

## **My Vampire System – Chapter 1300 - Blood Armour Weakness -**

### *Chapter 1300 - Blood Armour Weakness*

When Brock looked over at the six spiked Dalki's corpse on the ground, he believed that Richard had managed to find a way to defeat it, overpowering it by finding some sort of weakness.

The truth was, Richard had done no such thing.

In the middle of the fight, the Dalki had fallen on its own. There had been next to no interference on Richard's end. After his attack had managed to slightly damage its hands, it had started to become more and more aggressive, seemingly having become berserk.

Despite the futility of its actions, it had continued to pound at Eno's strange invisible wall, not holding back its strength. Each attack only ended up creating red ripples of aura. Richard had only been able to pray that given the amount of energy it was exerting that it would tire itself out eventually. Knowing that his lance could at least slightly damage the Dalki he had been waiting for the right moment, yet without any warning, the Dalki had stopped attacking in its tracks, only to fall to the ground.

There was no movement, and with his powerful hearing Richard had been able to tell that its heart had given out. All of this had happened moments before Jim had readied his attack with the shield, giving Richard just enough time to block the attack on Brock's behalf.

"This is what happens, Jim! This is what happens when you force others to go past their limitations! Speeding up the process of their evolution has shortened its life to only a few minutes!" Richard claimed.

Having the same ability, he had an inkling that this had to be the cost of using their ability, not the Dalki. As for what was exactly embedded in Jim's hand to allow him to force those transformations in the first place, that was a different story.

"Too bad, looks like I picked a bad seed. If only he could have lasted a bit longer against you. Oh well, his corpse should provide me with more information after an autopsy." Jim noted, shrugging his shoulders as if he didn't care.

Judging from Jim's words, Richard was figuring out a bit more. It seemed like all the Dalki had a different time limit of how long they would survive after this forced evolution. Perhaps it had to do with a Dalki's innate potential or maybe with their willpower.

If it was meant to be strong, then the exchange, or use of Jim's power might not put too much of a burden on it, while weaker Dalki that would never have amounted to much, would die fairly quickly after he used their ability on them.

Richard also had another theory, that their lifespan might be connected to how quickly they exerted their energy. After all, the Dalki that was still alive, had only performed a couple of attacks, while the one he had faced had been fighting non stop.

"Could it be, you believe that this fact has changed the flow of this fight or something?" Jim asked. "Come on, Richard, you have seen how easy it is to turn one. It should at least give you an idea about what I am capable of."

"Our power is a blessing and I never knew why you limited yourself so much. I used to be proud that you were the King at one point, but if you had only passed down and taught your descendants the proper uses of our ability and what it could do, then what title would have belonged solely to our family!"

"Now you are just being foolish!" Richard snapped back. "Although our power is strong, the sort of power we use, the stronger deals we make, the more that has to be sacrificed. For you to be speaking like this, I don't even want to imagine the crazy things you must have already done."

With the shield covering Jim's front, and the surviving six spike acting as a guard, Richard and Brock didn't dare to make their move. Jim knew this and he enjoyed every single moment of it. Lifting his hand up, a portal had opened up thirty meters above them.

Coming out from it, were two large dropships that would hold around twenty or so masked inside them. The portal soon closed once again, and one of the dropships was seen going in another direction, while the other was heading towards them.

The other dropship appeared to be heading in the direction of the Dragon. At the moment, there were a few loud crashes and explosions coming from that direction, indicating that there was a fight going on, but that had eventually ended.

"I know why you are still confident. You think you know their weakness, and since you have the Blood armour you must be thinking to yourself that all you need to do is to outlast the Dalki, right?"

"Too bad, that I know the weakness of your armour as well. You're limited to only being able to block the attacks you're facing from the front. Playtime is over, let's see you deal with more than just one."

The dropship continued to hover over their heads, and had stopped just behind where Jim was. Seeing this, Brock had decided to throw a Blood swipe towards the ship. He didn't know what it was but it couldn't be anything good. The former Royal Knight couldn't allow Jim to go through with his plan and he knew that Richard wasn't moving because he was afraid the Dalki would attack.

However, the red Blood swipe never reached the ship, for the Dalki leapt in the air, blocking the attack with its body. Neither it nor the ship suffered any damage from it. The next seconds the doors were seen opening, and instead of Masked, three more single spiked Dalki jumped out and landed by Jim's side.

"You should have taken my offer when you had the chance Richard, it was a fair deal." Jim said, shaking his head as he placed his hands on one of the Dalki, his hand lighting up and the transformation process started once again.

Now there was another six spike.

'Two of them should be enough, I'll make this one last a bit longer.' Jim thought, placing his hand on another one. When the transformation was done, it had eventually turned into a five spiked Dalki.

'It looks like Jim has more control over his powers than I thought.' Richard thought. 'This could be worse than I imagined. Perhaps it might be even possible for him to do this on the higher spiked Dalki. I don't even know if six spikes is their limit, or if he's able to increase the strength of those that are already strong. If so... I'm afraid I have no answer. But there has to be a reason why Jim hasn't done it so far! Are their leaders cautious of him?'

"As for the last one, it's always nice to have a backup. Dalki aren't exactly in high supply these days." Jim made a crude joke, which only he found amusing.

There was one thing that Richard was finding strange in all of this, why were they so willing to listen to Jim. He might be their creator, but they didn't strike him as the loyal type. They had their own will and they should be smart enough to have soon that this power boost was a one-way street to their demise.

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'Has he found some way to control them?'

Unfortunately, thinking alone did nothing to get Richard out of their miserable situation. Facing one six spiked alone had been tough, facing two would have been extremely difficult and although probably weaker, the five spiked Dalki might actually be the hardest to deal with.

"Brock, I hate it when I am right. It looks like if we want to defend the island, we really do need the help of all the groups. It's a shame, but it looks like they even declined my invitation. Perhaps if they were here, then things would have ended differently." Richard let out a sigh.

"What a strange bunch of last words for an old man." Jim raised his hand as he was ready to order the Dalki to attack, but at that moment, coming in between the two groups, a shadow could be seen in the middle.

A figure started to rise from the centre.

"Quinn! What are you doing here, you stupid fool? If you're here, who is protecting the Dragon?! Do you really want to play the hero that bad-" Richard complained, seeing who it was. However, having turned around and seeing the look on the Cursed faction leader's face, he quietened down.

"Haha, this is great!" Jim laughed. "The leader of the Cursed faction himself has decided to grace us with his presence. You have been an unexpected pain in my plans for too long. Now I'll be able to get rid of two nuisances at once, it's time for you to die, Quinn!"

Quinn's eyes looked at Jim with sadness and pity. He lifted his hand, and held it out before speaking up.

"Jim... for you to have turned out this way, I can't help but blame myself. The one before you right now is not Quinn, but your nephew. I am Vincent Eno, former leader of the tenth family, who you have once sworn loyalty to!"

*Chapter 1301 - The Trigger*

The Cursed group that were at the Temple were expecting to face an enemy at some point. They believed that the enemy would come searching after those that had caused them so much trouble, however, at least for now, they could still hear someone, or something, battling with the Dragon.

Most likely the six spike they had seen that had hit the Dragon out of the air. This was why they hadn't expected that each of them would have to be put into action so soon.

Raten was seen coming towards the south gate, he wasn't out of breath or worried but he seemed more annoyed than anything.

"There's too many of them! At first it was fun since they're weak little craps, but their sheer number is proving to be a pain in the arse!" Raten complained loudly as he stood in front of the entrance ready for a fight. *freewebnovel.com*

As instructed, Layla readied her bow and Nate jumped down so he could help fight Raten on the ground.

"Hey, so you do realise that since they were all following you that you're technically the one who has led them to this place, right?" Nate glanced at the humanoid beast. In his beast-like form, Raten had seemed a lot more menacing to the vampire, but now that he had taken on a more human-like appearance, he found it easier to talk to him. .

Still, that apparently didn't stop Raten from giving Nate a glance that sent shivers down the other's spine. "How was I meant to know that you guys were still here? What would I have done, if you all had gone in and some of them had managed to discover the teleporter and destroyed it? I was told just to keep the others off your back until you got here. The way I see it, I did my job and now I'm doing even more than usual!"

As the two were arguing, the turret that Logan had placed on top of the Temple roof suddenly moved and fired an energy blast into the jungle. A moan was heard from the forest as it successfully hit someone.

'That turret is impressive, it caught the person, even before I would have been able to.' Layla thought.

Now knowing that the Cursed faction were here, the Masked started to come out in groups. Immediately Layla started to fire her arrows and Raten charged forward with his blades swirling around. He had also left a little surprise for anyone who tried to get past him.

A trail of mud by the entrance. Those that tried to ignore the two frontliners and stepped on the mud remained stuck in place, making them easy pickings for both the turret and Layla.

Seeing the enemy, Layla immediately decided to communicate with the rest that they were under attack. The anti jammer devices were doing their jobs in that small area, so she had no problem conveying that to the rest of the Cursed group already present.

However, it seemed like there was no need for Layla's warning, as the turrets on all sides of the walls had already set off blasting the intruders that were coming their way. The others had also gone into action, apart from two individuals, who remained in the room where the teleporter was currently placed.

"Sam, we have to be careful." Logan warned. "I have hidden those anti jammers in multiple places, but I didn't realise how many people would come to attack us. If we remain here for too long, it's possible that they could find and destroy them. I don't have the means to make another one, which means in the worst case scenario we might end up stuck here on this island."

"I set up five in total and I can tell you when one of them has been destroyed, but my guess is after they discover the first one, they will quickly realise there are more. You will have to make a decision at that point."

It was tough to make, but this was the risk the team was taking by staying behind, Sam just hadn't realised it until faced with the actual situation. His instinctive reaction would have been to call all the Cursed members back now and go through the teleporter, but unfortunately they were still waiting for the Cursed faction leader and right and left hand men, Peter and Vorden...

"I will give the order when the time comes, for now, let's just focus on defending this place and pray they won't find them anytime soon!" Sam suggested as the two of them quickly left the room.

