

My Vampire 481

My Vampire System Chapter 481: The punishers's skill

Although at first, all the leaders seemed confident when going up against Arthur, not a single one of them had moved in first for the attack.

"Come on, none of you even know who I am, I can't be that scary, can I?" As he said this, the large shadow over his left-wing did a little flap. Even though it was only made out of shadows, it had caused a gust of wind that blew the others' hair.

It had a weight behind it, a shadow had weight, it was that dense. These things seemed almost impossible. And was nothing compared to the shadow the boy had used earlier.

"Fine, be like that," Arthur said. "Skill, shadow floor."

The right-wing had dropped to the ground in an instant and had splattered across the floor. It then started to spread at such a speed that it had basically covered the entire twenty-meter area from the platform in an instant.

At first, the others including Vorden and his group tried to move to get away from the shadow. They had seen what the blood dome had done, and they feared this would be something similar, but the shadow was far too fast for them to outrun.

When it eventually reached them and touched it had no such effect at all.

"What is this?" Vorden said, stomping his foot on the ground. There seemed to be no difference at all apart from the colour.

Now the entire floor was covered in black, and Arthur still had one wing on his back.

“Shadow hop”

Sinking through the floor he had disappeared, and the next second he had risen again, only this time he had appeared next to Prima, one of the leaders.

“Attacking someone from behind shows sign of no class,” Prima said as he turned around and proceeded to stab Arthur with the tip of his rapier many times. It was so fast that what looked like one attack to the others, was actually ten.

His hand dashed in and out, in and out.

But for Arthur, it was no bother, as he matched in speed using his own hand, knocking the tip of the blade away each time, not allowing a single scratch to get on him.

“And going three against one shows a lot of class, right?” Arthur replied while continuing to block the attacks.

“Isn’t Prima meant to be the fastest vampire among us in terms of speed?” Cindy, the second leader asked.

“Yes, and without a hit, Prima can’t activate his ability,” Jin replied.

“You’re quite fast, but you are relying on your weapon and speed far too much,” Arthur spoke. “You do know I could have just blocked all these attacks with my shadow, but I wanted to prove a point. There is always someone faster than you.”

At that moment, the attacks stopped as Arthur grabbed the blade and stopped it completely. Prima tried using all his strength to move his blade, but it was useless.

While Arthur was busy dealing with Prima, Kyle had come up from behind, his cape on his back started to transform into several spikes that were still connected to his back.

Without turning around, Arthur said one word as soon as he had gotten close.

“Sink.”

Kyle took one step, and he had fallen into the ground, into the shadow and before he knew it, he had come up from the floor and reappeared at his starting point.

Seeing that there was no hope in a battle of strength, Prima let go of the rapier. It was a sacrifice he had to have made if he wanted to break free. But in mere seconds, his leg had been stabbed by the very weapon he had let go of.

“Are you trying to escape from your punishment?” Said Arthur.

Bryce was the only leader that hadn't gone in like the other two, for he was wondering what strength this man had possessed and wanted to see it firsthand. Some of the skills he had seen today, he saw being displayed by the other punishers, but not at this scale.

The floor they were on, if one was to use it, it would be a smaller range, and on top of that they would have no more shadow to cover themselves. Yet this man still had one huge wing left. His strength and speed, it had completely surpassed the leaders.

Whereas the punisher leader from before, his shadow abilities were only slightly above the leaders, but this power he was witnessing was like that of a king. For he who wished to zeomce the next king, it felt like an insult.

He needed to prove his worth now and while in front of all the vampires.

If Arthur was good at close combat and could deal with physical attacks, then it just meant Bryce would have to try something else.

He rolled up the sleeve on his shirt and crouched down with his palm open. His face looked prepared as he was about to do something big.

'Let's see how you are against blood attacks? Blood cannon!' Out from the palm of Bryce's hand, a large circular ball of blood had come out. It was Red and black in colour and had was glowing in the middle.

"It seems with no punishers around, you all really have no clue how the shadow works," Arthur said.

When the cannonball of blood got close, his other wing started to move and shift. it had formed a small tornado of shadows. It surrounded the ball before moving it and slamming it into the ground.

At the same time, Kyle was on the move once again.

"1... 2... 3." Arthur counted and as he said 0, the cannon ball had appeared from the ground right underneath Kyle's foot.

*BAAAANG

A loud explosion was heard, and a red mist had formed where the attack had hit. It looked like a red fog of dust, but eventually, it started to fall to the ground and formed little droplets of blood when everything started to clear.

Kyle was lying on the floor. The cape was covering his body and head, but as for the right side of his arms and legs. They had completely been torn apart. If it wasn't for the cape, there was a good chance he would be dead, but he could now no longer move.

"The leaders," Jin said. "They have no chance."

At the same time, Quinn wasn't letting what was happening, distract him. The shadow floor had also come to the area where their fight was taking place, but Quinn had already formed his electric Scythes.

"Come on!" Vadeen shouted, and that's exactly what Quinn did.

Running as fast as he could, continually supplying his skill with Qi, he needed to move fast as they would soon run out.

Seeing Quinn run straight ahead, Vadeen was finding it hard to keep his smile.

'The poor boy is running straight into my trap. I surrounded myself and the second he takes a step into my circle I'll finish him.'

But as soon as Quinn had reached where he had seen Vadeen touched, Quinn leaped as far as he could over the area. It looked strange for Quinn to suddenly jump up like that, and then the thought had come to him.

'He knows my ability? But how, not just that, but he knows how it works perfectly.' But he had bigger problems to worry about.

Quinn swung his arms out wide behind him and using the shadow, he stretched them out for extra momentum. The good thing about the shadow was it was able to bend, so when he would throw it out, it would move like a whip.

And that was the very thing he had down now. Charging his arms, crossing them over each other, using every little ounce of his strength, they came out lighting fast like a whip.

"Blood wall, rise, Blood wall, rise, Blood wall, rise!"

Perhaps it was overkill, but there was something that had worried Vadeen when he had seen this skill and he was right.

As the shadow scythe hit the first wall it had shattered it in an instant and hadn't even slowed it down, and the same could be said for the next one as well.

When it had hit the third wall, it had slowed the attack ever so slightly, which gave enough time for Vadeen to prepare one more thing.

"Blood hardening."

A red thick layer of blood had formed over his arms as well as the side of his body, and then it darkened in colour, creating a solid material.

*Clang.

The scythes had hit his hands and had been stopped, but the power and strength of the attack was still there.

Looking at Quinn's face he was covered in sweat. It was clear this was a last-ditch attempt of an attack.

"Looks like I win again." However, Vadeen had spoken too soon, for there was a crack in the blood Harding around his hands, the red blood aura had managed to cut through, and when it finally touched his bare skin.

A strong electric shock was sent through his entire body.

"Arghhh!" He screamed in pain and it had broken his concentration. As long as the red aura from the shadow was touching his skin and body he would continue to be shocked. It allowed for his Blood Harding to weaken and the blade continued to move forward. Slicing through his hands and going through his bones. It continued to move until it had reached his wrist and at that moment, the shocks had stopped. The blade had disappeared, and the shadows holding them were gone.

Looking in front of him, he could see the boy was down on one knee, huffing and panting hard.

He had not only run out of Qi, but his stamina, his Mc points, everything was coming to an end.

Looking at both of his mangled hands Vadeen could see they were split in two. If the boy had continued with that attack, then he could have died. This thought in his head had infuriated him.

Not caring for his mangled hands, he threw out a blood swipe from it. Not only had red aura come out, but real blood as well.

Quinn could see the attack coming, he wanted to move, use anything but he was too drained.

“Blood wall.” Without moving, it was the only thing he could do.

[24/100 HP]

He used ten points of HP as he was unsure if it could block the attack, and if it couldn't then he would need some to take the hit.

The attack hit the wall, and it had shattered it. Still, at least it had slowed down the attack a little. It continued onward and hit Quinn directly on the chest, flinging him to the ground.

