

System 1681

Chapter 1681: 1000 blood clash

The sound of fighting behind them didn't disturb the others too much because they had their own worries to deal with. Lucia, for a brief second, felt relief. After Lock had been hit in the leg by Minny, she could feel the pressure release from her.

She took this moment to grab her spear and prop it into the ground as she lifted herself up. She then rolled over to where Minnie was.

"Thank you. I'm the one meant to be protecting you, but it looks like you're the one protecting me." Lucia stated.

Still, while the two were in the middle of conversing, Clicker managed to control the battlefield once more. Lock had been transported directly behind the two girls when clicking his fingers and had both of his hands ready.

With his powers, both of them would be out for the count. As he went to press them down, he suddenly felt immense pressure from behind and on his arms. It was felt on his wrist, and a cracking sound was heard.

"You think you guys can keep playing games!" Peter shouted.

"I might not be able to catch that girl or get a hold of that clicking bastard, but I can take care of this one."

Currently, Peter didn't look like his current self, at least not what he would usually look like. He had unlocked his celestial form in frustration. The red glow in his veins showed, and his head's long taillike structure appeared.

"All I had to do was guess what you wanted to do, and I think I made a good guess."

Lock was in pain, in agony, but he knew there perhaps was only one way out of his current situation. With Peter touching him, he could use his ability to the max, using as much gravitational force as possible.

"I don't need my hands. He needs to be in a certain area... I'm going to skin this guy alive." Lock thought as he smiled but quickly realised that something was wrong.

For one, Peter hadn't let go of Lock's hands, which also meant he wasn't lying on the ground like all his opponents before.

"Is my ability not working? Did Cube use his powers on me by accident?"

"You are confused," Peter said.

The next second using his head while still holding on tightly to Lock's hands. Peter swung his tail like a structure. It was slower than it usually would be.

After all, Peter was affected by the gravity, but it was still as fast as ever. Clicker clicked his fingers, hoping to get his ally out of there, but it looked like he was a little too late.

"ARGHHH!" A loud scream was heard, coming from across the field. Minny and Lucia looked over and could see Lock, who no longer had any arms. They had been cleanly sliced off.

"Damn it, I was trying to go for his head, but me holding onto his arms seemed to make that part of him transform slower."

And that's why Peter was at least able to cut off Lock's hands only.

Clicker had sent Lock off somewhere, and he was no longer on the field. Peter took this chance to see if the others were okay, especially Lucia, who had been hurt. She had explained to him about her losing her powers.

At that moment, Peter tried to use his transformation powers, and that wasn't possible either. Clearly, one of these people had the power to stop their abilities. The next second, though, Lock was back, and it looked like his arms were back in the condition they once were.

"That damned bald-headed Clicker is annoying!" Minny shouted as she pointed her finger and fired away a red beam straight at him.

The attack was avoided by them disappearing and reappearing, but Minny had at least let out some anger.

"They have so many users from the Chained. They probably just used one of them to heal this guy somehow. We have to get rid of Clicker, but there's the other two as well as Lock around him."

As for the other two, Lucia was referring to, it was Cube with rings on his hand and a shorter gentleman who had yet to act. Judging by the information they had, this was most likely the Chained member Kin, who was able to counter attacks and abilities.

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Not too far from them, but have distanced themselves a little away from where the others were. There was Mitchell and the female Fizzle.

Although unable to hit her, Mithcell had cleverly been cutting off her path of where she was able to Mitchell had thrown out a few black metal pins that he had on him into the ground and attached his string to them. In doing so, he had cornered the female somewhat.

Using his blood powers and the strings to slow her, bit by bit, he was pushing her away from the rest of the group.

"I see." The female finally spoke.

"You think if you get me far enough away from Clicker that he won't be able to help me get away... but you haven't been able to hit me once with your attacks."

"There's a reason the Nutcracker doesn't care so much about me, and you know he can teleport me to him whenever he wants?"

Mitchell found it weird. Not once had this woman on the attack, and it was as if she was the one being more concerned with being near Clicker.

Something was seriously up. Why would she hold out her hands in a strange way whenever she stopped. What exactly was she doing?

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Out in seemingly in the middle of nowhere, away from anything where two people. Quinn didn't have a clue where they were because he was unable to hear a sound from any of the others.

However, he was more surprised at something else, and that was the fact that Quinn had met someone who had blood control on the same level as him for the first time.

"How can he create a 1000 blood swords? This was something that I copied from Bryce!" Quinn thought.

Quinn was sure of it. The person in front of him didn't have any celestial energy, nor did he smell like a vampire. Either way, Quinn had no time to hesitate as he used his blood control to confidently throw out all of the blood swords.

At the same time, Russ imitated Quinn moving his hands, and his thousand blood swords moved forward as well. All of them were moving at a devastating speed and crashing into each other; a mist of red and raw energy was felt all over where they were.

Looking at the red sky, as all of the weapons were destroyed, Quinn was in disbelief. The power he was using was one of the vampire's most treasured gifts. Not even the Blades were able to copy blood aura.

"I have to think of this rationally. I can't just be shocked and surprised. It has to be an ability of some sort. Can he just copy an ability like the Blade's but not quite the same? If that's the case, then I just need to use something he hasn't seen before."

Running across the field, Quinn started to gather a large blood aura around his fist. As it gathered, it started to swirl around, and while doing so, the blood spun like a drill. Another one of Quinn's strongest attacks, borrowed from Richard Eno able to destroy anything.

Unlike before, even if he could copy it since Quinn had only started to form it when getting close to Russ, he believed that Russ would be unable to copy it, and he was right.

Because Russ started to do something else, a strange black substance appeared from the ground.

It gathered around his hands and became even more saturated. It suddenly expanded in size, growing to the same size as the blood drill.

As the blood drill hit, it was stopped in its tracks, not being able to move forward.

"This is making no sense... this is my shadow... the shadow powers, but how can it stop blood infused Qi drill? Is he using Qi as well? And why can he use the shadow powers."

While his blood drill was doing nothing as it hit the shadow, behind Quinn, there were now thousands of blood blades all pointed towards him.

"Today, you will learn that neither Hilston Blade nor Quinn Talen were the strongest in the world, but I."

Chapter 1682: Little red

"This is frustrating," Peter frowned as he stomped on the ground so hard that a large piece was uplifted and went straight towards Clicker and the other two around him. Of course, Peter never expected something like this to happen; he was just letting out his frustration.

"These guys aren't even strong! They're just running around and wasting our time!" Peter said in frustration this while looking at the two girls. He knew Quinn had asked him to protect them, but they were slower than him. If he attempted to go out and try to find some way to take out Clicker, it would put the girls at risk.

"Do it, uncle!" Minny shouted.

"I'm not as weak, I can protect Lucy, and she can protect me. We can both deal with these guys. So you should go ahead and beat up that Clicker and ask him where Jessica is."

Although the words coming from Minny were full of confidence, Peter didn't know what to do, but it was quite clear that if they didn't get rid of Clicker or got control of him somehow, maybe they wouldn't see Quinn for a while.

"I will keep an eye on both of you and I will keep chasing the Cliker no matter what. I'll run faster than his damned teleportation skills or whatever... but... you two should call me if you need me!"

After saying these words, Peter flicked his long head-tail and planted it in the ground. It managed to carry his entire body weight as it stomped down like a spring. The next second it unleashed with energy, sending him like a spring up in the air. He looked like a rocket flying to break through the atmosphere, the only thing was that it wasn't heading for space.

"So, Minny, I don't know if I should ask you this, but do you have any plans to get to the other two?" Lucia asked.

She had gripped her spear tightly. Although she couldn't use her lighting powers, she was still quite skilled in using Qi, and perhaps she could do something with this.

"We just have to get close! Use attacks from far away or something while Uncle Peter is distracting them." Minny said.