Fex was with Agent 11, who was still being used as a puppet, but at times the two of them also decided to split up. Even then, Agent 11 made sure to not slow down with his attacks. Although he still didn't like having to fight for his captor, he at least understood that the Cursed faction would at least guarantee his life, so he fought just as desperately as the others were.

On the other side, Dennis was holding off strong, and was fighting alongside the beast gorilla that Mona had left with snakey on his neck firing off acid, it seemed like the two of them were faring quite well covering each other's backs. They mostly fought with their fists but they were a powerhouse to be reckoned with.

Lastly, there was Borden who was covering their back side. It was the area that seemed to have the least amount of people, but Borden also still had syringes left to heal himself with.

Layla, rather than just staying at one side of the Temple, made use of their communication channel and would reinforce any side that needed the extra firepower. Since Raten and Nate seemed to be plenty strong on their own, they didn't mind her course of action.

'This is going well, but I can tell that just like last time, eventually the group will tire out. We can hold them off at the beginning but their sheer numbers will overwhelm us. Vorden, Peter, where are you two!' Layla thought.

That was when Layla noticed something else as well. Up till this point, she could hear and feel fighting going off in the distance. It was at the location where the Dragon had fallen, but now it had stopped. She was worried that now the fighting over there had stopped, it would perhaps mean that more forces were now coming towards where they were.

Distracting for only a moment, she soon heard a loud crash and the very building she was on shook. Looking towards the centre, she could see that the Temple walls had been destroyed and there was a certain person who was now lying on the floor.

"Nate!" Layla jumped down and while in the air she started to transform into her third form. Once her bottom half became a snake the first thing she did was use the green fireball to start healing Nate as quickly as possible.

"What happened to you, how did you get hurt this badly?" She asked, seeing that the new armour he wore on his chest had been cracked, she could also sense strong Qi from his body still active, but he was still badly hurt with blood coming out of his mouth.

Nate then pointed towards where he had come from, with the fire doing its job Nate had healed a little allowing him to breathe easier and speak, uttering the words.

"Five spikes."

Turning around, she could see that Raten was now face to face with a five spiked Dalki and because of that, all of the Masked were starting to bypass him and storm the inside.

"They're in the building!" Layla relayed. The first one to appear was surprisingly Logan. He was wearing a suit that Layla hadn't seen before, one that had four spider legs coming from his back. Logan himself was armed with a blaster in each of his hands, yet his extra pairs of hands on his back also had blasters with which he started to fire energy blasts towards the intruders.

At the same time, Logan ordered the turrets on the roof to no longer concentrate on the Masked on the outside, but the ones on the inside.

"Leave all the Masked on the inside to me. I haven't been able to pick my own weight while fighting. The others on the outside are doing a good job, but it looks like that stubborn one might need some of your help." Logan said.

Layla couldn't believe what Logan was saying, how could Raten, a Demon tier beast need her help? If she was to go against a five spike surely she would just get in his way.

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"You won't." Nate said, with the flames still on his body. "Layla, we practised remember, we practiced so much. You can do it. just think of the trigger."

'Trigger.' Hearing this word, images started to appear in Layla's mind, images of her mother, images of Pure and the words resounding in her head of what she had done to her, but this still wasn't enough negative emotions for her to transform. She had somewhat come to terms with what her mother had done.

This wasn't the real trigger, the trigger was...

'Cia...I couldn't protect you... you died right in front of me, saving my life! I was always just thinking about myself, you came with me to Pure, and still I was using you. If only... if only I could have saved you.'

The negative emotions had reached their maximum, and consuming them all in, Layla's body started to transform. Her form started to shrink down to the size she once was, the horns on her head grew larger, while her fangs stayed strong with her eyes glowing red.

She had successfully transformed into a true Hannya. Grabbing her sword, she ran forward and struck the five spike Dalki's hand with strength pushing it back.

Raten, seeing this, also went to strike with his two blades thrusting forward.

"You again? You're on my side this time, right?!" Raten questioned her.

"Of course!" Layla answered. "Let's take down a five spike!"

#### *Chapter 1302 - Broken Jim*

When Jim heard that name his whole body froze. The battle that was just about to start between the Dalki and Richard had also suddenly halted all because of one name that had been mentioned.

"Vincent?" Jim uttered, rubbing his eyes and taking another look at the person in front of him. Once he realised that the image in his head and the name that was mentioned didn't match up at all he started to chuckle.

"Hahaha. Should I say I feel honored that you investigated me to this point, Richard? To use my dead nephew's name against me, was that really your big plan? But then shouldn't you at least have made him look similar to him? Do you honestly think after all these years I never found out what happened to him? He's dead, Richard! He died here on this very planet!"

There was a lot of aggression in Jim's voice. While he had still taken the fight against Richard nonchalantly up to this point, he now seemed furious that his ancestor had dared to employ such a god awful ploy against him.

"Although this is indeed not my body I can assure you that I am the very person I claim to be. Maybe this will convince you that I am the one who lifted you from the ground. The very day you were sentenced for trial, I came to see you. At the time, when the guard turned around you grabbed me by the shoulders whispering 'I can't go like this... Please, Vincent, I still have a lot left to show the world. You have to save me. I swear that I was set up by them!' "

Hearing this, Jim's eyes lit up. For the first time he placed his shield down to the side, taking the one in front of him seriously.

'I had learned of what happened between Jim and Vincent through Dwight. He told me the crimes Jim committed and how he was loyal to Vincent during his time as leader.' Quinn thought. 'But I didn't realise that the connection between the two of them was this close.'

The Cursed faction leader was also interested in something else he noticed that was being held in Jim's hand. At the moment Vincent was the one in control, so he couldn't use the Inspect skill on the shield, or the crystals that showed from the top. Quinn wasn't too sure, but it looked like the crystal from the Demon tier crab they had faced.

In the end, Arthur had ended up taking the Demon tier crystal, but since the two of them seemed to be working together, the crystal seemed to have somehow ended up in Jim's hand.

"Vincent... but how is this possible? I looked at your files, heck I even secretly attended your funeral and saw your body!" Jim shouted.

These were facts that even Vincent was unaware of. Since he had ended up transferring his whole soul into the book, he did not know what happened during the time he was in the book himself.

"It's hard to explain and I'm not too sure about the exact details either. It seems to have come as an extension of our ability. I came here because the two of us shared a bond. I had hoped we could speak."

"I know you went looking for me. Edward told me that you left searching for me. I'm sorry that I was gone when you needed me, but I am here now. This whole thing doesn't seem like you. What happened for you to choose this course of action?" Vincent asked, making sure to tread carefully with his words. He could tell just through the limited interaction that the Jim before him was far from the Vampire Knight who used to work for him.

"So all it took for me to see you again was to start a war with the entire human race, huh? Sure why don't we talk about that. Let's talk about how no matter what I do, I end up as the one shafted in this cursed world. As you know, my biggest desire was always to aid vampire society as a whole. To help and get recognised for my accomplishments... but as you know that never came to be."

Jim then lifted his hand and pointed to Richard who was standing behind Vincent.

"Let's first start with him, shall we? I was merely a brat when our 'venerated ancestor' was the Vampire King. I will never forget the day he approached me. He asked me to help him, and as the paragon of his time who all of us strived to become, how could I deny him? Keeping my end of the promise, some time after he entered his eternal slumber, I was the one who woke him up in secret."

"Growing up, I had kept this hidden from everyone, only later learning what kind of sin I had actually committed. At the time I had believed that I had done a good thing. Eventually I became the leader of the tenth family, only for another King to approach me. He asked me to search for a way that we could become like them. The Originals."

"I fell for his sweet words that should I succeed, it would allow all vampires to become like the Originals, ushering in a new golden age for our kind. I gladly spent most of my time in

pursuit of that task, but to have a chance I naturally needed some samples. but when I was found out, the king turned against me claiming that it was my own doing, and where was Richard? Where was he to help me? In the end, the only one that ever did help me was you Vincent."

"Did you ever find it strange how quickly they overturned the decision to not force me into eternal slumber? Was there ever a precedent of anyone else having committed a crime as grave as mine who had been pardoned? Do you think I was pardoned because you as the tenth leader vouched for me? No, it was because the King knew he had done wrong. Still, I saw a light, because you turned out to be a person who had helped me, without wanting anything in return."

Quinn had thought it was strange how Richard could have possibly tricked all the others into believing he went into eternal slumber. Was Jim saying he was the one that had woken Richard up, and if so, what reason did Richard have for wanting to wake up? Why go into eternal slumber in the first place?

"Do you understand? I was relied upon, people came to me when they needed something, only to ditch me when it was time, making me a fool for ever trusting them."

"The same thing happened when they asked me to create a blood substitute. I accepted the task, granted I had not too much of a choice on that one, but I succeeded and created the Dalki. However, they were unhappy with the result, so they chose to chuck me and the Dalki to the side to work on their own solution. I was lost Vincent, so I went looking for you, but by that time it was already too late."

"I tried to figure out where it had gone wrong, yet I couldn't come up with an answer. However, I refuse to fail again. This time I decided to force them to accept my solution. The Dalki aren't a failure, they're merely incomplete, something I could have eventually rectified if only the vampires had let me."

"As long as I get rid of every single human in existence with the Dalki, the vampires will have no other choice but to accept them as their solution! If I can fix this mistake, I will be able to fix all the other mistakes of my past. One of them includes waking you up, Richard!"

The reason why Vincent hadn't said anything to intercept Jim was because he had been hoping there would be a way to reason with him without the need for fighting. Unfortunately, the more he spoke the more it became apparent that Jim was already too far gone.

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His feelings of rejection had apparently always been there and without Vincent as his anchor they had boiled over, leading the other on a destructive path.

'Jim...does really no part of you see that you're just making another mistake right now?' Vincent wanted to ask, but he knew it would be useless.

"And as for you Vincent. I saw your body... whatever you are, you're not my nephew. Your existence is also something that needs to be fixed." Jim proclaimed, as he glanced towards the six spiked Dalki by his side.

"Vincent, switch!" Quinn shouted, and quickly the two of them changed bodies.