[14/100 HP]

Lifting the top half of his body, Quinn was able to get a look at Vadeen, but his legs weren't listening to him.

“Move, move or you're going to die,” Quinn shouted out at his legs.

“That's right, I'm going to kill you here and now.”

“Then I really will punish you.” A voice from the side said.

When they turned to look, they could see that it was Arthur standing there, and behind him, all three leaders had been defeated, including the first leader Bryce.

“How, how is that possible!” Vadeen said, now frightened of what was to happen.

“I already told you, that you shall all be punished for harming a fellow punisher, and now you go so far to kill him? Even I haven’t killed the other leaders. For I know there are many that rely on them.” Arthur said, looking at the crowd of vampires. “But for you, you really now shall be judged.”

Lifting his arm up, he focused it and pointed it towards Vadeen, and then quickly looked at Quinn on the floor.

“Watch closely, for if you wish to be a real punisher one day, and hope to lead the people. then this is a skill that will help you greatly. Shadow Eater!”

My Vampire System Chapter 482: Shadow Eater

The name Shadow eater. It was a skill that Quinn had unlocked a long time ago. When he had entered the strange underground place and defeated the king tier beast, he had received a reward. To unlock a single skill from his system.

Due to the shadow eater skill being worth the most points, Quinn thought it had to be the strongest skill and made the most sense to unlock. However, ever since he had the skill, he had no clue how to use it. The other skills had come to him in his head. He didn’t need to think much and they would just work.

For Quinn though, no matter what he tried he just couldn’t seem to get it to activate, and right now, he would see what it did, and how to use it.

As the skill was activated, the shadow from the floor and the wing behind Arthur’s back started to come together in his two hands. The shadow seemed to be condensing themselves around both of them.

The floor was no longer black, and the wings were no more. The shadows continued to swirl around his arms, wrapping around and around until finally, he was ready. Moving both his arms back, he threw them outward towards Vadeen.

“Shadow eater!”

At that moment, both of the shadows had left his hand, creating a giant blob-like object. Arthur's two hands were separated and the part of the shadow was still attached to his fingers. As for the other end, the two blobs had split, and it looked as if it was a giant creature that had opened up its mouth.

It had completely surrounded Vadeen from all ends, and he was too frightened to even move in the first place. Then Arthur proceeded to call his two hands together, and at the same time, the two parts of the shadow creature's mouth had closed.

Completely consuming Vadeen there and then.

"Is... he dead?" Vorden asked.

A few moments later, and Arthur pulled his hands together and with it, the blob had returned to him and the shadow had gone back into himself. No longer appearing anywhere on his body. Knowing the fight would be over, he also decided to put his equipment back in his shadow void. Whatever had happened, Arthur seemed to be satisfied with the result.

However, when everyone looked over at Vadeen, they had expected him to be dead, or to have gone missing, but there was no such thing. Instead, he stood there staring blankly forward, the expression on his face unchanged.

"What was that? What did you do?" Quinn asked. Wanting to know what the effects of the Shadow eater skill were. It certainly looked impressive, but as for the results there seemed to be nothing.

"I suppose I should tell you all, not just because you are a punisher, but so every vampire here knows. It seems like you may have forgotten why we even have the name punisher in the first place." Arthur said.

"This skill is a skill that is used as a form of the ultimate punishment. On top of all this, it is a skill that was created to only solely be used on vampires. It will not work on anything else. There is one weakness that we vampires can never escape no matter how hard we try, and that is the sun."

"Sure, we have created rings and such to help us, but even me who has lived this long, the sun still affects me in a negative way. This has forced the vampires to hide in the dark for centuries. Now, what would happen if we were also to take that privilege away?"

“The shadow eater is a skill that makes it so a vampire will have the same effects it does in the sunlight as it does in the dark as well. No rings, no spells, or anything can help this. Their shadow becomes a part of our own, increasing ours.

“For the rest of their life, they shall suffer in pain, whether that be in the sun or in the dark.”

“Is that really true? Does a skill like that exist?” People from the crowd started to speak. The explanation itself caused them to shake in terror as they imagined themselves being subjected to such a punishment.

“But then, why didn’t he just use that at the start of the fight, wouldn’t it have helped him?” Another from the crowd said.

“Good question,” Arthur said, pointing in the crowd as if he was giving a lecture.

“When I was a little younger, there used to be a game, where one would capture these animals with these small balls. Now you could try throwing these balls to capture these creatures as soon as you saw them, but there was a high chance it would fail unless the creature was weak.”

“However, if you were to weaken the creature and then throw the ball, there is a more chance of it working. Our shadow eater skill is like these balls. On top of this, the more shadows consumed, the stronger the skill will get. Upgrading the ball. I would like to think of myself as a master ball.”

The crowd seemed to have understood, while half of them didn’t. All they knew was they didn’t have a clue what game he was referring to. Still to them, the more important factor was what the skill could actually do.

Looking at Vadeen, sweat started to appear on his face, his body felt incredibly weak and his skin was starting to burn. He didn’t need an explanation from Arthur, he already knew what was happening to him. Would he have to live with this pain and in this weak state for the rest of his life?

Lifting up his dangled hand, he could see his thumb was still softly intact. He then grew out his thumbnail and hardened it. The next thing shocked them all, as he swiped across his own neck with the nail and after a few seconds he had fallen to the floor. Blood draining on the ground.

“Sadly, this is an option many chose once this has happened to them,” Arthur said.

“Did a vampire leader just kill themselves?” Vorden asked in shock at everything that was happening.

Around the battlefield, the other fights had stopped after this as well. Jill was no longer trying to hurt both Layla and Erin, and they had managed to survive the onslaught.

As for Silver and Leo. They were hardly able to display any of their skills. Although Leo was a little sad, he knew this was for the best. For the number one concern right now was Quinn’s safety. The two leaders had simply given up, after witnessing Arthur’s power, and none of them wanted for him to use the Shadow eater skill on them.

A Vampire leader who was once powerful and strong would now be weaned in day or knight.

“Is it over?” Fex said, as there was silence. There was no longer the sound of fighting, and the crowd behind them was still deadly quiet.

“Can you look after Borden?” Vorden asked as he ran off in Quinn’s direction. When he arrived, he had made a slit in his hand and started to feed Quinn immediately, allowing him to heal and recover from his wounds.

But, even if his wounds were healed, there wasn’t much that could be done about his stamina, MC points, and Qi. They would take time before they would come back.

“Hey, we did it, we really managed to save Fex,” Vorden said to Quinn, now knowing that they had such a strong ally that no one would dare to mess with them as they made their way back.

The group looked up and the blood dome was still there. Trapping them all, but with the help of Arthur, it shouldn’t have been too big of a deal.

Looking at him, Quinn was thinking about the shadow eater skill. It was obvious now why he couldn't use it before if it was a skill that would only work on vampires. When he had come to the vampire world, he hadn't thought about trying to use it since he had been so unsuccessful. Besides even if it did work, he couldn't exactly stop to try to use it in the middle of a fight.

When his wounds finally healed, Quinn was able to walk slowly over to him again.

"Thank you for this, I don't know why but thank you for all your help. If you hadn't arrived maybe me, my friends.. they would have all died because of me."

"Don't blame yourself," Arthur replied. "After all, it's because of you that I am here in the first place. So you did do something. And it's best if you don't thank me just yet."

"What do you mean?" Vorden asked.

"Because it isn't over."

Behind the platform where Fex was meant to have his death. The outer edge of the blood dome could be seen. It partly cut through the stage. However, Quinn soon noticed that Arthur was staring dead ahead at this very platform.

As Quinn stared harder, he too could see something. It was people, three to be precise. Three people were walking over towards the dome.

They continued onward and first, the two men walked through, passing it as if it did nothing to them. Then finally an older man walked through the dome as well.

At that moment, all the leaders bowed down, and the vampires behind them had done the same. They looked towards the floor, not saying a single word.

