

My Vampire 1251

My Vampire System Chapter 1251: Blessing

When Quinn had first seen all the different levels of beast crystals on board the Dalki Mothership, the first thought he had in his mind was that he could use them to evolve both Vorden and Raten.

There weren't any tier crystals beyond that of the king tier, so there was no need for them to be used as equipment. Besides, there was something better they could get out of it.

A Demon tier beast as an ally was unheard of. Even Mona, who was part of the big four, could only control a Demi-god tier beast. At the same time, it was beneficial for both of them as well. The whole world was currently in a war. In a war like so, people didn't get to choose if they had to fight or not, they had to fight, and it was best if they had every chance they could at evolving so they could survive.

First up from the two of them was Vorden. He was currently an Emperor tier beast that could use the power of wind and had a fast agile body. As Vorden himself found out, the problem was that Emperor tier beasts were no match for the Dalki they were facing.

At first, Quinn had done a simple test. He had selected an intermediate tier crystal and allowed for Vorden's body to absorb it. When using the inspect skill Quinn could see that his evolution percentage had gone up by one percent.

Selecting another intermediate tier crystal, Raten was asked to do the same.

"Come on! Wouldn't it be better to just have me evolve?" Raten complained. "Surely one Demon tier beast would be better than having a legendary tier beast."

It was safe to say that Raten was looking forward to his evolution and what his new body's powers could bring him. After absorbing the one crystal, Quinn could see that Raten's evolution had only improved by 0.02 percent.

“You won’t evolve,” Quinn said. “Even if we were to give all the crystals to you, you wouldn’t evolve. It looks like it’s going to take a lot to evolve you Raten.”

Raten looked disappointed by the answer, but he didn’t think Quinn was lying. He hoped that even Quinn would know they needed a Demon tier beast more than anything after going up against the five spiked Dalki.

After absorbing close to two hundred crystals, Borden’s body was going through the stages of evolution. His body was taking some time to take in the energy inside him. Eventually, a bright white light was shining from his body. The outline of it could be seen slowly changing.

His black fur on his head started to grow even longer, now reaching below his waist, While the hair on his tails would rise up even more. Another strange change was his arms. The fur was coming out more so from it, nearly imitating tiny wings, and if one was to move the flowing hair going along his back, they could see the same.

Finally, the evolution was complete. Vorden was now at the legendary tier level.

“What type of beast are you?” Pai wondered as he got closer to looking at the details. “At first, because of the black fur and your forward like face, I thought you were some type of black wolf beast, but from your arms and small wings on your back. It looks like if you keep evolving, you’re going to like some type of bird beast.”

“It’s stupid to try and compare beasts from other planets to the animals we have on earth,” Vicky commented, pointing out the obvious.

“I don’t know when I will be able to get our hands on crystals like that again. Especially with the situation as it is.” Quinn said. “So maybe this will be the level you are at for a while.”

“I can only say thank you, Quinn. I know what the situation is like.” Vorden replied.

Since Quinn realised that the reminding crystal wouldn’t evolve Vorden to the next stage again, they decided to use the rest on Raten. If they didn’t, they could just see Raten complaining the whole way.

In the end, after absorbing all of the crystals, Raten was now 60.42 percent on his way to becoming a Demon tier beast.

“You know, speaking of crystals. Hilston had a bunch that he never used, that were all aboard that ship of his.” Vicky said. “After he got the Demon tier set, he wouldn’t accept anything less than that. So crystals would hardly be used. Although I’m guessing the ship is either in the hands of the Chained or Mother and father have it by now.”

After saying the words mother and father, Vicky bit her tongue. She was trying to get out of the habit of saying those words, but after years of keeping up an act, the habit wouldn’t be broken overnight.

“Quinn, what are you planning for us to do now?” Vorden asked. “I mean, when the Cursed ship is repaired, do you want us to protect the Cursed planets?”

“No,” Quinn replied. “I think if we send any strong reinforcements, the Dalki might think we’re prepping something and act out before then. At the moment, Sam is asking for small teams to be sent out to the three Cursed planets we have control of and setting up teleporters. The Dalki don’t know our teleporters are back online, so we can go and help them out whenever we want.”

“What are you going to do?” Sil asked.

Quinn held the Demon amulet around his neck and thought back to his defeat in the Dalki body against Graham.

“I’m thinking of going to some of the planets that have been taken over....Alone.” Quinn answered. “The Demon tier amulet was made into something special, and I can use its powers to help us out the next time something like this happens again. So tell me then, why did you ask, what do you want to do?”

It was clear there was something on their mind, and Quinn could tell they wanted to ask something.

“Well, we were talking about it, but we wanted to head back to Blade island for a while. There are strong beasts on the island that Raten and I can use to evolve, and we also want to find any hints we can to find the other two Blade members that escaped. At the same time, Vicky and Pai wanted to use it as a base to get back to while they search for the Chained.”

At the moment, Eno and Mona were heading towards Balde island to reinforce it. At the same time, Dennis had gone along with them since he too had the shadow powers so Quinn could quickly travel there. He would also set up the teleporters so the world leaders and Quinn could get there at any time possible.

“I’m not going to stop you guys, you guys are strong, and I can tell you your family history is important to you guys,” Quinn answered. “But I just want you guys to be cautious. Eno, the demon tier beast, are on that island, and there is a high chance that it’s the next place they will attack, but if they do, I will be there.”

Vorden felt a little guilty about not telling Quinn the whole truth, as there was one more reason why he wanted to go there. It was to see if they could find anything on the fact that Hilston was trying to accomplish a Blade with a soul weapon. There had to be a method to his madness and something they might have missed.

This wasn’t something Quinn needed to concern himself with.

“Quinn, if you need any help, you can ask us as well,” Sil said with a smile. He seemed to be recovering well after the fight and everything to do with Hilston.

It was a good thing that Vorden and Raten were by his side, and even more of the Blade’s with Vicky and Pai. They were able to just fill the family gap that Quinn couldn’t.

Leaving them be, Quinn had one word to say to them all.

“You guys, make a good family and one hell of a scary one.” Quinn smiled, leaving the room.

Using the Demon tier amulet to obtain more Dalki and create higher spiked Dalki was Quinn’s goal. At the same time, he could use their exp to level up. Before he could go off the planet Caladi, he needed to wait for the preparation of the video that was to be made.

It was a broadcast to congratulate the Cursed faction while showing them giving the Demon tier weapon they had found. So before that, he couldn't leave the base, but there was still one more thing he wanted to do anyway.

Heading to his own training room, Sam had said there was a nice surprise for him when he got there. Entering the pin on the secure door, he was let in, and Quinn could see five different flasks laying there on the ground.

The flasks that were used to hold vampire blood.

'Did he borrow the flasks from the others? I guess I'm going to have to give them back.'

Opening up the lid and using the inspect skill, Quinn could immediately tell all the different types of blood in the flask gathered. Drops from hundreds of people in each of the flasks from all those in the Shelter. From the people, he had never consumed blood from before.

'My Qi right now is stronger than my blood power. It was a problem before, but it can help me suppress the blood addiction more so. So I can take more drops of blood at a time. My control has gotten better, so this shouldn't be a problem.'

Taking the first flask, Quinn started to drink it and got to work straight away. He could feel the red energy spiralling inside his body, but with how much practice he had done with his Qi, and his blood control having improved. It was almost too easy for him to get rid of the blood addiction.

What was difficult in the past was now simply effortless, and with the stat points gained, Quinn had a massive smile on his face as he figured out something.

'Wait a second, what is this! Why didn't I think of this before? Maybe the penalty was a blessing in disguise. Perhaps this is a chance for me to correct my stats!' Quinn thought as he went on to the next flask, and he could feel his body getting stronger by the second.

My Vampire System Chapter 1252: Stronger than before

Although it was easy for Quinn to remove the effects of the Blood addiction, it still took some time for him to complete the process for each flask. While doing so, he was thinking about the best way he could allocate his stats.

Most people's blood type in the world generally had the O blood type. The good thing was that this particular blood type would give Quinn a free stat to use as he wished. Different blood types after consuming so many of the same blood type, would give him a stat in a specific area.

'Before every time I would level up, I would try to get my stats as even as possible. I thought being fast was just as important as being strong, and having the stamina to keep on fighting was as important as strength. However, after getting the legendary beast gear, things changed a bit.

'The stats gained from the set focused mainly on speed. Adding a few stats to my base points here and there isn't really going to affect my speed much. I thought my strength was strong enough, but not enough to pierce the skin of a five spike. This time I know where to put the stat points.'

The penalty of course, still had affected Quinn. He had five fewer stats in every category, and if he was to do this, he still would have five more, but learning from the fight, he would now focus on putting his free stat points into strength.

In the end, after drinking the blood from all the five flasks, Quinn in a way, was actually at a stage where he was stronger than before the penalty.

[Strength 83]

[agility 72]

[Stamina 72]

[Charm 55]

Quinn realised that each flask had continued roughly the same amount of different blood in each of them. However, he would get fewer stat points from each one, as obtaining stats from blood was getting harder and harder.

His strength had been boosted beyond what it was before, while his agility and stamina were a little under what he had in the past. Hardly noticeable. The only stat that Quinn didn't bother to increase was his charm stat.

In the past, he had gotten it up to the sixty mark, but with the opponents, he was fighting and the position he was in, there really was no need for him to use the influence power to such a degree anymore. The only way to also obtain a charm point was through a free stat by consuming the O blood type, and strength was a priority.

'This is amazing. Maybe I should start going to the Cursed factions and ask Helen and the others to do the same when I arrive. I'm sure they would understand, right?' Quinn thought.

'It might cause some worry.' Vincent said. 'I'm not saying that it will, but in the past, a long time ago, history states that there was a time that some vampires and humans tried to live together by doing such things, but it never worked out. Perhaps it will be different with you because you only require a drop of their blood and only once.'

'Although I'm sure questions will arise with what you are doing with that blood between them. At the same time, your stats are properly close to their limit if I was to guess. Just like in the past with the previous evolutions, your stats stopped growing at a point.'

Taking Vincent's word, Quinn thought he might be right. Would it be worth maybe upsetting this in the Cursed faction for a few extra stat points?

'Still, it's got to be better than death. Maybe I should just ask Helen to prepare it beforehand. It still takes a few hours for me to go through the process and get rid of the effects of the blood addiction.'

Speaking of a few hours, Quinn just realised how long he had spent in his personal training room and was sure that the others would be ready for filming any second now.

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The filming was to take place in the main Cursed ship hall, which had been cleaned up and down, scrubbed until it was sparkling. Decorations even filled the halls, with flowers and paintings Quinn had never seen aboard the ship before. Quinn was surprised at how much they had done while he was away.

Sniffing the air a few times, Quinn could still smell it though.

“They can clean the room, but they can’t exactly get rid of the smell of blood that easily, can they?” Fex said, coming up from behind.

Fex wasn’t the only one in the main hall. A lot of the Cursed faction members had been invited inside the Cursed ship main hall. It was getting quite packed.

“I thought this whole thing was just going to be a quick video.” Quinn looked at the crowds of people and excitement on their faces. There was even a stage that had been built. It reminded Quinn of the other ceremonies he had attended, such as the crowing of the vampire king.

“Apparently, Bonny said it will look more like an award ceremony with more people inside. It’s got to look good for the public, ya know.” Fex patted him a few times.

On the stage, Sach was standing there along with others, and it looked like they were going through a dress rehearsal. By his side was a holographic display of Samantha. Quinn would be ‘giving’ the sword to Samantha while actually handing it to Sach on stage.

“Hey, how was she?” Fex asked.

Quinn was wondering who he was talking about, and followed where Fex’s eyes were looking. He could see he was staring at Samantha.

“Oh, you’re actually worried about her. That’s a surprise? I didn’t think she would exactly be your type. Isn’t she a lot older than you as well?” Quinn questioned.

“24, there’s only around a 6 year difference, some people I know have hundreds of years of difference, and it still doesn’t matter,” Fex replied.

Quinn often forgot that Fex actually came from a different world. Although they were of a similar age, what was ordinary to him and ordinary to others was just two different things.

“Honestly, she seemed determined..but also something was still a little off,” Quinn remembered back at the meeting. Although she had allowed them to have the sword, it didn’t seem like it was because she wanted the Cursed faction to have it, but because she was undeserving of it.

“I think she could do with someone by her side,” Quinn said. “If you can hit it at the right moment and actually talk to her like you care about her, unlike all those other girls you talk to, maybe you two can hit it off.”

“Hey, the day I start taking love advice from you will be the day you become the vampire king.” Fex jokingly replied, thinking that both things were doubtful.

Before the filming began, Quinn was instructed by Sam on everything that needed to be done. The main people that needed to be seen on camera were up on the makeshift stage, and the crowd watching were told when to cheer and clap.

It was different compared to when Quinn was being filmed before, but at the same time, there was less pressure on himself. This was because unlike all the other times he was on camera in the past, this was not going to be live. Bonny told Quinn that he could relax, and they could edit out whatever they needed to.

After filming for a short while, Void and bonny could be seen conversing with each other.

“He wasn’t in the rehearsal, was he?” Void asked.

“No, he just came now, and Sam told him everything that needed to be said. We have been able to do nearly everything in one take.” Bonny replied.

“Well, I was checking out the script that we gave to him as a guideline. I didn’t expect him to, but he’s been able to repeat the words exactly as they were written one by one. If what you are saying is true, he must have an incredible memory and be a really quick learner.”

Hearing this, Bonny looked at Quinn and remembered the words that he, or at least someone, had said to her as she left. That she should give up on him.

‘Who could give up on someone like him.’ Bonny thought.

The Demon tier weapon being used was the real one, and the handling of the Demon tier sword was done so to Sach. Soon after, Samantha gave a speech about how thankful she was. Then it was Quinn’s turn.

Walking up to the stage, he was meant to say a few words about Oscar, but a message sounded in his head just as he did.

‘This is an important message, being sent out to all those in the Tenth family. A council meeting has been requested. I repeat a council meeting has been requested. Please come to the meeting or send a proxy in your place.’

The message was sent through telepathy, and looking out in the crowd, Quinn could tell that Fex had received the news as well. The voice was familiar, and without a doubt, it was from Jil.

‘A message from the vampire world, and to come back? What is going on?’ Quinn thought.

My Vampire System Chapter 1253: Disruption

The audience below continued to look at Quinn as he stood there speechless, unaware of the message that he had just received. It was only when he noticed Bonny and Void each giving him a pensive look that he remembered that he was about to give a speech.

Putting the content of the message to the back of his mind, Quinn finished the whole recording speaking his lines, like a professional actor would have, but as soon as the whole show was over, he disappeared to the side, followed by Fex.

“Did you receive the order to head back to attend a council meeting as well?” Fex asked to make sure.

“Yeah, and their timing could hardly be any worse. The planets are still under the attack of the Dalki and they won’t just stop if we’re gone. I have a feeling that it might be Arthur.” Quinn shared his own thoughts on the matter.

Soon, all of the Cursed leaders could see the concerned look on Quinn’s face as he walked off to the command centre. They knew something was up and started to follow after him, waiting for him to tell them the reason for this sudden change.

“Sach, I’m sorry, but it seems like something has come up. I’m sure you can take the rest from here. You have been a big help to us and we’ll let you know if we encounter any other problems.” Sam said with a nod and the Supreme Commander understood not to ask any questions.

Although a message hadn’t been sent out to him, the connection inside him had flicked for a second, almost resonating with Quinn’s worry.

Judging by the confused looks on the others’ faces it seemed like the only ones who had actually received the message had just been Quinn and Fex. Either Jil lacked a way of communicating with the others, or only those two were regarded as true vampires among the Cursed Faction. Whatever the case, Quinn quickly told them about the order.

“So they want you to go back, but they didn’t tell you the reason?” Sam asked after listening to Quinn’s explanation.

“Council meetings between the leaders used to be a rare thing, since the leaders could deal with their own vampires in their own families.” Fex started to explain. “It was only later when Quinn and the worry of the Punishers was causing a ruckus that the Council would have regular meetings. If the Council is meeting up again, I can only imagine it is something serious.

“But Quinn there was something strange about the message. It said that you could send a proxy in your place. Do you think Bryce did that out of consideration knowing that you might be busy? Or do you think he just doesn’t want you to come?”

‘Could this be an important enough matter to inform me that there was a meeting but at the same time he doesn’t want me to be present? But if that’s true, why even inform me in the first place?’

‘I’m not sure how much the other vampires know about Arthur’s Involvement with Jim and the Dalki. Maybe he’s worried that me and Arthur are still close because we worked together in the past?’ Quinn wondered.

“I..I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to go.” Layla spoke up. “Whenever we go to that place there always seems to be a problem that you end up getting dragged into. If it happens again, then that means if the Cursed faction or the others find themselves in trouble we won’t be able to help them!”

“Still, you have to keep in mind that no matter what, at some point the vampires will get involved in all of this.” Sam added. “There’s no way around it, not with the other half of the Demon tier beast in their possession. The Dalki may be focusing on the one on Earth, but at some point they will go for one in the Vampire World as well.”

Both of them made good points, and the group started to discuss amongst themselves what the best course of action would be. Given Quinn’s Shadow travel he could quickly get out if needed, but that would mean he would have to go alone, something the others weren’t too keen on.

After all, nearly all of them were now involved in the Vampire World, they too were considered vampires!

“Let’s contact Paul first. Maybe he has an idea why this meeting has been called.” Quinn suggested.
“Without knowing anything about the importance of the meeting, we might just be making a big deal out of nothing.”

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The call was being made to the other side and everyone was nervous as they could hear it ringing a few times. It not being answered right away was a sign that something serious must have happened, yet Quinn wasn’t too worried, for he had neither gotten a message nor a Quest from the System about anything happening to the tenth or fourteenth castle.

“I was expecting a call from you at some point, but it came earlier than I thought.” A voice eventually answered from the other end. Hearing that Paul was the one that answered, all of them felt relieved.

“We just received information about a council meeting, I’m sure you have been reading the reports I have been sending out from here.” Sam said. Sam thought it was important that Paul also knew the situation in the human world.

From time to time, Sam would also contact Paul asking him for advice on what tactics to use or implement. After all, Paul had more experience when it came to these types of things.

“Yes I have, so I understand you’re in a tricky situation. Let me get straight to the point then. The other day, the third leader was murdered. At the moment, there is no known suspect, but that has to be the reason for the meeting.”

“Does it have anything to do with Arthur?” Quinn asked immediately before anyone else could say anything.

“Quinn, I fully know the situation over on your and our end. At the moment, there has been no signs of Arthur being involved. The way it happened, I’m not sure if it is something he would do, but the panic in place... From my point of view it appears that whoever killed the vampire leader, did so to create fear in the vampire community. If you wish, I can handle it, and I promise to inform you when it gets too much.” Paul replied.

Honestly, there were more than a few reasons why Quinn didn't want to return to the Vampire World just yet. If Arthur was really on the other side, what could he even do to stop him? As a Vampire Lord he had been unable to do much against a weakened Slicer on his own, so what chance would he stand against the original Punisher?

On top of that, there were still the Dalki Quinn wanted to mark to give him a boost whenever possible. Lastly, the Cursed faction leader hadn't really gotten any closer to Paul's own request about turning his men human again.

Paul was doing a good job, and it seemed like he was taking things seriously. Quinn was aware that his Vampire Knight wouldn't blame him for not finding a way replicate something that only Vincent had succeeded in, in such a short time, but Quinn wanted to reward his diligence, feeling a little embarrassed that he had nothing to show for his time away.

'Quinn, I agree with you. Now isn't a good time for you to return. It would halt all the progress we are making here at the moment. Besides, you could find yourself in the middle of a fight between Arthur and Bryce.' Vincent said.

"Paul, I will leave things to you then!"

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All the odd jobs that needed to be done had finally finished on Planet Caladi. Some of those that were in the Cursed faction had decided to stay on the planet, believing it was safer, while others decided to leave on the ship again now that repairs were done.

The idea was the Cursed faction would try to send support where it could not stay in one sector too long. The good news was that the teleporters that they had tested so far were a success so in reality they had a plan to support the Cursed faction and Helen whenever it was needed.

Aware about what was happening in the Vampire World, Quinn was more determined than ever before to get to work as quickly as possible. He left on a ship to the planets in the Earthborn group, hoping to fight some Dalki gaining exp and catching more Marked.

He chose those planets, to avoid meeting Graham again. After landing on one, it didn't take long for Quinn to use the amulet powers obtaining his first Dalki again.

'Your power will become my power.' Quinn thought, looking at the one spike. 'So I need you and the rest to grow as strong as you can as quickly as possible.'

Meanwhile, Graham himself had actually decided to move out of the Cursed faction planet area. Currently, he was in the Graylash faction, inside one of the Dalki motherships.

"The plan so far has proceeded splendidly. It's over a bit quicker than we expected and now the humans are on the defensive. Now all we need to do is decide which one to attack first, I hope you won't fail this time?" Turning around, Graham was looking at another green liquid filled container, and inside it was a Dalki that was heavily wounded.

It had slashes across its body, broken bones on the outside and ripped scales all over. It was clear the markings were not done by a human and looked more like one done by a Dalki.

"They got rid of a single five spiked Dalki and look how much they are celebrating. Well I wonder how they will feel once they see you. Don't fail us for a third time, Green Horn, otherwise I will have to deal with it again myself." Graham said as the machine was activated and soon the Dalki's body was starting to heal.

My Vampire System Chapter 1254: The Origin

Although Vicky and Pai had said they would be journeying around the beast solar system to catch the dangerous Chained that had escaped. They had decided to travel with the rest of the Blade family, heading towards Blade island.

Vicky and Pai needed a place to start and somewhere they could frequent back to. Although they were strong, the Dalki were still out there, and everyone had seen their faces on camera by now. They were

no longer the Unknown Blade family, so the places they could stay without causing too much trouble were practically none.

Heading to the Blade island also meant the group would be heading back to Earth. Currently, all of the Blades were on a ship heading through the teleport station. All apart from the Blade children, they had remained on the ship. They would have liked to come but were told they were not allowed. It was a dangerous place, and possibly the centre of the next fight would be there.

Usually, the giant teleport station for ships was offline during these times of war. The station needed great power to be turned on again and would take some time. However, because Eno and Mona were heading back to Earth anyway, they were able to travel through it shortly after them.

After that, the station would be closed once again. For fear, the Dalki could use it in some way. However, since the Dalki named Dred had appeared on Earth, and the fact that the V were able to hide amongst humans, they knew there was already a way for the enemy to arrive on Earth despite this.

The ship approached Earth with relative ease. The military that was in charge of protecting Earth knew they would be arriving. Still, at the same time, there was far more security compared to the times before.

It had to be due to the warning given by Eno. Sach had gotten to work quickly.

Flying outwards to the island, they could see it off in the distance. It was a place they once all called home. Yet, it felt like hell for them all. Seeing it was brewing some odd feelings for them all.

Sil, Raten, Vorden, Vicky, Pai and finally another who had come along with them all, Borden. He was the only one that didn't have this strange feeling in his stomach.

Mona, Eno, Brock and Dennis had already set up base on top of the large Castle on the island itself. It wasn't too far from the giant tablet. Even on top of the Castle, one could look out and see the tablet as well as the Demon tier beast that was still resting.

“That’s those Blade kid’s Sam talked to us about, right?” Mona said, looking at the ship land in the large open space by the giant staircase leading up to the Castle.

“Yeah, he said that they would be doing their own thing. We don’t have to worry about them. Remember, they were originally raised on this island, so whatever beast they run into, they can take them on.” Dennis replied as he carried a large metallic object on his back.

“Now, tell me, where do you want this thing?” Dennis asked.

“The teleporter will need to be put in a safe place,” Eno said while he was looking down. “We could either place it by the tablet or inside the Castle. I’m struggling to decide what the safe option would be.”

“Oh.” Mona was surprised. “I thought you were someone who had everything figured out. I’m surprised to hear you’re struggling with a simple decision like this.” Walking over to the edge, she went to look at what Eno had been staring at for so long. That’s when her eyes could see what he was now looking at as well.

“Now you see my struggle. I’m pretty sure that wasn’t there the last time I came here.” Eno replied.

Exiting the ship, the group of Blades decided to walk up the long staircase together. Step after step, they did so slowly. Not a single one of them was running up the stairs in excitement at all.

“Come on guys, you are really slow. Do you need me to pick you up?” Borden said as he jumped up to the next step. He was no longer in his full human form compared to before, so now he was as small as a puppy climbing the stairs.

Vicky, watching this, couldn’t help but stare in fascination and thought the whole thing was a little cute.

‘This little guy was the same guy that was threatening us?’ Pai thought.

“Hey, why don’t you just stay on my shoulder for the rest of the way,” Vorden asked. “You don’t have to tire yourself out.”

“I’m not tired, and you know I like to do things for myself. Besides, you guys are clearly worrying about other things. That Hilston guy you were all scared of is gone! So I don’t know why you are all acting like he’s still alive. This place used to belong to him, well now it’s all yours.” Borden shouted back as he continued to hop up the stairs, getting ahead of everyone else.

“Damn it, how can that little runt be so right! I can’t believe I was feeling this way and hanging around with the loser bunch.” Raten said as he ran ahead, catching up with Borden.

For the others, they looked at each other and smiled. Borden’s words had picked them up a little. It was just so hard to believe that Hilston was gone. Any second, when they opened those doors, they were expecting to see Hilston on the other side.

When the others had finally reached the stairs, they could see the doors wide open, but there was no ‘Family’ that was there to greet them like there usually would be.

The inside of the place was empty, feeling emptier than usual.

“We came here last time, but we were unable to find anything other than a journal,” Sil said. “Quinn has the journal at the moment, but other than all the ability users in that journal, it didn’t seem to have anything else inside. Do you think we’ll find anything this time?”

The reason they had come here was to perhaps learn what exactly Hilston was planning if he really was looking for a Blade with a soul weapon and why.

“Last time, you didn’t have Pai and me.” Vicky proudly said, walking in front taking the lead. “You have to remember, we left with Hilston when he decided to go after you guys, and you three were young, so they didn’t exactly show you all the places in this Castle. What do you think is under the giant staircases in the first place?”

Thinking about it, although the Castle was on a type of Hill, the staircase and Castle seemed to be at a higher level than others. It was starting to make Vorden wonder, by Vicky's words, if they were man-made.

With a strong Earth ability, one could landscape the whole area to their liking.

'Is there something underneath the castle?' Vorden thought.

Following Vicky, she had eventually led them to one of the training rooms they all remembered well. Above reinforce glass could be seen. When looking, Vorden had memories of the tests he had been put through.

At the time, they were unaware that Raten and Vorden were in Sil's mind and were trying to force Sil to use his six abilities again. So he fought against a dangerous beast in this chamber, hoping to draw out his power.

Vorden could see a younger version of himself in Sil's body fighting for his life.

"Sil, although you had the power to wield six abilities, your body never did quite go through the change that Hilston wanted for you, unlike the rest of us. We were able to achieve superhuman bodies, but you weren't. We all saw Hilston losing to that five spike. I'm not telling you to continue that training again now. Still, if you are going to go up against the Dalki again, maybe it would be a good idea to practice in this room from time to time." Vicky suggested.

Hearing this, Sil thought they were right. Sil knew that if he was to fight Hilston head on, or Slicer that he wouldn't have survived, which was why he had taken advantage of the situation in the first place.

However, thinking about training in this place again made him think of the temple and every bad thought that came with it.

"We can do that somewhere else," Vorden said. "It doesn't need to be in this place. We are just here to find out more about Hilston and get some crystals."

Turning around, Vicky headed to the centre of the training room.

“You know, you can’t keep protecting him like that. It’s because of you two in the first place protecting him that he hasn’t been able to grow.

Pai had pressed some buttons on the monitoring machinery by the side of the room, and a steam-like substance started to appear out from the centre of the room. Then a circular platform could be seen.

The group walked on the platform, and soon it started to sink into the ground like an elevator. The first things they could hear were the cries and shouts of beasts.

“Where is this place taking us?” Vorden asked. Worried that they were heading into a trap, but what reason could Pai and Vicky have for doing that now?

“Don’t worry. It’s a separate storage place that Hilston used and was where the strong beast you used to fight with when you were younger were kept. Honestly, without being fed, I’m not sure how they were able to stay alive this long.”

When the evaluator finally stopped, the door opened, and two people could be seen standing in front of them. Immediately all of them were ready for a fight.

“Mother! Father!” Vicky shouted.

My Vampire System Chapter 1255: Fake Family

Looking around at their situation, Vorden was trying to figure out what was going on. Whether their group had been led into a trap and now Vicky and Pai would be turning on them with their mother and father.

With the four of them, it would be a difficult fight for them to get out of.

However, judging by Vicky and Pai's quick reaction and genuine look of shock on their face, it seemed like they had no idea what they were doing down here either. Because of this, the instincts in their bodies had fired up and were telling them to fight.

Vicky was the one who acted first, throwing out a punch. It was soon not only blocked by her mother but also for it to swiftly be knocked away. After, she pulled her arm and put Vicky in a type of lock around her neck so she wouldn't be getting away.

Pai, seeing her sister in trouble, also quickly went in to help. Still, before he could do anything, he felt a kick to his knee and his upper body falling before he was grabbed and turned around, being held from behind with both of his arms held back.

He tried to kick behind him, but they were hitting nothing but air.

'His strength, he's so much stronger than me.' Pai thought, attempting to break free.

If a normal civilian who had seen the video of the Blades fighting had seen this, they would be wondering just what was going on. Neither side had used a single ability. Surely in such a situation, they would have used one.

The reason was simple, they had no ability to use, because of the amount of time that had passed.

The Blades hadn't brought any ability users with them, so they had no powers to share. In the first place, they didn't want to drag anyone who was uninvolved in the matter. It also felt strange to carry an ability user with them just to use their power. It was a disgusting feeling, and it reminded them of the Chained, which in turn made them think of Hilston.

This was why Pai and Vicky were unable to use their powers.

It turned out, it was the same for their parents, who had been in the castle for an unknown amount of time. Even though all four of them had super bodies, they lost out in skill and power when it came to their older parents.

Regardless of their situation, both Vicky and Pai had a smile on their face because they weren't panicked at all. For there were those with them that didn't need to use any abilities at all, and even when they had their abilities, they had put up a good fight against them.

"Let go of them you two!" Vorden shouted.

Their father made sure to point their bodies in the direction of the beasts in front of them, using them as types of shields.

"If we do, then it will leave room for you to attack us. If you take one step closer, we will finish them. We have the strength to do so." The father said.

"Do you think I care!" Raten screamed, charging forward. Vorden wanted to hold him back, unsure if their threat was real, but it was too late. The speed of the Demi-god tier beast was great, and Raten was directly behind the two of them, with two mud blades pointed towards their back.

"Stop!" Sil shouted, and the mud blades had stopped before they pierced their flesh.

'Damn it, my body listens to Sil. All those years spent being in his head, it was like my mind acted on reflex.' Raten was complaining and ready to attack again, but by then, both parents had let go of Vicky and Pai.

"I can tell. They don't want to hurt us. They're just like us. There is no reason for us to fight." When Sil had said these words, everyone there realised it was true. For some reason, they all thought they were against each other when their eyes met.

It was either them or us mentality, but was that really the case? Even the parents hesitated whether it was right to attack or not, but started to defend themselves when they saw the others coming towards them.

"We didn't come here to fight." The male Balde said of the two. "We didn't even expect any of you to be here. Please let's just talk things through. Remember, we too wanted to let go of this dreaded life."

The fact that all of them had experienced the same thing, and the cause of all their problems was one person, it felt like they could tell when and if the other person was telling the truth or not and at the moment, they felt like they were.

‘Seriously, one family member caused this much trouble for all of them. Just what did Hilston Blade do to them all.’ Borden thought, as the group now were accompanied by two more members of the Blade family.

Instead of calling them father and mother, they had introduced their given names to the rest of the group. The mother Blade, went by the name Tina, while the father was named Kane. It turned out that the reason for being in such a place was to pick up a few items from the storage room.

“There are a lot of items in this place that weren’t good enough for Hilston, but we left them down here, of course.”

The group was currently walking through a dark tunnel, lit lightly from small embedded light crystals in the ground. However, they didn’t provide much light at all for the group. The Darkness made it hard to see and was adding to the spookiness of the place.

What would have been even more heart-pounding for some was the sounds that they could hear throughout. The snarling and banging noises that would ring through the tunnels.

The ground was flat and well made but seemed like it was done using an ability. Since it was made from the same material as the ground itself, rather than some type of metal.

Where this was different was the side of the walls. There were metal bars similar to a prison cell, but they weren’t ordinary cells or bars. These were around ten meters in height, from the ground to the ceiling, and the bars were made from Glathrium.

Looking through one of the cages, Borden could just see glowing eyes staring back at him. Still, when Raten looked at several of them, they could be seen backing away and going silent awfully quick.

“Haha, look at those weaklings.” Raten laughed. “They’re scared of me, aren’t they? Just wait until I get your crystals and grow even stronger.”

Of course, those in the cages were beasts of high tiers, but Raten himself was a beast that was even higher than them, and they could sense that. They weren't willing to anger the beast at the cost of their lives.

"When we heard the elevator activating, we knew someone was coming down here, so we went to take a look, but we just never expected it to be you guys," Kane said.

"How, how did you get here, aren't there others that are meant to be protecting this place," Vorden asked.

"Brock let us in," Tina replied. "You know we have a good relationship with him."

Vorden thought it would have been nice for Brock to at least meet them and inform them that there were other Blades on the island or in the castle. He must have known how sensitive the situation would have been between them all.

Finally, the group had reached the storage room. There was no door or anything of the sort for protection. Like most things on Blade island. Because no one would even think of betraying Hilston while being on the island.

It was just one large empty circular room filled with Crystals and beast equipment that had been forged. Piled on top of each other as if they had no importance. The things in the room would have caused factions to have wars over.

They could even see the armour that had been given to the other Blade's who worked on the island here or used to work here.

"Well, this doesn't really help us all that much apart from the crystals," Vorden said, having a look and feeling a little upset. In the past, while having a human body he would have been far more excited to have seen such items.

"You know, there are certain beast crystals that can be forged and work on Beasts as well. So I wouldn't be too upset." Tina said.

The group started to search the room. While Tina and Kane stood by the side. They had already got what they wanted from the room, but that's when they noticed that none of them were happy with what they were finding, as if they were after something else.

"Nothing, there is nothing," Sil said, disappointed, kicking a piece of armour away. There was nothing about Hilston Blade, so what would they do now? Looking towards the two that were with them, now they were Sil's only hope.

"Did you not find what you were looking for?" Tina asked.

It certainly was a big haul for the group, and when they left the place, Vorden could inform Dennis of what they found. It could be put to good use for the war.

"Actually, we were looking for information about Hilston," Vorden said. "If we couldn't find anything here, like we have done, the next thing we were actually going to do was ask you guys.

"Why did Hilston make us all pretend to be a family? Why was Hilston desperately searching for Sil and making so many...children! Why put us through all that!" Vorden asked.

The two of them stayed silent for a while until the answer had finally left their lips.

"This is probably what you didn't want to hear, but we don't actually know the answer," Kane replied.

At that point, Sil, Vorden, Pai and even Vicky wanted to fall to their knees. Having come on this journey with them, their curiosity soon started to grow as well, but the last people that perhaps would have known an answer, didn't have one for them.

"They might not know, but I do. For I have been with Hilston, even longer than he has known himself." A voice said, entering the room. His face came into view, and they could see that it was none other than Brock.

"Do you really want to know everything there is to know about the Hilston Blade?"

My Vampire System Chapter 1256: The Creation of the Blade family

Seeing Brock standing there for some reason he didn't look too out of place with the rest of the Blades, despite the fact that he was actually a vampire, but then it hit Vorden. The reason he didn't look out of place was because Brock wasn't.

Ever since Vorden had been in the family he had known Brock, for he had been the Head Butler of the entire castle. When the others had found out about him, Quinn had updated them on who Brock really was, how he had been working for Eno and through the years of working for the Blade family would constantly change his appearance.

Since he had always been part of their life, none of them had ever asked themselves the question about just how far back Brock's history with the Blade family actually dated?

'It would make sense that Brock started to follow the Blade family after they had settled on the island or once the Demon tier beast came into play, but if he really knows that much about the Hilston Blade's past, could it be possible that he was following him even before that? But why?' Was the question running through Vorden's mind?

Of course, Kane, Tina, Vicky and Pai were left quite confused as to why the Head Butler would know more about the Blade family than themselves.

"I want to know, Brock please if you can, tell us!" Sil requested.

Sil didn't care why Brock knew, he just wanted answers.

"Then let me start from the beginning of Hilston Blade's life. He might not have looked like it, but he has lived for far more years than any of you might imagine. He has long since gone beyond the limit of a regular human, in more than just one sense." Brock started to explain, but even his first words were confusing for the Blade family.

What did he mean by this? The only beings able to outlive normal humans they knew of were vampires, but Hilston had never shown any signs of being a vampire whatsoever. The more they heard the more

questions they started to have, but Brock's demeanor made it clear that he wasn't about to stop until he finished answering Sil's request.

"When I start my story, the beginning of this tale might sound awfully familiar to some of you. For you see, Hilston grew up without any family. As an orphan, he had been unaware of any other living relatives and during the time period he had been born into, it had been nearly impossible to trace back or find out who his true family were."

"Growing up, he had been bullied by those around him that were of a similar age, and he had no support whatsoever. The only thing he had been able to do was steal and fight to survive. However, as a small child there had been many others who had beaten him once they had caught him, stealing what little he had."

"This continued for nearly his entire childhood life until someone had come into his life, a stranger had decided to pick him up. His days of being beaten and bullied had suddenly been over. No longer had he been forced to steal or rummage through bins for stale food, able to enjoy his life for the first time. In fact, it was that person who had inspired him to take on his last name."

"After pampering and looking after Hilston for two years, he had kicked him out of the house. This had come as a shock to young Hilston, who had done no wrong. He had been ready to dedicate his life to the person who had gotten him off the street, wondering why the man had suddenly abandoned him?"

"Hilston had begged and pleaded to at least get an explanation. After waiting in front of his benefactor's door for a week, the man had eventually opened the door, telling him a few simple words: 'Do you know why those other people kept on beating you? It was because you were weak. If you wish to return to my side, then become a Blade that I can use, one stronger than any other.'"

"These words had sprouted in his head as he had received kindness for the first time since he could remember. Young Hilston had been unable to understand the meaning behind those words at first. No matter how many times he came back and pleaded to the man, he would beat him and leave him barely alive."

"One day, while following him, he found that the man had picked up another young boy. One that was similar in age, and was treating him with the same kindness that he had received. 'Why, Why does that boy deserve that man's kindness and not mine, is he stronger than me?' was Hilston's thought."

“This was when Hilston started to go down the dark path, he wanted to prove to the man that he was stronger, and in doing so he had brought back the body of the boy that the man had looked after in his hands to his door.”

“Usually people would be frightened by this fact, would have called the child a demon but instead. The man smiled and took in the boy encouraging his actions. Perhaps Hilston thought that would be the end of his troubles, but once again the pattern had repeated. Hilston was kicked out again and sent away, the process repeated itself with Hilston proving he was stronger than the others he was replaced with, until a boy who had been taken in his place, had an ability.”

“Remember, abilities existed before the Dalki war. They were rare but people either kept them secret or taught them within their family line, but it seemed like even this boy was unaware and the man wanted to grow it once again.”

“I could imagine the thoughts going through Hilston’s head at this point, that he was weak, he needed to get stronger so the man, the only person who had accepted him, would take him in. Once again, Hilston set out to kill the new man’s favourite boy, but with an ability how would he fare?”

“It was only then that Hilston had discovered while fighting his opponent, that he too had an ability and it was the same as the boys. This was the start of the Blade family ability. One would think he could finally live in peace with the man as he had always wished for but instead he had become paranoid.”

“He had already experienced being replaced by some stronger than himself and it was not a feeling he wished to relive. Hilston grew a strong body by training day and night with this fear, and even if he was to meet other ability users, his ability and body put together were strong enough to combat theirs.”

“As he got older he no longer needed to rely on the man but stayed as a close acquaintance until he eventually had raised a family of his own. Eventually his wife blessed him with a beautiful child, a boy. The man that had taken Hilston in was treated by him like his father, and one day he had come over as a grandfather to play with the boy. Then at a certain age, Hilston’s own son was known to have an ability, the same ability as himself, only it was slightly better than his.”

Listening to this part of the story, Vorden thought it was similar to all the Blades’ today. Their powers varied in how many abilities they could carry. Still, he let Brock finish his story.

“The mysterious man frequently visited their household but instead of paying attention to Hilston he only had eyes for the boy.”

“So many years had gone by with no problem whatsoever, that nobody realised that the true fear had struck in Hilston once again. ‘What if that man was to stab me again?’ He did what no father would have ever done, and just like many times in the past. Hilston had proved that he was the Blade that the man needed, not his son.”

“You see from his Dark past I can only fill in the pieces of what else I know. The man and Hilston at some point separated, but his desire to please this person had never left. The Blade family ability has one crucial weakness, and that is the fact that it requires other abilities in order for its powers to be used. Otherwise it only lasts for twenty four hours.”

“Coming to this realization Hilston became obsessed with growing stronger and he couldn’t stand this one weakness. He believed that the answer was in the soul weapon. He had seen through his family the ability grow stronger. So perhaps there would eventually be one with a soul weapon that could cover for this weakness”

“But why did this benefit him? Without realising it, through the years Hilston had been able to gather abilities that would slow down the aging process, heal his insides wounds and disease , and also was able to obtain a superhuman body where the cells aged at a slower rate, but even all of those things wouldn’t explain how he had managed to live for so long.”

“The answer, you two might already know for yourselves.” Brock said, pointing towards Raten and Vorden. “If you haven’t guessed, he used the same ability that the boy Shiro has, and transferred his mind into theirs. Swapping bodies and killing his old self inside. Whenever he found someone stronger than himself this would repeat this pattern. So now you know the reason why Hilston was obsessed with getting Sil back.”

“As for why he asked you all to be treated as a family I do not know the answer. Maybe it was because he never had a real family growing up. Or perhaps it was due to him trying to forget of the perfect family he had in the past that he himself had ruined. Perhaps running away from this all, but that is everything I know about Hilston Blade.”

The others were left speechless not knowing what to say. However, it left a lot for them to think about, in particular Vorden was struggling with the story that Brock told for a few reasons. How did Brock know so much detail about Hilston’s past from when he was a child?

The way he spoke about Hilston's thoughts were certainly strange and it sounded like it was more than just Brock's assumptions. Lastly, the scariest thing about the story was the mysterious man.

The man who had turned Hilston into the monster he was today, it almost seemed as if his actions had been intentional. It was a scary thought that there might be a person out there who was more cruel and messed up than Hilston Blade.

Vorden just hoped that this person was no longer alive.

My Vampire System Chapter 1257: Ramblings of a Mad Man

After witnessing what was out there from the top of the Castle, Eno, Mona and Dennis decided to head down and check out the tablet and Demon tier beast. As the one who had to transport the heavy portable teleporter, Dennis was lagging behind the other two. He had the strength to be faster without tiring out, but since he had been told that it was sensible equipment he was nervous about tripping on some root or such.

'I just wanted to enjoy some quiet days with Megan, yet here I am stuck with people I don't really know. ... just gotta remind myself that I'm doing this for everyone and that includes Megan. If we don't do what needs to be done then the whole world will suffer.' The vampire thought to himself, elated that they were getting closer to their destination.

As they went through the Castle, Brock who was originally with them decided to split off. There hadn't been any words exchanged between Eno and Brock which Dennis found a little weird, but decided to ignore it.

He wondered what could be so strange that it had caught the attention of the other two, but before he had the chance to get a proper look at it, they were already back on the move. Finally they could see the large tablet. The loud snores coming from the Demon tier beast were frightening in itself.

"Hey, this beast, it really doesn't attack us right?" Dennis asked in a low voice.