The six and five spiked had moved around Quinn aiming for Richard, while the other six spike had gone directly at Quinn.

It was too fast for him to activate his soul weapon, but luckily Vincent had activated the shadow in the middle of Jim's tirade, aware that the other might choose to attack them at any point.

'A six spiked Dalki punch is going to be strong, but I managed to gather all of those MC cells. I'll block this attack, and attack back!' Quinn thought.

Raising the shadow in front of the fist, and as it collided, in an instant, Quinn could see the system message.

[0/2643 MC cells]

*Chapter 1303 - Can't Hurt The Dalki*

After fighting all of the Masked and almost tripling the amount of MC points Quinn had, he was feeling confident in his shadow abilities. He still believed he was a long way off Arthur who had lived for 1000s of years using the Shadow eater as a form of punishment but still believed he was getting closer.

After all, the shadow was almost able to block any attack. Depending on the attack it would decrease by the appropriate amount of MC points based on its power. Which was why Quinn was quite confident going to face whatever Richard and Brock were up against.

Even seeing the six spike, Quinn had remained somewhat unfazed. He had planned to block the first strike with his shadow and then continue from there, but after blocking the first strike, all of his Mc points quickly went down to 0.

'The sheer power from that punch. The six spiked Dalki was even able to go through that?!' Quinn worried.

The strength of the Dalki's punch proved to be stronger than Quinn's shadow, it had slowed down once it had made contact but it was still moving forward aiming towards his body. If he was to get hit by such a thing, he was unsure he could actually survive...

'With no MC points, I'm not sure this will work, or how bad the drawback will be. Maybe it will take more of my total MC cells but it's the only thing I can do!'

[Enhancement soul weapon activated]

Almost instantly, Quinn's body was covered head to toe in shadows giving him a shadow body, and once again he could use his shadow control raising a wall, blocking the Dalki's hit.

'This is bad, this is really bad! Although the Shadow overload skill works, I can feel it digging into my MC cells even worse than usual and if my theory is correct that the cost to be paid equals the amount of shadow being used during the time, it could very well mean I might lose nearly all of of them if I allow this to drag on.'

Right now, Quinn's survival instinct took over. It told him that the best thing for him to do now was to run away and fight another day. Using the Shadow link he could easily head back to the Cursed faction by himself. After all, there wasn't just one six spiked but another as well.

However, when Quinn looked at Jim's face which was all smiles, he thought back, back to what had happened so far.

'No, I can't! I can't! I said I wouldn't return, until I at least pay them back for Wevil's death. I can't leave now when the person who is the cause of this entire mess, is right here in front of me!'

Realising this, Quinn used the full strength he had, draining the gauntlet of every last bit of power he still had left from the Dragon and gathering all of his Qi, he delivered a shadow filled fist of blood hammer. He swung down dragging his whole body back hitting the Dalki right in the stomach. If he couldn;t damage its scales he could at least attempt to damage it internally.

The six spiked Dalki was slightly lifted off its feet, its toes inches off the ground. Seeing this Jim displayed a surprised look.

'This is the first full strength attack I have done since taking the Dragon's energy. Thank god, I didn't use it all up against the Masked. I can tell from my MC points that its punch would be more than devastating... but so was mine.'

Although the Dalki had been hurt, it wasn't something it couldn't take, and he was ready to retaliate by swinging at Quinn's head, but the Vampire Lord was confident his shadow would block it.

Before Quinn's shadow could even block it, the hand was hit by something else, a red lance that was continually spinning. The Dalki's arm looked like it was being sucked up by the rotation, as the scales were ripped to shreds and so was the muscle.

"You did a good job, kid. Together we might be able to come out of this alive." Richard said.

Quinn had heard his footsteps from a while back, so he knew he was on the move. What he didn't expect was to see Brock on his back and the two Dalki chasing after him. Turning around, Quinn cast a wide range of the shadow path skill.

Nearly touching the entire floor. Hitting the Dalki it had slowed them down, but not enough to the point where it was highly noticeable. Their strength and speed was just too much. The two of them were ready for an attack, and it looked like even though Richard had been able to damage one of the arms, it was still in good fighting condition.

Seeing this, Quinn sunk the three of them into the shadows. So they would hit nothing but air, and soon they reappeared where they were originally standing from the shadow again.

"That damned power is so annoying, but I know you can't keep that up, you fake Punisher!" Jim exclaimed. The sound of something else seemed to have caught Jim's attention, and that's when the others could see it as well.

Several of the ships that had first landed on the island were back in the air, only now they had something tied to them. A few seconds later as they hovered higher into the air, the Dragon became visible, either knocked out or so close to death that it was unable to resist being abducted.

Tied up by a strange black string substance, and this was also what was attached to the other ships as well. As they ascended higher into the air, Jim lifted his hand and a giant portal opened up above them .

"It looks like you have ultimately failed to protect the Dragon. They will soon be taking it to the Dalki base. We will use its power to create even more and once we have the other half, I will finally be able to make a complete Dalki." Jim claimed, and at that moment the portal had closed, taking the Demon tier beast away.

The smiles and troubles didn't seem to stop there, as three more Dalki had appeared from the forest. One of them also had spikes and it looked quite wounded, while the other two only had two spikes by their sides.

'They must have been the ones that were fighting the dragon before. I guess a six spike's strength really is strong. Strong enough to take out that Dragon! More and more of them just keep coming.'

Jim could see the despair in their eyes and although they had already been outnumbered, he placed his hands on both of the two spiked Dalki, transforming them into another pair of six spikes.

"I'm afraid that we have utterly failed. I doubt you'll believe me, but I truly am sorry for having dragged you and your friends into this mess. Given your shadow ability, I know that you can escape on your own, so now I am telling you to do so." Richard said. "I know you still had questions that you wished to ask me, and there are still ways for you to find those answers you seek but there is no reason for you to stay here. You need to leave this place now."

They were now five six spiked Dalki, and on top of that a five spike Dalki still alive. Even if the whole Cursed faction was here, Quinn didn't believe they could win. He knew Eno was right, but...

'There is still one thing I need to do before I get out!!' Quinn thought.

The next second his amulet started to light up. The energy from his Marked Dalki that were on the island were now being drained into Quinn. He had the power of three two spiked Dalki and a single one spike inside him. To top that off, the energy he had drained from the Dragon and he was still in his Shadow overload.

"I still have to make Jim pay!" Quinn declared as he threw his hands out creating two large walls of shadow. Blocking out everyone from his view apart from Jim. Immediately Quinn activated his Blue fang armour set.

[Nitro accelerate activated]

Due to the drawback of activating the armour set, Quinn didn't wish to use the skill, but planning to leave right after, he needed to be fast, faster than ever. His extra strength allowed him to only use a single step to arrive by Jim's side.

"I am not that slow either!" The former tenth family leader claimed as he lifted up the shield. He had to admit, he never thought that the young vampire could be this fast or this strong but it didn't matter, for all of that would only work in Jim's favour thanks to his shield. The shield was his back up, in case anything was to go wrong.

Quinn's fist was ready and a shadow filled fist mixed with his red aura spinning like a drill was thrown out hitting the shield directly. At the same time, it started to light up, and Jim couldn't wait to see the foolish boy perish by his own strength.

The blue shield fired off the energy it had contained hitting Quinn, and as it did, his body of shadow started to ripple, breaking up.

"Your life is not even worth Wevil's." A voice was heard from behind, but before Jim could even turn around. He could feel his body had already been pierced, and looking down, a hand covered in shadows could be seen, his heart had already been stabbed and was now no longer beating.

"I can't hurt the Dalki, but I can kill you." Quinn said.

#### *Chapter 1304 - Destroying The Temple*

The five spike known as Slicer had by far been the toughest and strongest being the world had come to know. Everyone had witnessed the female Dalki's strength on live broadcast as it had taken the combined efforts of Quinn and the Blade family to finish her off, and that was after she had fought Hilston Blade, the world's strongest human.

After seeing that display of strength, there were those in the Cursed faction that believed if they ever faced a five spike again, it would be impossible for them to survive to tell the tale.

Hopefully, Raten and Layla could prove that false as the duo were in the midst of facing off against a five spiked Dalki. Her True Hannya form allowed her to produce the special flames, which she immediately used to further boost Raten's strength.

It had all the benefits of her other forms, meaning her speed and strength were currently able to match that of a Vampire Lord, however Layla made sure to refrain from a frontal confrontation, especially since Raten was already going head to head with the Dalki.

The training with Leo and Erin had perfectly illustrated that in front of real experts her swordsmanship skills were still lacking. For the time being, she concentrated completely on supporting her ally, by throwing out the black balls carefully that would summon the spiritual chains on touch.

With her telekinesis ability she was able to move them, guaranteeing that the Dalki would be hit by them, locking it in place for a couple of seconds. This was when Raten, with his newfound power as a humanoid Demon tier beast, could go to work...

As quick as a machine gun, Raten stabbed the Dalki in the chest and stomach while it raised its hands to cover its face. His blades were sharp enough for him to pierce the hard scales, leading to green Dalki blood forming a puddle underneath the creature, but not far enough to damage his organs.

However, as soon as the chains disappeared the Dalki was able to fully move again, and when it took its hands down a great smile could be seen on its face. It was getting stronger from drawing out more blood.

"You have gotta be sh\*tting me! Don't tell me a five spiked Dalki is stronger than a boosted Demon tier beast!!!" Raten cursed.

Although the five spike had yet to hurt him, Raten quickly experienced the difference between the now injured Dalki and its former self. After having received a power boost from evolving to the next tier, as well as the one Layla provided him with, it was extremely frustrating for him to face an enemy that seemed to be able to just nullify all of that.

Inside the Temple, Logan himself had just received a piece of devastating news.

"Sam, one of them is down!" Logan shouted.

Sam hadn't just been sitting inside. With their defenses breached, he was also fighting all those in the Temple, preventing them from finding out about the teleporter. Up until now, it had looked as if the Masked had just been targeting the Cursed faction members. Unfortunately, receiving news from Logan, he instantly understood that one of them was referring to one of the jammers.