Wondering what she meant, Lucia saw Peter coming down like a meteor strike. He had reached the maximum height of the projectile and was now coming down at an accelerating speed.

He slammed coming down at an accelerating speed. He slammed directly where the enemy group was standing, and the aftershock of his landing created a big crater, sending the rocks and land flying.

Not just that, the rocks seemed to be fused with red energy. A debris wall of red vampire aura had erupted along with the rocks, and not too far from Peter was Clicker, who looked to be breathing heavily with the other two by his side.

"That was close... he is so fast." Just as Clicker said these words and regained his composure, he saw Peter was already heading towards him.

"Cube, Kin, Lock, you're on your own. Deal with them!" Clicker ordered and clicked his fingers.

Unfortunately, there were quite a few limitations to Clicker's power. As for one of them, it was the fact that he could only move two objects or people at a time using his powers.

This was because he had two hands, and each click was one teleportation. However, he had mastered a way to click as fast as possible over the years to match his powers. This was why in a challenging situation like this one, with his life on the line, Clicker needed to think of something else.

Clicking his fingers, two more people appeared in front of Clicker. They were other members of the Chained but were left quite confused. However, upon seeing a certain person come toward them though, they readied themselves to fight it out.

But Peter didn't waste any time on them and ran right through the gap, and when he did so, they hadn't even realised that he had already used his tail-head to slice through their bodies, killing them on the spot.

"I don't hesitate to kill those trying to kill me!" Peter shouted. Clicker had moved, but Peter would continue to hunt him down no matter what.

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The two girls were now staring at the three Chained members they needed to take out. It was going to be tough. Still, they ran forward, heading towards their opponents.

"You think without Clicker, we're useless? You two are just a bunch of novices." Lock stated.

Minnie aimed one of her fingers towards Cube. Lucy had told her that it was most likely him blocking the abilities. If that was the case, then getting rid of him would eliminate a big disadvantage.

She shot out a red blood bullet which went right for his head, but before it could reach though, Kin appeared in front of it, and by throwing out his hand, he created a wall made of strange lights.

It was at that moment, as the red blood bullet hit the wall, the latter froze in place for a moment and then got reflected where it came from.

"No, he can counter red blood aura as well. What a strong ability." Lucia thought.

The blood bullet was coming back just as fast, and while thrusting her spear forward with her Qi to defend against it, Lucia was afraid that the small vampire's attack might actually be stronger than hers.

"Don't worry, remember I'm here to help you out as well." Just then, they heard a young woman's voice.

She placed her hand on the spear and enveloped it with her red aura. The spear glowed red, and as if in sync, they moved their hand forward towards the blood bullet.

Their defence pierced through the blood bullet and shook the spear slightly, but they were okay. "You added your blood aura...how is that possible?"

"Qi and blood aura are often seen as opposites that can't mix," Hannah answered.

"But there was someone who did it quite often. The Hero Quinn. Although I can't produce Qi myself but together, we can create quite strong attacks in doing this."

"Where were you all this time?!" This was Lucia's first thought after hearing this. After all, they could have used her help earlier. Just as the former was about to answer though, they listened to a sound coming from not too far from where they were.

When looking to their left, they saw it was Minny, and she had her head down and was making small grunts.

"Minny, what's wrong? Is everything okay?" Lucia asked.

The other three still weren't so keen to come forward and try to attack them, which was good for them, but now with Minny acting like this, it made Lucia quite concerned.

After a few more seconds, Minny finally lifted up her head, and Lucia was taken aback by the former's appearance because all she saw were glowing red eyes, but not like that of a typical vampire when activating their powers.

Instead, Minny's eyes were glowing to the point where the white couldn't be seen in them anymore. Somehow, Minny had summoned the little celestial energy she had during her fit of anger.

Although Quinn hadn't given her a large amount, it didn't matter. Just one point could change a vampire completely when using the energy.

The red veins appeared running up Minny's neck. In fact, it looked like they were branching up towards her mouth and head.

The glow started to settle down a little, and as this happened, the red power inside her also seemed to settle. Although, it was still concentrated around her neck and had created a type of ring around it.

With this new energy inside of her and still being overwhelmed by anger, Minny started to run forward.

She was fast. Lucia tried to reach out and stop her, but she couldn't even react in time. Seeing a small girl run toward them, the three Chained members felt like they had nothing to fear, and Kin was ready to counter whatever attack was coming their way.

When Minny finally got close, she leapt up in the air and opened her mouth wide.

"AHHHH!" Minny screamed, and with it, several rings of red aura came out like waves.

Calm and collected as before, Kin swiped his hand to reflect the incoming attack, but when the first red ring of power hit, his ability couldn't reflect the attack. The rings didn't touch him though; they kind of surrounded him like a tunnel.

While inside the tunnel of red rings, Kin could feel the pressure around him suddenly rise - the power of the red aura was now hurting his skin. His ears started bleeding, and suddenly, Kin's head exploded, popping like a balloon.

The other two members of the Chained were left stunned. In the next moment, they brought out their weapons and gave their utmost attention to this little red vampire.

Chapter 1683: What's your name?

Lucia had seen how much the celestial power had affected Peter. He had legendary power before she met him, possibly stronger than any of the current strongest in the world, but it was almost as if he was unstoppable with the celestial power.

It was only because she would see him next to Quinn, a person that was greater than him, that Peter would at times not look so impressive.

Either way, this strange power that this group could use, Quinn's marking given to them, was the reason for this boost, and Minny had proven that. The fighting was one thing, but it wasn't her power that had concerned her. It was that she hadn't flinched at killing the person in front of her.

Either way, Lucia wouldn't let Minny fight alone, and she continued to run forward to see if she was okay. Storming a little past her was Hannah.

"Damn it, even with Qi; I'm not fast enough to help those I care about... I could use the lighting steps to catch up to them if I had my lighting powers."

Immediately, Minny was doing something strange. When seeing the dead body in front of her, she headed straight towards it and gulped down the blood from her dead victim. Of course, seeing this and seeing her strength, both Lock and Cube went straight for her.

"Down!" Lock shouted using his ability, and immediately Minny was forced onto the ground. She tried to push up with her arms, but her strength wasn't enough. Her neck was still glowing red, and slowly her head was shaking as she tried to lift it.

Cube smashed one of the rings on his fingers, and it appeared to bulge up his muscles slightly.

"You keep using your damned gravity on her, and I'll pound her until she's dead!" Cube shouted, running forward.

Looking from the outside, perhaps there would be those that thought, how could one attack such a tiny little girl. However, if one could see the look on both Lock and Cube's faces, it was one of pure fear. They were afraid of the little vampire and were fighting for their lives.

Seeing Minny like that, after helping her, was about to be in trouble. Mustering all the strength she could, Lucia infused the Qi into the weapon and threw out the blade as hard as she could.

Cube had no choice but to throw out his fist toward the spear. The two clashed, and the spear stayed floating in the air.

"I can do the rest!" Hannah claimed as she pulled out both of her small daggers and dug them into the ground.

"None of you know what I went through in there... how much fighting I did against that damned dragon!"

The red aura was placed in the blades, and dragging herself; she flung her body like a slingshot. Immediately she crashed into Cube's body, sending him back and tumbling. However, a clang was heard on the impact.

When on the ground, Cube looked to be fine. That was because the daggers were unable to pierce his chest piece. The daggers looked to be slightly frozen, with only the tips touching.

"Do you really think the Chained are just useless and rely on their powers!" Cube stated, one of his other rings activating and now a fist of fire came towards Hannah.

The ice around the daggers had spread to her arms. She was struggling to pull it out.

"He has strong beast items... but I can take it." Hannah thought as she was prepared for what was coming.

