had purposely made a hole so the Dalki would fall through to this exact spot. Seeing the tiny spiders at work and repairing the ceiling, Peter could only assume it was the work of Logan.

‘I will have to thank him once again for saving my life for a second time.’ Peter thought. Thankfully, his wounds had healed from the attack he had received. The good thing was that Peter hadn’t been repeatedly hurt, so his hunger hadn’t started to grow yet, but seeing the situation as it was, Peter soon found himself walking towards the side of the doors. As expected, one of them had opened, but only for him. Logan really was watching everything that was going on the ship.

‘I hope the two of you kill each other.’ Peter left because he knew staying there for any amount of time would be so at the risk of his own life.

The five spiked Dalki was a female Dalki known as Slicer. Her tail would constantly sway back and forth, similar to a dog. It was a sign she was overjoyed at the moment.

“I knew something was here!” Slicer declared with a big smile. “A strong energy unlike any other was calling to me, and now that I have seen you, I know exactly what it is. It’s that armour! It’s radiating with strength even now!”

While Slicer was still overjoyed at finding such a great person in front of her. Hilston wasted no time launching an attack. A streak of constant lightning soon had struck Slicer's body. Once it was done, it didn't stop there. Hilston continued to pour his MC cells into the attack.

"Why is an ugly lizard getting in my way now of all things!" Hilston said as he added more power to the attack. The whole room soon was filled with blue lightning, so much that if one was to enter, they would have been unable to see the Dalki or anything else for that matter.

Still, after a while, Hilston hadn't stopped his attack, and it was because he could tell something was up. Soon coming through the giant lightning attack, he could see a shadow walking towards him slowly, the tail shaking back and forth intensely.

The next second, a gap in the lighting could be seen. It was strange, it looked like the lightning strike had been cut, but Hilston hadn't seen anything of the sort. Refusing to believe that the Dalki was unaffected by such an attack, Hilston tried to use his lightning strike again. Regardless of this, a cut had been made in the lighting again, and Slicer was seen continuing to walk forward.

This time paying more attention, Hilston had seen it. For a brief second, her tail had stopped wagging back and forth. He could only assume that the tail was involved in disrupting the lightning.

"Excellent." Slicer said. "You are the one after all."

The attack wasn't ineffective. Just Slicer was too overjoyed and too focused to let something as minor as pain ruin her joyous moment.

She dashed forward with a scream, clearly intending to attack.

'A punch, or a kick, my armour will deal with those things.' Hilston thought, planning to match the attack with his own strength.

However, for a second, he had seen the tail stop for a moment. He had a feeling he knew what was about to happen, and something told him he needed to avoid it at all cost. The tail had struck, making no noise at all. It was back in place, swinging as it had done before.

In front of Slicer, she had expected to see a sliced up old man, but her tail had hit nothing but air. Before she knew it, a giant fist of flames was coming at her and had punched her on her side underneath her arm. Hilston had swung his fist like a hook and had used the firepower like a jet from his elbow to give the punch as much strength as possible.

It had worked, and Slicer was soon seen flying through the air. Until she had dug her tail into the ground, but it was too sharp and had done nothing but just cut the ground like butter, not slowing her down for a second.

Before she crashed into the wall, Hilston was soon seen behind her, aiming to deliver this time, two jet fire punches in her back. With as fast as the Dalki went through the air, it would mean even more power to a strike.

"I get it now. No human can move that fast. You must be using an ability." Slicer said. "But you're too predictable!"

It was then that she attacked with her tail behind her. She could tell it had hit something solid, but for the first time, her tail was stuck. It hadn't gone through the object or the person she was aiming at.

Hilston was only briefly sent through the air. He was able to use his teleportation ability to reposition himself again. Slicer was right. Hilston was using the power of teleportation to move. He could dodge attacks instantly and move as far as his eyes could see, as many times as he wanted consecutively.

'That blow, it was one hit, but it charged up the Demon tier equipment this much already?' Hilston thought, looking at his gauntlets. At the same time, Slicer was smiling, for she could feel that part of her scales from where Hilston had hit her, had fallen and she was bleeding slightly.

'This is it. This is exactly what I need!' Slicer shouted in pleasure. She charged in again, going for the attack, and as expected, Hilston started to teleport around the room. Before he could teleport, he struck a lightning strike at her wound. Then, when appearing by her side or back, he would use flame filled attacks. One after another.

Doing this constantly at a fast speed, Slicer couldn't catch a break, but the more she got injured, the stronger she was getting. Soon, her tail was being used more than she had ever had to in a fight before.

Hitting Hilston with great speed each time he appeared. Her tail had never been stopped by anything before. Yet today, it had constantly failed to cut the strong special diamond armour.

'This is it, this fight. The fight where I have to fight with my life on the line. This is the fight that will allow me to evolve!' She thought.

It was then that Hilston was finding something oddly strange. With his attacks, he wasn't holding back. Anyone would have been killed with a single hit, but this Dalki was still standing, and her attacks were getting stronger and faster.

For a second, Hilston was reminded of the last fight he had lost. Something was coming over him. It wasn't like when he fought the other one, and was so overpowered that he was unable to do anything. No, instead, this felt like a wall that was continuing to grow larger and more robust.

"No...I will not lose again!" Hilston shouted. His armour had now charged up, and he was finally ready to use one of the pieces of its active skill. However, it was at this point that the ship had crashed.

Trying to not get hurt, Hilston teleported away to safety while the ship continued to bounce across the sand. At one point, Slicer appeared above and dug her feet into his shoulders.

'While I'm in contact with another, I can't teleport!' Hilston angrily thought.

He soon was seen being pulled out of the ship, with blood dripping from his traps, covering the shoulders of his armour. When they were a distance away from the ship. Hilston grabbed the legs, and the armour around his arms started to glow. They had delivered a strange pulse.

A strange feeling had come over the Dalki, making it drop Hilston into the sand. With Hilston safely landing as well.

Slicer quickly landed herself and stood opposite the Dalki, but her joyous face from before had disappeared.



“You, you need to get stronger. You need to hurt me more. Otherwise, I won’t evolve. If I can evolve, I will be ahead of the others and can be the overall leader of the Dalki. So hurt me, hurt me more!” She shouted.

“You think you’re a challenge to me. You were never a challenge in the first place.” Hilston said, as he activated the Demon tier armour set active skill.

My Vampire System Chapter 1232: Alien VS Predator

The drones being used to livestream the fight between the ‘strongest human’ and one of the Dalki leaders weren’t ordinary. In fact, both Bonny and Void had invested their life savings into purchasing these robots. The two of them had started together from the bottom. They used to be no names in the entertainment industry and rather than going through the traditional means, they had decided to build themselves from the ground up by starting their own channel and news outlet.

It was only later they had been picked up and given a dedicated live channel that could be broadcasted on world channels as well. Through the years they had learned a lot, and over the years had continued to reinvest their earnings into their equipment, making their reporting game above anyone else. Besides they were after all, one of the few daring enough to put themselves in dangerous situations.

Each one of Void’s drones might have cost an arm and a leg, but they were literally the best money could buy, able to survive through thunderstorms and more. Nevertheless, it didn’t mean they were indestructible, nothing in the world was, but they could take quite the beating under normal circumstances.

Of course, any one attack from Slicer or Hilston would be more than enough to take them out, but thankfully Void’s control over them was superb. He moved them as if they were extensions of his own body, allowing him to get them in the right places to offer the best viewing experience while simultaneously keeping them out of the danger zone. His concentration was always in top shape, it helped due to how much these drones cost in the first place.

So far, the drones had survived all the chaos, taking the whole world along for the ride. Filming every aspect of the fight since the Cursed ship.

“Did you see the powers that Blade person used? Teleportation, Fire and Lightning! Each one of them was top tier!”

“Top tier? Have we been watching the same fight? That was far beyond the top tier! Why would a person this strong stay hidden this whole time? With his power he could have had anything he wanted!”

“I know they are saying he’s done bad things, but does it really matter at this moment. We need everyone we can to fight against the Dalki.”

Those online were fascinated by the strong powers displayed by Hilston Blade and despite Bonny revealing the Blade family’s negative past, the support of the people was with him. In a way, it was natural when seeing a human fight against a Dalki that the public would be on his side.

Out of the two, Slicer was the first to make her next move, by dashing forward again. To the viewers it appeared as if she was simply repeating the same pattern over and over. One would think that she hadn’t learned her lesson, but as her opponent, Hilston could feel the difference. Each time, one of them was able to catch a break. The fighting positions of them both reset to how they first started. Despite the moves being the same, Slicer came at him slightly stronger each time.

This time, Hilston did something different hoping to change the outcome. He moved his hand and the next second a giant wave of sand could be seen swallowing Slicer whole, but just like everything else so far, the Dalki leader used her tail to cut through the obstacle to reach her target.

However, following after the sand was part of the ship that was being hurled at her again and again. Large and small pieces of all shapes and sizes, They weren’t being thrown one by one either. Multiple parts were moving in all sorts of different directions. She was able to avoid or take most of the blows head on. Some of the times would simply bounce off her hard skin, but for a second, she could feel that her tail had slowed down.

‘What is this strange force I can feel. Is it an ability? For me to actually feel a difference...’ Slicer was quite surprised.

Pushing through with her strength she could move her tail still, the Dalki cut another wave of sand, only to find a piece of metal from the ship hitting her with great force, more so than all the items before, and lifting her into the air.

'It's best not to show your entire strength.' Hilston thought with a smile, pleased how his simple plan had worked out.

Whenever, Hilston got the chance, he would rain down lightning on the Dalki like he was doing now in the air, but for the first time it looked as if this ability was completely ineffective.

'I knew it, this person still has tricks up his sleeve! Yes, this is what I was waiting for!' Slicer thought, a pleased distorted smile on her face. 'The lightning attacks hardly harm my body anymore, but they must be draining his energy.'

Not many people had fought against a five spike Dalki or had lived to get up close to one and speak again. So they had no way of knowing that five spikes were a little different. Their bodies would be altered slightly. The scales on their outer body tripled in thickness and strength, making most attacks feel like nothing, which was why the lightning wasn't affecting Slicer in the same way it would have done others.

"That ability he just used, that had to have been Telekinesis, right? That would make it the fourth ability he has used so far!" Someone commented on the livestream.

In the air, Slicer soon slashed the metal object that was propelling her into the air. She had split it up into several parts, but didn't expect for now all the separate pieces to be going towards her. Moving her tail even faster she continued to cut them into smaller and smaller pieces until they were no longer moving. Now mid air, she started to fall, until from her back, large wings sprouted. Wings were already a rarity among the Dalki, yet Slicer was even more unique in that she was able to retract them at will.

For the first time, the female Dalki changed her tactics. Rather than attacking Hilston by running straight forward from the ground, she was making use of her wings and flew at him at a speed faster than her previous top one.

"Come on, most of your attacks still haven't been able to even hurt me that bad!" Slicer taunted her opponent. Hilston knew that she wasn't lying. So far, the only thing that had been effective, had been the fire ability mixed in with his natural raw strength supported from the demon tier armour.

Unfortunately, getting a hold of her had proven to be a real headache. Planting his first into the lizard's body would be a hard task. Given how fast Slicer currently was, it was incredibly hard for the strongest human to physically hit her. Fortunately, the lightning attacks moved at speed surpassing hers, just like the telekinesis ability which was why Hilston didn't show any signs of panic. Still these were ineffective which was why he was at a standstill.

When Slicer was close enough, around an arm's reach away, a large pulse radiated from his armour. The force itself could be seen as a ripple moving through the sky. It didn't move fast, nor did it spread out too wide, but for those inside its range, it was impossible to escape the attack.

Just like everything Slicer had seen before, she attempted to slash through this invisible pulse. When the tip of her tail touched it, an instinct surfaced which she hadn't felt in a long time.

'This, it was exactly the same skill he had used when I had him held up in the air.' She thought.

When it passed through her whole body, there was nothing she could do. Her body became unable to move and the female Dalki was falling down. However, whilst in mid-air Hilston followed up with a double hammer fist of flames, slamming her into the ground making a tide of sand shoot up into the sky.

The livestream that was being shown to the viewers played out a frame rate that was usually used to film slow motion videos. Otherwise, many wouldn't be able to fathom what was going on, and would be unable to see such a lightning fast fight in real life, but they could all see it through the screen. It was unbelievable everything they were seeing at the event was nail biting for them all.

They were unsure just what was going to happen next or how it would all play out.

My Vampire System Chapter 1234: Pick a side

After dealing with the threat of the Dalki in the Shelter, the Cursed members had finally been able to catch a break for a bit. Without the fighting it even seemed peaceful as long as one didn't think about what was currently happening on the other human planets. The place had already been evacuated beforehand, but with only those from the Cursed ship currently occupying the Shelter, it resembled a ghost town.

“Has the fighting really ended. Is it safe?” Someone asked.

“I guess so. Wouldn’t the Dalki be coming out now if it wasn’t the case?” Another replied.

The people were discussing the shocking events that had occurred to them. Some were cursing in anger, while others were in tears. Everyone was happy that they had just narrowly escaped death, but now that they were all safe, they had time to really process the loss of their close friends and loved ones.

Many were running around the Shelter delivering the good news, while also trying to find those close to them. It was a large place after all. Still, everything just felt a bit unorganised.

“So, what are we going to do now?” Fex asked. “Should we round up everyone and head back to the Cursed ship? I bet Logan can repair it given enough time.”

When the question was asked, it was naturally directed towards Quinn. Unfortunately, the Cursed faction leader had gone back to acting as his weird self.

“It’s really not my place to say, but if you still want my opinion, then I would suggest that the best thing to do is to meet up with Sam. He usually has a clear head on what to do next, and as for the... let’s say ‘real Quinn’, you don’t have to worry about him. As long as this body remains in a safe place then everything will be fine.”

Vincent was unable to see what was happening to the Dalki body Quinn was occupying, nor did he know where his grandson was right now. However, what he did know was that the energy in his Vampire Lord’s body was no longer being drained. Without that burden, Vincent was surprised given the rate Quinn’s body was producing energy, making him wonder if it had anything to do with the special Qi, or perhaps it was something else.

‘I guess Quinn must have managed to deal with his enemy on his side, but if that was true, why hasn’t he returned?’

It didn’t take long for the group to locate Sam and the others, as Vincent still remembered where they had previously been. Layla and Nate were also back on their feet again. Nevertheless, neither one was in

any real fighting condition. While they walked on their own, they did so with sore muscles, aches, pains and more.

When the two groups met up, Sam was taken aback. In particular due to the presence of two familiar looking faces with blonde hair.

“Don’t worry, they have decided to stay with us and promised to behave.” Vorden explained.

Although Raten didn’t exactly seem pleased, Sam trusted those around them to keep an eye on the twins. Especially Borden, who was back to regular human size, made it clear that he was watching their every move. On the way to Sam, there had already been a few times that Borden had mistaken their actions and warned them. Neither one of the two had been pleased, but both of them understood that the vigilance wasn’t unfounded.

“I’ve already contacted Logan and he said that a few repairs have to be made before the Cursed ship will be able to fly again.” Sam shared with the group. “Unfortunately, the teleporters don’t seem to be working in the Shelter, just like in all the other places I guess. According to the information we have received, there has to be some type of jammer on the mothership.”

“Then let’s take down the ship!” Raten suggested in a fighting mood.

Looking around though, there weren’t really many that were in fighting condition, even when Sam met up with Vincent he shook his head insinuating it was a bad idea.

“Actually, I think I might be able to help with that.” Vincent remembered there was something that Quinn had done, and perhaps it could be used now more than ever. Using the dimensional space soon a strange long stick with a large crystal on the end appeared in front of everyone. It was clear to them all it was something they had never seen before. It took a few seconds until Sam was the first one to catch on to the strange design of the object.

“That... is that Dalki tech? It uses the same black material and the engraved swirls and spikes.” Sam theorised, pointing towards the top.

“Quinn... ahem, when ‘I’ was on the mothership, I decided to place it in my shadow. I thought that maybe we could use it to create a jammer of some type.” Vincent explained, catching himself in the moment. Since he had yet to explain to the new group they had now met up with.

By now, everyone was already aware that this person in front of them wasn’t the ‘real Quinn’. However, the fact that he was in his body and continued to help them made them trust whoever it was enough to continue playing along. In the first place, it didn’t seem likely that they would get a better answer, unless Vincent decided to spill the beans himself.