'Should I ask Logan about the location of those jammers? Maybe I could get Borden to try and protect at least one of them to grant us more time?' Sam contemplated.

However, seeing the amount of Masked were numbering in the hundreds from each side, this didn't seem like a good idea. Finding out they were mere clones, told Sam that they would have no care for their life, and if their goal changed to destroying the jammers instead of defeating them, then they would easily be able to achieve it.

"Tell me when we're down to two!" Sam decided to shout back.

It was then, that he could see Dennis, along with the Gorilla and snake had jumped back onto the roof, and now he was fighting from the top of the roof against the Masked. Slamming one of them down into the roof tiles punching them with his fist no longer using his shadow abilities or his blood powers.

Now knowing how many of them there were, it looked as if he was preserving his blood powers, only using them if they were absolutely necessary.

'They've been pushed back that far, it looks like we might have to use the teleporter before they even get to the jammers.' Sam was concerned, even more so at the fight that was happening in front. If Raten and Layla didn't figure out a way to take down the Dalki, then there was no one else that could stop them.

Raten and the Dalki were going toe to toe again matching in speed, Layla had attempted to get behind the Dalki, and she successfully breathed a breath of fire towards the Dalki. She also added in her Qi to strengthen it beyond normal flames.

But it seemed to have next to no effect on the Dalki's hard scales. This was a similar problem to what Raten had. From time to time, he would shoot out parts of soft mud from his body, either trapping the Dalki's feet or its joints, but its strength allowed it to break through it, only slowing it down a little.

'Patience, there has to be a chance!' Layla thought, knowing her swordsmanship wasn't up to par, she thought back to the lesson Leo taught her. As long as she knew her strength and her limits with her speed, she could predict when her attacks would hit and whether or not she could avoid a blow in time.

Once again, Raten jumped back and the Dalki chased after him, only to find himself stuck in wet mud, that hardened on the spot, the Dalki was ready to break through it as it had done before, but from the corner of his eye, it could see the girl with the black blade jumping. It was a difficult position for the Dalki to reach.

However, knowing her attacks hadn't hurt it before, it decided not to pay it too much attention and focus on the Demon tier beast that could do it harm.

Layla swung hard with her blade. Up until now she hadn't used it, since she was unable to power it with Qi, only able to rely on her own strength. Hoping for something to happen, the sword hit the Dalki on the neck, yet as expected its hard scales proved too hard for it to cut through, so she immediately widened the distance.

However, from his side, Raten noticed something, a change in the look of the Dalki's eyes.

'Did that sword somehow hurt him? But he's not bleeding? It doesn't look like it's done any damage.'

The Dalki seemed concerned and was ready to turn around and deal with Layla, yet Raten thrust forward piercing the Dalki's hand slightly, at the same time leaving a part of his mud to stiffen the area he had attacked.

'Haha, I'm learning new things all the time with this body as well.' Raten thought with a smile. "Hey girl, keep hitting him with that sword! This lizard doesn't seem to like it!"

Raten started being more aggressive with his attacks and more of them were getting through, as the Dalki was concerned about the strange black sword. Layla could see the strange action in its movements, but she didn't understand why.

Regardless, she decided to go forward attacking at the right time. She was able to successfully hit the Dalki multiple times and she could see more openings than before.

'I see, the Dalki didn't care about me before, it knew I could do no harm so it was able to only focus on Raten, but now it can't decide who to focus on.'

The only thing was, Layla still felt like her attacks were doing nothing, even though she hit the Dalki time and time again, until...

For the first time it leapt back away from the two of them. On its back there were no longer five spikes, but four.

'What?! How can this be? Can this sword also weaken the Dalki?' Layla was flabbergasted. So far, she had discovered that Longblade's gifted sword could negate abilities and Qi, so why could it now also make the Dalki revert back one of its spikes?

Neither one of them had an answer to this strange situation, but both of them saw the chance to turn the tides. The Dalki, also realising it had weakened, felt a sense of fear rise inside of him, and he was ready to turn around, but as he did, a flash and a whip-like sound was heard.

The next second, his body could be seen split in half, falling to the ground.

"How could that thing have given you guys so much trouble?" Peter asked with a smile on his face.

Raten, who was a second too slow, was shaking in anger.

"You...You...you stole my kill!"

Hilston's body had already jumped in and was helping those inside the Temple, and it was the same for Vorden.

Seeing this, Sam had a big grin on his face.

"Everyone, inside the Temple now!" Sam shouted down the receiver, and all of those that were fighting moved into the open area of the Temple, the Masked following behind them. Thankfully, Vorden had a lot of strength, and with his wind powers, for those who continued to chase after them, jumping from the rooftops and were in the air, he was easily able to slice them apart, or push them back far into the wall.

"Alright everyone, it's time for us to head back!" Sam declared.

"Wait! What about Quinn?" Layla asked, looking around.

"Quinn told us that he would meet us on the Cursed ship." Vorden replied.

Layla wanted to ask why he would choose to stay here, but now wasn't the time to risk their chance of escape.

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"They've destroyed two more, we have to move now!" Logan hurried the others.

Agreeing to this, the whole group started to run back, towards the room where the teleporter was placed. They threw out their skills, powers and now all the blood abilities they had been saving they cast without worrying.

The Masked were flying through the air and they had no chance stopping this arrow formation of power. Blasting down the walls, the teleporter could be seen in place intact. Logan had activated during their run and it was time for all of them to go through.

"A teleporter! They have another teleporter inside!" One of the Masked cried out.

The first lot of the Cursed group had gone through without looking back.

"What the, why is there a gorilla with us? And why is he going in before me?!" Peter complained.

"Just get in!" Fex screamed, kicking Peter from behind moving him slightly forward.

"A little too late to figure that out! I hope you enjoy the present I left you!" Logan shouted, touching something on his arm as jumped through the teleporter.

Hidden devices all around the teleporter lit up and started to beep several times, flashing red. These devices had also been scattered in the several rooms in the Temple as well. The last person to enter the teleporter was Vorden, and seconds before he did, he heard a loud explosion going off. He turned his head at the sound to see grand explosions blowing off from all areas.

"Your one crazy person, Logan!" Vorden praised him with a smile. "It looks like there is no longer any need to ever come back to that dreaded island!"

## **My Vampire System - Chapter 1305 - Goodbye -**

*Chapter 1305 - Goodbye*

[Instant level up received]

[You are now level 70]

[Stat point has been gained]

[A top tier blood crystal has been rewarded]

'Is that it?' Was Quinn's first thought. However, the system notification served as confirmation that Jim was indeed dead.

During the fight, a figure had popped up in front of Jim that looked identical to Quinn. When attacked with the blast from the shield, it had turned into nothing but shadows, while the real Quinn had managed to sneak behind Jim for a successful attack.

Quinn hadn't known what the shield had been capable of, but in his mind, he only had one chance to attack Jim, so he had looked for a chance to finish it in that one shot. He wouldn't get a second chance after this one, not if his trick was found out.

Before, Quinn had learned of a skill called the Shadow clone. He had already used it once during the fight with General Robin who had been Marked by the Demon tier tree... There was a difference in what Quinn had used this time, though.

The previous version of the Shadow clone had been less complete. The Vampire Lord had only been able to create a shadow of himself and allow it to stay in one place temporarily. There was no way he could control it or imitate it to do actions similar to his own, but he was able to this time.

His shadow had naturally grown stronger under the influence of the Shadow overload skill, and he had unlimited points to create a complete clone. It didn't matter how long it lasted or what actions it needed to do. This was how he had been able to completely trick Jim.

Not only had it worked, but Quinn, using his inspect skill, could see it.

Pulling his hand from his chest, Quinn saw Jim fall to the floor. He was no longer moving, he didn't say anything, and unlike Hilston, he wouldn't have to worry about him having hidden some means to revive.

'Is he really dead?' Vincent asked, not quite sure himself what had just happened. Quinn's quite desperate attempt at making the one who had been responsible for the Dalki's creation and everything that followed after pay for his sins had actually worked.

The leader was dead. Looking at the body, Quinn felt conflicted. There was no real happiness since he had known this wouldn't bring Wevil. If anything, Quinn felt like he had defeated the final boss in a game, only instead of a 'Happy ever after', there was still an army of Dalki left for him to deal with.

Part of Quinn had been longing for everything to be over with Jim's death. Now that the Dalki had the Dragon, couldn't they just let them find a way to extend their life and stop this pointless war?

But at that moment, a message appeared that brought him back to the reality of everything.

[Shadow overload skill has reached its limit]

[Shadow overload will now be deactivated]

[-500 MC Cells]

The drawback was the worst that Quinn had ever seen before, but his total MC cells were still in a better position than when he had first gotten to the island. At the same time, the

walls of shadow started to dissipate, his shadow body was disappearing, and now he could see all the others.

The Dalki with the six spikes were all perfectly standing there in place.

'What did killing Jim actually solve?' Quinn thought at that moment. The Dalki were still alive, and they now had one half of the Demon tier Dragon. Arthur was still out there probably plotting or enacting his own revenge, and the war was still going on.

If anything, Quinn had only been able to satisfy his anger a little in vanquishing Jim.

'I at least was able to achieve that. Now it wasn't a complete waste coming here.' Quinn thought.

The Dalki, seeing Jim dead on the floor, almost roared in anger and immediately went on the offensive. Although Quinn no longer had any MC points to use his shadow, his armour set's Nitro accelerate was still active. The first thing Quinn did was pick up the shield lying on the floor by Jim's side and lifted it up.

The Dalki soon stopped its hand before it touched the shield, knowing full well what would happen if it struck.

'As long as I have this shield, it looks like I can protect myself from the Dalki.' Soon though, Quinn could sense and hear that another Dalki was coming from behind. They were smart enough to surround him, looking for a chance to attack.

Each time, Quinn needed to move in place, stopping their attacks by bringing up the shield. He did this repeatedly, but now the two sides seemed to be in a stalemate as Quinn couldn't afford to attack them either, not that he was sure he could injure them without using the shield either.