Regardless, it didn't seem like she would need to act because a large gush of water had sprayed directly onto Cube's fist. Then the next second, a metallic fist pounded him in the face.

After that, his body was dragged towards him, and the strange man punched him once again into the ground until he could no longer move.

Looking at who this person was, Hannah wasn't entirely sure.

Soon, the older gentleman who had just saved Hannah went over to Minny, who was on the ground. She was standing to Hannah's surprise. The old man bent down on his knees, looking at her face.

"You don't have to worry," Vorden said with a sweet smile.

"You can relax now all your friends are safe." He pointed behind her. Minny turned her head and could see that Lucia was just fine.

Seeing her all okay and running towards her, Minny started to walk over. The red energy inside her started to fade away. She collapsed again, falling to the floor, landing safely in Lucia's hand.

"You... You took care of Lock..and you used all those powers. You're a Blade, aren't you? Thank you so much for saving us." Lucia said straight away.

"Be careful." Hannah said. "We don't know whose side he is on."

"I'm Vorden, and I'm a friend of the other one still fighting," Vorden answered, looking off into the distance.

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Peter and clicker were still in the middle of their battle, and it looked like something was going on. For the first time in a very long time, Peter was huffing and panting. It was an odd expression, but he was getting tired.

"Is this because of the celestial energy? Have I been using it for a while now? It has to be that unless it's because I've been standing for so long and I lost stamina, but that makes no sense." Peter thought.

At the same time, his opponent didn't look any better. Although, his tiredness was due to the pressure he was facing. A couple of times, it looked like his opponent had gotten closer.

"Is he getting faster... but I can't get much further away from Fizzl. It looks like she's having trouble as well. If I get out of her area, I'll no longer be able to use my ability freely like I have been doing."

"Wait!" Clicker said, shouting out with one hand pointed towards Peter and the other ready to click his fingers.

"You know I can just click away from you when I want, but I don't want to run away anymore."

"You've already killed countless members of the Chained... and I'm getting tired. Before you kill me, please let me know your name."

For some reason, Peter was inclined to listen. For one he was catching his breath but was trying as hard as possible for his opponent not to notice. Then, there was the fact that doing the same thing wasn't working. If this man wanted to give up anyway, then so be it.

"I can't kill you." Peter finally answered. "I... we need Jessica."

There was a pause before Clicker finally answered. "Okay... I'll give you Jessica, but in return, please grant my request..what is your name?"

Seeing no harm in the request that was asked, Peter was ready to answer.

"Peter Ch-"

"Nooo!" A loud yell was heard from behind. "Don't tell him your name. It's how his power works. If he knows the name of an object or person, he can teleport it as he wishes."

Peter didn't turn around to look behind him, but he felt like something was strange, and now he knew the answer. Finally, it made sense; why hadn't clicker teleported any of them, yet he was able to teleport Quinn.

At the time, the shocked reaction on his face was the realisation when teleporting Quinn that it really was the great hero. It really was Quinn Talen.

The fact that Peter had almost got tricked, he was shaking with anger. More of the celestial power was being drawn, and it was heading to one place, the large tail.

It started pulsating with power as if it was a reaction to his anger. It looked like the tailpiece had a life of its own.

Once again, pushing off, Peter ran towards Clicker, he knew the same thing would happen, and he knew he was far away, but with his anger anyway, he went to attack with the top of his head, at the same time the whole tailpiece lit up red, and a line of red aura was released from it.

It looked like a blood attack, but a blood attack wasn't possible for Wights. Either way, it was only viable for a second, as it soon disappeared as if it was never there.

Clicker was seen standing on the other end, still with his finger ready to click, but he hadn't clicked them for some reason. Slowly, Clicker's body started to fall away into two parts, both of them hitting the floor.

"I thought you weren't trying to kill him?" A voice said from behind.

"I know!" Peter turned around, looking at the person. "And who the hell are you?"

"It's me... Vorden... I really... really missed you... Peter."

Chapter 1684: My Energy

"Vorden?" Peter asked, as his transformation had come to an end. This time when the Celestial Energy left his body, Peter could feel he was back to normal, and unlike a few moments ago he didn't feel tired now.

This seemed like a plus, although being in Celestial Mode might have tired him out, it didn't seem to affect his normal self, which was still plenty strong.

Walking up to the person in front of him, Peter looked him up and down for a brief moment, before he suddenly threw a punch from his right side, aiming straight for Vorden's head. Although the latter tried to harden his skin, he was a bit too late. He got knocked into the distance, hitting the ground a couple of times.

"Why did you do that?!" Lucia shouted. "That person saved us! He said he knew who you were."

Looking at his fist and the man now on the floor off in the distance, Peter wondered whether he might have acted a little prematurely. However, suddenly hearing the name of his once dear friend had triggered him, especially when he saw a completely unfamiliar face.

"Can Vorden really be alive?" Peter thought. "Well, if Logan survived, who is to say others couldn't do the same, especially with how far Qi seems to have advanced. Come to think of it, last time I saw him he was in the body of a humanoid beast, so no wonder I couldn't recognise him."

It was then, he could see the man standing up, rubbing the side of his face.

"Ouch, I guess I deserved that for not coming over to check up on you guys. Back in the past, it wouldn't have been this way round. I still remember when you pushed Quinn through that portal because you were so scared of getting hurt by others and look at you know."

"So you really are Vorden." Peter's voice raised slightly, but it was only a little up-tempo, After all, the Wight still lacked the ability to show emotions fully other than anger and annoyance. Still, hearing these words, he was convinced that this stranger had to be his friend. That memory was something only him, Quinn and Vorden should know about.

"Peter there's so much to talk about, but I'm afraid now is neither the place nor time." Vorden said walking around others. "However, I have to ask, why does Quinn care so much about this one girl that he would crash a wedding."

Peter honestly didn't know how to answer that himself, not without starting from the beginning, so he just said something that the two of them could understand easily.

"She's a friend."

"Then I guess we really need to try and find Jessica. With Clicker dead, we have no easy way to get to her."

"Let's hope there are some of those Chained alive and one of them knows her location... and Quinn's for that matter." Vorden suggested.

Before that, though, they looked off in the distance because there seemed to be still one battle going on, and they were wondering if they should provide a little help.

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Fizzle could tell that the others had perished. The connection she had felt with them due to her power had snapped.

The only silver lining was that she no longer needed to focus on trying to head back to where the others were, but it also meant she couldn't be teleported out of the area at a moment's notice.

And unfortunately, she had put herself in quite the pickle.

"I can tell your attitude has changed..." Mitchell stated.

As he continued to bind strings on the rods that he had brought along with him. The vampire had been tying up string slowly on the floor, while she hadn't been paying attention, creating the perfect trap for the woman.

With one hard pull on his string his construct rose up, becoming a type of solid wall in a hexagon like shape. He was on one side, with her on the other.

"I concur that you're fast, but if you try to run through that, I'll be able to make sure you'll never use those legs again."

The vampire had yet to use any of his Blood Rifle attacks, knowing full well not to use them unless he could guarantee the hit. Now, by limiting the area she could run in, Mitchell started to aim his arm towards her.

Once he was sure he had a clear shot, his arm started to glow red and a rifle bloodshot exploded from his palm.

The Blood Rifle was not just more powerful than the Blood Bullet, but was faster as well. It was what Mitchell was counting on, but even in the small place, it looked like Fizzle's boots lit up and avoided that as well.

She ran slightly to the right, and was running towards Mitchell, towards the side of his now injured arm.

"I no longer need to use my powers to help others, which means I can just concentrate on getting rid of you!"

Jumping up from the ground, she let out a lightning fast kick, hitting Mitchell right across the face.

He had swung his head in the direction of the kick to attempt to lessen the power, but the Demon tier boots managed to catch Mitchell's eyepatch, tearing it off, thereby revealing his scarred eye. It didn't look like there was ever an eye there to begin with, just an indent of skin.