“I think it would be best if we hand this over to Logan. He was already doing research into the situation. With this thing, maybe he can figure something out. The people should stay inside the Shelter. It’s relatively safe for now. Dennis, Megan, Shiro, I want you three to stay behind. For one, someone still needs to look after these two.” Sam pointed at Layla and Nate, who looked sad, but neither one argued, aware of their own situation.

“On top of that, make sure the Blade kids don’t do anything either. Although they are with Grim, he isn’t in the best shape either. I know you are good at dealing with them, Shiro. If the place is attacked I need you to report it ASAP to us. The rest of us will head to the Cursed ship.”

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The group followed Sam’s orders, so they headed to the Cursed ship. Sam thought that perhaps they would need some strength to deal with the Dalki that had boarded the Cursed ship.

He had considered the possibility of running into a bunch of them, so he felt a little safer with the people who were by his side, but just like Borden, he couldn’t yet completely trust the two newcomers, Pai and Vicky.

When arriving, the site turned out to be nothing like they had expected. All of the Dalki had already been dealt with. Their dead bodies lay scattered around the ground in the sand. Entering the Cursed ship, they were greeted to a similar scene inside.

It was a sad sight to behold, for a lot of them this place had been their home, yet now it was ruined, most places no longer even recognisable. When reaching Logan, in the command centre, they were

happy to see that he was safe. Handing over the strange device, Logan became overjoyed and got to work almost immediately.

However, the group noticed something playing in the command centre, something that Logan had been watching this entire time. Several eyes in the room lit up, and their hearts beat harder as they saw it, it was the fight against Slicer and Hilston.

“Hilston, he’s winning.” Vicky said, her body shaking, her mind was a bit of a loss of what to do. Pai, who had gained consciousness a while ago, was just staring at the screen having no such reactions. Until he noticed something before the others.

“You need to stop him!” Pai pleaded as he turned around, looking towards Vorden.

Vorden wasn’t sure what the other expected him to do, but he suddenly noticed that someone had gone missing from their group.

“Goddamnit, where is Sil?!”

Everyone turned around, but he was nowhere to be seen, so most of the Cursed group quickly headed outside to search for him, leaving Logan to do what needed to be done.

“What is he planning to do now?” Fex grumbled.

“Isn’t it obvious? He’s going to join the fight.” Peter replied.

Vicky and Pai had been the first to find the missing Sil. He had remained standing outside in the sand. Only once they had reached him did they see what he was doing, making them stop in their tracks and do the same.

Once the others finally reached where the Blade family were standing, they could see that they were watching the fight in the distance.



“Sil.” Vicky asked. “What are you going to do?”

My Vampire System Chapter 1235: Your own kind

The Cursed group were standing on top of a large sand dune. In the distance, they were able to see the fighting that was still ongoing at this very moment. The participants didn't seem to notice their presence, either because the group was too far away, or because they were forced to fully concentrate on their opponent.

The fight was heating up with every passing second, and large explosions of power were being released one after another. The Cursed group was still within a distance that allowed them to smell the blood coming off Hilston and the Dalki, at least those that were vampires.

They had been standing there for a while now and had witnessed Hilston get the upper hand over Slicer due to his Demon tier armour's active skill.

“That skill is so strong, I wonder what it would do to my strings?” Fex wondered.

“I could just walk through it, it's the hard armor that I'm impressed with.” Peter replied.

Hearing this, Pai couldn't help but laugh at the two of them.

“That skill is extremely powerful. Not only would your strings fall to the floor or disintegrate but the second that pulse went through your bodies you would be unable to feel anything. It's impossible to fight it, and at the same time, as you can see, not even that Dalki can cut through the armour.”

“Shut up you big brain, you're in the same situation as us.” Raten complained. “You know, if he turns to us, I'm telling them you joined our side, so get ready to fight for your life, and use that knowledge to beat him.”

Pai quickly went silent, and their eyes were back on the fight.

However, they noticed that Hilston's advantage had suddenly disappeared, and for a while now, he had gone on the defensive, both sides seemed to be struggling greatly.

Slicer, using two separated tails as whips, was swinging them at a speed just as great as she would use her own tail, but thanks to Hilston's teleportation, he could quickly escape, and try his best to attack using his abilities.

Getting in close, he would use the telekinesis to slow down the attack. He did so after a swing from one of Slicer's tails and threw out a fist of his own. However, using the enormous tail she had regrown, Slicer wrapped around Hilston and was gripping on to him tightly.

Trying to get out of the situation, Hilston's whole body was lighting up in flames, until eventually Slicer had no choice but to let go. Even through her skin, the fire seemed to be getting stronger and would eventually even affect her unlike the lightning attacks. Nevertheless, she didn't give up and threw one of her tails like a spear straight towards Hilston.

Lifting up his hands, he stopped it mid-flight, but was too slow to see the large tail, sweeping below and going in for the attack again and again. The good news was, it was just hitting his armour and unable to damage him.

"This fight is crazy. They seem to have already surpassed most Vampire family leaders." Fex commented with his mouth left wide open. It was now moving at an unprecedented pace and all of those watching imagined themselves on the receiving end of any of these attacks. All of them estimated that they might get defeated in a matter of seconds. The power of the big four were in Hilston's hands, and they were even boosted and stronger, yet he was still unable to take out the Dalki.

This wasn't the only thing, even Hilston's physical strength could match the vampire leaders. Peter knew this for a fact, because he had felt the power behind just one of Hilston's hits. If one was to watch the sand around them carefully they could tell, because with each punch, the sand was being dragged and lifted, thrown all over the place.

"You told me to come over to your side, but can you see now why I can't?" Vicky questioned as she clenched her fist. Everyone could hear what she was saying but none got involved because this was a matter for the members of the Blade family.

“He is the strongest in the world! That Dalki is covered in blood and might be putting up a good fight, but she still can’t even scratch him! Do you really think you can do anything against such a monster, Sil?” Vicky continued to speak, expecting an answer.

Although both members of the family, neither Vorden nor Raten considered this to be a place for them to say anything. Instead, they looked at Sil who had both his hands clenched and was looking at the fight, waiting for the right time to make a move.

‘I wonder what you are thinking, Sil. It’s always been hard to understand you.’ Vorden thought.

Despite the fact that Hilston could no longer use his active skill Disruptive pulse, he was fighting better than he had done before with the use of the abilities. There were a lot of people that were worried about him once they had seen Slicer separate her tails to grow the current enormous one.

By using the ones she had discarded as weapons, it was now as if Hilston was fighting against three different Slicers. However, just like Slicer had been growing proportionate to the damage she had received, something similar was happening to Hilston, who was fighting with his life on the line.

Rather than using the abilities raw powers to finish off his opponents, he had to try to come up with combinations. He was forced to use his head to a degree. He could even feel the cells in his body growing more active. His survival instincts were kicking in and rather than his body choosing to run away, it was using this fight to allow the strongest human to grow even stronger.

Unknown to him, these cells activating through his whole body were Qi. Qi, beyond anyone’s imagination, was running through him making him superhuman. This was why he could match up to Slicer for so long.

‘The Blade family will always keep growing, and even now we will get stronger and stronger!’ Hilston thought. ‘Soon the armour will be charged again, and once the Disruptive pulse is ready, I will finish this oversized lizard off!’

At that moment, meeting up with the others on the sand dune were Bonny and Void. Void had his camera out and straight away zoomed in on the action that was going on in front of them. He didn’t greet the others, or explain anything, he would let Bonny do the talking.

“What are the two of you doing here? Didn’t I tell you to stay in the Shelter?” Sam questioned, shocked and also a little angry, they decided to ignore his orders. The two of them looked safe having no injuries on their body, but if there was even a single Dalki they had missed, the two of them could have easily died.

“We’ve lost two of our drones. It’s getting more intense and even with Void’s control they were hit. There is a good chance that all of the cameras will be lost if it continues. Practically everyone is watching this fight and we can’t just sit around and not deliver its conclusion!” Bonny explained, making it apparent that they would stay here, their pride as reporters demanding it.

Sam sighed and agreed to their request, but refused to comment on anything while the fight was going on, to the camera that was. He soon saw one of the drones returning, now there was one drone filming the fight, and Void’s personal camera, while the drone that returned was looking at the Cursed members.

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Inside the lab where Graham and Quinn were present they could see the camera view switch. For a second the camera had panned over to all those in the Cursed faction that were watching the fight. Bonny wanted to get the live reactions of them all. This allowed Quinn to see his own body.

‘Vincent, I told you to protect them, what are you doing bringing them to such a place?’ Quinn thought, wanting to slap his forehead.

The Dalki looked to be heavily injured and covered in blood. Seeing this Quinn smiled thinking that even a five spike could be injured. However his smile quickly disappeared as he remembered that the Cursed faction were in a huge mess due to Hilston in the first place, and if Hilston was to win, he would soon be after them straight after.

“Was that a smile, are you smiling because you think your own race is going to lose?” Graham asked.

My Vampire System Chapter 1236: I picked a side

“I didn’t believe it, but you’re really rooting against your own kind? Seeing one of us turn traitor is interesting in its own way and I look forward to finding out one way or the other what they did to you. Still, let me ask you, do you really think that Slicer will lose?” Graham asked.

Hearing this, Quinn thought that Graham was oddly confident. It was hard to tell through camera the sheer battle that was going on, but Quinn thought for sure that Slicer had to be at her limit, especially after she had seemingly fallen into a frenzied state making her harm herself.

Now experiencing fighting as a Dalki, Quinn could guess how far a Dalki could push themselves, even with the added energy from blood loss, and strength it could only take them so far.

“She can push herself further. Maybe one more will do.” Graham mumbled. “That Demon tier Armour has been troublesome, but we are stronger than Demon tier beasts.”

Hearing this, from someone who Quinn had suffered a humiliating defeat against, he could believe it. However, they were going against a man that had a full set of Demon tier Armour, this person was also stronger than Demon tier beasts.

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It was then, for the third time in the fight, that Slicer chose to hurt herself. Her latest tail proved to be more resilient than the previous ones, forcing her to attack it multiple times, before it fell to the ground.

Without the Disruptive pulse, Hislon was being careful to get close. After all, all he needed to do was bide his time.

More blood stained the ground and it took a while for another tail to replace the old one. Through the blood loss, she felt her mind hazing. In order to snap out of it, she stomped both feet on the ground. Screaming soon after, the tail could be seen moving, it was the original size of the first one, but didn’t stop there. Under her pained shrieks it slowly continued to elongate until reaching three times her body size. The scales on her body had been ruined, her inner bones had been broken multiple times but had healed again and again.

Her energy was at an all-time high, but she was struggling to keep her mind clear. Still her eyesight was set on the enemy in front of her. She could practically feel the sixth spike coming after defeating him.

'It's there...I know it's there..I will be the first one..the strongest one!'

Charging in like she had done before, she was ready to come in, and when she was within range, she spun her body, and the large tails spun with her, at the last second the large tail connected to her, extended out coming down on Hilston like a hammer.

'This is it, with this attack, the armour will be charged again!' Hilston believed, teleporting into place, and raising his arms so they were in the right position. He had a huge grin on his face as he was ready to use Disruptive pulse the moment it would be available.

However, this time there was no 'clang' sound at all. Instead, his hands were no longer attached to his body, cut off cleanly they were now lying in the sand. It didn't stop there, as the colossal tail was used for another strike. Following his instincts, Hilston didn't even try to use an ability, instead jumping back. Despite its size, Slicer's newest tail was faster than any of the others. It hit the chest piece, leaving behind a giant slash, from which diamonds dropped to the ground.

As this happened, Hilston could feel the accumulated energy fade away. Using the distance he had just won, Hilston teleported himself out of there, as far as he could. It was done in a panic and he didn't really register that he was falling back.

Seeing this, Slicer extended her tail and swung her body in a circle, cutting everything around, another clang was heard, and Hilston was seen being flung through the air, falling to the ground. His armour that he had worn this whole time had been cut in half. Due to how heavy it was, it had fallen off him falling to the ground. Now a large wound was visible across his entire torso, painting it red.

"The Dalki, it's gotten so much stronger." Sam gasped. "Hilston, he's...he's going to lose!"

"No, that can't be! How could he lose to a lizard like that?! He was just caught off guard, he had to be tired after how long they were fighting for." Vicky sounded like she was now making up excuses for him.

“That’s not it. I’ve never seen Hilston take a fight so seriously before.” Pai spoke. “If it was the old Hilston, he would have lost this fight a lot sooner, but he actually fought with great tactics, his moves were faster and he had access to some of the strongest abilities in the world. It’s just... the power of the Dalki was stronger..”

It was something hard to admit, and even though her twin brother Pai was saying these words, she still didn’t believe it. Hilston had to still have something up his sleeve, something that would turn this fight around, she just knew it.

Void soon zoomed the camera into Hilston’s wound, his body was far more hurt then the others thought as well. They could see it now the armour had fallen off. Despite the armour he was wearing, his body was swollen and bruised from all the attacks, all showing different colours. Despite blocking them his body still ended up like this. The force of the blows were unimaginable.

That was when on the camera itself, it had picked a certain person, who was standing there by Hilston side. It appeared suddenly.

They could only see the back of his head, but the others knew who it was.

“Sil!” Sam shouted out.

Sam wanted to stop him, but he knew that if he tried to get in Sil’s way what could he honestly do. No amount of thinking in this situation would help them.

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“Isn’t this one of the ones from the Cursed faction? I’ve seen them fighting a few times on Bonny’s live stream.” A user commented.

“Yeah I think she said that he was a Blade as well, only working for the Cursed faction. Has he come to help?”

“With the two of them, maybe they can defeat the five spiked Dalki. Yeah, we can win this fight, beating one of their strongest!”

“But if he’s actually strong, then why did he come join the fight only now? Couldn’t he have come to support the Blade guy in the middle of it? Also, why is he just standing there?”

The online community was in high spirits, until they could see Sil looking at Hilston on the ground, not turning to look at the Dalki for even a second. At the same time the spinning from Slicer’s attack had caused her to be slightly wobbly on her feet as well. She knew the condition her opponent was in, so he wasn’t going anywhere soon.

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“I’ve always dreamed about this moment. I’ve thought about what I would say to you, if I ever got this chance. For the longest time, I just wanted you to tell me why you did everything you did. Why you decided to put everyone through that on Blade Island. There had to be a reason, right? A reason that could justify your actions... but is there really anything that can justify everything you did? One day, the hope inside me that there might be one, just disappeared, so there is no point asking you that.”

“You don’t deserve to live another second on this planet, you’re just a crazy weak old man! This is for Caser! I never forgot what you did to him that day, and now I am going to do the same to you.” Sil said his piece, before Hilston could even react to him appearing. After shoving his hand through Hilton’s chest, he pulled out a still beating heart.

“Goodbye, ‘gran...no...father’.” Sil spat mockingly before he squeezed the organ in his hand, causing it to pop on the spot.

My Vampire System Chapter 1237: The real end

Hilston might have been the strongest human, but his unprotected organ stood no chance against Sil’s strength. In his last moment, he looked at Sil, a plethora of emotions in his eyes. What was strange though, was a grin had appeared as if he was expecting this moment to come at some point. Falling to the floor, the Blade leader lay dead in the sand.



Sil had never imagined that the person he had been so afraid of for most of his life, the one person who had made his life a living hell, forcing him to kill his own friends would die just like that. Sil had always believed that one day he might be able to grow strong enough to defeat him in a fight, but for some reason this kind of ending didn't feel right.

At the moment, he really didn't know how to feel at all. He had expected to feel great joy about finishing him off or maybe some sort of sadness. After all, for all the cruel things he had done for him, there had been rare moments of the person who had looked after them, made him call them

'grandpa' had gone, but instead he just felt empty.

'Is this what revenge is supposed to feel like? Should I have asked you a few questions after all or would it have just been worse, listening to you justify your selfish wish of growing stronger, no matter the cost?'

Seeing this, Slicer, who had been fighting Hilston up to this point, started to laugh out loud. She couldn't believe that a human of all things was the reason for this person's death. Perhaps some other Dalki would have been angry, but Slicer had already gotten her use out of Hilston.