'This is bad. The six spiked Dalki are fast. When the Nitro accelerate cools off, it takes away that stat points from my Legendary tier armour, which will slow down my speed to even slower than them. When that happens, what do I do then?'

"Boy, I hope you will never stop defying common sense and crushing my expectation!" Richard shouted from the other side. It looked like the Dalki had stopped focusing on him and were now all trying to attack Quinn.

"Soon, your speed will run out. We both know that. I asked you to get out of here before, and you need to do the same now."

Hearing these words, Quinn couldn't believe that Richard was being selfless for once. With the amount of six spiked Dalki there was no chance he or Brock would survive. They would both die in an instant.

The only reason why they were okay now was because the Dalki had deemed Quinn to be the biggest threat, that or they had some semblance of loyalty towards their creator.

'If only I had MC points. I would have been able to put them both in my Shadow lock and then used my Shadow link to travel and get them out of here, but shadow lock still requires me to have MC points.' Quinn thought.

Thinking like that led him to another realisation. The truth was, if he hadn't focused solely on Jim, he could have made use of Shadow overload's duration to save both of them by doing exactly what he had just thought of. It was because of his selfish desire for revenge at that moment that he had missed his chance to save them. *freewebnovel.com*

"I know I have made mistakes, I know I might not have treated you well, but I am happy to see how much...one who carries the Eno bloodline has grown. I want to thank Vincent as well, he was a great mind, and it was good working alongside him on the system. It seems that perhaps leaving Earth, the system will be one of my greatest creations because it was able to create someone like you." Richard said.

None of the feelings Quinn had for Richard had been positive, despite or perhaps because of them being related. This made it all the more bizarre that, of all times, he was shedding tears for the man. Was it because he felt guilty? Guilty, that unlike Wevil he had been there to save someone, but had ultimately failed?

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On his timer, Quinn could see that the Nitro accelerate skill was near its end. He had no choice. It was time for him to leave.

"Richard, I will save the human race!" Quinn declared there and then.

Placing the Demon tier shield in his dimensional space, Quinn activated his Shadow link. Sinking his body into shadows, and before he knew it, he was appearing by Sam's side.

Part of him had felt that it would have only been proper to witness the fate of Richard Eno, but the logical part of him had accepted the fact that staying there would have just added to the body count.

"Quinn," Sam said. "You made it back."

Looking up, Quinn was happy to see the familiar metal hull of the teleportation room he was in. Even more so, the rest of the Cursed faction looked to have made it off the island alive. Although, from the wounds and blood on their body, it was obvious that it couldn't have been easy for them.

"You guys, this is the teleportation room. What are you still doing here?" Quinn asked, looking around, but his head soon fell on her. A person that stood on the other end of the teleportation room, away from the others alone.

"We only just got here a little while ago, but you see, the reason we haven't left is because of that strange woman that's standing over there." Sam pointed.

On a closer look, it looked like some of them had tried to move, and there was a scorch mark on the ground. Quinn could guess that they had been attacked, but why wasn't she

continuing to hurt them, and who could be strong enough to hold this group of people back.

"I see you have a lot of confusion on your face." The female spoke. "I knew you would be coming here and since I didn't want to repeat myself I asked your friends to wait for your arrival, because that is what my prediction stated would happen. My name is Bliss... although from what I saw, Ray has already introduced me to you."

#### *Chapter 1306 - Strange Powers*

While most of the Cursed leaders were on Blade island. The duties of the Cursed ship were temporarily passed on to Megan. She, along with her advisors, decided that the best course of action was to head to the space station and head back to Earth, while asking Nathan for his help.

In the command room, Megan had been trying to get a hold of Nathan, but it seemed difficult. At the same time, it looked like reports from both the Earthborn group and the Graylash group were rarely coming in.

However, thanks to Bonny's usual live feed video, she could see why. The Graylash group were in full combat. Although they couldn't see what was going on with the Earthborn group, judging by the reports that had gotten before, she could just imagine they were in a similar situation.

"Come on, why won't anyone pick up!" Megan said, frustrated. "There has to be someone at the space station. If it carries on like this, we might just have to force them to open it." .

"You could do that, but I'm telling you that there is no need. Even if you got it open, by the time you even got there, it would all be over." A voice said.

"You might be right, but I at least have to-," It was then that Megan realised the voice that had just spoken was one she didn't recognise. When turning around, she could see someone else sitting at the command centre.

It was a female with light blue hair and was wearing strange clothing. It looked as if she was wearing robes. Although they looked to be made of high-quality material, it wasn't what someone wore in this day and age, but the strangest thing that Megan could see was the staff by her side with a crystal at the top.

'Who is this person? I don't remember them being part of the cursed faction, and just how did they get in this room.'

"Don't be startled. I am not here to do any harm. My name is Bliss." She said, thinking that maybe it would have eased the tension of the girl in front of her, but it was clear that she had no reaction, meaning that no one in the cursed faction knew about her. "Oh, it looks like that girl decided to keep my words a secret. Interesting."

"However, as I was saying, it would be useless for you to continue and travel to the space station. You are just wasting your time and worrying over nothing. Right now, there isn't a thing we can do but wait."

Megan was inching closer and closer to the large table in the centre, for some reason, the confidence of this woman in front of her was frightening. Megan was thinking the best course of action was to take action now and ask questions later.

Slamming down on a button on the command centre table, the communication channel was opened up.

"Everyone, there is an intruder in the Command centre. An older middle-aged female with light blue hair. Please come immediately." Megan said, shouting it into the ship's receiver that would soon play the message out to the whole ship.

She didn't want to cause a panic, but judging by the fact that no one else had acted yet, she was wondering if all the others over the edge of the command centre, where the controls were, were dead.

Bliss let out a deep sigh.

"I thought I looked more like a young middle-aged woman, not an older middle-aged one, and here I thought you were a polite girl," Bliss said as she lifted up her staff. The crystal at the top started to shine brighter and brighter until the flash was too strong for Megan to look at.

She could feel a slight heat, and when the heat was gone, she believed it was safe to open her eyes. Looking at where Bliss once stood, she was no longer there. Immediately, Megan ran to the railing and peered over it, thankfully she could see that all those working at the controls seemed to just be asleep and were now waking up. *freewebnovel.com*

'A great flash of light, putting others to sleep, and now she's disappeared. Just what is her ability?'

Thinking that there was a chance that the female who had introduced herself as Bliss could still be on the ship, she headed to the command centre and opened up all the cameras around the ship. While looking at the cameras, she could see a group of the Cursed faction heading her way.

"Don't worry about coming towards me. I am safe for now, but the intruder seems to be somewhere on this ship. You need to keep on looking." Megan ordered while she continued to look around.

At first, Megan wanted the group of people to protect her, to make sure she and the others were safe. Still, if the woman really had the power to put others to sleep, then Megan was wondering why hadn't she put her to sleep. Instead, she had approached her and was talking as if she was giving advice.

Still, an intruder was an intruder.

'That's strange?' Megan thought as she looked at one of the cameras. It was in the classroom where the Blade kids were currently present. Sil was staying with them until he was ready to be called, but she could see he was asleep right now.

At first, it didn't seem like a big deal. He had a right to take a rest before a big fight, but at the same time, before this, Sil was ready and wide awake to go into action at any second after finding out what had happened to the teleporter. To top it off, in the video itself, it looked like the kids were shaking him, trying to wake him up because of the announcement, but nothing was working.

'It couldn't be...'

It was then that Megan could see Bliss on one of the cameras. Of all the places she was in at the moment, it was the particular training room that had been set up, with the teleporter that would bring back those from Blade island.

'How did she get in?'

The door was made from reinforced Glathrium, and it looked to still be shut and locked. This was just in case anyone else happened to appear out of the teleporter instead of those from the Cursed faction. There were now so many questions on Megan's mind. Not only about how she got in, but how she knew about the room and what her aim was.

Soon, she saw Bliss look into the camera smiling and giving a short wave. After it looked as if she started to draw certain things on the ground, but no markings were left behind either.

'What is she doing, and...should I open the door? She hasn't touched the teleporter, and with Sil down, is there even anyone to take care of her.'

Watching her for a little while longer, Megan eventually saw Bliss sitting down and leaning up against the wall. It looked like she was either sleeping or meditating but was doing nothing else. As long as she could keep an eye on her, Megan felt at ease. It felt like this was the easier solution to deal with the problem.

Hours went past, with the Cursed ship continuing to head towards the space station. Bliss continued to stay in the room doing nothing until eventually, she stood up. The portal was seen activating.

"It can't be. Are they returning!" Megan had a smile on her face, but at the same time, she was deeply concerned that the strange woman was still inside. The reason she hadn't acted so far was due to Sil still not waking up. It was clear that the woman was powerful.

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The one who had returned first before the others was Mona and with her, she was carrying Linda and the box on her back. When Mona saw the woman, the two looked at each other and didn't say anything. Until Mona decided to step to the side, taking the large box off and placing Linda on the ground.

Eventually, the portal lit up again and coming through the portal one by one was the rest of the Cursed group. They were all surprised to see a stranger greet them. They had expected some type of welcoming party, but what was even weirder was the fact that the second the group tried to move forward, something lit up underneath all of their feet. It was

right where Bliss was seen drawing on the ground earlier. When the light stopped, the Cursed faction could no longer move from where they were.

"Right now, you are all bound, but don't worry, I'm not here to harm you, I just don't want to explain myself twice, and it's not long until that person comes here. Now I notice that some of you still have the strength to break the binding." Bliss raised her staff, and strange orange energy left from it. It moved forward, landing right by where Raten's feat was, scorching the ground. "But I advise you not to move, as you can see. I don't plan to harm you."

Seeing the attack nearly hit Raten, he was angered by this, and he was ready to attempt to break out of the binding.

"Don't move. She doesn't want to hurt us, and it looks like she is true to her word otherwise, she would have hurt Linda." Sam said.

Finally, the man she had been waiting for had arrived, and that was the events that had led to their current moments.

Seeing all of the skills and abilities she had used so far, everyone was wondering the same thing, just what ability did this person have. Quinn walked forward ahead of everyone and looked at Bliss.