Alas, it wasn't just a single kick that was coming towards Mitchell. The Chained woman's legs were moving at a great speed and the next flurry of kicks were aimed towards his stomach and face. It was at a speed even a vampire like him couldn't keep up with.

The attacks themselves weren't too strong, but it was enough to damage his body, as he felt his bones fracturing inside. Out of desperation, Mitchell gathered the energy for another Blood Rifle shot and fired it towards Fizzle, but unsurprisingly it missed.

"Now both your hands are practically useless." Fizzle stated while continuing to kick the man.

"What are you planning to do next, shoot with your legs?"

Although that was an option, Mitchell had a better idea.

"If I can't aim and hit her, then I'll just have to create an attack that is big enough to hit her."

Thinking back to the practice, his body started to transform. It was then that Fizzle could feel a strange energy. The energy was somewhat similar to the one she could feel inside of her. It was as if her chest was shaking from the energy.

When looking at Mitchell, the wounds on his body were healing up, and on top of that something was forming around his eye, it wasn't his good eye either, the one that wasn't there.

Mounds of what looked like a lava rock were forming around the missing eye, creating an eye of its own. The inside started to glow red.

Then at the same time, his right hand started to change as well. The strange molten-like substance stretched from his eye all over his hand.

No longer could a hand be seen, nor fingers as it changed just to that of a long shaped narrow cannon.

"I will help Quinn... and get rid of you!" Mitchell stated, pointing the weapon directly at her, it would only take a moment for him to finish her off, but just as he was about to pull the trigger, a large dark figure came crashing down in the middle of them.

It looked like an explosion had gone off between the two of them. Mitchell had covered his face just in case anything hit him, at the same time the others from their battle had come over, just in time to see what had crashed.

Soon, they could see the large black tail, and wings come out from the ground, and standing there was what looked like a Dalki.

"Don't attack him." Hannah yelled from the side.

"That's the Dragon... he's on our side." Staying behind, she had seen some of what this dragon could do.

They soon realised that Ray wasn't exactly himself, he was covered in dark blood, some of his scales hurt, and a big scratch mark had been made across his chest, through the hard black scales. However, Ray didn't look weak, he looked very strong.

"You guys better get out of here. I would evacuate this whole island, because once I'm done... there will be nothing left of it."

Ray warned. This proclamation was too sudden for the others to understand what was actually happening.

Looking to his right, Ray saw the one person he had been paying special attention to.

"You... the power you have inside you used to belong to a friend of mine... I'm afraid I will have to borrow it." Ray stated.

Before Fizzle could start running, she already found the humanoid Dragon's hand inside her chest, and he was slowly pulling a white energy out of it.

Chapter 1685: Blood vs Blood!

Honestly, Quinn didn't understand what was going on. His Blood Drill skill was powerful, extremely powerful. It was an attack that allowed him to use his speed, strength Qi, and blood control powers to boost the drill.

It wasn't the fact that Russ had somehow managed to stop his attack with a shadow, but how was this even possible?

"An attack of this calibre, with the amount of MC points I have right now, even I won't be able to stop an attack like this... maybe only someone like Arthur or Laxmus can." Quinn thought.

It was then that Quinn noticed a shadow heading towards him from the corner of his eye. After a moment, this shadow split up into multiple shadows. Reneging his attack, Quinn moved away to avoid the strike, and in the next instant, he saw a blood sword pierce the ground in front of him.

Turning his head, he now could see the countless swords coming toward him simultaneously. Something Quinn thought he perhaps would never have to face again, but they were now coming at him, and he didn't have his shadow on his side to defend himself.

Immediately though, Quinn avoided most of them just by putting all his concentration on them. Then, even though there were too many, Quinn stuck the incoming blood swords with his bare hands or kicked them, breaking them into pieces upon contact.

Then, when there was an opening, Quinn sprinted forward while the blood swords continued to follow him through the air.

"With my absolute blood control, I should have been able to sense these blood swords... but I can't. What's the reason?"

"It is because he created them through his ability, or maybe they're not blood swords at all?"

Finally turning around, Quinn braced himself as he saw all of the swords. He placed his left leg in front, bending it slightly while leaning his right leg back. He then gathered the strong Qi and powered up his muscles.

At the same time, the blood aura formed around the leg. It looked like Quinn had another leg on top of the one encased in the blood aura.

"I didn't have chances to try new things for a while... since getting the absolute blood control, I have relied on just its own skills rather than mixing it up with what I already know."

"Then with the shadow, it was just the easier way to fight, but it's time to experiment with something new."

At the right moment, Quinn swung out his leg, and the red aura around it expanded. The aura made Quinn's leg look like it belonged to a giant.

Of course, this colossal leg was just purely blood aura, but it was moving at the speed that Quinn could swing his own leg.

The giant red aura leg crashed into the blood swords and crushed them to pieces in the next second.

On the ground, due to the moment of the red aura leg in the air, it created an after-shock force, creating a deep cervix.

All of the blood swords were destroyed by the kick Quinn had used multiple times in his life, only this time it was made of the world's strongest blood aura.

Reneging his leg, Quinn looked back at Russ.

"So what if you can use my powers," Quinn said.

"I can take care of anything you bring towards me."

"Really... well, what if it told you I was just getting started?" Russ said with a smile on his face. From his back, there now was what looked like ten times the amount of blood swords that Quinn had just dealt with, numbering around ten thousand.

There were so many that they cast a dark shadow over Russ.

Now, there were even more questions on Quinn's mind. For one, how could someone even use that much blood? Although Quinn could perhaps do the same, he would need access to others' blood energy or blood from a field as such.

He could only create around a thousand blood swords with just the blood aura inside him without tiring himself out.

"This makes no sense... but... I will deal with it just like I have dealt with everything before." Quinn thought. First, Quinn activated the demon tier chest piece he currently had. In doing so, the wings spread out from his back.

As his active skill, the shadow certainly would have been something that Quinn would have liked in a situation like this, but he had no such choice right now. As he flew through the air, Quinn did cover his wings with the blood aura.

Coating them this way, Quinn could extend the wings as he wished while still using blood hardening to block certain attacks.

If there was one thing that he confirmed in the last attack, it was the fact that Russ at least wasn't able to make blood attacks stronger than Quinn could.

When their swords clashed, nothing had occurred. This was even more confusing because if Russ couldn't have a stronger blood attack, how could he create more?

Flying up in the air, Quinn was moving as fast as possible and heading through all the swords. It looked like Quinn was heading right into the centre of the attack, and that was because he really was.

When he was close enough, he closed the wings, allowing him to be like a missile heading for its target.

Then, when the blood swords were close to him, he used blood control to spin his body as fast as he could, at the same time extending the blood on his wings.

Spinning like a blender, Quinn was able to fire off his own blood attacks in different directions and hit them with the wings, taking out a good proportion of the blood swords.

After dealing with the ones around him, he continued to fly through the sky more and gathered two large blood whips in his hands.

"This skill... I hate it...it reminds me of her, but I have no choice this time.' Quinn thought as he swung the blood whip in all sorts of different directions. Then, as the end of the blood whip hit the air, it caused a loud bang, and an explosion of blood smashed all of the swords away, and finally, there were no longer any blood swords after him.

"You are impressive...more impressive than what the rumours have said. It looks like in the last 1000 years, you haven't just been sitting idle." Russ spoke.

Quinn ignored Russ's words and was coming towards the former while gathering the blood aura in his hand.

"This is something new I learned recently, but I just need to increase its size, which should put an end to all this."

Out from the palm of his hand, a large beam left Quinn's hand. Swirling around the beam was more blood energy in a serpent-like pattern. This was similar to the blood rifle, but only on a more advanced and powerful scale.