The moment she had managed to slice off his arms, thereby managing to overwhelm the Demon tier Armour, the winner in this fight had been determined. Even if she would have continued to fight him, it would have been near impossible for Hilston to further aid her in her evolution anymore. As such, she didn't care if someone else claimed the kill.

Not having to fight him any longer also had its upside. Slicer was in an incredibly weak state, yet at the same time, this made her all the more dangerous.

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Meanwhile, everyone watching at home couldn't believe this sudden interference in the fight.

"What the hell?! Why did he kill the old dude who was fighting the Dalki?! I always knew that they weren't on our side!"

“Someone, kill them! The Cursed faction are traitors to humanity! Why would they stop us from killing a five spike Dalki? If the two of them teamed up they could have weakened their forces!”

“The Cursed are always up to something strange. Up until now, I believed that the Cursed faction were the good V, but now I see it was all just for show. They must have been working with the Dalki all along!”

“Did you already forget what happened at the start of the broadcast? The Blade family has come in and attacked the Cursed faction ship, remember? They were trying to kill them!”

“So what? The Blade family were trying to kill the Cursed, not the human race! Even if they have differences, why not go for the Dalki first? Besides, for all we know, the Blade family were trying to get rid of the Cursed because they were working for the V!”

Swayed up in their emotions, everyone was filled with anger. They had never seen such a fight before and they were pissed off for it to come to such an unsatisfying ending. It was clear to them that this Dalki was far more dangerous than any other, but from what they had seen Hilston had proven to be far more powerful than any world leader, yet the actions of a single boy from the Cursed faction had not only allowed this dangerous creature to live, but had also robbed them of the one person with the best chance to defeat it.

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Inside the strange science lab, Quinn had seen it all as well. He was surprised, but at the same time not.

‘Sil, you finally got your revenge, but by the look on your face, I guess you were expecting for it to have more meaning.’ Quinn thought. He too had experienced his fair share of getting bullied, fighting back those that had once beaten him.

It wasn’t as extreme as what Sil or the other Blade children had gone through, but he had come to the realisation that despite at one point gaining the power to punish them, that it wasn’t really what he was looking forward to anymore. If he had gotten revenge on his bullies at that point, he would have turned out no better than them, so instead he had concentrated to improve his own situation and that of those around him.

As a weakling Quinn had had dreams about having power, but once he got to the top it hadn't been what he had expected. Right now, Quinn wanted to be by his side, helping him through what was going on. In his mind right now, Quinn was running through the options of what exactly was the best course of action. What to do next.

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Standing on the sand, Vicky looked out at Sil, her head felt like it was spinning, her stomach churning. During this trip, she had conflicted feelings with herself, with what to do. In fact, for the first time since what felt like forever she and her twin brother had gotten into a serious argument.

Before the attack, Pai had stopped her, and suggested that perhaps they should just pretend they were aiding Hilston. If they were to meet Sil, her brother wanted them both to let him escape. Of course, Vicky had disagreed with this, stating that Hilston would find out and he would make them pay dearly for crossing him.

What they didn't expect was to meet Vorden and Raten in the bodies of humanoid beasts. Neither had they expected their supposed mother and father to run away, leaving them as the only ones in the real Blade family to follow Hilston's bidding.

'Everything that we did... everything that I did... for what? I destroyed that Shelter, killed all those people, because I thought it would please Hilston. I thought it would get me on his good side... Was it all for nothing?'

Images of the faces of the people who had begged her to let them live started to appear in her mind, followed by other horrible crimes she had committed. The girl felt like she was about to throw up.

That's when she felt Pai place his hand on her shoulder.

"You don't have to fake it anymore. You don't have to live a lie any longer. You know we're twins, right? I knew that everything you did was an act. Now we can finally be free, we can do whatever we want." Pai said, hugging his sister who began to cry. Tears were running down Vicky's cheek, but she wasn't really sure if she deserved to live after everything she had done.

Looking at Sil, she could see he was still standing out there on his own. Perhaps he was feeling something similar to how she felt now.

“Wait a second.” Vicky mumbled, getting out of her brother’s embrace herself as she realised something horrifying. “Fire, Lightning, Teleportation and Telekinesis make four abilities, so what was the fifth one?”

Vorden and Raten looked at each other, trying to think if they had seen Hilston use a fifth ability. The others didn’t quite understand why it was a big deal. So what if he had access to one more ability?

However, the Blade twins knew that in such a fight to the death, it was impossible for Hilston to not use everything at his disposal. If he had refrained from using it, then it meant he had been unable to easy it earlier. While sorting through all the Chained’ abilities that came with a condition attached, Vicky eventually arrived at the worst possible conclusion.

“SIL!” Vicky shouted at the top of her lungs. “HILSTON’S NOT DEAD YET! ONE OF THE CHAINED HAD THE ABILITY OF SECOND CHANCE! GET RID OF HIM NOW!!!!”

After destroying Hilston’s heart, Sil had pulled his hand out of his body and had been in his own world, his gaze aimed at the ground. Without his heart, Sil had been convinced that it had been the end of their tormentor.

Just to be sure though, Sil’s hands started to light up with lightning. Before coming here he had touched Grim, who had stayed behind, to obtain his ability. With no Demon tier armour, he was sure this would finish him.

Shocking the body on the ground, the lightning had hit nothing but sand, scorching it black. A few meters to the side, Hilston could be seen standing, his muscular body on show without a wound on it. Even his hands were attached to his body, albeit new ones, the old ones still lay on the battlefield inside a part of the Demon tier beast gear.

“I never thought that my own flesh and blood would dare to kill me! I had big plans for you Sil, big plans.” Hilston repeated. “I told you that you will never beat me, even if your abilities are better than mine!”

Hilston fired out a lightning attack, yet Sil quickly countered with his own. However, when the two lightning bolts collided, the powers were equal. Despite Sil being able to access six abilities, their MC cells were just lower than the ones that Hilston had touched.

“I might not have the same strength as you or a body as good as yours, but it doesn’t matter.” Sil shouted, because it was at that moment, that blood was seen dripping from Hilston’s neck and his head dropped down. Using his super speed Sil grabbed the head before it dropped to the ground.

“I don’t know if you’re still alive in there, but thank you for letting me kill you a second time. Maybe this will make me feel a little better.” Sil said, as he smashed the head in the sand and stomped on it for good measure. The skull was smashed in seconds and the brain inside popped like a balloon.

This was the real end of Hilston Blade.

My Vampire System Chapter 1238: A little help

When Vicky had shouted out the ability name Second chance, Raten, Vorden and Sil had no clue what she was talking about. In the first place, they were the youngest members of the main Blade family, so they had yet to learn all the secrets like the others.

The original plan had been for Sil to return after two years of military service. Once he had gotten ‘fixed’ Hilston would have proceeded with whatever his plan had been. However, the plan needed adjustment, since there had been no improvement in Sil and then the start of the Civil war had messed things up even further.

However, given the name of the ability itself and the worry he had heard coming from Vicky’s voice gave him enough of an idea about what the ability would be able to do. The user of that ability would be granted a second chance at life. It was an incredibly powerful ability that they had discovered, even with the drawback that it could only be used once every twenty four hours.

The reason why not everyone in the Blade family used this ability was not only because it would limit the number of abilities they could functionally use, but also due to the high amount of MC cells it required. In the Blade family's case, this was a good thing.

Alas, Hilston Blade had now been killed for a second time within this twenty four hour frame period and even without such a cooldown, Sil had made sure to destroy his brain this time. The headless body of the strongest human dropped to the floor, revealing Slicer.

Just like Graham, she could be counted as an outlier amongst the Dalki, so she didn't succumb to her urges of needing to kill a human. Instead, she was more true to her primal desire of wanting to evolve by fighting strong opponents.

She had been surprised to see that the person she fought for so long, had miraculously been able to revive, only for him to be killed by his killer for a second time. However, while her interest in Hilston had faded, with Sil demonstrating his strength, she couldn't help but want to fight him. For all Slicer knew, he could prove to be the final push she lacked to reach an even higher form.

The female Dalki went ahead and swung her colossal tail, attempting to cut the newcomer down. Reacting, Sil hardened his body, but his defense was ineffective. The tail continued to go through his arm that was even able to best the Demon tier armour.

'This hardening ability is supported by the MC cells of six people put together, yet it's still going through so easily!' Watching the fight, and being in the fight were two different things. Now Sil himself was experiencing the power of a five spike Dalki, who was on the verge of death but also her next evolution.

"Sil, use your lightning powers now!" Vicky shouted.

The voice was familiar, so Sil took their advice. However, there was nothing he could do about the arm, Slicer had claimed for her own. From the forearm onwards it had fallen to the ground, but with the other hand, Sil used his lightning ability.

"This tickles!" Slicer shouted. "The old man's power was the same."

Running through the sand were Pai and Vicky holding hands, and they too fired off their lightning abilities, hitting Slicer again, pushing her far back and away. That wasn't the only attack that hit her.

A blade made of mud attacked a wound on Slicer's left side, while another two balls of wind hit Slicer from the right. Raten, and Vorden had also left to join the fight.

"We have to help out!" Fex shouted, since the rest had stayed by the sand dune.

"No!" Sam shouted. "That five spike is too strong. Right now, all of them have run out because of their emotional attachment, not thinking things through. That Dalki may be on its last legs, but it also means it's at its strongest right now. I won't let all of you lose your lives!"

It was then they could see Slicer shouting in rage, and swinging her two tail whips around, cutting the lightning attacks, while also disrupting the mud blade and wind attacks.

"Alright, I'll kill you all then!" She shouted, but there was one more person who had yet to join in, appearing directly in front of Slicer who could see a fist in front of her face.

"Don't mess with my family!" Borden screamed, putting all his anger and strength into this punch. Seeing Sil's hand on the floor infuriated him, and more so than anyone he knew the strength of the Dalki firsthand.

When the punch landed, Slicer's face turned to the side for a second, and from the corner of her eye, she could see who, or what had just hit her.

"You're a Dalki, yet you dare lay your filthy hands on me!" Slicer shouted, swinging her colossal tail against him, but before it hit Borden, Sil grabbed him and moved him out of the way just in time.

— —

Still, the sight of what had just happened had been seen by everyone who watched the livestream.

“That...was that a Dalki? Was it just me or did I see a Dalki go up against that five spiked one? Just what is going on?”

“I saw it too, it had scales and spikes and everything. It was a four spiked Dalki!”

“Why are the Dalki helping the Cursed faction?! See, I told you all that they really are working together! But why are they fighting against the five spiked Dalki? I’m so confused right now.”

“Does it really matter what’s going on? Maybe it’s just an ability or something. As long as that five spike dies here, I’ll support the Cursed faction. She has to be on her last legs and I don’t care what happens but they just need to beat her!”

— —

It was strange, Borden with his rising anger had managed to summon four spikes, and deliver a punch to the Slicer, but it had accomplished virtually nothing. It was the first time for his strength to be lacking. It was then that the realisation had set in, of what a mistake they all had made.

“Sil! You’re fast right, we can’t beat her! I thought maybe with all of us we could do something but we have to get out of here!”

Even with the rest of the Blade family present, they were all unsure if they could beat the Dalki in front of them.

— —

Inside the command centre, Graham, watching everything, had a concerned look on his face, but when turning to look at Quinn, it had changed to a smile.

“It’s brilliant, right? This strange man of the Blade family was not something that had been within our calculations. He proved to be far stronger than I could have ever expected. Perhaps he could have even been a hope to those humans. Yet, isn’t it ironic that another human caused him to fall in battle?”



“Even in desperate times, humans are incapable of working together. Truly fascinating. If maybe all of these had helped, during the fight, Slicer would have been defeated, but now they have no one that can be a match against her.” Graham stated with confidence.

Listening and watching the whole thing, Quinn found one thing weird, the look on his face just seconds ago. Something had to be up.

‘Could it be that this female Dalki really is on her last legs?’ Quinn wondered.

“I still don’t know why you decided to betray us, but for you to not be the only one. It is something I will need to look into. And there is something that seems off about that four spiked Dalki. Perhaps I should ask Slicer to bring back its corpse once she is done with them.” Graham walked up to the glass container staring at Quinn, he looked closer, as if he was expecting some type of reaction.

“The fight isn’t over yet. They just need a little more help.” Quinn said, as he closed his eyes.

Seconds later, and a beeping sound echoed throughout the room. Turning to his machine Graham could see that something had happened to his ‘guest’. A moment later and a flatline was displayed.

‘Did he just kill himself after saying those words?’ Graham wondered about the strange behaviour. ‘No, none of us should have the ability to just kill ourselves in such a fast manner either. The words were also too confident and he never kept his eyes off the screen. ... It shouldn’t be possible!’

‘Slicer, she needs to get out of there NOW!’

---

Sam was worried about Sil and the others, and he could tell that Fex wanted to run out there and help, but the two of them wouldn’t be able to do a single thing against the beast. It was then that Sam could see Quinn in front of them all.

Quinn was now standing opposite Slicer.

“Another insect has joined the battle!” She growled.

[Skill activated Nitro accelerate]

[Demon tier Amulet has finished transferring energy]

[Soul weapon activated Shadow Overload]

---

“Everyone, in another fascinating turn of events, the Cursed faction leader, Quinn Talen, has now joined the fight against the five spiked Dalki!” Bonny reported.

My Vampire System Chapter 1239: Defeat?

Watching the fight so far, Graham had actually been paying close attention to everything that had been going on. He had a keen eye, and despite only having briefly seen the faces of the people on the livestream once, he had remembered them all.

‘That person, they called him the Cursed faction leader. I was told to keep an eye on him, I never knew he was on that planet.’ Graham thought. ‘Earlier when the camera panned, he was just off by the sides, so why now of all times? Is it because his people are in trouble? No, if that was the case then he could have jumped in when the first lot did.’

His mind started to go through all the possible calculations, and eventually he turned his head to the Dalki that was in his container, now having died. He went over to the computer to check back what had occurred. That’s when he could see that moments before the Dalki’s death, its brain waves were changing, almost becoming non-existent. This had all happened before the Dalki had lost its life.

“The words spoken and the Cursed faction leader joining the fight, on top of the Dalki switching over sides, this can’t all be coincidence. Slicer...I’m afraid you might be in real trouble.’

----

Watching the fight, through the screen, Quinn had been able to gather a few things. The five spiked Dalki's speed was great. Nearly on its last legs, it was even more powerful than anything he had encountered and there was one part of it that could move faster than any other, its tail.

If it wasn't for Hilston having his armour, or teleportation ability he would have been caught by it a lot earlier in the fight. Having drained the energy from his original body a while ago, Quinn wasn't sure how strong his body would be when he returned, but he made use of the amulet's ability to allow him to drain those he had Marked.

To his surprise, when doing so not only did he get the one spiked now two spiked Dalki energy back, but the energy he had transferred to the Dalki as well, so Quinn was not only back in top shape, but was even better.

The only thing was, after having suffered a defeat, he knew he couldn't hold back. The active skill on the armour set, was to give him full speed so now he was on a timer, as such he activated his soul weapon, giving him unlimited access and full control over the shadow.

'Still, this isn't enough, I lost to that five spike and I saw how much Hilston struggled to hurt it. I need something else.'

Although, Quinn's armour was a high tier one, it was not strong enough to block any attacks coming from that tail. Its sharpness had already been proven by its ability to even cut through the Demon tier Armour, but there was one thing that could work.

Shadows appeared over Quinn's hand, and now he was wielding a long Katana like blade.

"A sword?! What the hell is Quinn doing bringing out a sword in a time like this?! Quinn isn't a master swordsman like Leo, so why would he use that in a serious fight?!" Fex complained.

"Maybe it isn't Quinn, and it's the other person." Sam suggested, but even if it was the real Quinn, he knew he wouldn't pull out a sword for no reason at all.

Slicer had mostly disregarded Quinn up until now, instead focusing towards what she perceived to be the most troublesome one, the young blonde haired boy who had defeated Hilston. She swung her fast tail at him and Borden and Sil were unable to react to it.

Sil had super speed, but if he was to move out of the way, Borden would likely be killed, with the rest following right after. Still, his hardening wasn't strong enough to block the tail, and yet a clang was heard as the tail struck against something.

Quinn could be seen there with the sword in his hand, he had blocked the attack.

"Sil, I'm going to need your help, and the help of the rest of your family over there. Just concentrate on the strongest attack you can produce, and leave the defense to me!" Quinn shouted, releasing a large wave of Qi.

