

# System 1621

## Chapter 1621: The Horde

With the help of Jake and his mother Vicky, the Vampire Corps were able to clear the first wave of beasts fairly quickly. At the same time, the damaged part of the wall had been repaired using Jake's earth ability, along with the outside being hardened. It was a temporary fix, but better than anything the corps members could come up with on their own.

The Lieutenant that was located on that section of the wall was very thankful for their help, but he understood that this wasn't the end of the attack, merely the beginning. After receiving their thanks, the two members of the Green family ran off along the top of the wall to where the beasts were seemingly headed next.

On the wall itself, around the centre, there were three vampires wearing the official Vampire Corps' gear. Unlike others, those three had emblems attached onto their uniforms in different colours, two of them being silver, while the third one was gold.

The one wearing a golden emblem had the standard black spiky black hair that seemed to be popular with many of the vampires, but there was one thing that stood out about him, and it was his bushy eyebrows, that were also pointed at the end. They curved slightly upward towards the forehead.

The three of them soon felt a gust of wind pass their face, as they saw Jake and Vicky storming off to the other side of the wall.

"It seems we are in luck, for a level four horde attack to take place when these two happened to be visiting. Right, General Yaddy." One of the men wearing a silver emblem on his clothes noted with a sigh of relief.

These three were the top members of the Vampire Corps on the base on Mars, so they held quite high positions.

General Yaddy, looked to where the two had disappeared to, and the wave that had already approached the wall. Combat was already taking place, and the force was larger than the first attack, which was expected.

A small displeasing grunt came from Yaddy.

"A level four horde attack has never occurred in these areas and as soon as they turn up something like this happens? You would be a fool to believe that all of this is merely a coincidence. Those two won't even state why they are here in the first place.

"The Commander may trust the Green Family, but I don't. However, I will always follow the Commander's wish, so while they are here I will treat them with respect, but I will be keeping an eye on them." General Yaddy stared off in the distance towards them.

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With Quinn having left the group of vampires, it left Mitchell a little concerned with what was going to happen to them. There were, after all, only five trained corps members, along with fifty new recruits.

In fact, the beasts outnumbered the number of vampires that were in the same area. As the wave of beasts got closer, the ground began rumbling even more. There were horse-like creatures with giant hooves out in the front.

Flying above them, were two sets of the large insect-like creature that had attacked during the first wave, and then behind them countless numbers of different beasts, heading towards the group like they were obsessed for the kill.

"If we don't attack now, then they will bulldoze right through us and right through this wall! Everyone, prepare your longest range and most powerful attack, hold until I say so!" Mitchell ordered.

The ones that moved immediately were Hannah and her group, while at the same time, Mitchell held out his finger. He gripped his injured arm, cursing at himself for having used it against the new recruit earlier, but either way he had no choice but to use his rifle blood attack one more time.

"The signal is the second I fire off my Blood Rifle!" Mitchell shouted to those behind them.

The group looked nervous, as they readied their blood aura. In a way, a lot of these vampires had joined the Vampire Corps to avoid the fighting, or because they were scared that the Dhampirs or the public would come after them. Being in a group meant that they would be protected, yet right now they were experiencing the responsibilities that came with their choice.

'My Blood Rifle is one of the fastest attacks that vampires can do, and it's incredibly powerful. Even if the target is a Demi-god tier beast, I should be able to take it down or at least do significant damage to it as long as I can hit it in the right place.'

With his unpatched eye, Mitchell aimed carefully towards one of the flying beast, believing them to be the higher tier beasts, after having confirmed the information with the other group that had attacked.

The moment they entered a range of two hundred metres, the red beam left Mitchell's finger. The attack was large, powerful and fast just like before, and the vampire had aimed it perfectly to hit the Demi-god tier beast.

However, suddenly, the beast leapt from their position. They looked to have a large round body made of a rocky type substance with small limbs of flesh. They had tucked in their limbs, mostly rolling their way towards the base.

When the attack appeared, though, they leapt up right in front of it. The red rifle beam of blood aura smashed through the rock beast, killing it on the spot, but there wasn't just one. They had lined up sticking together like some type of magnet.

The beam continued to go through each beast and eventually, after it had killed seven of them, the red aura had diminished to the point that there was nothing left to hit the Demi-god tier giant insect at the very back. Once the attack was over, then rock beasts landed and continued to roll on their way, heading towards all the others.

Watching what had happened came as a surprise to Peter. Different types of beasts, consisting of all tiers, shouldn't work together, but here they clearly were. Something like this would have been thought impossible during his time.

Now, with Mitchell using two of his strongest attacks, one from earlier, he wouldn't amount to much in this fight. The vampires, started to fire their blood aura attacks, trying to hit the beast that were now closer than before, but most of their attacks, hardly ever reached the beasts. The attacks that did, wounded the beast a little but hardly slowed them down.

"What are we meant to do, Hannah? There is no point staying here if this whole place is going to get destroyed. This is just the second wave!" Derik shouted, seeing that the base seemed to be struggling with just the initial waves.

"It just means it's the perfect opportunity for us to shine..." Hannah's voice trailed off, as she saw one man, running up ahead, towards the group of beasts that had yet to meet them.

Mitchell planned to shout and stop him, but it was too late.

'That person...is fast.' Mitchell realised.

"We need to help him, he will be crushed by those things!" Lucia shouted.

"No!" Minny shouted back. "He said to stay here, he promised he would protect everyone!"

Lucia had seen Peter fight against the top class Travellers before, but this was different. To go up against so many beasts, she wondered what he was thinking and worst of all she was worried as well.

Storming out at the front, Peter of course wasn't worried about himself, his fist started to glow as he ran forward.

'Quinn, you told me to try my best to protect everyone and if need be to use the new energy inside me...I can feel it inside me.' Peter didn't quite understand how to use Qi properly yet, even after spending a lot of time training.

The special Qi that he covered of his arms, he believed, was more of a fluke than anything. He didn't have to think, he could just do it, but when using the same techniques that Quinn had tried to teach him to be able to see Qi, now he could feel something else instead.

Immediately, Peter hammered his fist, right from underneath the horse, its body exploded on the impact from the powerful fist and guts went flying. The next second, Peter jumped up towards the Demi-god tier beast in the back.

While midair, it attempted to grab him with its tentacles, but that was what the Wight was going for as he grabbed onto the tentacles ends, and swung, pulling it down. Crashing into the ground. Peter's actions, the actions from one person, had caused their advance to stop.

And now all the beasts were turned towards him.

"Everyone, we have to help our brave comrade, he has risked his life to protect his, and we need to do the same!" Mitchell shouted at the top of his lungs, running forward and the rest following behind him.

With the Demi-god tier beast on the ground, Peter could sense that all the hundreds of beast's attention was on him, but it didn't matter.

"When you get back, Quinn, it looks like I'm going to be able to tell you what this new type of energy can do."

## **Chapter 1622: A Change**

Although most of the beasts in the incoming wave had turned their attention towards Peter earlier, after his superb display of strength, now that the Corps unit had made a move, most of the beasts turned their attention towards the current set of attackers.

Lifting his hands, Mitchell tried to summon some of his blood aura, but his arms were far too tense and sore. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't use his skill. He needed a whole day to recover after using the blood rifle at this rate.

'I don't know where these vampires have come from or who they are, but with that lone man distracting most of them, we might have a chance.' Mitchell thought.

The use of his arms was limited, but it was enough to allow him to summon his string ability. Propping his arms up a little bit, he struck two needles into specific points on his arms. Then, he placed the other end with his mouth with several different lining threads.

Now with a strange contraption of strings inside his mouth and with the movement of his tongue, he could somewhat control his arms. However, it was hard to tell how long he could go on like this.

The first horse-like beast charged right towards Mitchell. Moving to the side, he leapt on top of the horseback. The downside to using his string ability like this was that he could not use it in other ways in battle, but it didn't matter as he lifted his foot to stomp on the horse-like beast's neck, cracking it instantly and making it fall.

While fighting, Mitchell also noticed that a group of vampires were travelling together. He found it a little strange because the other vampires didn't act like this. He noticed that it was the group that had done fairly well during the assessment. Whatever the case may be, they were clearly impressive, and he was happy to know that there were some that he could rely on.