The size of the attack could destroy nearly the whole of the Chained resort from before, and Quinn didn't see Russ get out of the area in time.

After the attack concluded, Quinn began to descend with his wings heading straight to the place, but he found nothing, nobody, not even ashes or any other sign of Russ.

Turning his head, it was as he expected. Russ was standing off in the distance in another place, completely unharmed.

"Running away? I thought you were going to show me how strong you are. I have to admit you have an amazing power, whatever that it is... but you haven't even been able to hurt me." Quinn said.

"You're right," Russ replied. "The thing is, I haven't even tried hitting you myself, but the simple answer is because I don't need to."

Lifting his hand up, a giant shadow portal appeared above Russ's head. In that instant, something slowly began to come out from it, and it had the appearance of a dragon, not just any dragon but a dragon with two heads, just like the one that Quinn had summoned before.

"What..." Quinn was left speechless.

Chapter 1686: What Ability?

Copying the blood weapons, copying the shadow powers that Quinn used, Quinn could somewhat imagine an ability to do that, to do something along those lines.

But now, seeing a dragon in front of him, but not just any Dragon, the demon tie breast that had created the Dalki, the two-headed dragon, now Quinn was starting to have his suspicions about this power he was fighting against.

"There is only one dragon like that in the world... at least I think there's only one dragon like that. He shouldn't be able to replicate living matter. This isn't just copying what I do. It has to be something else."

Thinking back to the interactions Quinn had so far, he had come up with a guess, what if it was an illusion ability? If that was the case, he could understand why he couldn't sense the blood energy because it wasn't real, why a human could use blood control in the first place. Still, though, that didn't quite seem right.

When fighting against those that had illusion powers before, they would break on impact, similar to the copy Quinn could make with his shadows. His blood swords wouldn't have disappeared when they both clashed.

"Maybe it's such a powerful ability that it's all in my head." Thinking this, Quinn walked up towards the Dragon. As it stopped its feet, he could feel the ground shaking, making him believe it wasn't so much of an illusion.

The dragon gave out a big roar just as Ray had when he was summoned and soon turned around, swinging its large tail straight towards Quinn.

'It's just an illusion!' Quinn thought as he put his hand out to stop the giant tail. However, unlike Quinn thought, thinking the tail would pass right through him or nothing physical would touch him.

He was hit across the land and sent flying off in the distance. Not only that, it was a powerful enough blow to cause him even to bleed. Blood was coming from his mouth, and the system stated that he had even lost some HP.

[-12HP]

Eventually, Quinn flapped his wings in an attempt to slow down and regain his position.

"Damn it." Quinn wiped some blood from his mouth.

"That was definitely a real tail... but there is one thing I'm sure of. That's not Ray."

Quinn summoned the blood drill once again, charging forward at full speed with his legs and wings. The blood drill was able to be stopped by the shadow, but against this physical monster, he felt like it would be okay.

At the same time, the Dragon ran forward, and in doing so, it opened its mouth wide. This time rather than throwing the giant blood drill with his fist, he threw it, so it left his fist, shooting out like a large arrow.

Just before it hit the Dragon, a large shadow could be seen, a circular one right in front of the dragon and like before, Russ was seen standing there.

"I thought you would do that, so I planned something else!" Quinn thought, as he was already above the Dragon and had gathered the red aura around his leg to make it a giant size once more.

As he flew down, Quinn swung the heel of his foot down towards the dragon creating a tremendous axe kick.

It landed right on the dragon's neck, and the large, powerful force caused the dragon's knees to buckle and hit the ground.

Quinn was getting ready to finish it off, creating another blood drill, he knew the dragon's skin was hard, and he would need something sharp to pierce it. As he readied himself and started to descend, he felt an acute pain hit him from behind and nearly thrown out of the sky.

[-6HP]

Turning around, Quinn felt another sharp pain inside him, and he could see what it was now. It was the blood swords from before. One thousand of them were coming towards him.

He knocked a couple of ways but got stabbed a couple of times again.

[-6HP]

[- 4HP]

"This has to be real. Otherwise, the system wouldn't state that I was losing HP from these attacks." Quinn thought. On top of that, this fight was proving to be a difficult one, as he was fighting someone with similar powers to himself while also having to face the Dragon as well.

In the middle of that, Quinn could see that the Dragon had stood up again, and turning its head, it opened its mouth wide to breathe fire towards him. Before the fire could reach him, Quinn threw out his hand, and with it, he produced the third stage of Qi.

It looked like the flames stopped before they hit him, but there were still the blood swords to deal with.

"Come on, Quinn concentrate. You can do this." Thinking to himself, Quinn had focused the blood aura into a pure form, and in doing so, he had created a small sharp blade at the end of his gauntlet sticking out a little past the fist he had made.

Seeing the sword come to him, Quinn moved his other hand quickly, each time slashing the blood swords and breaking them to pieces. Although the 1000 blood sword attack was strong, the blood used wasn't as pure of a form as what Quinn was currently doing.

Moving his hands as quickly as he could, Quinn focused on wasting no movements he needed to make sure he would no longer get hurt. With a single swing, it was as if Quinn could see a motion in the air. He would take out around five different swords at the same time.

In his head, Quinn was trying his best to imagine it like a game, imagine it like the block block game, and for a second, everything seemed to be moving slower than it actually was, even his own hand, but it allowed him to know where to strike.

"This.... his attacks are strong, his abilities are strong, but he keeps on performing things that are far beyond what I can imagine." Russ thought as he looked at Quinn.

Still, the Dragon wasn't just standing still. It produced its flames and started to run on all fours full speed ahead. When getting close to Quinn, it snapped him out of the air and tried to clamp down on him with its large jaws.

Moving his wings up, Quinn stopped the clamping, but many metallic-like feathers started to fall as his armour was breaking.

"This demon Dragon has a lot of strength... I knew it was strong, but this strong." Quinn thought.

At the same time, the blood swords were still coming at him, the few that were left.

Seeing this, Quinn swung one of his legs out, kicking at a fast speed and producing a blood crescent kick. As it hit the sword, it looked to be strong enough to cause an explosion.

Quinn didn't just kick once; while one foot was in the dragon's mouth holding him steady, his arms raised above supporting his wings on its jaws not closing, he continued to kick with the other leg destroying the swords, again and again, then when there finally was a break, Quinn pounced off his legs with his Qi power getting out of the dragon's mouth, and trying to get some distance away to decide what to do next.

Finally, for the first time in a while, Quinn had caught a break, but he was sweating slightly on his forehead, for he was getting a little tired from using all the Qi powers. Even though blood powers no longer affected him, they still tired him out.

Now, he could see Russ standing there with two blood whips in his hands.

"It looks like you finally decided to join the fight." Quinn smiled.

"Your damn power is annoying, whatever it is... but you're just copying me. You think you can beat me by copying what I can do?"

"It seems to be working so far. I have only just begun," Russ said, smirking back.

"Fine... then try and copy this," Quinn said as the veins on his body started glowing red.

Chapter 1687: Expected Outcome

When the celestial energy activates inside Quinn, his veins would glow red as the energy begins to pulsate inside of him. Also, even after transferring the celestial points to the others, Quinn would have enough energy.

However, for some reason, even now, he still couldn't use this celestial energy in the same way as he had done in his fight against Graham.

In simple words, he couldn't use it externally and only felt it pulse through his body. But, unlike the others, his body didn't change in appearance either.

Quinn had a few guesses as to why his Celestial energy was reacting as such. Perhaps he needed to increase his Celestial Level, or there just wasn't enough energy in him right now. Regardless, this was something that he was sure Russ wouldn't be able to copy.

And in case the latter could copy it, then without a doubt, it would be some type of illusion. At first, Quinn didn't use this to fight because it was meant to be energy to fight against other Celestials.