The tail was pushed back but only a little bit, and soon he was being overpowered.

'So I guess that answers that question, a five spike is stronger than me, even when I use all of my Qi. I guess I can only rely on my shadow.' Quinn thought as a shadow was being used to block the tail.

Of course, Slicer didn't stop there and started to move her colossal tail, attacking multiple places, yet the boosted Quinn was able to match that speed and stop it with the sword slightly, moving back using his shadow as well.

"How! How are you able to stop my attack!" Slicer shouted with anger.

With Quinn's soul weapon he didn't have a limit on how much shadow he could use, but the shadow was still slower than Slicer's primary tail. However, with Nitro acceleration he could match up in speed, and use the sword to block the attack.

As for the sword itself, Quinn never thought it would be used in a situation like so, but thanks to Longblade, he had been given the sword that seemed useless but had one trait, that it was unbreakable.

The extra speed, Qi, his vampire strength, and the energy his Demon tier Amulet had allowed him to drain, all factored into him gaining enough power to slightly push back against Slicer's tail.

"Everyone!" Quinn shouted, continuing to block each attack with his sword. Although the blade could be held with one hand, he was holding it with two due to the sheer strength behind each attack. The tail was keeping the two of them at a distance from each other so he was unable to touch her with his gauntlets to drain her either.

"We might only get one chance at this, so attack with everything you got. We need to kill her! Right now, all of our planets are under attack! They think they can just walk over us, well I won't let them!" Quinn shouted, as he held the sword with only one hand. His muscles bulged.

He didn't know how much longer he could continue to block the attacks this way or at all, but he had to do something. Multiple shadow portals started to appear around the area where Slicer was at. At the same time, without her knowledge, consumed by the rage of not being able to defeat the opponent in front of her, a shadow was covering the sand and had now reached underneath her feet as well.

'It looks like Hilston did a number on your wings and I have to thank him for that!'

Now with the shadow portals open, Quinn ran back out of range of the tail. He placed the sword away, and started to run forward. He didn't have much time, as the active skill was running out, but now he had to rely on his body to avoid all of the tail strikes. Moving left, right, piles of sand were chucked up and that's when Slicer noticed something.

'My attacks, they have slowed down!'

It was the effect of the shadow path she was standing on that had covered the wide area in shadow. With this, Quinn could avoid the attacks more easily under the effects of his boost. He soon threw his red blood disks out into two of the shadow portals by his side, while running forward, and they all started to appear from the shadows that were scattered around Slicer.

'Kill, I have to kill the Dalki! I have to get stronger, to beat him!' Was running through Quinn's head, and a mist started to appear from his back.

'I shall help you with your desire.' The voice said, as another portal appeared from behind. It was the Boneclaw which was as large as the Dalki itself. With its giant claws, it had pierced Slicer back. The almost impenetrable skin had been penetrated with ease. She screamed out in pain and swung her colossal tail, hoping to cut the Boneclaw, once hit it had turned back into the black mist and disappeared once more, but the familiar had already done a number on her.

It also gave Quinn enough time to sprint forward, and with his two blood drills he was ready. Now, standing behind the five spiked Dalki, Borden, Raten and Vorden were ready to follow up the Boneclaw's attack.

Quinn thrust both blood drills directly into the five spiked Dalki's chest. The blood continued to spin in place, attempting to pierce the skin, but it seemed impossible. However, Slicer soon felt another force, pushing her from behind.

Borden, Raten and Sil used their strength at the same time, hitting the Dalki from all sides, to prevent her from flying away. Still, they were unable to pierce the body, but the Qi had done a lot of internal damage. Moving out of the way, Quinn's nitro accelerate time was up.

"It's up to you." Quinn said, keeping his shadow ready just in case. It was an emergency measure, so that Quinn would be able to temporarily put Slicer in the Shadow lock, and keep her there hopefully long enough for everyone else to escape.

When Quinn moved though, it was to allow one last attack to go through. A lightning attack that was being made, by now the combination of the strongest ability users in existence. Sil, Pai and Vicky, had jumped up, and started to spin their bodies as the three of them had turned their bodies into gigantic lightning bolts.

Due to the three of them being together, they were able to create one giant lightning bolt strike. Slicer was far more injured than she had perceived as she had never felt this way before.

'I have to...get away.' It was the first time her instincts told her to flee instead of continuing a fight. Alas, she could see nothing but a bright light in front of her. Skimming her hand over her chest, she felt that her scales had been damaged a little.

'That black haired person...is dangerous' Was her last thought, as she was struck by the lightning bolt that had passed right through her. Sil, Pai, and Vicky were seen on the other side. Looking back only to see half of Slicer's body completely missing.

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"They did it, they did it! They defeated the five spiked Dalki!" Bonny announced it to the whole world.

At the same time, Quinn heard a familiar ding sound.

My Vampire System Chapter 1240: Winning the battle, but losing the war

For the viewers watching through the livestream, when they had seen Hilston Blade defeated, they had been sure that this was the end. Someone of such great power they had never known even existed a couple hours ago, they had lost him as quickly as they had found out about him.

He had powers that surpassed the former Big Four and he had been able to use their powers one after another to a stronger degree. If even someone like him could not defeat the five Spike, then the world couldn't imagine who else could. Their anger and frustration had been directed towards the one that had caused his death, who was none other than Sil, another Blade that belonged to the Cursed faction.

Soon, they thought that his death and the rest of their deaths would quickly come after, something most felt deserving for having gotten involved. They also looked to be losing out against the five Spike, but all of that changed with the arrival of the Cursed faction leader.

"Why is the reporter getting so excited to see Quinn arrive? Does she really think that he is going to be able to do anything?"

"I don't know and I don't care. There goes my diet, since we're all going to die anyway, might as well enjoy the rest of my life eating everything I have avoided so far."

"Weren't there rumours about them having a fling? Of course, she needs to hype up her boyfriend."

“But isn’t he the one who defeated all those Dalki back then? Maybe he can do something again. I don’t want to die. The Dalki has to be nearly dead! They just have to give it one more push!”

Most of them didn’t believe one person could change anything, yet the flow of the entire fight had changed.

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Bonny had instructed Void to make sure to capture the intense look off Quinn’s eyes as they glowed red, and the cameraman also managed to show off the point when the Cursed faction leader’s soul weapon was activated. Shadows had risen all around everywhere, and using the strange sword, the Vampire Lord had managed to block the tail attack.

In the end, although Sil and the others were the ones that had finished off the Dalki with the last attack, it was clear as day to everyone that none of it could have been achieved without the last one to arrive.

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People were jumping for joy around all the different planets as they saw humanity defeat the great Dalki. A five spiked Dalki had never been seen before, apart from One Horn, so they were sure they had delivered a huge blow to their forces.

— —

“Quinn, you and your group, you actually managed to defeat a five spike. You really will become our hope.” Sach thought.

Samantha, who was by his side, was shaking instead. When they had gone against One Horn, they hadn’t even been able to draw out his full strength, judging by the video they had just watched.

‘How... how am I meant to defeat someone like One Horn if this is how strong they can get?’ She thought. Worst yet, how was anyone able to defeat a five spike now. Did they have to rely on the Cursed



faction? Even within the Dalki, one spike's strength could differ by quite a bit, so she wondered if it was the same for the five spikes.

There was no telling what would happen if they were to meet another one, and this time there would be no Hilston Blade to weaken it first.

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"Haha, Quinn you did it! Did you see that everyone? He used my blade to do it!" Longblade cheered for joy as he watched the fight with his subordinates. "That means that I played a major part in taking that thing down. It was because of me that he was able to defeat the Dalki!"

"Yes sir, it was smart of you to give him that blade, knowing he would be able to use it ahead of time." Avion complimented his superior, clearly knowing that that hadn't been Longblade's intention at all. Still it couldn't hurt to entertain him.

"I hope we get to meet them again." Rafer added.

---

Back on the Cursed planet themselves, they were more joyous than before, those that were on the fence about Quinn, since he had revealed he was a V had almost forgotten all about that. They were proud to have a leader like that and such a strong team.

'Quinn, thank God you survived. I guess I need to do my part as well to enjoy that future.' Helen mused.

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Of course, even the Dalki had received the news, and Graham who had been paying attention to the whole thing in particular, seemed to be enraged.

“Damn it, to think we would lose Slicer this early on!” Graham cursed, and swung his arm, smashing the glass container by his side. The liquid flowed out onto the floor and the Dalki body with it. Soon, Graham was seen making a call to a certain someone. When the call was answered, Graham didn’t hold back.

“I thought the idea of teaming up with that vampire was that the other vampires wouldn’t get involved! That damn Cursed faction leader is a vampire, isn’t he? So why did he act against us?!” Graham demanded to know an answer.

“Graham, I would suggest you take a deep breath. Anger doesn’t suit you. Our plan is proceeding even better than we had estimated, despite things that we didn’t foresee. In the first place, that boy has always been a special case. I just never expected him to cause this many problems for us in such a short time. Tell me your honest opinion, do you regard him as a problem you need my help with? Or is he someone you can deal with on your own?” The person asked.

Seeing Quinn fight, and the others, Graham, was trying to put himself in the same place as Slicer.

“I don’t need your help, not that you alone would be much of a help anyway.” Graham grumbled. “However... I will have to adjust my plans without Slicer. Don’t you complain about me taking a more ‘liberal’ approach from now on.”

Graham ended the call there, going through the footage once more, in hopes to spot whatever he could. He rewinded the video a few times, and played it forward watching it again and again.

‘I’m sure of it. One of those that were watching the fight on the sand dune and the Dalki that got involved in the fight, that four spike are the same person. They look almost human-like when they are on the Sand Dune. Yet, when fighting and showing the spiked the Dalki features appear more so. Something is going on. Perhaps I have found myself a new research subject. Maybe I can make him replace Slicer?’

‘But first, I really need to calm myself down a little...’

Graham walked to the Dalki body on the floor, still thinking that perhaps the Dalki and Quinn were linked in some way, and lifted it off the ground.

“You might have won this battle, but I promise you I will make you pay the price for it.” Graham spoke, before crushing the lifeless Dalki’s head.

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Deactivating his soul weapon, the after effects of using it were now being shown, making him lose some of his MC points. They were currently at 1100. He hadn’t used it for long, so the points lost weren’t too major. The others were now running towards Quinn to see if he was okay, while Sil was picking up his arm as well.

When they walked past Hilston, some of them decided to side step or take the long way around his body, and it was the same for Slicer’s corpse as well.

“Quinn, are you alright? It’s you inside your body, right?” Fex asked his best friend to make sure.

“Yeah, it’s me.” Quinn answered, not fully knowing what had happened while he had been away. More so, the Cursed faction leader was interested in something else. Since he wasn’t in his body when he had met Slicer, Quinn was unaware that he had received a Quest.

However, he wasn’t the one that killed Slicer, so he didn’t seem to get any exp, and since the Blades weren’t a part of his Cursed faction family the exp from the kill wasn’t shared either. Nevertheless, he did come out with a reward.

‘After all that trouble, I had to have gotten something.’ Quinn thought. Before looking at it, the Vampire Lord was reflecting on the fight. He was wondering if they would have been able to defeat the other five spikes that he had met.

Hilston had done a lot of damage to the Dalki beforehand. Although the Dalki was stronger due to the damage, some of the injuries Hilston had done to the Dalki were beyond regular healing. On top of that, the female Dalki had displayed great vitality to the point she had been able to regenerate an even strengthened tail. Still, he estimated that the majority of the damage had been Hilston’s achievements, with the next highest amount being Slicer’s choice of hurting herself.

The main problem when facing the five Spike, was how tough its skin was, and how hard it was to even do a little bit of damage. Hilston with his demon tier armour's active skill had time to charge up a strong enough attack, but Quinn was unable to do the same, even with his Shadow overload skill since it didn't really increase his attack power.

He had the speed and he might have had the defence, but he lacked the power to go against his enemies like Hilston. Which was why Quinn hadn't insisted on being the one to deal out the last blow, leaving that to Sil.

'If it was a fight from the beginning, we all would have died even with my soul weapon, and we know the Dalki have at least two other five spikes. Worst of all, that weird Dalki is creating a method to evolve the spikes on their backs.' It was bad news, and unless Quinn could reach the next stage, he saw no way of them winning the war.

Checking his rewards, Quinn was hoping for something good, now he needed the system to deliver more than ever, but what he didn't realise, was as soon as Slicer had been defeated, the fighting had resumed with even more frenzy on the Dalki side.

[Quest failed]

[12/10 Cursed planets have been taken over.]

My Vampire System Chapter 1241: An investigation

Three men were seen walking through a busy street. There were market stalls set up selling trinkets, food, ability books and more. Crystals were placed in lamps giving off a nice orange glow on the items and pathway, and the reflection of red could be seen in the people's eyes.

Currently, the group of three men who worked under Paul were on this very street. They didn't just work for Paul as a Vampire knight, but previously when he was the head general as well. The place they were in at the moment was the pool area, away from the tenth castle inner area.

For them, it was a place they didn't venture into often. The tenth family mostly sent on separate hunts on the planet itself, hunting for crystals. Either through the forest and the vast land or through some of the portals the tenth family owned. It was interesting to find out that the vampires knew of planets that existed out of those in Earth's solar system and the beast's planets solar system.

Due to their high-tech, they also didn't need so many different portals linked to each planet and instead could input codes that would take them to such worlds. The vampires were just as interested in using beast crystals as humans, but it was more so to advance their technology and power their equipment, rather than for the use of beast equipment in a war.

Still, the pool area was avoided in the tenth family because of the disconnect it currently had with the other families. After Quinn had defeated the second leader and stopped the rebellion from Cindy, he had been hailed a hero. There were many that had requested to join, but most of them had been turned away.

Quinn wanted to treat those that were loyal to the tenth family, who were with them despite the mistreatment and being considered weak. Some vampires thought that if they were to join the tenth family, it would be an easy promotion to the inner circle. Since they had failed to be promoted in their own circles for so long. After realising this wouldn't work, they bore a grudge.

At the same time, the general public didn't like the fact that the tenth area was more reinforced than the rest of the castles. The walls were better, and there were those strange towers that packed quite the punch. It was something the other families just didn't have, causing them to feel jealous.

These were the reasons why the tenth family, if they could avoid it, decided to stay out of the pooling area. The three that were there today, one of them had been appointed as captain of the vampire group under Paul called Ashley. He was one of the first ones to be turned, and the two with him were Ben and Ghost.

While travelling, they were carefully looking around the area, sticking close together.

"I thought it was a good idea to take off our armour. That makes us stick out like a sore thumb, but it looks like the others are still looking at us." Ben commented while not backing down as he locked eyes with another family member.

The armour he was talking about was the special set that would be rewarded to those in the tenth family. The system that had initially been implemented by Timmy. Now that the tenth family was back up and running again, Timmy had decided to start up again, but it stood out since the armour was quite distinctive.

“You have to remember, there aren’t a lot of vampires here in the first place. They probably see the same faces every day and have done so for years. Just remember why we are here.” Ashley said, looking down. He held a tablet with a list of names, and some of the names had green circles by the side.

Eventually, they had taken a turn down an alleyway, away from the main busy street. Now they were in a block of strange-looking houses. In the pooling area, the vampires lived stacking on top of each other like apartments, but three stories was the limit. So they didn’t have huge tall skyscrapers like human cities.

Taking the stairs at the side of the building, they climbed up to the top floor and gave a few knocks.

“Careful, you remember the last one came out attacking us on the spot.” Ghost said.

After a few knocks, it seemed like there was no answer.

“Victormen Ten, are you there!” Ashley shouted and gave a few more knocks. After no such answer, Ashley gave the nod towards ben.

With a firm push, the door snapped open. It was only a wooden door after all. In the pooling area, they never exactly expected to have intruders. Perhaps there would be arguments from other vampires, but they allowed for vampires to mostly deal with that themselves. If a vampire died fighting, well that vampire just wasn’t strong enough and shouldn’t have started a fight in the first place.

The three of them searched the room carefully to see if there were signs of anything. The room was quite small. It was similar to a studio apartment, with a bed tv, and the kitchen area all in one place, only the bathroom was separate. It was then that they spotted that a corner of the table was snapped.