Of course, the group of vampires Mitchell was keeping his eye on was the Red vampires. Fighting in a group, especially this group, was their forte, and they were even more impressive than individually during their assessment, covering each other's backs, fighting in formations and more.

'This should be enough to get on their radar and not too much to draw suspicion.' Hannah thought.

'Besides, if this really is a Level Four Horde, then the worst is yet to come.'

Lucia and Jessica were taking more of a defensive approach, fighting from a distance. They were acting as solid pillars of support. Lucia would thrust her sword forward whenever they noticed a vampire struggling and shoot out a lightning bolt.

The beast weapons gave it a nice boost in strength and, at the same time, allowed for the lightning to be directed more efficiently in a specific direction, so there wasn't much collateral damage. Depending on the beast, this could hurt or stun the beast. Either way, it also gave Jessica enough time to use her own string abilities to pull back some of the vampires that were about to get seriously hurt.

The two of them were better than most of the new recruits, but there was a reason why they weren't so much on the frontlines, and that was because they had a little vampire to look after. Minny was now on Jessica's shoulders, with arms around the latter's forehead, holding her firmly.

They decided this since there was a chance Lucia could get hurt again, and it would cause another bloodthirst of energy. Still, even though the two of them supported the frontlines in this battle since the start, the battlefield was becoming an apparent mess with no clear indication of where groups were meant to fall back or were supposed to push forward continually.

This was duly part of their inexperience, and Mitchell knew there wasn't much he could do even with a few orders. And to make matters worse, one of the boulder-like beasts came rolling towards them. Jessica quickly turned, and Lucia was now fighting against another monkey-like beast with her spear.

The enemy was a high-level beast as she was unable to deal with it on the spot, but at the same time, she was unhurt as she continued to swing her weapon to look for any possible weak spot.

'This beast moves incredibly fast, and Lucia's hands are tied up. I have to do something to slow it down or get rid of it!' Jessica thought as she swung her arms twice, throwing out two large lines of red aura. They crashed into the large rock lie beast, but they quickly dispersed as they hit it.

'That's not strong enough...will I have to use that?' Jessica thought as she was mulling over what to do.

"Let me help; I can do what daddy did!" Minny said, holding out her hand. She started to gather red energy around her finger. At first, Jessica thought it might have been the blood bullet, but seeing the condensed energy building up like so, meant that this wasn't the blood bullet but was the blood rifle.

'How...can such a young vampire...be able to do such a thing...!' Jessica was stumped.

The next second, firing off from Milly's finger, was a large beam of energy. It hit the beast and broke right through its hard outer rock shell-like Mitchell's rifle attack. The beast soon stopped rolling and fell just short in front of Jessica.

However, when Milly shot the bullet, the recoil was far stronger than her body could handle, and it caused her to lose her grasp on Jessica as her body went flying through the air. Turning around, Jessica quickly used her strings to grab her and bring her close to her chest.

She could see that the whole of Minny's arm, and even part of her neck, was red, as if badly bruised. She was bleeding internally because her body couldn't handle the intensity of the attack she had created out of impulse.

Her eyes were closed as she was knocked out unconscious as soon as she fell off.

'I'm sorry... I'm sorry that I'm so weak that I let you get in this state.' Jessica gritted her teeth while looking at the poor girl who had done everything to save and help in their current situation.

'Why am I so scared? I should have just used all my powers...I should have been like her.'

At the same time, while self-blaming, she also started to think of another.

"Peter..." She mumbled. "You said we would be okay; you said you would protect us....Minny trusted you."

Tears streamed out of her eyes.

At that moment, two people arrived as reinforcements and began clearing the beasts in the area, reasonably quickly, one by one.

"It's Jake!" Others heard a vampire shouting.

Indeed, Jake and Vicky had arrived from the other part of the wall and had decided to help as soon as they noticed the battle getting out of hand.

"Well, that's strange; where's that man from earlier?" Jake said out loud, looking for a specific person, and that was when he noticed something else.

With the two of them, they could clear the small number of beasts relatively easily, but Jake noticed the number of beasts was more than what he had expected; however, all of them were distracted by something. The next second and a beast's body went flying off in the air, and all of the vampires could see someone...or something.

"Is that.." Before Lucia could even finish her words, she froze upon seeing a lone man surrounded by bodies of dead beasts. He had the same body shape as the others, but something was different about him than before. From the top of his head, it looked like a large spine or some type of tail was poking out.

It slowly moved until it touched the floor. The tail like limb that appeared from the top of Peter's head was primarily black, and upon close inspection, one could see that the long object had several sharp edges similar to feathers spiralling out with the tips glowing red.

Beasts lept from the ground towards the person, and the strange tail-like object from the head moved, stabbing right through their chest.

"I will make sure to protect everyone," Peter said, looking towards the group of people, having activated the celestial energy inside him.

### **Chapter 1623: A Lesson Never Forgotten**

With Peter's current strength, he had no problem dealing with the beast around him. The only trouble was the fact that they were considerable in number. Still, with his skills, speed and power, he could avoid most of the attacks and even when getting injured, almost all of the minor wounds on his body would heal pretty quickly.

Still, some beasts were too robust, making it difficult for him to kill them in one hit. At the same time, something he had never seen before was happening, and that was the fact that beasts were now coming at him together, and were also working together.

They were cooperating as if they were connected through some hive mind. Peter tried to go after the most troublesome ones. There was a group of smaller flying insect-type beasts, similar to the large demi-god tier beast that Vicky had killed earlier, were now grouping against him.

They could spit out a type of acid at a fast rate. Usually, Peter could avoid such hits, but when trying to dodge such attacks, the other beasts would attack him, not to hurt him, but to not let him leave the targeted spot.

Peter stomped on the ground and cracks formed underneath his feet, stumbling the beasts around him. When the strange green goo hit him, it had some acid-like effect on his skin. But because Peter covered his arms in the special condensed Qi he could use, this attack should have caused no trouble for him.

But when the attack landed on his shoulder, there was a sizzling sound as it burnt through whatever armour he had on while at the same time reaching his skin. Still, the attack didn't cause severe damage, and he managed to heal the shallow burnt skin.

Of course, Peter decided to do what he thought was best and just powered through, killing and ripping apart the beasts that were trying to stop him from moving the way he wanted. If he couldn't deal with the beasts in the order he wanted, then he would deal with the rest, who were creating trouble for him.

That was until he heard a familiar trembling voice...

"Peter..." The voice said, mumbled and in pain, "You said we would be okay, you said you would protect us....Minnie...she trusted you."

'Something..is happening, I can't just stay here!'

Turning around, a group of six or so beasts blocked his way, all with strange tentacles, giant mouths, sharp teeth and more.

"You guys won't let me go help them unless I kill you all, will you?! If that's what you want, then that's what I shall do. I just have to kill you faster!" Peter shouted as he charged forward again.

Not knowing what was happening to the others, Peter panicked to help. He moved the fastest he could, but it wasn't enough as the beast horde was practically attempting to pile upon him.

'Faster faster...maybe I could use that inner energy that Quinn told me to focus on.' Peter thought.

At first, Peter tried drawing out Qi from his body, but instead, he found something else. Not caring about what would happen to him or what this energy really was, Peter drew it out from his body anyway.

This new energy, he could tell straight away, was changing him, not just giving him some type of newfound power, but was changing his actual body structure, as if giving him a whole new makeover.

'I have to kill them faster...and get stronger.'

As these thoughts flashed in his mind repeatedly, Peter suddenly remembered one of the fastest moving things he had once witnessed. Slicer's tail. Using Quinn's final form in his head, he had made some adjustments, but he remembered that Slicer's tail was swift, sharp and powerful. Having the use of an extra limb is incredibly valuable in close combat, after all.

Then there was one more thought, a thought that had never left him since he had learnt it. A brave vampire knight of the tenth family had told him, and it was: As a Wight, no matter what, the one part that he needed to protect was his head.

Because of this, something began to form from the top of his head. It rose up, and Peter was now in the form he had never been in before. He was no longer just a Wight. If vampires were to see this, no one could really pinpoint what specific creature he was right now.

In the next moment, Peter braced himself, planting his feet deep into the ground, he then swung the upper part of his body, and the tail on the top of his head swung with it. The beasts stood no chance as the thin red blood blades came out of the tail ripping through them all.