Using his absolute blood control was more versatile, but there was still a lot Quinn had to learn about this energy, especially after discovering how it powered up Peter and the others.

Across from where Quinn was, the two dragon heads split and were lying on the ground by either side of Russ. Quinn could see hot air fuming from their nostrils.

"This energy is really a strange power... is it something that even he doesn't understand...there has to be a reason why I can't... still, it shouldn't be enough to turn the tables, right?" Russ thought.

On the other side, Russ tested out the blood whip as he swung it out from his hand, and in doing so, it released a horizontal wave of blood aura and headed straight in Quinn's direction.

At that moment, Quinn jumped over the attack, avoiding it altogether. Russ had only done a single swing, and he looked to be surprised by the power he was wielding in his hand. At the same time, Quinn noticed something as well: he felt a little heavy, which was a little absurd.

Although Quinn had great strength, he could feel the light change, and it was the armour he was wearing. Last time the armour disintegrated while using his celestial energy, and it was the same now.

Without his shadow space though, Quinn had no choice but to take it off the old-fashioned way, one by one.

"Oh... are you trying to prove something?" Russ frowned, confused at what Quinn was trying to do.

Although the armour was off his body, now even his clothes were disintegrating every second because of this energy. He didn't quite understand this energy, and the power he gained from this made him surpass the limits of a vampire.

"There has to be more to it." Quinn thought, running forward while also leaving behind his armour on the ground.

Seeing this, Russ moved the Dragon forward, and at the same time, he leaped on top of one of the dragon's heads. Immediately, he started to swing the whips left and right, aiming at Quinn.

However, Quinn remained calm and unfazed.

"Whenever I use the celestial form, this feeling reminds me of when I faced off against Graham, about what will come next. Almost like when I concentrated with the blood form before."

With this thought going through Quinn's mind, the lightning-fast attacks that seemed almost unpredictable were easily evaded by Quinn as he slightly moved his head to the side. Then, sliding his foot slightly to the right and leaning back, he avoided another attack.

Next, two more came in a cross pattern directly towards him. Jumping up in the air, Quinn readied his hand and thought of something at that moment.

"I can't control the celestial blood energy while it's in my body, and like this, it's pretty useless, but maybe there is some other way I can control it." Quinn thought.

The downside to using the celestial energy was that Quinn didn't have his beast armour, which would have gained him a large amount of stats in multiple departments. Which meant he couldn't use his blue fang set either.

Because of that, Quinn didn't think there was much improvement in himself when using the Celestial energy, but he realized that there was an improvement.

He knew that the celestial energy he felt inside him was strong, and he might be able to control it with his absolute blood control. So there could be a way for him to use this energy uniquely.

At that moment, elongating his fingernails, turning them into hard claws, and then using a bit of his normal blood aura, Quinn slashed across his bare chest twice.

Blood began to trickle out, but it didn't drop on the ground. Instead, Quinn controlled it, moving it around his body, and soon the bright red celestial energy was starting to harden around Quinn's body.

Out of his own blood, using the celestial energy running through his veins, Quinn had forced it out, and in doing so, he had used his blood control to harden it. This was his way of using his celestial energy.

Not stopping there, Quinn moved one arm and slashed his other arm. It was painful, and he was receiving damage from himself, but using the blood that was drawing it out from his body, he had hardened his own set of blood gauntlets.

So far, he had only created a celestial blood chest piece and a celestial gauntlet, but that was all he needed. And when he clenched his fist, the whole gauntlet lit up with power, and in the next instant, he punched it right through the blood whip.

Small bits of glowing red blood aura spread out from the punch. It looked like dust, but as it touched the other attacks coming out from Russ' blood whips, the latter were destroyed and disintegrated.

The whip then was directly thrown out towards Quinn, and this time, with his peaked senses, he was able to grab it calmly. Then, clenching his hand, he disintegrated the blood whip.

"I don't understand... what's happening?" Quinn thought, but he noticed and realised something.

Now that the celestial energy was on the outside, it was almost as if Quinn could fuse his two powers and use his blood control to regulate the Celestial energy. For example, he could power up his arm to move at speed far faster than ever before.

His arm, blood control, and the Celestial energy were all in sync. The Dragon's head moved and tried to bite down on Quinn once again.

But before it could reach him, Quinn stabbed his own knee, letting out more of his blood infused with the celestial energy, and from this blood, he created a blood clot.

Using this clot as a spring-platform, he stomped into the ground and pushed himself up while throwing out his fist.

The punch hit the Dragon right underneath its jaw, smashing its teeth. At the same time, a large hole appeared through the top of the Dragon's head.

"I... have gotten stronger," Quinn realised as the Dragon's head went lifeless.

At the same time, Quinn allowed the blood to drip from his other hand by clawing another wound, and then he created a blood spear from it. After it was done, with the blood spear in his blood gauntlet hand, Quinn threw it at a speed against which Russ couldn't even react.

All the latter knew in the next moment was that the second Dragon's head was no longer beneath him.

Russ's eyes widened upon noticing this, and immediately he tried to summon the shadow, but he found out that something else was wrong at that time, something disastrous enough to turn his face pale.

"Did... someone get her?... Without her power, I can't fight for much longer."

While in the middle of these thoughts, Russ couldn't even see that Quinn was already upon him and had his hand around his throat.

"I... didn't want to do this," Quinn said.

"But you are too dangerous for others...and your actions show that as well. I didn't want to be a judge of this world, but perhaps this is something that I must do to avoid more bloodbath."

Clenching his hand into a fist, he crushed Russ's neck, turning the latter's body lifeless. Having defeated Russ, Quinn knew there was somewhere he needed to be.

First, he had to find the others, and without hesitation, he threw Russ's body and flew away from the battlefield.

He wanted to check the bodies but was worried he might miss since his shadow powers still weren't working for some reason.

He didn't know where he was going but decided to just run straight ahead in a certain direction until he found them or his powers came back.

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A few moments later, after Quinn had left the battlefield he had fought on, the Dragon's body began to disappear, breaking into tiny particles, and the same was happening to Russ's body.

Something flickered in the wasteland. It was a round object, and after a few more flickers, two people appeared. One of them looked identical to Russ. As for the other, it was a woman wielding a staff.

"Was this your expected outcome then, Bliss?" Russ asked.

Chapter 1688: God Slayer!

The terrain was unrecognisable compared to what it was before. The ground was destroyed on both ends. Multiple holes in the ground, as well as giant craters and more from attacks.

Russ and Bliss stood there for a few seconds as they inspected the battlefield's aftermath. Bliss had been here the whole time and watched the two of them fight while concealing her presence with the help of strange magic she would use.

"What do you think?" Bliss finally asked. "If you could fight to the end, do you think you would have won?" Hearing this comment, Russ chuckled a little.

"Answering my question with another question?" Russ replied.

"You know how my powers work. He was... beyond strong. Being able to defeat someone who was as great as himself."

"He partially improved during the fight, which was more than I could keep up with. If I was to answer your question, I think that even you wouldn't have predicted that he could beat his imagination."

"He certainly is an exceptional person. I just wish someone like him had come into the world sooner."

"Maybe, something like the Chained would have never existed with him in the first place."

Now, Bliss chuckled as she heard those words.

"Do you think I don't know the truth? Do you really think that I just see one vision and that's it? I do my research into those that I chose to help? There is a reason why I picked you." Bliss stated.

"I know your story was mostly bogus, a way to get the others onto your side. A reason to go against the Blades."

"How could you care about a woman that you never even knew? All of this revenge talk. Just remember I was the one that helped you back then."

Russ stared at Bliss as soon as she said these words as if he wanted to say more, but he decided to keep quiet about that matter and moved on to something else.