The only one that hadn't bowed down was Arthur.

“So the king has finally arrived,” Arthur said.

My Vampire System Chapter 483: The King and Arthur

All of the vampires, as soon as they saw the first two men appear from the blood dome, they knew who would be following after them. The reason, because the king never travelled anywhere without his two royal guards.

The royal guards would be selected from the leaders of the past. Once the election for the next king was over. They were free to choose two guards from the current section of leaders.

One would usually choose the strongest of leaders of that generation and most loyal to protect the king. Their power was often above an average leader.

Although Vorden, Quinn and the others didn't know what the vampire king looked like or who he was. They could tell as soon as he had stepped in. He had this sense of superiority around him. As if he was meant to be in that place.

The people all bowed down, and Logan and the others followed. Quinn, however, was still standing by Arthurs side, a little memorized by the person who had just walked in. He didn't even notice all the leaders and everyone bowing down.

Looking at the king's features. He wore a black and gold robe that covered his body. There was no armour, and the clothing looked relaxed and comfy as if he had just gotten out of bed. As for his facial features, he looked old. The wrinkles in his face were deep. Quinn didn't know if the king had just chosen to keep this old appearance, or he was so old that he was no longer able to. He had long white hair that went down past his elbows. Although it stayed there shining and perfectly straight. Looking healthy then the rest of his body.

“You look old, young man,” Arthur said.

These words came to a shock, and some of the leaders even wanted to cry out and shout. How could someone say that to the king? But it was clear. His words spoke as if he was familiar with the person. And the other thing was he was referring to the king as old.

“I thought I would never see you again during my lifetime.” The king replied as he gave out a large cough or two. The one or two coughs soon turned into several. It was a strange sight to see. This powerful, strong person suddenly looked very weak at this moment.

The king then looked at the vampire leaders around him who were hurt and passed out on the floor. “Thank you for not killing the leaders.” The king said.

With each word that passed by, the vampires no longer knew what to think or react. Arthur wasn’t just any punisher. It seemed as if the king was treating him as a person even above himself.

He then laid his eyes on Vadeen who laid there dead on the floor. He quickly closed his eyes, saying a few words of comfort. Seeing this, Muka thought that perhaps the king would be angry and another fight would soon start. If he did nothing, he feared the worse and had no choice but to chime in.

“My king, Vadeen had killed himself. It was not the punishers doing.” Muka said, still with his head down and bowing for respect. He didn’t want to say more for fear he was stepping out of place.

“Worry not, I know that Arthur is not like that.” The king replied. “Whatever he had done today, he probably felt like it was within his right to do so.” He then turned and looked at Arthur, with a little glint in his eyes, showing sadness.

“If it was up to me at the time, we would have never chased out the punishers.” The king said. “I’m...”

Holding up his hand, it was a signal for the king to stop.

“Not here and not now, Besides you didn’t chase us out, we chose to leave,” Arthur replied.

The king looked at the scene before him once again, and Muka and the other leaders were waiting for his verdict. According to Bryce, he should have known everything that was going on. Unless Bryce had refused to tell him which was a possibility.

At that moment, Bryce was starting to wake up, his eyes had opened slightly, and the first thing he could see was the king. "My king..." Bryce said as he reached out his hand.

Looking at Bryce, the king simply shook his head as if he was disappointed.

"There were more ways than one to go about this Bryce, and now because of you, a leader is dead."

Moving his head upward, he could see Vadeen's body lying there still. It looked like what he had said was true.

The king took his time to think about the situation. He knew what was going on, and also knew what the council was like. There were always two sides to everything, but right now, he had to make the decision that was best for his people and the future. The vampire council couldn't continue on to be fractured like this.

If it was the case, then there would be another civil war when the next election came up. If that happened, he would have felt like his time as a king was useless. He hadn't taught the people anything.

"Arthur, you have done no wrong here, and you have only tried to protect one of your own, but I'm afraid that your punisher boy has gotten involved in our affairs for no reason. If you wish to vouch for the boy and punish him yourself, I can allow that." The king explained.

"But as for the boy known as Fex. The council had already decided an appropriate punishment. He had hidden an illegal as well lied to the leaders. To solve this matter, between the leaders and create harmony between the vampire leaders once more. I believe that Fex, and the illegal Wight must both be executed."

Hearing these words, Just when Quinn was starting to think it was all over, the same problem from the very beginning had occurred, it felt like there was no reason for him to have fought this whole time. For it had only ended up in the same result.

“Boy, I have helped you as much as I can, but I am not a rule breaker. Is there a reason why you wish to save the boy, or is there anything you can say to the king now to help with your case?” Arthur asked.

Was there anything he could do? There was always one decision that Quinn could have done, but it wasn't an option until now. And the system seemed to be thinking along the same lines and knew exactly what Quinn was thinking.

“I will not stop you from saying it. If anything, it might be the only thing you can do now, but hear me out. If you were to tell them you are the tenth leader before and tried to save Fex that way. You would have been killed by one of the leaders before you had even made it to one of the castles. Better yet, it would have been nearly impossible to prove, and they would have just claimed you were an illegal.

“A vampire leader only at the rank of the vampire noble. It's just not a believable story. But at least there is time to prove it to them now, and the king won't dismiss your claim so merely. I remember this man, and he is a reasonable leader compared to the last.

“There are many that dislike me, and there are many leaders after your seat. However, right now you have Arthur, a strong punisher by your side for protection and you have made it, so you are in front of the king. Although they might still be after your life when you mention this. You will at least be safe for now.

“The crime that was put upon Fex will be lessened, as he had done no wrong in the first place. But it is likely he will still face punishment for lying to the leaders in the first place.”

Hearing everything the system had said so far, was making Quinn think it was the right thing to do. Sure it sounded like he would possibly have more problems in the future, but it was better than seeing his friends die in front of his eyes.

“However, there is one more problem on top of this.” The system added. “And I warn you, you must think this through carefully before making a rash decision. If you claim you are the tenth leader. Then they will make you stay here, as the leader of the tenth people forever. The duties that Edward had done, will be passed onto you and you can not decline. You will become a part of the vampire world and will not be allowed to go back to earth. The only way is to do what I had once done, to run away from everything. to be hated and chased for the rest of your days.”

It was hard for Quinn to tell if the AI system regretted his decision in leaving the people, or if he was in spite of what the vampires made him do. But thinking about himself.

Deep down, Quinn knew this was a possibility. When he had heard from Edward that after Vincent had left, it had become a big deal to the people and others. It seems like being a leader was a heavy task, and the punishment for leaving was strict.

If it was Quinn's duty to look after all those in the castle, he wasn't ready. Not right now, maybe never. But, as he looked at Fex, and he looked at Peter, he was ready to protect them. His cursed family.

Walking in front of Arthur, he looked at the king straight in the eye. There was no hesitation or fear when he said these words.

"I am not a punisher," Quinn said. "The reason for me coming here to save Fex, and to save the Wight is because...For Fex, I consider to be my blood brother, a part of my family, I have sworn to protect, and as for Peter the Wight. I was the one who created such an illegal."

This was expected from some of the leaders. They had guessed the vampire had come from the earth and looking at Quinn now, they could see he looked exactly as Peter the Wight did when he first arrived, but they were not prepared for his next set of words.

"Well, illegal wouldn't be the right term. For these people are a part of my family and...I am the new tenth leader."

My Vampire System Chapter 485: The first vampires

Although Fex had asked a question towards Arthur, he was continuously glancing towards Quinn as he walked behind him. The reason for this? It was because both he and Silver couldn't believe what they had just heard on the field.

During the tour, the two of them were walking towards the back, discussing amongst themselves. The others continued to look at the strange objects placed around while the two of them would have their own discussion.

“I guess this just delays the inevitable then,” Fex said in a depressed monotone voice, but he wouldn’t let it keep him down as his sad face had soon turned into a smile.