Judging from what Ray had told him, Quinn had figured out who this person was.

"You said your name is Bliss. You're right. Ray did tell me about you. He didn't exactly speak nicely of you, and I think I can understand why. Now tell me what you want, God." Quinn asked, having no patience or time to be playing games with these upper beings.

### *Chapter 1307 - Crossroads*

Feeling there was some sort of tension in the room with Quinn and the mystery woman. Sam had suggested that they all get some rest while a few individuals would talk with the new stranger.

Of course, Sam also wanted to find out just what exactly happened to Quinn while he had stayed behind on the island. However, he wasn't hopeful for a lot of information, considering how soon after Quinn was able to leave the place after them.

The group of Cursed individuals selected for this conversation were Layla, Vorden, Peter, Sam, Logan and Fex. The closest individuals to Quinn and the ones who understood the fuller picture of everything going on.

While the rest decided to check on themselves in the medical bay and took the well needed rest, they deserved. Still, there was a question on everyone's mind at the moment. They were sure they had heard Quinn call the strange individual a god.

The group had moved into one of the break rooms, where there was a coffee machine and some snacks for them. It was emptied at this point and time and on one side, all of the Cursed faction were sitting down while Bliss was on the other, having made herself a cup of tea as if she was at home...

She hadn't even asked what weather she could do or not. One thing they were pleased about was she didn't seem like an enemy at least.

"I can see that you know a little about me then, although I'm starting to wonder if all you Talen's have a bad temper. You can stop glaring at me. I'll get to the point and tell you why I'm here." Bliss said.

"As you are aware, I am one of the many gods that belong to the Earth's solar system. I have been living since the beginning of time, and through that, I have been called many things, the Divine being at one point and time."

The others were starting to wonder whether or not they were listening to a crazy person at the moment, but there was one reason they were inclined to listen. On top of Quinn's words calling her a god, they had seen her use multiple abilities or powers. Something only the Blade family could do so far.

"My power allows me to see into the future, I receive set vision in points and time, and since every time I die, I go into one of the human bodies, I have decided to make it my job that you guys survive whatever chaos was meant to get rid of all of you many many times before. Just like in the past, a disaster fell on the world, and my vision saw it collapsing. However, Ray Talen was there to save them, which is why I have come to you, Quinn Talen."

The others looked at each other, wondering if they were all hearing the same thing, and judging by the strange looks they gave each other, it seemed like they were. Still, once again, Quinn was continuing to listen intensely.

"Now, based on my visions, I theorized that there were two points in time where you could change the outcome of the human race. The first one being on Blade island, stopping the Dalki from getting the Dragon.

"In my vision, you failed, and it looks like you have still failed even now. This means you only have one more option to stop the Dalki from winning this war, which is in the vampire world. Stop them from defeating the Dragon there, and you have a chance at winning this thing.

"As for why I have decided to tell you this, even though you should somewhat know this already, is because you are currently at a crossroad, Quinn. I am a little worried that you might not choose the right option, so I have decided to intervene to help guide you to the correct option. Go to the vampire world."

After finishing her long explanation, Bliss drank her cup of tea in front of her and looked as calm as ever.

Following the conversation, Sam figured what the crossroad might be. Right now, the Earthborn group, and Graylash group are fighting with the Dalki, having obtained one half the Dragon, they are likely to make their move in the vampire world any day now.

At the same time, their attack would continue, including the Cursed faction they had yet to touch. Quinn would have to give up protecting the Cursed faction to go to the vampire world and stop them from killing the other half of the Demon tier beast.

When looking at Quinn to see if he had grasped this as well, Sam could just see anger on his face.

"Tell me, if you could see the future, then why didn't you warn us about what was going to happen on Blade island?" Quinn asked. "You're strong. You have powers of a god, so why didn't you join the fight as well?"

Bliss let out a sigh once again as if the question was annoying, and the answer should have been obvious.

"There is a reason why I don't try to intervene too much. I don't know if my visions are based on me intervening in the first place. In the past, trying to fix problems, all my visions came true, but the Talen family had changed that. At the same time, even if I did warn you, would that have stopped you from going? Could you have prepared more?"

"Let me give you a guess without using my powers. If you had sent more of the Cursed faction there than you had done, then you would have just brought back more body bags with you."

Quinn was annoyed by her answer, but she was right. He just didn't like the fact that she wasn't really telling him much. She was just giving him options that he already knew about.

"Some god you seem to be. You can see the future but can't act on it. Then you are no different than a Banshee." Quinn said.

Trying to ease the tension between the two, Sam decided to ask his own questions.

"You say you are one of the gods, then are there other gods that are trying to protect Earth at this moment as well, and is there anything else you can tell us. Such as who is alive at this moment or what more we could do?" Sam asked.

"The other gods are mostly dormant. When we die, our powers or our will passes onto another. For example, the god of war might sprout in a young child who is a master on the battlefield, but his memories and such would stay forever dormant. Unfortunately, as time has gone by and we have been needed less and less, their powers and memories have become more dormant. It seems like I am one of the few that is still able to help.

"As for your second question, I can not. I can tell you what you want to ask." Bliss said, looking at Quinn. "I do not know if the man known as Richard Eno or Brock are alive or not. I can't answer questions about this war because I honestly do not know much about it. But what I can tell you is that they no longer appear in my visions after this. Take that as you will."

Bliss answered another questions of Sam, because he even wondered what had happened to Eno and Brock.

After answering this and finishing what was in her cup, Bliss stood up.

"Staying here for a long period of time is bad, so I will take my leave, but who knows. If you succeed in the vampire world, you will see me again." Bliss lifted up her staff, and the crystal started glowing.

"Wait, you just come in here, say all that and just leave. I still have things I need to ask you!" Quinn said, standing up and holding out his hand.

[Skill activated shadow lock]

His skill activated, and the shadow portal was seen opening, but her body wasn't going into the shadow for some reason. A strange barrier of light started to ripple as if it was stopping her body from moving.

"What ability is that?" Layla wondered.

"It is not an ability," Bliss said, winking back. "It's magic." The next second she was gone.

Quinn was beyond annoyed. After Wevil's death, the Cursed faction was hurt, and Richard and Eno went. He had so many questions and no one to answer them, he didn't even have the time to ask Bliss about the sword that Layla had carried. Or whether Jim was really dead.

'Quinn, do not think you have gotten nothing out of this. Remember, in your dimensional space right now, there is one person you can still speak to that knows a bit more. On top of that, we have the Demon shield at our disposal.' Vincent said.

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It was true, and Jim was dead, which was news he had yet to tell the others, at least he thought he was.

After the meeting with Bliss, everyone continued to have their rest. They had almost slept for an entire day and a half.

Once the group seemed to be working at close to a hundred percent again, Sam called a meeting for all Cursed leaders.

It was time for them to update everyone on what was happening. Linda still looked a little lost but had attended, and a plan was set for when everyone could say their goodbyes to Wevil. There was no mention of the mysterious woman that had appeared. They decided to avoid any questions since Quinn didn't really get much information from her in the first place.

From Quinn, he was able to give the most information. They had learnt about Jim's death, which was a celebration. Some thought similar to Quinn that perhaps Jim still lived on, especially since he had the ability to clone himself. However, knowing that the Jim Quinn faced could use the equivalent exchange ability, they assumed it was the real one.

On top of that, Quinn had delivered the news that Truedream and some of his men were working with the Dalki as well. The person Vorden was meant to be keeping an eye over ended up dying on his way back to the others from a masked.

Then finally, they learnt of what possibly happened to Eno and Brock, which spurred one person to speak up.

"I do have something," Mona said, who had decided to stay with the Cursed faction. The Bree family had been split up into the three groups anyway, so all her family members were either fighting or on the Cursed planets, so she decided to stay.

"Richard, he told me... he told me where to go if he wasn't to survive this attack. I think he might still have something that can help us."

Hearing this, Quinn wondered just what Eno wanted them to see and what could possibly be at this place. Maybe he could learn more about just what type of person Richard was and his reason for trying so hard to protect the humans in the first place.

### *Chapter 1308 - The Dalki Special*

With the chaos still going on the other planets, the Cursed group had yet to decide what their next course of action was to be. Sam had debated whether or not he should aid the Graylash faction or the Earthborn group. However, due to nothing happening to the Cursed faction planets yet, and no sign of the five spiked Dalki known as Graham, they had decided not to move out just yet.

On top of this, due to the recent warning that they had received from the all-mighty being called Bliss, Sam was in no rush to leave or go anywhere until they had either more information on the vampire world or the next move the Dalki would make.

However, just like before, when the whole world was watching the Cursed faction face Slicer, everyone was currently waiting for the outcome of the Graylash family.

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After receiving the news from Hermes that a five spiked Dalki had been spotted with a large force heading their way, Grim and Owen rushed back as quickly as they could. They were able to charge their feet with lightning allowing them to move at a speed some beast armour wouldn't even allow them to.

They could also move as fast as lightning, but that was only limited to a certain area and took a large amount of energy, so this was the best way to travel.

The good news was that the main planet that Owen and the others were on were filled with dark clouds and would often rain... Today was one of those days.

It gave a boost to the Graylash family, as their lightning attacks dealt more damage to the Dalki below. At the same time, the lightning power was good for both medium-ranged attacks and close range.

It was because of this, the Graylash family were faring better than others when fighting against the Dalki.

And there was one person leading them all while Owen was away.

"Keep up the pressure. Those at the front line, when you reach thirty percent of your MC levels, remember to switch. Head back to the Shelter and recover!" Hermes shouted.

In front of the Shelter, the Graylash family had set up several barriers of walls that they referred to as Bunkers. They had a small gap in the middle where they could fire off their abilities while hiding their bodies. These were often split into groups with not just the Main Graylash branch members, but they also had support type ability users with them by their side as well as other strong far ranged ability users.

Once in a while, the Dalki were able to break through and injure some of them. Still, when Hermes could see that happening, he and an attack force would go out and fight the Dalki that couldn't be dealt with before, with hand to hand combat, and by his side were those that were best at it with their beast weapons and more.