“I don’t know, to be honest, I was passed out for the most part last time.” Mona shrugged her shoulders. “Apparently Quinn talked to the tablet or something and whatever’s inside made it so the beast agreed not to attack us. Let’s just hope our stay here won’t disturb its slumber and it will recognise us even without Quinn by our side.”

That didn’t sound very convincing, so Dennis decided to follow the others a few steps back, so he could get a head start if anything was to happen.

‘Should I just start setting up the teleport here and now so I can use it if the beast attacks us? The beast should be too large to get through the teleporter... right?’ Dennis thought nervously.

However, going up the slight hill, the pathway started to level out and that’s when he could see what they had all been staring at. Dennis hadn’t been part of the group last time, not that they had come to Blade Island for sight-seeing, but it was certainly eye catching.

The ground was mostly flat and towards the back was a giant tablet that looked like a small mountain. Then off to the side of the tablet lay the Demon tier beast, but none of these things had caught Dennis’ eyes or the others, it was what laid in the centre.

A human sized tree with pink flowers. The pink colour radiated and when staring at it, Dennis felt like he was so at peace.

“That thing definitely wasn’t there before.” Mona said.

“Yes, and it resembles something that I have seen before elsewhere.” The tree reminded Eno of the Demon tier beast that Quinn had ultimately defeated only smaller in size, but what was it doing here?

Eno was the first to walk up to it, unafraid, yet he gave a hand signal for the others to stay back. If it really was a sapling of that Demon tier tree with the same abilities as the other one, there was a risk Mona and Dennis would be Marked, and Eno still had a use for them.

He was confident in his own powers and skills to fight off such a Marking. Walking close to it there was no such reaction at all from the tree, making Eno wonder if it was even a beast at all. When he finally got within touching distance he quickly placed his hand on the tree.

'This certainly is confusing? Is it a beast or is it not? It's almost as if the crystal in its body hasn't finished forming. These days I keep running into things that I am struggling to make a decision on. However, if it was a threat then I'm sure that the other Demon tier beast would have gotten rid of it. Maybe we can use this, and if it does evolve into a Demon tier beast that would be another great thing to have.' Eno thought.

"Okay I've decided, place the portal near the tablet. The Demon tier beast is protecting the tablet, so I don't think it will let it come to any harm." Eno turned around to address the other two. "The castle is a standout landmark, so they might go for it first. Not that the tablet isn't but I'm sure the tablet will be kept in good condition."

Listening to Eno's commands, Dennis got to work setting up the teleporter. While making his way over, he had activated his shadow, to cover the side view. Dennis wasn't someone that was often afraid of beasts, but how often had he had the chance to come close to a Demon tier beast?

Just being near the thing made him want to turn around and escape as far away as possible, so the only way to work properly was to pretend it wasn't there. He paused every time the Dragon let out a loud snore, afraid that it would be a sign of it waking up, but fortunately, each time nothing happened.

Eno had decided to stay by the tree, observing it closer, which left Mona with pretty much nothing to do. Once the teleporter was set up she wanted to explore Blade Island further, looking for any other beasts that she could put to use.

They needed to work out their defences for protecting the place, but she hadn't left yet and couldn't stop looking towards Eno. Eventually she walked up to him and said what was on her mind.

"Hey, old man. You're actually a vampire, right?" Mona asked. "I was thankful for you saving me back then and looking after me which is why I haven't said much but I just am trying to understand your actions a little more."

"You must have seen a lot of crap throughout your life, and it's clear you're no ordinary vampire. I understand why Quinn is helping us since he was originally human, but what about you? Why are you doing so much for us humans?" Mona asked.

Hearing this, Eno stopped what he was doing for a second and looked at Mona. He wasn't staring at her but instead was staring directly behind her as if he was thinking about something.

"You know, it's been so long I often forget the reason why I do this." Eno answered with a slight smile.

Mona thought at this point that Eno was pulling her leg, if he didn't want to tell her, he didn't have to, but he could just say that instead of making up a bad excuse like that.

"However." Eno continued. "Whenever I think I'm starting to forget I decide to head back to a certain place. That reminds me of why I do everything I have done."

"Us vampires have a history that nearly dates back as far as humans and it wouldn't be the first time my kind would have wiped out an entire race, which everyone else eventually forgot about. I fear that history is repeating itself and the same thing might happen again."

After seemingly having said his piece, Eno looked back at the tree again and Mona didn't feel any wiser as to why this enigmatic old man was on their side. Just as she was about to head off and do her own thing, thinking the other two would be fine without her, Eno continued his answer, having placed a hand on his chin.

"No wait, I don't think that's quite right either. The original reason why I wanted to help you humans has changed as time passed. You don't need to have lived as long as I have, to have experienced it.

Your views change drastically from when you were 10 to when you're 20, from when you were 20 to when you're 30 and so on. So imagine how many times my views on the world have changed."

"My reason for helping has changed, sometimes subtly, sometimes drastically. Even now I am finding new reasons to help out, but I will say one thing, Mona. In the past I have been able to help out people, letting humans avoid their death and end by helping here and there."

"Perhaps my actions are similar to those gods that don't wish to get involved too much, but this time it appears that if I don't get involved that there will be a real end. During the first Dalki War I have merely helped from the background, so getting involved to this degree, poses a huge risk to my own life. Something I never even considered before."

“Perhaps, I shouldn’t even be telling you these things, but I am because there is a chance that I won’t survive and will never be able to answer your questions again. I tell you what, why don’t you come over here.” Eno suggested.

Mona had asked that she had considered one simple question, she hadn’t expected the old man to go on rambling, and the way he spoke it was as if he was forgetting what he was saying the moment he said it.

It was actually making her reconsider if they should really put so much hope into this so-called great scientist. Still, she honestly was indebted to this man, and if he wanted to harm her or turn her she would at least let the man have that much for saving her life.

Walking over, Mona felt a little nervous and at unease, she always did around Eno, despite him doing no harm or showing any immediate red flags. When coming over, Eno grabbed her hand and placed a small little circular digital device with a star as its base.

“It’s a lock that is linked to my heart. When I die, or my heart stops beating, that will open up. It’s a small map which will lead you to my special place. If you go there, you will find things that you will need at the time. Remember, I am always planning ahead.” Eno stated with a smile.

‘How can he talk about his own death so easily? Is this why I can’t shake the dark feeling I get from him?’ Mona wondered.

My Vampire System Chapter 1258: The worst century yet

‘The worst century yet’ was a phrase that had started to become common in the vampire settlement these days. Vampires used to live without much grief or problems, whether one looked at it internally or externally.

Of course there had been the occasional disputes between the families, but those had usually only affected the families in question. Yet somehow one problem seemed to follow the next one, affecting vampire society as a whole lately.

Despite the new King having been crowned not too long ago, a new council meeting was to take hold soon. However, this time the public was very well aware as for the reason behind it.

When Suzan's body had been seen, the news had spread so rapidly that every single vampire had heard of her demise before her body could even be taken down. Not only had a leader been killed, but it had happened in her own castle where she had gotten pinned to the wall.

What made matters worse, was the fact that the vampire settlement shouldn't be under any external threat of any kind. However, the signs were all pointing that the attack had to have been done from someone externally, so fear was growing in the vampires, especially for those in the third family that had just lost their leader.

Paul, having been given the okay from Quinn, had gone out to attend today's council meeting in his place. He arrived at the King's castle, where the Royal guards were guarding the entrance. Some in the public were shouting, demanding explanations given the recent event. Unlike humans, even regular vampires had great power, but the Royal guards made sure that things remained civil.

Any leader was allowed to attend with their two Vampire knights, yet because Paul himself was a knight and Leo being here was a secret, he had decided to bring two replacements with him, Timmy, and Xander.

He had left his second in command Ashley behind since he felt given the nature of the council meeting, actual vampires who knew more about how things worked in the Vampire World, would be better suited.

The two were over the moon when Paul had selected them, thinking that their hard work had paid off. At the same time they were nervous, since they understood the difference in standing between themselves and the others who would attend.

Even if they weren't in the tenth family, the other knights and leaders would look down on their group when they entered the room, for they were in a place and a position that would perhaps be undeserving if they were with any other family.

Now standing outside the council door, Xander and Timmy took a deep breath.

“Relax, it’s unlikely we will be much involved in the meeting. As such, I just need you to listen and pay close attention to the reactions of the other leaders. Should the need arise, I will be the one talking. Honestly, the goal for our family is to try to stay out of this matter as much as possible.”

“As long as it doesn’t involve us there is no need for us to help any of them out.” Paul explained, but his mind went back to his talk with Muka. About those in the other families that had gone missing.

He was still wondering whether these two matters were related in some way. If that turned out to be the case, then there might be a need for them to get involved, even though he didn’t want Quinn to worry.

The two guards that were standing outside, opened the doors wide and allowed them to walk. Another guard led them to the council room and when he opened the door, the trio was surprised that it was in absolute chaos. The other leaders were in the midst of discussion and it looked as if everyone else had already long since arrived before them.

The only ones that weren’t present yet were the King and his two Royal knights.

“Everyone, please quiet down!” Kazz demanded. As the current head of the first family it was usually her job to get the leaders under control, but most of them didn’t acknowledge Kazz as a true leader. After all, once a real first leader would be selected her position would go back down to being a Vampire knight.

For a second, her and Paul’s eyes met, but they soon looked away from each other again.

“A leader was killed in their own home! There wasn’t even any sign of fighting, so who else could it be if not HIM?!”

“We need to find out the reason why they were targeted. Whoever has done this clearly wanted us to see what was going on!”

“Suzan was no weak leader and there were no signs of fighting in her castle. She might have been attacked by her own people. I demand that we interrogate their knights!”

The reason why there was more chaos than usual was also because there were many new vampire leaders in the room. After Bryce's election and his selection of Royal knight, there had been a need to fill the void.

However, soon everyone went silent, as the sound of a clacking cane could be heard from outside the room. The sound of the clacking was getting louder and louder and one could tell it was filled with anger. The doors were swept open from the other side, the side only the King was allowed to enter from and signs of his red aura could be seen.

Bryce was there with his eyes glowing red and the energy could be felt from every single one of them in the room.

'He has gotten a lot stronger and more confident than before.' Paul analyzed. 'Is this just because of the Absolute Blood book?'

"We should have known this was going to happen. When we knew of HIS existence we should have gotten rid of him immediately!" Bryce spat out as he walked to sit down on his seat. Behind him were Prima, the fastest vampire ever known, and Kyle the vampire with the strongest defense.

"In the past many of you didn't believe me that he would be a threat to us and would bring doom to us all. There is only one person who is strong and capable enough to not only infiltrate but kill a leader without anyone else noticing it. The Punisher, Arthur!"

The vampires knew Bryce's strong feelings towards the Punishers, but the fact that he had indirectly allowed Quinn to do his own thing, and had said nothing about Arthur up until this point had made them assume he had decided to let the matter go, yet his reaction made it clear that it was a mistake on their part.

"Forgive me, Your Majesty, but what makes you believe this is Arthur?" Jin asked. "I don't know of a reason why he would return and attack us now of all times."

"You know that all of the Punishers of the old died, so it's only natural that he is blaming us for this." Bryce replied. "Is there anyone else who would be so daring, who would be capable of such a feat?"

There were no signs of fighting whatsoever, which is proof in itself that the Shadow power must have been used!”

Xander and Timmy continued to look around at the Vampire leaders and knights checking if there was any sort of reaction at all like they had been asked. Strangely they didn't even have to look hard, for it was visible on some of their faces.

There were vampires that were panicking about the situation, visibly shaken up at the thought that Arthur had returned.

“Although I do think that the most likely person is Arthur, I also think that we shouldn't rule out any other possibilities.” Sunny commented. “After all, none of us have suspected Cindy behind all those wrong doings not too long ago.”

This was a recent memory that they wished to forget but it was true. Her betrayal had made it abundantly clear that it was possible that a traitor could be hiding amongst them.

“Now is not the time for our council to sleep and point fingers at each other.” Prima stated. “We shall act under the assumption that the Punisher Arthur is back. Everyone should be putting in measurements in place, to capture the culprit and protect themselves and their families.”

Looking towards Paul, Bryce had an evil glint in his eyes. “With the absence of the Cursed family's leader, I hereby call for a vote. I suggest forbidding him from returning to the settlement until this matter gets resolved.”

This came as a shock to Paul. He had never expected them to go this far. With this abrupt change, he could no longer just sit around and stay silent.

“May I ask for the reason behind such an action?” Paul inquired, having raised his hand before speaking out of turn.

“While I'm not accusing Quinn of being involved in this attack, we know that Arthur has come to his aid in the past when he had been in trouble. As much as his help may aid us in this time, as the one who had

inherited his shadow power, having him amongst us, would be the same as inviting the Punisher into our midst. He could just strike us, and run away whenever needed.” Bryce explained.

The Vampire King didn’t hide his disdain for the tenth family’s leader, yet the logic behind his suggestion was sound and that was a problem. The council got to voting quickly, and even the vampire leaders that had been on Quinn’s side in the past ended up voting to have him stay outside, afraid that Arthur might be behind it.

“The original Punisher. I do remember he had great power. Are you sure we will be able to deal with him?” Tempus asked.

The vampire spoke without any formalities, which rubbed the other leaders the wrong way a little bit, but as an original vampire he technically outranked them all, allowing him to get away with certain things.

“I have a little suggestion with who or how you could solve this problem of yours. Many of you probably know that your ancestors including the originals can only be woken up with blood from your own blood line. However, for the originals themselves there is one other way.”

“The blood from another Original also works.” Tempus revealed with a smile.

My Vampire System Chapter 1259: Unsettled

Tempus seemed like an easy going leader for an Original. Ever since he had been put in charge of the second family following Cindy’s betrayal, he had done well to reformat and implement changes. It turned out that there were far more underlying problems than the others had originally thought.

Under Cindy’s rule, the men of the second family had been discriminated against. No matter how much promise they might have shown, most had been put aside, never receiving a promotion to the inner castle. As for those, who had actually received that highly sought after promotion, they would disappear, having actually been sent off to be tested and experimented on.

Cindy had been far crueler to her own family members than anyone had realised, having attempted to forcefully create a blood fairy. To achieve her goal she had made use of her own ability to revert the changes over certain vampires. It was an amazing feat, only possible due to her great proficiency in her own ability, yet it had been an unimaginable torture for her people, one that would repeat over and over again.

There had even been a few humans that had been captured, once turned into a subclass, if it was one she hadn't been expecting she would revert the change and go through the process again. As for the captured vampires, it was to raise an army of Bloodsuckers. Tempus had shed light on this mistreatment, quickly abolishing this favoritism, making him well liked amongst his people. Of course, the other leaders didn't mind him too much because he had chosen to not get involved or complain about the other families like the other leaders did.

However, if there was one thing they could complain about, then it would be how frequently he visited the King, and the other leaders believed that the new king and Tempus were playing favours due to him being an original.

This was the main issue. Tempus was an Original, one of the first thirteen that had created the families in the first place. He was a figure that was meant to be well respected, which was why nobody thought he was joking with his idea of reviving the others.

Not only that, but the big question was, why mention this fact. Even Bryce was struggling to understand.

'There are still vampires from all the original thirteen families.' Bryce thought. 'So all of the past leaders and originals can be awakened without using an Original. So then why has Tempus decided to reveal this fact to everyone?'

'Is he setting a trap? Did he intend to lure someone into using his blood to awaken the others? Or is he simply threatening them, stating that he could awaken the other Originals whenever he wished?'

There were many possibilities, and the smile on Tempus' face was annoying even to Bryce, but he did well to hide it. Tempus was a good ally to have, and at the moment he couldn't afford to make any more enemies.

However, there was one other possibility, one of the vampires that couldn't be awoken by the current vampire's bloodline. At least there was no way of knowing whose bloodline would work when trying to awaken them, and that was the True First King. The original owner of the Shadow ability.

Only a handful of leaders at the table knew about the True First King, since the rest were too young and all mentions about him should have been removed. The rebellion had been caused by the other leaders. All of their powers had been used to take him down. Ultimately, they had been unable to kill him, only able to force him into a deep slumber.

His bloodline had been fully erased in order to prevent him from ever waking up again, his family line replaced by another.

'Is that why Tempus has brought it up? But without his shadow powers could he take on Arthur? Is he saying the First True King is even stronger than me with my Absolute Blood Control? That has to be impossible!' Bryce believed and tried to disregard his suggestion.

"To make sure there is order among the third family, they need to select a replacement leader as soon as possible." Bryce stated. "I'm sure Suzan already had someone in mind to replace her. Until then, her knights will have to take over her duties."

"We will need to spread the message that our people have no need to panic. Arthur has no interest in them, he is only after us leaders. Is there any more concerning matters?" Bryce asked, scanning the room.

At this point and time, Paul was debating with himself what to do. He was sure based on Kazz's reaction that the missing vampires had something to do with the first family and most likely the King.

'Should I bring up the matter here in front of everyone? With Arthur as a distraction, maybe they have yet to realise that their vampires have gone missing? I could also say it is out of concern for what is happening now. If he says something out of the ordinary maybe we can use this little slip up of his.' Paul thought about his next move.

Having made up his mind, Paul raised his hand, but a stare from Muka quickly made him put it down just as quickly. Alas, Bryce had already looked over and despite his dislike for the Cursed family, for

appearance's sake he had to allow him to speak, especially on the off-chance he had something worthwhile to say.

"I'm sorry, it was an itch, I do not have any questions." Paul quickly made up an excuse, looking down. Bryce gave him a strange glare, but ignored that remark.

With nobody else having anything to say, the King declared the council meeting to be over, and the leaders were to head back to their respective castles to do as they wished or as they needed to. The tenth family was naturally being most affected by this.

'I should tell Quinn as quickly as possible about the matter. If he comes here, they will accuse him of working with Arthur which will just put the tenth family in a worse situation. Maybe their desire to keep him away might actually be for the best for us.' Paul thought.

Walking to his castle, he asked Timmy and Xander if they had noticed any strange reactions among the other vampires. According to the duo certain leaders had a more shocked reaction when hearing Arthur's name. Truth be told, Paul hadn't really needed them to keep an eye out, for it had been obvious on their faces that he already knew the answers about the vampires involved.

'Out of the newer leaders there were two of them. The new sixth leader, Harlow Muscat and twelfth leader Kim Killton. Then of the current leaders, both the Royal knights, Prima Killton, and Kyle who were by the King's side.'

The ones Paul was unsure about though, were the second leader Tempus as well as Jill, the ninth family leader. Since her family no longer existed, her face was like that of a ghost's these days, making it impossible to read through. Finally, there was also Kazz, as Bryce's daughter he was unsure how deeply involved she was in the whole mess.

It was during their walk that Paul noticed they were being followed, not just by anyone, for even when they entered the inner tenth area. He had found that the person had gotten in without any of the guards noticing.

Paul eventually told Timmy, and Xander to go to the castle ahead of him, stating that he was going to meet up with Ashley and get a few updates. Soon he took a turn between two large mansion's where the light of a beast crystal was unable to hit, and he could see a large figure in front of him.

"I figured it would be you." Paul sighed.

"I'm sorry for my behaviour, but I can not be seen meeting with you." Muka explained. "Tensions are high right now as is. I also apologise for making you hold your tongue earlier, but it was neither the right place nor the right time."

"I know the attack shows signs that it was done by Arthur, but it's also possible that someone has done this to rally us up against him before he even arrives. Had you brought up what we have discovered, then I'm afraid that you might have been the next one--"

It was at that moment, that Muka turned around, and Paul was ready for a fight, as a third person revealed themselves.

"I...I'm not here to fight." The female voice quickly declared. When seeing who it was, Muka was still on guard, but Paul dropped all intentions of fighting.

"You know then, Kazz?"

"I told you not to investigate this, but instead you decided to team up with other leaders about this matter?" Kazz's voice was filled with anger.

"Vampires might have a different opinion, but when it involves my people I can't just sit by them. Today it might be one or two men whose names I might not even have heard about, but tomorrow it could be those I really care about. Turning a blind eye is not my way." Paul stated.

Muka was starting to understand the situation, but what he didn't understand was the close relationship Paul and Kazz apparently had with each other. Why would the first family leader go out of her way, to tell him not to get involved?

'Perhaps, we can use this in some way.'

Hearing Paul's words, Kazz stung a little inside, but it also gave her the determination to find her answer.

“Before you say anything, let’s get inside. If it would be disastrous when two family leaders get seen colluding, I can’t imagine it getting better with three.” Paul suggested, before heading towards the castle.

The other two agreed, and took to the shadow of the buildings to scale and enter the castle from one of their windows, which led into Paul’s office. He often left it open so he could enter this way, but it was at that time that he didn’t expect to have two others waiting for him there.

“You, I thought you had returned to the Human World!” Kazz exclaimed.

“Whether I am in the Human World or not, I don’t think that matters now.” Leo replied with Erin who was standing by his side.

Muka looking at the both of them noticed that despite being in the presence of powerful vampires the girl looked unafraid, if anything it looked like she was ready to take them all on at any second.

“I’ve come here to warn you that the Dalki have appeared on this planet!”

My Vampire System Chapter 1260: Confident creatures

The fact that Leo and Erin were currently on the vampire planet was meant to be kept a secret from the others. After all, Leo held a high position in the vampire settlement as the tenth family’s vampire knight.

If it was any other time, Muka and perhaps Kazz would have questioned what he was even doing here, but the news that he had brought seemed to be more urgent, and with everything going on, what the tenth family were doing seemed to be the least of their worries.

After hearing the news, both Kazz and Muka looked at each other immediately.

“The Dalki, you mean they really have returned to this place. This whole matter seems to be getting more complicated by the second.” Muka stated. “This is a matter that we may even have to talk to the king about, and at a time like this while everything is happening.”

Judging from how Muka spoke, it was almost as if he wasn't surprised that the Dalki had arrived but more so surprised at the timing of the whole thing.

“Why would the Dalki be here? Do you have an idea?” Paul asked. “From what I have heard from Quinn, at the moment, they have launched a full attack on the humans. Their leaders and bulk of their forces are tied up, so why bother sending the Dalki here?” Paul questioned.

Although Paul knew about the origins of the Dalki from Quinn's meetings as he informed everyone to keep them up to date on the matter, Paul did not know about specific details.

“I don't know much about the Dalki. Many vampires don't know about them.” Kazz answered. “We know that the humans are in a battle against them. Maybe they came back as a type of revenge against us, but who knows.”

Most of the leaders did know of the Dalki that included Muka, so he was debating how much to tell them or if it would even matter if they did know.

“The Leaders have never really worried about the Dalki. Them coming back here is not too much of a problem. The problem for me is who they might have returned with. For he had left with them, and this is someone who might also be on our suspect list for the missing vampires.”

The person who Muka was thinking of, was none other than Jim.

Hearing this, Leo and Erin thought the vampire's arrogance was showing. They knew more about the Dalki and their history compared to the others. When the Dalki had left the vampire settlement, they were weak. This was most likely why they didn't see the Dalki as a threat.

Of course, none of the leaders were ever worried about the Dalki returning for an attack, and hearing the news of the humans they always considered as weak, losing to their creation was even more reason

for them to laugh. Still, with Leo and Erin having gone up against the four spike, they knew that the Dalki were strong and no laughing matter, even for the vampires.

“We were unable to see how many Dalki there were, but only two attacked us. We imagine that a group of them must have come. We were also quite far out in the settlement. I think we should take this threat seriously.” Leo stated. “The Dalki are confident creatures, who would attack if they believed they had the strength to do so, but the fact that they are waiting for something is more worrying in my eyes. If you underestimate the enemy, that could be your biggest downfall.”

Not shy with his words as always, Leo spoke his mind. He didn’t want the foolish actions of those at the top, affect other lives. He had seen this happen too many times before, and even himself.

Despite Leo saying all of this, Muka couldn’t get out of his mind the first impression he and the other leaders had of the Dalki and thought Leo’s worry was too much.

“I think it is best to inform the king, but I will do so after we figure out just who is behind the missing people. We now have another suspect.”

It was at that moment that Paul noticed the painful look that was on Kazz’s face.

“It’s Bryce, isn’t it,” Paul said. “I can tell.”

Shaking her fist, Kazz not answering straight away was enough confirmation for Muka and Paul that they had found their answer.

“Yes...” Kazz said, but she could say no more.

“What’s he doing with the people? Why is he taking vampires from each of the families.” Muka questioned, but it was clear that she wouldn’t say anything else. It had already taken all her will to say yes.

“Kazz, you don’t have to tell us what your father is doing with those missing people.” Muka sighed in defeat. “But I will say this. We will be looking to prosecute the king for the crimes he has committed.

When the time comes, your testimony, one from his own bloodline and the first leader, will have a big impact on the verdict and the opinion of the other leaders.”

Truth be told, when Kazz said yes, she didn't know what to expect to hear, she had been avoiding the consequences that her father might suffer if his crimes came to light. If the world knew the truth, and knowing what his fate would be, all got a bit too much for her that tears started to roll down her cheeks.

“If...If I agree.” Kazz said firmly, making sure they knew she still wasn't entirely on their side. “And I decide to participate in this, then can you promise me one thing. That my father doesn't suffer from execution and is instead put into eternal slumber.”

“You know that is not for me to decide, but I promise that I will try to persuade the others as well,” Muka replied.

After saying that, Kazz felt like she was no longer needed and decided to leave out of the window. Nobody called out to her or said anything else.

“It looks like we might be able to move forwards sooner than we thought. Leave the Dalki problem to me. I shall inform the Royal knights and speak to the other leaders about the best course of action. I think at this moment, no matter what we say, Bryce will somehow twist it so that this was Arthur's doing.” Muka said, and soon he left, but not before turning around and looking at Erin once more.

With the others gone, Paul was a lot more interested in finding out about the Dalki that Erin and Leo encountered. So he heard the rest of the details from them.

“I was just about to contact Quinn. I have to tell him about the council's order, and maybe the Dalki being here means something.” Paul said. “What about you two? Will you be staying here? I fear that something bigger might happen, and honestly, it would be great to have someone of your strength by my side.”

Leo looked towards Erin. His task was complete. Now even though they were in the vampire settlement and in a castle full of vampires, Erin didn't seem to have this urge to kill. At least it wasn't very strong.

“I think you are right,” Leo said. “If Quinn is unable to come here, then I think we might be more helpful here than there. However, that is also the reason why we must go. We will be back as soon as possible to help you out.”

The reason for Leo saying this was because he wanted to meet up with Alex, so his and Erin’s weapons could be made and then they would return.

“Very well. I will be waiting for your return.”

— —

At the moment, Quinn could be seen on a green meadow against three Dalki. The first one attacked with a thigh kick, but a shadow was soon raised blocking the attack. Another of the Dalki had thrown a fist towards his head.

The shadow tried to move to the position, but it was too slow, so Quinn instead lifted his arm, blocking the attack to his head, then went and grabbed onto it, piercing its skin with his fingers. Next, using a flash step, he got in close to Dalki’s body, shielding himself from the other two, and punched it directly in the gut.

Green blood spewed from its mouth, and the Dalki were no longer attacking.

“What are you doing?” The Dalki said, bent over.

“I know, sorry, it was just instinct,” Quinn replied. To be more precise, the one who had responded at this moment was Vincent, who was in Quinn’s body.

Quinn was able to obtain three Marked once again, currently each of them at the one spike stage. What the two of them were doing now was training for both of them.

Quinn wanted to get more in tune with fighting while using the other two as puppets. In turn, he thought the fighting would allow the Dalki to get stronger as they got injured. However, there was a second part to this training as well, and that was training Vincent.

After being with Vincent, Quinn had come to learn of the struggles he had while in his body, so they thought this would be good training for them both. This way, Vincent could learn how to use the shadow powers more efficiently in a fight, and Quinn could improve the Dalki.

“Hey, I think you’re getting a call!” Vincent shouted.

Hearing this, Quinn no longer was in control of their Dalki and went to his own body. When he saw who the call was coming from, he was pretty surprised.

“Quinn, this is Paul. There’s something I need to tell you....”

My Vampire System Chapter 1261: A Punisher’s message

Due to the King’s order, the third castle was currently going through a difficult situation for more reasons than one. Their leader had just been killed, yet they weren’t granted any time to grieve for those who cared for the leader and at the same time, there were vampires from other families taking advantage of the situation.

Disputes between families were quite common, so vampires were a proud bunch. They would often compare the strength of each of the families. Once in a while this competition would go too far, and result in fighting between the two families. If it got too big, the leaders themselves would have to sort it out, but the castle had no such leader at the moment. It was the same reason why the tenth family had been treated the way they had been for so long.

For as long as they lacked a new leader, it would be a vulnerable time for them. Inside the castle, in one of the grand dining halls, the late third leader’s Vampire knights, May and Verth were going through the candidates to succeed her. The woman and man paced back and forth, their foreheads wrinkled deep in thought.

Meanwhile, sitting in the vacant throne meant for the leader, was a young looking woman with long black hair and a doll-like dress, holding a brown bear in her hand. It was a strange sight, because, although she looked very young, it was clear that the one holding the bear should have long been over that age.

“Annie, there’s no helping it, nobody but you can take this position! I know it’s a little early but Suzan has been preparing you to take over for a long time already!” May shouted.

Annie, held onto the bear tightly, and her legs were shaking up and down while also biting her fingernails. It was clear she was afraid.

“You don’t need to do any of the work. We can cover for that, but right now the third family needs someone to step up, so we’ll have order.” Verth agreed with his female companion.

“It’s not about being ready or not.” Annie eventually replied in a shaky voice. “If I take that place... no, it’s probably true for whoever takes the leader role... I’m afraid that whoever killed Mother will come after me!”

The two vampire knights didn’t expect this, that they would ever need to convince someone to take the leader position. To the normal vampire folk it was a position they could only dream of. Being in charge of an entire family, becoming one of the most respected members of their society.

“If you just need a leader, then why can’t one of you take the seat?!” Annie crossed her arms and pouted.

The two of them gulped when they thought of this, a shiver ran down them as they remembered Suzan’s body on that wall.

“Th-that’s because... b-because we can’t! We’re knights, after all! As her daughter, it’s only right for you to succeed her.” May eventually put together an explanation.

However, Annie may have been naive, but she wasn’t stupid. Although it was going against their etiquette, it wasn’t exactly ‘taboo’ either. Especially in their current time, when the first family was

being led by their former knight Kazz, and the council had even granted Silver special permission to take over as leader if anything was to happen to the thirteenth leader.

It was practically guaranteed that as long as one of them would come forward that due to the circumstances their request to fill in would be granted. Yet, neither one of them wanted to admit it once the idea of them actually taking over was placed.

"I'm scared, I'm scared out of my mind. I know what the right thing to do is, but I just can't." Annie cried out in defiance.

"And so you should be." A voice said from inside the room, dark shadows surrounding him.

The two knights, the moment they saw who it was, were now shaking more than ever and almost fell to the floor.

"Arthur..." May mumbled. The two of them had only seen his figure once before. The Punishers had been abolished by the time they took over, but they were sure of it. This was the same vampire they had seen at Fex's execution.

Lifting both his hands up, the two knights, still unable to move, were suddenly sucked into a deep dark shadow, vanishing in seconds. Annie, seeing this, had no clue where they had gone, and she didn't dare move, too afraid that she would follow them if she angered the intruder.

"Let's keep the two of them out of our conversation, shall we?" Arthur 'suggested' with a smile as he walked over. His entire body was covered in dark clothing. He wasn't wearing the blood armour, nor did he carry his trademark sword on his back. Were it not for May calling out his name, Annie might not have even known who he was.

"Annie... you seem too young to have been born when I entered my sleep, but you might have already been born when all the other Punishers left this world. I am now unable to ask your mother these questions, so it falls on you." Arthur proclaimed as he came forward.

'Does that mean he couldn't torture the information out of my mother?' Annie wondered, swallowing hard.

Usually leaders had pride, they wouldn't let fear take over and they would rather die fighting than to submit to the one threatening their death, however there was one exception to this rule, the Punisher who could make them experience unimaginable pain.

"I...I...Will answer whatever you want." Annie quickly conceded, hoping that Arthur would at least give her a quick and respectful death. Suzan might have been too prideful and tried to fight back, but the young woman had no hopes of leaving the place alive now that she had seen who it was, so her best hope was for a quick and hopefully painless end.

"Around five hundred years ago, when the last King took over. Bryce had gone out on an expedition with a few of the vampire leaders. Do you know about this?"

Annie nodded.

"Great, I'm going to name a few of the old leaders and current leaders and I want you to tell me which of the leaders went on that expedition with Bryce."

Arthur soon went over the list of names starting with the leaders before naming Vampire knights and those in the Royal guard as well. Annie nodded to those that had gone with, and shook her head to those that hadn't. Arthur didn't expect her to know the names of all the vampires, but one would have at least known the leaders who had left at the time.

"Thank you for cooperating so far. Now, as for the last name... Annie Topper." Arthur looked up from the list, staring at her with a hint of bloodlust.

The tears were falling uncontrollably down her face, for a brief moment she considered lying, but the glaring eyes gave her the feeling that they would be able to see through it. Even more afraid of the consequences of angering the monster before her, she finally nodded.

"Thank you, for telling me the truth. I doubt you had much say on the matter, but you still need to be punished for your crimes. You're guilty of eliminating the Punishers and their families who only wanted to live a life away from the settlement." Arthur stated.

When Annie heard Arthur speak, surprisingly his voice was soft and she could tell that he was almost in pain. As if it was something he didn't want to do, but knew it was something he had to do.

When she heard Arthur talking about the Punishers, her mind went back to that expedition. Although it was true that she did take part, at the time she had merely followed alongside her mother, barely helping her. Still, that was no excuse for the lives she did take that day.

"For your cooperation, you've earned a quick end." Arthur proclaimed next to her ear, already having shoved his hand through her heart, with it no longer beating.

'Now I have a list of who to go for, and every single one of these will receive a punishment, but I will savour the ones that are most guilty.' Arthur thought walking off, a lifeless body slumped behind him on the throne.

This time, it took a little while longer for the body to be discovered. For that day, two Vampire knights, as well as the replacement leader had gone missing. It wasn't until the vampires on cleaning duty had entered the castle that they spotted the massacre that had occurred and immediately called for the others.

The room had been left untouched. Entering the room before any of the others was King Bryce, followed by Tempus at his side. Looking at the scene, Bryce's blood was boiling with anger.

"This is my vampire settlement, and during my time, he is doing this. If this continues then the whole vampire settlement could be doomed! I will skewer him, twist his body and drain the blood out from his bones!" Bryce shouted in anger, turning around and breaking the door as he pushed it open.

"Flashy." Tempus noted, looking at the broken door and then turning his attention back to the room in front of him. Looking at the wall behind the throne, a bloody message had been left behind.

"I have a list of you all! Admit what was done to the people or all of them will be punished!"

My Vampire System Chapter 1262: The real killer?

Once more, an emergency council meeting was abruptly called between the leaders, barely any time had passed since the last. Even stranger was the fact that it had been called in the third castle. Causing some of the leaders to question its importance. Some were complaining thinking that the castle had come into some sort of disagreement as to who to select as their new leader, and now they were to cast a vote.

When the leaders arrived, they thought that they would head to the throne room, but instead they were led to one of the many dining rooms. The situation was getting odder by the second and when they saw several Royal guards standing outside it didn't exactly clear things up for them.

Muka had just arrived and when he entered, he found the other leaders already discussing things amongst themselves. Apart from Paul, who stood off on his own to the side, looking at the situation.

'What in the...?' Muka was staring at the blood message on the wall, and Annie's body which had at one point fallen to the floor, with nobody having bothered to pick her up. It might have been the first time in vampire history that the third family had suffered so much in such a short time frame.

"The King apologises for being unable to attend this meeting." Royal Knight Kyle announced. "However, His Majesty has tasked me to deliver a message on his behalf based on what you see around you."

"The message is as follows: 'If any of you have doubted it, see for yourself what the Punisher has done. He has taken yet another life right from underneath our noses. His message on the wall is a clear sign that he wishes to challenge us all, a promise that he will be coming for us all. Not only us, but our children as well. Only he knows how far he will go. We have to put a stop to him now or he will attempt to get rid of every vampire in the settlement!' "

The majority of those attending clearly agreed with that statement. Annie hadn't even been officially made the third leader, yet she had met such a cruel end. However, not all of them were shocked and in fear as they tried to figure out just what was going on.

'If this really is Arthur's doing, why did he target the third family twice?' Muka wondered. 'Could there really be something Annie knew that Suzan didn't? No, that should be impossible. She was practically a shut-in. Still, this time he left us a message, telling us about him having a list... did he intend to start with all those from the third family and move on from there?'

It wasn't really a meeting, the leaders were talking with each other freely, but with no real agenda set up and the King absent, the other leaders eventually left the place not long after the Royal knights had excused themselves.

Some walking more in a hurry than others.

However, a few of the leaders had decided to stay to take a closer look at the murder scene. Aside from Muka there was Sunny, and Jin. Similar to last time, the room had no signs of struggles or fighting in it. There was the broken door, but it looked as if the guards were already in the middle of repairing it, while having left the rest of the scene untouched. Making Muka think it was someone else's doing. It looked like apart from the message their only clue was the dead body.

"Does anyone else find it strange?" Sunny asked. "The way Suzan was killed by Arthur? When we look at Suzan's death it was a clear fear tactic statement, and you could say this is the same again, but the message here, it was clearly left behind for us, while the first had been for the public to see."

"Does that really matter?" Jin questioned, unable to see Sunny's point. "Perhaps Arthur had hoped for a certain outcome after Suzan's death, but with us not reacting how he wanted, this time he left behind a clearer message?"

Jin walked up to the wall and looked over the message as if hoping it would reveal some sort of secret underneath. "Or whoever these people are that he has annoyed. This list of his, and the words after. I'm sure you have noticed it, some of the other leaders are afraid, more shaken up by this than us and frightened. Surely, they know something that we don't. Maybe Arthur wants them to tell the whole settlement what they did."

Sunny stood up and walked up to the blood message on the wall standing by Jin's side.

"I think we all knew that from the beginning. Have you ever thought about how Bryce managed to get so many votes for himself? The ones frightened were the same ones who he had wrapped around his finger since day one." Sunny pointed out, while she started to sniff the wall. Her nose was far more sensitive than her companions.

“You’re missing my point. Look at the bodies as well. This time, it was a single strike through the heart, a rather painless death. Now think back to how Suzan was killed. Only one of those completely disrespects the deceased’s body. To top things off, the blood on this wall smells slightly different from Annie’s blood.”

He understood that things were strange, otherwise Jin wouldn’t have stayed behind in the first place to see if there was anything he could find, but he thought that Sunny was perhaps trying to grasp at straws too much.

When dealing with murder and revenge, people couldn’t really be expected to stay reasonable with their actions or thoughts.

“No, you’re not the only one that thinks Suzan’s death was out of the ordinary.” Muka stated, answering her first question.

“This blood...” Sunny murmured to herself, closing her eyes so her senses were better. “I have never smelt blood quite like what’s on the wall, but there is one thing I’m sure about, it’s not Annie’s. If that’s the case, then maybe this message was written in Arthur’s own blood.”

“I sense pain, through his actions, someone who doesn’t even like what he is doing. However, the first body was different. You’re right, Jin, perhaps they are the same actions of the same person, but if that is so, then the person would be in two different states of mind.”

At the tenth castle, before the meeting had been called for the vampire’s leaders to attend again, Paul was busy sending off both Erin and Leo. The teleporter needed to be activated by him, only once getting in touch with Logan.

Then when turned on at the other end, they could go through safely.

“I hope you are able to contain the chaos so there won’t be too much for us to do when we come back. I’m getting old.” Leo said with a smile.

“You may be blind but you should at least know that I am the same age as you. Besides, what does age matter to us now?” Paul joked, both aware that their bodies felt stronger than they had done even back in their prime.

After stepping through the teleporter, Erin and Leo found themselves in the familiar metal and white room. They both knew that they were finally back on the Cursed ship. It felt like it had been an exceptionally long time, for Erin at least.

‘Every time I leave this place, I think it’s only going to be for a short while, but it always ends up being longer.’ Erin realised with a slight grimace.

As for the one to greet them on the other side, it was none other than Sam. He knew how much the two meant to Quinn, so he couldn’t just send anyone to see how they were doing.

“I’m glad to find both of you in great health. Honestly, I was half expecting one of you to come back with a missing arm or leg of some sort. Paul told me that you would eventually return to the Vampire World.”

“Unfortunately, Quinn isn’t here at the moment, but the rest of the gang is. It would be nice if you both stopped by and talked to them. I’m sure you have a lot to chat about. I guess you haven’t seen the video either.”

“What video?” Erin asked, confused. The video Sam was talking about, was the one that nearly everyone had seen. Of course, in the middle of the woods fighting, Leo and Erin had no clue what Quinn and the others had been through during their time away.

“I guess we do have a lot of catching up to do. What brings you here anyway?” Sam asked.

“Weapons.” Leo answered. “We were hoping to meet up with Alex and get him to forge a few new weapons for us. Ours might be a little dull for what we are about to face.”

Hearing this, Sam had the biggest grin possible on his face.

“Well, I was going to save this for later, but Quinn did leave me something in case you would return. I’m sure you will greatly appreciate his ‘little’ gift.”

My Vampire System Chapter 1263: A Gift from Quinn

Erin and Leo were very interested in finding out what had exactly happened while they had been away. Walking alongside Sam around the Cursed ship they noticed that there were many changes here and there. Certain parts had been remodeled, different areas had been strengthened and more security systems had been implemented.

‘Did the Cursed ship suffer from an attack while we were away?’ Leo thought. ‘I guess that much should be expected with the human race at war again. Have they gone out to help out other planets?’

“I’m sorry, Sam.” Erin apologised, after noticing through her ability that there were far less people on the Cursed ship than the last time they had been there. “It looks like you guys have been attacked during our absence. If we had been here, probably less lives would have been lost. Just what happened that there are so few people left?”

It took a second for Sam to figure out what Erin meant by this, but then he remembered that he had yet to fill them in.

“We have lost a lot of lives, but not as many as you seem to believe.” Sam replied. “The actual reason why there aren’t that many on the Cursed ship right now is because many chose to leave the ship.”

“After we were attacked, our Cursed faction temporarily made the Earthborn group’s Shelter on planet Caladi into our base. Although the Cursed ship is back and running again, many decided to stay there for the time being.”

“As I said, a lot happened while you guys were away, but we pulled through. I’m sure the two of you were busy doing your own important thing as well. Heck, we even heard that we have you to thank for defeating a four spiked Dalki on Earth!”

The duo thought they had been quite careful at the time, but a blind swordsman wasn't exactly a common occurrence, making him easy for many to remember. With Pure seemingly having erased all of their traces the public believed that Leo was the one to have finished the enemy on his own.

Finally, the trio had reached Quinn's private training room where the surprise had been left for Leo and Erin. Even before they entered the room, through the Glathrium door the two of them could feel the intense energy inside, and the hallway feeling a little cooler. The closer they got to the door the cooler the air felt.

For Erin though, it was simultaneously a familiar and foreign feeling. Someone who had ice abilities was used to this chill, but it didn't quite feel the same as an ability. After Sam put in the code the door slid open, and the two of them could clearly see what was in front of them.

"Leo, do you see that...it's the..." Erin was unable to speak normally as she naturally walked forward, drawn to the weapon.

"For even my own student to forget that I lack sight." Leo shook his head. "I do feel it though. There is no other weapon that I have ever felt that comes close to it. This has to be a Demon tier weapon."

Leo and Erin had not been present when Oscar had shown the Demon tier weapon to everyone, so this was the first time the two were in its presence. Being near a Demon beast item or weapon for the first time certainly had an effect on everyone.

Its raw energy was calling out to the both of them, for them to pick it up and use it immediately.

"It looks like you like the gift Quinn left you then." Sam smiled from behind them.

"This is the gift Quinn left for Leo? Just what happened for something like this to end up in the Cursed faction's hand? Why doesn't he want to use it for himself? Isn't this too much?" Erin was shocked that Quinn wouldn't use such a thing for himself, yet she couldn't keep her eyes off the weapon.

"As I said, a lot has happened while you guys were away. Quinn actually has his own Demon tier item. To fully utilise the power of this one he would have to incorporate it into his set of skills."