After all, he was with his friends right now, and just moments ago he thought he would never see them again. Being sad at a time like this would just offend all of their hard work.

“Don’t lose hope brother, we have come this far, and maybe there is some truth towards what Quinn says.” Silver replied.

“You really believe he’s the tenth leader? It makes no sense. He was a vampire that was on the human world, and when I met him he was nothing but a regular vampire. How, and why would he be the leader? It would be more understandable if what he said out on the field was just to buy time. But I’ve decided... I should just accept my punishment.

“So far I have been lucky, you, father, and everyone else here who came to get me hasn’t been hurt yet. But there has already been blood spilt because of me, and it could get worse if this continues..”

The group continued to walk onward, while Arthur was bringing them along to the main lounge room. Before he told his story, he wanted everyone to sit down and relax.

While walking, Silver continuously looked at Quinn as well, and then towards Layla, Peter and Leo.

She knew that Leo was a human before, and now the sudden change to a vampire. How and when and who could have possibly turned him? These thoughts were going through her head as she thought about this.

‘Did he create all three of them, but how would he have the power to do something like that?’ And then a major thought had come to her head. ‘What if everything Quinn had said out on the field was actually true?’

After All there was one thing that they did know, that the tenth leader had left his castle to go somewhere else. No one knew where but what if he had remained on earth at the time when the vampire settlement had moved.

Only time would tell, but she too was also interested in finding out what had happened to the punishers. Perhaps it would explain why someone had gone so far to try to extract extra information from her brother.

They had entered a quite large room, with a bookshelf on either side and a large glass-paned window at the back. There was a desk that faced the opposite way, looking at the door, and in front of it were two sofas and a desk.

Everyone sat down on the two sofas, while Arthur went looking around for something. He pulled a certain book and a secret compartment had been opened. The others were intrigued to see what it would be, but then were a little disappointed when it just looked like some form of drink.

He poured the drink into his own glass and sat down at his table, before taking a sip. "This helps me bring back memories, it still tastes the same as it did back then. Back when this all started." Arthur said.

"Since there are a lot of you here that are human, or just turned vampires, it would make sense for me to start from the beginning, and then maybe you will understand how things came to be. A quick question for the two, I guess I should say the regular vampires here, do you know what the vampire code is?" Arthur asked.

"The vampire code, a set of rules that were established by the firsts a long time ago." Silver replied.

"Correct." Said, Arthur. "Although I am quite old, I'm not that old, so take what I say with a grain of salt. In the past, there weren't many vampires. To be exact, there were thirteen first vampires in total. Sound familiar?"

"These were the ones who created the code, as for why, the reason is unknown. Perhaps the first vampires had fallen in love with the humans, maybe they pitied them, or they knew they needed them as a food source. Or something else entirely different. It could have even been because there were so few of them. After all, even with a vampire's strength against the humans at the time, they were outnumbered and there was a chance they could have died.

“But because of all this, they decided to make the vampire code. These were a set of rules that were established between them from the beginning. They had decided what to set together based on the troubles they had each been through so far.”

“An example of one of them would be to never fall in love with a human. Of course, these rules have been adjusted with time, but this is rumored to how the current council and thirteen families came to be in the first place.”

“But you see, there was a major problem in all of this. The thirteen vampires were all friends of each other. They didn’t always agree, and what would happen if one of them were to break these rules?”

“Not only that, just because they had agreed to follow the rules, why would their followers do such a thing? The people they had turned and called their family. Some family members grew mad with power and wanted to lash out, some felt like being superior beings they should have taken over the human race.”

“Sadly though, all these thoughts that they could see that their people had felt; they had once felt the same way. They were old and had already been through what they had been through. People learned from their mistakes and it was their job to pass it on to the others.”

“As disagreements continued between the thirteen, a choice was made and this was how the first vampire king had been elected to their seat. They needed control and order as their population grew and a certain direction.”

“Sometimes more heads are better than one, but a leader is sometimes needed at the helm. And if one of the thirteen were to break the rules, then he would be the decider of their punishment. Some time had passed and things were looking quite good. That was until the king himself had broken one of the rules of the vampire code. What rule he broke we do not know.”

“But, what we do know was there were some vampires that chose to side with the king and some that chose not to. This was the start of the first Vampire civil war and in the end. The first vampire king was killed. One of the first vampires, gone forever.”

“The group was saddened and devastated by this. When the first vampires had come together, they never thought they would need to do something like this.”

As Arthur was telling his story, the others were glued in, listening to everything. It was interesting learning about the past, and even for Silver and Fex, this was something they had never heard before.

“Wait, did you say first civil war, how is that possible?” Silver asked. She had heard of the Civil war between the vampires, but first?

“You know, history is a funny thing. We learn it and teach it to others, so we can learn from our mistakes. So we don’t repeat our past actions. Yet for some reason the vampires have chosen not to pass on this information. Which makes the saying even more true that history has a way of repeating itself, and that very thing had happened...”

[Many... Many years ago...]

The first vampires had taken a break from each other for a little while after the incident with the first king. They continued to look after their families apart and away without the vampires interacting with each other. Some had hoped it would have led to a better life when they were apart, but it hadn’t worked that way at all.

At this point and time, humans knew of the existence of vampires. They didn’t exactly know the truth, but they hunted such things referring to them as demons. There still weren’t many of them and spread thin like this, they were weak. Being killed off one by one.

Then they realized there was another problem that would occur. Vampires made families, but the same family could not harm each other. This led there to being no discipline within the families. Or at least made it hard to do so. To control the vampires, they needed each other.

The first vampires had met up once again, and they wished to revitalize the old ways. At this point and time, there were no fancy castles or housing for each other. They had simply met up in a cave together.

“So you suggest we go back to our old ways. I agree life used to be better that way.” One of the first spoke.

“And what if the same thing was to happen again? I can’t go through hurting one of you, I can’t do that again.” Another spoke.

“But we must, I believe you are all facing the same problems with your families as I am doing mine. I know I am not a first like yours, but for the sake of my old leader. I would like to continue to pass on his bloodline, but at this rate, the humans will learn more about us and we will all be killed.”

“Then I have a suggestion to make to all of you. How about we throw a third party into all of this? A neutral camp who does not know us to uphold the rules.” Another suggested.

“You can’t be thinking of asking a human? Could you?”

“Through my experiments and research, I have found a way. A way to turn a human into one of us, just like how we the first were turned.” One of the first said. “And it wouldn’t just be any human, but my suggestion would make it so the humans would forget about us, to stop chasing us. I think we should turn to the current king. King Arthur.”

“Eno... You mad man. The more I know you the crazier you become.” Another replied.

My Vampire System Chapter 486: The great king

The sun had fallen, and in its place, the night sky rose. A city full of people and life, but there were no lights, no sign of any modern technology: nothing but torches and candles to keep the darkness away. Right by the city side was a cliff, and on top of that, Cliff stood a large castle. Making it the highest point and allowing it to be seen from everywhere.

Inside currently resided the king, one known as King Arthur. There was no king as popular with the people as Arthur was. He would regularly go visit the people in the city, check on their well being no matter what house they would have come from. Poor background, Nobel, or even if one had run away from another country. Arthur didn’t care for that, and he treated everyone with a blank canvas as he met them.

He genuinely cared for these people, and in return, they cared for him. On top of this, he had protected the country as well as the city from incoming attacks again and again. And he was not one to shy away from the battle field.

He himself would often join the battlefield fighting by the side of those with him. Knowing he protected his people. Swinging his sword, but he never forgot the blood of those people he had killed.

Right now, an important meeting was taking place in the castle. Inside a large room, Arthur sat on the biggest chair at a round table. While his advisors, some of the smartest men in the country were there by his side to guide him.

“Another ship was spotted around the outskirts, and it looks like they have finally made enough preparations to start an attack.” One of the men in robes said. While they dressed in robes, Arthur himself mostly stayed in his knightly armour.