After defeating the wave of beasts, Peter turned around, looking if the others were safe, he could see that beasts had fallen by the other side, and now all of the eyes were on him.

'Is that the Wight that went charging in on his own?' Mitchell thought, looking at him, not recognising the smell around him anymore. 'What is it...is he some type of hybrid beast of some sort, like what Pure has been creating?'

Because of this thought, Mitchell was getting ready for another battle and was worried that perhaps this weird creature would be far more challenging than the beasts they have been fighting till now.

"Minny," Peter said and charged from his position, running forward.

Upon seeing this, an instinct came over Jake, as he jumped in between the girls and soon created a giant mud-like fist from the ground, forcing it out towards the monster. He also covered the outside with his special hardening ability.

Peter knew from the earlier confrontation that this mixture of abilities was quite strong, so he didn't try to face it straight on with his strength. After all, his strength was no longer syncing up with Quinn, which means he was no longer as fast and strong as Quinn.

The link between the two had terminated a while ago, and Peter believed it was because his body had finally reached its limit. Instead of using his new body part, he swung it at a speed that was far faster and more flexible than any of his limbs, and it had slashed right through the giant fist, making it crumble.

"I see...this must be the leader of this horde!" Jake said as he braced his arm, pulling it back, it started to change. His hand had formed into a blade itself, but that wasn't all. It began to glow slightly red, and tiny drops of lava dropped along the surface, creating a sizzling noise.

It was almost as if his hand had turned into a molten blade of lava itself, and who knew what other abilities he was planning to use in this attack.

"They must have been mistaken when thinking this was a Level 4 horde. This must be a Level Five horde led by a Demonoid-Human-tier beast!" Jake had come to his own assumption.

Running ahead, it looked like the two of them were ready to clash head-on. At the same time, Minny was starting to wake up.

"STOP!" Lucia screamed at the top of her lungs, "YOU BOTH ARE ON THE SAME SIDE!"

She was unsure if both of them had heard this, and even if they did, it was too late for the two of them to clash.

That was until a fearless powerful woman stood in between the two of them.

"Didn't you hear the poor girl? She told the two of you to stop, so calm down!" Vicky shouted and pressed something on the palm of her hand. In doing so, her whole body seemed to soon cover in a strange mud-like substance.



Then, going through a set of stances, she pushed both her arms outward. From the ground, at first, it looked like the sand began to move out towards the two of them, but it wasn't just sand at all; instead, it was a wet mud-like substance.

Peter, with his tail, had attempted to cut through it; it successfully sliced through the large wave of mud, but that was it, it didn't break the incoming mud, and its liquid-like form continued until it landed on him. Once it did, the mud began to harden.

Here Peter easily broke out of the hardening mud but saw Vicky stepping toward Jake, who had also successfully broken out.

Whack!

Everyone heard a loud noise as Vicky hit Jake on the back of his head.

"Stop being an idiot; you should be more like your father and analyse the situation. If he really was a beast, why would he kill the wave of beasts himself?" Vicky shouted at her son.

Upon hearing her words, Jake's face began to go a little red out of embarrassment, and he noticed that Peter, who was coming towards him, didn't even attempt to attack him. Instead, the latter went over to Minny, who was now awake.

"How is she?" Peter asked.

Lucia, who was by Minny's side, looked at Peter's face and was a bit speechless because it didn't look the same as before. She was unsure if it was due to the transformation, but he looked completely different from before.

"She's fine; she just tried to help and used an attack that caused a powerful recoil, and she lost her grip," Jessica explained.

It was a relief, and as soon as Minny saw Peter's face, she was unafraid and just spoke softly.

"Uncle Peter...where is...daddy...Qui..." Her voice trailed off as her eyelids slowly dropped, and she went into a peaceful sleep.

Although the fighting was over here, Peter wondered: Where was Quinn?

Just then, Mitchell's voice rang out. "There should be more waves; they should have been here by now. Something's not right..."

### **Chapter 1624: An Ancient Enem**

Using the special gift given to him by the current Graylash leader, Quinn was currently flying over the large battlefield at a rapid pace. He had gone straight over the wave of beasts, and that wasn't the only wave of beasts he had gone over.

He had seen a larger force, roughly one third bigger than the group of beasts Quinn originally went past, and these were heading towards the vampire crops base; still, Quinn chose to ignore this as well as he kept going forward. Because ever since his evolution, his vision had improved. Perhaps his vision was better than even vampires as if he was some type of super vampire.

Because of that, he could see something in the distance that was somewhat frightening.

'I don't know whether or not this is the Level Four horde that they are talking about, but I do know one thing: if what I see and can feel is right, and they were to clash with the vampire corps and we weren't there, then I'm pretty sure either the vampire corps base on Mars would be no longer exist...or a good chunk of their forces would be lost forever.'

In the middle of these thoughts, Quinn did think of one person, and that was Jake Green.

'Actually, I think there's a good chance those two could have stopped this as well...there was something else I saw when looking at Vicky.'

Of course, it had become a habit for Quinn to use the inspect skill whenever he could. It was natural for him when trying to level up his skills. Although he was sure the Inspect skill could no longer be levelled up, it had become a habit.

During that time though, he had noticed something interesting on Vicky's body.

'She has a demon tier weapon with her...and if my guess is right, judging by the name and description...it belonged to the same demon tier beast that Raten had taken control of.'

At first, Quinn was saddened by this, though not to the degree when he had found out about Vorden since Quinn wasn't too close to Raten. Regardless, all of the Blades that resided within Sil, including Borden that was part of the brother group, at one point in time, had helped him out greatly. Quinn was in debt to the loyalty and friendship they gave him.

However, Quinn didn't get angry because the demon tier weapon had ended up in the hands of Vicky, another Blade, which made him believe that there had to be a reason behind it. Still, he couldn't be too sure because there was a chance that their relationship could have soured during the time he was away.

Either way, he believed they would be okay, and during his flight, Quinn had run into another wave of beasts. It made him come to a sudden stop midair because he could tell that the beasts were coming towards him.

Unlike the other waves of beasts, this one was smaller in number. However, they were far greater in strength, for there were five of the giant Demi-god level beasts in front of him. The same as the ones that appeared during the first wave. They looked like giant insects with tentacles sticking out from their bodies.

The first one began to muster up a strange foam from its mouth, turning bright green in colour. The next second it opened up the giant forceps from its mouth, and the foam was shot right in Quinn's direction.

It came out fast, and honestly, Quinn felt like if he wanted to, he could avoid the hit, but instead, he surrounded his body with one of the steel-like wings and met the attack head-on. The foam acted like some strong acid, but it did next to no damage on the demon tier armour.

'This beast armour is quite resilient and can block even an attack of a demi-god tier beast; honestly, if it couldn't, I would be disappointed, but what is impressive is the wings themselves don't have to be used to give me the ability of flight. I can feel a current pushing on my body and legs keeping me airborne like some type of ability.'

The best thing about the wings was the high defence but also it meant that attacks that would take a while to charge up could be used more easily. Spreading out the steel wings, Quinn fired two blood rifles, the new attack he had copied from Lieutenant Mitchell.

The beams went right through two of the Demi-god-tier insects that were closest, making them fall to the ground instantly. This time, Quinn didn't hold back on his strength as his attacks left a large gaping hole in their heads.

The attack didn't stop there, as Quinn spread out his hands revealing his palms. Nothing appeared out of them and the remaining three beasts were quite fearless as they flew towards him. But in the next second, a red beam appeared from behind and had gone right through the back of the beast's head, killing them on the spot.

The red beams of energy continued and they had returned to Quinn's hands and were in the form of two balls.

'This blood control is amazing. I can control the aura even to this degree of such a powerful attack. As long as the aura hasn't diminished.' Quinn thought.

Finally, with the last beast coming towards him, Quinn held the balls of aura, which were diminishing with energy, and he quickly flew to the beast and slammed them down on its head, sending it crashing to the ground.

'It's strange that the beasts, even though they know that they were outmatched, didn't try running away at all.' Quinn thought.

With the five demi-god tier beasts dead, he decided to continue on forward to meet with the significant threat that had him concerned.

While continuing his flight, Quinn also noticed several strange devices planted in the ground, some looking somewhat like towers of some kind used to send signals.