“However, Quinn has gained another special sword that he claims suits his fighting style far more than this one. Additionally, he doesn’t think that it’s a good idea for all our fighting power to be focused on just one person.

“With the war going on, and the enemy turning out to be far stronger than we could have imagined, it seemed wiser to give the weapon to someone better suited and who could be better suited to use a Demon tier Sword than a swordsman?”

Walking up to the sword, Leo stared at it, sensing its powers. He certainly did have an interest in obtaining a stronger weapon. That was his goal of coming back here, after all, but Leo wasn’t used to receiving gifts as big as this from others. He had always obtained things himself, the fact that it came from a student he used to teach, didn’t make it any less strange.

“This is no small surprise.” Leo grabbed the hilt of the sword, and he could feel his whole body run with a cold shiver. He lifted it up with a single hand, with complete ease. It looked strange from the outside since the sword was three quarters the size of his body.

Giving it a test, he started to swing it in separate movements. First a step forward slicing it in an arc shape. Next from below, almost skimming the bottom of the ground, and finally from over his head stopping before the large blade would hit the ground.

To both Erin and Sam who were watching, just these three simple strikes looked incredibly impressive.

‘Even with a large weapon like this, he can control the flow of the sword so it doesn’t feel unnatural. He is a master of all swords, not just the katana blade.’ Erin thought as she watched him, a slight feeling of envy rose inside of her.

“This weapon...” Leo said slowly, looking at it once more, giving it another swing to make sure. “It does not suit me. Neither the size nor shape fit my personal fighting style.”

“However, I agree with what Quinn said and his reasoning for wishing to give me the blade. I assume since he gifted it to me, it’s mine to do with what I want, correct?”

At first, Sam couldn't believe what he was hearing. Was Leo really going to reject the Demon tier Sword? Even if it wasn't what he was used to, the extra power from it alone would increase his strength, or he could switch between weapons, but after his question, Sam understood what he was planning.

"Of course." Sam smiled. "You know what Quinn is like and I'm sure he will be happy with the decision you are making."

It was then that Leo started to walk over to Erin.

"You needed Two blades, remember? I remember one of the blades you used to have was similar to this one. With this weapon, I'm sure you'll not just be able to revive your family's swordsmanship, but bring it to new heights."

With this Leo handed over the weapon and Erin held it firmly in her hands. The cold feeling enveloped her entire body but it was nothing that she couldn't handle. She found herself naturally grasping the handle with both of her hands, and before even saying anything, she immediately gave it a few swings.

When swinging it in a crescent shape, she allowed the blade to slightly take control, lifting her feet off the ground, going straight into the next movement. Her body was now a good meter and a half in the air, and striking down again, she spun her whole body a full spin, until finally landing on the ground and completing a final sweep strike on the floor.

Seeing this, Sam was equally impressed with her sword skills, even though he was no swordsman. Being a vampire he was able to track her movements very carefully and he had seen his fair share of fights. He could tell that the movements were just as fluid as the ones that Leo had produced.

'Indeed, seeing her just swing the Demon tier Sword around, nobody will be able to complain about her having it.' Sam thought.

It was then that Erin snapped out of her daze. She wasn't meant to accept the sword in the first place, but her body had taken over the moment she held it.

"I can't. Leo, this was your gift from Quinn. You need a weapon and it will be far better in your hands." Erin said, bowing down and holding the sword out for Leo to take.

“Yes and I believe I just said that since it’s my gift I can do what I want with it. Remember, I still have a gift from that fellow from before. I’m certain that Alex will be able to make a fine weapon out of it, one that he can customise for my use.” Leo stated.

“While I appreciate your sentiment, do you honestly believe a weapon that utilises ice powers of all things would be better in my hands? I’m sure that you felt it yourself when using that sword, so you should know that answer.”

“The moment you took it, I felt its power spike up, something that didn’t happen when I took it. I would say, even if you didn’t want it, that blade has chosen you. Combine it with the skills you’ve learned, and continue to improve the skills of the current you.”

In all honesty, Erin was happy that Leo didn’t want the sword back, she had just felt like she had been undeserving of it. She hadn’t achieved any great feat nor fought against a mighty foe and yet here she was receiving one of the strongest weapons in the world, but she had felt it. Just like what Leo had claimed, the moment she had touched it, it had felt so familiar to her.

Perhaps it was because of her lost ice powers, and the purpose of the weapon. Nonetheless now it was hers to keep.

“Thank you, Leo. Thank you Sam.” Erin bowed to them both. “I promise to prove to everyone that I deserve to use this weapon.”

“Haha, no need to thank me. I’m just the messenger boy, if you want to thank somebody besides Leo, thank Quinn the next time you see him.”

Having improved in her strength by leaps and strides she was just wondering how much stronger she had gotten. With the Demon tier Sword in her hands, she couldn’t help but consider herself becoming almighty, but that also made her think of one other thing.

‘That women, the prophecy....is it really okay for me to have so much power? What happens, if what she said is true? What happens if at some point I...’ Gripping the sword tightly, she shook her head. ‘No, I’ve never believed in any of that crap and I won’t start now. I won’t let it happen!’

My Vampire System Chapter 1264: Black Flames

After obtaining the Demon tier weapon, Sam suggested for Erin to wrap it up for the time being to keep it away from the eye of the others. He had prepared a basic blue coloured cloth which was placed on Erin's back, but she planned to ask Alex to make a special sheathe, so they could better hide the strong energy radiating from it.

Before meeting with the forger though, Leo and Erin were both interested to hear just what exactly had happened to this place, since Sam had been vague so far.

"I don't plan to keep silent about this matter, I just thought it would be easier for you to see for yourself." Sam explained. "Luckily for you guys, nearly the whole thing was caught on tape."

Heading to the command centre, on the way they stopped by Logan's office. There wasn't much for them to talk about, but Leo gave a few words of encouragement like a teacher would to their students, while Erin couldn't stop staring at the robotic arm underneath, until she eventually spoke up.

"At least you didn't have to get turned into a vampire. You've always been a bit different and unique, this just makes it more so."

Logan thought about her statement for a moment. It hadn't really bothered him that much, but he guessed she had a point.

"Thank you." Logan simply replied.

An awkward encounter to say the least, from two students who had never really talked to one another. Next they headed to the command centre. Using the big screen, Sam showed them everything, starting from when Quinn and the others had been attacked by Innu. At times he informed them about certain things not caught on tape.

Of course, they already knew some of what was going on, even when they had been tracking down Pure they had kept up to date with things, but Sam wanted to give them the necessary context they might need. After all, they knew nothing about Supreme Commander Oscar's demise, the new member Shiro, the invasion of the Dalki and many other things.

At the end of it, Erin almost felt tired just listening to the story, as she imagined herself being in each of the situations they had been through.

"They...they went through all of that." Erin murmured to herself, her mouth left wide open. Now she felt even less deserving of the weapon on her back. Her earlier proclamation of wanting to prove that she deserved to wield the blade suddenly felt a whole lot heavier.

Looking over the two, Sam could tell that they were deep in thought, perhaps feeling guilty that they had been absent at such a crucial time.

"Look guys, nobody blames you. All of us know that you were doing something important and you wouldn't just have left without good reason." Sam said. "Nobody knows what would have happened if you were here and we can't change the past, so there's no point mulling over it."

"I didn't show you everything so the two of you would feel guilty or so that you would stay here rather than return to the Vampire World. Honestly, in my opinion it would be better for you to go back. After Quinn received the news of what was happening, he was even debating whether to outright ignore the order from the council and get involved."

"With both of you there, I think it would give him a little piece of mind."

Hearing this was definitely the type of encouragement they both needed. Even Leo, although wise in his age and experience, had never quite been faced with such a situation like they were currently in. He had his own agenda with Pure, his responsibilities as a Vampire knight, a leader of the Cursed faction and his student Erin all to balance carefully.

"Thank you Sam, if it weren't for the many reliable people the Cursed faction has managed to gather I don't think I would be able to achieve as much as I have done so far."

— —

With that, it was finally time for the two of them to head to the forgery room to accomplish their original reason for coming back to the Cursed faction.

As always the sound of clanging was heard as they were approaching, and when the doors opened, they were expecting to see Alex hammering away with his other assistants on board, but the two of them were in for another shock.

As expected they could see Alex, hammering away freely with his wings out, but next to him....

‘Did Quinn create another Blood fairy?’ Erin wondered. ‘No, is he maybe another subclass? An evolution perhaps?’

The surprises didn’t seem to stop. She had never seen the giant guy next to Alex before, and she was remembering the troubles the Cursed faction had gone through in the Vampire world just having one Blood fairy.

There was no need for the two to announce that they had entered the room, for straight away, Andrew looked up and stared directly at Erin.

“My word, I never thought I would see it back here again, yet here it is.” The large man spoke, as he lifted up his forging mask, and put his hammer down. His giant red wings started to flap about fast with excitement walking towards Erin.

‘What is going on? Why is he coming towards me?’ Unable to make heads or tails of the situation, Erin went to grab the weapon, but before she reached it. Alex noticed that Andrew had stopped his work. Looking over he saw Erin’s actions.

“Hey, relax, both of you, we’re all on the same side!” Alex exclaimed nervously, worried his wings could be sliced off at any second. The few times he had talked and dealt with Erin, she hadn’t exactly been the patient type of person.

With both sides having calmed down, Alex introduced the returning duo the giant forger and told them that Andrew was the one who had worked on the Demon tier weapon that Erin currently wielded. After learning of this fact, her whole demeanor completely changed.

“Thank you so much for creating such a masterpiece.” Erin bowed down, several times. “This weapon, the balance, everything about it is perfect for my use.”

This was something that Alex would have never imagined the old Erin doing, she had certainly changed a lot since the last time he had seen her.

“Haha.” Andrew started laughing, not really being offended by Erin’s prior actions at all. He was just happy to see the weapon again. “Originally I created it for a man the same size as me, so I find it a little strange you saying that the weapon is a perfect fit for yourself.”

“Go on then, what do you want us to make?” Alex smiled, knowing full well that the only time people came down here was when they wanted someone to make a weapon for him. Perhaps some would feel a bit sad at this, but making weapons was Alex’s favourite thing to do, and the fact that people trusted him so much these days to personally make a weapon for them, was a blessing that he had never thought he would be able to achieve in the past.

“I have obtained a Demi-god tier crystal, but it is only one. I hope it will be enough to create a katana-like blade. You can use mine for reference.” Leo stated his request, taking his off, and handing it over to Alex. The second Alex touched it though, he immediately dropped it to the floor.

“Sorry, it must have been my butter fingers.” Alex said, knowing this wasn’t true, as a forger he had strong fingers, and when he went to pick it up again, he dropped it almost immediately as a strange feeling could be felt when holding the sword.

‘No wonder this forger is special, even he can feel that it’s cursed.’ Leo thought.

Finally, on a third attempt, Alex picked it up with both hands firmly.

“Tell me, this sword is important to you, correct? You have only brought me one Demi-god tier crystal so I don’t know if it will be enough to create you a weapon of the calliper that is needed, but recently I

came across an upgrade crystal and with it I found out a few new techniques. If you are willing to test it out. I could try to use the Demi-god tier crystal to upgrade your current weapon instead.

“No sorry that would be wrong, it would be a new weapon, using the current sword to give the Demi-god tier weapon a boost.”

Hearing this, Leo thought it was a great opportunity. Honestly he didn't want to stop using his current weapon, for it carried the will of his former companions with him, but if the weapon could be used, would the Cursed effect move on to the new weapon.

“What are the chances of success?” Leo asked.

“Fifty percent. Well that's not completely correct. It's guaranteed that it will be a Demi-god tier blade, although it might be on the low end and closer to a Legendary tier weapon, but if it works...”

“Please, I will put my trust in you.” Leo interrupted him.

After that, the two made two more requests for a blood weapon to be made from the many blood crystals that Erin had gathered. For the blood weapon the best crystals were selected while the others were given to Alex to keep and use how he wished.

Meanwhile, Andrew would be making a special sheath to cover the Demon tier Sword's energy. A task he was most pleased to do.

Of course the weapons would take a while to make, so both Erin and Leo were left on the ship for a while, and for the first time they could eventually rest. In doing so, and with nothing to do, Erin decided that there was someone that she needed to visit who she hadn't done in a long time.

While heading to the canteen, the two of them finally met again.

“Layla!” Erin called out.

“Erin,” Layla called out back, dropping her plate of food out of surprise, but Erin caught it before it could touch the floor.

Leo, who was with them to grab some food, noticed something with his ability almost straight away, that by Layla’s waist she had a sword.

“Hey, When did you get a new sword? I knew you had the old one but you hardly used it.” Erin asked.

Looking at the energy surrounding the sword, something was incredibly off about it. Usually beast weapons gave off a red colour which Leo could perceive through his ability, the same as beasts themselves. In the same vein, vampires gave off a purple energy, so what was up with this weapon that looked to have black flames spiralling from it.

My Vampire System Chapter 1265: Quick Growth

After each of them grabbed something to eat, they decided to sit down together to talk a bit more. Erin acutely didn’t have to consume blood and could eat a regular diet similar to humans; this was the same for Layla. However, Leo had just grabbed one of the juice boxes with a small amount of blood inside.

Drinking such an amount of blood no longer troubled him when trying to control himself since he was so in tune with his senses, but if a vampire were to deprive themselves of blood entirely for too long, they would feel tired and a little weak.

As for the reason Leo decided to sit beside them, was because he wanted to find out a little more about the sword. He was sure that Layla didn’t know how unique it was and would bring it up to her once he found out more.

The two of them got to talking and how exactly a particular sword had gotten into her hands. Even though the match against Burnie was televised, the whole saga of what happened with the second Pure leader was not.

“I’m sorry Layla,” Erin said. “If I was there, maybe I could have helped out more, but it sounds like you turned into quite the fighter. You managed to unlock the fourth form and summon all of that Qi?”

She wasn't used to getting compliments, so Layla's face was appearing a little redder.

"I mean, I can't really summon my fourth form at will, and my body is too weak to handle the Qi in my body without it. If I summon all of the Qi in my body, it hurts, and besides, the Qi in my body is not even mine in the first place. It's my mothers."

Honestly, both Leo and Erin were a little disheartened after hearing Layla's story. They had gone searching for high ranking members of Pure and never ran into them, and yet, Layla did and had to go through such a troubling experience without them there.

It was clear that what happened with Agent 2 was a sensitive subject. When Layla explained what he had said about her mother, she had choked up a few times.

"Your achievements are still your achievements." Leo finally spoke. "The weapons we use to aid us, the Qi that we use, is an energy that is borrowed from the outside, and the food we eat helps us to grow. Without our parents, we would have never been born in the first place. All of these things could be considered help from other forces.

"So don't downplay what you did. Even if someone had the same Qi as you, they wouldn't have been able to control it as well. If one thing, me and Erin can sense the strong Qi in your body, and for you to handle it so well, is a feat in itself."

Thinking about things like this, Layla was a little happier. She had spent some time with both Leo and Erin before they had left, and it was good to have them back again.

"Leo, I know you wanted to know some stuff about Pure. I don't know how much you found out, but an agent is on board the Cursed ship as a captive. With the influence skill, we were unable to get things out of him, but if you like, you two could try as well." Layla said.

The two were thankful to find this out. Leo had found out the information he needed to find out he was on the right track. Now all he needed to do was find out where Pure was, or more importantly, where Agent 0 was.

“Thank you,” Erin replied. “About your sword, I guess since you discovered the fourth form, you’ve been practising a little bit more with it. Why don’t the two of us have a little spar? We can show each other a few things.”

Immediately, Layla started to shake her hands.

“Erin, what could you learn from me? I am far weaker than you. It would be no contest.”

“Stop being so humble. It’s okay to brag once in a while.” A voice from behind said, soon pulling one of the chairs back, and he sat down with the others. The one that had arrived was Nate, who had brought a slab of raw-looking meat with him on his plate.

Nate was concerned about his body since he used it to train in martial arts. He made sure he always got the right amount of protein in, but he wasn’t sure if it mattered anymore now, he was a vampire. Still, the only thing that he could still taste and not throw up was lightly cooked meat which in a way was perfect for him.

“I know how strong you are.” Nate continued to say. “In that video, a lot of people give me credit for being the main person to defeat Burnie, but that’s not true at all, and you know it. You managed to transfer your Qi into me, and without that sword of yours, those flames would have hurt even more. Remember, he was one of the big four, so if you call yourself weak, you are also calling him weak. And well, me who couldn’t even beat him without your help even weaker.”

“On top of that, you nearly beat Helen, the leader of Daisy in a one on one duel, and that was before you knew how to use your crazy powers and was just starting to learn how to use Qi a little better.”

Those on the ship were used to Nate exaggerating a little bit, but at the moment, he really wasn’t. Listening to what they said, Leo paid closer attention to the video they had watched not too long ago. In particular, he was thinking back to the fight they had seen with Burnie.

‘Was Layla really able to transfer Qi to another and form a distance? It makes sense what Nate is saying then and adds up in the video. Is it possible that she was also able to combine Qi with her ability? If that is true, then what she has is even better than the third stage of Qi. She could power items from a distance and others. This is an incredible ability and power to have.’ Leo imagined just how he would use such an ability and the many ways one could utilise it.

Layla was perhaps unaware of how valuable such a thing was, and if he could push her in the right direction, she would become a strong force on the Cursed faction team.

“I think it would be a good experience for the two of you to fight each other. Leo eventually said after gathering his thoughts. “It sounds like there are many things the two of you can learn from each other. Also, I would like to see the passive skill of the sword in action. The one that was capable of blocking even the fire powers of one of the great four.”

Reluctantly, Layla eventually agreed to the request, and they were in one of the many training rooms on the Cursed ship. She always found it hard to say no to people, and it was even worse when an elder like Leo asked her. Nate had also decided to come along since he was interested in seeing the match between them.

“Layla, before the match starts, I want you to use everything you have,” Erin said, as she placed the cloth wrapped sword down on the floor away from where the two were about to do battle. Using a Demon tier weapon she didn’t know how to use would be dangerous. On top of that, Erin didn’t really think it was fair. “That fourth form you spoke about, you said you can’t freely bring it out, but I want you to try.”

Nate was smiling in excitement. He knew Erin was strong before but thought they probably had no idea how strong Layla had gotten, and the two of them would be in for a surprise. They drew their weapons. Erin’s shaped like a katana sword, while Layla’s was more similar to a standard longsword.

The fight had begun, and Erin was the first to strike, giving out a quick slash from a distance, striking out a line of red aura. Seeing this, Layla stayed calm. The sword had done her well so far.

‘This sword can even block the energy of Qi, so it should be the same for the vampire aura as well!’ Layla thought as she struck the red aura, making it disappear as the sword hit it. As expected, the blade had negated even the vampire aura.

Erin was a bit lost at what to do next. She had combined her Qi with the red blood aura to create quite a strong attack, similar to what Quinn and Leo did. She was hoping, based on how much Layla would have

struggled with the attack, she would have adjusted how the two of them would fight from there, but the way the black sword had gone through the red aura was effortless.

Now knowing her sword worked well, Layla decided to go on the attack instead. She pulled out her bow from her back and fired three Qi filled arrows towards her opponent, and started to control the direction they were going, but that wasn't the only thing Layla had done.

Controlling the three arrows with one hand, she charged forward with the blade in the other.

With the first arrow, Erin's sword struck against its head straight on, and to her surprise, there was resistance until eventually, she was able to cut it in half.

'Is this the strong Qi in her body? My body has improved. I know my strength, and my Qi is strong, yet I still couldn't cut her arrows cleanly.' Erin thought. 'Layla, you really have gotten a lot better.'

"Hahaha, and you guys haven't even seen her transform yet," Nate said out loud like some type of cheerleader for her.

"Both of their growth is impressive. Perhaps before we leave this ship, the two of them can complete that," Leo said.

"That?" Nate asked, not sure what 'that' was referring to.

"There is still a way the two of them can improve their strength quickly in a desperate situation. If we can, I would like for Erin and Layla to unlock their soul weapon before we leave."

My Vampire System Chapter 1266: Dragon eyes

The fight between the two young women continued. Layla mainly used her arrows as a type of distraction while also throwing out her black balls that when hit would summon the Spiritual chains trapping her for a few seconds, but since Erin knew what they did she was able to avoid them easily.

Surprisingly, Layla had become the aggressor in their training fight, Erin had remained on the defensive attacking her with a few simple Blood swipes and with her sword now and again. However, those attacks proved to be ineffective in front of the black sword.

Despite the speed the attacks were coming out towards her at, Layla had enough control to power her body with Qi, allowing her arms to move at a faster speed, if she were to attack with sword itself though she didn't have much options. Afraid that in her regular form, she would be outmatched in strength in a head on clash.

The downside of the black sword was that it negated anything it came into contact with, including Layla's Qi, if she tried to empower it or her own Telekinesis ability on the blade itself as well. Without transforming, the only thing she could do was use her arrows to attack.

"Erin has become far more patient." Leo noted from the side. "After realising her first attack had been negated, she is now testing out the limits of Layla's capabilities."

Leo was commenting on the fight, pointing out the good points and bad points of both sides. Nate, who was standing by his side, was wondering just who the words were exactly meant for, but his thoughts were also on something else. Since he could just listen to the analysis of the fight thanks to the Blind Swordsman, Nate kept staring at Leo's eyes.

'Is he really blind? His pupils are white and everything, but then how is he able to tell so clearly what's going on in the fight? Well, that much he might have been able to feel, but just how the hell did he manage to watch the video of us fighting then?' Nate wondered, but he didn't consider it proper to ask the other.

There were only a few people that had experienced the vision that Leo could see through his ability. That being Erin who had the same ability and Vorden when he had once borrowed it. The ability that both Leo and Erin shared was called Dragon Eyes.

It allowed the ones who had this ability to see everything in a wireframe like view. Leo could actually see the people in front of him, the room around them and if a leaf were to fall down he could see that too, only from his perspective it would look like a small object made up of small white lines.

What this also meant, was that Leo was actually able to see through objects and walls and what was over on the other side. However, he was unable to see the natural colour of things.

The amazing thing about this type of view was that it allowed him to differentiate between different types of life energy by their respective colours. He could see this energy in such detail that it would often move before the person themselves moved as well.

However, these colours that represented different energies when using his ability were different to when he was sensing them using his Qi. For example, Dragon Eyes showed vampires as a mass of purple energy, humans as a yellow energy, and beast as a red type of energy.

But if Leo was to use his Qi to sense energy, the vampire internal energy would appear red. Because of how his ability worked, Leo was able to watch the videos on the screen just fine, it just looked different to how others would perceive it.

He was unable to tell from the first glance who was who on the screen and had to guess from the wireframe shapes. Also due to it being a video, he couldn't sense the energy coming off them, but thanks to the commentary and Erin by his side, he had managed to figure out certain details along the way.

The fight was starting to heat up, as Layla had transformed into their second form, where she now had the speed and strength of a regular vampire and with her added Qi she would be even stronger.

'This body can handle a bit more of the Qi that's in my body, but not as much as the fourth form, and I can't use the abilities of any of the other forms, but this will have to do!' Layla thought charging in, but suddenly before she could even swing her sword in a full motion, Erin went on the offensive.

The suppression chains came off and she swung them out, wrapping around Layla's arms to the side.

"The first form." Leo commented, recognising the movements.

The suppression chains when wrapped around Layla's arms also made her feel slightly weaker and with Erin's strength, she was able to yank her arm away, pulling her sword and strike to the side, so it had hit nothing but the floor.

Straight after, Erin was already directly in front of her, and the Dhampir thrust her sword forward directly into the other's stomach. At the last second, she turned the sword so only the guard of the sword had hit her, and Layla was sent flying back with the chains released.

'Now for the second form!' Erin thought, as she pulled her chains back.

"That's enough!" Leo declared the end of this fight.

Hearing that, Erin took a second to look over Layla's condition. The other still hadn't recovered from the attack.

"Layla, I asked you to fight me at your full strength. Where was your fourth form?" Erin questioned, disappointed. She had been looking forward to testing out the new swordsmanship style she had created against someone other than Leo, but after the first form, Layla seemed unable to fight for a while.

After recovering a little bit Layla finally answered, fidgeting a bit towards the end. "I tried, but the first time it happened I... I ended up losing control. I just haven't been able to transform into that again... ever since. Not even back then during the fight... even though we could have really used it..."

Walking over, Erin gave her hand out and lifted her friend off the ground.

"You... are you afraid of using it? Trust me, I understand. The whole reason why me and Leo needed to leave this place was because I needed to find a way to control myself. Thanks to Leo I managed to do it and if I can manage to suppress my condition, I just know you'll be able to as well. I'll look forward to the time the two of us can fight again."

In all honesty, it had been the fact that Layla had been so impressive at the beginning of their fight that Erin had believed that there was more to come. For this reason, she had gotten swayed up in the flow of the fight, and when she had seen Layla's second form and her opponent holding the sword like that, it had been her chance to act.

Nate couldn't quite believe it. He had only seen one of the forms, but was trying to imagine what he would have done differently to deal with the situation. His fighting sense was far better than Layla's but he could tell that a lot of thought was put into linking an attack with the chains and sword after.

'The best thing to do is to avoid the chains, I wonder what the second form would have looked like?'

"Excellent." Leo walked over, clapping his hands to congratulate the progress of the two of them. "Layla, I was able to see the Qi you added to those arrows. Not only did you supply them with Qi when you were touching them, but you managed to also supply more to them after they had left your bow. I think there is great room for improvement for both of you."

"I've decided that while me and Erin are waiting for our weapons, I will personally train the both of you. For the next week we will focus on you two learning what your soul weapons are."

— —

In the Cursed faction, Layla hadn't been the only one that had been mulling over her weakness. For there was one other that had felt like he hadn't been that much help during the Blade family's attack.

In the research room, Logan was currently working away from the other, creating another anti jammer device to be sent to another one of the planets.

The Cursed faction's planets had been the priority, but now they had also been requested to help the Graylash group as well as the Earthborn group as well.

"You don't understand, Logan! He just slapped me! It was a single slap and because of his stupid ability I was unable to retaliate! I didn't even manage to get so much as a single punch in! A freaking slap!" Peter shouted, getting more and more annoyed at himself as he remembered his 'fight' with Hilston.

Pausing his work, Logan looked over. One of the reasons he and Peter had been getting along so well, had been that both had been rather 'emotionless', yet if one were to look at the Wight this was hard to believe. Aware that if he didn't comfort Peter, this could go on for a long time, Logan spoke up.

“I think you are being a bit too hard on yourself. Remember who you were up against. He wasn’t considered the strongest human in the world for nothing. We all saw what that man was capable of. If I had been the one to fight him, my whole body would have most likely been crushed by that single slap you keep mentioning.” With that Logan went back to his work, believing that to be the end of this argument.

“But even he wasn’t enough.” Peter added. “Even he lost the fight against Slicer, and if he didn’t have his Demon tier Armour he would have been doomed. I know I keep getting stronger based on Quinn’s growth and I can feel that, but then how am I meant to help everyone if I’m just a weaker version of Quinn?”

Letting out a sigh, Logan stopped his work again, facing Peter once more.

“Although you may get your strength from Quinn, you and him are not the same, Your fighting style, your experience, your weapons and such are all different. Just focus on those differences between the two of you and use them to your advantage.”

Peter started to consider Logan’s advice. “Let’s see... I heal quicker than Quinn does to the point I can practically regrow limbs. I eat human flesh instead of blood... but none of these things have ever helped me in a fight.”

“Isn’t there one more thing that you can do that you haven’t really fully utilised?” Logan asked with a raised eyebrow.

That’s when it clicked in Peter’s head, there was one thing that he could do that was different from Quinn.

“The Wights! I can create other Wights!”

“It seems like you got it. From what I have learned from watching Quinn, vampires are still able to evolve, especially their skills and at a much quicker rate than humans can.”

“Perhaps there is something else you can do other than just creating Wights. If it was me, I would keep them and run tests to check if they could evolve into something else.”

“Since you should have roughly the same power as Quinn, just Imagine if they could match up to you in strength!” Logan encouraged his friend... and with that he got back to work.

‘Wights huh... but I would need dead bodies to create them. Where would I find dead bodies on the Cursed ship, and who?’ Peter thought to himself.

My Vampire System Chapter 1267: Wight Upgrade

Using his head during a fight wasn’t really Peter’s strong point. Ever since he had turned into a Wight, he had strong emotions that would lean one way or another. These were to be aggressive or protect.

Anything that would make him angry, Peter would act on. If Quinn in particular was ever in trouble, he would risk his life without a second thought to protect him. Still, Peter himself had been noticing that his thoughts were becoming more natural as he started to experience more things.

The aggression was still within him. Even the most minor things would annoy him, such as people leaving their food behind in the canteen without putting it in the trash. Images flashed in his head of picking up the tray and whacking it across one of the members’ heads, teaching them a lesson so they wouldn’t do it again.

However, as he got more like his old self, it was as if his old personality of what he was like before and his new character were mixing to create something else.

‘Who am I kidding? I’m just an angry person that’s started to think more.’ Peter thought as he was currently in the medical bay. Hoping to find some dead bodies. On the ship itself, there were even emergency caskets and some dead bodies that were kept just for Peter, but for some reason, he just couldn’t bring himself to turn one of them. His hand was held on one of the handles for a while now.

‘I can’t...I can’t disrespect their bodies like that.’ Peter thought as he walked off, trying to come up with some other idea.

Logan's suggestion was to make Wights and explore what exactly he could do with them. In the past, Peter had often relied on his strength so much that he never bothered making Wights from the enemies he killed because they just wouldn't be much help to him.

On top of that, even if he killed strong enemies, they just didn't seem helpful because what made them strong in the first place was their abilities. The two Wights he controlled would also constantly follow him around, which was a pain to him, and was why he would either use them as meat shields or forget about them.

Muttering to himself was just hurting his head more when suddenly he stopped in his tracks.

"Wait, did I ever try to.....that might work."

With the idea running in his head and not wanting to lose this momentum, Peter was seen running straight to a particular room. When he arrived, he could see all of the teleporters' in sight.

"Hey, which one of these teleporters head to planet Caladi?" Peter asked the four or so guards that were in the room. All of them gulped as soon as they saw Peter. He already had a reputation for having a bad temper, one of the leaders they shouldn't get on the wrong side of.

"It's this one over here, sir!" One of the men pointed.

Seeing it, he smiled while walking over to the teleporter.

"Sir, do you have permission from Sam to use-"

"Shut up!" Where Peter's following words as he placed his hand on the man's face and pushed him away. "I'll be back soon, so there's no need for me to get permission."

With that, Peter had already gone into the teleporter and soon found himself in the Shelter on Planet Caladi. When arriving on the other side, the people there were also part of the Cursed faction, and they were also shocked to see Peter there.

“I know, I know, just tell Sam I won’t be here long,” Peter said, and next, using his amazing speed, he was running off in the distance and soon found himself out of the Shelter and in the desert standing on the sand.

“Where is it....where is it.” Peter kept searching as he twisted and turned his head. Realising that just looking wasn’t exactly going to help him out, he decided to just use his body’s instincts instead.

‘This should work.’

Following naturally where his body wanted him to go, Peter eventually found the place where the Cursed ship had crashed on planet Caladi, where so many people lost their lives. But not only humans had lost their lives.

The area looked mostly cleared, with the human bodies taken away. Still, as for the Dalki bodies, they had remained, letting the sand cover them up or for the beast to take them away. Eventually, Peter started to dig in the sand at a specific spot and saw something dark and black.

Grabbing onto it, he used his great strength to pull it out of the sand, and a mostly intact Dalki was seen. Its arms and limbs were broken.

‘When Quinn told us what the Demon tier amulet did, how he was able to control the Dalki and take down those motherships, it gave me an idea, maybe I can do the same. I can’t bring back beasts. I know that much, but my powers let me turn vampires and humans into Wights. Dalki are half-human, so there’s a chance this could work.’

Placing his hand on the Dalki’s chest, soon Peter something was felt leaving Peter’s body, the veins on his arm were showing as the energy passed through his arm, they quickly popped out and went back in again once the energy passed.

At that point, the Dalki’s body started to move again, its body slightly healing from the lesser Wights effect, and soon it stood tall in front of Peter.

“Yes...it worked!” Peter cheered and was so excited that he slammed his fist into the Dalki’s chest and punched its head clean soon after. It fell back in the sand and was unmoving again.

“Ah....well, I didn’t want that one in the first place.”

Now realising his ability worked on Dalki, Peter started to dig through different parts of the sand again. Repeating the process as if he was looking for something, but not only was he looking for something, he was testing the limits of his ability as well.

As a Wight, Edward, the ex vampire knight of the tenth family, told him that he had to protect his head at all costs. He could heal any wound as long as his head was kept intact. When he was turned by Quinn, Peter was on the verge of death but not dead, and as a ghoul, he still wasn’t quite classified as an undead creature.

Only when he turned into a Wight did his heart stop beating, so it made him wonder just what the lesser Wights he created were. In the first place, they were only able to be created from dead bodies.

They were unable to use the abilities they had when they were alive but kept the same strength. They seemed a lot more like the typical zombies that one would know about from films, but did it really matter about their brain.

Peter soon found out his answer that it didn’t at all. For things had changed since the last time he had used the ability. Although he hadn’t gone through an evolution, it seemed like the effects of his lesser Wights were more dependent on him.

‘It’s just like Logan said, even my Wight powers are evolving with me.’

Peter was looking at a Dalki that had lost its head which was now standing perfectly fine. It was a little strange, and Peter soon found out its limitations. The Dalki was able to heal wounds to a certain degree, just like Peter, but it couldn’t regrow parts of its body that it had lost before it had been turned.

On top of that, after enough damage to the body, unlike Peter, who could restore his regenerative abilities through eating flesh, they could not, and they would finally die, again. Essentially, they were like an item with durability but one that couldn’t be repaired, so eventually, he needed to replace it with a new one.

After many different tests, Peter still didn't give up, and that's when he finally found what he was looking for. Pulling out of the sand was a long sharp tail, meters long, and at the end of it were a pair of legs. However, the top half of its body was completely missing.

"This Dalki took way more of a beating compared to the others, but the b*tch deserved it." Peter thought, hoping it would work.

It only took a few moments for the smile to appear again, as he saw the legs standing there and the Dalki tail they were all afraid of swinging about.

"Your name was Slicer, right? I guess your bottom half belongs to me now." Peter smiled as he quickly started to run back to the base, with a half Dalki body running after him, keeping up.

Of course, the lesser Wight Peter had created using the bottom half of Slicer's body wasn't as strong as her. For one, it didn't have its whole body, and none of the Dalki Peter had tested on before grew stronger the more blood they split. So it was similar to having half a Slicer with no power up, but the important part was her tail which was still intact.

Entering the Shelter, the two ran straight back for the teleporters. Screaming was heard throughout the Shelter as people spotted the pair of legs and giant tail.

"It's alright, she's with me! The legs I mean!" Peter shouted, still smiling.

Because, now that he knew that a head wasn't needed for turning those into a lesser Wight, he knew exactly who the next person he was going to turn would be and no one would care how he disrespected this body.

My Vampire System Chapter 1268: I'm Evil

Thinking about what he was about to do next, Peter had a grin on his face that went from ear to ear. He was so pleased, but for those that did manage to catch the look on his face, it looked like a creepy smile rather than a pleasant one.

His deep dark black eye sockets and pale skin didn't help for that matter. Peter ran through the Shelter with the legs and tail following behind him, causing quite the scene. The problem was, there really was no one who could do anything about it since they were moving so fast.

The teleporter that Peter had come through could be seen ahead left on, and jumping through, he was back on the Cursed ship and soon to follow after him where the pair of legs.

"What the hell is that!" The guard shouted.

"Those scales, and that tail, it's a Dalki body, I'm sure of it! Attack, attack!"

"Don't attack!" Peter shouted right after. "Am I going to have to explain these legs everywhere I go? I mean, we have vampires and all sorts of things in the Cursed faction. Heck, Logan has a Dalki arm. I thought this wouldn't be too strange."

Looking at them again though, even Peter had to admit it did look a little out of place. A Dalki was relatively large compared to a human, so even though it was just Slicer's legs, it nearly was as tall as a human itself, and a lot of the Cursed faction looked scared looking at the tail.

"Legs there is with me." Peter calmly said before everyone came raiding the room any second now to take on the Dalki. He could just imagine even Bonny and Void appearing out of nowhere. They always seemed to be around when the most interesting things were happening. A slight smirk appeared on his face as Peter imagined the news reports.

"Actually, do you mind doing me a favour? Report to Sam to come meet me, and then this way he can inform everyone to not be alarmed. Otherwise, all my hard work might be for nothing if everyone started to suddenly attack it."

The guards looked at each other, thinking that Peter must have had a screw loose or something. The reason being, although they knew that Peter was most likely a V, they had no idea of his powers, and this was something that they didn't know they could do. Due to them not knowing about the subclasses within the vampire race.

In the end, they decided to call Sam to the teleporter station immediately. They listened to Peter just because it looked like the Leg's and tail weren't attacking them or anything in the room.

A little while later, Sam was seen appearing in the room, with Linda by his side. The only reason why he had brought her was because the men on the other end sounded a bit afraid and had told him to bring some back up with him.

"Come on, what could have Peter brought with him that would be just so--"

He couldn't even finish his sentence, as his eyes were set on the pair of legs in the room, which at this moment was sitting down, but the large tail could be seen swinging up at a height taller than a human.

"It's cool, right. I spoke to Logan, and he made me rack my brain a little, so I came up with this." Peter explained.

For Sam, going through all the possibilities in his head, he had figured it out. It was clear that this was the bottom half of Slicer's Body. The fact that it wasn't attacking anyone and Peter was the one who had brought it, the most likely reason was it had something to do with his Wight abilities.

"This is good news," Sam said, carefully shuffling towards it, and stopped the second he had got within the range of the tail. When he saw Peter showing it was fine to get close, Sam moved forward, and Linda did the same.

"Her tail was the greatest strength of the Dalki. It was even able to cut through Hilston's Demon tier armour. This has to be a gold mine. We don't know if its strength is the same or its sharpness, but I would guess it has to be at a similar level."

Hearing this, Peter had one more surprise for Sam and started to whisper in his ears. After listening to what Peter had to say, his eyes lit up even wider than before.

“1A, is the number,” Sam said, and straight away, Peter was running off again. “Legs follow and listen to Sam!” Peter ordered.

Using its tail, it gave off a salute by its waist since it had no head.

‘I guess I’m going to have to prepare an announcement.’ Sam thought, looking at the thing.

—

After getting the okay from Sam, Peter found himself in the ship’s morgue. A very cold room, but for Peter, he felt no difference. There were several what looked like file cabinets with numbers in the corner of each of them.

In the very corner of the room, Peter could see the number 1A. Unlike before, without hesitation, Peter was able to pull on the handle, and a body in a glass tube-like container was seen coming out. This was Peter’s next turning target.

The only thing was that it had no head, and the reason for that was Sil stepping on it, eradicating it.

‘I can only create two lesser Wights at a time, so why not have the two strongest we have ever seen before.’ Peter thought.

For the next person, he was ready to turn, was Hilston. No one, not even Sil would care what would happen to his body. In fact, the reason why it was in the morgue in the first place was so Peter could feast on it.

‘I’m going to have to explain to those guys when they come back, although, without your head, I’m not sure they will recognise you.’ Peter thought, placing his hand on a healthy part of his chest after the glass container covering the body went away.

He knew turning Hilston, he wouldn’t be able to use his abilities like the others he had turned before, but Hilston was supernatural. Even without his beast gear, he had the speed and strength to match a low-level vampire lord. It was an amazing feat, something that seemed impossible.

At the same time, if Hilston turned out to be somewhat weaker, then he imagined it was no loss on their part. Peter would take pleasure in using his body as a human meat shield.

A few seconds later, after repeating the process, the body rose from the table it laid on.

“Haha.” Peter chuckled. “Oh, how I would love to punch you right now for that slap, you gave me, but there’s no point. I know it’s better to use you.”

With both pieces he needed, Peter was ready to put them into action, just like Quinn. Peter needed to figure out the best way to utilise his two lesser Wights in the middle of a fight while also using his powers. Still, for sure, Peter had now become a formidable foe that nobody would want to face.

This was exactly what Sam was thinking as he was looking at Slicer at the moment.

‘Quinn, Leo, Erin, Layla, Sil and now Peter as well. These will be the key members of the Cursed faction in the future. Perhaps if Vorden and Raten evolve into Demon tier beasts as well. We might have a chance at winning this war after all.’

—

On Blade island, currently, Vorden and Raten were trying to do just that. They were going around hunting for strong beasts, improving their skills, and gathering their crystals. There were also the beasts that had been captured that were at the legendary level underneath.

Borden, and Sil were helping as well, but Sil not too much since the others didn’t want him to help. As for Vicky, Pai and their mother and father. The four of them had decided to leave the island and do as they had said they would.

To hunt down those Chained that had strong abilities and a chance in the future to disrupt and ruin the flow of everything. After all, without Turedream present, these were the type of ability users who had chucked the world into chaos before.

For Eno, he was in his favourite spot, looking out from the castle at the whole island staring into space. All the preparation he wanted to do and needed to do was done.

“Sometimes I think of the past,” Eno said. “You know, I thought after all these years that I would learn to forget about the past, yet here I am. Brock, Do you think I’m evil?” Eno asked.

“Evil sir is subjective,” Brock answered. “You should know that much by now, sir. We have both seen how history books from the humans and the vampires have been written. Sometimes people often put things in categories of good or bad, black and white. While others will say that there is a grey area. For me, I believe that there is just one colour. There is no right and wrong, there is just what people want to do, and you have always just followed what you wanted to do.”

After Brock’s answer, there was silence from Eno until he finally spoke.

“It looks like he is finally making his move. We should prepare to call the others back.”

My Vampire System Chapter 1269: Tired

Lately, Quinn seemed to have been travelling on a number of different surfaces. From hard barren rock, to unknown metals, snow, sand and even more. Right now, Quinn was experiencing yet another new terrain, as his two feet were in a swampy texture.

The water rose up to the ankle of his boots. If he was to stay in one place too long, he would feel like his body was sinking on the spot, so he was constantly on the move. He also needed to be careful not to apply too much pressure for that would make him sink deeper as well.

In a way, he found fighting on different terrain to be a form of training in itself. He never knew when and what terrain he would be fighting his enemies on, so it was good to have experienced all the differences.

Fortunately, this planet also had a few places where the land was more solid, allowing him to rest.

This was exactly what Quinn was currently doing. Around him were several trees that had long green vines dangling from them, so it was hard for one to see into the distance, not that there was anything nice to look at in the first place.

However, Quinn was not alone either. Surrounding him were the Marked Dalki. Thanks to the power of the Demon tier Amulet, Quinn now had a total of four Dalki under his control. Three of them had two spikes on their bodies, while the last one, who had been the most recent captive, had only one for now.

Quinn had considered marking a beast instead of a Dalki, but all the beasts he had encountered in the area were far weaker than even the one spiked Dalki, which made it seem pointless, especially since the amount of energy required to open up another slot was incredibly high at this moment. Failing to mark something, meant he would have to regather that energy once more.

They had been killing beasts and Dalki for a while now, but the fifth slot still hadn't opened up. Quinn was starting to wonder if four slots were its limit, but the Vampire Lord believed the system would have said something if that would have been the case. Additionally, he didn't mind the process taking longer, since all this fighting was bringing the Dalki closer to evolving as well

Thanks to his controlled Dalki, Quinn had discovered what incredible beings they actually were. Their bodies had similar healing capabilities to vampires. As long as enough time passed their wounds would naturally heal by using up their body's energy. Alternatively, they were also able to eat the beasts in the area to acquire more energy and to speed up this healing.

However, if their bodies healed this natural way, it was also a sign that their strong energy they would get from being harmed had gone away as well, unlike when their wounds healed from bleeding out, which was something Quinn still couldn't wrap his head around. Losing blood, yet still healing from fatal wounds. No wonder the Dalki were so hard to kill.