"This power... is the power that you gave me. You are right, you were the one to help me. It wasn't the powers of my family, but instead, you came along and gave me a crystal, with this powers in it. When you gave me this power, I'm sure you knew what use it had for you. You didn't just help me out of the kindness of your heart."

"Which is why I want to ask you? How much of this did you plan from the start? Did you ask me to marry Jessica just because you knew he would come after her? Or knowing you, there is something more to her as well."

"Perhaps, you giving me your powers is just a way for me to train him? I saw him... I saw him get stronger during the fight. The truth is, I don't know whose side you are on, mine or his, or even the world"

Bliss then decided to wave her staff and as she did, a mound came up from the ground, and soon it formed a seat, like one would when using the earth ability. She then moved her hand once again and waved her staff, and just as she did, another seat formed in front of her.

Of course, Russ took the seat as he was ready to hear what she had to say.

"No matter how many times I strived to help the humans out, they always seem to try and make me out to be an enemy."

"I was once called a great witch and many more names during my time, yet all I do is try and save the human race." Bliss sighed.

"We have known each other for a while now, so I think you deserve to know more of the truth. The truth about us. I have told you some things before but the world is complicated."

"The whole universe is complicated and so is our existence. The Universe is the decider, of things as it chooses, to grant those that are great, great power."

So many things happen that I can not predict, and for one, him becoming like me was not one of them. As you know, he is strong, but there are many reasons for that.

For one, he carries the power of what we celestials call the god slayer powers. Your power itself is power from one of these god slayers, from beasts beyond the demon tier level.

"They are out there in the grand universe, and his shadow power is one of them. The thing is, one can kill all beasts, unlike us celestials who are reborn upon death."

"However, their powers can not die. Their powers can be passed on and what I gave you was a god slayer's power, which is why it was so strong."

"With each person or being, this power is adapted to the user over time in some way or other, allowing them to make the power their own."

"Still, it is frightening for us celestials because the God slayers ruin the balance: the balance we have between the celestials on our plane and the other planes."

"The problem is... is how Quinn became a celestial, reaching the top on his own... it's difficult to convince him, but with time, I think he will learn."

Russ didn't know how to feel about what he was learning. Honestly, he was more worried about human matters than worrying about any of this god nonsense, but it was still interesting to learn why his powers could do more than others.

"I want to ask you, why were you so confident in the shadow blocking his blood drill?" Bliss asked.

Russ smiled.

"Because it is his shadow. You told me about his past, about how much he treasured this person called Arthur. In his mind, the shadow is one of his strongest skills, which may be the case if what you say is true." Russ replied.

"But as you saw, whatever that new energy of his was, him not knowing of its powers caused a bit of a disruption. I would have liked to have continued to battle with him."

It was then that Bliss felt like it was her time to leave, as she nodded her head, Bliss stood up from her seat and used her powers to put it away.

"Yes, perhaps one day you will get to battle again, or perhaps you will use your powers to slay celestials in the future. That is something I do not know." Bliss stated as she felt it was her time to depart.

"It would be useless fighting him now," Russ answered, staring in a far off direction.

"Can't you tell, my powers are running out...it's because she is no longer there. My guess is, she is no longer alive."

At that moment, Bliss's eyes lit up as she realized something had to be up. For her, she could still sense the energy out there, which is why she thought nothing of it.

But, now knowing that Russ had stopped fighting due to the no longer receiving energy for his MC cells to be used constantly, it meant something must have happened on the other battlefield.

Soon, the area around them changed slightly, as if they were moving from a sudden space. At the same time, as Quinn was running off somewhere in the distance, the rocks and terrain around him started to change.

The scene around him looked similar, out in a wasteland full of nothing, but it was clearly different. Now he could also hear the sound of shouting and more off in the distance. Now, finally, he was back, close to the area where he was before.

Without hesitation, Quinn started to run towards the sounds.

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At the same time, Bliss became aware of what had happened and saw that a certain humanoid dragon had glowing white energy in his hand.

"No! This is bad news." Bliss almost shouted.

"Who is that..and what is happening?" Russ asked.

"That used to be someone who was very dangerous..." Bliss replied, squinting her eyes in the dragon's direction.

"And now?"

"I don't know, he isn't like his former self... but with that thing in his hands, he might become as dangerous as he once was."

Chapter 1689: One in a million!

"Are you watching this?"

Agent four said as he pushed back his glasses and firmly placed them over his eyes with the help of the tip of his index finger, "I can't believe someone would attempt to attack the Chained when the whole world is watching and many powerful factions are present."

He could hear the sound of waves hitting the cabin he was in, and through the large oval window on his left, one could see the sea outside. Right now, Agent four was in what was known as the moving city.

It was where the members of Pure, as well as general citizens who tended to support them, lived, and the numbers were in the millions here.

Currently, they were on the upper levels of the big city in a grand room that was made for meetings, and sitting there along with Agent four was another man who seemed even younger than Agent four, possibly in his early thirties.

"I believed something would happen here. It seems like an attack from the Red Vampires. I'm happy that the Dhampirs have decided to try and get rid of them." The man replied.

"Zero." Agent four replied. "It looks like they have sent quite the cavalry for this little event. they certainly aren't nobodies, and what do you think is up with that Dragon?"

"It doesn't seem to be a Dalki, but it was clearly incredibly strong, enough to catch Chris's attention at least. Maybe we should have given him the blood armour."

Zero started to laugh. "You only think that way because you last saw Agent 1 fight before he was infused with the DNA. Agent 1 is one of a kind. He's one in a million people."

"No, perhaps there isn't anyone like him. Usually, when someone is natural in the talent of Qi, they simply stop working hard. Perhaps the Qi catches up to the limit of their bodies, and they stop there."

"However, Agent 1 has accepted everything I have thrown his way, and after that, I didn't even have to guide him. On his own, he has continued to get stronger as if he believed there was no limit."

"The purpose of life he has created for himself is to be the strongest. I am confident that man will be fine against whatever enemy he faces, especially after receiving the werewolf DNA we discovered all those years ago."

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Everyone out on the field stood there stunned as they looked at the tall and muscular humanoid Dragon. On top of that, he had done something that seemed almost magical.

Without causing any wound, he managed to stick his hand into another person's chest and pulled out a glowing white object.

It wasn't large, but everyone who looked at the energy started to feel like they were somewhat drawn to it. In particular, Peter, Mitchell and Minny could feel tingles all over their body as they stared at it.

It didn't take long though, for the humanoid Dragon to place the very energy inside its own white chest. A few seconds later, all of the wounds on its body were starting to heal.

“This body... it can’t handle the full energy of a crystal. This body is nothing like my old one.” Ray thought.

“If I use too much energy, I might even be separated from the demon tier beast, and I can’t predict what will happen after that. So I have to be careful.”

Bending his legs slightly, Ray was ready to take off into the air.

“Remember what I said, all of you get off this island. I’ll try to hold back for a little bit to give you some time. Also if I don’t come back it doesn’t mean I will be dead, but I want you to look after the kid.”

He jumped up before anyone could react, and the aftershock from it sounded as if the jump had set off two huge bombs.

Everyone could see ripples of energy through the air, and Ray was gone in the next instant. As for the people watching the scene, they were pushed back by the sheer force of the incoming energy wave.

“It looks like that guy was serious about destroying the whole island, and I’m guessing he’s on our side,” Vorden said.

“We need to get out of here, all of us.”

Lucia looked behind her, noticing a small flicker as the energy had hit something. It looked almost like a ball, but once Ray’s push-off energy had appeared, she could see nothing when looking in that area.

Unsure whether her eyes were playing tricks on her or not, she decided to focus on the matter at hand.

“We can’t just leave; we still need to find Jessica; we have no clue where she is. If that thing destroys the whole island, we need to get her out of here.”

“And don’t forget Quinn!” Mitchell shouted, coming back; although Fizzle was still alive, she was no longer willing to fight. But something did pop in his head.