'Is that how they could tell that the beast attack was coming?' Quinn thought. 'Maybe that's how they were able to tell the level of the Horde, but if that is really the case, I haven't seen the real threat go past the first tower, which means they got the level of the Horde wrong.'

Quinn's guess was certainly correct, but for some reason, the aura and energy that he could sense in the distance were yet to move. This made him wonder if this was the case with all the Horde attacks.

It would make sense if someone or something was controlling them; maybe it was just that the Vampire Corps was too busy dealing with the attacks that they could not notice or go deep enough to tell that something was controlling these beasts.

Either way, Quinn felt like soon he would get his answer and that he did, as he came to a halt. He started to descend on what mainly looked like a barren wasteland of mars. As one moves further away from the established cities and life, it would look more like the mars that Quinn had seen before his millennia-long slumber.

Now, standing in front of him was what could be described as a humanoid beast. The only thing was, Quinn wasn't so sure that it was a real humanoid beast. The countenance on the beast, its shape and size, reminded Quinn somewhat of the Dalki.

However, it was clearly somewhat different; in fact, the feeling when he was looking at the beast in front of him reminded him a little of Graham. But there were quite a lot of differences, like, for one, this one had fur instead of scales running down its arms.

Another thing was, there was no tail, and although the face was slightly elongated, it was not as much as Graham's face. The fur covered the side of his face slightly as well. The first thing that came to Quinn's mind was that Pure had continued experimenting on the Hybrid type beasts they were creating. Seeing the injection from before confirmed that, but perhaps the beast in front of him was a more complete or different version of what he had seen.

"Are you with Pure?" This was the first question that Quinn asked the person as it stood before him.

The beast started to laugh.

"Now, how in the world did you manage to go past all of those waves of beasts? Did you just fly over them all with your wings?" The beast chuckled, "Either way, it doesn't matter."

He said as he raised his hands, and his nails began to grow longer.

He moved his hands with so much power that it looked like they sliced through the very air in front of him.

These movements, the attack, certainly did remind Quinn of Graham a lot. The next second, the attack had sliced through the air, and it was coming straight towards Quinn. Using the demon tier armour, Quinn moved one of the wings again as a shield to block the attack, but as it hit, the attack succeeded in slashing through a part of the wing, causing the metallic feathers to fall to the surface.

Just from the first attack, part of his demon tier armour was damaged.

The reason why Quinn had been able to track this humanoid beast from so far was due to the high amounts of Qi he was sensing. And this was one of the main reasons why he believed that the person in front of him was related to Pure, but for some reason, he could tell that this enemy was currently most likely in a suppressed state.

[New quest received]

[An Ancient Enemy of Vampires has resurfaced and is in front of you.]

[Its very existence is a threat to you and your brethren. Defeat the Ancient Enemy.]

## **Chapter 1625: DNA**

The truth was Quinn didn't need the quest notification to tell what was in front of him because he already knew based on the strange feeling and looked at what was exactly in front of him. Somehow, somehow, the person in front of him had either gotten their hands on Werewolf DNA or was a werewolf themselves.

When fighting against Graham, during his transformation into a celestial, Quinn had heard the other leaders claim that Graham somehow had been mixed in with Werewolf's DNA. According to what Quinn had learnt from Logan, it was most likely an accident due to the information and different DNA used when Jim had created the Dalki in the first place.

However, seeing the person in front of him, and not only their features but the fact the quest claimed it was an ancient enemy of the vampires, Quinn knew why he was getting the same feeling, and the claw mark confirmed it.

With the way he was currently, there were only a few beings that perhaps could damage a demon tier armour set like this.

[Inspect]

[Hybrid Werewolf creation]

'The werewolves were extinct, and if I remember what Vincent told me, it was due to the vampires a long time ago. So are Pure messing around with DNA again? Did they somehow get their hands on DNA that the vampires had to create more of these...if that's the case, this could be a serious problem for the vampires of today.'

According to Jin, Werewolves were also somehow able to combat vampires' natural healing. A wound from a werewolf's claws can not be easily healed. Seeing how much Qi the werewolf had and feeling that the energy wasn't quite exactly the same as Qi, an idea flashed in Quinn's mind.

If each of their attacks, bites, claws, and more had this powerful Qi in their bodies, it would make sense that it would interfere with the healing capabilities of vampires.

One thing Quinn didn't have an idea of was whether the Werewolf hybrids were weaker than the real Werewolves of ancient times or were they stronger. It also meant for some reason, or somehow they didn't wish or couldn't bring back the Werewolves of the old time.

"I'm surprised you managed to block my attack, but I'll make sure to rip those wings off your body so you can't fly away!" The man shouted as he charged forward and threw two more swipes through the air.

Seeing how the last attack had already damaged his demon tier beast armour, Quinn didn't exactly want to use it to block any more attacks. Still, due to its passive effect, not using it would allow it to heal anyway.

Although vampires were supernatural beings that were naturally stronger and faster than humans, Werewolves had physical capabilities that could outmatch the former. Because of this, Quinn was a little apprehensive about letting the Werewolf get close to him.

However, there was one clear thing, the creature or person in front of him was not on the level of Graham. He was one of a kind. Seeing this, Quinn fired out two blood swipes of his own. Using his blood control, he sped them up and didn't hold back using his own Qi.

The attacks clashed against the claw marks, and a surge of power vibrated through the air, sending shockwaves towards both of them. The werewolf was surprised, but he didn't quite have the time to relax because, in the next second, Quinn had fired off a blood bullet, hitting him in the legs.

Not just one, but Quinn continuously fired blood bullets out with his two hands as he went forward, aiming for the werewolf's legs.

"ARGHH!" The Werewolf screamed in pain as his advance stopped, but imbalanced because of the pain from the first few bullets, he leapt in the air and stomped on the ground, creating some type of barrier, but that didn't matter because Quinn's blood bullets went right through the walls of dirt anyway and were hitting the target one way or another.

'Hmm, it seems like his body must be healing...the same thing happened to Graham. Is it a trait of the Werewolves? Even with Qi and such, their bodies are still able to heal. I'll have to make a much deeper wound on him.' Quinn thought.

To do that, Quinn decided to charge right in instead. Once again, Quinn had gathered his blood aura and covered his fists with it. As he went to strike forward, he successfully punched the werewolf in the chest, and blood dripped from his mouth. Lifting his head up though, the Werewolf had somewhat regained his stand even with the intense pain and without wasting any opportunity, he sliced his claw towards Quinn.

Quinn moved his head out of the way, but a fingernail still managed to cruise his cheek. Quinn quickly lifted the werewolf and slammed him towards the ground, creating a crater and small dust cloud. Flying up, Quinn had already gathered a lot of blood aura, forming it into a large drill and then using his blood control, he smashed the blood drill into the werewolf.

From his past experiences, he needed a blood attack, at least on a level that could tear the body apart before it could heal up. The blood drill crashed into the ground, but it didn't hit the target because the werewolf was already right by Quinn's side.

He grabbed both arms of Quinn, even though they were enveloped in the red aura, and then he proceeded to kick Quinn right in the chest. He held on tightly, almost causing Quinn's arms to break from his body because of the force, but the latter held on strong, and the two remained holding onto each other.

[-12HP]

'Damn... it's been a long time since I saw a message like that from the system... it's the first time I've actually been hurt since becoming a celestial.'

Of course, Quinn wasn't so sure if using his celestial energy in a situation like this would help since the one in front of him wasn't one with celestial energy in the first place, but with him having been hit, he felt like he was in for some trouble.

'His strength and speed are comparable to mine...and that's with the demon tier armour I'm wearing. Pure really managed to create some monster in these 1000 years.' Quinn smiled.

"I have to admit you're the strongest vampire I have ever seen! Today wasn't the day I was meant to be known to the world, but you were the one that forced me to do this!" The Werewolf called. He bent his knees as he readied somewhat for a more powerful attack aiming to finish off Quinn.

Despite being hit once though, Quinn wasn't afraid.

"You know, it's a little cute seeing you use all your strength like that", Quinn replied, smiling.

It was then that Blood Sword stabbed from the back of the Werewolf, right through his chest. Quinn had aimed for the heart, but he could still hear it beat and knew that the enemy wasn't yet dead. Even the Werewolf's heart seemed to be healing on the spot. Still, it made the latter quite vulnerable, and Quinn used this chance to break free, kicking the latter's arms using his feet.