'Maybe it's time we move again.' Quinn contemplated. 'We've been on this planet for a while.'

Quinn had chosen not to stay on one planet too long, neither did he want to attempt to take down another one of their mother ships for fear they would retaliate or send someone after him. The problem was moving from each planet took time, and as Quinn moved to each one he was spending more and more time on them.

'The Dalki seem more spread out on this planet compared to the previous ones, so I think you should be fine to stay here a bit longer.' Vincent shared his opinion. 'Besides, I think things have calmed down a little. That being said, this also feels like the calm before the storm.'

Looking at the Dalki, next to him, Quinn was looking at one of the two spikes, and all four of the Dalki standing still as statues around him like bodyguards, while he was sitting down with his back up against a tree.

'Hey, I was thinking. You have been a big help when fighting with my body, but you're still not the best when it comes to making the most out of it.' Quinn said. "In an emergency I will have to flee by using my Shadow link skill, which might mean I'll be forced to leave the Marked Dalki behind or I'll probably have to drain their energy. I won't be fighting with the Dalki body like last time."

'I'm hoping there is a point to you saying all of this, rather than just telling me my skills are bad in your body.' Vincent replied.

"What I was thinking, is maybe we can put you in a Dalki body? We could use Shiro's power." Quinn suggested.

Originally, Quinn wanted to put Vincent in another Humanoid beast, but with the Dalki owning most of the beast planets now, that seemed quite improbable.

'I don't think that is a good idea, Quinn.' Vincent replied after a while. 'We know Shiro's ability basically places one consciousness inside the body of another being, but the original still remains. Even if these Dalki are under the amulet's control, I doubt their consciousness is completely gone. It only worked so well for your friends because the beasts' minds inside had agreed to help.'

'Perhaps Shiro has a skill that can eliminate one of the minds, but even then if my mind is in the body of the Dalki, were you thinking of using one of your Marked? We don't know what will happen to me. I might also end up under the amulet's effect. Or think about what happens if you need to flee, and you might drain that body.'

'I'm also partly worried that moving me will disrupt the system.' Even if it doesn't, my existence might have been a coincidence, so moving me out means there is the possibility that I might not have any no

way to return to the system either, if something has to go wrong with it. I know you mean well, but I just think that if we act now there are too many risks. Let's wait until this is all over.'

That was the problem, Quinn honestly didn't know when this would 'all' be over, especially with things happening in the Vampire World now. Would it be when Jim was defeated? When Arthur no longer was a threat?

Even then he still needed to worry about the Dalki, the Demon tier beast and Bryce. Not to mention his unresolved issues with Pure, who he was sure would eventually come to him since he had eliminated Agent 2 as well now.

"I'm...getting a little tired just thinking about it." Quinn sighed, which was the first time Vincent had heard him say such words.

Eventually a week had passed on the Cursed ship. As promised Leo had been training both Erin and Layla. Helping them use their Qi, as well as trying to unlock the soul weapons in both of them.

What Leo didn't know was that Layla had also been doing her own separate training alongside Nate following their training sessions. After her loss with Erin, she had been more determined to work harder.

Her training with Nate had mostly focused on her being able to access those emotions again and unlock the fourth form. What Nate hadn't realised when offering to help her was that their 'training' had been more on the lines of a therapy session rather than using one's fists which was what Nate was good at.

He had asked Layla many times if she was sure that she wouldn't rather speak to someone else, who she might perhaps be closer to than him, but she had insisted that he was the easiest to talk to, for she felt like he would never judge her.

According to her judgement, the only thing Nate cared about was girls and getting better at martial arts. Someone else might have been offended by that, but Nate had just shrugged it off, even going so far as to make a joke about Layla having seen right through to his core.

One of the things the two had discussed was the warning that Leo had given on that first day. It was strange but all he had said was to be careful with the sword she was using.

However, after learning that Quinn thought it would be fine for her to have the sword, Leo thought that it would be fine for now. Especially since she had already been using it for a while with no apparent problems.

In the end though, Erin and Leo were soon to leave the Cursed ship. Their equipment was finally complete.

Arriving in the forgery room, Alex and Andrew had naturally done their classic 'covering of the items with a cloth' trick.

"You do know that this is pointless for me." Leo said. "For one, I can already see what they look like underneath the cloth, even though I do not know the colours, not that it makes much of a difference to me."

After hearing that, Erin had decided to lift the cloth to reveal the items that they would now be using.

"Hey!" Alex pouted. "How could you steal the best part of this?! It's like opening up a package that you ordered online! Imagine coming home and finding out that someone else had opened your package. Or opened your presents on Christmas to still give you the present. It just ruins the feeling."

Still ignoring him, Erin first went to look at the giant cover that had been built for her Demon tier weapon. It was designed to be strapped around her waist, and had straps over her shoulders while being placed on her back.

The large piece was the perfect shape for the large sword. The three holes that were in the blade, the cover also had indents to show where they would be, not ruining the design and beauty of the demon tier weapon.

"After seeing you, I chose to go with a black and yellow design for the cover." Andrew explained. "I was pretty sure the last time I saw you, you had black hair so I decided to go with that, but now I see you have blonde hair."

Andrew thought his eyes were playing tricks on him but thought Erin must have just dyed it while she was staying on the ship, not realising that it was part of Erin's abilities. Although she could control the change at will now.

"Thank you, it is excellent." Erin was more than pleased with it. When placing the sword in the cover, she couldn't even see its energy with her ability. The suppression powers were more impressive than the chains she was wearing.

'If the urge ever comes back in the future, I should seek out this forger to help me.' Erin decided at that moment.

On Alex's table was Leo's weapon and Erin's Katana. It was time for Leo to find out whether or not his sword had been put to good use.

My Vampire System Chapter 1270: Everyone Upgraded

It had been a while since Leo had received a new blade to use. He had trusted his cursed sword for so long and had always had it by his side. Although it wasn't the best blade for hunting beasts, he didn't need it to be, thanks to Leo's skills and his power of Qi.

The main reason he kept the blade was due to the Curse that had been left behind in the weapon. He could feel the power of the sword rise with energy whenever he fought against the Dalki. If he had ever outright told people this, they would think he had gone mad.

No one had heard of such a thing happening before, but it worked similar to a passive skill, only when going up against the Dalki. Which was why he also knew that it might be impossible for Alex to pass on this sort of thing when creating a new weapon.

"I think it's best if you picked it up," Alex said smiling, and Leo did just that, and when he did, he could tell instantly.

“I’m sorry to say, but if I pick that thing up myself, I think I wouldn’t be able to work for the rest of the day.” Alex chuckled. He was proud of his accomplishments.

Although he didn’t have the same ability as Leo or was as intune at sensing different types of Qi, he could tell that when creating the weapon with the Demi-god tier crystal, something had happened. Everything changed when he had melted down Leo’s old sword. The power was still strong from it, and adding it to the new Demi-god tier weapon, he had created something he had never done so before.

Leo picked it up, and it was nearly an identical weight to his last sword, but just as Alex said, the Curse didn’t weaken. Instead, it was enhanced. The sword had a complete makeover in colour, as the hilt was black, and the sword had a wave pattern going along the metal. The bottom half is a dark purple with a bladed edge.

“I wasn’t able to really touch the sword after it was complete. I wasn’t joking about what I said earlier, so I’m not sure if it has an active skill or not.” Alex said.

Leo placed the sword away in the sheath he had. Since the blade was identical to his last one in size and shape, it fitted perfectly. He wouldn’t test if it had an active skill or not for now, for he didn’t know what It could do and would be afraid it could hurt others.

There was no Quinn here, where one could use their inspect skill to find out weapons’ active or passive skills. Finally, Leo had a Demi-god blade that could rival any weapon out there, and with his strength in Qi, he was sure he wouldn’t lose out to Demon tier weapons either.

The next blade that was placed on the table was also a katana style blade. It looked pretty regular for a blood weapon. Just like a katana blade one would see any forger make. Though there were differences.

If one was to look closely, in the middle of the blade was a single line that went all the way to the tip. It was clear to see through like glass. That’s when Erin noticed there was something similar at the bottom of it as well.

“The details are due to it being a blood weapon,” Alex explained. “The sword fills up as more blood is inputted into the sword, and then as you use its powers more, you will see the blood draining down from the tip. Not all blood weapons have this, but I got the idea from seeing Fex’s blood weapon.

“I think it’s a good idea in a fight to know when you need to refill it, a bit like a car.”

It made Erin wonder. The sword worked from being filled with Human blood. They were informed that it also worked with Dalki blood. However, it did not empower itself with vampire blood. What about her own blood?

After all, she was considered only half-vampire, perhaps her blood was different, but she had decided not to test that out in front of Alex, not that she didn’t trust him, but she just didn’t want to feel different, even amongst the other subclasses on the ship.

‘Even Alex now has another Blood fairy by his side, yet I’m the only Dhampir? What would happen if I tried to turn someone?’ Shaking her head and placing the sword in her own scabbard, she tried to let such thoughts go out from her head.

Having collected both of their weapons, they thanked Alex and Andrew for their creations. The two of them headed back to the teleportation room to finally head back to the Vampire world.

“Are you sure you don’t want to say goodbye to Layla before we leave?” Leo asked.

“No,” Erin said. “I see no point in saying goodbye because I believe we will be returning soon anyway.”

“Well, let’s just hope that not much has happened in the vampire world while we were away. The fact that Paul has allowed us to travel back there should be a good sign.” Leo commented. Although he was thinking it could be a bad one as well. As it also could indicate that he needed their help.

The two of them stepped through the teleportation heading back to the vampire world.

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A short while later, and Sam had learnt of the two of them having already headed back. He felt a little bad, for he had just missed the two of them. If they had stayed a little longer, they could have come on board for what he had planned next. For he had just received a bit of good news.

'I guess the two of them will be okay without it anyway, and perhaps they are needed more over there.' Sam thought.

Still, he would deliver the news to the rest of the Cursed leaders, as a meeting had been called in the command centre for all of them. Everyone arrived promptly, compared to how they would usually.

With how things were, every one of them was prepared for an announcement that a fight was about to set off at any second. Sam could see this as everyone had a serious look for once on their face.

"Wow, I wish you guys were like this every time. You can relax, I guess you could say this is good news for you all." Sam smiled. "As you know, Quinn had ordered all the high tier crystals to go to those that were hunting on the front line. Because of this, the Daisy faction had used most of the crystals for themselves to create beast armour and more.

"Next, Quinn wanted the forgers to also create equipment for themselves to protect themselves if there was another attack on the Cursed ship, just like there was one recently. On top of this, there is a crystal shortage so nearly all crystals gathered have to be stored and rationed out to the other Shelters. Because of all of this, the Cursed leaders have been lacking in the equipment department."

So far, everything Sam had said just made it sound like there wasn't any good news at all, but the best news was to come.

"I just got a report from Vorden, who is on Blade island at the moment. Apparently, Hilston was keeping some pretty interesting things underneath his castle. It's been a long time since you got anything, so I thought it would be nice for all of you to upgrade. What I am suggesting is for the leaders of the Cursed group to head to the Blade island and get first pick on the equipment there."

Hearing about this, there were some large smiles on some of their faces, Particularly Nate and others. They didn't really use beast weapons. So having a strong set of beast armour and items was vital.

"The beast equipment has already been forged. My guess is he properly also stripped some of the Chained and threw their equipment in there. So no one can complain about us keeping using crystals to make items, this is the best use for it, and then with the remainder of the items, we will hand them out to the rest of the crew."

It certainly was good news for them all. Even Layla was pleased by this. She had a great weapon by her side, and her training was bearing fruit. If she had a new set of armour on top of this, she would grow even further.

“I do have one last thing to mention,” Sam said before everyone got too excited. “Everyone here will be going to the island, while Megan will be left in charge of the place.”

“So you will be coming as well, Sam?” Nate asked, thinking back to the last time the two of them could hunt or fight together side by side.

“Yes, including me, but there is a reason for this. Richard Eno believes that an attack is bound to happen soon, which is why I have also decided to send all of us to the island. With the teleporters back online, we can travel from there to here, but we also have to make sure that no one gets through those teleporters.

“If everyone understands, then let’s get to it,” Sam said with a smile, happy to finally be leaving the Cursed ship after a long time.

Before they left, Peter cleared his throat.

“Ah, that’s right,” Sam said, struggling to get his words out. “I do have to make everyone aware that you might be seeing a pair of legs and a headless man around...”

My Vampire System Chapter 1271: The calm before the storm

The Cursed leaders were pleased that for the first time in a long time all of them would be travelling together. It was usual for large parties to go out on expeditions, but in the past Sam had always asked for a team to stay behind, so they could protect the Cursed ship from attacks like the one just recently.

However, Sam was predicting that something big was very likely going to occur on Blade Island in the near future and with most of the Cursed ship’s former crew left behind on Caladi, it was no longer much of a target for their enemy.

On top of that, Sam wanted to reward everyone's hard work by granting them first dibs on Hilston Blade's secret stash of treasure, so that everyone could find something suitable for themselves.

Going through the teleporter, the group arrived. Unfortunately, the location of their arrival had already been set and it didn't take any time at all for everyone to freeze up.

"D-D-D... DRAGON..." Wevil sniveled as he was pointing at the beast, his teeth chattering by the second.

By Eno's will they had all arrived near the tablet, which also meant that it was next to its protector. Not all of them had the 'pleasure' of having met with a Demon tier Beast. Wevil and Linda had been there when Quinn had fought against the giant pink tree, but this one had a completely different feel to it.

Sam wanted to tell them to calm down, but as someone who was still shaking at the mere sight of it, it was a hard message for him to convey. Eventually, after staying in the Dragon's presence without any incident for a while, the members of their expedition started to carefully move again.

It helped that the beast appeared to be sleeping. At one point, probably reacting to their movement, it had briefly opened one of its giant eyes to take a quick look at the newcomers. Even those who had come here before, froze up when faced with the beast's attention.

Fortunately, after taking one big sniff with its large snout, it simply closed its eye again. In total it had only paid attention to them for a few seconds, before it had chosen to ignore them. Still, it had been enough for many of them to see their life flash before them.

"Okay!" Sam exclaimed, happy that he hadn't just ended up as a snack. However, he quickly turned around to the beast, afraid that he had just disturbed its rest, after realising that he had just shouted, but fortunately it just let out another snore.

In a lower voice he said: "Let's do a count to check that everyone is here."

There were Peter, Layla, Logan, Fex who had a large box on his back that looked similar to a coffin, Nate, Wevil, Linda and of course Sam himself. Additionally, following behind Peter were Hilston's large

muscular body, which still had a hole in its chest and was missing his head, as well as Slicer's bottom half which Peter just referred to as 'Legs'.

It caused the others to naturally step away from Peter. When they had learned about what he had done, even the other leaders had regarded the Wight's action as more than a little crazy. All of them were worried about the consequences if Slicer's bottom half could at some point overcome the loyalty she was placed under. It would be a disaster if she would turn on them at some point.

The reason for Peter's confidence was that he knew that he would never do anything to harm Quinn, so he was sure that his Lesser Wights had to share the same feeling towards him. Still, the others couldn't shake the uneasy feeling they got from Legs, afraid that he might have put too much trust in his ability.

"Peter, you might want to be careful when Sil and the others see... 'that'." Linda pointed at Hilston's body, trying to caution him.

"Yeah, I wouldn't be surprised if they attack your new creepy friends straight away." Fex agreed, keeping his eye on Legs' tail moving back and forth. It reminded him of an excited dog that was happy to be by its owner's side.

He was only seeing it from the corner of his eye, but it was so annoying that the vampire just had to grab it to make it stop, but to his surprise he grabbed onto nothing but air.

'What the... did that stupid tail just dodge me?!' Even more annoyed by his failure, Fex attempted to grab it again and again, but each time the tail moved faster, to the point the vampire got ready to use his string ability to slow it down.

"Stop that, gel boy!" Peter growled at Fex. "Legs belong to me now! I can't get another one, so don't ruin it!"

"Alright, everyone settle down please. We're all here now, but where is Dennis? He was meant to be meeting us." Sam wondered, looking around the place.

While they were waiting for their pickup to collect them and take them to their destination, Wevil and Linda found another interesting thing when they walked towards the centre of the open space.

“Hey isn’t that..” Wevil was still feeling uneasy because of the sleeping Dragon, but now there was another thing that he felt he should be worrying about.

“Yeah, I’m sure of it. It looks almost identical to the Demon tier beast that was on the Graylash planet.” Linda gulped down hard. The two of them were too afraid to get too close, but they did notice that it was far smaller than the one they had seen.

Eventually, a gust of wind was felt on all of their faces from a distance, and quite a large one at that, and that’s when they could see a black furred creature arriving in front of them all.

“It’s good to see you again.” Vorden greeted them. Currently sitting on his back was Dennis, who quickly climbed down, holding a hand to his mouth.

“How could those kids like this type of ride? I think I’m going to thro-.” Before he could even finish his sentence, he hurled over.

Poor Dennis hadn’t accounted for the fact that Vorden had played with the kids before his evolution. As a Legendary tier beast his wind powers and speed had improved dramatically. Unless he held back, Vorden was sure that the kids would also be unable to handle the kind of speed he used to get here.

At first, Vorden was all smiles as he looked at everyone, until his eyes landed upon the headless body.

“What is that?!” Vorden questioned, his eyes turning to slits.

“You’re going to have to be more specific, you wanna know more about Legs, or the headless one?” Peter asked casually.

While Sam was explaining the situation to Vorden, Layla who was at the back of the group was more concerned about something else. Ever since she had set foot on the island, the black sword by her side had been violently shaking.

'What's wrong with it? Is it reacting to the Dragon? Or is it because of the strange tree?' Layla wondered.

Putting this to the test, she started to walk towards the two, but the second she stepped towards the Demon tier beast, the shaking of the blade lessend. She was pleased that the sword wasn't reacting to the Dragon, because truth be told she didn't want to get closer.

When walking towards the tree she expected something to happen as well, but there was nothing on that end either.

Then, heading back towards one last thing, she finally noticed.

'So it seems to react to the tablet? ... Will something happen if I touch it?' Layla thought, unsure whether she should test it out or not.

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While the Cursed faction were busy on Blade Island, Owen along with his Graylash faction were currently the busiest of the three groups in the war against the Dalki. Although they had agreed to not go on a full force attack, Owen and his people were successfully winning every single skirmish they were coming across.

This was mainly due to the planet they were on. There were dark clouds above them, which would pour constant rain on the planet. More importantly with these types of conditions it tremendously boosted the elemental powers of lightning.

On the ground, there had been news of another small camp having been set up. Owen could see it up ahead, and he didn't have the others by his side.

'Any Dalki we take down now, will be one less we will have to worry about later on.' Owen thought, as he struck thunder bolts into the clouds above where the Dalki had set up, and soon lightning started to strike down at the Dalki in their small camp.

It looked like there were twenty of them in total. With this first attack, he soon charged in like a lightning bolt himself, but he wasn't alone. He and his partner entered the sloppily built small camp and immediately got to work, firing off their powers, aiming at the Dalki's vital points, finishing them with their great strength.

The Dalki in the camp didn't even have time to react and after ten minutes, all twenty or so Dalki had been defeated.

"If I counted correctly you got twelve while I finished eight. You really have improved, little Owen." An old man dressed in white robes said.

"I'm happy that there is someone in the family that can challenge me a little." Owen happily accepted the praise. After all it came from Grim Graylash, his grandfather and the previous leader of the Graylash family.

"I'm happy that my genes seem to have merely skipped a generation. When your father grew up and didn't show much promise in regards to our ability, I was worried for the Graylash family, for what would happen when Hilston would take me away, but I see I didn't have to worry at all."

It looked like Owen now owed Quinn another favour for returning someone who was important to him. With the two of them, they were able to take out camps and scout groups just by themselves, a feat that was giving a massive morale boost to those in the Graylash family.

It was then that the two of them received a message.

"Sir, this is Hermes reporting. We have spotted the one you were looking for, not too far from the Shelter, and it looks like the Dalki are ready for a full force attack. Please come back immediately!"

With their powers, the two of them could move fast, so getting back in time wasn't a problem, but the message hadn't ended there.

"Sir, a warning. The Dalki you fought before seems to have returned... however it appears to be a five spike now."

At the same time, Eno, who had been doing nothing but waiting for the Cursed faction's arrival, finally stood up.

"Brock, it's time for you to call Quinn. Tell him to come back immediately. Jim is making his move."

My Vampire System Chapter 1272: Hunting for treasure

Vorden led the Cursed group to the underground storage place that was located underneath the castle. Surprisingly, the beasts that would usually be loud as one would go down the elevator remained silent.

Coming down, nobody else was present at the moment, which Vorden took as a good thing, because he was hoping to explain things to the other three before they reacted to seeing a certain headless person.

When walking through the dark tunnels, they went past several large cells that used to have beasts inside them, but instead they were filled with other things.

"Whoah, are all of those beast crystals? Didn't Sam say that Hilston didn't keep any in his storage?" Fex asked, amazed not just by the number of them but the quality as well. Truth was, Sam was also curious about that. He had just told the others what he himself had been told.

"That's because those aren't Hilston's crystals. Those are crystals all of us have collected from the beasts we've killed." Vorden explained.

Now Sam understood a bit more since he knew that both Raten and Vorden could evolve. They must have been gathering the crystals to use them when they had enough to evolve.

'If I remember correctly, after consuming each crystal there is a waiting period for the beast body to evolve, this is also when they are at their weakest and most vulnerable. I guess Vorden and Raten decided that they would take all the crystals in one go to minimise this risk, but I wonder if that means the time to absorb all the crystals energy will be longer as well.' Sam thought to himself.

When they finally entered the main room, they all stood there for a few seconds as they looked over heaps and heaps of beast equipment. Just a small percentage of all those weapons, armours would be enough to make the other factions go crazy, but here they were, just sitting there like piles of trash.

To their collective surprise, the first person to make a move was Fex. He ran over to one pile and started to sort through it.

“Hey what is he doing?” Linda asked.

“I can’t believe he was faster.” Wevil mumbled as he activated his transformation, turning his body partly into the tiger beetle, which focused on speed. “Remember what Sam said? Everything is first come, first serve!”

Before Linda could say anything, Wevil was already on top of another pile of equipment and started to search for the best one there. Sam just began to shake his head, elated that neither Bonny nor Void were here for this scene would severely damage their reputation.

‘Why are they behaving like this? They should know that all of them specialise in different weapons! Is this really my fault for believing they would act better than wild animals?’ Sam wondered, as he watched Wevil and Fex both pull on the same armour, both of them wanting to try it out. Ultimately, he let out a sigh and decided to join in looking for new equipment as well.

During the following thirty minutes, all of them were busy testing out the loot. Even if it wasn’t their weapon of choice, many would be swinging swords, bashing other items against each other, checking for active skills and more, until a few more people had entered the cave.

“All of you’re a bunch of kids!” Raten shouted, after watching them uncontrolled. At that moment, Vorden and the others stopped what they were doing. Only Peter, and his two helpers had completely ignored who had just entered.

“Peter!” Linda called out.

Hearing his name, he turned his head, and his two helpers did the same.

“What the fu-” Raten was about to curse. but he too quickly turned his head thinking that another person would have a worse reaction. All eyes were looking towards Sil.

Strangely, Sil had almost no reaction at all when looking at the body and just... greeted the others.

“It’s nice to see you all.”

They wondered if Sil hadn’t registered Peter’s Lesser Wights, but it seemed impossible. Sil had even looked over at the body a couple of times, but there was no anger, no aggressiveness or anything from him at all.

“Sil... are you alright with this?” Vorden eventually asked, coming over to him, and looking in the direction of the headless body.

“Although that thing looks like Hilston, I know it’s not him. He’s dead... I’ve made sure of it. If anything, seeing his headless body walk around, taking orders from Peter of all people, I feel relieved. It’s further proof that Hilston will never come to haunt us.” Sil explained.

Raten and Vorden looked at each other, both feeling the same thing. Their little brother had really grown up. For the first time, Sil was the most reasonable out of the three, his words alleviating their own doubts.

The group continued to look through the equipment, their former fervor cooling down as they began to help each other out by looking for some treasures underneath. Borden, who was in his small form and had great strength, was especially well suited for this task.

Eventually, Sam, who wasn’t too picky in this department, decided on a mismatch of Legendary and Emperor tier equipment at which point he stopped looking. It was tiring trying all the equipment out. Sometimes it was hard to tell what tier they were at without wearing them, so Sam had just chosen the ones he had felt had granted him the best stats, rather than something with strong active skills that suited him.

While getting out of everyone’s way, he suddenly received a call coming from none other than Sach.

“Sam, I don’t have much time to speak, but I’ll be sending you a file that will update you on all the information.” Sach informed the other as soon as the call had been answered. “In essence, the Graylash faction is about to be attacked by a Dalki army led by a five spiked Dalki.”

“What’s more, it seems like One Horn is finally making his moves as well. This is not a message asking for your help. I trust you will do whatever is best, but I also remember Eno’s words during the meeting that he was relying on us to defend Blade Island. Unfortunately, I’m afraid we won’t be able to while being tangled up in this.”

Hearing all of the information, Sam had one question on his mind.

“What about the Cursed faction planets? How are Helen and the others coping?”

“So far, theirs is the only side that shows no signs of movement.” Sach reported. “For further details, please read through the reports. I’m sorry, but I have to go now.” Sach ended the call.

‘The Dalki...they have started to attack the other sections but haven’t attacked the Cursed faction yet. There are two things I can think of. Either one of the Dalki leaders is on their way here to Blade Island while the other two are busy, trying to hold up our forces, or that Slicer was originally meant to lead the attack but her death ruined their plans.’

Either way, Sam thought at least they still had time as Blade Island was in no such trouble at the moment. This did make him feel bad for the other groups, wondering if each one could handle a five spiked Dalki on their own.

‘Should I inform Quinn? This seems like a decision he should make, whether we should help one of the two groups?’ Sam hesitated.

It was then that one more person entered the cave. Hearing the footsteps Sam immediately turned his head, only to find Brock walk in with his hands behind his back.

“You appear to have just been updated on the current situation outside.” Brock noted. “I can guess what you must be thinking, but it’s not a good idea to decrease our own force at this moment. Remember what Eno said. If they get their hands on the Demon tier beast, this war is basically lost.”

“Think, why would they have started attacking those places but not here yet? If I were them, I would let some time pass, pressuring my enemy to send over some help and the second they do, that’s when I would strike this place.”

Sam didn’t like it but Brock’s argument made sense. In the past, they might have doubted the Dalki’s strategic capabilities, but them attacking all the planets at once, had proven that humanity had been wrong to underestimate them in this regard.

Nevertheless, Sam felt bad knowing that lives were being lost while they were just waiting on Blade Island, protecting what felt like an almighty beast of all things rather than their fellow people. The only good news was that their Cursed faction weren’t under attack.

If they were, then they would probably have to move at least some of the group that was currently with them.

“I have come here to tell you that Eno claims we need Quinn. Please contact him and tell him to come back to the island right now.” Brock delivered the message needed.

Sam also didn’t like the way he was being talked to, but for the greater good he swallowed his displeasure down. Even with all of them there, Richard Eno still seemed to be worried and knowing that old man there had to be a good reason behind that.

“So Quinn that’s all the information I have, Eno wants you to return to the island now and by now I think he means straight away, but it’s up to you to decide what you want to do.” Sam reported, leaving the decision for Quinn to make.

My Vampire System Chapter 1273: Risk your life

Quinn felt like it was a good thing he was relaxed and still sitting by the swampy tree when he had received the message, because it certainly was something he wanted to take his time to think about instead of rushing over head first.

Fortunately, although Eno seemed adamant for Quinn to come as soon as possible, according to Sam nothing had happened on Blade Island yet. Right now, only the other two groups were involved in fights.

‘There are two actions I could take next.’ Quinn started to list his options. ‘I could go back right now by using my Shadow ability. That way I’ll be by their side, could help them make preparations and could also find out why Eno wants me back so badly.’

‘Alternatively, I could just continue training here with the Marked Dalki until the last second. If I’m lucky, it will allow me to open up a fifth slot from the Demon tier Amulet, so I can be as strong as possible when they do need me.’

It was troublesome since both options had their upsides and downsides. Especially when thinking back to how strong the five spiked Dalki were. Quinn just wasn’t sure if he was ready yet.

Nevertheless, Quinn leaned towards heading back now, yet he didn’t exactly enjoy being on Eno’s call. It made him feel as if he was just another one of Eno’s chess pieces in this entire war.

‘If you want my opinion, I also think we should go back now, so we can prepare with Eno and the others. I don’t like him either, but there is a reason behind everything he does and his goals coincide with our own.’ Vincent reasoned.

Mulling over it for a little while longer, Quinn eventually stood up as he had come to a decision.

‘You’re right, I’ll head back to Blade Island, but not because of what you said.’ Quinn insisted. ‘I can take the Dalki with me, by putting them in my shadow space, and then use my Shadow link, I doubt even Eno knows that I am able to do this, so I’ll keep them as my trump card for now.’”

'I will need to use their strength and drain them anyway, if we run into something like another five spiked Dalki, after all. Besides, Sam said that nearly everyone is already on Blade Island. If I delayed my return trying to get stronger, and anyone were to die, it would be solely my own fault.'

Of course, Vincent was happy with Quinn's answer. Honestly both options seemed fine, but he was happy that Quinn still had kept this part of him, the one that cared about his friends more so than anything and he hoped that would never change.

It was finally time for Quinn to return to his friends' side. Using his Shadow link, he looked for someone he could connect to. While doing this though, there was something else Quinn noticed.

'His...Shadow is activated at the moment? Does that mean he's using it as well?' Quinn could feel someone else's shadow being used, and it wasn't anyone from the Cursed faction.

This was a big distraction for him, but he decided to shake it off for now and stick to the task at hand, if anything it meant Quinn needed to be more cautious.

After connecting to Dennis, Quinn's body started to sink in the shadow.

'I should train the Shadow link skill more and level it up, maybe then I can bring others with me as well, without having to use the Shadow lock skill.' Quinn thought as he could only see darkness around him.

One moment all he could see was darkness, the next he was greeted by a bright blue sky, with white fluffy clouds and a certain clean smell. It had been a long time since Quinn had been on Earth, and the other beast planets just didn't have the same atmosphere as their home planet.

Closing his eyes, Quinn sniffed the air, taking in the smell that he had missed.

"I see you are as relaxed as ever." The voice that spoke up immediately soured his mood, and when Quinn opened his eyes he could see Eno in front of him. Next to him was Brock and it looked like they were all standing on top of the castle wall.

"Quinn, you look good!"

“Welcome back Boss.”

“Hey, there he is!”

Turning around, Quinn acknowledged the greetings from the Cursed group with a nod. To his surprise nearly all of them were wearing beast gear he had never seen before.

Quickly using his Inspect skill, Quinn could see the impressive gear that was on all of their bodies. That’s when he also noticed that some of them weren’t there as well.

“Where are the Blades?” Quinn asked, looking around.

Sam was the first to go up to Quinn, hoping to catch him up on what was happening so far, and what they were about to do.

“Since you didn’t reply back straight away, we thought you might have decided to arrive some time later.” Sam explained as he looked towards Eno and Brock who waited for the two of them, yet the old man’s tapping foot made it clear that he wanted them to hurry up. “So I kinda gave them the go ahead to start Eno’s plans without you.”

“Although Eno insists that the attack will happen soon, we have no clue when exactly. That’s why we made the decision to send Sil back so he can gather the powers he needs. We will call him as soon as the fighting starts here.”

The big downsides of the Blade ability was that it required people with abilities and that the copied abilities only lasted for twenty four hours. Unfortunately, vampires didn’t count, yet one thing they wanted to avoid was bringing people over who could act like the Chained for Sil’s usage. Taking anybody to Blade Island would just be too dangerous.

“As for the other two, knowing what is about to come, Raten and Vorden are in the middle of consuming the beast crystals. You know about their bodies getting weak after doing so, which is why Borden is protecting them underground in the storage place just in case anything is to happen.” Sam explained.

With Sam having told Quinn everything, Eno came forward, cleared his throat to say his piece.

“This time, I have no master plan. I don’t even know who exactly our foe will be, whether it will just be Dalki, Vampires or perhaps a mix of both. Naturally, I don’t know their exact numbers either. I could give you some estimations we have, but if you rely on that it might just backfire. As such, it seems better to not share any flawed information and just prepare for the worst, which is what I will be doing now.”

“What we need to concentrate on, is the things we do know. The Dalki are after the Demon tier beast. It prefers to stay near the giant tablet. At all costs we’ll have to protect these three things in order of priority. The Dragon, the Tablet and finally the teleporter.”

“All three of them are located at the centre of the island, close to each other. However, this is a good and a bad thing. Good, because our last line of defense will be here, without the need to split up. Bad, because it also means that before that we can be attacked from all directions. In essence, the whole island will be our battlefield.”

“Look at the people who are here right now. I know we have requested help, I have even called for help on my side, but it’s quite possible that we will have to deal with everything with just the people who are here right now. Keep that in mind.”

“Another thing we can’t really influence will be the Dragon’s reaction when it senses so many invaders coming here. If the situation arises when you’ll have to ask yourself ‘Do I sacrifice my life for the Demon tier beast?’ I want your resolve to be ‘Yes!’. If the Demon tier beast gets taken, then all of the human race is doomed.”

The others heard this and looked at each other. They knew of the importance of this task, and every time they had fought they had done so with their lives on the line, but usually they could see the faces of the people they were protecting.

As for Quinn, he didn’t agree with this at all.

“What the hell kind of pep talk was that, Eno?! I understand that we should do everything we can to stop them from taking the Demon tier beast, but how is us dying going to help anyone?! If it comes down to it, we should live to fight again another day!”

“If that’s really your resolve, then they have practically already succeeded in taking the Demon tier beast!” Eno sighed. “How can you still underestimate the significance of this thing? You might not be ready to give it your all, but I can guarantee you, at least the Dalki will pay any price they have to, to make sure they get it into their hands!”

“Then what about you? Do you have that resolve? Are you prepared to risk your own life for once?! How dare you ask my people, my friends to risk their life if you aren’t prepared to do the same?!” Quinn shouted.

“Who says I’m not?” Eno replied, as he placed his hands together and a red glow could be seen.

My Vampire System Chapter 1274: The red crown

Quinn wasn’t quite sure what was about to happen next. The red glow in between Eno’s hands started to get brighter and brighter, until it was as bright as a flashlight, blinding them all. They had no choice but to look away, especially the vampires whose eyes were far more sensitive to the change in brightness.

‘Is this it? Has Eno finally snapped and revealed his true colours?’ Quinn was ready to protect his friends. Activating his shadow, he was ready to summon the Dalki as backup. There was one thing that Quinn worried about, he had yet to see Eno’s full strength and given his powerful ability that was free to do so many things he had to be cautious.

However, the only thing that happened was that the light started to fade, revealing Eno. However, he looked completely different compared to just moments ago. His whole body was covered in a dark red armour and on top of his head there was what looked to be a type of crown. It was a thin band that went all the way round through his hair, yet it had three red spikes sticking out. The one in the middle was the largest and resembled a horn with the way it pointed upwards.

‘Is that... is that the Blood armour?’ Was Quinn’s immediate thought. In the past, Quinn had seen Arthur in Blood armour when he had fought Hilston, although back then the Punisher hadn’t used it against his foe.

“...how? Wasn't there only meant to be two sets of Blood armour in existence? One that belongs to the King-“

“And the other to the Punisher Arthur.” Eno cut Quinn off. “I'm surprised you're that knowledgeable about our history, but there are still things that you don't know about this world. I was the First King of our vampire society. I was the one that decided that the Punishers should be created and I am the one that is prepared to act! If no one else will put their life on the line to stop this vampire, then I will!” Eno proclaimed strongly, his aura having taken a regal tone thanks to his new outfit.

Quinn had been paying close attention to the other's heart rate ever since he had donned the armour, studying his facial expression to see if there was any hint of hesitation, but there had been no signs that Eno had been lying.

The thing Quinn still couldn't understand was why someone so old was prepared to risk their life more than he himself was. Not only had Eno apparently told them the truth, but he hadn't even shown any hesitation whatsoever than he had claimed to be ready to lay down his own life for the cause.

Nevertheless, Quinn couldn't help but be suspicious. For someone who has lived for as long as Eno had, it wouldn't surprise him if he had either learned or come up with some trick to hide all these signs. Years to become a good enough actor, to control his heart beat so it wouldn't flutter, or perhaps lying on the spot was something that was just second nature to him.

‘A third Blood armour set... I never heard of such a thing. How I wish I could have studied it in my time...’ Vincent noted. As a former researcher whose passion it had been to look into things, his passion about the vampire's past had blessed him with great knowledge. Yet even he had never heard of such a thing. ‘Say what you will about Eno, but I have to admire his ability to have a backup plan for everything.’

Point in case, Quinn had never been part of Eno's equation in the first place. The Vampire Lord was someone completely outside his expectations who had continued to defy common sense and any expectation the Original Vampire had for him.

He could have easily left everything to Quinn and the Cursed faction, something he had done often enough in the past, yet Eno was now ready to risk his own life. Still, Quinn couldn't agree with the words that were said before.

“I’m sick of it. I’m tired of it.” Quinn shouted again. “I’m tired of people who think they know better, who are stronger, making decisions for others. We have our own lives, the people we care about our own decisions. Eno, you might think differently because of how long you have lived. You look at not just humans, but even me who is a vampire like a child. A child who is naive and hasn’t lived through what you have so they need to listen to what you have to say.”

“I won’t deny that.” Eno shrugged, before shaking his head. “How can I not, when after all this time that has passed, everyone keeps making the same mistakes? It’s my job to correct them.”

Not having any more words to say to Eno directly, Quinn decided to leave the area to calm down. He could tell that there were no amount of words that would change how the other would think. At the same time, he didn’t know why he had gotten so frustrated.

Was it because he was tired? Quinn felt like not just him but the whole Cursed faction had already been pushed to their limit far more times than should be reasonable. Or was it the fact that Eno was right, but he just didn’t want him to be?

Eventually walking away, hoping to calm down, no one knew what to say. They had felt Quinn’s frustration many times during the war.

“Quinn...” Sam murmured, but decided that now was not the right time to approach him, and wanted to hear if Eno had anything else to say about the enemy or this plan.

However, there was one person that hadn’t thought about her actions, instead chasing after Quinn as soon as he had left and that was Layla.

Following him through the castle, down to the top floor, and was now in the throne room, she could see Quinn up ahead mumbling to himself under his breath.

“Quinn, wait!” She shouted, yet the Cursed faction leader seemed to be in his own world. He continued to go down the floors, making his way out of the castle.

‘Quinn, you can’t be the perfect person all the time. You have to let your frustration out sometime.’ Vincent tried to pacify his grandson. ‘I was frustrated for many years, living in the vampire society,

seeing other people not acting, thinking everything was okay when it wasn't, but you are not that type of person.'

'You never have been, that's why you decided to act. I think your frustration comes from seeing no end in sight, but trust me all of this will be over at one point.'

Eventually, Quinn had left the castle. Without any plan where to go, he just headed straight. Vincent's words helped, but Quinn didn't know why Eno was just able to rub him the wrong way.

'It's that look, that look in his eyes whenever he speaks to us. Like he doesn't care about any of our lives. Does he not care for anyone, but then why....why does he risk so much for humans if he doesn't care. I just don't understand!' Quinn thought.

"Quinn!" Layla called out again, and this time he had heard, turning around, seeing her slightly out of breath from chasing him. Luckily Quinn wasn't really running otherwise Layla would have never been able to catch up to him.

"Finally." Layla stopped next to him, huffing and panting.

"I just wanted to say, thank you." Layla said, once she had caught her breath back. "I know you said those words because you care about us. You don't want any of us to risk our lives and trust me we don't. I'm not sure about the others but I'm sure their thoughts are along the same lines as mine. "

"Even though we are tired, even though we don't want to risk our lives, at the end of the day, we decided to pick up our feet and continue on. Because if we didn't then who would take our place. If we don't protect Blade Island, then who else is there?"

These words were exactly the thoughts that Quinn had time and time again, after making his own faction. It was what kept him going in. If he didn't change the way the system worked then who would. Who could take his place, and who could stop the Dalki race.

"Thanks, Layla." Quinn smiled. "You know, from the very beginning you have always been there for me, even when I was scared after just having turned into a vampire. Sometimes I need help, and not just with things to do with fighting, and you seem to be there at the right time to pick up the pieces."

Layla smiled back as she started to remember those days. Things seemed so complicated even back then, but now they looked like child's play in comparison. She would have done anything to go back to that time and just spend some leisure time with each other at school.

As the two of them looked into each other's eyes, the scabbard that Layla's sword was in started to rattle. It did so much that Quinn could even see it shaking.

"That sword..." Quinn looked at it. He then remembered something. When he had used his inspect skill on the sword it had triggered one of the Quests.

"Ah this thing, I actually want to ask you about it." Layla remembered, taking it off her side and holding it in her hand. She then pointed it in the direction of the tablet and the sword started to shake even more. "It seems to be reacting to the tablet."

'That's right, the tablet and the words both activated the quest to learn more about the Talen family. What will happen if I bring the sword to the tablet?'

"Do you mind, if I borrow the sword for a second?" Quinn asked.

Seeing no problem with that request, Layla handed the sword over to Quinn and the two of them headed towards where the tablet was. Hopefully, Quinn would learn more about his Talen family which he still had no clue about. He knew about his vampire side, but what was so special about the Talen name?

However, when Quinn had reached the area where the Demon beast and tablet lay, he saw something else that shocked him even more.

"What the... is that from the little seed I planted?!"

Seeing the tree, the amulet around Quinn's chest started to react.

My Vampire System Chapter 1275: Roseus tree

When Quinn had defeated the Demon tier beast, he had not only received the crystal from the beast but also other rewards alongside it. One of them had been a little seed. Unfortunately, the system hadn't told him what the seed was, or what it could be used for.

Due to the lack of that knowledge, Quinn had been cautious about the seed. His first association had been that it was very likely a seed of the tree itself, hence why he had refrained from planting it where there were plenty of people such as on the Cursed ship.

'Calm down, even if that really is a sapling of that damn tree, that's a good thing, right?' Quinn tried to stay positive, just like the last time. 'Although I'd rather not have to go through such a tough fight again, I have become stronger since then, so I should be able to defeat it. With another Demon tier crystal we'll be able to make another Demon tier item.'

However, looking at the Dragon that was snoring not too far from the tree, a horrid thought entered Quinn's mind. What if the tree was already marking Beasts around the island? The parent tree had the ability to further enhance the power of those Marked. What if it could manage to mark the Dragon? The Demon tier was already strong and with the power of another Demon tier, it would practically be unstoppable!

'Come to think of it, could that really happen? I'm sure the Dragon's power is far stronger than the tree and if it tries to take over, wouldn't the Dragon just destroy it?' Quinn wondered.

Regardless, at the end of the day, Quinn had planted the seed on the island and whatever was to come would be his fault. The tree itself was currently around the same height as two humans stacked on top of each other. It was nowhere near as grand as the original, so Quinn was confident of being able to get rid of it, in case it showed any signs of making trouble, before it would fully grow.

And there was one more concerning thing, the amulet around his neck. Moving forward, Quinn walked out towards it, and just like Layla's sword that would rattle now his amulet was shaking as well.

'Before I get any closer I should do that.'

[Inspect]

[An incomplete Roseus tree]

[No other information found]

Other than the name of the tree, it looked like the system wasn't going to help him out now, but he had learned one thing, that it was incomplete.

'Why does the system classify it as 'incomplete'? It can't just be because it isn't fully grown. It has to be missing something... has it yet to grow a crystal perhaps? Wait... could it be that it's somehow unable to?'

Having warned Layla to stay back for now, Quinn handed her the sword back, while he himself inspected the tree from top to bottom. Unable to find anything, he went forward, but since nothing happened, Quinn eventually placed his hand on the tree.

At that moment, the amulet was no longer shaking, rather it lit up. Using his Qi energy, Quinn tried to sense its energy. Unsurprisingly it had the energy of a beast running through it. It was clear this was a beast like the last one, yet he could sense no beast crystal inside.