It perhaps wasn’t a big deal, but it seemed strange since it had broken off and there were a few splinters on the ground. It should have been cleaned by now.

“Are you sure you told him to stay in his house around this time?” Ashely asked.

“Of course, I know how important this is. I’m not going to make that type of mistake.” Ghost replied.

Ben then let out a sigh.

“I can’t believe it. The vampires are having people taken away from them, and they don’t even notice it. I mean, I know we wouldn’t have noticed if we weren’t doing this as well, but with so few people, you think they would keep better track.”

“Apparently, it’s because the vampires live in the polling area. If their lives are lost, other vampires just see this as an opportunity to have children. To try and create stronger vampires for the future. With the cap of vampires per family and their long lifespan, it would take a long time before they were allowed any children. I guess their solution is to not really care about the lives of those in the pooling area.”

Ashley updated the tablet, and now there was a big X by one of their names. It wasn’t the only name with an X either, as Ashley went back a few days searching through the names.

People who were from the tenth family and in the polling area were going missing. There were no signs of confrontation. No sign of criminal activity either. They would just vanish, and later it would be reported as a death.

Of course, the one who had ordered this investigation was none other than Paul. He had been advised by Kazz to not look into things, but he felt like if they were to look the other way, or not find out who was the one behind it all, then there was a good chance that the situation would just get worse. Soon they would think they could step other all of the tenth family.

“Well, we know that they are taking people from the tenth area, that’s for sure. The question is, we don’t know where they went. Judging by the table, I think this one might have been quite recent. We could ask the people who live in the area, but we all know how that has gone so far.” Ashley suggested.

Ghost grabbed his arm, a wound that had long healed, but they knew how much hostility there was towards the tenth family. It was strange because they had believed the situation had gotten better, but it was almost as if somehow it had gotten worse.

Before any of the others, Ashley heard footsteps coming from outside. The sound of the vampires in the street could be heard from all of them, so it wasn't too out of the ordinary, but Ashley could tell that the footsteps were constant and coming at a fast rate.

"Someone's coming!" Ashley shouted, and soon all three of them drew their weapons. Ashley a standard sword, while Ben and Ghost had pulled something that resembled a pitchfork, but they were far more deadly than pitchforks.

Soon a blur could be seen entering the room, and Ashley struck in its place. He couldn't quite see the figure or who it was but just had to guess. However, his sword managed to amount to nothing as it was being gripped tightly.

"A weapon made from the blood fairy, I guess the tenth family still hasn't gotten rid of these. Although you do have privileges, the others don't. For finding such a weapon on a family member, the verdict would usually be death, all apart from the tenth family that is." The voice said.

Now that the target was no longer moving, Ashley could see who it was that he had struck at. He wore a full set of black armour, his upper body gigantic and wide and on his head a black specially designed Helmet covering his face.

"Muka, the ninth leader..." Ashley said in disbelief.

"It looks like the tenth family has already caught on to something strange happening in the settlement. I thought without Quinn, Edward and that Blind swordsman that you would have been slow on the uptake. Or too afraid to act, I guess the tenth family are a little different. Let me be straight with you, tell your Vampire knight that I want to help with his little investigation." Muka explained.

My Vampire System Chapter 1242: Dethrone the king

Although Ashley hadn't been in the vampire settlement for long, there was one thing that had been rammed in their heads, by Xander, Timmy and Amy. The fact that if a vampire leader requested something, they were to comply.



Of course, there were certain things they could decline, especially if it was something that would cause a conflict with another family. Still, in any case, it was always better to act first and then later to report what had happened.

Because of this, Ashley was in a position where he had to do what was asked and had called Paul ahead of time. He felt a little down since if he was more alert or cautious, they could have perhaps escaped or left the place before anyone had seen them.

Still, Paul had agreed to the meeting, and now, both Muka and Paul were in the tenth castle together. Sat opposite each other in his personal office.

“Do you ever take that helmet off? In the human world, it would be considered quite rude that I don’t get to see your face.” Paul asked.

Muka still was covered in the armour that he always wore, and this included his helmet. The truth was, there weren’t many that had ever seen Muka take off the helmet, and there were those who were too afraid to ask as well.

“Is everyone in the tenth family as rude as this. I suppose in military terms, I would have a higher rank than you. You know, in the past, I had joined a few wars myself, although we didn’t use guns and such. So I have experience being in armies. Let’s say even if I don’t belong to your squad. I don’t suppose you would ask a superior why they were to keep on such a thing, would you?” Muka asked.

Paul thought about it for a while. He knew what he was doing. He knew that to ask about such a thing could be considered offensive, but if someone really wanted to work with them, they would have to take this offence in their stride.

If they didn’t, they would use this offence as an excuse to attack. Muka had done neither but just was trying to reeducate Paul in a way.

“I would,” Paul answered. “If the two of us were close, I would feel comfortable asking about these things. Sometimes some relationships are beyond rank, and I suppose what you might be asking me to do would go beyond rank, would it not?” Paul replied.

After hearing where Muka had arrived at and catching Ashley and the others. Paul could only assume that the two of them were looking into the same thing. The question was, had both of them arrived at the same conclusion about who was just behind all of this.

“Your family isn’t the only one that has had people go missing. So far, every single family has been affected.” Muka stated, ignoring the comments from earlier. “I don’t think any of the other leaders have others to look into this, or at worst, it seems some have chosen to ignore this. This is why I’m finding it difficult to pinpoint who is exactly behind this. Right now, my only cleared suspect is the tenth family.”

“And why haven’t you suspected that Bryce is behind this?” Paul said straight after. “I have been by Quinn’s side for a while now, and I have been watching all of the leader’s actions. Whenever there was a chance, you would be sure to suspect Bryce. Honestly, I thought today you would do the same, so why not him?”

Paul hadn’t found any leads, leading this back to Bryce. It was strange because his disappearance would sometimes lead them to other families, not just the first family. However, because of the way Kazz had acted, he had a suspicion it had something to do with the first family and who else but the king of vampires to have connections to all of the families. Or even be brave enough to do such a thing.

“Because I was wrong in the past, and this time I need to be careful. I have always been trying to do things myself, and I know someone was behind the death of my own knights. However, I can’t go around calming things, especially now.” Muka replied.

By saying these words, Paul knew it was because now Bryce was in a higher position than he was before. As a leader, accusations could be made from others due to being the same rank, but an allegation about the king, in times like these. They would think Muka was trying to stir something up again.

“Very well, then let me put a hypothetical question in front of you. Say if the king was to commit a crime as grave as this, is there a way to dethrone him? Or perhaps punish even the king for such crimes?” Paul asked.

“There is, or perhaps I should say there was,” Muka replied. “The council has the power to vote in the king. Rightly so, the leaders also have the right to dethrone him as well. However, evidence must first be provided why he is unfit, and then there would be a vote. If a king was voted in, it would be very hard to

convince those who voted for him to overturn their vote. There is also fear that with the king's power, they could force votes from the other leaders.

"The second problem is starting a trial in the first place. Usually, in the past, the evidence would be provided to the fourteenth family. The punishers, a power equal to the king. This allowed the leaders to vote freely, as they knew the punisher would be able to force the king to the council's bidding. As you know, they are no longer with us. Without the Punishers, the king in these times have greater power.

"Lastly, even if a vote to dethrone the king was to happen, there would need to be a candidate that was fit for this purpose, and honestly, I don't think there is anyone that the other leaders can be behind. I worry for us.

"You may have noticed that the tenth family's mistreatment has started again, but it is not just your family. It is the other families as well. With Bryce coming into power, the divide between the vampire sides has only grown. Those who think we should leave this place come out of hiding and rule over the humans. And those who believe we should be their protectors.

"Still, we can use this to our advantage and gather vampires that could vote to throw Bryce out, but first, we need evidence," Muka explained.

"And what about someone who could deal with Bryce if he didn't agree?" Paul asked.

For this, Muka had no answers.

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In the third castle was the third vampire leader Suzan. She was currently in her room that was filled with dolls upon dolls of all sizes. They weren't just human dolls but teddy bears, different animals and more.

Right now, she was using her special needles to sew outfits for them all. In particular, it was a large one she was working on today. However, her hands were a bit unsteady. She had pricked her fingers a few times, again and again.

“What is Bryce thinking?” She thought, with her knees trembling as she continued to sow. “He told us he had a plan but then doesn’t inform us of what is going on. Why do I always decide to listen and follow him? I followed him back then, I followed him with the vote and now... it’s too late.”

She suddenly pricked her finger again, this time deeper. She had stopped for a few seconds waiting for the wound to heal and then was ready to start again. It was the only way she could get the worry out of her head, but when she tried to move her hand, it was suddenly grabbed.

“You’re right, it is too late, and now it is time for you to be punished for your crimes.” A dark voice said.

When Suzan looked around her, she soon noticed that all the walls were covered in pitch black. Shadows were everywhere, and no matter how loud she would scream, no one could hear it. Her, a vampire leader, one of the strongest vampires, was shivering in fear because she knew there was no hope.

My Vampire System Chapter 1243

A message to them

The forest with the dark purple leaves could sometimes seem endless, with the terrain changing very little for Erin and Leo. Mountains, small rivers, lakes, ponds, and of course, trees, plenty, plenty of trees.

Although the two of them wished to stay near the vampire settlement, Erin’s senses improved by the day. Each time, they were able to head out further from the settlement, and Erin could still sense the general direction of where the vampires were.

This was something unique to her as a dhampir. At the same time, it seemed like she was controlling her powers better, but control wasn’t the only thing she was getting good at.

They had ventured further out because the vampires in the area now seemed non-existent. What surprised them as they did this was that even as they further explored the planet, there would always be a stray out there somewhere.

Some of them were minding their own matters, just wishing to live a life away from the settlement. They chose to leave them alone while others were running away from crimes they had committed.

The second they saw Leo and Erin, they thought they were from the settlement and had come to chase them down. Still, Leo didn't kill them instantly, or at least he didn't make it so Erin would because he wanted to find out more about them. Find out their reason for leaving. With his influence skill as a vampire knight, there weren't many that could resist his control.

The rivers had become a frequent place for the two of them to stop at. For some reason, the sound of the water running down was calming for both of them. Sitting on top of a stone, Leo was observing, more so with his ears.

With the sound of the river, chains could be heard and then shortly after, the sound of the wind being cut. This repeated several times with certain gaps of sound in between. As if someone was going through specific steps.

Each time this was repeated, not a single time did the pattern not repeat in the exact matter. It was perfect, again and again until finally, the pattern was off.

'The timing, it was off.'

"Stop!" Leo shouted.

Instantly, chains fell to the floor, and huffing and panting from Erin could be heard.

"You have done remarkably well. When we came here, I only wanted to help you control the energy inside you, but it looks like you have been able to achieve more than that." Leo complimented her.

"Creating your own swordsmanship, one that incorporates the suppression chains, is no easy matter. You have done well creating these 6 different movements.

"You have nearly perfected them. However, there is one thing that we can't fix," Leo said, looking at his own blade.

When fighting the four spiked Dalki, he saw how effective agent 1's weapons were against it. Leo's weapon wasn't weak, but it was granted a boost in power due to the curse it had on it. This only helped when fighting against the Dalki, but even against a four spike, the boost wasn't enough.

"I have the Demi-god tier crystal that had been given to me by that man we met. I would like you-"

"No." Erin interrupted Leo. "Leo, you have your own goal, and to do that, you need stronger weapons as well. We know that Pure's leader is most likely your old master from what you have told me.

"I'm sure you have heard the rumours as well as I have. That Pure has a Demon tier weapon in their possession. I know your skills are great Leo, I know you are strong. Unfortunately, I think this just is something skill can't overcome. Besides, I haven't finished the move set yet. I plan for there to be 12 movements altogether."

Leo was taken aback by this. Erin's progression had been extraordinary. Her strength had grown fast, to the point where now it was nearly at his own. However, there were a few things Leo still had an advantage of Erin in. His control of Qi was more fine-tuned, while at the same time, he had experience. His fighting sense and tactics were above hers, but Erin was young, and this could be improved.

When she had told Leo she was going to create her own swordsmanship style, he was impressed, and when she actually achieved it, he didn't think he could be surprised again, yet here they were.

"From the vampires, the Bloodsuckers we have killed so far, we have gathered all different types of Blood crystals. Learning how to use the Katana-style sword with the suppression chains will be the first six moves, and I plan to have a weapon created from their blood crystals.

"I can finally help the others in the Cursed faction. When I first was sent to Pure, I hated it, I thought why me, but slowly I realised that Quinn, Layla. All of them saved my life from Truedream, and then they saved me again. It's time to return the favour.

"However, I don't want to forget my past either. The longsword I used to use, and the swordsmanship that was taught to me by my parents. I wish to improve it, and I plan to create another set of six movements for that weapon. That will be my best weapon."

Hearing this, Leo thought it represented Erin quite well, to have one best weapon that the humans used and one blood weapon that the vampires used. The only thing was they didn't have the current weapons. For her, Longsword had broken.

"I think it's time we head back to the Cursed faction then. We can obtain the crystals needed for this and ask Alex to forge us both new weapons for our journey. It's been a long time." Leo smiled.

Heading back through the forest, they realised they were quite far out, and even with their speed, it would take around half a day to return, but before they could even move from the river, they sensed two large objects coming their way.

Crashing in front of the two stones were chunks of rock, and small waves were made pushing it over the edge. A great wind force had hit both of them.

'What happened? If they were vampires, I should have sensed them from a mile away.' Erin thought.

Leo had quickly drawn his sword. Now they were in front of them, he knew what they were.

"They are in a place like this!"

"Who would have thought that we would see two stray vampires all the way out here at a place like this." One of the attackers said.

"I bet they were surprised to see our return but too bad you won't be telling anyone anything." The other said.

The two that had appeared in front of them were Dalki. The Dalki had arrived on the vampire planet, but what were they doing so out of the settlement.

When both Erin and Leo had seen the number of spikes on the back, they weren't worried at all, for there was only one.

“I’ve been waiting, waiting for a while to do this!” Erin said as she went in for the attack.

It was safe to say that neither of the Dalki’s had lasted very long, and both of their heads were seen rolling on the floor.

After dealing with the Dalki, they both continued to head to the vampire settlement. It was safe to say they didn’t have a clue why the Dalki were there, but they had decided to head back towards the settlement to see if something was up.

They could have tried to find where the Dalki had come from, but so far out, they thought it was a risk. At the same time, Leo wanted to know more before doing anything. This perhaps would be a matter where they would need to contact Quinn as well.

When they finally were coming close to the settlement, the two wore their cloaks covering up their faces and heads. There were guards stationed outside the settlement and even in the forest area, which they hadn’t seen before. Regardless, for Erin and Leo, it was easy to bypass them without being seen, using the terrain of the trees and more.

‘Could it be that the Dalki really have attacked the settlement as well?’ Leo thought.

However, when they entered the settlement, there was a strange feeling coming from the people. They could hear whispering and moans from everyone.

“What do we do! What do we do!”

“This has never happened before, and they managed to get inside!”

“Who could be strong enough to even do such a thing!”

The people were in a panic.



“Is it what we saw before?” Erin asked Leo, not wanting to say the name of the creatures in case someone had overheard them.

“No, this seems to be something different. The people look to be moving towards a certain place, and there are no signs of an attack. Let’s follow them and see.” Leo replied.

Following the crowds of people, they could see that some of the vampires had tears in their eyes. Others were shaking as they moved back.

“Everyone stand back, from the third castle! Get away from the third castle. This is an order!” A group of vampires shouted.

Seeing who they were, one could see that they were the Royal guard. A group of fifty or so vampires that worked directly under the king. They had the same power as a vampire knight. Currently, Ten of them were marching through, heading towards the third castle.

When Leo and Erin finally went there, they could see what everyone was looking at. From the pooling area, just outside the third castle inner area, one could see the whole castle in view. At the very top, the leader Suzan Topy had been pinned using stakes to the wall. Her blood dripped on the castle walls, and there was no sign of life from her.

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My Vampire System Chapter 1244

The penalty

A moment of peace was achieved, but that was all it was, a moment. The human race was able to celebrate the victory they had achieved over the five spike. The fighting around the beast solar system had stopped as everyone's eyes were glued to the screen, and in the end, they had obtained a victory.