Jumping a few steps back, Quinn distanced himself from the enemy, and a thousand thoughts flashed through his mind to judge what should be his next step. Although Quinn had large amounts of blood aura, and due to his title, there were no drawbacks to using blood aura, creating something on the scale of what he used against Graham was impossible because there was one key missing ingredient: blood.

Back then, not only was his blood used but so was the blood of others who died in the war. Also, Quinn was sure he didn't need that to finish this werewolf off right now.

'Let's see..the blue fang set, celestial energy, or should I try some of the new blood moves I have yet to use...no, I have a better idea.' Quinn thought.

'Tho, I still don't really know what that will do.'

[Shadow ability has been detected]

[Demon tier chest piece active skill has been activated]

'Let's see what this demon tier chest piece can do.'

## **Chapter 1626: Better Than You**

Even with such a strong opponent in front of him, even though Quinn had taken a serious hit for the first time since he had woken up, the Celestial Vampire continued to be incredibly calm, because he was convinced that there was no way he could lose.

Quinn knew he had multiple ways to take down the Werewolf in front of him. If this was what Pure had been cooking up all this time, if this was the type of enemy that the world had in store for him after being asleep for more than a thousand years, then it simply wasn't good up to par.

'Still, it looks like I have the chance to test out a few things.' Quinn thought, a mild smile forming on his lips.

Quinn estimated that the Werewolf might have become the terror of the current age, just like One Horn and Graham had been during his time. Unfortunately for it, it just happened to encounter the Celestial Vampire, who was dying to test out a few new things.

Activating his beast armour's new ability, he allowed his shadow to be used with it, leading to something strange. Both of the steel wings were encased with the dark purple shadow. Lately, Quinn hadn't been

using the Shadow ability for two reasons, for fear that it would let everyone know who he was, and as for the second reason it was due to the level of enemies he was facing.

When having over a hundred thousand MC cells, it was okay for him to take big hits, but against someone with great strength like this his shadow would only be able to take a few hits.

'These shadow wings...they remind me of Arthur...but what can they exactly do?' Quinn wondered.

That's when he noticed that the created didn't use up any of his MC cells.

"The power of the shadow, I guess since I don't recognise you, you must be one of the Guardians." The Werewolf uttered more to himself than to Quinn. "We were fated to fight either way, so I will just have to kill you here!"

The Hybrid Werewolf charged forward, and the outside of his hands started to glow with a white light. It looked similar to Celestial Energy, but Quinn had a feeling that it wasn't the same. Since, Quinn didn't really have time to see what the system had to say about the new steel wings, he decided to test them out the old-fashioned way.

'This attack seems stronger than the air slashes he produced before. The energy looks to be more raw and concentrated on his hands. If the wings can't take it, then I'm going to have to think of something else.' Quinn decided.

Still, he soon moved his wing in front of him, and the Werewolf, using all its strength, slashed right at the wing. What he expected to happen, was the wing to fall off, but instead his hand had been stopped completely.

'What's this? ... shouldn't I have lost some MC cells?' Quinn wondered.

Pulling his hand back, the Werewolf started to strike one after another at the wings, yet his opponent just placed them in his way one after another, taking hit after hit, but not for a second did his MC cells go down at all.

'Is this really the effect of the steel wings, the demon tier armour? If I can enhance them with my shadow, and not affect my MC cells in any way. It is like having a permanent shadow that can block any type of attack, although the area is kinda limited.'

It was then that Quinn went to waft both his wings forward, and the Werewolf could see a large smile plastered on his face.

"You won't be able to hit me again." Quinn announced, now charging forward himself.

When jumping forward, he got right in the Werewolf's face and flapped his wing, pushing him away. The next second, Quinn grabbed on to the furry arms, kneeing his opponent right in the chest.

Hopping up on his other leg, Quinn then kicked the Werewolf with the side of his leg pushing him away, and at the same time, a large force of blood aura could be seen coming out of his foot and at the other end of the Werewolf's body.

The Werewolf felt his body being crushed, yet his organs and bones were healing mid-flight. As he recovered, he looked up and could see Quinn right in front of him. The Werewolf swung its arm to hit



Quinn's head, but he soon knocked both of the clawed arms away, and the next second, Quinn used both of his fists to slam the Werewolf right in the chest, sending him flying across the floor, knocking the ground up with it.

'What is going on?' The Werewolf was starting to worry as he tried to stand up while his body had yet to recover. Due to the severity of the wounds, it needed a bit more time, though his opponent was naturally not going to wait for that to happen.

'Wasn't he at the same speed as me just moments ago? How is he suddenly getting the upper hand? Don't tell me... was he going easy on me the entire time?' The Werewolf reached a frightening possibility.

As Quinn rushed forward, that wasn't the case at all. Quinn's speed had the stats of 200, he also had the Demon tier beast gear to help him. The Werewolf's physical capabilities were in a way better than his, but currently they were both even in that department, but Quinn had a few things that would give him the edge.

One, was utilising Qi properly to enhance his body to the next degree, and the second, was even though they were both fast, Quinn was a gifted fighter. The Celestial Vampire had the clear advantage thanks to his skills of Muai Baron, as well as the experience of having fought countless times at the high level, and it was clear that his opponent lacked in that area.

"I'm interested to find out more about those 'Guardians' you mentioned." Quinn noted, as he charged forward again.

It looked like he had made a fist towards the head of the Werewolf, and covering up his head the Werewolf was ready to block the attack, but that was when something strange happened. Put from Quinn's body, condensed forms of blood were forming from his side. He was using his aura, but not just in any way, he had done so, to create another set of arms.

He now had four sets of arms to attack with. With the original first he pounded it in the Werewolf's head, and with the other blood aura formed arms, Quinn pounded his body and more, hitting the Werewolf in front of him.

Each fist, would send the Werewolf flying through the air, and gushes of blood coming out from his mouth. As it did, Quinn had to make sure to keep up with him flying towards him, so he could continuously hit the Werewolf.

'The large blood attacks are too slow to kill the Werewolf in one go, so I will just have to pound him until he's dead.'

The distance covered by the two fighting was enormous, and it was to the point that without realising it, Quinn soon was coming to the border of another area. With the Werewolf weekend and the other fists hitting it, Quinn started to form the blood drill in his right hand, planning to finish it in one go.

Just as he was ready to throw it, he sensed multiple different attack coming his way. Immediately, Quinn folded in his wings to block the attack and the Werewolf continued to fall back, until it laid flat on its back in the ground.

Opening his wings, Quinn could see nearly a dozen people having surrounded him.

"Stop right there, vampire!" A female shouted.

When looking at the eyes of the ten that had come to meet Quinn, he could see they were glowing yellow. They were all Dhampirs.

"You are now in Pure's territory! A member of the Vampire Corps is not allowed to step foot in this territory, and you are not to hurt our people. Continue your actions, and we shall regard that as a declaration of war!" Another Dhampir threatened him.

The Werewolf had gotten off the ground, he was incredibly weak, and the special healing didn't seem to be doing much for him any more. As Quinn expected, there had to be a limit, just like there was to all things.

'It looks like we fought across the whole beast area and made it to Pure's territory. So are Pure, humans and Dhampirs all living on this side of Mars?' Quinn wondered.

"I am not a member of the Vampire Corps." Quinn declared, as he used his shadow to put away the demon tier set, but at the same time with the shadow equip he had placed on the blue fang set instead.

"Which means, that my actions have nothing to do with the Vampire Corps."

[Nitro accelerate activated]

The next second, the Dhampirs couldn't even see Quinn move. He still had the blood drill ready in his hand. The Werewolf in front of him, and the Dhampirs protecting him, he knew that this person was possibly important to them, which was why he needed to finish him off there and then, and that was exactly what he had done, as his blood drill went right through the Werewolf's head, and he was no longer as his body dropped to the floor.

"If you want to stop me, don't blame me for what will happen next."

### **Chapter 1627: Still Alive**

Back at the border of the vampire crops base, eventually, two more beast waves had come towards them from different directions. None of them headed towards where Peter and the others were. Seeing this, Jake and Vicky went ahead, running off to help, while Peter and his group stayed back.