“How many men?” Arthur asked.

“Around 100,000.” He replied.

A worried look had entered Arthurs’s heart.

“That’s twice the size of our own,” Arthur said.

A slam was heard on the table by a slightly larger man off to the side.

“We shall fight them off and protect this country as we have always done.”

Some mumbled in agreement while others seemed to be concerned, about the size of the army.

“Is there not anything we can do to stop them? How about a trade deal of some sort?”

“They will just take our things and try to fight us anyway.” Another complained.

It looked as if the room was split in a decision on what they should do with the neighbouring country that seemed to be preparing for an attack. Which meant the decision ultimately came down to the king.

“We have never faced an army of this size before. It’s not that I fear we will lose if we confront them, but its the fact of, what we will lose. The people, they will be hit heaviest by this, and we must think of them first.” Arthur explained.

The discussion had continued on for about an hour or so and it looked like no decision was made, in the end, Arthur had asked for all of them to leave while he would sleep on it for the night.

He sat alone on his table with candles lighting up each area of the seats including his own.

‘What do I do?’ While deep in thought, he saw several of the candle’s flicker, as if a gust of wind had drafted in from outside.

He could sense it, something had come in the room with him. Immediately he had drawn his sword that he always kept with him by his side.

“I know you are there. I will warn you. Many assassins have been sent after me, and they now are unable to wake up and see the sun rise another day.” Arthur shouted as he waited for a response. He knew something was there, but he couldn’t see them at all. If only there was more light.

“That’s okay, we never see the sun much anyway.” A voice was heard, and finally, he could see three figures dressed in black robes, looking like monks standing in front of him.

“We are here to...” but before the vampire could say his words, Arthur had already come forward swinging at him.

A discussion was not needed for those that would come to him in the middle of the night. The people that often did only had one goal when seeing him. Death.

Seeing the object at the last second the robed man was able to dodge, but the attack was faster than he thought, and it had hit the end of his robe, cutting it.

“How dare you try to hurt me, I should kill you!” But the other vampire stood in front, stopping him before he could say anything else.

“It was your fault for reacting that slow. Remember why we are here?” The other said.

“We have heard many things about you, Arthur, but we are not here to fight.” One of the robed men said as he walked towards him. Arthur swung his sword again, but this time, the man simply held the sword with his two fingers grabbing it.

“Although you are certainly skilful for a human. It means nothing when compared to us.”

Just then, glowing red eyes could be seen inside the hood. Arthur tried to pull his sword away, but his strength, his skills that he had been training for years were useless.

“Demons, why are you here?” Arthur had heard stories, and he had even slain a few himself from time to time, but he had never met ones that moved so fast or were so powerful. This was because Arthur had been fighting against regular vampires and not the firsts.

“Demons, those are for the weak of our kind, we prefer the term, Vampire.” the man replied. “It looks like you are in some trouble and perhaps we can help you, how about a trade?”

“Trading with demons like you, who give up your power and forsake our god. No thanks, I don’t crave power so much that I would make a deal with the devil.” Arthur replied angrily, and now he was using his full strength and slowly, the sword was starting to slip from the vampire’s fingers.

‘He certainly lives up to his name. He is an impressive human indeed.’ The vampire thought.

“Arthur, you make it sound like you have a choice in the matter, but honestly you don’t. When you can’t control yourself, come looking for us by the cave about a mile out from here through the forest. I’m sure you will be able to smell us by then.”

Arthur thought these people were crazy. Why would he seek them out for help, and what were they talking about, a smell? He understood nothing, and at that moment, the vampire had let go of the sword and started to walk away.

Seeing that there were three of them and looking like their goal was not his life. Arthur decided it was best to not attack further and risk his life. His people needed him alive. If he was to die, then the people had no chance.

“Eno, you may proceed with the ritual.”

As another robbed man stepped forward, once again he could see the red glowing lights and the rest of the night from then on was a blur.

Outside of the castle, the three vampires were returning to the others.

“Are you sure it was a success, a lot of this is counting on you Eno.”

“Yes I’m sure.” Eno replied. “You will see, in a couple of days time, he will come out to us. Using us to do everything we can to help him. We will be his lifeline, we will be the hand that reaches out to him and helps him in his time of need and in return, he can then help us.”

The next day had arrived, and when Arthur woke, he found himself in his bedroom. The maid had come into his room with a knock before entering as usual, and he was starting to wonder if what had happened yesterday was a dream or not.

Everything had seemed so real and fake at the same time.

“Why don’t I just go draw the curtains for you, your majesty.” Opening up the curtains, the bright sun started to shine through, and it gently went on the surface of Arthurs skin.

In an instant, he felt a slight burning sensation, and it started to feel itchy. The longer he stayed in it, the weaker he was starting to feel, and he was now starting to sweat.

“What is going on, what is happening to me?” Arthur thought.

My Vampire System Chapter 487: A Fair Trade

“So you’re saying they forced you, turned you into a vampire! But no one gave you their blood?” Said Fex, surprised at what he had heard so far. The whole story was interesting, to say the least. He felt that word was a bit of an understatement for what they had learned so far.

“Yes, I’m unsure of what the vampire did to me that day. As I said, it was all a blur the minute he looked at me with those red eyes.” Arthur replied. “But my bloodline was not considered to be from one of the thirteen. In a way, I was considered a first like them, or at least an artificial first.”

Felling the burning sensation on his skin, Arthur quickly realized it was from the sun. At first, he thought it was just a hot day, but he decided to go through some tests and for some reason. The sun was indeed the cause of his pain and fatigue.

It wasn’t that he couldn’t go out in the sun, but that it made him sluggish, extremely tired, and he was less than half the man he used to be.

“Is this what those demons meant. They think I will seek them out for some type of cure?” Arthur said in anger. He felt even more frustrated as the pressure to make a decision of what was about to happen was pending on him.

Trying his best to avoid the sunlight as much as he could, he had finally and it to night time. Never did he think he would wish for the sun to go down, but for the first time he had, and that’s when he started to notice some differences.

His movements, not only were they back to normal, but they were better, he was faster, stronger and more agile than before but that wasn't the best part. The best thing was his vision. He could see just as if it was the day.

But you see, Arthur was selfless, he wasn't thinking about himself at this point and time but thinking about how he could use this to their advantage. He could see in the dark from miles away, if they were to fight in the night, with him commanding the army they would have a huge advantage.

Excited by his new idea, he decided to hold a training session in the outside court, right now while the dark was out. It was the king's command, so of course, the others would follow and listen. When they had arrived outside, they could see the big smile on his face and they felt like Arthur had a plan.

He decided that he would spar with the other knights one by one, so they could get first-hand combat experience. Some of them were new recruits and if a war was to come, it would be their first time doing battle, but this was also an excuse just to test his skills.

He fought knight after knight and won the fights with ease. On top of this, he was going easy on them. But the amazing thing was he didn't seem to tire, and the others and the knights watching were impressed. They started to think that Arthur was beyond a human being, someone who was blessed by the gods.

However, in one fight, Arthur had gone up against a skillful young knight. He showed promise and it caused Arthur to use a bit more power than he was used to. The body felt practically new to him and he wasn't in complete control and an accident had occurred.

Swinging his blade forcefully, he had smashed the other's sword in half. As it flew through the air, it went past the knight's knee and grazed it with the edge of the blade.

At that moment, a sweet-sweet smell had entered his body, All of his senses felt like they were on high alert and they were tingling. 'What is this sensation?' His nose led him to one place and his eyes were glued as the blood dripped from the knight's knee.

"Your majesty, did I do something wrong?" The young knight said in a shaky voice.

Hearing it had briefly made him snap out of his trance. When he had come to, he realized he was now standing right in front of the boy and could see the young knight was shaking. All of the other knights had remained silent as well.

But there was a stranger look in his eyes as he approached the boy.

“The training session is over, everyone have a good night’s rest.” Arthur said as he quickly left to return to the castle.