In the meantime, the injured group would receive emergency healing and then head back to the base to swap with another group. Even minor injuries weren't a problem for the Graylash group, that was until the five spiked Dalki appeared, with an army of around three hundred behind him.

"The rest of you stay back. Follow me on my command!" Green Horn ordered, and like well-trained soldiers, the Dalki stood there. Until this point, they had only been small groups of the Dalki. Even though there were around 50 thousand trained fighters in the Shelter, the actual ones with lightning abilities numbered approximately five hundred.

If the whole Dalki force was to charge at once, the Graylash members that were out in the front line bunkers imagined they would lose their lives instantly.

Yet, for some reason, only one Dalki moved forward.

"Fire!" One of the captains ordered, one seeing the Dalki come within range.

Abilities of not just lightning were headed towards the Dalki. Since there was only one Dalki, another order coming from the opposite flank had also ordered an attack.

Around twenty lightning users had fired off their attacks from each Bunker along with other ability users, hitting the five spike. *freewebovel.com*

Greenhorn's body was encased in what looked like a blue flame, even though it was lightning, and only its black figure could be seen. Eventually, when they thought they had done enough, the figure could be seen still standing there.

It hadn't moved, nor had it fallen over like the ones it had attacked in the past. Seeing this, there was one person more nervous than ever. Everything in his gut was telling him that their attack hadn't worked.

"The front line, second line, third line, and fourth line retreat to the castle now!" Hermes shouted, sending out the critical message to them all.

However, it seemed like it was a second too late. Green Horn had leapt up in the air, and on his way down, he readied his fist, swinging it back. As soon as he could see the Bunker he swung out his fist smashing the whole place to pieces. It looked like a small bomb had gone off in the building as parts of the rubble seemed to disintegrate from the sheer power.

When the others could finally see what had happened, the wfrom squad in the Bunker had been wiped out with a single hit.

"It looks like since getting a five spike, my scales have evolved to the point where your lightning doesn't really affect me." Green Horn smiled. "Now, where is that one form earlier?"

The others listened to Hermes' orders and started to leave their bunkers heading for the Shelter. However, it was still a few hundred meters away before they could reach the Shelter walls.

Looking around him and looking at his fist, Green Horn wondered something as he saw the others running away. He started to pull back his fist once more. He then raised up one of his legs like a pitcher getting ready to throw out a ball. Carefully he aimed at a bunker that was around twenty meters away from where he was.

Just like a pitcher, he went and swung his arm out, delivering a punch as hard as he could, and a loud bang was heard. As a shockwave was made, it seemed like energy itself had formed in the air, as a ball of orange coloured energy went out.

The second it had hit the Bunker, an explosion was made, and pieces from the ground were chucked up everywhere, an attack just as strong as one done with his own fist was made, and the second group of the Graylash's had been animated. Even though the Dalki army had yet to make its move.

Bonny and Void were filming far away from the wall. They had their drones out but the weather condition made it harder for others to see. Still, Void's camera had a higher spec allowing him to film it directly.

"I've never seen a Dalki make an attack like that?" Bonny said. She had stopped reporting on the fight like she was doing, since her shock had made her speak on instinct.

Hermes, who was by her side, was gritting his teeth. He wanted to go out there and help them but knew that it would be somewhat useless.

"It seems like every Dalki at the five spike stage is a little unique," Hermes observed. "The ones the Cursed faction fought with, had a sharp strong tail I had never seen before, and now this one can release energy from its hands, allowing it to attack at a far range as well. This means, we have just lost our advantage. Even we on this wall aren't safe right now."

Hermes knew there were still many things they didn't know about the Dalki, how far this attack could go, did he need to wind up like he did earlier, and that's when he realised from the look on Green Horn's face. He didn't know either.

"Hahaha, what is this!" Green Horn smiled. "I just wanted an easy way to deal with them, other than going over there myself. I thought maybe the wind could do the job for me, but the energy left my fists. With this, maybe I can become the next leader!"

Walking forward, it looked like Green Horn was now ignoring the Bunkers. When he was eventually around fifty meters away from the walls, he received attacks from not just Hermes, but the rest of them as well. However, it looked like it did nothing to the five spike.

Green Horn smiled as he continued his wind up, lifting up his leg and pulling back his arm, then in one smooth motion, swinging his arm out while shifting his weight forward, he threw out another orange energy blast.

It was heading straight for the wall, and that's when it was as if the gods themselves were protecting the border. A large blue lightning bolt came striking down out from the sky. Hitting the yellow energy and causing it to fall into the ground, exploding the rocks below, and creating a large crater.

The rocks continued to be thrown with such energy that when they hit the walls, it had created holes and had damaged a few people that were close to the walls in the Shelter. It was proof of just how strong the Dalki's attack was.

As for the one that had saved them, they could see him standing in the deep crater, with half of his white robes torn, showing his masculine chest and frazzled long hair. It looked like the god of thunder himself had crashed down from a meteor, and he did not have a smile on his face.

"I made mistake by letting you get away, but I will make sure not to repeat it!" Owen said.

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*Chapter 1309 - Graylash Duo*

Inside the Cursed ship, nearly everyone was watching the fight taking place on the Graylash planet. They had, after all, experienced the strength of a five spike. Quinn and a few of the leaders were in one of the break rooms watching the match together.

"Do you think Owen will be able to beat it?" Nate asked.

Quinn hadn't seen Owen fight in a while, but...

"There was one thing I remember Richard said to me. The Graylash family never needed his support. They were always able to figure things out themselves. If he believed in them. There had to be a reason."

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It was rare for anyone to see Owen with a serious expression on his face. He would often have his fan covering his mouth, but they only needed to see his moon-shaped eyes to know that he was smiling.

Whenever they did see a serious expression on his face, they knew it would be a tale to tell. The last time the Graylash family had witnessed such a thing was when a battle for the next leadership had taken place.

Between Owen's own father and himself.

It was the first time they had also learned he had been hiding his talented skills away from the eyes of the rest of the family. Seeing the serious look once more was giving hope out to the others, including Hermes.

Immediately, Owen placed both of his hands together and activated his soul weapon. Creating the strange orb of lightning he had done from before.

"Haha, you think I'm just going to stand here and let you use the same thing you did last time?" Green Horn shouted. This time rather than winding up his punch, Green Horn just threw out a punch with his full strength, and still, the orange energy could be seen leaving from his fists.

It was smaller than the last one but left his hand just as fast. As long as Green Horn could interrupt what Owen was doing, he thought that would be enough.

The spectators were nervous as they saw this, but Owen still concentrated on creating his soul weapon. Hermes knew he must have had a plan.

The orange energy was getting closer and closer, yet Owen was doing nothing.

"He does have a plan, right?" Bonny asked nervously.

"I hope so", Hermes replied. At this point, he wasn't sure anymore, until once again, a large bolt of lightning came striking down from the clouds above. Smashing the energy blast into the ground, only this time it had gone deeper, causing a rumbling underneath but none of the ground to be destroyed apart from a hole where the Dalki's energy had gone.

Now standing a little ahead of Owen, was a man at least twice the age of Owen, but his body hardly showed it. In fact, the person didn't even look human. If one was to think that Owen was the god of thunder, they would be wrong, for this man was covered head to toe with a lightning body.

His whole body was emitting blue light. It looked similar to how the Dalki looked when all the Graylash members had struck it simultaneously.

"Grim Graylash!" Bonny excitedly said. "Grim Graylash has appeared on the field everyone! The ex-leader of the Graylash family and one of the ones who had fought against One Horn in the past with the previous leaders. With the two of them, it looks like the Graylash family have hope to deal with the five spiked Dalki."

Seeing this, Green Horn seemed enraged as he started throwing out punches one after another, each time letting out the small blasts of energy. As they came towards Grim, his natural lightning body tried to electrify them as if he had a barrier around his body.

Although they looked to have done nothing to the energy blasts, others knew that if it was an ordinary person, those simple lightning strikes coming from Grim's body would kill a person.

Still, Grim used his arms to knock the energy blasts away. They simply bounced off his body as if he was hitting balls away. When reaching a certain point in the sky, they dispersed into explosions of energy.

"Fine, I guess I'll just have to hit you myself!" Green Horn said, charging in, and it was at that point that Owen was ready. He threw the lightning ball into the air, and when it reached the clouds, he threw his little fan after it, striking it with a lightning bolt. Soon the cloud started to grow in size, and lightning strikes struck from it.

Immediately, Green Horn was struck by lightning from the clouds. He was unafraid, knowing that the lightning wouldn't hurt him. Or at least he thought it wouldn't. When it touched his skin, he felt no pain. However, he was unable to move his body.

'It still...affects me.'

The realisation was setting in, and Grim was already throwing out a powerful lightning punch towards his head. When it hit, Green Horn was surprised to taste its blood in its mouth.

'How is this old man's lightning powers still hurting me!' Green Horn thought.

"It looks like you haven't noticed. He had already noticed by now." Grim said as he already threw out another punch. Green Horn was fast as well, and although he had been hurt by the punch, it wasn't much.

Even if Grim's punch could hit him before he could hit Grim, he wouldn't take life threatening damage and could finish the old man. However, just before his punch would reach, he was hit by Owen's soul weapon once again, freezing him for a few mini seconds.

"My grandson is special, right!" Grim said, spiralling upwards using his whole body and lightning powers to deliver a punch from below, knocking the Dalki's chin and flinging its head back.

Green Horn felt like his head was going to detach from his body, but with him being more damaged, his energy was rising.

"Everyone, attack!" Green Horn ordered, and the second he said those words. The three hundred Dalki started to run forward.

Hermes, seeing this, immediately retaliated.

"Everyone, we have to support our leaders, make sure they don't disturb the fight. If we beat the five spiked Dalki, we win this fight!"

Before, they might have been hesitant, but seeing how well both Owen and Grim were doing against the Five spike, they immediately started to head towards the battle as quickly as possible. All five hundred of the Graylash ability users were the fastest. They

used their powers to enter the battlefield as quickly as possible. The good thing was, as soon as the other Dalki entered the battle, Owen's soul weapon worked in a wide area, so it struck the Dalki, paralyzing them, and they were able to use this to their advantage.