At the same time, it didn't take long for Peter to revert to his normal form, and while doing so, he quickly used the transformation ability to change his appearance once again. Since there was such a drastic change in the first place, many wouldn't notice or bat an eyelid at the changes happening on his face.

Lucia and Jessica continued to look at Peter while Mitchell was attending to the injured vampires, offering them blood supplies. Minny was still sleeping, but unlike before, her expression was much peaceful; this calmed others down a bit.

Pitching blood into the mouth of one of the new recruits, Mitchell couldn't help but turn towards Peter.

'Our group suffered no casualties, but not one vampire died. This is unheard of. When General Yaddy hears of this, they will definitely be interested in what happened, but how do I explain to them

something that I don't even understand myself...just who are these people, especially that vampire from before?'

Now looking off into the distance, Mitchell wondered where the other vampire had gone and what was happening beyond the waves. With the help of Jake and Vicky, the other two areas that were attacked were now pushing back the beast waves and it was almost at the end of the battle.

However, with it being a level four horde, there would be a large final wave. When seeing this, the General would call the vampire groups to one area, yet there had been no word from the General since the beginning.

At the same time, usually, there wouldn't be so much time between waves. It was clear that something must have happened.

"Bin!" Mitchell called over. "Once the new guys have healed up, gather them all, and wait for an order from the base. I have a feeling this battle might be over, but we can't be so sure."

Bin gave the nod agreeing to the order.

"Sir, where are you going to go?"

"I just need to see something," Mitchell replied and ran off into the direction where Quinn had headed.

These thoughts weren't alone with Lieutenant Mitchell since the General was thinking the same thing.

'I have checked the sensors, and they weren't wrong. They sensed that this was a level four horde. But what happened to the beasts? Did they turn around for some reason, or did something else happen?' General Yaddy thought. It was then that he got the report that Jake and Vicky had finished dealing with the beast wave in the last two areas.

"Call them over to me, and let's have a little talk," Yaddy ordered.

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[Quest complete]

[You have defeated an ancient enemy of the vampires]

[Reward: Celestial energy +5]

'This was unexpected, so are there other ways that I can get celestial energy, other than fighting celestials and getting followers?'

Looking at this, Quinn wondered if this was something unique to him. In the first place, celestials didn't have a system as he did. Vincent always talked about how the System essentially allowed him to improve at a fast rate compared to other vampires, and maybe it would be the same here as well.

[16/19 Celestial Energy]

'Still, I'm assuming five points of celestial energy is pretty low. Because if one follower doing the condition would give one point of celestial energy, then I could just get a thousand people to sacrifice blood to a statue of me for a thousand points, right?'

Thinking about this, Quinn thought it would have been so easy in the past, but it's no use now. He would take it one step at a time, and he didn't really have time to think much about his current situation because ten Dhampirs were encircling him; in fact, he could see more coming towards him.

'Well, big balls, what are you going to do now? Take out the whole city?' Ray asked.

The Werewolf was dead on the ground, but the dhampirs that were protecting him weren't exactly attacking Quinn. Perhaps because of the speed he had just shown them.

"Emergency, there is a suspected Guardian that is currently attacking us!" One of the dhampirs shouted down a receiver.

'Guardian...? That's twice that I heard of this word by now, and that Werewolf said that when he saw my shadow powers. So I guess there are those with the shadow powers...are they with Laxmus then? Perhaps it's not good to be associated with these Guardians, but it will get me out of my current situation at least.

'It probably wasn't a good idea to kill the Werewolf. If it's a creation of Pure, it very well might be their trump card that they had created after thousand years of research. To learn that a vampire took it out just like that...I might have caused quite a stir. The question is, what do I do now?'

Quinn could sense more dhampirs, some very powerful ones, were coming his way. Of course, he disliked Pure, but he still at least wanted to know what was going on.

'I guess I just need to be patient and find the right moment to leave. It's not like they can stop me anyway.'

Just then, while he was thinking, two of the dhampirs acted, slashing out yellow lines of aura, an attack similar to the blood swipe. Quinn already knew he couldn't control these and that the red aura seemed to have a weakness against the yellow aura.

It was somewhat similar to how water would trump fire. However, just like a game, if there was enough fire, the water would evaporate, and it was something similar here too.

Quinn surrounded his hands in the red aura and just swiped at the two slashes, breaking them in an instant.

'Hmm, could you do me a favour, Ray?' Quinn asked.

'What?'" Ray asked as Quinn slashed out his hand towards the two dhampirs that attacked him.

'Try to make sure these dhampirs don't kill themselves while they're in the shadow space, maybe frighten them a little. I have a feeling I might get some important information from them.' Quinn replied.

'Wait, didn't you just say you weren't going to cause any trouble? And now you're planning to kidna-'

It was already too late, as Quinn had used shadow lock on the two dhampirs. With Ray there as well, he was sure that at least Ray, currently residing in the dragon's body, could stop them from hurting the shadow space.

The next second, Quinn disappeared in front of everyone's eyes and headed back towards the vampire corps base.

A few moments later, the rest of the dhampirs were seen coming out from the base. It looked like a squad of around fifteen or so. Then from another direction, those who appeared to be more human were also coming out.

When the two squads met in the middle, they just stood around the dead body of the Werewolf that was on the ground.

"How is this possible..." One of the Pure members said. "Who did this? Who was able to kill him? Agent four will be furious! Who did this, what did they look like, was it Laxmus?!"

The dhampirs looked visibly shocked and explained to their group leader about the mysterious attacker kidnapping two of their people. The situation wasn't very favourable to them either.

"It wasn't Laxmus." A dhampir answered. "We believe it was one of the Guardians...but it wasn't Laxmus."

"A Guardian? What are they doing here of all places? Did they know that he was currently here...? I didn't know a guardian was strong enough to take them on; it looks like we might have underestimated the Red Vampires. Perhaps they are closer to finding the Red heart, or they might already have it in their hands and are ready to make their move. We must report this to Zero immediately."

### **Chapter 1628: I Am Quinn Talen**

Mitchell was nervous when he had decided to head out. He was a little worried that either the beasts had gained some sort of intelligence and were trying to spring a trap on him, or he might be running straight towards the incoming wave, which was delayed for some reason.

Still, he was confident in his skills that if he did come across a wave of beasts, he would at least be able to retreat on time and head back before he got into trouble, but as he continued to fly ahead, he saw no such waves. In fact, he didn't see any signs of battle either.

'I'll go as far as the sensors; I should be able to spot something then. If I go further than that, there is a chance I could run into Pure's people.' Mitchell thought.

But just then, he finally saw something up ahead, something he hadn't expected at all. Around a couple of kilometres ahead from where the sensors would be, he could see it—several Demi-god tier beasts lying motionless on the ground, dead.

'This...it really was a Level Four horde, but why are they dead...? What happened to them?'

Although hesitatingly, Mitchell started to inspect the bodies, still scared that they could wake up. Maybe he could take out one Demi-god-tier beast on his own, but that was if he could still use his blood rifles. To take down five of them would be a mammoth of a task; retreating would be the best offence.

After looking through the dead bodies of the large beasts, he noticed two things. One of them was the fact that the person who had killed them didn't even bother to take out the beast crystal inside. He could only imagine either a madman or a person with no use for such crystals had done this.

Either one did not make sense to him, but then he noticed the even more shocking thing.

'This... I'm sure of it. I wanted to ignore it but the hole in these beast's bodies. That's definitely what they would look like if someone used the Rifle blood bullet.'

Since it was a skill he had developed himself, he would for sure notice it, and there was no doubt in his mind. Of course, Mitchell knew that he wasn't the one that had done this, so he could only think of one other person, the vampire he had met today, who was all to copy his move.

'How is he able to use the rifle bullet more than once?! He used it during our fight, and here, he used it to get rid of all of the beasts. I've never heard of a vampire not suffering a drawback from using an ability. None of this is making any sense...just who is that vampire? Is he...the leader of the Red Vampires? Are they trying to infiltrate the Vampire Corps?'

Although this seemed probable if that was the case, Mitchell thought they would have decided to lay low and then destroy them from within. Also, why bother protecting the vampire Corps base if that was the case.

The Red Vampires' ideals might have differed from the vampire crops, but they didn't tend to clash either. It was then that he felt a gust of wind, and the very person he was thinking off landed right in front of him.