However, it was as if the Dalki, now we're fighting Vengeance, having witnessed one of their leaders killed. The attacks on the planets on each of the Human groups' sections was now in full force. The mother ships had dropped the Dalki, allowing them to build fortresses. Once finished, the ships moved to the next planet for support.

Those that had been taken over, a token group of Dalki were left behind as the others joined forces with the struggling planets. Eventually, overwhelming the human race on each of the Shelters. It hadn't even taken an entire day. All of this was done within a few hours after Slicer's defeat.

In the end, each of the groups, including the Cursed faction, had decided to concentrate their forces even more so. The Earthborn group, the Graylash group and the Cursed faction were just down to controlling three planets each.

In order for the Dalki to keep control of each of the planets, their forces were thinned out more and more, until eventually, the Dalki themselves knew that if they were to attack, it would be a struggle.

It was a shame because even the planets that Quinn had destroyed motherships on, eventually were forced to retreat as neighbouring forces came over.

The problem was, with so few planets, the pushing issue of Crystals was becoming more apparent. There were just too few resources to go around to keep up the fight, and if the human race didn't do something soon, they would slowly meet their end.

The Cursed faction was in a bit better state and situation compared to the others. This was thanks to Quinn. After destroying the Motherships on said planets, Quinn informed the faction leader that the ships contained many Crystals on board.

Since Quinn was in his Dalki form when defeating these motherships, he could not store the crystals in his system. Fortunately, all of the factions were able to obtain the crystals inside. Which meant the Cursed faction didn't have a short supply like the other factions. Still, even for them, time would eventually run out.

Back on planet Caladi, the planet filled with sand, the Cursed faction had yet to leave the place. The Shelter had been quickly rebuilt, but certain parts were needed for the Bertha ship to be fully up and running again.

The good news was, with the Blade family working together, they were able to use their strong telekinesis powers to move the whole ship to the back of the Shelter, away from where they had crashed landed. With their help, they could fix the ship even quicker.

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Quinn was sitting in a comfy office chair, swirling around spinning, looking at the metallic plain room. It felt strange that the person who had last used this thing was dead, but his mind was being filled with all sorts of odd thoughts like that because he was still at a loss for what to do after defeating Slicer.

Opening up his system, he could see a countdown timer that told him he had 12 hours remaining and was counting down the seconds.

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Alas, he did meet the requirements to complete the survival quest, which had given him an extra level, which 'would' have brought him up to level 70. The level where Quinn had suspected there was another evolution.

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At the level he was at, it was taking a 100 to 200 drops of blood to gain a single stat point. However, with the number of new people in the Shelter, Quinn could easily gain the lost stats back by taking a drop of blood from each of them. The public now knew what Quinn was and hailed him as a hero. If he explained this would allow him to get stronger, he thought they would easily comply.

Regardless of all that, the worst penalty was yet to come, and that was within 24 hours Quinn was to give the system a Demi-god tier item or higher. Or it would forcefully take one from him within that time.

‘The system keeps impressing me by the day.’ Vincent said. ‘All these penalties you have experienced were implemented in the game. When the user would die, at times, a random item would drop from that body. Of course, the system isn’t expecting you to die, so maybe this is its version of it, taking an item from you.’

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The only equipment he had at the Demi-god tier or above was the Demon tier amulet, and the Demi-god tier gauntlets. Hilston's equipment had been damaged beyond repair as well, so Quinn had to make a choice, and he needed to do so soon.

The penalty

A moment of peace was achieved, but that was all it was, a moment. The human race was able to celebrate the victory they had achieved over the five spike. The fighting around the beast solar system had stopped as everyone's eyes were glued to the screen, and in the end, they had obtained a victory.

However, it was as if the Dalki, now we're fighting Vengeance, having witnessed one of their leaders killed. The attacks on the planets on each of the Human groups' sections was now in full force. The mother ships had dropped the Dalki, allowing them to build fortresses. Once finished, the ships moved to the next planet for support.

Those that had been taken over, a token group of Dalki were left behind as the others joined forces with the struggling planets. Eventually, overwhelming the human race on each of the Shelters. It hadn't even taken an entire day. All of this was done within a few hours after Slicer's defeat.

In the end, each of the groups, including the Cursed faction, had decided to concentrate their forces even more so. The Earthborn group, the Graylash group and the Cursed faction were just down to controlling three planets each.

In order for the Dalki to keep control of each of the planets, their forces were thinned out more and more, until eventually, the Dalki themselves knew that if they were to attack, it would be a struggle.

It was a shame because even the planets that Quinn had destroyed motherships on, eventually were forced to retreat as neighbouring forces came over.

The problem was, with so few planets, the pushing issue of Crystals was becoming more apparent. There were just too few resources to go around to keep up the fight, and if the human race didn't do something soon, they would slowly meet their end.

The Cursed faction was in a bit better state and situation compared to the others. This was thanks to Quinn. After destroying the Motherships on said planets, Quinn informed the faction leader that the ships contained many Crystals on board.

Since Quinn was in his Dalki form when defeating these motherships, he could not store the crystals in his system. Fortunately, all of the factions were able to obtain the crystals inside. Which meant the Cursed faction didn't have a short supply like the other factions. Still, even for them, time would eventually run out.

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My Vampire System Chapter 1245: Fixing the issue

The timer was ticking down, and twelve hours wasn’t enough time for Quinn to exactly go hunting. Although the teleporters were up and running on planet Caladi, the teleporters were no longer working on the planets that the Dalki had taken control of. They were assumed to be destroyed.

The remaining planets that were still owned all had motherships that still had the jammers on board. The worst thing of all was the fact that Quinn was on a green portal planet. The highest tier beast that would be found here was an intermediate tier beast.

It looked like in the end, Quinn had no choice but to give the system something.

'Arghh, this countdown is torture. If I have to get rid of something, I might as well decide now.' Quinn thought.

He had taken off the gauntlets and placed them both on the table in front of him and had done the same with the Demon tier amulet. The gauntlets both had a strong passive and active skill in each of them. If it wasn't for the poison, perhaps Quinn would have struggled more with Agent 2. At the same time, draining mana was undoubtedly handy, even against the Dragon Demon tier beast.

However, how could he possibly think of getting rid of the Demon tier amulet when he had only just gotten it. With his stats having been lowered, the amulet was good in many ways. He could possibly travel to other planets where the Dalki numbers were few and obtain a few Marked.

Quinn still wanted to perform his little test to see if he could evolve the Dalki himself, and then when needed, he could use them to boost his energy beyond the stats he lost. Even if the Dalki would no longer fall for his trick, he just couldn't see himself getting rid of it.

"I guess it's going to have to be the gauntlets then." Quinn sighed, but a thought came into his head. 'Does it have to be both of them? I know the gauntlets are a pair of weapons, but I can wear just one of them and still use their active and passive skills. In the first place, they were created with two Demi-god tier crystals. Maybe just giving one of the gauntlets would be enough?'

The only problem was, Quinn was a little worried that if he made the offering, then maybe he couldn't take it back. If that was the case, then he would have given up the gauntlet for nothing.

'What am I even worried about, I can just offer one, and if that doesn't work, the system would have taken them both anyway.' Quinn thought.

In the end, Quinn had decided to offer the poison gauntlet. Although the passive skill on it was strong. It was too unreliable, and there was only a chance it could work. Quinn needed something more sure rather than rely on luck or chance, so he decided to keep the energy draining gauntlet.

Picking up the gauntlet, Quinn started to think about the timer over his head. There was a ding sound and then a short wait. As if the system was trying to decide whether or not it would accept just one gauntlet instead of two.



[The item has been selected]

[Are you sure you want to give up this item?]

'Does that mean it worked?'

He didn't want to do it, but he had to select the yes option in the end. A few seconds later, the gauntlet started to turn into particles, disappearing the same way Quinn could store crystals.

'It is a loss, Quinn but remember you have gained a lot more from the system than losses. There might be a chance in the future that you are able to get the weapon back from the system.' Vincent said.

This was what Quinn was worried about as well. With the quest and stakes of the world getting harder and harder he had seen a penalty for the first time. Would this become a regular thing? If so, then if Quinn started to fail these quests more and more, they would only get more difficult.

Still, looking on the bright side, Quinn placed the energy drain gauntlet back in his dimensional space. It just meant he would have to get Alex to make him a new one.

'I was thinking. I know using blood crystals is considered taboo. However, you have already created blood weapons from the others in your faction.' Vincent was trying to get at something. 'When I saw them using their weapons and how effective they were against the Dalki, I was thinking, why don't you create a gauntlet out of the blood crystals.'

'You have your soul weapon that acts in a similar way, and it gives you great power, but your soul weapon can only be used when there are multiple Dalki. If you were fighting against another five spike, then it would have been handy to have a powerful Blood weapon in hand.'

It was a good suggestion to make. However, Quinn didn't have a large blood crystal that he could use to create a significant blood weapon. He had already given all the blood crystals away, but even then, it was just better off for him to create beast gear that would give him more stats than a medium grade blood weapon.

'It would have been good if we had gotten Cindy's blood crystal back then. I doubt that Bryce has done anything with it. I'll keep it in mind if we ever do come across one.' Quinn said. Feeling a little bit better after only having to give up one of his gauntlets.

'I haven't heard from Leo and Erin in a while. It would be best to see if everything is okay where they are and how things are doing in the vampire world.' Quinn thought. 'I thought that there would be some type of reaction when we announced ourselves as V, but there was nothing at all.'

'I agree that is certainly strange.' Vincent said. 'I'm sure Bryce has his eyes on what you are doing. Although the situation was unavoidable, perhaps they had decided to let it go. Still, I actually prefer it when we know what they are doing good or bad. When things are silent, I worry the most. Especially since we haven't seen or heard of Arthur moving yet.'

What Quinn didn't know was that currently, Nathan was also on his way to Planet Caladi, and he wasn't alone. With him, he was travelling with Ruby and would be delivering the news of what he had learnt, as well as something special he had with him.

--

While Quinn had been busy deciding what item to give back, the rest hadn't been slacking off either. In particular, the Blade family. Other than Quinn, they were the second highlight of the war. In good ways and bad ways.

Since the world had learnt about them, their feelings were constantly changing. They hated them for killing Hilston, then thanking them for defeating the five spiked Dalki. The public felt like they were on a rollercoaster of emotions. After finishing helping build the Shelter, they were now helping out Logan with the ship's repairs.

It was good for them because they wanted to get away from the people in the Shelter. At the moment, they were having a break and were sitting down in the sand, where the ship was being used to give them all shade.

During this time, it was a little awkward between the group. There was Pai, and Vicky, the newcomers, who had decided to stay as they had nowhere else to go. It was actually an offer from Vorden. Then there was Sil, Raten and finally Borden as well.

Soon though, the silence broke as Pai asked Vorden how he and Raten had gotten into such strange bodies. The one thing they wanted to avoid was talking about Hilston.

“So that’s what happened, you guys must have been on some crazy journey, and it must be weird having a beast as a body,” Pai said, looking towards the two of them.

“What about this one?” Vicky pointed at Borden. “Why does he look like Sil, and is he a Dalki?”

“That...might be a difficult question to answer,” Vorden replied awkwardly. Because then he would have to go into detail of how they had discovered a Dalki creating a lab on a vampire planet. In a way, too many crazy things were happening to them all.

“So, are you two going to stay with us, or are you just bored or something?” Raten asked.

Both Pai and Vicky looked at each other with a guilty look on their faces.

“We aren’t quite sure,” Pai said. “We think that we should help out with the situation as much as we can. To payback for what we have done, but we think there might be another problem that needs our attention.

“The Chained that were with us, all of them are free now, and that’s not a good thing. Some of them have stayed in the Shelter and are going to be sent back to their families, I heard, but not everyone that Hilston kept with him was good. Some of them had dangerous abilities and were criminals.

“Hilston kept them for their abilities, but in a way, he was helping the world as well. People that could be considered for the position of the big four if they had the support and families to back them up. We might try going around and capturing them.”

Hearing this made Vorden smile. He always knew that Pai and Vicky were good people. Even if they didn’t stay with them, he wanted them to do things based on their own choices.

“Before you go.” Sil finally spoke. “Tell me...I want you to tell me, why did Hilston..why did he do all of that, the Blade island, training us everything.”

My Vampire System Chapter 1246: Unwelcome face

All of the Blade’s knew what Sil had said to Hilston before he had decided to finish him off in the way he had done. The video that had been recorded was watched by them all multiple times, not just by them but nearly everyone in the Shelter.

The drones had advanced technology that was able to pick up clear audio in a specific direction despite neither one of them not having microphones on their bodies. During the fight, Sil didn’t exactly whisper the words to Hilston in his fit of anger either.

It was then that Sil had claimed that he didn’t care about the reason Hilston had done everything, that no matter what, it wouldn’t make up for the crimes he had committed, but after the fight, something had changed. It had to have for Sil to suddenly ask this question to his brother and sister.

This was due to the people around him, and not just any people, but those in the Cursed faction.

He wasn’t lying when he said he wanted Hilston to be the end of his journey, of his saga. Now that he was gone, there was no reason to worry about what that man did or was ever going to do. However, walking back through the Shelter, there were those that hailed the Blade family as heroes, congratulating them. They were the ones that had defeated the five spike that no one else could, while at the same time, some harboured anger towards them.

Some of the Cursed members that Sil would walk past every day on the Cursed ship, were shaking when they would see him now. Hiding from his view while speaking whispers. It was clear they were scared of him.

Why were they scared of him? Sil started to think, and eventually, he had come up with his own answer.

It was the blood running through his veins, the Blade bloodline, the powerful ability that no one else could match up to. This family was the one that had attacked the Cursed faction, and what if it was to happen again.

After asking the question, there was silence from Vicky and Pai. This was what allowed the time for Sil to have these thoughts. He was thinking back to those that were shaking at the sight of him, so Sil spoke again.

"I...I just want to make sure that I don't turn out like him. I'm scared. I'm scared of this power. I'm scared of my body and all that training that we did. We all share his blood, don't we? What if there is something inside us that makes us become like him?" Sil asked, both of his hands shaking.

There was for a moment when he was fighting that he allowed the anger to consume him. It wasn't the first time he had this feeling which was why he was so concerned. He didn't want to admit it. Holding that much power gave a special feeling, something one couldn't explain.

"Haha, are you an idiot!" Raten burst out laughing. "Look at all of us, all of us carry the same blood, and every single one of us is different? We are all individual people regardless of what blood we have, and I mean, we're in freaking beast bodies at the moment. I'm not even sure if I have a spec of that dirty old man's blood in the first place. You are still a little child." Raten continued to laugh.

"I think what Raten is trying to say is, you really don't have to worry about that," Vorden added. "Just because of who our parents are, doesn't define who we are. You have a right to worry though because I too would like to know just what was that man doing, what was he trying to do."

Now, Vorden and Sil were waiting for an answer from the other two.

"Alright, would you two just stop looking at me like that?" Vicky said, scratching her head irritated. "Look, you aren't going to like what I have to say, but I don't have a clue either. When we joined the castle, all we did was follow what Hilston told us to do, just like you guys.

"From time to time, he would tell us to go places. All we did was fight, Honestly if you want to know more, then the one you really should be asking is our so called mother and father. They would have a better answer, but I have no clue where they have gone just like you."

It was disappointing for them to hear. Their curiosity was now consuming them. Their whole life they lived, there had to be some sort of goal, right? Otherwise, the lives of their brothers and sisters were lost for nothing.

“I do know one thing.” Pai interrupted, and from the looks of it, Vicky was surprised to hear this as well. “I just heard the old man mumbling once, but the reason why he puts us through extreme measures again and again, why he keeps making as many Blade children as possible. Maybe this is linked.

“I don’t know what his goal was or why he was doing it, but he was looking for a Blade, one that could use a soul weapon.”

All of their eyes lit up hearing this, apart from Borden, who didn’t have a clue what was going on and was finding it hard to keep track. Still, he was interested to learn of his brother’s crazy family origins.

They were all surprised because they knew that Blade’s were unable to have soul weapons. They had all tried to summon it at one point, and it failed. They thought that it might be due to how their ability worked, that it was just impossible for them to have a soul weapon. If they even had one, they would have no clue what it would be.

“Why would he be looking for a Blade with a soul weapon? I mean, I understand if he was someone who cared about the family, but I don’t see how it benefits him at all.” Vorden said. It certainly was a head scratcher, but they would just have to ask their mother and father to find out the missing pieces.