'The amulet is reacting to it pretty crazy, but maybe it's just because they both came from the same source.' Quinn contemplated, yet there was another thought in his head. 'Shouldn't this be a reward for killing the Demon tier beast? This tree came from the seed I planted, and up until now the system has never given me something that could harm me directly.'

Thinking things through, Quinn used his Inspect skill again, only this time he did so on the Demon tier Amulet. It gave him the same information about the skills and its uses as before but there was one additional line that hadn't been there previously.

[The Demon tier Amulet can also be used as a key]

It had only come up now after discovering the tree, putting this and the fact that the seed was meant to be a reward, Quinn took off the amulet and was ready to press it against the tree. When it was a few inches away his hand stopped.

‘What if I can’t get the key back after putting it in the tree? What will happen to the Dalki in my Shadow lock? Will I no longer be able to use its abilities?’

Considering that scenario, Quinn also thought about the five spiked Dalki that had defeated him. Even if he were to suck all the Marked Dalki dry, the power boost alone would not help him defeat that one. As impressive as Eno appeared in his Blood Armour, Quinn doubted that teaming up with him was enough, either.

With these thoughts he pushed the amulet in, and soon he could feel the amulet being sucked out of his hand, and burning into the tree.

Letting go, the amulet started twisting and turning and lighting up with the tree, and the leaves on the very top started to sprout even more. In front of Quinn’s and Layla’s very eyes the tree was growing wildly, the ground cracked underneath as its roots were digging in, but the amulet could still be seen.

‘Damn it, I seem to have made a mistake!’ Quinn bit his bottom lip, but finally the growth spurt stopped. The tree had doubled in size to what it was before, yet it was still inferior to the original.

Turning around, he was worried about the Dragon’s reaction. It had apparently woken up, but for now, he just curiously looked over the tree.

‘The Dragon, I woke up the Dragon! Do I have to deal with that as well now?’

After its curiosity was sated, it laid back down and started snoring once more.

‘Is that all that thing does?’ Quinn thought. Thankfully the tree had stopped growing and the Dragon was no longer interested in it.

[Inspect]

[Complete Rosesus tree]

[Linking with Amulet is now complete, amulet may be removed]

Seeing the last message, Quinn felt relieved. Jumping up, he reached halfway to the tree, and grabbed onto it with one hand, before pulling out the amulet with the other, and jumping back down to the ground.

With the Demon tier Amulet back in his possession, he noticed that it was radiating with even more energy than before and a system notification on the screen had popped up.

[The Demon tier amulet has successfully been linked with the Rosesus tree]

[The Rosesus tree has become a permanent Marked]

'Permanent Marked? Does it mean it's different from the Marked Dalki?'

Straight away, Quinn activated the powers of the amulet and he could feel it, just like with the Dalki Quinn could take full control of the tree in front of him. In doing so, he was witnessing a view he had never seen before.

The tree itself had roots that had been implanted not just in the ground beneath them, but the roots spread through the entire island. Using the power of the amulet Quinn could feel what the tree could do, he could control these roots so they would sprout up on the island.

Controlling those roots, Quinn made one of them sprout somewhere in the jungle. He had chosen a thin one which sprouted from the ground in what appeared to be a Basic tier beast's burrow. Slowly creeping up to the bunny like creature, the root quickly wrapped around the beast.

This was a completely different feeling from controlling the Dalki, as they had at least been humanoid, yet for some reason it felt easier to Quinn. However, controlling several at the same time proved to be a completely different story. The vision of the tree itself was as wide as its roots would go, but to focus on

small details was a headache, as he had to try and ignore the rest of his vision which wasn't something easy to do.

With the roots wrapped around the bunny, Quinn was about to let the beast go, until he could feel something else, that it wasn't the only thing the tree could do.

'No this feels the same... it feels just like when I mark the Dalki with the Amulet!'

Putting it to the test, Quinn attempted to mark it, and a surge of energy went through the bunny. A few seconds later the same marking appeared on the rabbit's underbelly. Through the tree, Quinn could control the Marked just how he would when he was using the amulet.

In a way it was like having a second amulet, only better, for there was no need to store energy, it was using the energy of the tree itself.

After a few more tests with the tree Quinn realised something else. The tree could do essentially everything that the Demon tier beast had been able to. Mark beasts, send energy from them and take energy away. The beasts wouldn't die either when energy was taken away.

Still, he had quickly noticed that with every marked beast, the energy of the tree would lessen a little. The way this worked, it would have never been able to take over the Dragon, not that Quinn would ever dare to do so, afraid of its retaliation.

Eventually, Quinn returned to himself, having discovered that the tree worked pretty much the same way as all his other Marked. The only downside he had found was that he couldn't use the amulet to directly control those that the tree had Marked. However, he could still give the bunny basic instructions like he did with the Dalki. For now, he just gave the tree the command to try and take over as many strong beats as it could on Blade Island.

'Whoever comes here, will now be in for a huge surprise.' Quinn grinned, as he imagined the invaders having to face an army of wild beasts!

My Vampire System Chapter 1276: A mistake

Underneath the Blade castle, both Vorden and Raten were sitting inside one of the cells. At the moment, the two Blade siblings were busy consuming crystals, one by one, impatiently waiting for the energy to be consumed by their bodies that would hopefully allow them to evolve to the next tier.

Both of them were sitting on the ground, and had a small mountain of crystals next to them. According to Muddy and Tails, the easiest way for their bodies to absorb the energy inside those crystals was just to eat them. However, the downside was the drowsy feeling they would experience as their body was using that energy to grow.

This was why they had decided to do it underground, away from any distraction of beasts or others and even if someone did come down, they would have to go through the cell doors first. To do that, they would have to pass Borden, who acted as a bodyguard for the two of them.

Since there was no sign of anybody, Borden had just watched the show of Vorden and Raten seemingly competing in an eating contest. After consuming a crystal, both had their eyes closed, making it seem as if they had gone to sleep after overeating.

Technically, evolution wasn't the only way for the two of them to get stronger in their current form. Although beasts were unable to activate most beast gear because of their body, there were some special crystals that could be made into beast gear for beasts. Unfortunately, they were so rare that the group hadn't come across any so far.

Still, around Tail's waist there was a pouch that would allow Vorden to carry a few things around. The only thing currently inside was the green injection for little Borden to use his full strength whenever it was needed.

It was almost impossible for Borden to carry them himself so he did need to rely on others for that part. Still, he was happy that he could help out. Walking up to Vorden's pile of crystals, Borden grabbed onto one of the crystals.

'Dalki are half beast, right? So if I eat this thing will it help me grow stronger as well?' Borden wondered. He quickly disregarded this thought, despite how much he wanted to take the bite of the crystal for two reasons.

The first was that it was his job to protect the other two. If the crystal worked on him in a similar fashion like it did for the two before him, then he would enter a weak state like them, so now wasn't the time to be testing things.

The second reason was just common sense. If crystals really helped the Dalki race evolve, then they should have already been consuming them by now, Borden was sure they would have done the test for it.

'I better just give this crystal back to them.' Borden thought, as he went to put the crystal in Vorden's hand so he didn't have to grab another one from the pile.

It was at that moment, that he could see something coming from above the cave slowly moving. Most wouldn't have noticed, but Borden did.

'What is that?' Borden thought, and immediately started to go for Vorden's pouch, carefully grabbing the injection.

"What's going on?" Vorden asked in a sleepy tone.

Injecting himself, the green energy was rising inside of him and his body started to grow until he was as big as his sleepy brothers. Reaching his full size, Borden quickly threw out both of his hands, and grabbed onto the objects that were moving.

'What are these? Hang on, are these... tree roots?' Borden was confused.

Surprisingly, the roots were not only durable but also very strong. Borden had only just finished his transformation, yet they were easily able to lift him up, swinging him to the ground right into a pile of crystals.

This caused both Raten, and Vorden to come to their senses, and they both stood up.

"You little twerp, I thought you were meant to stop anyone from coming inside!" Raten shouted in anger.

“They’re coming from above!” Borden shouted, as the two looked up, they could see several roots hovering in the air, yet Borden noticed that they seemed to be ignoring him, instead they seemed focused solely on the direction of his siblings.

Quickly, Borden jumped up, and grabbed on to two of the roots again, hanging like a monkey on the vines. Using his strength, he tried his best to pull on the roots as hard as possible but no matter how hard he was pulling it didn’t seem like it was breaking.

‘What the hell kind of tree is this?!’

Meanwhile, Layla had just handed over the black sword to Quinn once again, who stood a few steps away from the tablet. Before he could reach the tablet, he suddenly felt the amulet around his neck connecting again.

‘I can feel the tree... is it struggling with something?’ Quinn wondered. Curious what could have happened, Quinn decided to take Full Control over the tree again. Since the tree was busy in more than just one place, it took the Vampire Lord a while to find the reason for his amulet reaction.

‘Crap, stop, stop!!!’ Quinn thought to himself. The underground roots retreated, as he made them go elsewhere. Exiting his Full Control, he went back to Partial Control and made sure to convey that the two of them were their allies, forbidding the tree for marking them.

‘Well, that was definitely a big mistake on my part.’ Quinn blamed himself as he put on a guilty face. It was his own fault for giving the Rosesus tree the simple command of trying to take over as many strong beasts on the island as it could. With the Dragon next to it, he had kept in mind to exclude it from that list, but he had forgotten about Vorden and Raten.

‘Look, I didn’t do it on purpose. It’s just because I never saw those two as beasts in the first place, I just always thought of them as people like the rest of us.’ Quinn thought, speaking to Vincent who he imagined was judging him at this point. Just to be on the safe side, he also designated Layla and the others as allies to prevent something like that happening in the future.

Putting this short episode to the back of his mind, Quinn walked the last steps forwards, until he stood directly in front of the table, the black sword in his hand. Layla wasn't too far behind him, curious to see what would happen.

Unafraid of the tablet, Quinn pressed his hand against it.

"Hey... hey are you there? You can still hear me, right? Last time you just stopped speaking to me, but I know something is up with this sword. It seems to be reacting to the tablet, or probably you and I know that it's also somehow connected to my Quest..." Quinn continued to mumble, in the hopes of receiving an answer.

The tablet started to light up brightly once again, just as it had done in the past when Quinn had touched it before. Finally the voice inside said something.

"Yes, I can hear you. It appears that you have brought something that is quite troublesome with you." The voice didn't seem too pleased about the sword in Quinn's hand. As for Quinn, he wasn't in a position to overly care about yet another disembodied voice, he just wanted to complete the Quest, if only to learn more about his Talen family line.

"A quest, you say? Now, that's something I haven't heard in a long time. What type of quest are you on? Who has told you to bring this sword to me? I mean, with the way I am now I can't exactly do anything about it. ...was it that damned woman again?" The voice on the tablet started to ramble.

When learning that all of the abilities came from the tablet, and it was from this great being that lived in the tablet, Quinn thought that perhaps he was some type of god, but the more he listened to him the more it sounded like a normal person like everyone else.

He also thought there was a simple misunderstanding. Quinn was referring to the Quest his system had given him, but it sounded like the one in the tablet thought someone had sent him on a quest.

"Look, I really don't know how long I can speak to you for. Last time we were cut off before I could even ask you the questions that only you might be able to answer, so we need to hurry this up. I can tell this sword isn't a beast weapon, so just what is it? What does it have to do with my Talen family?"

There was silence from the tablet for a while. Quinn was starting to worry that the connection had disappeared once more.

“Can you hear me? I need to know more about the sword, or at least about my family. Please, you might really be the only one to help me with that.” Quinn pleaded, since that person had been the only lead he had in that direction.

“Yes...I know about the Talen family... and I know about the sword as well... I suppose it’s better if I start from the beginning. My original name was Sen.”

Quinn was happy that the voice agreed to his request, but he didn’t have time for any long winded life stories, not when he was worried that any second now the connection would break off just like it had done the last time. To be frank, Quinn could care less about the name of the one inside the tablet? He just needed to get answers to his questions, so why start from the beginning.

“I say my original name, because my story is a bit special. To be more precise I was reincarnated into a human and I bore the name given to me by my parents. A name that reminded them of a ray of sunshine...”

‘Come on already!’ Quinn was about to shout in anger.

“They gave me the name of Ray Talen.”

My Vampire System Chapter 1277: Ray of hope

Layla was left standing there not really knowing what to do as strange things were happening around Quinn. One moment she saw the amulet light up around his neck and the next second the tree started to grow in size, without him explaining anything to her.

However, judging by his reaction it was only because Quinn was just as surprised by the consequences of his actions as she was. The next moment, Quinn seemed to be concentrating extremely hard.

“Don’t worry about Quinn. He’s just playing with the tree for a little bit and should probably be back soon.” Vincent turned around, informing Layla: It had become a natural thing for the two of them to switch whenever Quinn would use his Full Control.

‘There he is again, the same person as last time. I can tell that’s not Quinn, but then just who is it? I doubt Shiro planted someone else inside Quinn’s mind, so does that mean there has always been someone else inside his body?’ That thought saddened Layla, not because it would mean that Quinn was in a situation similar to that of Vorden, Raten and Sil, but the fact that he had decided to keep it a secret even from her. Even though she couldn’t have helped him in any way with it, it would have been nice if he could have confided in her.

Layla was about to ask that mysterious person who he was, but then the real Quinn appeared in front of her asking to borrow the sword once again. Not having any reason to refuse him, she handed it over and without explaining anything he started to walk towards the tablet.

‘Quinn, why do so many strange things happen around you? There’re many people who believe the world revolves around them, that only their life is important, but when I watch you... it’s as if I realise how unimportant my own life is in comparison. At the moment, the whole world really does seem to be revolving around you.’ Layla thought, as she rubbed her elbow up and down with her hand.

A few moments later, the watch around her wrist started to vibrate, indicating that there was an incoming call.

“Hey Layla, thank God, you answered.” Sam said from the other side. It was clear he was worried about something, making Layla think that the attack might have started, which would probably be the worst timing with Quinn out of it once more.

“Are the two of you okay, have you been attacked as well?” Sam asked.

“Huh? No, we’re both fine, we’re just by the tablet at the moment. What’s going on, who was attacked and by whom?”

“It’s the Blades. They came back to report that while they had been underground they had been attacked by some roots. I tried to get in contact with the others, but fortunately they seem to be the only ones who have been attacked so far.”

When hearing the words roots, straight away Layla’s mind went to the giant tree in the middle. The timing of the attack, and when Quinn was messing around with the tree seemed to be quite similar.

“Are they okay now, they’re not being attacked anymore, are they?” Layla asked.

“No, but they have decided to move away from the underground cells and into the castle. So their session has been delayed a little.” Sam explained.

“I think it might have something to do with Quinn.’ Layal saad thinking back to the time before the tablet. “There should be no need to panic, but I’ll ask him once he’s done.” Layla said, hanging up the call there.

Layla’s answer had only added to his confusion.

‘When he’s done? When he’s done with what exactly?’

Listening to the voice in the tablet speak, Quinn was sure of it. It had just claimed that its name used to be Ray Talen, the same family name that Quinn currently had himself. Now, the Quest was starting to make sense, but the only thing was, nothing else was making sense to him.

“Ray Talen... so that means we’re related, right? But how? I thought you were some sort of God that gave all the world their abilities? How is that possible? Is my father a God? Does that make me a god as well? But I’m a vampire!” Quinn’s reaction to this sudden information was to blurt out a bunch of questions.

In all honesty, he had been through some pretty crazy things before as he learned about his vampire side of his family, learned about Eno’s past, learned about Arthur and Vincent, but this information was

one thing that made no sense in his head at all. In the first place, his family carried the Talen name which had come from his father.

Not the Eno family name, which most likely meant that Quinn's vampire side had come from his mother, but he had no clue that his non-vampire side would also be so special.

"Calm down, boy. Has it been so long that you've forgotten what I said to you last time?" Ray questioned him. "I was a being that was even more powerful than the Gods. Still, the fact remains, that before I reached that point, I did live my life as a human."

"My parents, although I carried their blood, my own existence and powers continued inside of me, my body changed and I eventually passed that on. It must have eventually reached you. When I asked your name last time, I realised that this had to be the most likely reason as for why the two of us are able to talk."

"Please take note that we are talking about a few 1000 years between my generation and yours, so don't ask me if I know your mother or father, I can already predict your next question."

If Quinn and Ray really were related in some way, then it would make sense why his family also had no clue about this. His mother or their mothers for so much time had passed. Still there was one thing that was on Quinn's mind. If this person wasn't a god, then what was he?

"What... exactly were you? It's already hard for me to even imagine how great a God would be, but then what is greater than that?" Quinn asked.

"I was once feared all over the land. Humans would tell their children about me, the Unstoppable Great Red Dragon Sen! Ga,ga,ga!" Ray started to let out a weird laugh, one that sounded as if it belonged to a beast more so than a human.

'What the hell is going on, Vincent?' Quinn asked, hoping that he wasn't just going crazy.

'Unfortunately, I'm as lost as you on this one. Perhaps you should ask Ray for a bit of context.' Vincent suggested.

“So, you were something above a Demon tier beast? Should I picture you like a red version of the Dragon guarding this tablet then?” Quinn asked.

“Please, do you really think I was that weak?” Ray replied in disdain. “Not to belittle my scaly friend on the outside, but do you really think someone like that could grant nearly all the abilities that exist today?”

“Alas, as powerful as I was, I had been tricked. I was taught a harsh lesson, you see. Someone had wished for me to help the humans but as Sen I had remained stubborn, so they made me live life as a human and through that I learned to care for them. Ultimately, I ended up doing just what was wanted of me, and to my shock I did so out of my own volition.”

“I am happy to hear that even so many years later one of my descendants is also helping out the human race. I fought hard for this planet, and while I know how heavy that burden is, I’m happy that with you humanity should be in good hands.”

For all his newfound enthusiasm, a lot of Ray’s words went right through Quinn who he was busy trying to wrap his head around what he really was. If he had Dragon blood and Vampire blood inside of him... did he even have any human blood running through his veins? However, as crazy as everything sounded, Quinn felt like the tablet had no reason to lie.

Dragons, just like vampires were things that should belong in fairy tales, yet they had to have come from somewhere. If the existence of vampires were real, then why couldn’t he believe in real dragons as well. Not just some Demon tier beast that stood behind him. He just never thought that he would be related to them.

“So about this sword... it definitely is not a beast weapon, but did it belong to you?” Quinn asked, trying to change the topic to something easier to understand.

“No.” Ray answered and this time his voice became more concerned and less playful. “That sword belonged to a dear friend of mine. It helped us on our journey, and it looks like it found a way to help you out on yours as well. However, that sword doesn’t have anything to do with our family line.”

“Truth be told, I do not know much about it, but I do know that there is someone who might. There is a being that I knew back in the past during my time. She should still be prancing around even today. You might have even met her since she loves to meddle in things.”

“During my time she went by Bliss. Seek her out... or wait until she seeks you out. Since you have my blood it should happen sooner or later. I’m sure she will tell you more about the sword.”

[New quest received]

[Meet with the Divine being]

‘Divine being...is this the Bliss person he was talking about?’

The light on the tablet started to fade again, and Quinn could tell that the time to speak was running out.

“It looks like our time is coming to an end. You have my blood running through your veins, and if you really are a Talen, then the Dalki won’t even be worth your time. Just continue to grow, get stronger and evolve. As one of my blood there will be no cap for you. The Talen family is able to go even beyond anyone’s expectations, trust me on that.”

Hearing these words, Quinn thought of another quest he had received.

[Become something beyond a Vampire lord]

For some reason, after his little talk with Ray, Quinn was feeling more confident than ever. The tiredness he felt before, the defeats he had suffered, he realised that a small part of him had started to give up hope.

It had started to doubt if we could manage to get strong enough to stop them, but now there was a new ray of hope.

My Vampire System Chapter 1278: Planned or not?

The light from the tablet started to dye down, and Layla could finally see Quinn removing his hand from the tablet. She expected Quinn to look half defeated as so far he had been. Especially based on the faces she had seen him pull while his hand was on the tablet, but instead, she saw a smile on his face.

'Did he find the answer he was looking for?' Layla wondered. Seeing Quinn's smile gave a warm feeling in Layla's heart as well.

'My emotions, they are all over the place. Is it because of the subclass?' Her vampire subclass caused her emotions to be more heightened than usual.

She had experienced this before, sadness, anger, and happiness. All of these emotions would be multiplied compared to before she was turned. But it was also what allowed her to evolve into her other forms. The stronger the emotion, the more strength she had.

On top of this, she also noticed that the sword she had given to Quinn was no longer rattling. When she was next to the tablet, Layla had attempted to touch it herself. While holding the sword, there was no such effect for her.

'You are a special one, aren't you?' Layla thought, and before she knew it, Quinn was directly in front of her, handing the sword back over.

"I didn't really find out much about the sword", Quinn said. "Just that it used to belong to someone else a long time ago. It looks like you can keep on using it with no worries. Speaking of, have you ever heard of anyone named Bliss?" Quinn asked.

He knew it was a long shot, but Layla and the others did live a life before him, and there was a time when she was at Pure for a good while. Perhaps she had met this person at some point, but soon seeing her shake her head, Quinn realised that this wasn't going to be an easy task.

"Maybe the Divine being?" Quinn asked again, referring to the name the system had given her rather than the one Ray had. Still, Layla shook her head.

Layla found it a bit strange that Quinn was looking for someone after touching the tablet, and she wanted to ask why. Still, he seemed to be in deep thought.

He was thinking about how to complete the next part of the quest. While also a little annoyed that he hadn't received anything for finding out about his Talen family bloodline.

'Is it because I received another quest straight after? Maybe this is like a chain, and I won't get the real reward until I complete the whole thing.' Quinn wondered. More importantly, he needed to figure out how to find this person.

Although Ray said there was a chance she would come to him, why hadn't she done so far? Everyone knew who he was. The Blade's could get to him, so he was sure if someone was looking for him, they would have been able to find him.

"You know, if you're looking for someone, maybe she should ask Logan," Layla suggested. "He has access to military files and more information than we can imagine. I would guess he could find whoever you are looking for, but with just a first name like Bliss, I don't know how much it would help."

It was a good suggestion to make, and Quinn certainly would ask Logan, but he had a feeling it wouldn't work either.

'I have never heard of this Bliss character either.' Vincent said. 'But you have to remember. The person in the tablet said he had lived 1000 years ago. If this is a friend of his, or someone that knew him, then maybe many don't know who this person is.'

'However, there are those that have also lived for 1000 of years that might know the answer, and one of them is on this very island.'

'Please.' Quinn almost begged Vincent, hoping that he wasn't suggesting what he was suggesting. After his mood had just picked up again, was he really telling him to see if Eno knew who Bliss or the Divine being was?

‘Alright... I guess I can’t help it, and I need to talk to him at some point anyway.’ Quinn sighed. ‘Even if our views or morals are different, our goals are the same for now.’

“Layla, I just wanted to say thanks for being by my side this whole time. Why don’t you meet up with Sam, catch up on whatever plans he has at the moment, and then come back to me? There’s something else I need to do.” Quinn said.

Not wanting to waste any more time, Quinn ran off, heading towards the castle’s direction. Judging by the fact that Quinn was heading that way and not speaking to Sam himself, Layla could tell who he was going to talk to.

‘I just hope nothing happens between the two of them.’ Layla thought, making her way towards the castle herself.

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It didn’t take long with Quinn’s speed to find Eno, and it wasn’t hard to find him since he had remained at the same place Quinn had last seen him, on top of the castle. His back was facing away from Quinn while Brock was looking towards him.

He knew that Eno knew Quinn was there, yet still didn’t turn around, and seeing the red blood armour, Quinn had many thoughts running through his head.

‘The blood armour, Eno had it all this time, and the other vampires didn’t even know about it. I guess this is someone who even tricked Arthur, someone who he allowed to call him friends even knowing what he did.’

‘I also can’t help but think that this isn’t the only thing that Eno is hiding.’ Quinn thought.

What stood out to Quinn as well was the crown-like figure on his head. He hadn’t seen that before, not even on Arthurs set, and he was sure it wasn’t just for show.

“I hope you haven’t come back here to give me a lecture because if so, you are better off continuing what you were doing before”, Eno replied.

From the castle, Eno had a clear view of what Quinn was doing, and perhaps he had even figured out what was happening, but Quinn knew that he couldn’t hear the conversation he had just had. Otherwise he would understand why he was here.

“I wanted to ask you something, something about-“

Just as Quinn was about to ask his question, he saw Brock turn around and look the other way. Quinn also stopped mid-speech because he could hear it as well. He quickly ran to the edge of the castle wall and looked out far in the distance, where the vast blue sea could be seen.

Large giant circles were opening all over the place. They looked similar to the portals that everyone used, but there was no device to activate them. Seemingly they had just opened up out of thin air over the ocean floating there. Not just one but around twenty or so.

The real worry was that they weren’t small portals for humans either, and before they knew it. Several spaceships, around ten from each portal, had come through the teleporters. There were so many ships that Quinn couldn’t keep count of them, and they were now all moving towards the Blade island.

What stood out about them was they didn’t look like Dalki ships.

“How many.....how many have they sent to this island?” Quinn said.

“I had a feeling he would go all out,” Eno said, looking out still unmoving, but his fist was tense.

“Jim, why do this much?” Vincent thought.

Those in the castle weren’t the only ones that had reacted to this. Unexpectedly, even though the ships had yet to reach the island. The Demon tier beast finally looked like it had decided to wake up.

Its heavy feet hit the ground, shaking it slightly as it stood upright, then looking to the sky, it opened its mouth wide before letting out an almighty roar.

Beasts in the trees and birds flew out, scared of staying on the island, and everyone who didn't know what was going on, now knew something was happening.

The roar was so loud that Quinn had covered his ears, and when the sound had calmed, he looked over at the beast.

'No..no, no no!' Quinn thought.

Looking at the teleporter, Quinn could see that it had been smashed into small pieces. He didn't know when, but he could see the giant Dragon's tail moving back and forth next to it, but still a little distance away. He could only imagine it had collided with the teleporter near the tablet.

"That was not what I expected. The beast has never gotten within a certain range of the tablet before, so I thought it was safe even from the Demon tier beast." Eno said. "However, it just means that there is no retreat for any of us. If we want to survive this, then we have to fight all out. With our lives on the line."

There was something inside Quinn that believed, after hearing those words, that the teleporter being destroyed wasn't accidental at all. Eno wanted to end it here, whether the Cursed faction wanted to or not.

My Vampire System Chapter 1279: Beast Tamer

In the grand universe where the beast planets were located, the Cursed ship was currently making its way towards the Cursed faction planets. They had been informed that the Earthborn group as well as the Graylash group were already under attack, so they were worried that the Cursed faction would be next.

Unlike in the past, when the Dalki had owned one half of the beast planets circulating around the solar system's sun, while humanity in the other, the balance had shifted to the point that the latter were down to a total of nine planets.

It was hard to decide where it was exactly safe for the humans to travel. In one half of the solar system, the planets that the humans used to own were split into the three sections belonging to the three groups.

The Earthborn planets were situated directly in the centre between the planets of the other two factions. The Cursed ship had left from Planet Caladi, which was located in the Earthborn section and was now heading over to the Cursed faction section, but would have to go past planets that had already been taken over.

They strayed widely from the other planets and wanted to make it so they were a reasonable distance both from the Cursed faction planets and the Earthborn planets.

However, not too long after setting off on their journey, the Cursed ship had been put to a halt, as it had received some devastating news.

"Miss Megan, we have terrible news!" One of the Cursed members shouted from inside the teleportation room. "The teleporter you told us to keep watch out for, it has gone offline! It's not activating at all. We have performed all the tests to check if it's something on our end... but the result was that whatever happened to the teleporter had to have occurred on the other end!"

"Worst case scenario, judging by how abruptly the signal has cut off without any prior warning, the most likely scenario is that it was destroyed!"

Just as the Cursed faction member had reported, the teleporter had gone offline. Just seconds ago, it had been glowing brightly as the portal had been designated the highest priority. Everyone had been instructed to do everything in their power to keep it active, so they could use it as soon as the fighting would start.

Hearing this news, Megan was biting down hard on her nails inside the command centre.

“What do I do? What can we do? Does it mean those guys are in trouble?”

“I’m sure Sam will give us an update on their situation any second now. Let’s wait for his response before we decide on what to do next.” Chucky tried to calm Megan down, while Shiro nodded in approval.

The two of them got on with each other, since they had seen each other around the school, and they were also currently the ones helping out Megan take care of the Cursed ship while the others were away.

“Even if their teleporter is broken, aren’t there other ways to reach them? Like maybe we could ask to use one from the Earthborn group? They should have one that leads to Earth, and then we can fly to Blade Island from there?” Shiro suggested.

“No, we can’t.” Megan shook her head. “Supreme Commander Sach has put out an executive order that no one is to use that one. Even though Logan had created the jammers, he deems it too risky. Right now, no one is allowed to have active teleporters leading to Earth. The one on Blade Island was meant to be the sole exception to that rule.”

“The only way to head back to Earth is through the space station... which is offline.”

Even though they might be able to reason with Supreme Commander Sach under normal circumstances, right now he was busy with his own set of troubles. This was also the reason why Megan hadn’t called Sam straight back, after all signs pointed to the teleporter being destroyed.

She couldn’t risk distracting any of them, if they were in the middle of fighting. Still, Megan did send out a message and if all things were still okay then Sam should hopefully be giving her a reply soon.

“What about Sergeant Nathan?” Chucky asked. “He used to be a Head General, right? Don’t you think he could perhaps still pull some strings for us and get that Earth station working again? Besides, depending on how large the forces are attacking Blade island, we could use Nathan’s and his group’s help anyway.”

It was a good suggestion, so Megan got ready to call Nathan, but one thought passed through her head. What about the Cursed faction planets? For now they had working teleporters on their planets, but who is to say the Dalki didn't find a way to outright destroy those teleporters?

Wasn't there a good chance that whatever happened on Blade Island would happen here again? Would it really be alright to have the Cursed ship head to Earth? It would be a long time before they could arrive...

"The decision is up to you. Sam trusted you, so we will go with whatever you say." Shiro tried to encourage her and Chucky also agreed with that.

After the almighty roar from the Demon tier beast, everyone was already running towards the top of the castle. It was the perfect vantage point to allow them to see where exactly the enemy was coming from and how many of them there were.

To everyone's surprise, their numbers far surpassed even their wildest speculations.

"I thought that we might have had some time to prepare more." Sam sighed, looking out into the distance. The ships were far away and moving slowly towards them, but it just meant they would soon face an organised and coordinated attack.

Everyone had believed that things would go down just like it had happened on the other planets when the Dalki had invaded, namely that a mothership of some kind would have appeared and sent down Dalki.

However there was one person who was not with the group. Mona stood far out on the sandy beach of the island, looking into the sea.

"Thanks for the little warning." Mona grinned, as she lifted up her pointy hat a little to be able to have a better look. Finally the ships were starting to make their way towards the island.

“These guys really seem to think that taking over Blade Island will be that easy.” She smiled, soon throwing off her hat to the side revealing her long braided dark purple hair that almost looked black, apart from when it moved in the sunlight.

Running out on the sand, Mona looked fearless and not for a second did she slow down her pace. Eventually, she leapt into the air, jumping several feet, a height no regular human would be able to reach without top tier beast armour.

After she passed the shore line, there was only the sea below her and it looked like she would crash into it at any second, but then a dark shadow from underneath appeared. Moments before her toes could touch the water Mona landed on a solid white surface.

In the giant sea of water, a small white piece of land had suddenly appeared, and it slowly started to rise higher and higher, and that’s when those from the castle could see what it was as well.

“That looks awfully similar to the giant creature that attacked us when we first arrived here... only a little different?” Logan did not remember the beast having white skin, and at the same time its eyes were almost glowing blue. Not only that, but now that it had revealed itself its overall size seemed to have increased a little as well.

Four ships that were headed out front tried to quickly avoid the giant octopus and attempted to go around the side of it. Soon though, they could see large tentacles in its view. Two of them were slammed out of the air, and their ships sank into the sea.

One of the other spaceships had managed to fly out further to the left of the beast, allowing it to notice the creature before the others. Being further back it had managed to avoid the attack, but soon a jet of water, that spiralled out and shot out like a laser hit the ship blowing it up on the spot.

The final fourth ship seeing this was thankful that the beast had chosen not to use its attack on itself, and was hoping to land upon the planet soon. However, that’s when he noticed at the last second, running on one of the tentacles, was a female looking human.

When Mona got to the end of the beasts’ tentacle, it soon grabbed her, and threw her towards the fourth ship. Using her great strength, she grabbed on to the back, and lifted both her hands. Activating

the power of all her beast gear she slammed down causing an explosion by the engine, and quickly jumped back off, allowing the octopus beast to catch her again and place her on the head.

“Unfortunately for you, I owe that Cursed boy, and his grandfather a favour.” Mona spoke, seemingly to herself. “As the only one of the former Big Four present, I will make sure that you pay a heavy price if you intend to reach that island.”

It was at that moment, Quinn used his Inspect skill, noticing the octopus had clearly demonstrated a speed, strength, size and skills surpassing its former self, yet it looked too similar to the last one to be a different beast.

[Inspect]

[Ala Kraken – Demon tier beast]

“Did you really think you were the only ones that knew how to evolve beasts?” Quinn didn’t need to turn around to be able to imagine that smug smile that was sure to be on Eno’s face.

My Vampire System Chapter 1280: A Familiar person

Quinn couldn’t quite believe what he was seeing. Another Demon tier beast had appeared on the island or more accurately in the sea. What’s more, it seemed to be a beast he was all too familiar with.

When first coming to the island, he had run into it and it had ended up demolishing Logan’s precious submarine. On their second visit, Quinn had seen Mona tame the beast, a feat so amazing that she might be the only one able to achieve such a thing, with the exception of Sil perhaps, but he clearly remembered that the Kraken had not been a Demon tier beast at the time.

The confusing part was that Mona had once claimed that she didn’t think it possible for her to be able to control a Demon tier beast, due to the way her ability worked. She only had enough MC cells to control a Demi-god tier beast, with perhaps a few lower tier ones on top of that.

After learning that beasts like Muddy and Tails could evolve, it wasn't out of the realm of possibility that the Kraken beast could evolve as well, however Quinn would have thought that in that case it should have broken free from Mona's control. Fortunately, the one beside him decided to solve that mystery for him.

"Mona's role in this war had always been bigger than she could ever imagine." Eno proceeded to explain, while they all continued to watch her fight off the incoming spaceships. "I took her in to make sure she would be able to fulfill her role, the only thing she really needed was some guidance.

"People often believe to know everything there is to know about their own ability, especially one passed down in a family, but those are usually the ones who lack creativity. When it comes to abilities, it never hurts to try and think outside the box."

"For example, once a beast has been put under control using the taming ability, a link will have already been established between the tamer and the beast. No matter how strong the beast gets or how weak she would grow, there is no getting out for the beast unless the controller either wills it so... or dies."

"In most instances, it's easier to capture a higher tier beast to grow stronger than to evolve one. On the other hand, how many could claim to be able to get a Demi-god tier beast under their control in the first place. Once captured it was worth the investment to make it evolve." Eno finished his explanations.

The others hearing this, were amazed that they had an actual Demon tier beast fighting on their side. Even faced with the large number of enemies in front of them, they now felt some confidence that perhaps they weren't as doomed as they had come to believe.

Losing the teleporter had been a bitter pill to swallow, not only because it had cut off their path of retreat, but also because they could no longer expect any backup from Sil, one of their strongest members. They all knew how much of a blow this was to the team, so the realization that Eno had prepared something none of them had ever considered was very reassuring.

Unfortunately, despite Mona doing her best to get rid of as many of those ships exiting those portals, there were just far too many for her and the Kraken to deal with on their own. It didn't take long for a number of them to make it past her.

Seeing this, the others were preparing to use their abilities to knock the ships out of the sky, or block the incoming energy blasts that were able to be shot out from the ships. At the moment, the group could see two different types of ships they could make out, one larger but slower, the other faster and more mobile.

The former seemed to be dropships similar to the ones the Graylash group had used when they had gone up against the Sunshield family, unless modified they should have around two dozen people inside. The latter were obviously ones meant to attack, fast and agile with one or two pilots inside. Although Mona had concentrated on taking them out, currently a group of them was heading straight for the castle, their energy blasters ready to fire.

In total, six ships had managed to get past the Kraken, their blasters could be seen charging up, but before any of the Cursed faction could make their move, a gust of wind could be felt and the next second, a large shadow was cast over them all.

“The....the Dragon!” Layla called out. She had her bow ready but quickly put it down when she could only see its back.

The small ships fired their energy blasts, but the Demon tier beast didn’t even show any signs that it had noticed being hit. It seemed indifferent to the attacks and once it was close enough it opened its maw wide to reveal an orange light from behind its fangs.

The next second a stream of fire came bursting out, engulfing two of the ships in flames. When the Dragon stopped its fire breath the small ships could no longer be seen. Normally, at least a few parts would have fallen to ground, yet it was as if it had just disappeared, not even leaving behind any ash.

The Dragon didn’t stop there, using its large tail in lightning fast manner it struck three other ships down, and with a flap of it’s giant wing, one of the ships was thrown off balance before it crashed into it with its giant jaw.

The six small spaceships were no match at all for the giant Demon tier beast. After getting rid of the little flying annoyances that had entered its flight space, the Dragon seemed to have calmed down, returning to its apparently favorite location. When it landed it shook the whole castle that the Cursed group were on.

“Well, it looks like as long as we have him on our side, we won’t lose this fight!” Fex exclaimed, in amazement. It was nice knowing that a beast they had once run from with their lives on the line was now on their side.

As quickly as things had started to look up though, they also started to look down again.

Having learned from the mistakes of their predecessors, most ships had made the smart decision to fly around the area of the Kraken’s current location. At the same time, due to the Dragon’s performance, instead of flying over the island and angering the beast, the dropships had decided to land on the outer edges, allowing the people on board to safely get out. However, the forces didn’t stop there, as several underwater boats that had been hiding, also came onto shore.

“They were in the sea as well!” Nate shouted, seeing as one of the ships opened, and several people were seen coming out from the ship.

From a distance, the others couldn’t tell if they were human or vampires, but Quinn could use his Inspect skill and he was quite surprised about the outcome, for there were a mixture of vampires and humans among the attackers.

All of the men that had come out were wearing a black mask that covered their faces, with only slits over their eyes, so it was impossible for anyone but Quinn to tell at a glance. There seemed to be one human for every twenty or so vampires.

‘How have they managed to gather this many forces? Wasn’t Jim supposed to be a vampire who broke off on his own? Even if he somehow managed to take control over all the spies sent out by the vampires, would they really amount to this many?’ Quinn thought.

Something wasn’t adding up, and he knew the one who would know the answer. In the first place, where were their own reinforcements? Sure, the teleporter had just been destroyed, but what about all the clones that Eno had spread around the place?

“Their forces are far larger than what we had estimated. We need to proceed with the plan instead of just looking at what is happening.” Sam rallied the Cursed group, trying to knock everyone out of their daze. “They are attacking from all over the island, and will slowly be coming forward. We need to stick to the plan and start it now!”

“How are we meant to proceed with the plan when there’s only us?” Linda questioned him. “We need to come up with another idea, otherwise their numbers will simply overwhelm us. There has to be thousands of them while we number less than twenty, and I’m sure they have some strong ones among them.”

Gritting his teeth, Sam had to admit that their plan wasn’t looking too feasible right now. If only they could somehow coordinate their attacks with the Dragon... Unfortunately, if that would have been that easy, Eno wouldn’t have had to work together with the Cursed faction, in hopes of Sil taking control over the Demon tier beast.

Without him, not only was it impossible but also risky. What’s more, if their enemies were attacking with this many people, they surely had to have some trump card that would allow them to deal with the Demon tier beast...

So while it was in the centre of the island, they had to stop anyone from getting close.

“I might not have a way to overpower them, but I have something that should be able to slow them down.” Quinn said. “Do you think that will be enough for the rest of you to proceed with the plan as you originally intended? I’m sorry that I wasn’t there when you were discussing the plan earlier, but I was doing something important.” Quinn said, holding onto the amulets and closing his eyes, before he mumbled.

“I’ll leave this side to you then.”

Taking Full Control, Quinn saw everything that the Roseus tree did, making it easy for him to lead the army of beasts where they were needed.

As for the one controlling his body at the moment, it was none other than Vincent. Opening his eyes, ‘Quinn’ now gave off a different vibe.

“Tell me, what I need to do.” Vincent requested.

‘It’s that other person... again.’ Layla noticed, but she wasn’t the only one to have noticed something.

'This... 'person' isn't Quinn right now... but why do I get a familiar feeling from him?' Eno wondered.

My Vampire System Chapter 1281: Not Your Friend

Something that Quinn had never thought about was the changes that happened each time Vincent would be in control over his body. The fluctuations in one's voice, the energy that surrounded them, the rhythm of their heartbeat and more, all would be determined by the person who was in control of a body.

The human mind was far more incredible than many might think, noticing those changes Eno could tell almost immediately that someone else had taken over Quinn's body. On top of that, the old vampire had also heard the words his 'grandson' had mumbled just before that.

Finally, when Vincent spoke, Eno was convinced that he wasn't Quinn.

"Tell me, what I need to do?" Vincent requested.

Sam and the others had already grouped up, ready to head off into their positions. They had decided to split up into four different groups covering each side of where the enemy would come from.

Linda, Wevil and Peter as one group, Sam, Nate and Layla as another, with Dennis and Fex as the third group. The fourth group would be the Blades, but judging by the fact they had yet to arrive at the top of the castle despite everything happening outside, they seemed to be busy.

'If they're still not here, it should mean that Vorden and Raten are still not done with their evolution and Borden must be staying by their side to guard them.' Sam thought, trying to think of a way to make up for the loss of the Blades.

'Wait, maybe Peter would be a good replacement, after all he has those two by his side.' But when Sam looked up, Peter was nowhere to be seen.

“Peter, where the hell is Peter?” Sam questioned, and realised that he had never come up with the rest. Now he had to come up with another idea.

Honestly he was worried that if they thinned out any of the three groups, especially with Peter gone, it would be too much for the groups to handle.

“I suggest, the three groups cover the East, West, and South sides.” Sam spoke up. “At the moment, Mona is doing a great job stopping those at the North side, so we should be able to leave it be for now. Hopefully she can hold off long enough for the Blades to reinforce her.”

If that wasn't the case, then Sam would have to try to act while on the ground, whichever group was doing best, they could shuffle one person to try and help.

“What about us?” Vincent asked. “What will the three of us be doing?”

“Us three, need to make sure that thing is under control and we will be staying by its side at all times.” Brock answered looking down at the Dragon.

Vincent quickly understood. The enemy would have to send out their strongest members to deal with the Demon tier beast. Perhaps they would ignore the rest of the Cursed faction and head straight for the beast, which was why supposedly the three strongest members had been told to keep guard.

“I have a suggestion to make. I can help out with protecting the North side, the rest of you focus on covering your sides.” Vincent spoke as he lifted his hand to open the Shadow space. Soon four Dalki could be seen appearing out in the open. The only thing was when they appeared they just stood there in place.

‘Ah, right Quinn needs to control them.’ Vincent thought. ‘Well, he said he shares his vision with the Demon tier plant thing, so hopefully he can direct them where to go on the whole island, so I hope he can see this and come back soon.’

“Dalki!” Some of them shouted in surprise seeing the beast, even Eno looked a little bit shocked.

“I see, the boy has been really busy. What a powerful item he has at his disposal. Once again he has surpassed my expectations.” Eno complimented the real Quinn, instead of the whoever was in his body.

“What about Sil?” Layla asked. “Can’t Quinn travel to Alex with his shadow and get Sil?”

Sam shook his head, as he released the mistake he had made. He was so confident in the teleporters he thought something like this wouldn’t have happened.