"Oh...I didn't expect you to be out here," Quinn said.

Blinking a few times with his good eye, Mitchell wondered where Quinn had even come from. He should have seen him in the distance, but it was almost as if the latter teleported in front of him.

"You!" Mitchell called out, not being able to take it anymore, "Who are you?! It's obvious you're not a normal vampire. I..." Mitchell paused there. He didn't know what to say or what to do, but now looking at Quinn in front of him, he didn't believe the latter to be a bad person, and before he knew it, words came out of his mouth that Quinn never expected to.

Mitchell kelt respectfully down in front of Quinn.

"I...I...I want to become your follower. Please, I want to follow you, but for that, I must know who you are! Please!"

This was unexpected for Quinn himself, and he didn't know what to say.

'I had heard that vampires were like this. They chose to follow strong and respect them, but what made him come to this conclusion?' Looking at the dead beasts, he now had a good idea.

"Honestly," Quinn replied. "If I told you who I was, I don't think you would believe me."

Clenching his fists, Mitchell wanted to show his dedication. If he followed this vampire, he was sure he would amount to great things.

"Please, I have my suspicions; you might be a red vampire, you might be an original or one of the leaders of the thirteen families. These are the only conclusions I can come up with. Whatever the case, I can tell you are not a vampire that means harm or wishes to do bad. So I wish to follow you and grow with you!" Mitchell shouted, showing his determination.

Because of the way Mitchell was acting, Quinn was reminded of someone. Edward, the old vampire knight of the tenth family, was loyal to Vincent from the very end, and he could feel something similar from Mitchell.

'Maybe I can use this to my advantage. Couldn't I try to see if he could complete the condition? He wouldn't have to be turned into a dedicated follower, but I could make him a follower? At the same time, having someone quite high up in the vampire corps will help move and find out more information.'

"I can't show you who I am, not at this moment, but I will definitely let you see the truth today. But if you really wish to follow me as you said, you have the right to know who I am." Quinn answered. "My name is Quinn Talen. I'm sure you know who I am and why I have decided to keep this a secret. One day, everything will come to light, for now, you will have to keep my connection with you a secret."

It felt nice saying his name and not hiding behind who he was. Quinn hoped that once he understood the situation, he would no longer need to hide his identity, or at least become a force as great in the world as in the past.

'I wonder how he will react to knowing my real name?' He thought. Seeing how respectful Mitchell was before, now surely he would be even more compliant.

"Why..." Mitchell said. "Why, after I have shown this much dedication, you won't tell me who you are? I just wish to know your name to follow you!" Mitchell shouted once again, still kneeling respectfully.

It was quite... expected. Mitchell had heard of Quinn's words, but this was hard for him to believe.

Quinn Talen was not a normal name for him. It was the name of the Hero Quinn - the legendary figure who had led the whole world against the vicious enemies and won the world-enveloping battle.

Shaking his head, Quinn, having expected this situation, didn't bother to convince the former.

"I already told you, if I told you who I was, that you wouldn't believe me, and it seems like that is the case. As I said, when I get back, or we are in a position, I can show you who I am. If you wish to follow me, then do me a favour. Once a month, offer blood to a statue of the Hero Quinn. If you do this, you are free to follow me, and as a follower of mine, I will do my best to protect you.

Quinn paused for a moment and continued.

"I always protect those that are loyal to me. Now, would you like to head back to the base? My wings are a bit damaged, but I could carry you there?"

Mitchell felt like the interaction between the two of them was strange. He still didn't understand why the vampire wouldn't tell him who he was. What was the big secret he had to hide? Why was there a strange requirement on top of that?

'Is he trying to test me...?'

"I will...do what you ask of me. I will do that as soon as possible. Perhaps one day, you will see me as worthy enough to grant me knowing your real name instead of saying you're Hero Quinn." Mitchell said as he stood up.

Shaking his head once again, Quinn now knew it would be tough to convince others he was who he said he was, but perhaps it was for the best. Since Mitchell didn't say anything about taking them back, Quinn picked up Mitchell anyway and placed him on his back as he continued to run forward as fast as he could.

The blue fang usage time had run out, but Quinn was still fast as ever, running as fast he could. Experiencing this speed, Mitchell had one thought as he replayed the scene that went through their head.

'Wait a second...what if he isn't lying...is this really...the hero Quinn Talen.' Thinking of this, his whole body shook.

### **Chapter 1629: The First Follower**

Being carried by another vampire, especially when one could still use his own legs, was a little embarrassing. However, Mitchell wasn't even worrying about that; For one, he knew that they were going at a speed far faster than they could have if they were to run side by side.

However, what was really distracting for him was whether or not this person was Quinn Talen.

'The problem is, why would such a powerful vampire have a reason to lie?' Mitchell thought. 'Unless they plan to use the Hero's name for something else? Still, it doesn't matter that I have chosen to follow this person.'

'The one who chose to go out and fight, to protect the rest of the vampire corps. He is the ideal that we follow, and I will do my best to get him to the position he needs to be.'

When getting close to the vampire corps border, Mitchell noticed that Quinn had slowed down. Looking at him, it wasn't because he was tired or out of stamina; instead, it was to not make others too suspicious of him.

"Master." After thinking about how to address the person with him, Mitchell finally called out. "I need to ask, do the other vampires know how you are? Do they know your true strength? The ones you brought with you were quite skilled."

Hearing this, Quinn wasn't too sure if he was talking about the red vampires or perhaps talking about Peter and the others, but if the waves weren't too hard, Peter wouldn't have had time to show any of his great skills. It was most likely only the red vampires had done well during the assessment.

'The red vampires have their own goal; at the moment, I'm trying to grow and rise in the ranks of both organisations to find out what is going on, so it's best not to tell the other.'

"Not quite," Quinn replied. "The three females with the White are my companions, and as for the other vampires, we met them in a town earlier. There was some trouble in which we both helped each other out and decided to head together since both the groups were heading to the Vampire Corps."

They weren't far off now, and it looked like most of the vampires had already been called back to the barracks and base, only leaving a small skeleton crew outside. Seeing this, Mitchell jumped off and started to run himself.



"Then, if you don't mind, master, for me to help you with what you wish, please let me ask one more question. What is such a strong vampire like yourself doing at the vampire corps?" Mitchell perhaps should have asked this question first when becoming his follower, but as stated before, upon seeing Quinn using his powers, Mitchell felt like this person was one who he was meant to follow.

"I'm just trying to head back to earth, so I can find out what happened to my friends."

Just as they reached the wall, a ship was seen leaving the area and heading back to where Quinn and Mitchell had come from. Now knowing what was on the other side of the vast land of beasts, he wondered just what reason the Vampire Corps would have to head over to them. Perhaps it was something to do with him.

"From here on out, it is best if you follow me; it looks like the General of the base has already called everyone in. He will soon call for the Lieutenants to make a report and then call for everyone to meet up to go through the attack that had occurred today. I will do my best to tell them of the deeds you have achieved during this wave." Mitchell said, holding out the crystals he had extracted in his hands that were proof of what Quinn had done.

Nodding his head, Quinn thought it was best for Mitchell to do so, and it would allow him to see how well or how much he could trust Mitchell towards such tasks. He also thought it was best not to reveal the Werewolf encounter he had.

Mitchell guided Quinn to where he needed to be, just over the wall, where the barracks were located; there, several large tents pitched up. Here, the injured were being tended to. At the same time, they were gathering crystals from the dead beasts, hauling parts of their body and more.

Although the beast's bodies would decay quite quickly once they removed the crystals, certain parts wouldn't be lost and could be used for weaponry; this made them a pretty vital resource.

"Nate, over here!" Jessica shouted, waving over, and Quinn could see that his group, along with Hannah's, were next to each other, but for some reason, no one else was willing to sit right next to them. All the other vampires were seated away in the distance.

'What...happened.' Quinn thought.

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Currently, the vampire lieutenant was called for a meeting. Along the vast wall that would split the faction borders was attached a fairly large building. It was the same height as the wall, so it meant that attackers could not know where such a building was just from looking outward.

The building itself was large and would be where most of the vampire corps members met or did the required due diligence and needed more for the base to operate. In simple words, it was their headquarters.