All of the communicators they had on them, given by Logan, started to vibrate again, signalling it was time for them to use their muscles and such to get back to work. Heading back inside the Cursed ship, Vorden looked at Sil from behind.

‘Hilston was obsessed with getting Sil back. I thought it might have been due to him being able to hold six abilities, but what if it was because of a different reason? Is it true, can Sil really use a soul weapon? If so, it would be a big help to the war. Perhaps Sil is someone who can go even beyond Hilston, and we are going to need people like that if we are going to face more five Spike Dalki. The problem is, can Sil handle that much responsibility? Although he is the same age as us, he has been mentally hit since a young age.

'Only now has it started to get better, but as long as I and Raten stay by his side, we can keep him in control. Sil, we will look after you and make sure you stay on the right path, and if we aren't there, then I know Quinn will.'

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Speaking of Quinn, he was now finally ready to leave the office. He had been sulking around for long enough about the penalty. In the end, it wasn't something he couldn't deal with. A loss of an item was something he could always get back, and his stats could improve.

His powers, Qi, skills he had learnt and experience, all of it was still there. Putting his plan into motion, Quinn had called Sam and asked him if he could require that all of those in the Shelter donate blood.

Quinn didn't quite explain the reason but said that he needed it for himself. The other vampires didn't get stronger by consuming different types of blood. This was something unique to Quinn, so it was hard to explain.

Luckily, it seemed like Sam believed that this wouldn't be too hard of a request.

'I can mix the blood into flasks and take them at the same time. My Qi has increased since the last time as well, and by mixing the two carefully together, I can make sure that the blood lust doesn't go out of control. It might take a while, but my stats will be back to what they were.'

Any second now, Sach and the others would arrive, and Quinn needed to be ready with a plan and what to do next. After all, even with the penalty, he was still one of the main powerhouses, and the Demon amulet could be put to good use.

Swinging the door open, Quinn was ready for a smile, but immediately, someone was standing on the other end of the door. His smile had disappeared.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Quinn asked.

“What a kind welcome, and here I thought you would be embracing me with a big hug. Did you miss me?” Richard Eno asked.

My Vampire System Chapter 1247: The Major Threats

It had been a while since Quinn had last seen Eno. Still, it was a face that he wouldn't forget for a long time. The last time the two of them had met was on Blade island, where they had decided to part ways. Honestly, when opening the door, it was the last person he was expecting to see on the other side.

Usually, others would contact Quinn when they wanted to see him, but Eno would just appear whenever he wished.

‘How did he know where I was in the first place? How did he even know I was in this room? Does he have a tracker in my system or something?!’

The reason for Quinn's unhappy appearance was because whenever this person appeared, he always did something that Quinn didn't exactly agree with, which was why now, of all things, he was on his toes for what was just about to happen next.

“I saw the video of you. It looks like you have improved and exceeded my expectations like you have been doing this whole time.” Eno said as he walked past him as if the office was his own home.

“Although you could have made it easier on yourselves, you could have gone for the attack while Hilston was fighting. We might have just lost our Queen in this fight and traded for theirs.

“The problem is, they have more than one Queen.”

Quinn understood that when Eno was using the words ‘Queen’, he was referring to the game of chess. Where the Queen was the most powerful piece, but each side only had one. In this case, their Queen would have been Hilston.

As for the Dalki side, Quinn knew they had more than one five spike.



“How much do you know?” Quinn asked. “Do you know how many five spikes they have? Do you know about their strange chamber?”

There was clear information that Eno knew that he was keeping from them, but why didn't he share this information with the human race? Wouldn't they have a better chance of surviving if they knew?

At the same time, Quinn wanted to ask just what Eno was doing here, but while he was here, he might as well ask him some of the other questions he wanted to know.

“I think what you are asking for is fair, especially since you finally managed to defeat one of the major threats,” Eno said, now sitting in the seat that Quinn was in before. “It looks like you have been busy yourself if you already know about that strange chamber of theirs. As you know the Dalki have been evolving in general, and it might have to do with the special chamber.

“At first, I thought that the Dalki would be the ones that were time sensitive, but now it seems the humans are.”

Quinn couldn't agree more. Although he was unable to experience the healing properties of the chamber, if what the five spike said was true, then Quinn could see them forcing evolutions.

“The major threats I speak of are as follows. There are three Dalki that can turn the tide of any battle and would be a huge blow if defeated to the enemy side. One Horn, who had managed to defeat Oscar, another five spike that goes by the name Graham, and lastly a Dalki named Green Horn.

“The last of the three is the weakest, only being a four spike. However, it is on the stronger side and is the closest to evolving at the moment. It also was the one that had escaped after fighting against Owen.”

Thinking back to the five spikes that Quinn had met while being in a Dalki body, he could only assume that he was the one called Graham, since One Horn's appearance was known to the whole place.

The next question for Quinn would be how did Eno know this information in the first place, but when asking in the past he got no answer. He assumed he was just being safe, not wanting to give his sources away in case anything happened to them.

“So, if we get rid of these three, the human race will win the war?” Quinn asked, getting a better idea of just what was left of this war.

“I haven’t finished naming the major threats. Jim, the ex vampire leader and ex vampire knight, also my, or should I say our relative is a big problem as well. In the past, he would do anything to please his curiosity and achieve his goal, and I’m sure it is the same now. There is no telling how strong he is or who he has by his side helping him.”

When hearing this, Quinn’s mind went to True Dream and the one that was able to control the vampire agents. Two strong ability users.

“Lastly, we have to face the fact that Jim could be using Arthur in some way. Although we can’t be sure, he is working for Jim. There is a good chance whatever he is doing could get in our way. The important thing is Quinn, now that I have told you all our enemies we have to face, I’m sure you know, you can not beat them all on your own.”

It was food for thought. Still, a part of Quinn didn’t believe Arthur had gone over to the other side. Otherwise, why would he have let him live? Arthur was almost telling him to get stronger, and there had to be a reason for it.

“Okay, then tell me why you came here. Aren’t you supposed to be protecting that Demon tier beast?” Quinn asked.

Standing up, Eno straightened his dark blazer and started to walk back to the exit where Quinn was standing.

“A meeting is to take place, no? The matter I need to bring up will concern everyone. As I said, if we want to survive this, we will need everyone’s help on this. Let me just say that this whole war is a distraction in the first place.”

Walking out of the room, Eno continued to do his own thing, and as usual, Quinn was swept up in his pace. It was either that or leave the crazy old man alone. In a way, Quinn thought that would be worse. When stepping out of the office and heading down the hallway, he was quite surprised to see someone familiar standing there.

In a pointy hat, and black outfit Mona gave a little wave.

"I saw your flashy moves out there." Mona complimented. "You did a good job. I thought at first that maybe you weren't deserving to replace one of the big four, and then in a flash, you go ahead and surpass us. Who would have thought."

For some reason, seeing Mona made Quinn a little at ease. He thought she was quite sensible, to say the least. If she and Eno were travelling together that she wasn't shy enough to say if he was doing something out of order or strange. It did make Quinn wonder where Brock was though. The most likely answer was still on the island.

"It looks like everyone saw that video, huh?" Quinn replied, not realising just how viral it had gone.

"I would bet there isn't a single human who hasn't seen it," Eno said, clearing his throat. "Would you mind? These old legs of mine are getting a little tired."

At first, Quinn didn't know what Eno meant by this. He was sure that his legs were working fine.

'Does he want a piggyback or something?'

Later he realised that Eno was trying to hint at them using Quinn's shadow to travel. The meeting was far, and Quinn wanted to avoid the people outside, so he would use it anyway.

The meeting wasn't to occur in the Shelter since there were too many people, and it would attract attention. Instead, it would take place on the Cursed ship. Although Repairs weren't finished yet, the command centre had been repaired so they could have full use of it.

Both Mona and Eno were taken inside and out of the Shelter using his shadow travel. As they approached the Cursed ship, Quinn saw another ship had already landed while another was preparing to land.

Soon, Quinn could see who had gotten off the ship, for it was Nathan, along with a few others by his side. The others with him were just soldiers for protection, but Quinn didn't recognise the person directly behind him.

It was a female, she stayed close, but he did notice something else that she was holding onto tightly. The next second, Quinn had popped out of the shadow, appearing in front of them all.

"Quinn! What the! You can't just pop out of the sand like that. Were you hiding there that whole time!" Nathan had let out a little shriek. These days he was a little on edge and wasn't paying attention. To suddenly see three people appear out of a shadow in the sand like that would give anyone a fright.

However, Quinn ignored Nathan and instead looked at the weapon held in the woman's hands.

"That weapon that's the Demon tier beast weapon that Oscar had! I'm sure of it!" Quinn said, recognising it. After all, he was one of the few that had seen it being used in action.

'Didn't Sach say that they lost it when fighting against one horn, and it was on the planet where Arthur was, so why is it in this person's hands?'

At the same time, while Quinn was thinking this. The woman who was known as Ruby also seemed a little starstruck after seeing Quinn.

"You, what you did just now, that looked like a shadow, do you have shadow abilities?" Ruby asked.

No matter what skill Quinn would use, even the shadow travel when deactivating and activating the skill, shadows would form like a type of purple fog and quickly disappear. Ruby had seen the same thing happen before.

"Do you know where Arthur is?" Ruby asked.

This girl knew who Arthur was? This was something Quinn wasn't expecting, just who was this girl, and what was her relationship with Arthur.

My Vampire System Chapter 1248: Arthur Switch sides?

Hearing Arthur's name was like a switch in Quinn's mind. He never expected to hear the name from another person's lips, especially a human. To make sure, Quinn sniffed a few times. The scent was definitely that of a human.

"Why!" Quinn said, pushing forward now almost directly in Ruby's face. "Why do you know that name? How do you know him? Who are You?"

Asking one question after another, Quinn pushed forward, and Ruby was taking a step back. The person in front of her was being somewhat aggressive, and it felt like if she said one wrong word, she would be on the receiving end of an attack.

Instead of answering, she slowly moved her hands down to the hilt of the sword she had been practically hugging till recently, but this didn't go unnoticed by Quinn.

"Don't you try to use that weapon on me." Quinn demanded as his eyes glowed red and his influence skill had activated. No matter how hard Ruby tried to move her hand, her body wouldn't listen to her as it was being controlled.

'Those red eyes are the same as Arthur's. I thought that maybe the two of them knew each other. Is he going to kill me?' She thought.

"Quinn! What are you doing!" Nathan shouted out as he got in between the two of them. "Look, I don't know who this Arthur person is, Ruby does know him, but you can't just ask a question and put pressure on someone like that the second you meet them. You didn't even give her time to answer.

"I know this might be out of place since I am ranked below you, but I have to call out your actions. Do you want to be like Duke!" Nathan shouted, trying to get Quinn's head screwed back on properly.

Letting go of the Influence skill, Quinn took a step back. He realised that he had allowed his emotions to get the better of him, similar to when he had faced Head general Innu. This wasn't Innu though, and neither was it Arthur himself.

'I have to calm myself down when it comes to situations involving Arthur. Every time I hear his name, the wounds on my body start to ache a little.'

"I understand the young one," Eno said, walking up to Quinn's side. "I too am interested in knowing just how this girl came into possession of the Demon tier weapon and her relationship with Arthur."

It took a few seconds for Nathan to notice who it was, but it was then that he recognised the man as Richard Eno. Immediately he bowed down, showing his respect to one of the great heroes.

"I'm sorry," Quinn said, looking at Ruby again. "I'm just trying to find him and wondering what he is doing at the moment. Do you mind if you tell me what you know about him?"

Many things were running through Ruby's mind when she saw Quinn use the shadow powers. Whether he was a friend of Arthur, an Enemy or perhaps someone who was just searching for him, but now she realised that they both had similar goals.

The group started to make their way into the cursed ship. While doing so, Ruby had explained just like she did with Nathan, who Arthur was and how he was introduced into the Shelter they had made.

'What she's saying matches up with what Leo and Erin told me before, how they had trained with Arthur on the planet. So she is from the place where we woke up Arthur and must be part of those that were left behind when the portal planet changed.'

"So you don't really know why the Dalki were protecting the place?" Quinn asked.

"I hate to say it, but it is looking more and more likely that Arthur is working for the other side now. He must have made some sort of deal to have the Dalki protect them. Arthur is a strong ally for them to have, which is why they went as far as to have One Horn keep their promise." After finishing this sentence, Eno had a smile on his face.

"However, in their rush to attack, you have managed to do a great thing. You have made it, so their deal is void."

“Who is this Arthur person you keep speaking of?” Nathan couldn’t help but ask. “From the sound of it, it is a great figure, but I have never heard of such a name.”

“If I said he was someone who is stronger than Quinn, then I bet that would get your attention, so it is important to know if he is working for the Dalki or not,” Eno answered.

Hearing this, Nathan stopped walking for a few seconds. Right now, it wouldn’t be wrong to say that Quinn was the strongest person in the world. At least, from who they knew, yet an unknown was stronger than him.

“Wait, but Arthur said, I mean Ruby said that Arthur said the Dalki were even stronger than him! What does that mean!” Nathan shouted out, recalling her words.

Now, both Quinn and Eno had stopped walking at the same time.

“It’s true,” Ruby added, looking at the shock on their faces. She didn’t really know who this Quinn person was because they had been kept away from the outside world, so she also didn’t know what the big deal was that someone was stronger than him, or Arthur for that matter.

“When Arthur came back with the Dalki, he said those words.”

Thinking things through, Quinn was trying to compare Arthur’s strength with Slicers. From both fights and what he had seen Arthur do before, out of a hundred fights with Slicer, Quinn couldn’t imagine Arthur losing a single one of them.

‘Could it be, did Arthur already have a scuffle with the Dalki, did he lose? Is that why he attacked me that time with the Demon tier beast and told me to get stronger. Because not even he could beat the Dalki?’

This was the only thing he could think of, but to know for sure, he had to know the deal made with the humans. The only thing he could think of was if Arthur really thought the Dalki was going to win this war. His deal was for the Shelter to be saved.

Did he get attached to those at the Shelter so quickly?

“About what you said earlier,” Ruby added. “Even if the Dalki aren’t protecting us anymore and we have escaped, I think Arthur would still help them because they still have my....daughter. Arthur and Minny, the two of them, would always go off together, but one day she had gone missing, and it was around the same time Arthur appeared with them. I know Arthur wouldn’t hurt her!”

Looking to his right, Quinn could see that Eno was in deep thought as well. Perhaps someone being stronger than Arthur was never in his calculations. Eno had the insight to see far ahead, but there were things even he couldn’t predict.

“What are you thinking?” Quinn asked.

“The timeline,” Eno replied. “You see, if you asked me, could the Dalki get strong enough to defeat Arthur? My answer would have been yes, but judging by when these people were being protected by the Dalki, and when you claimed you were attacked by him. It would mean that at that time, they already had someone strong enough to deal with Arthur.

“If that is true and was the case, then that said person or Dalki is now even stronger than back then. The Dalki are improving quicker than my predictions. They might have a six spike already among them, or one that is very close to evolving.”

It was a scary thought to even imagine what a six spike would be like. For the rest of the walk, there was silence among them all.

Finally, the group had entered the meeting room, where Logan and Sam were present inside. It looked like the command centre had not only been repaired but improvements had been made to the room as well. The main table that would sit a level above all the controls was now twice the size it was before.

The centre and the table itself could still be used as a holographic display, and it looked like it was being used as one now. Currently being projected into the meeting, was Owen, Helen, and Samantha. The holograms looked life-like as if they were actually present in the room.



From the smell alone, Quinn knew they weren't.

In the room already, other than Sam and Logan, was the new Supreme commander Sach.

"Quinn, we were just talking about you," Sach said with a smile. "We were all discussing the video of you beating the five spike."

At first, Quinn thought that maybe the meeting had started without him, but it looked like everyone was just chatting and getting along with one another.

"Oh, I see you have brought some others with you as well," Sach said, surprised, but he wasn't the only one.

"Mona, my word, I thought you had perished, darling," Owen said, spooked, thinking he had seen a ghost.

"I'm harder to kill than you think, and I have this person to thank for that," Mona said, pointing towards Richard Eno.