“Alex decided to head with Andrew to one of the Earthborn group planets. Apparently Andrew needed to create a few things for their group to help in the battle that was coming up, and Alex asked to go along. He has already done so much for us. I thought we could grant him this favour and help out Andrew. I don’t know where he is at the moment. The only thing I can do is ask for someone in the Cursed ship to try and locate him and head back to the Cursed ship.”

While Sam was delivering the news, it didn’t take long for Quinn to notice the presence of the Dalki, so he switched with Vincent for a second, and gave the Dalki simple commands, to head just a little out into the north jungle, and to attack whatever came their way. Straight away the Dalki moved.

“I’ve sent the message, all we can do is wait, but we need to act as well.” Sam said, and the rest of the groups were now moving.

Switching, control back, Vincent was in Quinn’s body once again, and only the three of them now remained on the castle roof.

Vincent, was ready to act, to follow along with these two, but before he could take a step forward, Eno appeared in front of him with his blood armour and looked him directly in the eye.

“It’s apparent that you’re not Quinn, so tell me who you are? Why does it feel like I know you... and you better make sure I like the answer!” Eno demanded.

Now in Full Control of the Roseus tree, Quinn could feel all of the beasts that had been marked over the island, and in the short time he had given it a command, he realised that it had done a far better job than he realised.

Quinn had an army of beasts at his disposal.

‘Thank you for all dressing the same. You’ve just made my job a lot easier.’ Quinn thought as he gave all the beasts a simple command, to attack the people who were wearing those strange black masks.

The beasts soon were seen coming out of the jungle, and onto the sand, jumping towards the people in black masks. Instantly, they attacked using their blood powers, throwing out their red aura. Some beasts were dealt with quickly, while others were strong enough to ignore the first barrage of attacks, charging into their opponents.

“What is going on? Why are all the beasts suddenly attacking us, this has never happened before!” One of the men shouted, as he punched to slice a beast in half with his red blood aura, but soon a strange thought had come out from one of the trees wrapping around his neck.

Just like with the amulet, Quinn was able to use his energy to strengthen the Marked. Instead of using his own energy, or the one of the tree that was already pretty tapped after taking control over so many beasts, the Vampire Lord had started to drain the lower tier beasts who were close to dying. Those that were higher tiers Quinn had decided to give this extra energy he had taken. Especially with more difficult opponents.

It seemed like there were vampires and humans at all different types of levels on the island.

Sam, Nate and Layla were the first ones to reach their position on the East side. It was not too far from where the Demon tier beast was, and they were meant to stick together. That’s when Nate had spotted a masked person come out from the trees towards them.

Nate and Sam both were ready to use their blood powers and Layla also had readied an arrow, but soon they saw a gorilla-like beast jump towards the masked invader. The beast grabbed the poor man’s legs from underneath pulling him onto the ground, and immediately with its large hands it started to pound at the masked man over and over until he was dead.

The gorilla beast looked at the three of them, and then quickly looked away heading back into the forest.

“What the hell was that? Did that beast just help us?” Nate asked, rubbing his eyes as if to check if something was wrong with them.

Layla was the only one who had an idea of what had possibly happened, and it looked like Wevil and Linda who had witnessed the same thing already had figured it out. After all, there was one thing on the island that should be able to control beasts aside from Mona.

“Does it actually belong to us this time, but how?” Wevil asked.

“I don’t know, but if I was to guess, my bet is it’s something to do with Quinn.” Linda shrugged.

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After a brief conversation, Vincent, Brock and Eno jumped down from the castle, landing in the empty centre where the Demon tree, beast and tablet were.

“I see now... so the tree was incomplete before. No wonder, I could tell that it would do us no harm. It looks like I was right to keep it here.” Eno mumbled to himself, as he walked past the tree, and started to head towards the dragon.

As for Vincent, he still had complicated feelings when thinking about the conversation he just had with Eno.

‘Quinn... I’m sorry. I don’t know what will happen after this fight, but I hope you can forgive me for telling him that. It was the only way to make him trust us...’

It was then, when Eno had taken one step too far that the Demon tier dragons beast had turned around, and looked towards the three of them. Its eyes stared at Eno, Brock and Vincent and it didn’t look friendly at all.

“You three need to get out NOW! The Demon tier beast is no longer listening to me!” Somebody’s voice shouted in all three of their heads at the same time.

Both Richard, and Brock didn’t recognise the voice, but Vincent did. It was Ray’s, and it appeared as the three of them were in for a far tougher job than they had signed up for.

My Vampire System Chapter 1282: Protect my brothers

Using the power of the Roseus tree, Quinn was able to coordinate the marked beasts to help out the Cursed faction in holding off the enemy. However, at the end of the day, they were just beasts, whereas nearly all of the enemy forces consisted of vampires who had access to super strength, great speed and blood powers.

It also didn’t help that thanks to a certain family that had been on the island for a while now the strongest beasts that the tree had been able to mark were at the King tier. Quinn could use the power of the tree to make them somewhat stronger but even that could only do so much against their foes’ teamwork.

Then there were also the stronger vampires who were able to ignore the beasts in the jungle and were heading straight towards the Demon tier beast. It was the second line of defence’s job to intercept them.

The group stationed at the East section consisted of Sam, Layla and Nate. Although he was the weakest of the bunch, just barely being a noble vampire, Sam stood at the front. Nate was also a strong vampire at the noble level, and despite being turned by Sam, had grown to become stronger than him. This was why Sam had decided to stay a bit at the back. As for Layla, she had scaled one of the trees and took the high ground.

Looking carefully she noticed some of the trees moving, and quickly held up five fingers on one hand, signalling the two from below.

“You haven’t learnt how to use Blood Hardening yet, have you?” Nate asked.

Sam shook his head, a little embarrassed. He had only ever learned the basics of using his blood skills. While the rest had continuously trained whenever they could, he had been left to deal with the administrative tasks for the Cursed faction, keeping it running.

It was also the reason why their teams consisted of three members, instead of two like the other groups. The first to attack was Layla, as she placed five arrows in her bow and fired them all at once.

Each one of them had been embedded with Qi. As they reached the vampires, one of them had attempted to grab onto the arrow, but it was too powerful for him to hold onto and went straight through his head killing him on the spot.

Another of the vampires managed to move in time, letting the arrow hit the tree, but seeing this, Layla tried out her new skill. Using her telekinesis powers she made the arrow spin, also adding another surge of her Qi.

'My body still can't handle the amount of Qi I have, but somehow it's easy enough to share my Qi when I use it in tandem with my telekinesis powers!' Layla's thought distracted her for a brief moment and she ended up putting in a little too much power. The whole width of the tree exploded and the arrow carried on heading towards one of the black masked men.

The masked man was lucky, due to the arrow shaft exploding with the force of Qi, the only thing that had managed to hit him was the arrow head. Still, there was one person who wouldn't miss this opportunity, and that was Sam.

He had been patiently waiting for an opportunity to help out. The masked man managed to parry the arrowhead, yet three blood swipes followed closely behind it, hitting him and finishing him off instantly.

'My blood powers aren't any weaker than theirs. I can still help.' Sam thought.

As for the other arrows that Layla had fired off, their targets seemed to be more skilled, as they had been able to strike down the arrow at the right time, or hit it with blood attacks of their own, swaying their path.

'Looks like there are some strong ones in the group, but there are some strong ones in our group as well.' Layla thought.

She quickly moved from her position, onto another tree. She knew from her training that if she was going to support the group as a marksman, she couldn't afford to stay in one place for too long, otherwise they would find her.

On top of that, from the initial five that were joining in the fight, more people in the distance could be seen creeping through the jungle. For now, she would do whatever she could to injure them as much as possible.

'I can do this!'

The three that managed to get through, all ran forward at once, and one of them had gone straight for Nate. The masked man had its hand clawed and wrapped in blood aura, something Nate hadn't seen before, nor did he know it was something they could do.

"Too slow!" Nate shouted, at the right time he stepped forward using a flash step to avoid the strike, and with a fist punched the masked person directly in the face, continuing the contact until the fist and his face were touching the ground beneath them.

The other vampires soon came to attack him from either side, but he had Blood hardening on his arms, and managed to stop the attacks. However, they were faster than Nate had anticipated. He was hoping to get rid of two of them, so he could pick off one of them on their own, but now he was forced to block their attacks.

"You guys should be ashamed." Nate smiled, as he continued to block hit after hit from the vampires. "You've been vampires from the beginning, right? That means you must have lived far longer than me. You had all this time to train your skills, yet this is as far as you got!"

At the right time, when one of the foes was ready to attack again, a shadow appeared in front of him stopping his attack, meaning Nate was able to freely go after the other vampire. Quickly, moving his head he avoided a punch and grabbed the masked man by the back of the head, before pulling the head down and slamming it into his knee.

Before they could recover, Nate made sure to use a strike he had been practising from someone he had seen so many times before. Throwing out a fist, with a Blood spray, Nate slammed a Blood hammer into the vampire's stomach, making sure he would never get up again.

Turning around, Nate placed his shadow down expecting to have to deal with one more, but to his surprise he saw Sam there as well, and the other vampire already finished off on the ground.

"If their backs are turned and distracted, I can do something on my own." Sam stated. "You don't have to look after me that much. Besides there's something I realised, something that these guys don't have compared to the vampires inside the vampire settlement. It might just have been the ones we have fought so far, but I have a feeling it will be true for all of them."

"What do you mean?" Nate asked.

"None of them have any of the vampire abilities that we've witnessed over there. They're just using their blood powers." Sam answered, still unsure what the reason for that was. Still, they only had a moment to catch their breath for there were more they needed to deal with.

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Inside the castle, both Raten and Vorden had moved rooms after the roots had come down to attack them. They ended up choosing one of the many regular rooms, one that would have been used by the maids.

Just like before, Borden was guarding both of them, yet this time they were in an even worse state. Previously they had been consuming crystals one by one, this way after each crystal was absorbed they could still choose to fight if there was a need, albeit it weakened.

However, after the attack they had experienced, they started to experiment with consuming many crystals. They both found that although the time to absorb the crystals was longer when consuming more than one. It was shorter than if they were to do so separately, one by one.

Which was why, they both had decided to consume all of the crystals and were in the next step. How long it would take them to get out of it, and whether they would evolve or not, they didn't know and neither did Borden.

While watching over the two of them, Borden heard the castle shaking from below. It was clear that something had hit the castle and he was wondering what it could have been. He looked at the two of them.

'No one will suspect that someone is in this room, right?' Borden tried to convince himself... but he quickly changed his mind. 'No, I have to stay in place! I can't disappoint them again!'

Choosing to stay, Borden believed he was doing the right thing. He reasoned that it might just have been a stray attack from somewhere that had hit the castle, or maybe something else. After waiting a while, several bangs could be heard throughout the castle, and each time they were getting louder and louder.

'What is going on? This can't all just be coincidence. If something is in the castle, I have to make sure it won't disturb these two.' Borden thought.

The banging and crashing was still heard, and as Borden made his way through the castle to try and locate where the noise was coming from it was getting louder and louder. Eventually Borden realized that the sound was coming from the dining room.

Still in his large, adult sized form, Borden decided to form his spikes on his back before entering, listening to his Dalki self. Now ready to fight, Borden opened the doors confidently.

As for what he could see was in the castle, it was a huge surprise to him.

There were three figures in the room that were breaking and trashing everything they could see in the castle. They destroyed every room they had entered, but what was most surprising about them was that they were Dalki.

"That one, is the one that attacked Slicer!" One of them pointed at Borden.

Borden knew he couldn't hold back, because all three of them were three spiked Dalki.

My Vampire System Chapter 1283: Don't turn

Quinn only had a short amount of time to test the capabilities of the Roseus tree beforehand, but now, forced into this real battle situation, he was quickly picking up new tricks and skills that were helping out with the fight against their enemy.

For example, while using Full Control on the Demon tier tree itself, he could still continue to give it simple commands as if he was giving someone partial control orders. What this meant was that the Vampire Lord could focus on certain parts on the island to help boost creatures and fight against the enemy.

The masked vampires were getting frustrated as more and more beasts had been coming out of nowhere, since the tree's roots had been marking new one whenever one died off.

Another difference between the tree and the Demon tier amulet was in regards to the energy transfer. The tree actually never seemed to run out of energy, it seemed more like it was allowing the beasts to borrow its energy.

At first, whenever one beast was close to death, Quinn would drain their energy, but before discovering the ability to delegate some tasks to the tree, he had been unable to drain every creature before its demise.

However, this did lead him to the realisation that whenever one of the Marked beasts died, the energy inside them would automatically return to the Roseus tree. Essentially, the beasts that did remain were able to grow stronger as Quinn continued to give them energy.

'No wonder the original Demon tier Tree had been so difficult to deal with. I've been wondering how Robin got so strong, even after it had Marked all the others.' Quinn thought to himself.

Surprisingly, while checking around the island, Quinn discovered one of his fellow comrades who seemed to be on his own... only there were actually two tagalongs behind him.

“Damn it!” Peter shouted. “I thought I could get a head start and head to where all those ships were to deal with them before they came to the island, but now I have no clue where I’m going. I’m lost!”

However, even if Peter was lost he still managed to run into his fair share of opponents as well, the only problem was...

Six masked men had been running through the jungle, they had easily spotted a large pale body from a mile away and had designated him as a target. All of them chose to attack, throwing out their blood swipes through the trees.

They thought their attack was sure to hit, but the pale body avoided all of the strikes. Seeing this, the masked men thought it would be best if they attacked head on instead. Using their physical strength and vampire powers, they charged in.

That’s when they noticed Peter as well next to the pale body, he had a strange smile on his face as if he was excited. Peter crashed his knuckles and cracked his neck turning it side to side.

‘Finally six of them, maybe these guys will be a m-’ Before Peter could finish his thought, he heard something similar to the sound of a whip. The masked men didn’t quite register what had even happened, as they carried on moving forward, soon finding their upper bodies sliding off from their legs, and eventually falling to the ground..

“Damn it!” Peter shouted. “Legs you keep killing them all before I even get to hit them! I know you’re just trying to protect me, but I want to have a little bit of fun as well, you know?!”

Quinn couldn’t believe what he had just witnessed. Slicer’s legs with the tail were still just as strong as before. Not even vampires could match up to it, and Hilston’s body was also faster than they could react.

Seeing this, Quinn thought that maybe Peter really wasn’t someone he had to worry about, and decided he could leave him be to do his own thing, while he continued trying to slow down the Masked.

Inside the castle, Borden had just entered the dining room, only to discover a trio of three spiked Dalki already inside.

'It looks like they recognise me from that video. Should I feel flattered that Dalki watched it as well?' Borden thought, as he was about to turn away. 'There goes my plan to pretend to be one of them. Not that I was going to do that for long anyway.'

Currently, Borden was a three spiked Dalki, just like the ones in front of him. At the time he hadn't noticed it, but during the fight against Slicer he had been so filled with anger, seeing his brother in trouble he had managed to summon a fourth... Unfortunately he was unable to do the same at this moment.

He didn't understand why he was different from other Dalki. He could take on a human form while others couldn't, just like he could hide the number of spikes on his back, but it didn't matter, he was different.

Still, when his body was about to turn around, he heard a voice in his head speak to him.

'Are you going to just run away?'

The voice was clearly his own, yet somehow just the mere idea of running away annoyed him.

'No.' Borden decided as he turned back around, just in time to see an incoming punch from one of the Dalki. Moving his head he avoided it, only to counter with a punch of his own, delivering a devastating uppercut to the Dalki's chin, sending it up in the air.

'I can't run away, because I am going to protect them! I'll kill these guys!' Borden let out a scream.

He was able to hit the first one, hoping it would be enough to kill the resilient Dalki, whose resilience rivaled zombies at times. Borden moved forward hoping to finish off the Dalki, but two more fists came towards him.

Borden lifted his arms up blocking the attack. He could tell that although they were all three spikes, their strength was not on par with his, as he was only forced back a few inches from where he had stood. Still, there was a crucial problem, there were three of them and one of him.

Before he could do anything else, the fist from the second Dalki connected with his stomach, causing him to drop to his, then the third Dalki used his foot to kick him in the head

The first one had also recovered and jumped up to join his companions as Borden gritted his teeth. When it was close enough, Borden surprised them all, by lunging at the first one, both of them landing on the floor. Only to receive two more hits from the others, now damaging the scales on his body.

This continued, for every hit Borden was able to get in, he would be hit two times back himself. At the same time, even though he was getting stronger with each hit, so was one of them.

'I have to do something, otherwise I won't last long against three of them. Unless I manage to get to my fourth spike like back then, I'll lose this fight!'

His worries started to distract Borden, and the Dalki who had realised that their opponent intended to turn this into a slugfest were smart enough to all start aiming at the same location, the side of his ribs. One of them had even decided to claw at it, rather than make a fist, ripping some of Borden's scales off.

Green blood was now spilling from his side, and he was pretty sure his ribs were broken.

"Arghhh!" Borden screamed, ignoring it, and charging in again, he latched onto the Dalki that was injured the most. This whole time Borden was aiming for something, he had purposely decided not to hurt the other two as much, and whenever he got the chance to attack the first one, he had used his full strength, judging now was the time.

Leaving the others alone had been to to weaken their powers, and hurting this one was to put him on the edge. Borden, then lifted the Dalki into the air, and over his shoulder, planning to slam it into the ground, but he could see two fists coming his way.

'They're going to hit me right after I beat this one... and it's going to hurt.' Borden thought but continued with his attack anyway.

Slamming the Dalki down, it had made a hole in the floor cracking the ground beneath them. They were on the bottom floor but what they didn't realise was that there was a whole cave system underneath.

Now the Dalki had been lost.

'Wait, why aren't I getting hurt?' Borden thought, as he had expected to get hit by the other two any second now, but it had never come. Looking around the room, he saw a large black furred creature with giant black wings on his back, and a snout-like face with devastating fangs.

On his forearms, there were also what looked like smaller wings, only folded giving them a strong and sharp look. In front of him on the ground was Dalki that was blooded, while another had been hit away into the wall.

"Vorden... you evolved?" Borden asked in amazement.

"Yeah, but I'm not the only one." Vorden replied with a smirk.

My Vampire System Chapter 1284: A New Tier

His appearance had changed once again through evolution, but Borden was unsure whether Vorden was now inhabiting the body of a humanoid beast who had evolved into a Demi-god tier beast or whether the crystals they had gathered had been enough to allow Tails to reach the Demon tier level.

Borden looked over at the two struggling Dalki to get an idea just how powerful Vorden had grown. The Dalki that was now covered in green blood, was standing up and the other that had been blasted through the wall was also returning. Thankfully it seemed like the one Borden had thrown through the floor wasn't getting back up, which hopefully meant that it was dead.

"Ah, I guess I'm still not strong enough to take out a three spiked Dalki in one hit, these guys are super tough." Vorden stated calmly, his wings on his back started to move slightly, getting ready to be used.

Jumping back, it looked like Vorden's body was floating for a few seconds as he landed gently by Borden's side.

"Even as a Demi-god tier beast it won't be easy for me to match up against this trio of three spikes. Borden, I'm going to need your help on this one." Vorden requested. Fortunately, their opponents were on the weaker end among three spikes, so as long as Borden teamed up with his brother, the two of them felt confident in taking them.

"What about Raten?" Borden asked. "Is he still going through the evolution process?"

With the two Dalki getting closer, Vorden was getting ready to attack, opting to answer Borden's question later, but it was at that moment that a smile appeared on his face, as he realised there would be no need for him to do anything.

"Just see for yourself."

The two Dalki were a little shocked by the sudden entrance of a beast. However, on their way towards the castle, they had run into many beasts that had attacked them, so they assumed this one would be no different.

Nevertheless, they remained cautious because this was the first beast that had managed to draw blood on their hard scaled bodies, because of this all of their attention was focused on the Dalki and beast in front of them, that they had failed to notice that both of them could no longer move.

When they attempted to move their feet, they suddenly felt stuck. Looking down, both of them could see that their feet had been encased in some type of mud.

"What is this?! Why can't we move?!" One of them shouted in anger, but with no momentum and just their power alone they were unable to break through the substance that had appeared below them. This was a first for the two Dalki who used their strength to break through everything.

'Just how strong is that stuff if it can stop even three spiked Dalki from moving and where did it come from?' Borden wondered, as he hadn't been paying much attention either. The next second, a human

figure could be seen dropping from above, and at the same time, two large blades were being formed in seconds.

A liquid mud-like substance could be seen changing shape and forming into the two blades at the last second, until it had pierced right through the top of both the Dalki's heads, like two meat skewers, both of them were no longer moving.

Now standing, in the middle of the two Dalki, was the mud-like beast.

"Raten, you killed them so easily! But how is that possible... unless you're a..." Borden wasn't too sure about the evolution, since Muddy's appearance hadn't changed as drastically as Tails.

"Hahaha...hahaha...this is GREAT!" Raten loud enough that he risked attracting any nearby Dalki, and that was because he didn't care about this possibility. In fact, he was so confident in this new body that he would welcome any to come over to him.

"Yeah, your guess is right." Vorden replied. "Muddy managed to evolve, which means right now Raten is controlling the body of a humanoid Demon tier beast. I was worried that even after hunting that many high tier beasts we would lack in crystals, but fortunately Muddy had done a good job on his own."

"We were also lucky that Tails' body needed far less crystal than we had estimated. Since it seemed impossible for me to evolve into a Demon tier, I handed my remaining share over to Raten." Vorden started to explain.

"After we finished our evolution, we noticed that there were Dalki in the castle. The first one actually entered our room and Raten dealt with it before I could even help. We then split up, he eliminated other Dalki we could hear, and I came to you, since I was worried."

"According to Muddy, even though his form hasn't changed too much, he now can use a number of different skills he couldn't do before. His body can form into a type of soft mud, but when it's hardened it's just as strong as the weapons or shield he made before. He can even change his whole body into a mud like substance, even his real form and can practically transform into whatever shape he wants right now."

“If he wanted to go under doors as just a pile of mud he can, whereas before he could only transform part of his mud and was limited to his human-like appearance.”

Although it didn't sound too impressive, Borden, who had been fighting the three spiked Dalki, had just seen it in action. The Mud Hardening was able to even restrain their strength, making it extremely useful.

It was then, that the mud surrounding the Dalkis' legs had joined up with Ratan's body that Borden could see a slight change, the sheer size of Raten was now bulkier, but he soon disperse the mud making small little daggers by his side, and started to mold the mud more and more, putting detail into every little indent in his body, until finally something had happened that not even Vorden had seen coming.

Both of them were completely shocked by the change.

“Y-you now look completely like a....H-human.” Vorden stuttered, still in disbelief and honestly a little jealous.

Before, Raten with the beast body just had a human-like figure, but one could still see that it was just a beast. Now there was so much detail in his appearance. Were it not for the strange colour, as well as some missing parts of the human body like lips, Raten could be mistaken for a human. He had even molded himself a pair of eyebrows.

After finishing looking at Raten in awe, the three of them knew they needed to do something. They were sure that things must have gone horribly wrong on the outside if the Dalki had managed to infiltrate the castle. They were still lacking the whole picture due to staying inside the whole time.

Borden was quite hurt, and Vorden had offered him an injection, but taking one meant that his body would fully heal, and he would lose access to all the strength his injured body granted him.

“I think it might be best if we save that for later. I can still fight, and we don't know who else is inside this castle.” Borden rejected his offer.

Before leaving the place, the three Blades decided to scout the whole area to see if there was anyone else inside. It was then that they had found their first vampires that tried to attack them, but dealing with the vampires was a lot easier than the Dalki.

Going up through the floors they were encountering more, and eventually they had stumbled upon a whole group of masked men who used the red aura powers of the vampire, while another had used an earth ability.

Vorden found this strange as it was the first ability user they had come across. Vorden wanted to test a few things out, for he didn't seem to have super strength or speed like the others either, but Raten had killed the masked man before they could ask him anything.

'Dalki, Vampires and now even Humans, all of them are working together to take over this island? Just who is our enemy to be able to gather these three different groups under one banner?' Vorden wondered.

After clearing out the castle, not finding out much in regards to why those people had come here, they decided to head outside, where they could hear the fighting taking place all over.

"We should go to Sam and see if he needs our help with anything?" Vorden suggested.

"Sure, but do you happen to have ANY idea where Sam currently is?" Raten replied sarcastically since none of them had a way to contact the vampire.

In the middle of their small argument, they could feel the ground underneath them shake, followed by a loud roaring not too far from them.

"This has to be the Demon tier beast." Borden pointed out. "But why does it sound so...angry?"

Both Raten and Vorden looked at each other. Although both of them were inside the body of a humanoid beast, to them it had just sounded like a beast's roar, so they were wondering how Borden could tell how it was feeling.

However, Vorden considered that Borden wasn't quite like them. He wasn't just half beast, but created using one half of the Demon tier beast that was on this island, so perhaps he shared some connection to it, at least enough to be able to pick up on its emotions.

"If it's angry, maybe we should go see why." Vorden suggested.

My Vampire System Chapter 1285: Moody Dragon

Brock, Eno and Vincent were standing mere meters away from the Demon tier beast that looked like a Dragon. Initially, they had been unsure if it was going to attack them or leave them be, as it had just continued staring at them, but once it had let out that almighty roar, they all understood that none of them were welcome anymore.

When Quinn had gone up to the tablet, Vincent was unable to hear the voice on the other side, but he could hear what Quinn was saying. It sounded one sided but he could guess the words that were being spoken and Quinn often updated him on what was happening as he wanted a second opinion.

However, for the first time, Vincent had heard the voice, and knowing that it didn't come from the other two with him, he was certain that it had come from the tablet itself, meaning it had come from the one that Quinn had called Ray.

'Could it be that I can hear the voice because I'm in Quinn's body?' Vincent theorised, however, looking at the two in front, it was clear from their confused looks that they too had heard it.

Noticing this, he looked past the Dragon to see that the tablet had lit up, just as it had done when Quinn would speak to it, even though at the moment no one was touching it.

"Please... get out of here!" The voice insisted once more but it started to fade away, and so did the light of the tablet, indicating that it could no longer help.

Just when the tablet's light had faded the Dragon started to charge towards the three of them. With its mighty legs, each step caused the ground to rumble. The beast opened its maw wide, revealing the orange light at the back of its throat.

'We have to get out of here. That Ray guy wouldn't warn us if this wasn't serious. Right now, none of us are a match for it. Perhaps even the enemy has underestimated the strength of the Demon tier beast!' Vincent thought, as he went to grab onto the one closest to him, Brock.

The fire was ready to leave the beast's mouth and Eno was a few fingertips away. Seeing this, Vincent had no choice, but to use Quinn's shadow to travel, placing both him and Brock in the shadow underneath to move away, yet the ancient vampire stood there unafraid.

When the flames were about to touch him, the middle spire of his crown started to light up, and soon the rest of his armour did so as well. The fire crashed into Eno yet somehow none of it touched him. The flames spread as if they were hitting some type of wall, and when looking at Eno, ripples of red aura could be seen in the air contumely moving.

"There was no need for you to do that." Brock stated without looking at his 'rescuer' his gaze fixed at Eno who was blocking the attack.

"Excuse me for wanting to help you... how was I supposed to know his blood armour could do that?" Vincent replied. Blood armour wasn't exactly common, in fact it was rare enough to see someone so much as wear it. From his limited experience, he was sure that the set of armour should have great defence, so he had considered the possibility of Eno surviving the attack, yet he had never thought about it being able to create something like a force field.

"Granted, you couldn't have known. The Vampire King's set, Arthur's set, every blood armour set has a different skill, just like some blood weapons." Brock nodded.

Vincent was thinking back to the fight with Cindy. How the blood armour had been powered by not just human blood but vampire blood as well. To this day, Vincent still wasn't sure what the king's blood armour did, other than radiating a part of the armour, and a strong force being exerted from that area.

However, he was sure of one thing, that each of the blood armours required blood for their ability to activate, yet Vincent could see none.

"As long as we stay behind Richard, we are safe." Brock repeated.

Noticing that its flames didn't have the intended effect, the Dragon stopped, but the trail of flames continued, so Eno continued to stand there waiting for the attack to end. The Demon tier beast turned around, swinging his gigantic tail at a speed that even a vampire would struggle to keep up with, much less the ancient vampire who was rooted in place,

It went through its own flames like it was nothing, the tail was also coming from the side rather than head on. Seeing this, Brock's facade changed for the first time to a look of worry.

'Is he limited to blocking only attacks from the front or is it because he is still blocking the flames?' Vincent wondered seeing this.

The next second, the giant tail slammed into Eno and his armour, sending him flying. A blur was seen passing through the jungle, and the sound of several trees were heard breaking as he crashed through them one by one.

It appeared that Eno, who always seemed to have some type of trump card up his sleeve or some secret backup plan, came up short for once. In fact, Vincent wouldn't be surprised if he might even be out of this fight altogether.

"It looks like it might have been a good thing that me and you were in this shadow, after all." Vincent cockily noted.

"We have to check if the master is okay, let me out of this place!" Brock demanded, not in the mood for any jabs.

"Hold on." Vincent held him back. Now wasn't the time to lose their temper, not when there was still a giant and angry Demon tier beast in their immediate vicinity.

The two of them had traveled out of the open area, and were looking at everything that was going on from the outskirts of the jungle. The Dragon hadn't done much, it had only breathed a single breath of fire and swung its tail, and not even Eno could face something like that with his blood armour. It was clear that the two of them stood no chance.

'Perhaps by using the shadow powers, I could block one attack. Wait, isn't Quinn's Shadow overload skill the answer? With the soul weapon active it gives him an unlimited amount of MC cells, as long as he can move the shadow fast enough he could block any attack?'

Still, that wouldn't help them defeat the Dragon, they would still be lacking in the fire power department, not to mention their primary goal was to defend the beast, not to defeat it.

"Alright, it seems the Dragon has gone back to its usual spot by the tablet. It's no longer sleeping like it was before, but I think as long as we stay out of its way, things will be fine. It seems to attack anyone that gets too close to it." Vincent noted.

Brock found Vincent's conjecture convincing, but right now he couldn't care less about that overgrown lizard, he just wanted to hurry up and check whether Eno was okay. Since they didn't have to fear the wrath of the beast any longer, Vincent let go of him.

"I'll stay by the Dragon's side. Just go and see if the old man is okay. Well, I guess we're all old timers, huh." Vincent chuckled to himself, as the two of them left the shadow to travel and were back in the jungle, not too far from the open area.

"Just don't get too close to that Dragon on your way back!" Vincent stressed.

Brock nodded and was already running off into the direction Eno had been sent to. It was easy enough to follow him, given the line of destruction he had left.

Meanwhile, Vincent remained, waiting to see just how the enemy was planning to capture such a wild beast.

All blood armour that had been created was strong beyond belief. Even Quinn had been unable to put so much as a dent in the blood armour while Cindy had been wearing it. He had only managed to damage her body through it, and this was exactly how Eno felt right now.

To his luck, he had been hit into a cave behind a waterfall, but on his way he had crashed into several trees, eventually recovering mid air he had stopped himself before hitting any of the walls in the cave he was in.

'I knew it would have been better to stick to my original plan of moving the Demon tier beast. If those brats had only listened to me, we could have simply focused on fighting the enemy in front of us. Now we have to worry about the Demon tier beast as well. I hate it when I'm stressed out.' Eno thought standing up letting the blood flow out of his mouth, but he soon made a circle motion with his finger, opening up a small portal that looked similar to the ones the ships had come from.

Putting his hand inside, he pulled out a flask, and started to chug down on the blood inside.

Surprised, Eno could hear sounds beyond the wall of water that was crashing down in front of him. Eno decided to walk towards the cave entrance that was covered by the wall of water falling from above and eventually jumped through it landing on a large rock around the edge of the river.

There he could see a certain person, calmly walking through the jungle, with two large Dalki by his side.

"JIM!!!!" Eno shouted out.

My Vampire System Chapter 1286: The back up

There was one more member of the Cursed faction that had arrived with the group, but hadn't been part of any of the plans so far, nor had Eno given him any direction. This was because the moment he had arrived, rather than to go through the hidden stash of beast gear Hilston Blade had accumulated, he had been told to do something else.

While the others had been gleefully searching for treasure, Logan had headed for Blade Island's so-called Temple. It was a place where the Blade kids had been forced to learn how to fight and use their abilities. As for the reason why Logan was here, it was all because Sam had given him a special mission, a task that only he could do.

'Sam's intellect might not be as vast as mine, but his foresight sure is impressive. Then again, sending me here was also the obvious choice.' Logan thought, as he was walking through one of the hallways, searching for the best location to start on his little project. 'Just like Richard Eno himself, it never hurts to have a back up plan, especially since that man can't be trusted.'

The Temple was a large building that was shaped like a square. The centre of it was an open field, which the Blade kids had used to practise. The other parts of the large square were used as classrooms, filled with all sorts of resources.

'This classroom should do.' Logan decided, as he entered one. He placed a circular disk on the floor which had a red light in the centre that lit up. Once he was done there, Logan also went to the roof of the building, and started to set something else up.

While he himself was busy with the tools he had brought along, he had made sure to instruct his spiders to be on the lookout throughout the jungle. The Temple was considered a relatively safe area, away from beasts, but the journey was not.

However, thanks to Logan's little spiders he had been able to avoid any trouble, especially since the Blade siblings had done a good job culling their numbers. The few times he had ended up running into a beast though, Logan had easily been able to fight it off, or just outright kill it.

"That's the fourth one done, now it should be covered by all sides, and I already finished setting up the jammers around the place as well."

Standing up, Logan looked over his work, now there was only one more thing that needed to be done. Grabbing a crystal from the large backpack that was carried by what looked like strange robotic spider legs, Logan placed the crystal in the device.

Fueled by an energy source, it went online and immediately started moving. The device itself looked like a robotic turret, and started to move from left to right. At the moment, they were set to auto mode, but Logan could also control all of them by using a special pair of glasses that he had brought with him. They were also connected to his special suits.

On all sides of the rectangle building, Logan had set up these special turrets that would fire off energy blasts using the power of crystals. Their range wasn't too far, but that was because he didn't want anyone to know he was here in the first place.

Before setting up the turrets, Logan had picked out certain areas to set up the special teleporter jammers. There were two ways to jam the Dalki technology. One was to have it built into the teleporter device. This had been the case with the teleporter next to the tablet.

It was designed this way so the Dalki wouldn't get suspicious and it was easy to protect just one item. As for the second way, that was what Logan had used inside the Temple. They looked similar to the Dalki jammers only that they did the opposite, blocking out the Dalki's teleporter jammers within a certain area.

Setting these up in hiding spots, now the whole Temple was safe from any type of jammer, even if a couple of them were to be destroyed.

Heading back inside Logan headed to another room. This one was smaller than the others and it only had two desks inside, making him slightly curious what exactly it had been used for. Whatever it was, for some reason it had been the one kept in the best shape.

To his right, he could see plenty of books on the shelves as well as anime stories about superheroes.

Before starting his work, he heard a loud roar off in the distance, even from where he was.

"This is the perfect place to set up the teleporter, and it looks like we might need it." Logan mumbled as he got to work.

The special task he had been assigned was to prepare a second teleporter. However, it wasn't so others could come and help them. No, Sam had made it clear that he wanted Logan to make it work one-way. If more people started to appear from the Temple, the enemy might end up targeting that place.

If their task seemed impossible, this teleporter would act as a last resort to ensure they could retreat!

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After leaving the castle, the Blades decided to head to where they had just heard the loud roar come from. They knew they were heading to the other Demon tier beast.

Perhaps it was overconfidence, but now that Muddy had evolved into a Demon tier beast as well, Raten was sure he could deal with it, if the need arose. His siblings showed no fear as they were heading towards it, which was probably the wrong choice.

Humanoid beasts were meant to be the strongest type of beasts in existence, and Raten was a Demon tier humanoid one. This was where some of Raten's logic had come from.

When seeing it up ahead, Raten charged forward hoping to get to the beast first before the others.

"Raten, wait!" Vorden shouted out. "We don't even know if the others are in trouble, the beast could even be helping us!"

It was clear to him that Raten just wanted to pick a fight with the beast to prove who was the stronger one of the Demon tier beasts. The good thing was, before Raten could leave the jungle, a shadow appeared in front of them, blocking his path. What's more a fist filled with red aura came out of it, aimed at Raten's stomach, sending him a few feet back.

"Calm down, you idiots, or you'll get us all to be killed!" They were being berated by Vincent.

The attack hadn't hurt Raten, not that Vincent had his full strength in the first place. Even if he had, Muddy's new body was strong enough that a punch without any Qi would hardly be noticed by him. The concept of that, was one of the few things that Vincent still hadn't grasped while in Quinn's body.

Blood powers were something he had known, and getting the hang out of the Shadow power had also been easy, but Qi was something foreign to him. Quinn's body might be able to use it, but Vincent hadn't yet figured out how.

“The Demon tier beast doesn’t seem to attack us as long as we don’t come too close to it. So it will be in our best interest to make sure none of us enter that open area around it. For now we should stay and keep watch.” Vincent explained.

“Who are you?” Vorden asked suddenly. “I’ve known Quinn for a long time, but I’ve never heard him speak to us like strangers. Where is Quinn? What have you done to him?!” With Vorden asking these questions, the other two were getting ready for a fight.

Quinn was still using Full Control on the Roseus tree, but he could see that the beasts he was using were about to be overwhelmed. What’s more from the looks of it, the roots had already marked all the beasts that had been on the island.

‘How many of these masked people are there? It seems that I have exhausted all the beasts on the island, yet they just keep coming. The Cursed faction are doing a good job holding them off, but it seems like it’s never ending.’

Noticing this, Quinn decided to give a final command to the Roseus tree. To supply beasts that were alive with as much energy as possible, and to also protect the Cursed faction members. The last ones it had marked shouldn’t attack the enemy but focus on protecting the others.

‘I guess it’s time for me to return to my body and see what’s happened.’ Quinn decided.

My Vampire System Chapter 1287: A Tiger’s last stand

When Vorden had asked this question, he thought back to the time when they had all been in the Shelter. Back then, he had seen Quinn, but not once had his friend used his shadow abilities. Even if he had obtained it at some point, that didn’t explain the strange way the ‘Quinn’ before them spoke to them.

Vorden had gathered that most likely the person that was in control of Quinn before at the Shelter, would be the same person now, but he was interested to find out just who this person was, and was

hoping to get an answer. The only problem was, Vorden didn't account for the fact that he had two hot headed brothers who were ready for action.

Immediately after Vorden voiced his doubt about the person in front of them being the actual Cursed faction leader, they considered him to be an enemy.

The first thing Raten did was liquify parts of his body, sinking mud into the ground, using it to trap the person in front of them. They knew how fast and agile Quinn's body was, so if this wasn't a double, but someone who took control over him, it was in their best interest to chain him down. It worked perfectly, since Vincent didn't exactly want to fight against them.

"Hang on, what are you doing, I'm-" Before Vincent really had a chance to explain himself, Borden had already thrown out a punch. Fortunately the Vampire Lord's body allowed Vincent to see it coming from a mile away. He avoided and grabbed onto Broden's wrist.

"You know this body doesn't lack in strength when compared to you, and these things can't trap me." Vincent pointed out, as he sunk into his shadow travel in order to escape from the mud that he was trapped in. As soon as he reappeared, Vincent held out his hand ready to fire, as he could see the two beasts coming towards him.

'Dealing with them might prove difficult. It would be one thing if they were the enemy, but Quinn wouldn't be too happy if I end up hurting his friends!' Vincent was worried about what to do. Alas, they didn't seem like the types to listen, not unless he forced them to, after subduing them.

Luckily, just in that moment, a certain person returned to his own body.

Quinn was confused since the first thing he saw were two of his friends coming at him, and as they both were inches away from him, Quinn had disappeared, and the two had struck nothing but air. A few seconds later, and Quinn had reappeared after using his Shadow lock on himself and this time, he had all of the gear of the Blue Fang armour set.

"Have you guys been taken over? What's happened!" Quinn demanded an answer, ready to attack them both, currently under the same misconception as the two of them.

“Wait!” Vorden called, hoping to explain the situation.

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Out of all the Cursed group members that had split up, there was one group struggling more so than any of the others, and that was Wevil and Linda. Both of them used to be the vice leaders of their old factions at one point and having to fight multiple enemies wasn't something uncommon to them at this point, still the sheer number of their opponents was proving too much.

Wevil could no longer keep up his Tiger Beetle from running out of energy. He had great speed but as he tired, the countless masked vampires that had only been a little slower than himself had finally managed to catch up to him.

'I need blood.' Wevil thought as he huffed and puffed. Soon two masked men were on him with their claws out. Wevil hurried to defend himself with his daggers, stabbing one in the thigh and the other at the back of his neck.

Seconds later, he was hit by a red aura from another direction.

“Arghh!” Wevil screamed in pain as his body hurled over. The vampire who had been stabbed in the thigh saw his chance and went for the kill with a swipe of his hand, only to be stopped seconds later by a giant club that knocked him away.

“Wevil, I'll cover for you!” Linda shouted, but she didn't look much better than her companion, covered in blood, much of it her own. Looking at her, Wevil could tell her wounds were no longer healing the same as before and both of them were suffering from the same problem.

They both needed energy. Wevil could obtain new energy from blood, he just needed to touch a human, while Linda needed to consume humans similar to how Peter did. In the middle of the chaos it was impossible for them to recharge.

The Masked attackers just didn't seem to stop coming. At first they had been easily able to deal with the groups of five that would appear through the forest, but now more and more were getting through, while they were starting to feel exhausted.

'Crap, I just need to find a human, isn't there a single one amongst all those!' Wevil looked around. That was when he spotted someone at the very back. It was still a masked figure, hiding between some trees.

'Why are they staying so far away, are they waiting for us to get weak?' Wevil worried that there was a reason for that person's behaviour and it couldn't be good. He picked himself up, but as quickly as he did, his legs felt like jelly causing him to almost fall to the ground again. The next second he could see a giant shadow cast over him.

He looked up and could see Linda's face in front of him.

'Is she covering me?' Wevil thought.

"I need to tell you something." Linda said, as she grunted. Wevil was wondering what was going on but he was unable to see outside due to Linda's large body. In her Great Draugr form she was almost gigantic, larger than a Dalki.

But he could tell that what was most likely happening was that more enemies had come and they were attacking her right now, and she was the one who was protecting him.

"I forgive you Wevil.... I blamed you... our faction for my brother's death for so long. The truth was I got close to you because I was planning to get some sort of revenge on the members of the Parasites, but as I got to know you, I discovered that you weren't as bad a person as I believed. That just started to make things so much harder, and I don't know when, but eventually..I ..I fell in love with you." Linda spoke, tears running down her face but due to the hunched position she was in the tears rolled down her eyebrows and onto the ground.

"Linda what are you doing, get up! Get up!" Wevil screamed, unable to appreciate the giant woman's confession. He didn't care for what Linda was saying, all he wanted to do was for the two of them to survive this mess right now. The attacks could be heard clearer now, from the outside. Although she had a good set of armour, they both saw that she was close to her limit.

"Linda, you can't die! You can't die for me. We have to fight! Even if you protect me like this, they'll just kill me afterward! Get up, we have to fight! Don't you remember what Quinn said? This is not worth risking our lives for! Are you going to disobey his order!' Wevil screamed at the top of his lungs.

"I'm sorry... it's too late." Linda sniffled. "I can't even move my body."

"Then...I'll move you!" Wevil shouted, the strength that was gone from his body was slowly returning. He was experiencing some type of second wind as he stood up, and went forward. He started to use all his strength pushing Linda's gigantic body up.

He pushed with all his power, his muscles bulging.

'I don't know how long I can stay like this for, but....I have to make sure that at least Linda survives!' Wevil thought as he screamed to further hype himself up, forcing his arms to slightly transform into that of the Tiger Beetle. Changing his legs as well, he pushed off the ground springing him up, and Linda's body was lifted off and landed onto the side.

He now could see the blue sky again, and turned to look at Linda, seeing what might have happened to her, or if she needed help. She was now lying on her front, her body was shrinking back down to her regular human size, but the armour hadn't changed for she was too weak to even use her shadow abilities, but at least her eyes didn't look as if she had died.

Wevil looking at where he was could see a pool of blood, it wasn't his own, but it all belonged to Linda. She had given it her all to protect him.