“It was a good fight that I was going to win... so how about a nice reward.”

When asking this, Mitchell was looking at the Demon tier boots on her feet. With his newfound power, the boots would grant him extra strength. At the same time, Fizzle wasn’t really in a position to say no either.

Heading back to the others, it looked like a decision had been made, and a plan had been put in place. With the dhampir and the reporters, fighting was still going on not too far from where they were. Vorden and Hannah were to try and convince everyone to get off the island.

They would bring Fizzle along as proof, stating that the fight was over and the wedding was now cancelled. In the meantime, Peter, Lucia and Minny would search for Jessica, and lastly, Mitchell would stay out to try and find Quinn and update him on the situation.

After that, they would all head to the docking bay where the ships were docked, and all of them would board the Blade ship.

“Is everyone okay with the plan?” Vorden asked.

“Look at you; you’re back for like two seconds and already bossing everyone around,” Peter mumbled.

Vorden raised an eyebrow at this comment.

“Me back for two seconds? I have been here a long time, Peter, waiting for both of you. Now that we have finally met up again, I promise I will not let us split up.”

“There was a lot that happened while the two of you were away. A lot of things that I have to tell you.”

It looked like Quinn and Peter had found someone who had the answers they were looking for, and after this event was over they were sure they would get them.

Nodding along, the group split up once more for the last time and would regroup at the Blade ship.

Chapter 1690: Get off!

Vorden, along with Hannah, had decided to head back to where the others were. Without the Dragon there, everything was possibly left to Jake and Vicky and the other two members of the Blade family who had come along with Vorden on the trip.

“Although I did that training with the dragon in the shadow space, I don’t think I’m ready to take on the world’s best.” Hannah thought as she made her way over, but they soon realised that perhaps Jake and Vicky didn’t need so much of their help.

Before, many members of the Chained were worried about getting involved in the fight due to the Dragon, but now, with the Dragon gone, they could take part in the fight. However, within the next few moments, several mounds of what looked like heavy mud crushed many of the members.

As for the person responsible for this, it was Vicky. Using the demon tier beast weapon at her disposal, she ensured the others wouldn’t get involved. Then there was Jake, along with the other two blades, who had done well to hold off the other attackers.

Just as they arrived, General Fizwell looked to have recovered and was going in for a hit, but before he could even get close to Jake, the latter stomped his foot, and a metallic mound lifted from the ground. Fizwell’s punch had successfully hit but did next to nothing.

“Am I doing the right thing?” Fizwell thought.

‘I’m kinda pissed at the Dragon that effortlessly defeated me, but I can’t just attack the Green family. Andy will bite off my arse if I continue.’

Jake knew this well that Fizzwell was putting up a show which was helping him take out the others, including the real problematic one, the dhampir. It was almost as if she had gone up a second gear.

No matter what Jake tried to do, he couldn’t reach and attack her. He struck out a quick lightning strike towards Flora after blocking another attack from Fizzwell.

However, she had readied her sword and swung it in a lower semi-circle arc. Hitting it at the right moment, it looked as if she had wrapped the lightning around her sword.

Then, throwing out a strike of her, the lightning strike went back towards Jake but was quickly stopped by another metallic mound he had created.

“Her swordsmanship is troublesome against lightning attacks. But, at least I’m learning something. Jake thought.

“The dhampirs have always been good with the sword. Are they preparing something special against the Graylash family? Are they expecting to clash with them as well? Either way, I might have to select a different set of powers against them.”

“Hey, it looks like you could use a hand,” Vorden said as he walked forward, he had reached this group of four, “Look, this fight is useless.”

It was then that Vorden pointed towards Fizzle, who was now captured. She looked extremely guilty with her head down towards the ground and still had a few wounds on her body from the fight against Mitchell.

“If you know we captured her, you should know that we dealt with the rest, and unfortunately, the rest weren’t as lucky as her.”

It didn’t take long for the expression of the members of the Chained stuck in the mounds to turn pale.

Nevertheless, the fact that he had come back with one of the core members of the primary Chained team meant something, and the reporters who had been hiding at the back also had to pinch themselves to believe what was happening.

“Does this mean that the Blades... defeated the Chained? Their long dispute is over?” A reporter asked.

“That can’t be right; they just have one; maybe it’s a transformation skill or something?” Another replied. “They just want to stop the fighting”

The reporters didn’t believe Vorden’s words and hearing them, those in the Chained weren’t inclined to believe it so much either. They just couldn’t. Did it mean their leader Russ had died as well? And where were these others that had defeated them?

“It’s true.” A voice came through from the crowd.

“The ‘A team’ as you guys refer to them, were completely defeated.” When looking at who was speaking, they saw that it was the famous reporter Aj.

“I filmed everything. I filmed them getting beat by the intruders, I saw it with my own eyes, and all of you will be able to witness it as well.”

Hearing this was a big blow to the Chained. They all knew how strong this A team was, but there was still one question on their mind.

“What about that Vampire...and Russ, are they...” The reporters and many questions to ask, but Aj simply shook his head, indicating he didn’t have an answer for them.

“I don’t know where the two are. I can’t find them... but everything else is true. I think before all the major factions leaders fight, you need to consider why you are fighting.”

“There may be no reason for you to fight anymore.” Aj said.

He, too, wanted the fighting to stop. Although he was a reporter, he felt like, based on what he had seen... that they were perhaps fighting on the wrong side because there was one thing that Aj had captured, and he had figured it out.

It sounded like Clicker had transported the main intruder out of the fight, which meant he had to have known his name. If that was the case, then who was the intruder?

Something was playing at the back of his mind: a video he witnessed his family line make many times. But if he were to report this, he felt like the world would think he was crazy.

As a reporter, it was his duty to verify facts from alleged possibilities. "Everything that the reporter said is true," Vorden said, stepping forward. "We just want the girl named Jessica, and everyone will leave."

"We can talk about things properly another time, but there is another problem. Everyone needs to leave this place... something is happening, a fight that could destroy this island." Now the others were even more perplexed.

"Yeah... right." Flora laughed. "You think we would believe that. You use an excuse like that to stop this fight."

Vorden shook his head.

"Look, I just care about my own life and those I need to look after. That's why I'm trying to stop this fight, and if you don't listen, I will do it by force. But let me tell you, I won't be the one dealing with you. It will be someone else."

Vorden pointed to his head when he said that, and many didn't understand what the Blaide was trying to convey, but Vicky looked over and shook her head. She knew this wasn't a good idea but chose to remain silent.

The situation was now at a stalemate. The reporters, Chained, and allies were deciding what to do and what would be the best decision to make.

"I came here with those from Pure, and they told us to help the chained, so I will continue to do that," Flora stated, pointing her weapon towards Vorden.

Just as a few others were about to make their decision, a flash of bright light could be seen on their faces. Quickly all eyes turned to their right, and all they could see was a giant cloud off in the distance, having erupted high in the air.

Less than a second later, the ground started to shake, everyone could feel the surface beneath their feet rumbling, and it was getting wilder with every passing moment. Then, before anyone could react, they heard a loud bang – the sound of the explosion had reached them.

"Everyone! Get behind me!" Jake shouted as he jumped to the side of everyone.

He placed both hands on the ground and created the largest mound he could. Then, combining his hardening powers, he tried to harden them as much as possible.

Seeing how dangerous the situation was, Vicky also used her demon tier weapon to try to reinforce the wall with the mud. Everyone wondered what was happening, but they heard another loud bang, and they all could feel as if something had hit the wall.

“What is this, vorden...? This is just the first wave; the real explosion hasn’t even arrived and...I don’t even know if this wall can hold!” Jake shouted.

“It’s... what I was talking about. We all need to get off this island.” Vorden replied while gritting his teeth.