The group took to their seats now the meeting was about to start. Sach was going to take the lead, giving everyone an update on all of the current situations, but before he even could, Eno stood up.

"I have come bringing urgent news to everyone. This whole war that you are all facing, is a giant trap! The Dalki don't care about the beast planets. This is just a distraction from their real goal. What they really are after, is planet earth.

"We have to do everything we can to protect planet earth, no more importantly protect Blade island. It's time you all knew the truth about the Dalki." Eno explained.

My Vampire System Chapter 1249: Double Dalki

When Eno stood up and spoke, the rest of them were hanging on to his every word. There was something about the way he spoke, making them feel that it was of great importance, so they took everything he said seriously.

After explaining to the others that Earth needed to be protected, there was a bit of catching up to do for the rest of humanity. It was time that the World Leaders, the ones involved, and the ones that were risking their lives to fight the threat actually knew what they were fighting against and why.

Everyone in the room knew what Eno was since the announcement of V. Quinn was the one who had outed him in the first place, claiming that he was the reason the Cursed faction leader had been turned into a V. However, most of this had been said to Oscar, and they weren't sure how much of it had been passed down.

Eno decided to start from the beginning, admitting to being a vampire for those that didn't know in the room. Also revealing how the vampires had tried to create a blood substitute so they would no longer have to rely on humans, which was what led to the creation of the Dalki.

As someone in the know, Quinn could tell that just like himself, Eno made sure to withhold the fact that there were still plenty of vampires out there, inhabiting an entire planet even. The old man made sure to only share the information that was needed for his current story.

"As a failed experiment the Dalki are incomplete beings, their lifespan being short and finite. It is their goal to do everything they can to survive, and for that they require a Demon tier beast that is currently on Blade Island. They will come for it soon." Eno finished his explanation there.

Only a select few had known about the real goal of the Dalki, most had believed them to merely be a genocidal race who had out for humans. It was a lot to take in for the uninformed, but because it had come from the Great Richard Eno himself, nobody questioned the validity.

"This whole situation is so crazy." Samantha couldn't help but blurt out.

"I have a few questions to ask if I may." Owen interjected. "First of all, why don't we kill the Demon tier beast? That way the Dalki should have no more reason to attack Earth, right?"

“You make it sound easy.” Mona laughed seriously at this suggestion. “We have already visited the island with a group of us and even Quinn admitted that it wasn’t anything we could just defeat. What’s more, that thing is... strange.”

A realisation hit the others, if the Demon tier beast was too strong for them to handle, and the Dalki had decided to attack now, it must have meant they had a way to either control the Demon tier beast or were sure that they could beat it to take it back.

“Do we know how they are planning to attack?” Sach asked. “At the moment, the teleportation station is being heavily guarded. Although the Dalki have cornered us, they still aren’t close enough to reach the teleportation system to head to Earth’s solar system.”

“That’s because it won’t be the Dalki that are attacking. I predict that they will have their hands full dealing with the humans, just like they have done now and that the vampire I spoke of earlier, will be the one to lead the attack.”

“The V that is working with Dalki, he is a great mind like myself. Getting to Earth will pose no problem for him. I’m sure you are already aware that one Dalki has managed to appear on the planet, without any prior warning signs. You can be sure that more will follow.”

It was an issue that nobody in their group currently had a way of solving. Even if the Dalki were after Earth, it didn’t change the fact that most of their forces were currently engaged with the Dalki on the beast planets.

At the moment, there was only a small group protecting Earth, and the wealthiest of civilians.

‘Quinn, I’m afraid that the others don’t really understand the real threat in allowing the Dalki to obtain the Demon tier beast.’ Vincent voiced his opinion, while everyone was deep in thought, discussing measures and certain tactics. At the moment, they were estimating how long their forces could last, with the amount of beast crystal they had.

‘Do you remember the state that Leo described the Demon tier beast was in? He said that it appeared to be in a deep slumber. From the information I have gathered and what I have observed I believe that this was the case because half of the Demon tier beast has already had all its energy drained.’

'The Dalki were created with one half of the Demon tier beast and Logan said that there wasn't enough energy to create anymore Dalki after Borden, but the beast is still somewhat alive. If it wasn't it would have joined back up with the beast on Earth.'

'If the Dalki get their hands on the second half of the Demon tier beast there will be two major issues. One, they could use the Demon tier that still has plenty of energy left to create more incomplete Dalki.'

'Two, their goal would change. Rather than capturing the other half of the Demon tier beast, they could simply slay the one on the vampire's side, gaining control over the complete version of it.'

When hearing Vincent explain it, the terror of them getting the Demon tier beast set in. So far the humans were only able to put up a decent fight due to their numbers, but if their forces could double, there would be no hope for them.

"I agree." Quinn said, interrupting the others that were speaking. "We have to prevent the Dalki from obtaining the Demon tier beast at all costs. I'm aware that everyone is busy defending the invaded planets and that they are worried that if they leave them, there will be no hope for them to survive, but if we allow them to get their hands on that Demon tier beast they will be able to double their numbers, if not worse!"

There was something else Quinn realised that he decided to keep to himself as well. Arthur had made a deal with the Dalki, so what were they getting from him? If what Vincent theorised was true, Arthur might have been tasked with killing the Demon tier beast that was in the Vampire World.

"I see that you are all troubled so I have a suggestion." Sam spoke up. "The main issue we have at the moment is travel. The Dalki possess the technology to block our own teleporters. Were it not for that, we could assign people to protect Blade Island, and you could head back to your respective planets in case they would need the reinforcements."

"Thanks to Quinn and Logan, we were able to create a device that can be used to disrupt their jamming device. At the moment, the Dalki don't know about it. This could be our trump card against them! When Eno calls for help from us all, we can travel and protect Blade Island!"

The others were amazed by how much the Cursed faction had been able to help in this fight. If it wasn't for Quinn and his friends humanity would have long since perished.

“I can agree to that.” Owen nodded. “As long as the Greylash planets and its people can be protected at any time, I will gladly go where I’m most needed. Providing the teleporters work of course.”

Soon after, the rest of them agreed to this fact and a plan was put in place. For now, Eno, along with Mona, would head back to Blade Island and set up the teleporters. They would also stay there as a first line of defence.

Eno actually wanted Quinn to send some of his people back as well, but the Vampire Lord himself had refused, on the grounds that there were things he needed to do with them first. Seeing the look in his eyes, Eno understood that Quinn wouldn’t budge. Given the situation, it was apparent that Quinn must have intended to boost their strength as much as he could.

Up until now, they had done well and they had yet to let him down, so Eno didn’t insist on their arrival. The teleporters working was a big win for them. Additionally, Quinn did agree to send someone with the shadow ability over, so he could go there regardless if the teleporters were working or not.

“The next matter to be discussed is those that are known as the Chained.” Sam stated standing up. “Hilston Blade has enslaved many strong people to have access to their abilities. A good portion of them have remained on Planet Caladi.”

“Some of these are the strongest ability users in their field, including past leaders. They will be returned to their rightful factions.”

Hearing this, there was a smile on Owen’s face. During the broadcast he had seen the face of his grandfather Grim Graylash still alive. Reclaiming those people who had been believed to have died, was a big win for the Graylash family as well as the Earthborn group as a whole.

“Before we go on to discuss each group’s plans and tactics for the fight against the Dalki, Nathan has one more matter he wishes to address.” Sam sat back down in his seat to allow him to take over.

Nathan then stood up, with Ruby still sitting by his side.

“Supreme Commander Sach had given me an important mission while the attack was going on. With One Horn’s location having been confirmed on a different planet we knew it was the right opportunity to strike, and in doing so we rescued the humans.”

While Nathan was speaking, Samantha suddenly sparked up, because she knew exactly what planet they were talking about.

“It turns out that the humans there had not been V at all, nor had they been working with the Dalki. The Dalki had kept them alive, glorified prisoners, probably to be used against us in some way.” When Nathan said this, he was careful because he realised that neither Richard, nor Quinn had mentioned this Arthur person.

Since the latter seemed to be a V as well, he took that as a sign that it could be a secret they didn’t wish to share. As such, he chose to do the same.

“We have successfully freed them, and in doing so we have managed to retrieve this!”

Ruby, then placed the Demon tier weapon on the table for them all to see.

“Although it was our Cursed faction who discovered and secured the weapon, it originally belonged to the Earthborn group. Without Supreme Commander Oscar, we will have to choose the most suitable person to wield the sword for all of humanity’s sake!”

Everyone’s eyes were now glued onto the weapon. A Demon tier Weapon would be a boost to them all, and every single group wanted it for themselves.

My Vampire System Chapter 1250: The Board

The Demon tier weapon was special in more ways than one. Not just because of the rank of the weapon itself, but due to the history it carried as well.

As the first Demon tier weapon that the humans had owned and the one belonging to the supreme commander.

In a way, everyone in the room had a case for the weapon to be rightfully theirs. It was at that moment while everyone's eyes were glued to the weapon that Ruby stood up.

"In return for saving those in the Shelter and giving them a safe place to live, I have agreed to give back this weapon. If it can help me bring back my daughter, and help save us from this war with the Dalki and many lives, then I accept." Ruby said, sitting back down.

Hearing Ruby's words, and how selfless they had been, made the others reconsider for a second. A normal person had actually tasted what it was like to use and wield a Demon tier weapon. In times like this, nearly everyone would want to keep it for themselves. Her strong words resonated with the others and the first one to actually speak was Owen.

"At the moment, the Graylash faction lacks a Demon tier weapon. Our strength comes from our ability. I would have before said that using the weapon would have made it so there wasn't just one strong contender in the Graylash family, but thanks to the Cursed faction that isn't true anymore."

"I have them to thank that I will be reunited with my grandfather, Grim Graylash who is an even stronger lightning user than my father. He alone is worth more than a Demon tier weapon. On top of that I owe Quinn my life. Although I know handing the Weapon to the Cursed faction will make their power even greater than the others, I can't think of anyone more deserving."

Of course, Quinn was also interested in the Demon tier Sword. Although it seemed rather selfish, he believed that in the Cursed faction's hand it could be put to better use than if anyone else were to get it. He was aware that his own swordsmanship would be lacking, but Leo would eventually come back and he could do with a better weapon.

'Although it isn't a katana blade so how would he fare with this type of sword, would it still be useful for him?'

"Honestly, I'm not completely against the idea." Sach said after hearing what Owen had to say. "After all, the Cursed faction was ultimately the one who dealt with the five spiked Dalki. Under the old system it

would have made them eligible to demand any type of reward, given their contribution it could have even been the sword.”

“However, there are a couple of problems. For one the Board wouldn’t exactly agree to such a thing. I know you guys don’t know much about them, but any major decision has to go through them. They are a group of ten families that in the past had originally supported the current military, especially during the first war with finances and more.”

“The problem is they worry too much. If we were to hand the Demon tier weapon to the Cursed faction, I can already hear them complain that you guys will have a monopoly on power. Rather than thinking that we might not win this war and we should do everything we can to win this war, they are overly worried about themselves.”

“Although it was thanks to them, and the seats voted that I am in the position I am in now, I just don’t think they would allow this to go through.”

It came as a surprise to Quinn. Being in the position he was in he was unaware of how the military worked. The leader over the entire military in the public eye had been the Supreme Commander, which was why Quinn’s hatred for the old system had been aimed against Oscar. However, upon meeting him for the first time, he had felt that the old man had been far from the big villain he had pictured him in the past.

“Ah, yes that’s right, I was asked to put a vote in recently, I guess that had to do with you.” Logan casually said.

Everyone’s head at the table, then turned to look at Logan. Without realising it he had just outed himself as one of the ten families that were on the Board.

“Wait, the Green family is on the Board?!” Nathan asked in surprise.

“Well, I can’t say it’s too surprising.” Mona added. “Their systems are integrated into the military and they have money reserves beyond belief. Of course it would make sense for them to be on the Board.”



What Sach didn't mention was that the members of those ten families on the Board had been kept secret, for their overall safety. The reason why Logan had to give a vote was because his family was no longer alive apart from him. Sach cleared his throat, indicating that he had more to say.

"Regardless of this fact, I don't think one vote would make a difference in this. The main reason I'm bringing this up is because of Samantha." Sach said pointing towards her. "It's pretty much a given that the Board will insist that she has the right to the weapon more than anyone. Especially since it belonged to her father."

Thinking about this, Quinn was a bit troubled about taking the Demon tier weapon away from her. After all, Oscar had once told him about how much he and his people had gone through to obtain that thing.

"I also wish for it to go to the Cursed faction." Samantha finally spoke. "Honestly, even if it was in my hands, I am not confident that we can defeat One Horn with it. Then, there is even at least another five spiked Dalki out there, and unlike the Board who are unaware of what goes on, I do know it would be best suited in your hands."

With this, it seemed like the matter was settled. At least between all the World Leaders it was. Since all of them wished to hand the weapon to the Cursed faction. However, there was still the fact that the Board wouldn't exactly be pleased with this outcome, putting Sach in a difficult position.

'What can the people on the Board do about it, anyway? They might not be happy, but are they going to force it from us? Surely, they can't be crazy enough to start a fight with the Cursed faction in a time like this?' Quinn wondered.

From the look on Quinn's face Sach could tell what he was thinking.

"They have a great influence, Quinn. Just think about how powerful the Green family is. Maybe it won't bother you, but they could easily turn public opinion against you." Sach said.

"That would be annoying, to say the least." Sam commented, but he already had an idea in mind. "How about this? Nathan is part of the Cursed group, and barely anyone should know that Sach was the one to have sent him out on this mission. Why not let Quinn claim to have ordered such a mission and that we coincidentally managed to retrieve the weapon?"

“This makes it so the Earthborn group is even more indebted to the Cursed faction. As a publicity stunt, Quinn hands the weapon to the Earthborn group Samantha, this will show that the connection between the Cursed and Earthborn group is close to those on the outside.”

“Then, Samantha can just choose to give it back to us. Since it’s rightfully hers to keep, nobody should be able to complain if she does as she wishes, especially if it’s done for the sake of humanity.”

It sounded like a long winded process but ultimately they believed that this would work and keep everyone happy.

Since this discussion had ended, it was time for the rest of them to talk about their situation on the planets, and what they had planned to do. It seemed like scuffles on the planets were happening every once in a while, but strong forces were no longer attacking like they had done before. This was good news and bad news, as the Dalki could be waiting for them to run out of crystals.

Due to the situation it seemed like each group would have to come up with their own defensive measures, which would be implemented on a case by case basis as and when attacks happened. What they did agree on was that they wouldn’t go on the attack. Not until they had successfully defended Blade Island from the practically guaranteed attack.

With that the meeting was over and everyone rushed off to do their own thing for now.

“Quinn, before I go remember what I said. You have done well so far and you need to continue to do so. I will also play my part in all this.” That was all that Eno had to say. For the first time, the old man didn’t have any intentions of sticking around.

For now, the others were preparing just how they would do the handling of the Demon tier weapon. Sam was calling for Bonny and Void to hold a press conference, leaving Quinn to do his own thing. Sach would stay for the filming process before heading off back to Samantha.

Walking around the ship, Quinn was looking for a few certain individuals, and found them repairing one of the training rooms, the Balde family.

“Quinn!” Sil shouted with a smile, breaking his concentration, dropping a giant metal slab he was holding up with his powers, but before it could drop to the floor, Vicky lifted it back up and put it in place, for Borden and Vorden to do the rest of the repairs.

It was still weird for Quinn to see Pai and Vicky, the last time he had seen them he was fighting with his life on the line, but with Sil and the others there he felt safer. One thing he was glad about was that he wouldn't have to ever fight them again. At least he hoped that would be the case.

After finishing the repairs, Vorden soon came over to Quinn, along with Borden and Sil. The others didn't care for Quinn too much.

“So what brings you here, I hope you don't need our help to take down another five spikes, I don't want to do that ever again.” Vorden half-joked.

Quinn laughed nervously, because in a way he did want them for something along those lines.

“Actually I have a gift for you guys. I know how much help I need from you and there might be a time when we all need to fight like that again. So I have to make sure that you guys are as strong as you can be.”

Quinn took a step back and lifted his hands. Hundreds upon hundreds of beast crystals started falling onto the ground, piling up. All these crystals were from the mothership he had taken down.

“I doubt Muddy and Tails will mind, but I need their bodies to evolve!”