"You Bastards!!" Wevil screamed.

Linda had her hand held out...softly saying the words.. "Run.."

For right now, Wevil was surrounded by around a dozen masked men. Ironically, he noticed that the one who had been staying at the back this whole time had also moved forward.

"Haha, now you come out!" Wevil could tell now that the guy was so close. He could sense that this person was human. He was exactly what both him and Linda needed to fight a little longer.

Using whatever he had left, Wevil somehow managed to move his legs. His body transformation had reverted after lifting Linda off himself. His daggers were on the ground, so charging forward he could do nothing but throw a fist, and at the same time, all the others charged in to intercept him.

Wevil's hand managed to make contact with something solid, but it wasn't the person in front of him. He felt like he had a wall.

"I thought you were just a regular human, but you bastard actually had an ability, huh." Wevil mumbled, accepting his fate. He was out of energy, unable to resist as the masked men were tearing into his body.

Their hands pierced through his stomach, into his chest, into his thigh, blood pouring from Wevil's mouth. As much as he wanted to turn around, to see Linda for a final time, he didn't have the strength for it.

'Thank you, Quinn... the time... with you... all... was... enjoy... a...b-'

My Vampire System Chapter 1288: The Special box

Linda was unable to do anything to help Wevil. She laid there looking at the end of the person she had once hated, but who she had ended up falling in love with. Last time, she had been unable to help her brother Blip, blaming herself for him having lost his life.

Nothing seemed to have changed. Despite all the power she was supposed to have at her disposal, there she was failing to save a loved one once again.

She wanted to stretch out her arm towards Wevil, yet the only degree of movement she had in her was a slight twitch of her fingers. With the many wounds he had suffered it seemed impossible for him to have survived and the masked men weren't stopping, like ravenous beasts who had found food for the first time in weeks. Even though he was standing it seemed like it was only because of the others who were holding him up with their attacks.

Just as they had removed their hands from his body, Wevil's body flopped to the ground, showing no indication of life inside it.

'No! No!' Linda screamed in her head again. She was hoping to summon some type of surge in energy, similar to how little Wevil had been able to lift her gigantic body. If she had been able to stay on top of him then perhaps he would have been the one to have survived.

Yet here she was still unable to move, her MC cells had been spent, so she could do nothing. After dealing with Wevil, the masked men started to come towards her, and through the jungle more men were starting to appear.

'Quinn, where are you... weren't you meant to protect us? I thought you could feel it... Is that why you haven't come yet? Could it be Wevil isn't....he isn't...dead.' Despite considering that possibility, deep down she knew that shouldn't be the case. As resilient as vampires and their subclasses might be, even Peter was unlikely to survive this degree of damage.

"Where the hell are you, Quinn?! You should be here!!" Linda screamed at the top of lungs while squinting her eyes shut. She had used her last breath and no longer knew what was happening anymore, as she closed her eyes, part of her looking forward to reuniting with Wevil.

However, after a while she could hear the sound of fighting.

'What is going on?' She thought.

Her energy was still weak so it was hard for her to open them, and eventually the fighting that she could hear had stopped nearly just as quickly as it had started.

'I guess I must have passed out for a few seconds...whoever they were fighting stopped.'

"Here, eat this! It should help you regain some of your strength." A voice ordered her. She was too weak to recognise it. The owner of the voice seemed to have noticed that Linda was too weak. The next moment she felt something pressed against her lips, and before she processed what her own body was doing, she realised she had already started eating whatever it was in front of her.

Energy started to gather inside her body, and her wounds began to heal once again. Finally, she had enough strength to open her eyes, and that's when she could see it. Around twenty masked men had been slaughtered, their limbs removed from their body. One in particular looked like they had been cut.

When looking down, Linda noticed she had nothing but a human bone from an arm in her hand.

"Flesh, but how, weren't they all vampires?" Linda questioned.

"Not all." The person next to her replied. Turning her head she soon could see a large black furred beast. "Vorden!"

"Calm down, even though you have eaten enough to recover your energy, it will still take some time for your body to heal. It looks like you really did push yourself beyond what you were cable off. Honestly, I don't think you can fight anymore, even if you ate more." Vorden spoke to her, although he wasn't entirely sure if that was true since he wasn't a Vampire himself. He was mostly basing his knowledge on what he knew about Peter.

"There's not just vampires among their group, there are also humans. Although rare, they're dangerous since they can use abilities. Oh, and they're also Dalki on the island."

Linda looked shocked to hear this, and she realised now where the arm she had gotten must have come from.

"Wait, if you were able to get to me in time, does that mean!" Linda sprung up, to look in the direction of where she last saw Wevil. However, Vorden quickly blocked her view, shaking his head.

In the few seconds she had managed to look over there, she couldn't see Wevil's body, but judging by the way Vorden was reacting, it was clear that he hadn't survived.

Almost immediately, Linda started to feel weak again, and she lent up placing her head into Vorden's chest.

“He didn’t deserve to die! Why him? Why?! Vorden, tell me! Why are we the only ones fighting on this damn island! Why are we the ones losing people all the time! And where is...where is...”

“Quinn?” Vorden finished her sentence for her not wanting her to speak or use up any more energy. “Quinn was actually the one who sent us here. He could tell that you guys were struggling but he had to attend to something else, and Linda this war...hasn’t been good for any of us.”

“How many lives have already been lost, and how many more will be lost... I’m afraid we’ll need to strengthen our resolve. This might not be the only loss we suffer this war, however he won’t be forgotten. Wevil fought with his life for us, for the Cursed faction, for the human race.”

“We need to make sure that he gave his life for a reason. You in particular Linda. I haven’t been back with the Cursed faction for long, but I could tell that Wevil was always looking out for you.”

Linda fell down once again, falling to the ground, but unfortunately they didn’t have the luxury of time to allow her to grieve. The enemy was still on the move through the jungle, and Vorden, knowing this, grabbed onto Linda, flying back.

“Wait!” Linda cried out. “What about Wevil’s body, where is it?”

“Wevil’s body is being returned to the castle at the moment. Remember how I said we? The one that killed all those masked wasn’t me Linda, it was Raten. Borden will take his body back to the Castle. I would never allow someone who fought so hard like that to get trampled or used for other means.”

“I think it’s best if we return as well Linda, take a break and rest for now, leave them to us.”

Hearing these words, Linda soon closed her eyes and her exhaustion made her enter a deep sleep. Despite how fast Vorden was moving, and her having eaten, it was as if her mind had shut down with everything she had been through.

While travelling back to the castle, seeing Wevil’s body before it was taken away. Vorden felt his arms constantly tensing as his blood boiled with anger. He was starting to worry whether they could actually win this fight and if so... just how high would the cost be that they would have to pay?

Even with him and Raten having evolved, he couldn't help but wonder if it was worth it.

'Maybe the best thing to do is give up the fight for now. Otherwise, more of us will lose our lives in this, but can we even do that, how do we even get out of here?'

--

At this moment, there was another Cursed faction group that was doing well up to a certain point, but now they were struggling as well. In this group, there was Fex, and Dennis who too had used their powers far more than they thought and were beginning to tire out.

At the moment, there were three of them, standing back to back. As for the third person, or being with them. It was a white haired gorilla with four arms. One of the Marked beasts being controlled by Quinn, who had been a great help to them so far.

There were other beasts originally by their side but now they had all been killed apart from one.

The whole group were surrounded by a mixture of vampires and humans and the group had become incredibly large in number reaching over forty.

"Do you think this is where our grave will be?" Dennis asked. At first they had been faring well, having already defeated around the same number surrounding them now, but as soon as they got tired, it was almost as if they were relying on their other allies to come and help.

"Don't speak like that, Old man. I'm not dying here, I have far too many things I need to do!" Fex shouted as he took the box off from his back that he had been carrying around the whole time and slammed it on the ground. "It's time to put this to use!"

My Vampire System Chapter 1289

As a society based on strength, many vampires looked down on those who used tools to show off their strength. It was why many of them refused to use beast gear, even though some had voiced that this sentiment seemed contradictory since their ancestors used blood weapons.

However, certain vampires felt like this was still part of their strength since they were created from crystals that could only be obtained from vampires, rather than borrowing it from mere beasts.

However, despite this belief, neither the regular nor the vampires in a family would look down upon the members of the thirteenth family, who were considered to be a strong family. Nonetheless, their real strength stemmed from their ability, for which they needed a tool, one that only their top members possessed and that was something called a puppet.

Of course that had not always been the case. In fact, in the past they had been mocked because of it. One day, an argument had escalated to the point that the family leaders had been forced to get involved. Picking one of the many families that had publicly mocked the thirteenth family's ways, he had called for a duel to settle the matter once and for all.

The Vampire King himself had come to observe the fight, just like all the other family leaders. The thirteenth family leader had done something no one had expected.. Using his strings he grabbed one of the Vampire knights from the very leader he was about to face.

At first the other leader had scoffed at the thirteen's actions, believing that the other had done so to make him hesitate, however he did no such thing. With his first attack, he made it clear that he would not be holding back, but what happened next was a tale that would be told within the thirteenth family for centuries.

Using his strings, the thirteenth leader proved to be so skillful in controlling the Vampire knight puppet that he managed to make his opponent yield. A Vampire knight of the same family being able to to beat his own leader was something unheard of. It was such a huge embarrassment for the family that the leader was forced to go into eternal slumber to save face.

From that day on, vampires stopped regarding a puppet as a type of tool, instead treating it as the real trump card of the thirteenth family and the proper way for how the string ability was meant to be used. Ever since, the higher members of the thirteenth family spent much of their time mastering that art, and that included Fex.

After slamming the coffin-like box that was on his back on the ground, the lid fell to the floor, and a human male could be seen inside.

“Alright, Agent 11, it’s time to do your work!” Fex shouted, as he kicked the box down and quickly threw needles tied with his strings towards the man, and started to summon his blood weapon right after. Once it was in Fex’s hands he wasted no time stabbing Agent 11 in the back.

“Ahhh! What the hell is going on!” Agent 11 cried out, after seeing the outside light for the first time in a long while. He had only been able to hear noises from inside the box, so he was confused about what was going on. His freedom was short-lived, as he got stabbed by Fex, finding himself surrounded by blood thirsty killers on all sides.

“Look, you want to live, right?! Well if I die, you die. As you can see, those aren’t your Pure buddies who have come to save you. Use your Qi or whatever else you have in store with your sword, and just let me do the rest!” Fex ordered.

The one that Fex was using as his puppet right now, was the Pure agent they had captured. Fex had never been able to use his Influence skill on, which was the reason for capturing him in the first place. Although, even Quinn had been unable to bypass his mental defenses, the group had decided to keep him prisoner, for one he had tried to kill their members and the second reason, they thought they might eventually find a way to get information out of him at some point.

It was then that Fex had come up with another use for him. Agent 11 had a strong body, and was able to use the power of Qi, not to mention he was close enough to being a single agent, the strongest type in Pure.

Fex had briefly tested him out with his puppeteering skills and he had turned out better than the vampire had imagined. During this fight, for the first time Agent 11 would be even stronger thanks to his blood weapon.

The masked men, seeing one more person who wasn’t an ally, started to charge in. Agent 11 had no choice, tightly gripping onto the sword in his hand, he channeled his Qi through it.

“Just focus on your Qi, relax your body and let me do the rest!” Fex shouted.

It was a hard thing to do, especially since Agent 11 could see someone charge at him, but he knew what Fex meant. Agent 11 had reluctantly been used as Fex's practice tool on his downtime, and he knew that it was worse for him to go against the flow.

Soon, using his sword, a slash even faster than Agent 11 was ever capable of using, sliced the masked man's hand off.

The vampire swivelled around holding his arm, and noticed that the wound wasn't healing.

'Haha, I hope you enjoy this surprise. It looks like you guys have never fought against someone who can use Qi before.' Fex thought gleefully as he continued to control Agent 11.

With his sword, he sliced the vampires in his way, thrust them down, and finished most of them with a single strike to the point where they could no longer get up.

As for the other side, they too had decided to charge towards Dennis, but now that Fex was able to deal with a majority of them, Dennis' load had lessened. The gorilla was able to help out massively, as it leapt through the air, slamming its giant fists on two of them, and then using its smaller arms underneath to continue to punch the vampires on the ground.

"I'm not going to lose out to a freaking gorilla!" Dennis shouted, as he went forward and continued to fight with his fists as well. He had used up his MC cells, unable to cast his shadow ability, which was why his fighting had also turned more beast-like. He continued to punch, with the gorilla, and held off the enemies in front of him.

Eventually, Dennis had slipped on some blood and caught himself but was now down on one knee. A masked vampire saw this as the right time, throwing a claw towards the back of Dennis' head. Reaching out the vampire was inches away before a burning sensation was felt on its head, and soon it fell to the floor, before it succeeded in its attack.

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“I don’t know who is controlling these beasts, but I’m going to have to thank them!”

With excitement and support by his side, Dennis was feeling invincible, ignoring the wounds that he had received, just focusing on the fight. He was pushing himself beyond what his body was already capable of.

Pain was a sign for the body to stop what it was doing, to tell it, that it was in trouble and as a result, Dennis didn’t realise just how much he had been hurt. When going to punch someone, he was a few seconds slower as his rib cage had been cracked from an earlier hit, and it looked like the few remaining vampires noticed this as well, ready to at least take one of them down.

‘Crap...I didn’t get to...I didn’t get to even spend that week off with Megan.’ Was going through Dennis’ mind as he saw the fists coming towards him, almost in slow motion, but there was nothing he could do about them.

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Either way, they had time to rest and with the humans they had killed, both Dennis and Fex consumed their blood as they started to recover. Eventually, Fex picked up the wooden crate that was still in good condition.

“Alright, we should be good now. Come on, you know the drill.” Fex clapped his hands looking at Agent 11.

“Seriously? I just saved your asses! Heck, I didn’t even try to run away, yet you want me to return to that stuffy box? When’s the last time you even cleaned it!” Agent 11 wasn’t too keen to listen to that order.

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“What the... were those two twins?”

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My Vampire System Chapter 1290: A copy of a copy

After seeing the second person's face under the strange black mask all of them seemed to wear, something about it bothered Fex. Both of them looked identical... too identical even if they happened to be twins. Setting aside the small likelihood that the vampire just so happened to unmask two brothers, there was another explanation for their resemblance.

Fex gulped as he considered that possibility. He quickly went over to another masked man on the ground and started to pull his masks off as well. Dennis, Agent 11 and the gorilla were watching his strange actions from the side as they took a break to recover, wondering why he was acting like some type of mad man.

However, after they saw him pull off the sixth person's mask, they looked past his actions and were now looking at the details on his face. He was sweating, something vampires didn't really do, not even when tired, which meant most likely something was worrying him.

"They're the exact same!" Fex shouted in frustration. "All these masked men are the same! All of them must be clones of the same person."

Dennis finally got up to have a look at just what Fex was talking about. He was half hoping that perhaps the people just looked similar or that the other had just revealed the faces of identical sextuplets, but their resemblance was uncanny.

The group dragged the corpses of those men next to each other, so they could get a closer look and a better comparison. However, it just made things even stranger because from head to toe, all the men were identical even in height.

“They must be clones! Didn’t Quinn say that Eno could do the same? He also had multiple copies of himself.” Dennis assumed and started to sniff the air. He had another thought and wanted to check something out.

Following his nose, it soon brought him to another masked person that Fex had yet to pull the mask off. After finding six people with the same face in the row, Fex didn’t expect to see anything different from the others.

‘It would make sense, I guess. If Richard could do it, his relatives might be able to aswell, given that they should have the same power.’ Dennis thought.

If Fex was to concentrate, he could still hear the sounds of fighting coming off from different directions. He knew that Richard could create clones, but this many?

“For frick’s sake, this whole time, we’ve been fighting against bloody clones!” Fex continued shouting and cursing. “How is this fair? These guys aren’t even real! No wonder there are so many of them! We have to fight with our lives on the line while they can just as easily be replaced!!!”

Eventually, Dennis had found his resolve to pull off the mask from the person in front of him, and what he saw underneath was finally something different to the other masked person. There was a woman who was already dead but there was something else that was different about her compared to the others as well.

“Come over here!” Dennis called out.

Out of interest, the gorilla and even Agent 11 had come over. The Pure Agent wasn't sure why exactly Fex and the others were on the island, but from what he had gathered they seemed to be up against what the world knew as V at the moment. He had seen their red eyes and powers. If he actually got a chance to escape he could use all of this information to rise within the Pure organization.

"This one's... a human." Fex sniffed the air to make sure, but he also remembered something else looking at the specific wound on her body. He had been the one to have killed her. Fex remembered this person well because she had been the only one that had used an ability against him.

"Wait, is that the reason?" Fex spoke his thoughts out loud. "We've fought against so many vampires, but none of them seemed to have an ability?"

"I've seen some vampires who don't have abilities. Is it that strange?" Dennis asked.

"Even in the pooling area, vampires chose different abilities from the thirteenth family, only those who haven't given up on a promotion would choose not to learn any ability."

"So you think the humans aren't clones? Do you think they abducted them, because clones can't learn abilities?" Dennis wondered.

"Couldn't it just be a case of those ones being created recently?" Agent 11 chimed in with his own opinion on the matter, mostly because he didn't have anything better to do and he was aware that he would literally get dragged into the Cursed faction's mess.

"If all your enemy needed was an army to overwhelm you guys, would he have bothered to prepare for it for a long time to teach them all abilities, or to find them? Perhaps it's more correct to say that whoever made these clones is unable to copy them with abilities in the first place. Otherwise he could teach one person an ability and then clone them. Then again I'm no scientist."

While they were all busy thinking about how this information could possibly help them in their current fight, they could soon hear another wave of people coming towards them.

"Well I guess they aren't short on numbers, and I guess unlike us they don't really have to care about any losses." Dennis stretched his arms behind his back a few times, he could tell his body hadn't made a

complete recovery yet and although blood from humans allowed them to heal, restoring their energy and stamina was another thing altogether.

Out from the large jungle trees, they could see more masked men appearing. Just like they had suspected it was another group.

“Isn’t something a little off about them?” Fex asked moving in closer to where the others were, also twirling his fingers getting ready to attach them to Agent 11 at any moment.

As they got closer, Agent 11 noticed it as well, some of the masks they were wearing were cracked and at the same time they had wounds and blood dripping on their clothing. Before the group even reached them, the snake beast that helped them from before dropped from above, landing on three of them.

It let out its acid on a the other members, and all of the other Masked had fallen, but they seemed to be ignoring the snake that had just landed on some of them. On closer inspection, they looked to be in a hurry as they scuffled to try and continue running.

Before they knew it, a figure could be seen landing in front of the group, and as quickly as it landed, it dealt with the rest of the Masked, with a few hits.

‘Isn’t that Mona, one of the former Big Four? What is she doing here, in a place like this’ Agent 11 was beyond shocked.

Mona turned around after dealing with them, and the snake that was on the ground slivered up and went around her neck. When turning she looked at those in front of her, and noticed how tired and torn their clothing were.

“I’m sorry. I was confident that I could stop them from coming and I was faring well with the Kraken beast. They just kept coming and coming, it felt like they were...”

“Endless.” Dennis finished her sentence. “We’ve experienced the same thing. We’re just happy that you took care of many of them and I think everyone on this island will agree. What happened to the beast that was with you?”

Mona was a strong woman who was usually brimming with confidence, but when asked this question the others found it strange that this confidence had vanished from her face, and they weren't sure if they were imagining it or not, but could see her shudder slightly.

"The Kraken... it's dead." Mona answered, looking away from the others, her eyes full of pain.

"I guess, not even a Demon tier beast can handle an army of vampires." Fex noted, almost proud of this fact.

"No, it wasn't done by the Masked." Mona replied. "It was something else. Honestly, I'm not sure I should tell you, guys... it might make you give up on this fight as well... Do you think it's too late for all of us to give up on this mission?"

All of them were wondering just what Mona could have seen, that could convince her that retreat might actually be the best option.

My Vampire System Chapter 1291: Going back

Out of all the Cursed groups that had split up, one was faring a lot better compared to the others and that was Sam's group. Most of this was actually thanks to the synergy between Layla and Nate.

With her acting as the group's marksman, now that she had improved her powers she could injure most of the Masked before they got too close. Nate would be there to fight off those who had evaded her attacks, while allowing Sam to pick off the weaker ones in the back.

Layla was able to freely change between her three forms, so whenever they had a short break, she would transform into her third form, allowing her use the special flames to heal any injuries Nate and Sam, while also renewing their buffs.

There were a few times that they had struggled, in particular whenever the Masked had attacked with ability users in their midst. However, for those occasions, they had an ace in the team that their enemy had no way of dealing with, which was, once again, Layla.

Whenever they came across a troublesome ability user, Layla would quickly change into her second form and join the fray from up close. This would put more pressure on Nate and Sam, but a few four legged beasts also had come to their aid to help them fight.

None of the ability users were prepared to go up against someone who was capable of negating every single ability there was out there, making it easy for the young woman to finish off the troublesome ones.

'This is the power of having real support on our team.' Sam realised as they struggled through a new wave of Masked. 'If we'll ever have to fight this type of battle again, it would be best if we had more supportive abilities to help out the groups.'

'However... just how many of those Masked are there? No matter how many we kill, their number doesn't seem to drop. If anything I think they're getting more numerous with each new wave. I'm not sure if the other two have noticed it, but each time we're getting pushed further back.'

"Sam!" Nate called out. "I'm nearly out of blood. My flask is practically empty."

This was another problem. Although Nate's stamina was great, better than most in the Cursed faction, and although nearly none of them had been injured, there was the issue of blood. Using their blood abilities allowed Sam and Nate to perform strong attacks, but without blood not only would it make them weaker they could no longer produce their red aura.

"Let's head closer to the castle!" Sam ordered.

Everyone started to slowly retreat. With no end in sight, Sam was trying to figure out how they would win this. After all, their victory condition was having to make sure the enemy didn't get the Demon tier beast. Unfortunately, he lacked critical information about how the other sides were doing, and he had a strange feeling not too long ago, he didn't think it was a good sign.

As the group was moving back, Sam could feel the back of his hair move violently, as if a storm was coming. He had a premonition that it might be dangerous to turn around, but his fear that it could be the enemy made him take a quick look, only to see a black feathered beast he hadn't seen before.

“Sam, we need a new plan!” The beast shouted, that he recognised as sort of Vorden’s.

“I know, but it’s kinda hard to come up with something, while we’re surrounded by the enemy!” Sam replied back, slightly annoyed with the tone Vorden had given the second he had arrived.

Before Sam could say anything else, another strange creature ran past him, also passing Nate and Layla as well.

Turning around, they could see that it looked like a person, who wore the same black clothing as the Masked. However, he seemed to have cut off the sleeves of the clothing. The next moment they saw why, as both his hands formed into two gigantic blades.

The second the strange person had disappeared into the jungle, he started to slice down all of the Masked one by one. Most of them weren’t even able to retaliate, as for those who did, their red aura proved to do nothing to the assailant.

“Raten can deal with any of the Masked that come our way. Now, how about we talk?” Vorden asked again.

Hearing who the strange person was, Sam could only reach one conclusion which was that Raten must have evolved and was now inside the body of humanoid Demon tier beast. With this revelation, Sam believed that they might have a chance.

“Quinn just sent us over to Wevil’s group. He’s dead and Linda can no longer fight. Borden should have brought his body back to the castle and is probably looking after Linda now. This fight... it’s worse than we thought. Apart from the Masked, there’re also Dalki!”

“Judging by the look on your face, I assume you must have thought that with me and Raten having evolved we might stand a chance of winning this, right?” Vorden asked. “I thought the same, until I saw what state Linda was in.”

“Even if we can win this fight, we might even be lucky if more than a few of us will actually survive. Quinn was right, Eno doesn’t care about us. We need a better plan!”

Sam had mixed feelings after hearing the news. He had prepared himself for the possibility that some of the Cursed faction were going to die after finding out who they were going up against, knowing the enemy would surely have some tricks up their sleeves, but it still felt surreal at the moment.

Worst of all, he didn't even have time to grieve over Wevil because Sam needed to think up their next course of action to prevent anymore losses.

"There's more news!" Fex shouted over.

Towards the castle, the heavy grown jungle area lessened. The trees and grass were thinned out, giving a more open area allowing for everyone to see each other easier. When turning around. Sam could see Fex and the rest with them. He found it strange they were travelling with a gorilla, but when seeing Mona, and considering the beasts that had helped them at the cost of their own lives, Sam didn't find it too strange anymore.

With the three groups meeting up, and Raten in the jungle making sure no one got close to the castle, all of them shared the information they had gathered.

There were three key points to take note of.

First, nearly all of the Masked they were facing were clones. If Richard could create clones it made sense that Jim could as well, but one question popped up in all their heads. Where exactly were Richard Eno's clones right now?

The information brought from Vorden was that there were also Dalki here, which they had predicted would come at some point. Additionally, he had brought the sad news of Wevil's death. Everyone went silent for a moment before they continued to talk again, but the worst piece of news by far was the news that Mona had brought them.

It was because of this, Sam had made the decision.

"We have to give up on the Demon tier beast." Sam concluded. "We will leave this island. I thought that the location of the teleporter was subpar, so I had Logan create another one just in case. If he hasn't

finished it yet, I don't think he will need much longer. Most of us are weak and can't continue fighting, it's the only thing we can do."

"The teleporter is at the Temple."

"What about Quinn?" Fex asked. "Don't we need to tell him as well? What's he even doing at the moment?"

Just as Fex had asked that question, a loud roar from the Dragon was heard. Since they were close it felt like they could feel its power just from the roar it had made.

"We can inform Quinn he will come, but he has something important to do first." Vorden answered.

—

A while ago, Quinn had gotten his body back from Vincent, only to find himself facing the trio of Blades. As the three of them were together, Quinn could feel something, a couple of his connections, his links to those that he turned were in trouble. It still hadn't gotten to the point where it was life threatening but he knew they needed help.

He was about to go himself, but as he was, a voice spoke to him once again. The tablet not too far from where they were had lit up once more but the voice when it spoke sounded weaker than it ever had done before.

"Quinn! Quinn can you hear me? It's Ray!" The voice must have been shouting, but all Quinn could hear was a faint whisper. "I've been watching everything that has been going on, and I'm here to tell you that you can't win this fight! Not the way you are right now!"

"If you stay here, you and all your people will lose their lives for nothing. You have to leave this island! I thought you had a chance since you seem to possess a certain amount of strength, but I've just felt something far stronger than you out there!"

“There is a chance that once you leave this island that they will also destroy it. Even if they don’t they may certainly take an interest in this tablet. If that is the case, if I get destroyed then... I can’t fathom what will happen to this world and its abilities. Most likely, it will leave the human race with no chance at all.”

Listening to what Ray had to say, Quinn believed it, mainly because he could tell from his connections how certain members of his were struggling.

“I’ve seen your shadow power, perhaps there is a way you can place the tablet in your shadow. Please, if at all possible, YOU HAVE TO PROTECT THE TABL-!!!.”

The glow of the tablet went down once again, but Ray had said enough for Quinn to take him seriously.

‘Take the tablet with us? That’s easier said than done. I doubt the Dragon will just let me take it, even if I ask him nicely...’

My Vampire System Chapter 1292: Get the Tablet

“We have to help him!” Layla insisted after finding out what Quinn was currently doing. “We couldn’t do anything against that Dragon last time, so Quinn will surely need our help!”

“I don’t think Quinn is reckless enough to give up his life, Layla. Besides, do you really think you can help him?” Vorden asked, his tone harsher than he had intended. “Honestly, we all have gotten stronger and I know you’ve been training hard, but we’re already hard pressed to deal with all of the Masked. Eventually, even Raten will tire out and they will storm this castle and the rest of the areas.”

The others didn’t say anything. They too wanted to help Quinn, but wondered what use they would be if they headed over. Those who knew him were aware that Vorden would never abandon his best friend, so the decision to stay out of his way couldn’t have come lightly.

“Vorden is right.” Sam agreed, breaking the silence. “Quinn has the highest chance of survival out of all of us. Given his Shadow ability, he’ll be able to flee if left with no other choice. Our situation is different,

though. We need to go through the second teleporter to get off this island and I suggest we do so now, before anything unforeseen happens.”

Although it was obvious that Layla wasn't pleased by this outcome, she understood that time was of the essence. Before heading to the Temple, they all decided to stop by the castle to gather Wevil's body and Linda.

“Hey, did any of you see Peter?” Nate suddenly asked, before they set out.

They all looked at each other and realised that the last time they had seen him was when he was digging through Hilston's things. After that point, they had lost him.

Just where had he run off to during this whole mess? Most importantly, was he still safe and okay? Sam tried to call Peter on his communicator, but it looked like communication down on the island as well. The same thing when trying to contact Quinn.

“Maybe if we get to the temple, the jammers that Logan has set up will let our communication devices work again.” Sam theorised, but he also knew that would mean more time without knowing what had happened to Peter.

“I'll go look for Peter.” Vorden volunteered. “I'm the least injured out of all of us, I can move quite fast, and I can even try to find him from above ground. Get Borden first and then just head to the Temple. If you have to, just go through it!”

It was important that the group didn't leave the Dragon on its own. After all, capturing him was the enemy's overall objective. With Eno having been sent flying and Brock having followed behind his master, Quinn was the only one there to look over it.

However, after listening to Ray's warning, he suddenly had a new task, making Quinn struggle with what to do.

'I know Ray said to get the tablet and I understand the importance of the tablet, but doesn't that mean, we have practically admitted defeat? They might be unable to take the Dragon immediately, but if we leave them to it, what if they succeed?' This was the reason why Quinn hadn't acted just yet.

However, he didn't want to do just nothing and had decided to send Vorden and the others to help out the Cursed faction. Although Raten seemed to believe that as a humanoid Demon tier beast he was strong enough to match the Dragon, Quinn was convinced he wasn't. He might not know how strong Raten was in his current form, but he had fought against the Dragon previously, so he knew just how strong it was.

'I know it's hard to admit defeat Quinn. We might not have seen the main perpetrator behind the attack, but you said it yourself. This fight is not worth sacrificing the lives of your friends over. At worst, just try to think of this as a backup plan that we are putting into action now.'

Vincent's words had put his grandson's head on a little straighter, making his decision easier. The least he could do was obtain the tablet. Still, there was no doubt that the Dragon would try to stop him.

'Since it's not a living thing I should be able to place it into my dimensional space, but it looks pretty rooted into the ground. I'll need to take it out somehow.' Quinn thought, wondering just how long that would take.

'How do I get the Dragon to not attack me? What if I used Shadow lock on the dragon and moved it with us? If I use Shadow overload could I be able to take the Dragon away as well?'

Quickly images of the Dragon breaking out of the Shadow lock and destroying everything on board the Cursed Ship appeared in Quinn's head. In the first place, he wasn't even sure Shadow lock would even work on a being so strong and large.

Looking at his other options, Quinn's eyes landed on the Roseus tree. It was thanks to this that the Cursed faction and everyone had even been able to last so long. It was also why Quinn was aware of just how many the enemy numbered.

'Maybe there's some way I can use the tree.'

When using the Roseus tree, after most of the beasts had been defeated, Quinn had attempted to Mark the Masked that were attacking them as well. He could sprout and control its roots after all. However, all his attempts had ended in failure because he wasn't even able to get the chance to Mark them.

The enemy attackers were on high alert, and it felt like it was almost impossible to grab hold of them. Even when Quinn had succeeded, for some reason marking them had required far longer than a beast. Whether it had something to do with their forms of intelligence or not, he didn't know.

Either way, during the process the other Masked had attacked the roots, and Quinn had been able to feel some of his energy leak out from the cut parts. It also didn't feel like it would come back, at least not in a short while, hence why Quinn had stopped that experiment.

'I'm starting to understand why the old Demon tier tree had spent years Marking people and beasts. It must have done so while people were asleep, or at the perfect moment while others weren't aware.'

Still, perhaps Quinn could use the multiple roots, and the larger ones that were close to the main Roseus tree to his advantage. After all, Blade Island might be a place that none of them would return to again, so this might very well be his last opportunity to use the tree.

'I need something more, the Demon tier tree by itself won't be enough to slow it down.' Closing his eyes Quinn activated the amulet. His Dalki fighters had done well. Many of them were able to implement the martial arts skills that Quinn used, even with partial control.

It was because of this they were able to do a better job than the other two spiked Dalki. However the numbers were overwhelming and eventually just like the Cursed members who had to retreat it was the same for the Dalki.

'I can use their energy, but I know this won't be enough as well so there is only one thing I can do.' Quinn thought as he stood up and looked towards the tablet.

'This is guaranteed to cost me MC cells, but there's no other choice, I'm afraid.'

[Shadow Overload enhancement type soul weapon activated.]

All of Quinn's shadows started to pour out of him and consumed him, giving him a shadow body. His shadows flicker with a slight purple glow, and stepping out, Quinn was ready to face the Dragon ahead.

Stepping onto the open field, almost immediately the Dragon turned Quinn's way, and rather than staring at him for a few seconds like last time, it had already opened its maw to produce its giant orange flames.

It looked like whatever effect Ray used to have on the Dragon was no longer in effect.

Quinn swung both arms forward, creating a wall of shadows to block the flames, or make the flames stay in place.

"That's twice that someone blocked your fire attack. I guess you're not that scary of a lizard after all!"

Now that Quinn knew his shadow could stop the Dragon from hurting him, it was time he gave it everything he got. The Demon tier amulet around his chest started to glow.

My Vampire System Chapter 1293: Jim's Grudge

At first Quinn had believed that he would have to drain the strength of the Dalki, but realising that his Shadow overload skill was enough to hold the Dragon, he decided to spare them. The Vampire Lord was sure he might need them later and instead of him directly lifting the tablet from the ground, there was a better person, or in this case being, for the job.

'I only have a limited amount of time using Shadow overload, and I would like to use it for as little as possible otherwise my MC cells are going to take quite the hit.' Quinn thought, as he continued to block the flames coming from the Dragon's mouth.

With both of them seeing that the flames weren't effective, Quinn knew what was going to happen next. Just as Vincent had watched it do in the fight against Eno, the Dragon turned its body, ready to use its gigantic tail, but Quinn was preparing his own thing as well.

[Skill activated Shadow void]

Shadow had been spreading across the ground far and wide ever since Quinn had activated his soul weapon, now that he had activated the skill, a large dome-like shadow covered both of them. Seeing the incoming tail, Quinn quickly sank into his shadows and appeared above the Dragon falling towards its back.

The middle part of the tail hit nothing but air, yet the tip of it scratched the outside of the dome. To Quinn's surprise this left a hole in the dome, yet his shadows started to gather there, as if it was healing from a cut.

'Looks like it really wants to get out of this place, but I'm right where I want to be.' Quinn took a glance at the tablet and tree that had also been trapped inside the dome. His current plan required him to buy time for the tree to follow his new command.

He had to make sure the tree wouldn't be hit by any of the Dragon's attacks. It might have come from a Demon tier tree and Quinn knew that it had roots all over the island, yet he didn't want to gamble on how sturdy it was.

Fortunately, the Dragon seemed to be fully focused on him.

This was great for Quinn, since it meant the Demon tier beast had yet to notice the roots that had started to dig at the base of the tablet. As they sprouted from the ground around it, they used their tips like hands, trying to pull it from above, while pushing it from the ground underneath, yet neither method seemed to be working on first glance.

'I can tell you're strong and I'm currently still too weak to defeat you.' Quinn thought. 'Which is why, I'll have to borrow your power again, so I can protect you!'

His white gauntlet hand was placed onto the back of the Dragon and the active skill was activated once more. Power was quickly going into Quinn as the Dragon roared even louder in anger, doing his best to get rid of the pest on him.

It was at that moment that Quinn felt something else. He had felt the connection to those he had turned fluctuate every so often, however this time one had been cut. The life of one of his companions had been lost, and once again he had not been there to prevent it.

“ARGHHH!” Quinn screamed even harder, full of pain as the energy continued to spread into his body, while tears started falling down his face.

—

An unknown distance away from where Quinn and the Dragon were, Eno had left the cave in the waterfall and had spotted someone he didn't think he would run into all the way out here.

“You're looking quite well for an old timer, but you don't have to be so loud. My ears are good enough to hear you even if you were to just whisper my name.” Jim spoke to him in a casual tone.

His choice of garments was that of a typical vampire, meaning he was mostly covered in black while also wearing a long trench coat. He looked to be in his thirties, yet his hair style was completely out of place for the current age, indicating his real age. Jim had grand sideburns that covered his sides, while his hair was overrun at the top with curls which were nevertheless neatly kept up for its shape.

Richard was slightly surprised that the Dalki by Jim's side were merely one spikes. He would have thought that one of the masterminds behind this whole fight would have had better guards than that, at least three or four spikes.

“Your appearance hasn't changed.” Richard noted, as he casually jumped from the rock he was on and landed on the land just by the river. The two of them now were a good ten meters away from each other, yet neither one had opened hostilities.

Before Jim had been a Vampire knight working under his nephew Vincent, he had been the previous leader, which was why it was very strange for a vampire Jim's age to still have his young appearance. Realistically, he should have weakened by now.

“What have you done? ...have you really fallen that low? To use the lives of humans to extend your own?” Richard asked in disbelief.

Jim started to chuckle at his ancestor's reaction.

"And what if I have? Don't the vampires also use humans, even if they are mere clones for their blood supply. How have you not been able to face the simple reality that human lives are meant to be used by us? Aren't you wearing a set of Blood armour created from dead vampires? How are you any different from me in that regard?"

"We are different from the beginning." Richard insisted. "You only exist because of me! Jim, I did my best to try and sympathize with you, but I'm still unable to understand why you chose to go through with this madness! I understand that you've been wronged, that your accomplishments have always been diminished, but then shouldn't your anger be directed at the vampire settlement? Why are you helping the Dalki, no why are you trying to get rid of the humans?"

During their conversation, it sounded as if Richard was getting angry at points, only to quickly settle down soon after calming himself. Jim just smiled, yet this simple genuine gesture was all the more frightening. He seemed happy for the chance to talk with Richard as if he had been looking forward to it.

"Does it really look this way to you? Our side is the one who has united Humans, Vampires and even Dalki, all working together. Doesn't that sound like a perfect utopia to you? As for your question, don't worry, I'm going to teach the vampires their lesson soon enough."

"What do you think will happen when all the human's in existence are gone from this universe? Those vampires think that they are more important than humans, but don't realise that they are actually weaker."

"I don't just want to beat them, no I want to make them suffer. I will get rid of every drop of blood and I shall enjoy watching them starve until eventually they will realise that there is only one alternative left for them."

"The Dalki." Richard concluded. "So your reason is so petty. Is it because the vampires rejected your idea, rejected you and the Dalki, that you are forcing them to come crawling to you for help?! How childish is that?!"

Richard didn't think he had gotten all the answers from Jim about why he was doing what he was doing, but this conversation had made one thing clear. Jim's mind was made up and there was no way of changing that.

Since there was no way to get through to him by talking, Richard started to gather his hands together and the spire on the top of his head glowed.

"Come on, are you really going to attack me?" Jim asked, letting out a sigh. "As I recall, you still owe me a favour which I never got the chance to make use of. Don't you believe in fairness, equivalent exchange? Well, I would say now's the perfect time to call in that favour."

"It's rather simple, really. 'Don't get in my way'. Just let me pass and watch as I subdue the Demon tier beast. Otherwise..."

Jim placed his hand on the Dalki by his side. The back of the Dalki started to light up. A change was occurring as energy flowed through the creature. It was brief but for a second it looked like Richard could catch something that looked to be embedded in the palm of Jim's hand.

'A crystal of some sort?'

A few seconds later as the light faded, the Dalki's appearance had drastically changed. It had grown an entire foot larger, sprouted wings on its back, its scale-like features had gotten more compact, and darker, and worse of all the number of spikes on its back had changed.

In total there were six spikes present.

My Vampire System Chapter 1294: Don't have to kill

Something that Quinn had to keep reminding himself as he went to face the Dragon, was that his goal in this fight wasn't to defeat it, just to buy time. It was a foreign feeling, when faced with a beast, but eventually it had gotten through to him.

It was why he had opted to land on the giant beast's back, allowing him to hold onto its scales as it struggled. As a Vampire Lord his grip strength was enough to withstand the Dragon's efforts of shaking him off, yet given the hardness of its scales it was also almost impossible for Quinn to do the beast any real damage, but he didn't need to.

All he needed to do was distract the beast while the tree did its job.

Using this opportunity to his advantage and remembering what he had done to the Dragon before, Quinn wickedly used the active skill in his gauntlet.

"I couldn't protect someone again!" Quinn screamed in anger as a power stronger than any he had felt before was entering his body. "Someone died to protect your ungrateful scaly ass, you overgrown lizard!!!!"

The Dragon, feeling the strange sensation it had felt once before, started to flap its giant wings heading upwards. Quinn, still not having retracted the Shadow Void, understood what it was trying to do. He could tell that the dome wouldn't hold out based on the strength it had shown before, but there was something else he could do.

With the Dragon lifting off, it had pushed through the dome destroying the upper shadow, revealing the blue sky above and the beast kept going up. Quinn was finding it easier to hold on as he had more strength than before, and he could see that inch by inch the tablet had nearly come loose.

Next, with one hand on the beast, Quinn started to form a giant shadow portal above. Right where the Dragon was to take flight, and as it rose, it had gone through it, only to find itself appearing right on the ground where it was once before.

Quinn had activated his Shadow sink, and with his Shadow overload he was able to produce the shadows wherever he wished. No matter how often the Dragon tried to get him off, Quinn would make them return back to the ground.

'It's working! I might not be strong enough to kill it, but at least I can make sure it doesn't go anywhere!' Quinn thought.

After what felt like an eternity, Quinn could finally see that the Roseus tree had completed its task. A thirds of the large tablet had been stuck in the ground which was why it had taken so long for the tree to get it out.

The energy drained from the Dragon was powerful but it seemed like the gauntlet had reached some sort of limit, no more energy was being passed onto Quinn. There was no use staying on the Dragon any longer.

Running up to the top of his head, Quinn gathered the Qi in his legs and used his strength to push off from the Dragon to the ground where the tablet was. Soon, he started to form a Shadow on his back and from there two large black wings were formed, giving him a safe soft landing.

[Dimensional space activate]

A shadow appeared underneath the tablet, and it started to sink into Quinn's dimensional space. Allowing him to take it with him.

'Thanks for the power boost.' Quinn gave him a grin, as he wiped away the tears. 'I hope you'll put up a good fight when they try to take you on.'

Running out of the open area, Quinn deactivated his Shadow overload skill. He was ready for the backlash of using the skill, checking just how many of his MC points would be taken away. At the same time Quinn made sure to see what the Dragon would do next.

As he neared the jungle, he saw the Dragon land directly on top of the Roseus tree, crushing it with its massive weight. Quinn immediately felt the energy escape from his Demon tier Amulet, and he was unable to control it in any way.

Quinn was thankful that the tree had helped him out so much, and hoped this had at least been a quick death without much pain. He could have never imagined that one little seed would aid him to this degree. He didn't even want to imagine how much trouble he and the Cursed faction would have gone through without the Roseus tree.

'With the tablet gone, will you remain in this place?' Quinn wondered. 'That's why you stayed on this island for so long, right? As long as you don't follow after me, you should enjoy your freedom for as long as you can.'

[You must now pay your debt for using Shadow overload]

Quinn knew this was coming. Each time he had used the Shadow overload skill, he had to pay the price for it afterward. The first time, Quinn had very little MC cells to use, so when using his soul weapon it had run out quickly fighting Cindy.

It was later that he learned the more MC cells he had, the longer the Shadow Overload skill could last, which was why it hadn't run out even though he had been battling against the Dragon for a while.

Quinn just knew that along with the increased time allowing him to use the soul weapon for, the cost had similarly increased. However, he had yet to figure out if the system calculated it based on the duration alone, or the quantity of shadows he used within that time.

[-100 MC cells]

[10/1000 MC]

Seeing this Quinn wasn't too shocked by the result. For one, although it had taken a large amount, Quinn still had a large number of MC cells left. What did surprise him, however, was how close he had been to having used up all his MC cells.