‘What was I about to do to that boy? Is this what they were actually talking about. Have I become a demon like them?’

Although Arthur would have liked to think he would have held himself back when seeing the boy, deep down he knew it was an urge he couldn’t control. Even now in his room, his mind kept going back to the image of red, and the smell. And as more time passed, it was getting stronger and stronger.

But there was one will of Arthur that was stronger than anything else. And that was the fact he never ever wanted to harm those that chose to follow him. Those that were loyal to him.

Ultimately, this is what had led him to the decision to head back to the cave, and confront the so called “Vampires” that had done this to him.

A king couldn’t leave his post so easily, but leaving in the middle of the night, with his eyesight and new body without being seen was an easy task. He went through the forest and finally saw the cave that the three robbed men had mentioned.

‘They are all counting on you.’ Arthur thought. Just in case he wasn’t to come back, he had left a detailed plan for the others, the best course of action, but Arthur was sure they didn’t want to kill him. Otherwise, they would have done so back then.

They needed him for something, for what, he did not know, but he was going to find out. Just like they had said, when going through the forest there was a point where the smell was leading him to a different place. It wasn’t hard to find the cave because he knew where it would be.

Entering the cave, he walked and walked, and then a fire could be seen not too far in. Voices could be heard, and finally, Arthur could see them. Thirteen figures, all dressed in black robes. It was a larger amount of people than he was expecting, and for some reason, Arthur could tell each one of them were as powerful as each other

“So who’s throat did you rip out before coming here?” One of them said as they started to laugh.

“No one, I came here to get you to undo such a thing. In return, I will do as you wish.” Arthur replied.

“You see, there is a bit of problem, first of all as we currently know, there is no way to undo what you have become.” One of them said. “As for the second, we need you to become one of us for our goal.”

The words they said had struck Arthur hard in the heart. He would never be able to be normal again, to see the sunlight, without feeling weak. What had these people done to him, why?

“But, we can make it as normal as possible for you. We can teach you our ways, teach you how to wean off blood, and we have special items that will make you just as strong as you were in the sun, as you are now.” One of them explained.

Looking at them, Arthur started to think about his people once more. No, it wasn’t good enough.

“I see no upside for me in this. You guys suddenly turn me, put a curse on me, and then you treat it like you are some kind of savior by helping me. It might fool others, but it won’t fool me. If you won’t help me, then I will do it without you.”

Some of the vampires were angered by his words, they thought it was useless to convert someone who was so headstrong to do this task, but one of them had heard Arthurs plea, he had said “help us”.

“Why don’t you tell me what you want, Arthur.” One of them said with a smile on their face.

After much discussion, the vampires and Arthur had come to a deal. They had yet to tell him what they wanted him to do, as they wanted to see how things went for a while.

As for Arthur's request in all of this, he had asked them to fight by his side. He knew their strength, and it turned out there were more than thirteen of them. They were just the strongest of the bunch. In return, Arthur gave them all a place to live.

He had even created a separate establishment, hidden from all the other towns and cities, for people of their kind. The vampires kept their promise in showing him how to wean of blood; they showed him skills and how to use his powers.

Eventually, the world came to know Arthur and his thirteen knights and called them the knights at the round table. They went into battle and mostly fought at night, giving their army a huge advantage. It was a good relationship.

But then the time had finally come. The vampires wanted Arthur to hold up his side of the deal, and there was something important they needed him to do.

They were to go and visit the first vampire king's grave.

My Vampire System Chapter 488: Gaining the Shadow ability

Presumably, life couldn't have been any better for the life of Arthur and his people. Not only had they vampires helped him in great battles, but the technology that they didn't have access to was taught to their people and spread around. Medicine and knowledge were passed that saved hundreds and thousands of lives. The kingdom name fame and fortune was spreading around because of these things.

The things that had happened he could have never dreamed of, but there were problems in all this. The first being that Arthur seemed to never age. Most vampires could control their ageing process and slow down, but as for those that were deemed the first vampires, including himself. It was as if they were stuck. Never growing older or younger. Soon others around would start to notice. While some thought he was blessed by gods, others did believe that it could have been the work of demons.

To quell these rumours, Arthur started to see his people less and less. And rumours of him getting sick had appeared. He was preparing for his time when he would no longer be their king.

The second being, he knew the vampires wanted something for all they had done for him, and quite honestly he was happy to give it to them, even at the cost of his own life.

He had been asked to meet the vampires at the settlement they had made for themselves. All Arthur had done was given them a plot of land, and the materials from time to time to get them started. The plot of land was located in the high hills. A terrain that was unfavourable for most to get to, and it would be hard for one to build land on. This place had been kept secret and removed from all the charted maps.

When Arthur was younger, he had gone to such a place to train himself. There he had seen the most beautiful peaceful land that had a stream like a river running throughout it, surrounded by hills. Untouched.

This was the land he had given them. He hadn't visited the place, since the vampires would have always come to him, so it was his first time seeing it since back then.

When he had finally scaled the top of a hill, he looked down, and he could see what seemed to be an entire city that had been built. There were thirteen castles built in a semi-circle like shape around the settlement but a large space left untouched in the middle.

"How did they do this so fast, it would have taken many years for us to create something like this." It was comparable to Arthur's own kingdom, only it was built in a fraction of the time. With a little more help and time, they would soon grow.

'What would have happened if the vampires were to try and attack humans?' Arthur wondered, if the human race didn't outnumber the vampires, then it would be a different story. Before they were never able to grow but for the first time, they were allowed to, and that was thanks to Arthur's help.

But there was one thing that vampires needed the humans for... their blood.

Entering the settlement, Arthur was welcomed by one of the First. The first vampires were now changed to the leaders and the leader that greeted him was the one who would often come and see him. The tenth leader...The same person who had turned him.

At first, Arthur was weary about him, he seemed stranger than the others, but then he realised that he was strange in a good way. Often more times than not, he would be the one to convince the others if Arthur wanted something.

While walking through, Arthur could smell that all of them here were vampires, and they didn't bat an eyelid when he walked through because he was one of them.

As for where they were going today, the tenth leader continued to walk him forward when they had finally arrived at the centre empty space between all the castles. Here all the other leaders were waiting for him, and they were standing in front of what appeared to be a large gravestone.

But the strangest thing of all, was one of them was holding onto a human. He could tell from his smell.

"Arthur, although our relationship started off sour, I think we have grown to be good partners." The tenth leader said. "You gave us a place to live, stopped humans from chasing us, and in return, we gave you power and technology to help your people. In a way, I feel like you are a part of us."

Some of the leaders were nodding in agreement with the tenth, while some of the others seemed to scoff or pull faces as they heard this. Just as much as Arthur and his people's lives were changed, so were theirs. But even if he was a vampire, some felt like he was not like them and never could be.

The tenth leader then went on to explain what they wished Arthur to do. To be the law keeper. The grand judge in what vampires had done. They explained why they couldn't harm their own people and him who didn't have a direct connection with them could.

Not only for those reasons, but because many of the rules were to do with a vampire and human interaction. He thought him who was once human, and now vampire would be the fairest when coming to making a decision of punishment.

But in the end, they weren't telling him all of this because he had a choice. They were telling him this because it would now be his job.

Learning of their past, Arthur understood why they had come to a decision such as this, but there was still a major problem in all of this, and that was power.

Arthur was strong before, and when he was turned into a vampire, he grew stronger. The tenth was the one who had mostly taught him, and it was safe to say, due to his skills as a human and vampire, he was now on par in terms of strength with the others.

But this was the problem. Nearly all the leaders' strengths were equal to each other. If a leader had committed a crime, then how would Arthur who was weaker than them enforce it. In his own kingdom, the knights had armour and weapons compared to the civilians, and this was what was used to sway the advantage, but there was no advantage here.

"And that is why we are here Arthur." Eno said to him after he had voiced his concern.