"Where are you looking!" Grim said to Green Horn as he struck down, hitting his head again and slamming it to the ground while he was being struck from the clouds above.

The use of two strong soul weapons just seemed like it was too much for Green Horn to handle, but Grim's body was soon fading. For a powerful soul weapon also often meant that its power would also quickly be used up.

Grim now had his regular body and could no longer perform his lightning abilities. Seeing this, and beyond angry from being hurt, Green Horn threw out a punch towards the old man's face, hoping to pay him back tenfold.

Until an almost physical lightning bolt had struck right into the Dalki's forearm. It had gone right through pricing its skin and was visible from the top and bottom of the arm. It looked like the lightning bolt had the same effect as Owen's soul weapon.

"I will leave the rest to you", Grim said, as he ran past Green Horn to join the others in their fight. Although he didn't have Mc points left, he could still fight well with his bare hands.

Looking at why the old man suddenly left, he could see Owen standing in front of him, with a physical lightning bolt held in his hands. It looked to be a condensed solid form of lightning, in the shape of lightning itself.

"You Dalki seem to be growing more spikes every time I see you, and I am not a fool to think that it wouldn't have happened to you, but just like you, we can also evolve with our powers."

The Dalki ran forward, but the lightning bolt came out again, this time sticking through the Dalki's thigh. Paralyzing the muscles in that area for a second. Green Horn tried to carry on moving but only tumbled, falling to the ground.

Before he could even move again, Graylash formed another lightning bolt, throwing it in another part of its body and doing the same thing repeatedly. The physical lightning bolts not only could pierce the Dalki's hard scale skin, but it also seemed to have the same applied effect as his soul weapon and were as fast as them as well.

Eventually, Green Horn was stuck in the ground with over thirty physical lightning bolts stuck in his body.

"It looks like you didn't evolve enough this time, and I grew quicker than you", Owen said, and the usual smile on his face appeared again. The clouds above were no longer blacks and the lightning orb he had initially thrown into the clouds began falling ever so slowly like a snowflake.

While the battle was going on, no one seemed to be aware until the orb finally dropped on the Green Horn, and all the lightning bolts lit up simultaneously. A defining bang resonated through the whole field. It was a single loud shock and a flash.

Almost blinding anyone looking directly at it, but if they were to look at the spot where the Dalki once was, there was nothing there but the scorched ground.

Witnessing this on camera, people worldwide cheered as they saw the Graylash family achieve a victory over the five spikes. This was twice now that the world knew they had obtained a victory over their strongest.

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Quinn, watching it, was left in awe.

'Owen, it looks like you also have been trying your best to get stronger and stronger this whole time, and...you really have done. I'm not the only one that's in this fight. I'm not the only one fighting for the human race.' Quinn thought when seeing this.

However, another thought entered his mind, as there was something the world didn't know. At the moment, the Dalki had obtained one half of the Demon tier dragon used to create them. Before, when defeating the Dalki, with each kill, it felt like they were almost accomplishing their goal little by little, getting rid of them, but now...

Did it matter that they had killed a five spiked Dalki, because who knew how long it would take them before they created more?

'I need to stop them from getting the other half.'

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*Chapter 1310 - Hesitation*

After the defeat of the five spiked Dalki, the Graylash group managed to fend off the remaining Dalki army that was advancing towards them. It was a complete victory for the Graylash group. Of course, they had their losses, but the Dalki was unable to set foot in the Shelter, which was a hopeful sign for the rest of the world.

However, their duties weren't over yet. There were still plenty of Dalki motherships occupying the rest of the Graylash planets. The other two planets that the rest of the Graylash faction were on were still in the middle of their battles.

Still, the Cursed faction was in high spirits, and everyone was in a good mood, apart from those who knew the reality of the situation they were currently going against. The Cursed leaders decided that there was no need to reveal that. Not while everyone was still fighting and for once seemed to be carrying the momentum. In war, it was a strong thing to have the motivation and momentum on one's side.

Currently, Quinn had been patiently waiting for news in the vampire world of what was going on, but Paul, Leo, nor Erin had given them a reply. It was worrying, but certain things kept Quinn from bursting through the teleporter and heading over to the other side.

One was the order that Quinn had received, that he was not to return to the vampire world. He didn't want to cause trouble for his family if he didn't have to. The second reason was that Quinn could tell from the connections that they were safe.

'Damn that Bliss girl, her words are messing with my head, and now I can't choose whether to stay or go. I think she just made things worse.' Quinn thought, who was currently in his own personal training room.

Rather than thinking about what he couldn't do, Quinn decided to think about what he could do for now. First, he was to figure out what exactly he would do with the items from blade island. In his dimensional space at the moment, he had a tablet.

Not just any tablet, but the tablet that held his long last ancestor that used to be a dragon and one that held all the abilities of the world.

'Unlike the shadow lock, I can't enter my dimensional space. So there is no way for me to try and communicate with Ray again and try to get some answers from him. I could place it somewhere, but where? Should I place it somewhere on earth, or maybe somewhere on the Cursed ship.'

Thinking about it, Quinn imagined the tablet on the Cursed ship. There wasn't exactly a good place for it, and he didn't think it was safe on the ship nor any of the planets, and that included earth.

'I guess I don't desperately need to ask Ray questions, so for now, the safest place is for it to stay in my dimensional space. I just hope it doesn't affect the cycle of abilities he was talking about either.'

There was one more item that was in Quinn's dimensional space that he could take out, and he did so, bringing out the Demon tier shield. Quinn held it in his hands and used his inspect skill.

His guess was right. The Demon tier shield had been made using the Demon tier crystal that Arthur had taken from him. It was the confirmation that Arthur and Jim were working together. Even though Quinn was already a hundred percent sure.

Looking at the active skill, it was strong. It was able to reflect any damage taken on the shield itself and repel it back at twice the strength. Now he understood why the Dalki were so afraid to hit it.

Still holding the shield, Quinn closed his eyes and opened them again. He imagined his opponents and how he would use the shield while fighting, blocking certain attacks and using his Gauntlet to attack.

'It feels so unnatural and even more so than the sword. Besides, I already gave the blood crystal to Alex to work on.'

Taking on board Vincent's suggestion, Quinn decided to use the crystal he had received from Jim's body to create another gauntlet. Unlike with beast crystals, blood weapons could be formed into anything, so Quinn didn't have to worry.

At the moment, Alex was with Andrew at the Earthborn base, helping them craft weapons for support, but with his shadow link skill, Quinn was easily able to go there and ask for this request.

'Well, if the Shield doesn't suit me, then I guess it means one of the others can use it, but who?' Quinn started to wonder.

There were many candidates, and of course, Quinn wanted to give it to one of the leaders close to him, preferably someone who had recently gone to the island with them. They were those that were already plenty strong and that it didn't suit. But finally, Quinn had made his decision.

Heading to one of the training rooms, not too far from his own, he saw the person he was looking for doing a good job teaching the rest of the Cursed faction.

"Hey Nate, it looks like you recovered well. I heard you got blasted by a five Spiked Dalki." Quinn said in an upbeat tone.

"Ah, I would have to have a monster amount of Qi like Layla to be able to block a hit like that," Nate said, a little annoyed. With his skills, he felt like he just needed something a bit more to push him further.

What he didn't know was that Quinn had a gift ready for him that would do just that. Taking it out from his dimensional space, Quinn had a shield in his hand and handed it over.

"This is yours, take it."

Nate looked at the shield oddly at first. He didn't use weapons and only used his fist, but a shield was quite versatile in its use, and there were certainly ways he could learn to use it. However, the second Nate touched it and activated the beast weapon. He could feel the immense power in the shield itself, powering him up.

The defensive and natural stats he gained from it were amazing. He could tell his body had improved just on that alone. Even before Quinn had told him what the active skill was, he was pleased.

"Quinn seriously, I can't believe it. Ever since the day I met you, I thought that if I were around you, big things were going to happen. I had grand ambition, but lately, I felt like I had hit some type of stalemate. I thought I could improve myself, and I disliked using beast weapons, but I realize now that I was stubborn.

"Because this thing is too good to pass up. I won't be stubborn. I will accept this gift, Quinn!" Nate said, thanking Quinn over again and again. Eventually, Quinn had to threaten to take the shield away if Nate didn't stop thanking him.

When leaving the room, Quinn had a big smile on his face. He wished he could make more people just as happy as that.

On his way out, he had unexpectedly bumped into someone else who was looking for him, Fex.

"Quinn, do you have the time to talk?" Fex asked.

The look on his face looked quite serious, and Quinn always had time for his blood brother. Walking together around the ship, Fex expressed what was on his mind.

"Quinn, I know you're waiting for a reply from the vampire world on what to do, and it's why you haven't decided to go to the Cursed faction planets or the place Mona mentioned, but I think you should just go with Mona."

Quinn was quite surprised at how upfront Fex was being and was interested to know the reason.

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"I have a suggestion to make. I want to go to the vampire world. Technically I am in the tenth family, but the order was only for you not to return Quinn, and I'm worried, I'm concerned about my family in all of this.

"If I go, I thought maybe we could take one of the Cursed with me. Linda seems to have a lot on her mind recently, and maybe a change of scenery would be better for her. Then if anything was to happen and we needed your help, you could come to us. Bryce doesn't know who in the Cursed faction has the shadow ability, so as long as she doesn't use it, she won't get found out.

"This way, you can head to Eno's place with Mona, without any worry. It's better than you sitting here. After what you told us, I kept thinking that maybe Eno knew something, maybe he knew more. I think we, no I think you need to head to Eno's place as soon as possible, and stop worrying about the others. All this hesitation is just making things worse."

Fex quickly wanted to apologize, thinking that he might have overstepped his position, but Quinn replied sooner than he thought.

"You're right, Fex. You're very right. I think your suggestion is a good one. I'll head to Eno's place, and you guys can head to the vampire world."

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