Inside a large hall that was large enough to fit all of the vampire corps members in it, although only thirteen were present - these were the lieutenants of the Vampire Corps base and the General himself, General Yaddy.

"Well, the person I wanted to speak to has finally arrived," Yaddy said with a smirk.

"Sorry for being late, sir, but I wanted to check by myself if the wave had truly come to an end. Since I had the new recruits with me, if the bulk of the wave was to attack my current position, I would have been in serious trouble." Mitchell reported.

"And yet your section was the only one to suffer no casualties; I hear you have quite the promising recruits." An old vampire said as he stroked his beard. Mitchell could tell that rumours had already been spreading about Peter's feat, and if anything, all the lieutenants would be after him.

Perhaps with the strength, Peter had shown today, he would be more suited to join the Vampires Corps of Earth and be sent there.

"We have concluded while you were away." Yaddy began to speak. "The Level four Horde must have noticed the strength of Jake Green. In turn, after the first few waves had been defeated with ease, they had stopped their attack.

"Although we have no way to confirm this, and it is something incredibly rare, it was the only thing we could come up with. I guess it was a good thing that they were here."

"Where are they?" A larger man asked.

"An emergency call was made via the Green family, and it looks like it was something to do with the Pure territory; maybe they were attacked as well, or thought we had something to do with it. Either way, we haven't been informed of anything yet. So we will leave it to them."

Now Mitchell knew what the ship leaving earlier was.

"If I may interrupt," Mitchell said. "The attack from the Horde didn't end due to Jake. There was another promising recruit; he had run straight into the incoming beat wave when the fighting began. He met with the final wave of the Horde and defeated them all himself."

Of course, Mitchell knew that his words would seem like they had come from a mad man, which was why he quickly showed them all the crystals. The others, eyes widened, trying to figure out whether or not they should believe the story of their fellow lieutenant.

"If what you say is true...then we must meet this person," Yaddy replied.

More was discussed in the meeting, and soon, the lieutenant was instructed to head back and gather the rest of the Corps members for an assembly. On his way back, Mitchell stumbled across a statue of the Hero Quinn in one of the grand hallways.

Seeing it, he was reminded about what he needed to do.

'They don't look the same...but he told me to do this either way.' Mitchell thought. He pulled out a small blade and while standing on one knee, he made a small cut on his hand.

### **Chapter 1630: The Little Talent**

Instead of Peter, it was Lucia summarising everything that occurred after Quinn went into the beast wave. She told him about the arrival of Vicky and Jake after he had left, and how Peter had changed his form and almost gotten in a head-on conflict with Jake until Vicky interefered. Though, the most interesting part for Quinn was Peter's transformation.

At first, he thought she had exaggerated what had happened, but that didn't seem to be the case.

'So just like the others, it seems like the celestial energy allowed Peter to transform, and that was only with three points? It sounds like there was a significant boost.' Looking at Peter, his form was back to normal; at least the disguise was the same.

It was one of the worries for Quinn since he had never seen someone revert to their original form after using celestial energy other than himself because he had killed all of the other ones, apart from Laxmus, who had run away.

'I wish we were alone because there are so many questions I would like to ask. Other than a physical appearance, what other effects did it have, and why were Peter's changes different from the others that just turned into giant monsters?'

While the others continued to brief about everything that had happened, Quinn's heart sank a bit when he had heard about what had happened to Minny. Although, looking at her, she seemed to be doing well, as she was still smiling away and playing with the other Red Vampires, who seemed gentle with her as if she was glass. Even if she was annoying them somehow, everyone made sure not to hurt her because there were two people who were sure to act if anything happened to her.

'What is wrong with me? She's not even my child, and I'm acting like this? Is it because I feel guilty about what's happened to her mother and that I haven't told her the truth...I guess she is my responsibility now.'

The second the two made eye contact, Minny came running over towards Quinn and opened her arms for a hug. In doing so, Quinn too spread out his arms and lifted her in the air, swinging her around a few times in circles.

She screamed with joy before Quinn eventually stopped as he noticed he was perhaps going a little too fast and had even made a dent on the ground.

"Ahh, come on, you can go faster than that; I know you can, and I can take it!" Minny cried.

"That's enough for you; I heard you had been doing some dangerous things," Quinn said, finding it hard to plainly properly tell her off because he was pretty impressed that such a young vampire could produce a blood rifle. It certainly was something that he would never have been able to do.

'It's called talent.' Ray replied.

Quinn ignored the comment from the voice inside. It seemed like Ray wasn't having a hard time with the other two dhampirs in captivity. If he could still tell what was happening on the outside, then it meant he must not have been having too much trouble dealing with them.

Anyway, Minny certainly was someone Quinn needed to watch out for, and it would be best if he kept an eye on her. Perhaps she would be able to unlock the abilities of the shadow in the near future.

The group, of course, had also asked where Quinn had gone and what he saw, to which he replied that he thought he had seen some greater beasts up ahead, but it seemed like his eyes were playing tricks on him.

The Red Vampires didn't even believe this lie, as even the other vampires in the Corps units were talking about how there was meant to be a final wave that never appeared. The question was, did Quinn defeat them or not?

'These vampires there are clearly not normal.' Derik thought. 'I'm starting to wonder if it would be best to make them out allies or to have nothing to do with them... I wonder what Hannah is thinking. Maybe it would be best to contact our leader for a decision. Hannah's judgement clearly is being a little...misguided by something.'

It was then, at that moment, that Quinn had received a notification from his system.

[A follower has completed the condition for this month]

[1 additional celestial point has been granted]

[17/20 Cleistal energy]

For a second, Quinn was quite startled. Although he had told Mitchell to do such a thing, he wasn't expecting him to do something like this so soon and even wondered if the latter would accept such an abnormal condition.

'I guess he really does want to follow me...vampires are a little strange.' Quinn thought. Either way, his experiment was a success, and now he knew that the best way to get celestial points and the easiest was to complete the condition.

At the same time, as soon as Quinn had gained the celestial point, a special feeling overcame his body. It was a powerful and sweet sensation as if he had tasted something for the first time again. It was the same sensation when he tasted blood for the first time as a vampire.

'This felt good; I might get addicted to this. Fortunately, I'm not craving such a feeling, perhaps because I'm used to suppressing myself the same way with blood, but that's because I have only been gaining a few points at a time.

'What if a big amount of celestial energy was to come to me at once? The system stated that for my condition, they would have to do this once a month. If that's the case and there were many followers, the feeling would be quite overwhelming.'

If this feeling were what the other celestials craved, then it would be better for them to complete the condition altogether.

'I have finally reached twenty points but still haven't levelled up, which means I still require many points to get to the next celestial level. So far, this celestial system hasn't been the best other than making Peter stronger. Which perhaps is why the other celestials give out their energy more freely.'

"Attention!" A Corps member shouted from a distance facing all of the vampires that had gathered. "Everyone is to head to the assembly hall inside the base for a briefing on today's events. There will also be announcements, contribution rewards and more. Your Lieutenant will give you your next instructions, so stay with your Lieutenant unless called up by them or a higher ranking individual."

After the announcement was made, all the vampires readied themselves and did as instructed to follow their respective Lieutenants. When Quinn met eyes with Mitchell, Quinn nodded his head at him with a slight smile to indicate he was happy with what the latter had done.

Mitchell caught the sign, wondering how this vampire could possibly know, but it made his belief even stronger that this vampire was indeed special. Still, there was a concerned look on Mitchell's face for some reason.

Everyone was in the hall, standing in their groups and on stage, all the Lieutenants and General Yaddy.

'Has Vicky already left...I wanted to ask her a few questions. I will need to find out where she has gone to get some answers.' Quinn thought.

General Yaddy had started his speech, talking about how good they had done in the Horde attack. He then took some time to speak and mourned about the lost lives of the vampires. There weren't many, but it looked like one or two vampires had been hurt too much before Jake and Vicky could arrive.

At the closure of his speech, General Yaddy looked towards Quinn and the others.

"Finally, there are those who contributed the most in this horde attack, and I would like them to be invited up on stage for all to see. After all, it was because of them that this level four attack felt like simply a level 1 attack, and we must make sure that these statements are true." Yaddy said with a smirk.

Hearing these words, Mitchell shook his head slightly.