"This is the first king's grave. We had once tried to have an absolute leader, but it did not work out when he had broken the rules, but there was a reason why he was elected to be king over all of us at the time." Said Eno. "That was because he was stronger than us all, we thought that was the most important factor for a leader, but it wasn't.

"Still, there was a reason why he was stronger than us, it is because he had an ability that is not known to us vampires. It was the ability to control shadows. When he died, we gave one of the leader's places to one of the strongest vampires to replace them, but the ability was not passed on nor taught to any others."

Abilities?

During his time as king, there were very few rare reports of people with abilities. Still, it was just reported as witchcraft and when Arthur learnt of the vampires. He assumed most of them must have just been them. Were there really people and vampires with abilities?

'But with the first king dead, then I guess his abilities would now be lost as well.' Arthur thought.

"We would like to give you his ability," Eno said.

He didn't know how they would do such a thing, but it seemed like the process had already started. The leaders had clearly planned everything for a long time. They had also made a set of safety measures in place just in case Arthur was to turn on them.

But honestly, after the tenth leader had explained all of the rules and the vampire code to him, he was more than happy to comply. The rules were designed not just to protect the vampires, but humans as well. To keep the two worlds separated.

If Arthur was to be the peacekeeper in between these worlds, then he was fine with that.

On the floor in front of the large tombstone was a circular like combination lock. They spun the circles in a certain order, and then, steam started to pour out from the top. Soon it raised revealing a cylinder like casket, with a glass pane screen and behind the clear screen, a person could be seen.

A pale old man.

The glass container slid to the side in its oval-like shape, and the body remained upright with its arms placed across its chest.

"Is he dead?" Arthur asked.

"Not dead, but the most we could do at the time was force him into eternal slumber. But he is practically dead. The only thing that is able to wake a vampire from eternal slumber is the blood of a vampire that belonged to the same family as him and all his family is dead." Eno explained.

They told Arthur to stand in front of the body. He looked at the dead king, and even though they had said he was dead, Arthur was afraid at any second he would spring up and grab him, but no such thing happened.

One of the leaders had brought the human over.

"Okay, Truedream it's time for you to do your thing." The vampire said, pushing him forward.

“And you promise to let me go after this right?” The man nervously said, looking around.

The vampire nodded, and the man got to work, he went over to the vampire king and closed his eyes as he gave him a kiss.

“What is this man doing?” Arthur said.

“Don’t worry it is all part of the process,” Eno replied.

Shortly after, when he was done, it was time for the same to be done to him. The man looked at Arthur before saying. “Sorry.”

And forcing a kiss upon his lips.

Arthur wanted to push away, but with the other vampires not reacting he knew it was part of the whole process, and soon he started to feel a strange energy that was entering his body. Finally, the shadow ability was passed onto him.

My Vampire System Chapter 489: The first official king

A strange new energy was felt inside Arthur. It felt as if there was a new part of his body pulsating through his veins with his blood. A feeling he hadn’t felt since he had become a vampire. Focusing on this feeling, it was as if it was telling him to do something; to act out and that’s what he did.

As he let out the energy from his body, the shadow beneath his feet started to rise and it slowly crept up behind his back, hovering in place. The other vampires seeing this, they took a step back on instinct. Many of them had fought against the king before, and it was a tough battle for them all.

Seeing it again didn’t bring back the best of memories for them.

"I can see you can use it." Eno said as he looked over in the direction of the vampire holding onto the human. They both gave each other a nod, and that was the signal for what he was to do next.

Grabbing onto both sides of Truedream's head, with a simple twist his neck was broken, snapped, and the human fell to the floor dead.

"Why did you do that!" Arthur said with anger, and at the same time, the shadows flickered on his back. Even though he was a vampire, he still cared for the humans, and it was the first time any of the thirteen had killed someone in front of him.

Had they decided to show their true side, now of all times? If so, perhaps he made a grave mistake and the rules and vampire code was just a lie to get him to keep the ability.

"Please, I assure you, there is no need for you to feel sorry for this human," Eno explained, trying to calm Arthur down by approaching him. "He was a thief, a crook, and worst of all, a rapist. Of those victims, two of them, had decided to kill themselves. At first, we were just keeping an eye on him, due to his powers. We thought that one day we could use them."

"During this time, we noted down everything he did. I believe in the kingdom you have a harsher form of punishment for these people. A crushing of the mans jewels by stone. I believe he got off lightly if you ask me."

Arthur was wondering if they had just said this for him, to calm him down, or if the words were true. Because the tenth leader was the one who had said it, and it was the one he trusted most. He decided he would oversee this for now. And would try to look into it himself if these words were true later.

Although Eno's words were true, there was another reason why they had decided to kill the human. His ability was too strong. Being able to take away and steal such things, one day they knew it had a great chance to cause trouble, so they wanted to get rid of it now.

Arthur was to live in the vampire settlement for a while before he would return to his castle. He stayed at the tenths castle most of the time, and the two of them tried to figure out how to use the shadow ability together. While here, he also planned his death.

He learned how to control the shadow and got stronger, stronger than any of the current vampire leaders, but Eno wasn't scared and more proud of the accomplishments he had made.

When telling his plans of his death to the kingdom to Eno, he said something that made him to think a bit.

"This task is a heavy one, Arthur and I want you to think about this. It is not something you can do on your own. The vampires grow day by day, and you will most likely need help. Yes, you are free to pick men from the vampires, but they won't be loyal to you." Eno said.

He knew what he was suggesting. Eno wanted Arthur to pick some of the people from his kingdom. Before leaving them, to turn people he trusted and allow them to be part of the punishers.

There were many people loyal to him, many people who would give their life to him, but he didn't know if it was fair on them, or if it was something they wanted.

"I'll think about it."

Before leaving, there was one more thing to think about. The vampires were now finally ready, ready to elect a new king. In the middle area above the first king's grave, they had already started building a grand castle, larger than the others.

Now that Arthur was ready, they were too, and it was just as well as more and more vampires were starting to think of other things. Such as leaving the settlement and going out to explore.

The vampires had all met up, and this time, Arthur was invited as well. They hadn't seen him in a while since he had been with Eno, but they could tell that he was more powerful. The confidence he had before when seeing them and the confidence he had now were worlds apart.

Many of them were starting to regret their decisions. It didn't make sense for an artificial vampire to have as much power as he did. Stronger than them.

They were meeting up in the newly built castle. It wasn't yet finished yet, but on the first floor they had brought a table out, similar to the round table that Arthur had in his kingdom.

"Do you like it, we designed it after yours. There are some things we can still learn from each other." Eno said with a smile.

It was time; the matter was brought up for what the meeting for today would be, and the thirteen first leaders needed to choose who would be their next king. Each person was allowed one vote, and they weren't allowed to vote for themselves.

They went around the room and in the end, the first leader Cain, and the tenth leader Eno, got the highest amount of votes, with five votes each, while another female leader got the remaining three votes.

Since there was a draw, a discussion was to take place between all of the leaders. They were talking about why they had placed their vote for certain leaders.

The first was the female leader. Not much was said as the ones who voted for her all seemed to be entranced by her beauty. They hadn't really given any valid reasons, and all her votes were from the boys. However, it also seemed like it was impossible for them to change their vote either, as if they were stuck in a spell.

As for the one who voted for the first leader. Their reasoning was because he was the strongest of the current vampires. If they ever did need to go to war against the humans and such, then someone like him whose skills were unmatched was needed.

But there was a group who were heavily against this idea, and they had voted for Eno. Their reasoning being if Cain was to be selected as the leader again. They would just be making the same mistake as before. On top of that, Eno was the cleverest of the lot. He had helped advance the vampires far in life and also came up with many solutions to their problems, including the current one.

These two camps were heavily split it didn't look like either one was going to budge to the other side, and then a suggestion was made.