It also looked like he had somewhat gotten his answer. That it was a mixture of time used, as well as the amount of shadow Quinn used while using the skill.

If it had taken any longer his soul weapon would have deactivated. Right now, Quinn didn't even have the MC cells remaining to cast some of his Shadow skills. Thankfully, the Shadow link skill didn't require any to be used, and Quinn might not even need to use his Shadow powers in the first place, for he was filled with more energy than he could imagine from the Dragon.

'Although the Shadow overload skill is strong, the more I use it, the further I feel like I am getting away from Arthur.' Quinn thought.

While looking at his stats, Quinn kept an eye on what the Dragon was doing. It had walked around the place, even digging in places, apparently searching for the tablet which was now in his possession. Unable to find it, the Demon tier beast started to flap its wings.

'Yes, get away from this place! As far as possible, just make sure the Dalki don't catch you!' Quinn thought, but he knew that perhaps they would eventually track it down again, and possibly before them.

Thinking about this, Quinn wondered why Eno and Brock hadn't returned. They had been away far too long, they should have at least returned by now, and he also wondered how the Cursed faction were doing.

Quinn would have to make a choice between returning to the others, or search for Eno. It didn't take him long to decide that with the Dragon about to take off, his priority was how the others were doing.

The Dragon soon went up into the sky, and it looked like it was hovering around the island for a little longer as it was deciding what to do. Quinn wanted to keep an eye on it, but he soon heard the sound of footsteps.

Turning his head, he could hear them coming from all sorts of different directions, His eyesight was able to keep up with them all, and he could see. From each direction there were groups, groups and groups of Masked.

'What happened to my friends? Did those Masked manage to defeat them all?' Quinn worried, but other than the connection he felt go earlier, he couldn't feel anyone else in trouble at the moment.

A red aura strike came towards Quinn, and moving his hand ever so slightly touching the aura with his finger tips it smashed on impact. The one who attacked Quinn, in seconds Quinn had moved and now had his hand gripped around his throat.

"You guys will all pay for this!" Quinn declared, as a large shadow reached behind his back, and consumed the masked person he was holding. Seconds after the masked man started to scream widely.

[Shadow eater skill successful]

[10 MC cells gained]

— —

The Dragon continued to hover over the island, roaring in anger, but it seemed to have suddenly realised that there was no longer any reason for it to stay, making it look towards the blue sky above.

However, before it could appreciate its newfound freedom, it felt something slam down on its back. The force was so strong that the Dragon screamed in pain, as it plummeted down, shaking the entire island.

My Vampire System Chapter 1295: A gift from him

The group had made a decision, and with it, Vorden had gone off into the forest to search for Peter while the others headed towards the castle before they would make their way to the Temple on the island.

Before leaving, Vorden had headed to where Raten was, informing him to come back and stay closer to the castle. It would be his job to make sure that no Masked got too close to the area for now.

Inside the castle, the group had entered the room where Linda was present.

They all could see her lying there peacefully on her bed, free from wounds, not even aware that she had visitors. Since her clothes had been tattered during the fight, Borden had dressed her in another set... a French maid outfit.

Borden saw the strange eyes of the others looking at him, questioning his choice of attire.

“It was the only thing I could find in this place, I swear!” Borden tried to explain himself, getting all red faced. “She was out of it, and we had to leave her large Armour behind. We couldn’t take it with us and until she wakes up, she can’t use her Shadow equip to put on her regular armour and I couldn’t just leave her half naked!!!.”

“Don’t try to explain yourself, bro.” Fex said, placing his hand on Borden’s shoulder. “The more you try to explain yourself the guiltier you look. Besides, I think you made a good choice.”

There was another block head in the room who also appreciated the outfit, but even he knew better than to use this moment to make a crude joke about Borden’s taste.

Knowing that they needed to leave, and with no signs of Linda waking up, one of them would have to carry Linda along with them. Borden had quickly volunteered for the task, but for some reason the others didn’t think it was a good idea for him to be carrying her, instead everyone agreed that Mona was a good choice. With her beast armour she had inhuman strength so it was no problem for her either.

If necessary, Fex could use his string ability as well, allowing Mona to use her hands and legs while fighting. After picking up Linda’s body, the group moved into the room next door, to find Wevil’s corpse lying on a bed. The sheets underneath it had been stained red from the blood on his clothes.

The feelings of the others in the room were filled with sadness, anger and even more. They all took a minute of silence to pay their respects to Wevil, before Fex eventually put the large wooden box that was on his back down.

“I won’t let your body stay on this island, Wevil.” Fex declared, carefully picking him up and gently putting him into the box which was fortunately quite well cushioned. After all, it had initially been designed to keep Agent 11 inside there even with Fex moving about widely.

“I’ll make sure to protect you so that Linda gets to say her goodbye. I bet once we’re back, Quinn will give you the best grave, allowing the rest of the Cursed faction to thank you for what you did for them.” Fex spoke to the lifeless body.

“Can I help put the lid on?” Layla asked. Naturally, Fex agreed to her request. Before he knew it, everyone was grabbing the lid of the box and helped close it, before carefully placing it on his back.

"I know it's hard for all of you, but remember we have to keep moving." Mona managed to say. As one of the former Big Four she lost enough subordinates and friends, but she knew that as strong as the members of the Cursed faction were, it didn't change their young age. It looked like they had been blessed, to not have to experience such a thing often enough to grow used to it. Unfortunately, as an outsider, she felt like it was her job to keep the group moving, so that Wevil would be the only casualty.

After leaving the castle, the group was walking with Borden at the front. Not only because he was arguably the strongest among those present, but also because he knew the way to the Temple. As for Raten, as long as he didn't fight the Dragon he should be fine moving behind the others dealing with anyone that would follow as their rearguard.

"Th-that looks like it's the Dragon!" Layla pointed upwards.

The whole group turned as they could hear the Dragon's roar, and for the first time, it looked like it had left its place by the tablet.

'I hope this means Quinn is okay.' Layla silently prayed for his well being.

However, seconds later, a figure appeared just above where the Dragon was. Seeing it even from such a distance Mona instantly recognised it. After all, it was what had killed the Demon tier beast, her Kraken.

Seconds later and the small figure had knocked down the Demon tier beast. The force of impact when it collided with the ground was so great that the next second they could all feel the entire island shake violently. The rumbling of the ground was so great it felt like an earthquake that was going to sweep them off their feet.

"WE HAVE TO GET OFF THE ISLAND NOW!!!" Mona's hands were shaking, but she turned away from where the Dragon was, picking up her tempo, no longer caring whether the Cursed faction wanted to follow her or not, still carrying Linda along with her.

Meanwhile, the Cursed group had trouble believing their own eyes, that there could actually be something out there that could so easily deal with the large Demon tier beast.

“Don’t worry, maybe Quinn can’t do stuff like that but he’s stronger than any of us.” Nate said in an attempt to cheer everyone up. However, the truth was that he honestly doubted any human or vampire would be able to pull off a feat like that.

—

Out by the river, Eno was speechless after Jim had demonstrated he had the means to evolve a one spiked Dalki into a six spike in an instant.

‘A six spike and so fast? Was my information wrong? I thought the highest spiked Dalki of the leaders was a five spike, yet my eyes aren’t deceiving me, I can clearly count six spikes at this moment.’ Richard thought.

It was at that moment, that the Dragon had been knocked out of the sky seconds later, making them all feel the aftermath.

“Just in case you thought they only looked the part, the one who took out that Dragon was another six spiked Dalki. Believe me, they’re all the real thing.” Jim said. “That Blood armour of yours is impressive, I give you that, but are you really confident that it will be enough to take on a six spike that just did that to a Demon tier beast?”

“It’s true that the blood in my body is the same as in yours, hence why I’m giving you this chance. Let me turn in my favour now and the both of us can walk away from this freely. This is the last time I will ask, Richard.”

“Which will it be, will you keep your word... or will you pretend to have forgotten why you are standing in front of me at this very moment?!”

Richard knew exactly what Jim was referring to.

“While I believe in the principle of equivalent exchange, what you’re asking me to do means forsaking the entire human race! I alone might not be able to deal with your Dalki, but you yourself should be easy enough!” Eno shouted, as he lifted up both hands, and a red beam could be seen at the tip of both his fingers.

The next moment, two Blood bullets shot out. Jim's face made it clear that he hadn't actually expected his ancestor to refuse. He had been unable to react, however the now six spiked Dalki by his side had, placing his hand out, blocking the bullet that had been aimed at Jim's head, yet the other went right through shoulder, causing him to moan in pain.

"Damn it, why didn't you block them both, you numbskull!" Jim cursed. "Screw it, just get that ungrateful old geezer!"

The Dalki's hand that had blocked the Blood bullet, one of the vampires' strongest offensive Blood spells, was completely fine. The next second, the Dalki jumped from its position throwing its fist out towards Eno.

The red spire on the vampire's crown glowed, and just like when the Dragon had attacked with its flames, the Dalki only connected with an invisible pulse of red aura. It was similar to a wall while ripples of red aura were coming from where the Dalki had punched.

"That damned Blood armour. Eno, here I thought at least you could be reasoned with, but it seems like you're not the person I thought you were! I will take that armour for myself, and then take the king's armour as well!" Jim roared in anger.

It was at that moment, that another vampire leapt out from the jungle and swung its arm out towards Jim.

"Oh great, your lapdog has arrived!" Jim shouted recognising that the person was Brock. Opening a small portal by his side, Jim pulled out a shield from the portal that looked to have been made from diamonds.

The second Brock's arm touched the shield, it started to light up, and it felt like the power was being reflected right back towards him. His arm was breaking by the second, and the force seemed to be carrying on. Brock had no choice but to roll away from the ground, and now looking at his right arm, it was no longer where it was before. It had completely blown off.

“Hahaha, you fool. Remember I am an Eno as well! Did you really think I would openly show all my cards? As you can see this was a little gift given to me, by your dear friend, Arthur. Vampires are so foolish, they have no idea just how powerful Demon tier equipment really is!”

“I want you to remember one thing, Richard, it was you who refused my offer!” Jim spat out, while placing his free hand on the other one spiked Dalki, whose body started to transform.

Brock and Richard were now faced with two six spiked Dalki as well as the tenth family former leader who had a Demon tier shield in his hands.

My Vampire System Chapter 1296

For a while now, Quinn had remained on the same spot, fighting against hundreds and hundreds of Masked. However, he had yet to feel himself running out of energy. Using the power he had obtained from the dragon, he had managed to defeat each enemy with a single hit.

It wasn't that the Masked had just stood there, waiting to take a beating, but their red aura powers had proven completely useless. If the Cursed faction had really wanted to, he could have taken them all out far quicker, however the reason why he hadn't done so was because he was being careful.

In fact, he was careful to limit his damage to a point where he could use the Shadow eater skill, since this never ending mass of enemies proved to be a boon in disguise. Each one allowed him to gain 10 MC cells, which was great for his shadow ability and he had long since earned back the amount he had lost during his fight with the Dragon.

‘Just getting more MC cells isn't going to make me stronger, but it will allow me to use the shadow ability in more ways. I also won't have to worry so much about using the Shadow Overload. I can feel that there are still more ways for me to use the Shadow Overload skill, but because of the drawback I couldn't really afford to play around with it for too long.’

‘If I continue getting rid of all these, I can learn how to fight better and this in turn will improve my strength and it won't just be a temporary boost like the Dragon's energy I have in my body right now!’ Quinn thought, as he quickly grabbed the head of two Masked and slammed them to the ground.. He

used his Shadow eater skill on one, forming a strange blob like shadow consuming its body, and then did the same to the next one.

[1360 MC cells in total]

[Congratulations]

[Shadow eater skill is now at level 2]

'Huh, so even the Shadow eater skill managed to evolve!' Quinn was surprised by this revelation, then again, he had never gone against this many vampires before, so he had been able to confirm if it was a skill he could even evolve from repetitive use.

[The Shadow eater skill can now consume more shadow from each vampire it is used on.

The Shadow eater skill's success chance has now increased.

The Shadow eater skill is now able to form different shapes based on the user's will.]

Reading through the changes, for a brief moment Quinn was happy. He had known that the Shadow eater skill's chance of success seemed to work based on how injured the vampires were that he used it against, yet there had still been cases when it had failed against a vampire who had been close to death.

Quinn's happiness was short lived though, as he looked around and the number of Masked that were near the open area still hadn't decreased.

'Are they trying to get past me, and head to where the Dragon landed from earlier!' Quinn wondered.

Once the island had shook, the vampires had suddenly stopped defeating Quinn and instead had attempted to run right past him. Rather than going after the Masked, Quinn decided to throw out his Shadow eater skill.

Thinking back, Quinn remembered the strange shadow that had appeared when he saw Arthur use his skill. He wondered if this was a shape Arthur chose. Due to how far away the person was who he wanted to use the skill on, in Quinn's mind a certain bird formed. Now, leaving from his hand, the shadow eater's skill looked slightly different from before, going out in the shade of a small black raven.

It also looked to be moving faster in this new form, and when it nearly reached the Masked, it opened its mouth wide, the shadow expanding far larger than the Masked person itself. A few seconds later and the Masked fell to the floor screaming in pain as it felt the suffering of being in the sun.

[12 MC cells consumed]

'That mask wasn't even injured and the shadow eater skill still worked, but it's still a little slower than hitting them myself.'

Quinn felt a mask coming directly towards him, and this time, instead of wounding it, he had acted on instinct, using his full strength to pound it away. He threw an overhead punch, and his first landed straight in the mask cracking it.

The mask broke off, and the vampire was no longer alive.

'Why, why even though I feel like I'm getting stronger, why do I not feel any better?' Quinn thought.

He had hoped that fighting would keep his mind off things,, but in his current condition the Masked proved to be too easy an opponent. This left Quinn free to think about other things, mostly the fact that he didn't even know which one of his friends had died, and that once again he had failed to protect them. Not to mention, he felt responsible for bringing them all here...

'Quinn wait, I think I saw something when you broke off that man's mask just now. Could you take the mask off of another one?' Vincent asked.

Of course with the way Quinn was now, and even before it wasn't too much trouble, he easily grabbed the face of one of the Masked who was too weak to resist, and quickly ripped the mask off his face.

'Alright...one more please.' Vincent asked. His tone seemed strange but Quinn knew Vincent would ask him to do that without any reason, which was why he didn't mind doing this one and continued to remove it from the next one as well.

'This... confirms it. They all look like Jim, they must be his clones.' Vincent clones.

'Jim? As in your old Vampire knight Jim? As in your uncle Jim who we suspect to be behind this whole mess? I knew that Eno could create clones, but how is it possible for Jim create this many?' Quinn asked, now also checking the faces of those he had defeated.

'Our ability is a strong one Quinn, and honestly sometimes it is not just how great the mind can be as for the person with the ability, but also how far the person is willing to go. Look at your system. We have thought for a while now that it is able to do incredible things thanks to my ability, and even know it continues to grow. As for Jim, this is proof he has gone beyond.

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"You are finished." Jim declared, and the next second the other six spiked Dalki who was on his side, had rushed over to where Brock was. Seeing this with his one good hand, Brock opened up the palm, and a large red ball of aura could be seen gathering.

As the Dalki was running straight forward, Brock knew for sure that the attack would hit. Releasing the attack, Brock's arm lifted in the air, as the recoil was strong. What he had just successfully used was the attack known as the Blood cannon.

A large red beam of aura had come out of Brock's hand and hit Dalki directly in the chest. The energy continued to hit the Dalki, until its whole body was absorbed by the red light. Eventually, the red aura ended.

The Dalki could be seen standing there, having skidded across the ground a few feet back.

“For you to have managed to push a six spike Dalki all the way back here, the power of a former Royal Knight is indeed strong. Unfortunately for you, it still isn’t enough to actually injure him!” Jim taunted.

Watching the whole thing from the side, was Richard, who was still using the power of the red aura blood armour to block the Dalki’s attack. Since the first punch had failed, the Dalki tried again with another punch. No matter how often he repeated it, each time it would just hit the invisible wall of red aura, creating new ripples.

‘These Dalki, are too much for Brock to handle, and that Shield... we need to know what else it can do before we go against it.’

Lifting up one hand, a portal appeared above where Eno was, and an object was seen dropping from the sky, now in his hand, he held a giant lance that was spinning as he held it. Even now as he did nothing it continued to give off a strange red glow.

“There are different ways for us to use our ability. For me, I used them to create the strongest item I could possible.” Eno said, as he thrust the lance forward, and the spire on his head was no longer glowing.

The lance went straight for the Dalki that saw its chance to attack him. The Dalki, with its new found power decided to try grab the lance, but as soon as it did, it felt its skin ripping from its hard scales on its hands.

Feeling its power, for the first time the Dalki stepped back, looked at the green blood on its hands and noticed that the person responsible hadn’t moved forward.

“You are weaker than I thought.” The Dalki growled, having gained more energy from its injury.

The look on Eno's face spoke volumes. With that attack, he had expected to kill the Dalki or at the very least heavily injure it, yet it had done little more than give it surface wounds. Although Eno was safe due to his blood armour, Brock was not, and it looked like there was nothing he could do.

The six spiked dalki that was facing Brock, charged in again. When it was a few meters away from him, it saw something flash in front of it, and lifted up its arms. A clang was heard as the object hit the Dalki's arms, and to its surprise, now it's forearms had been cut, making it bleed.

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It was then that they could see a pair of legs and a tail in front of Brock, with a headless man behind him.

"So this was where all the action was going on." Peter said, appearing by Brock's side.

My Vampire System Chapter 1297: Staying back

After having had to fight off waves of Masked during the start of their attack, now it felt bizarre not encountering any. The lack of enemies didn't ease their minds, if anything it made them be on edge even more.

There were two possibilities the Cursed group had come up with as to why this was the case. One of them was that the Masked were no longer interested in them, most likely busy trying to subdue the Demon tier beast now that it was back on the ground. After all, that had always been their primary goal.

The second theory was that Raten was simply doing a far better job than any of them had expected, so well that not a single Masked had managed to get past him.

Whichever it was, it had allowed them to reach the Temple in a reasonable amount of time. There were no beasts nor any Masked outside, only a small person standing there to greet them.

"I expected that you would come eventually. It sounds like things have gotten rough out there." Logan said, leading the way inside. The group noticed the turrets he had set up, as he showed them where the teleporter was.

"There have been no signs of the enemy coming this way. Most likely because the Temple is too far away from where the Demon tier and the tablet were. Their group seems to be focusing only on their goal, which made my job easier."

"Why haven't you turned on the teleporter, Green?" Mona asked Logan. "That six spiked Dalki that took out my Kraken has managed to knock down the Dragon. After they're done, they'll most likely come after us and I doubt they'll be interested in capturing us. We shouldn't waste any more time and should be getting out of here!"

"It's on standby to avoid risking the enemy picking up anything to locate it. Besides, I can see that not everyone is present. First we should discuss what to do. I can't risk anyone panicking, going through, and destroying the teleporter on the other side, that would be disastrous for all of us still on the island." Logan explained.

"What do you mean?" Agent 11 questioned. "I thought we came here for all of us to just go through the teleporter? That other beast said he was getting one of you guys to bring him here, so what's the problem?"

It at least seemed like Mona and Agent 11 were on the same wavelength, but as for the rest of them... they looked at each other and it seemed like they all had already made up their mind.

Layla stood forward as if she was to speak for the others. "Quinn's Shadow ability might allow him to return to the Cursed faction at any point and time, and I honestly couldn't care less about Eno and his servant, but I still worry about Vorden and Peter. There's a chance that they might not be able to meet with Quinn, this could be the only way for them back."

"I will be staying here, protecting this place until the two of them return. We've already lost one person in our group. I don't want to lose anymore."

The others just nodded along with what Layla had said, they were going to stay on the island and protect the teleporter until their friends would return, so they could escape together.

“So does that mean we all stay here?” Logan asked.

Agent 11 raised his hand, but as quick as he did, Fex gave him a nudge.

“You don’t get a say in this, as my puppet you’ll have to come everywhere I go.”

“I can’t stay, guys.” Mona shook her head. “I understand that you all care for each other, and truly I envy you for your camaraderie, but I didn’t come here because of a higher calling. I came to repay a favour and I feel like I have done more than enough.”

“I have cheated death twice already, so I don’t wish to push my luck any further. Once they capture that Dragon, and believe me they will, it wouldn’t surprise me if they destroy this island outright. If you’re lucky they might come looking for us before that though.”

“They shouldn’t know anything about this teleportation yet, so they’ll assume we’re on the island. Your people might be here, but I have people waiting for me too.”

The others agreed that it was unfair for them to ask Mona to stay. However, she was a strong ally for the group. Her staying behind would increase their chances of survival, but nobody felt it fair to ask that much of her.

“Can you at least take them?” Sam asked. “Please, take them back to the Cursed ship. Inform Megan and she will know what to do.”

Mona looked at the large box that had Wevil’s body inside, and Linda who had been placed on a few cushions that had been found in the room.

“It will be my pleasure.” Mona replied. “I will leave Snakey and the Gorilla to the both of you to help out as much as possible. They seem to have grown a liking to your group. If possible, bring them back.”

When the Roseus tree had been destroyed the Marking had naturally disappeared from the Gorilla, but due to how helpful it had been, Mona had decided to tame the beast with her ability and now it would follow any command or order she gave it.

Keeping to her promise, she strapped the large crate on her back, while holding Linda in her arms. The teleporter had been turned on and was set for the Cursed ship. Just before Mona was to step in she turned around to the group.

“Good luck to you all... make sure to come back alive! I’ll treat you to something nice after this is all over.”

With the rest having agreed to stay, everyone had decided to split up, to cover certain areas of the Temple. They mostly stayed on top of the roofs where the turrets had been set up. Sam and Logan remained in the teleporter room discussing what they had seen on the island, and everything said so far.

“I see, so it looks like they will successfully take the Dragon after all.” Logan said. “It must be hard on everybody. They fought so hard, and we even lost Wevil. It will feel like they just wasted their time since there was no result.”

“There is one thing that we have learned about the enemy, though.” Sam replied, trying to look for some silver lining in the whole event. “We know that there are six spike Dalki’s capable of destroying Demon tier beasts, and that’s most likely what they will be using to take care of the Dragon as well. On top of that all the vampire clones.”

When Sam said this out loud, Logan didn’t say anything either, because they both knew, although they now possessed this information, they had no clue how it was going to help them. If anything it just made them realise how hopeless the situation was for humanity.

“What do you thin-“

“Don’t ask a question you don’t want the answer to.” Logan cut Sam off before he could ask.

“Let me point out something that will give everyone hope. There is still a chance of us winning this thing. Even if they successfully get the Dragon, there is still one thing we can do to win the war.” Logan stressed.

As to what that was, Sam had an idea but how likely would that happen.

Layla and Nate were both at the south gate of the Temple. This was the main entrance with an open pathway in front of the Temple. All the other sides were mostly blocked by the heavy jungle.

Nate had decided to meditate, hoping to recover as much of his Qi as possible. Layla acted as the lookout and spotted ruffling of trees in the distance and quickly drew her bow, ready to attack. When she finally saw who was coming out of the forest she put her bow back down, as a man drenched in blood from head to toe was seen, and he had a smile on his face.

Both of them seeing this, there was a shiver that had been sent down their spine, they were just happy that this one is on their side.

“I would put that bow back up if I were you.” Raten called out, as he turned around again, acting like a gatekeeper. “They’re coming for this place.”

My Vampire System Chapter 1298: The six spikes’s strength

Truth be told, Brock had no idea if he was going to survive the incoming attack from the six spiked Dalki. After it had survived his Blood attack he knew its hard skin was resilient, but he still had no idea about its own attack power.

Yet, the last person he would have ever suspected to arrive and stop the Dalki’s advance, was the Wight.

“Damn, that’s the first Dalki I’ve seen that hasn’t been cut in half from Legs’ attack.” Peter noted as he stood there with two tonfa’s out by his side. He was trying to observe the situation, and could see one six spiked fighting the old scientist, and another directly in front of him with another man behind.

“That tail... is that Slicer’s body! What have you done to it?!” Jim seemed shocked, yet he seemed less fazed about having to fight her remains and more amazed by the sheer ingenuity at what he was seeing.

“Here I was wondering just how strong my little pets actually are. Thanks to you, I’ll finally be able to test out their power compared to a genuine five spiked Dalki... or at least close enough to one!” Jim commented, having conjured a small little notebook and a pencil from a portal, while the six spike was on the move again.

Headless Hilston was the first one to make a move. The Lesser Wight looked different compared to before as his body was now equipped with a set of beast armour. It dug its fingers into the ground, and lifted part of it, chucking it forward.

The Dalki didn’t even attempt to evade the piece of land that was coming its way and just ran through it, but right after crashing through the debris, Legs was there with its giant tail, thrusting it forward aiming right for the six spiked Dalki’s head.

It moved so fast that the Dalki was unable to do anything about the tip of the tail piercing its left eye. However, before Legs could dig in any deeper the Dalki had grabbed onto its extremity.

It was ready to make its opponent pay for damaging its eye, but there were already three people surrounding it to back Legs up. Headless Hilston, Peter, and Brock were all underneath the creature and with all their strength they all went to attack the same area. The elbow of the Dalki.

Although they were unable to do anything on their own, together they could attempt to do something. Their great strength put massive amounts of pressure on the joint, causing the elbow to bend inward slightly, yet it wasn’t enough for the Dalki to let go.

That moment Legs used the Dalki’s strong grip to her own advantage, pulling herself in with the strong muscles of her tail and spinning her body towards the Dalki delivering a kick to the same joint... leading to a loud crack.

Pain shot through the Dalki's body enough to let go of the tail as it screamed out in pain. The others took that as their chance to retreat back to their original position, thinking about their next move. They were also prepared for the Dalki to move at any second once again.

'For a Wight to possess this level of intelligence... Usually their kind would just attack their target in a frontal and often suicidal manner, completely relying on their regeneration, but this boy waited long enough to see where I would attack first and then decided to attack the same place.' Brock noticed. 'It looks like he realises that I have a better head on my shoulders, and that Tail is special.'

'Perhaps, there is something different about the six spikes that are created using Jim's power, and the five spikes that the Cursed faction had managed to defeat on their own. Slicer's tail seems to be a trait that not all of the Dalki are able to obtain, not even the six spikes have something like it. It also can move faster than the six spikes and is capable of cutting through their hard scales.'

'Unfortunately, even with the power of all of us, we were unable to do much.'

Sure, the four of them together had managed to cause a few scratches on the Dalki's forearm, even breaking its elbow, but all of it was futile if they couldn't kill it. After a few seconds of both sides staring at each other, the Dalki was able to heal the broken elbow, and with it having been hurt more, most likely it was now even stronger than before.

'The worst thing is, we still haven't been able to witness its true strength, and I really don't want to after seeing one of them hit the Dragon to the ground like that.'

It was all these thoughts that had caused Brock to come to a decision. The way Peter currently was, he would be a huge asset to the future. With his ability, and with his current Lesser Wights he was someone he had to be protected at all costs.

"Thank you for saving me, but I'm afraid this doesn't look like a fight we're going to win." Brock sighed. "You are still valuable to the Cursed faction and Quinn, which is why I can't let you stay here. Get out of here while you still can and take the other two with you. Find Quinn and find some way to get you and all of the Cursed faction off this island!"

The Wight heard what Brock had said, and honestly he wasn't too keen to sacrifice his life for the two of them, but were they really in that tough of a situation? It was hard for Peter to believe. With him and his

Lesser Wights they should be able to hold on, at least long enough for Quinn to arrive. With him there surely they should somehow be able to do something?

“The lapdog actually has a point. Until now I have mostly ignored the Cursed faction, because I didn’t believe for your little group of friends to make much of a difference. The loss of Slicer was already a very unexpected surprise and seeing one of you being able to revive her, I can’t just let you leave!” Jim held up the shield and strangely the six spiked Dalki that had been facing towards them this whole time had turned around and pulled back its arm... aiming at Jim!

The next second, they saw the Dalki seemingly use its full power to throw out a devastating punch and Jim made sure to use both his hands to hold the shield up. The punch landed but nothing happened. The shield hadn’t lit up like it did when Brock had punched it, nor had Jim been sent flying through the air.

It looked similar to what would have happened if a child was to punch a wall.

“With this, your fate is sealed.” Jim stated with a smile, holding up the shield and it soon started to glow just as before.

“PETER MOVE! GET OUT OF HERE NOW!” Brock shouted as he grabbed him by the scruff of his shirt and chucked him back into the jungle. The two Lesser Wights followed behind to catch their master and by the time Brock turned around, he was faced with the full brunt of an explosive energy.

The energy from the shield was already leaving a great blue light. As it left the shield and touched the stones on the floor they flew behind Brock like bullets shot from a pistol, piercing through many trees in the jungle.

The energy continued to go forward and Brock was sure that he wouldn’t survive this.

‘That shield, it can either store the energy from attacks inside it and use it against, or it’s something much worse. When I attacked it myself, I felt that the energy coming off from the shield was at least two times stronger than my initial attack. If that’s right, then right now, that shield is emptying a strike twice as strong as a six spiked Dalki.’

Somewhat accepting what his fate was to be, Brock was ready to close his eyes. Peter had turned around for a second, and seeing the impact the strange blue light had made so far, he continued to run forward with Legs and Hilston behind him.

Before Brock had fully closed his eyes, he saw another figure in front of him.

“As you said Brock, me and you will figure out some way to deal with this. It was a good decision you made.” Richard said as the red ripples activated from his armour blocking the strange energy of the attack.

However, the attack seemed to be larger than the area that the red ripples could cover. Larger than the breath of the Demon tier dragon beast, it went around the red ripples. As it touched the trees they were uprooted from the ground, and flung through the air.

Giant rocks had been turned to rubble, and. Small little hill that stood not too far from where they were had been blasted with parts of the rock falling into the sea.

Eventually, the attack had ended, and Jim had moved his shield. His eyebrows were furrowed and his forehead full of wrinkles in anger seeing that Richard had managed to get in his way once again, but behind him, the whole jungle had been cleared. The once lush vegetation was nothing but a soil of wasteland now, while part of the hill looked to be missing as well.

“Why do you all struggle so much? How can you not understand that you have no chance against me? This much was all from a single punch of one Dalki?” Jim questioned one, shaking his head.

Richard, serving the attack with Brock behind him, looked into the direction he just was.

“I understand very well. Your six spiked Dalki are indeed strong, but for one there is nothing that can get through this armour, and as for the second point. When using our ability there is always an exchange and I seem to have figured out just what price you have made them pay.”

Over to the side where Richard was fighting not too long ago, the six spiked Dalki laid on the floor dead. However, strangely, other than its cut hands, it looked to have no visible wounds on its body, but it was clearly no longer moving.

My Vampire System Chapter 1299: An old enemy

Finally, after what seemed like endless fighting to Quinn, he could tell that the Masked were starting to settle down. More so, he also noticed that none of the other Cursed faction members seemed to be in trouble. For now at least, which was why Quinn was able to continue thinning their numbers while strengthening himself.

He checked his status which now displayed.

[2643 MC cells]

'Fighting all of these Masked hasn't been too bad for me. Not only was I able to increase my maximum MC cells, but also recover some of my MC points so I can use my shadows to fight again. After gaining some of my MC points back, using the dome to speed up my recovery and fight the rest of them was a good idea.' Quinn thought to himself.

After learning that those Masked were merely clones of Jim, Quinn felt a lot more at ease killing them, and during his little massacre he had also discovered a few other things about the Masked.

For one, none of the Masked seemed to have a blood crystal inside of them, despite them clearly being vampires. Quinn had asked Vincent about this, but unfortunately the other had never been able to successfully clone one, so he lacked the necessary knowledge to be able to answer him.

Nevertheless, that didn't stop the Masked from using their Blood powers, so the best explanation Vincent had on that matter was that it might have been one of the drawbacks of the clones, potentially even the very reason why clones didn't really enjoy a long life expectancy.

Regardless of this, Quinn was happy to use the clones to increase his MC cells, allowing him to block stronger attacks with his shadow, gain more shadows to fight with and lastly use the Shadow Overload skill for a longer period of time.

It was then, when the Masked that had surrounded Quinn were down to the last thirty, that they had stopped engaging him, rather they remained on their place. This approach made it seem as if they were buying time for something.

It was at that moment, once again Quinn could feel the ground slightly vibrating. His ears were the first to catch the loud noise and the next second he could see a large beam of blue light off in the distance.

When the Dragon had been attacked it had come from behind Quinn, yet this new attack had come from his front, which was why the Cursed faction leader was heading there.

'Damn it, it looks like I might have wasted too much time on you guys!' Quinn thought, no longer caring about using the Shadow eater to improve his MC cells marginally and instead went to finish them all off quickly instead.

And then finally there was only one. This one felt different to the rest of the Masked, as he was shaking and Quinn had left this one on its own on purpose. Quinn took a step forward, and immediately hit both of the hands that had been raised in order to defend the masked man.

"I knew from the beginning of the fight that you were different. I'm surprised you didn't run away until this point." Quinn said as he lifted his hand pulling the mask off from the person's face and threw it on the floor, quickly stomping on it breaking it to pieces.

The person behind the mask had tears already running down their face, and for once it wasn't Jim's face that greeted him like all of those others he had unmasked.

"Please don't kill me, we were forced to come here, We were told to fight! Otherwise if we didn't we would be killed!" It looked like a fairly young man, older than Quinn himself in his late twenties.

Seeing this, there was something bothering him, why would the humans be working with Jim in the first place.

"Tell me who you are. What do you know about the person you are working for and why are you here?" Quinn asked, since the person already seemed to be willing to speak, Quinn didn't feel the need to use the Influence skill at all. Especially since he was pressed for time.

Often, the influence skill would be more direct with extracting information from one, causing Quinn to ask multiple questions.

“T-truedream! Y-you must have heard of our family name before, right?” The man stuttered slightly in fear. “No I’m sure you have, we, the humans, all of us here are those that used to belong to the Truedream family! “

Hearing this, Quinn was so surprised that he almost dropped the person to the ground, but another voice soon snapped him out of it.

“What did you say?” Vorden asked from behind. “I thought the Blades were the ones that had gotten rid of the Truedream family? Didn’t they retaliate after attacking?”

Quinn still hadn’t yet recovered from the shock of the news, as he saw Vorden here but at the same time he too was interested in what the person had to say.

“It’s true, we were attacked by the Blade family. However, a few of us had managed to escape back to Dreamland city, but what surprised Truedream, and the rest of us, was that while we were away another group had attacked us as well, they captured Jack and the rest of us.”

Quinn had a feeling that Truedream was still alive, but for him to also be working for the other side was not what he had expected, just what Jim was planning to do with him.

It was then while in the middle of these thoughts, Quinn had also ran into Peter, and his two Lesser Wights, from the part of the jungle that was still left.

“Whoa, I mean I thought I had killed a lot, but Quinn what did you do?” Peter asked as he went through a field full of dead bodies.

Quinn didn’t really know what to do with the person from Truedream but thought that they could perhaps get more answers from him about Jim, and maybe more details about where they were or what they were planning.

In the meantime, the rest had told Quinn what they needed, Vorden had informed him of what the rest of the Cursed faction were doing, and Peter had updated what was happening with Eno and Richard.

“A six spiked Dalki?” Quinn questioned, having trouble believing it. He clenched his fist, trying to think about what he could do against one, if he had already been powerless in front of Slicer without the help of the Blades. How would he fare against the six spike?

“Quinn, I think it’s obvious that we won’t be able to fight them on our own. With that kind of power they might really succeed in taking the Dragon. There’s no point in us staying here, so let’s head back and regroup at the Cursed faction ship. Maybe we can figure out something else. Hunt more Demon tier beasts, get better equipment and fight them later.” Vorden suggested.

Honestly, Vorden when coming here didn’t think he needed to do much convincing to the two of them, he thought it was clear that this whole mission had been one giant failure, but there was a certain look in Quinn’s eye that said he wasn’t planning to go back.

‘Quinn, I don’t like asking you for so many favours, but I think there might be something I can do. Take me to Jim, let me speak to him.’ Vincent requested.

After thinking about it for a while, and with the little push from Vincent, Quinn had made his decision.

“I think there is still something I can do... no, that I have to do. Don’t worry about me, with the Shadow ability, I can travel to one of you even without the teleporter. Take Peter and this guy with you, I believe he might have some more information for us.”

The man looked like he was about to complain, but then staring at the dead bodies on the field, he quickly shut his mouth, realising that he was still lucky to be alive. Who cared who he used to work for, he just wanted to live.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to risk my life for Eno. You all know how much I dislike him, but if I can bring him back with us.... I still think he might be able to help us with Arthur as well. And...They have dealt a big blow to us, while we still haven’t dealt a big blow to them. I can’t just leave them like that.”

The two of them understood, and it looked like they also wanted to stay with Quinn, that was until Quinn could feel a connection inside him once again.

“The others, they’re under attack!” Quinn called out. “The rest of the Masked must be attacking the guys at the temple. Please hurry up, they will need your help! Head back to the Cursed ship, it’s an order!”

The two of them looked at Quinn for a few seconds, before they started to head off in the other direction.

“Vorden!” Quinn shouted out, just before he fully left. “Who was it?”

From just this much, Vorden knew what Quinn wanted to know.

“...It was Wevil.”

“I will make them pay for taking his life!”

My Vampire System Chapter 1300: Blood Armour Weakness

When Brock looked over at the six spiked Dalki’s corpse on the ground, he believed that Richard had managed to find a way to defeat it, overpowering it by finding some sort of weakness.

The truth was, Richard had done no such thing.

In the middle of the fight, the Dalki had fallen on its own. There had been next to no interference on Richard’s end. After his attack had managed to slightly damage its hands, it had started to become more and more aggressive, seemingly having become berserk.

Despite the futility of its actions, it had continued to pound at Eno’s strange invisible wall, not holding back its strength. Each attack only ended up creating red ripples of aura. Richard had only been able to

pray that given the amount of energy it was exerting that it would tire itself out eventually. Knowing that his lance could at least slightly damage the Dalki he had been waiting for the right moment, yet without any warning, the Dalki had stopped attacking in its tracks, only to fall to the ground.

There was no movement, and with his powerful hearing Richard had been able to tell that its heart had given out. All of this had happened moments before Jim had readied his attack with the shield, giving Richard just enough time to block the attack on Brock's behalf.

"This is what happens, Jim! This is what happens when you force others to go past their limitations! Speeding up the process of their evolution has shortened its life to only a few minutes!" Richard claimed.

Having the same ability, he had an inkling that this had to be the cost of using their ability, not the Dalki. As for what was exactly embedded in Jim's hand to allow him to force those transformations in the first place, that was a different story.

"Too bad, looks like I picked a bad seed. If only he could have lasted a bit longer against you. Oh well, his corpse should provide me with more information after an autopsy." Jim noted, shrugging his shoulders as if he didn't care.

Judging from Jim's words, Richard was figuring out a bit more. It seemed like all the Dalki had a different time limit of how long they would survive after this forced evolution. Perhaps it had to do with a Dalki's innate potential or maybe with their willpower.

If it was meant to be strong, then the exchange, or use of Jim's power might not put too much of a burden on it, while weaker Dalki that would never have amounted to much, would die fairly quickly after he used their ability on them.

Richard also had another theory, that their lifespan might be connected to how quickly they exerted their energy. After all, the Dalki that was still alive, had only performed a couple of attacks, while the one he had faced had been fighting non stop.

"Could it be, you believe that this fact has changed the flow of this fight or something?" Jim asked.
"Come on, Richard, you have seen how easy it is to turn one. It should at least give you an idea about what I am capable of."

“Our power is a blessing and I never knew why you limited yourself so much. I used to be proud that you were the King at one point, but if you had only passed down and taught your descendants the proper uses of our ability and what it could do, then what title would have belonged solely to our family!”

“Now you are just being foolish!” Richard snapped back. “Although our power is strong, the sort of power we use, the stronger deals we make, the more that has to be sacrificed. For you to be speaking like this, I don’t even want to imagine the crazy things you must have already done.”

With the shield covering Jim’s front, and the surviving six spike acting as a guard, Richard and Brock didn’t dare to make their move. Jim knew this and he enjoyed every single moment of it. Lifting his hand up, a portal had opened up thirty meters above them.

Coming out from it, were two large dropships that would hold around twenty or so masked inside them. The portal soon closed once again, and one of the dropships was seen going in another direction, while the other was heading towards them.

The other dropship appeared to be heading in the direction of the Dragon. At the moment, there were a few loud crashes and explosions coming from that direction, indicating that there was a fight going on, but that had eventually ended.

“I know why you are still confident. You think you know their weakness, and since you have the Blood armour you must be thinking to yourself that all you need to do is to outlast the Dalki, right?”

“Too bad, that I know the weakness of your armour as well. You’re limited to only being able to block the attacks you’re facing from the front. Playtime is over, let’s see you deal with more than just one.”

The dropship continued to hover over their heads, and had stopped just behind where Jim was. Seeing this, Brock had decided to throw a Blood swipe towards the ship. He didn’t know what it was but it couldn’t be anything good. The former Royal Knight couldn’t allow Jim to go through with his plan and he knew that Richard wasn’t moving because he was afraid the Dalki would attack.

However, the red Blood swipe never reached the ship, for the Dalki leapt in the air, blocking the attack with its body. Neither it nor the ship suffered any damage from it. The next seconds the doors were seen opening, and instead of Masked, three more single spiked Dalki jumped out and landed by Jim’s side.

“You should have taken my offer when you had the chance Richard, it was a fair deal.” Jim said, shaking his head as he placed his hands on one of the Dalki, his hand lighting up and the transformation process started once again.

Now there was another six spike.

‘Two of them should be enough, I’ll make this one last a bit longer.’ Jim thought, placing his hand on another one. When the transformation was done, it had eventually turned into a five spiked Dalki.

‘It looks like Jim has more control over his powers than I thought.’ Richard thought. ‘This could be worse than I imagined. Perhaps it might be even possible for him to do this on the higher spiked Dalki. I don’t even know if six spikes is their limit, or if he’s able to increase the strength of those that are already strong. If so... I’m afraid I have no answer. But there has to be a reason why Jim hasn’t done it so far! Are their leaders cautious of him?’

“As for the last one, it’s always nice to have a backup. Dalki aren’t exactly in high supply these days.” Jim made a crude joke, which only he found amusing.

There was one thing that Richard was finding strange in all of this, why were they so willing to listen to Jim. He might be their creator, but they didn’t strike him as the loyal type. They had their own will and they should be smart enough to have soon that this power boost was a one-way street to their demise.

‘Has he found some way to control them?’

Unfortunately, thinking alone did nothing to get Richard out of their miserable situation. Facing one six spiked alone had been tough, facing two would have been extremely difficult and although probably weaker, the five spiked Dalki might actually be the hardest to deal with.

“Brock, I hate it when I am right. It looks like if we want to defend the island, we really do need the help of all the groups. It’s a shame, but it looks like they even declined my invitation. Perhaps if they were here, then things would have ended differently.” Richard let out a sigh.

“What a strange bunch of last words for an old man.” Jim raised his hand as he was ready to order the Dalki to attack, but at that moment, coming in between the two groups, a shadow could be seen in the middle.

A figure started to rise from the centre.

“Quinn! What are you doing here, you stupid fool? If you’re here, who is protecting the Dragon?! Do you really want to play the hero that bad-” Richard complained, seeing who it was. However, having turned around and seeing the look on the Cursed faction leader’s face, he quietened down.

“Haha, this is great!” Jim laughed. “The leader of the Cursed faction himself has decided to grace us with his presence. You have been an unexpected pain in my plans for too long. Now I’ll be able to get rid of two nuisances at once, it’s time for you to die, Quinn!”

Quinn’s eyes looked at Jim with sadness and pity. He lifted his hand, and held it out before speaking up.

“Jim... for you to have turned out this way, I can’t help but blame myself. The one before you right now is not Quinn, but your nephew. I am Vincent Eno, former leader of the tenth family, who you have once sworn loyalty to!”