“I believe there is one person here who hasn’t cast their vote?” One of the leaders said, looking towards Arthur. “He is an important person in our organization and will be in charge of many things. I think he has a right to vote, don’t you agree?”

It seemed like most of the vampires were actually in agreement on this, including the female leader with her three men that got the other votes.

“Then please Arthur, help us chose this split.” The leader asked.

It was obvious too many why the leader had suggested this, because even they knew who he was going to pick.

“Then I elect the tenth leader to be named king.” Arthur said.

The decision was now final and it had been made. Eno was to be made the first official king of the vampire settlement. Once the castle was complete, they would announce it to the rest of the settlement.

A few days had passed, and Arthur thought it was time for him to return back to his own castle to see how his people were doing.

As a gesture of goodwill and wanting to be his escort. Eno had opted to come with him during this time. Two of them talked about a few things like they usually did. It was mostly Eno talking about his new ideas for inventions and such he had, while Arthur found it amazing just to listen to him talking each time.

Finally, they had arrived at the castle, but when they had entered, it was quiet. Something was wrong. He searched and searched, but the normal workers and knights that would usefully be on guard weren’t present for some reason.

As they looked around, they had finally spotted something. It was their noses that had led them to the right place. It was the meeting room where the round table was present, and outside the door leading in blood could be seen.

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There wasn't any hesitation in Arthur's mind as he burst through those doors. He didn't know what was waiting for him on the other side, but if his people were hurt, he knew every last second would count towards saving their lives.

As the two entered the room, they could see blood marks and been splattered everywhere, and his closest advisors, friends he had known and fought with throughout the years, were lying on the floor covered in blood.

Immediately, Arthur went to the one closest to see how he was doing. Thankfully, groans could be heard coming from them.

"They're alive," Arthur said, and it wasn't just him. The room was filled with around twenty or so of Arthur's men. These often stayed in the castle and would work around the city. They had been with him for the longest amount of time.

One by one, he checked on these people. They had severe wounds on them, but they weren't dead, at least not yet.

Arthur wanted to know who had done this and why, but that wasn't the most important thing right now. It was to try to save as many men as possible. The good news was that he had one of the best vampires by his side.

"Eno, is there any way of saving these people," Arthur asked. "You introduced the medicine to us, the surgery."

But when he saw the look on Eno's face, it was not one he didn't want to see, and the short shake of the head confirmed it.

"They have lost too much blood. Moving them would make things worse, and you don't have the facilities to even do things such as a blood transfusion as such." Eno explained.

Arthur didn't really understand what Eno was saying, but knew the first words he had spoken. He looked into one of his longest friends who was held in his arms.

"Arthur... I'm..glad..to see... you're... safe.." He said as blood filled his mouth and started to pour out from the sides.

"You fool! Don't worry about me, what about yourself?" Arthur replied back.

"I'm... just..sorry... I won't... be there... to see... you... turn... this... Kingdom... into... something... great." The man replied, and his heartbeat was now starting to weaken.

"No!" Arthur cried. "Eno please something, anything."

"There is one way," Eno said...

Explaining the one way that Arthur could save them, it was to turn all the people in the room into vampires. With his strength as a First, he would have the power to do so, and they would be able to heal from such severe wounds.

Perhaps Arthur wasn't thinking straight, nor was he in the right frame of mind at the time. But he had decided he would save all their lives there and then.

Giving them a part of his blood, he activated the ritual, and that day they had been saved.

After some digging, it turns out the knights, and the maids had been killed and were placed in a different part of the castle that was found later on. Arthur had gotten some of his armies from the city to come and look after the others. According to Eno, it would be some time before they recovered.

Now at least he knew they were safe. He could start thinking a little more clearly as well.

“Who would do that and why?” Arthur asked. “I understand if they were to attack those close to me, but to let them live? It was as if they were sending me some type of message.”

“I have an idea,” Eno replied. “Many of the leaders weren’t happy with the fact that you would become a fourteenth member, and now I’m assuming even more so are unhappy with the decision that you had chosen to make me king. Instead of taking it out on me, who they see as a fellow brother. They decided to take it out on you, an outsider. Perhaps a warning to not meddle with our affairs.... I’m sorry about this, Arthur, it’s all my fault.”

“No... You gave me the option to save my people, and with your skills, you have saved them more than once. I must find out who did this though. ❖❖

Eno, then went silent, as if there was something on his mind he wanted to say but he hadn’t said it yet, until finally, he had broken the silence.

“I think we can find out who did this.” Said Eno. “You might not like what I’m about to say, but you have to understand why I did it. I had a vampire stay in your castle. It has been here since the day I turned you. I was worried that something like this would have happened, so I sent him here to protect you. The truth is I already spoke to him and he told me who was the one who had come. If anything was to happen, he was meant to protect you and your people. The only thing was, I never expected a leader themselves to come.”

“You’re saying, one of the leaders did this?” Arthur replied as he clenched his fist. He wanted to return to the vampire settlement and drag whoever it was out of there.

“Yes, but Arthur, I think we must do this the correct way. We must do this following the current laws. It will be a perfect opportunity to show the leaders and all the other vampires that this is serious, and this is how things will be from now on.”

“Okay, I’m ready, now tell me who did this.” Said, Arthur.

“It was the first leader. Cain.”

A few days had passed since the incident and Arthur had explained to all the people that day what had happened to him. He didn't choose to hide anything and also told them what he was and what had happened.

He had expected some of them to choose to leave him, maybe run away in horror, but instead. Each one of them kneeled down in front of him. Stating that they would continue to follow him as long as he lived. Later on, these twenty men would become the core group of punishers along with Arthur.

As the days went past, Eno had returned and finally had stated that they had enough evidence to convict the first leader of committing such a crime.

Arthur had returned, and the evidence was placed by Eno. The vampire that was there that day had confessed, as well as evidence of others who were at the castle that day. There was more than one person who said they had seen him.

"This is a setup!" Cain shouted. "I'm telling you, I would never do such a thing. I would never sink that low to even think about that."

But the evidence was heavily against him. No matter how many times he denied it, it was hard for even those that supported him before to believe his words. The punishment had been decided, and the person who was to deliver it was to arrive.

Since this felt like an attack on the new system they were to place and trying to set up. They all felt like there was only one thing they could choose, Death. Otherwise, they would have a similar situation as to what had happened to the first king.

The execution was to be made public to show all the vampires what would happen and who was to punish them. Out on the platform in front of the settlement, the first leader stood there, while Arthur too was present with his sword in hand.

Only Arthur's face was covered. The punishers would not reveal their identity to many. Otherwise, they would never be able to live a normal life. Being targeted by those who wished to go after them.

“Is there anything you wish to say?” Arthur said. He had done this as his time as a king before. But it never felt good, and usually when people knew they were close to death. They would confess everything. But Cain did not, his very last words were....

“I didn’t do it, and this heavy burden will be put on your heart one day when you learn it wasn’t me.”

There was no fight put up, like the others though, instead the first leader closed his eyes, and waited for the sword to come down.

“So be it.” Arthur swung the sword, and with a clean hit, the head was taken off and the first leader was no more.

“Grandfather, Grandfather!!!!” A young-looking man shouted from off the platform. His eyes were filled with tears, as Arthur looked down at him. It was a cruel site for anyone to see.

The man standing down there felt like he would always remember this day, his grandfather who had treated him well and was the kindest man he knew. Him, Bryce Cain would never forget.

After the first execution, the vampires followed the rules well, and Eno had become a great king. The vampires continued to advance and didn’t look like they were slowing down. The only area where they were not expanding on was population, and this was all decided by the king.

As for the punishers and Arthur. He had finally faked his death, and in doing so they had asked him to move. Creating a new castle for himself in the vampire settlement.

Cases would appear now and again, and the punishers would arrive to deal with them. Their power was shown a few times, and quickly their name became known to all the others.

Everything seemed to be going fine, that was until the first king had decided that it was finally time. It was time for Eno to go into eternal sleep and pass his position onto the next.