

My Vampire System (WN)

Chapter 2471: A meeting from the past, Quinn

After running around in a dense fog for who knew how long, nothing had changed for Quinn. Since he was unable to use his powers as well, he was almost sure he was in some type of dream or the afterlife.

That was until he heard a voice.

"Who said that?" Quinn shouted back. It was a voice that was familiar to him but he couldn't quite pinpoint just who it was.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time. In fact, it's not just me; there are a lot of people waiting for you, but not all of them seem to be so kind."

Trying to track where the voice was coming from was almost impossible, even with Quinn's super hearing. It was echoing all over the place, but what was bugging him more than anything was the fact that the voice felt familiar to him.

The fog started to swirl around, gathering in a certain area, and a human figure was starting to appear. Finally, his full body was in view.

"That was a lot harder than I thought it would be."

"It's you," Quinn said with a twang in his voice, confused. "But aren't you dead? Does that mean I'm really dead?"

"If that's the case, then what about Layla? What about the others? What happened to them? Are they okay?"

There was no answer, infuriating Quinn and causing him to panic even more.

"Answer me, Paul!" Quinn shouted.

The figure that had appeared in front of Quinn was none other than Paul Sneallart. He was a person from Quinn's past but had played a large part in his life. In charge of one of the military bases where the students would go through, and one of those students being Quinn.

He had been then placed in charge of an assault on the Vampire settlement. It ended in failure as he was captured, striking a deal he had been turned into a vampire along with the soldiers he had brought with him.

Looking back at it, the soldiers were what had eventually become the vampire corps, but as for Paul himself, he had met his end, trying to protect Kazz from Laxmus.

"I don't know the current situation, Quinn!" Paul eventually answered. "For me, it has been the same since that day, the day I suffered from Laxmus's blood breath. It has felt as if only a few moments have passed since then. There is one thing that I can tell you for sure, you are not dead, I can feel it; your body is not present here."

The answer hadn't helped Quinn figure out where he was, but it did allow him to settle down a little.

'Is this something that Immortui has done, making me meet with the dead?' Quinn thought, since he was a celestial that was closely linked with death.

"I wanted to ask you, Quinn, did you figure out what it means to be a leader?" Paul asked. "In the past, you had criticized many of the decisions I had made. I had explained to you why I did what I did. I assume you've been through a lot since my passing."

The world that Quinn grew up in wasn't a great one at all. Those that had naturally weaker abilities were treated like trash, while those that were strong were glorified. The military seemed to care about nothing else at the time.

They would threaten with Jack Truedream's power and even held people captive that they deemed were too dangerous.

"I've lost a lot, in the position I'm in," Quinn answered. "I had to make difficult choices that resulted in the death of others. A lot of deaths, I feel like could have been prevented... but maybe more would have taken place if I didn't do those things.

"I learned that when you're in that position, you do what you think is right at the time, and as long as you are sticking to that, can we really say it was a bad decision? I understand why you did what you did back then. I might not approve of it, but I can see you did it with good intentions."

If Quinn's eyes weren't tricking him, he could have sworn he saw a smile on Paul's face.

"I don't regret what I have done either," Paul said. "Including sacrificing my life for that girl."

If Paul's current memories were of right when he died, then he would have had no clue that Kazz had died shortly after. Quinn decided to keep this to himself.

"You still have a promise to keep, young boy," Paul said.

The promise Quinn had made with not just Paul but the vampire soldiers that no longer existed, he remembered it well. It was something that he never forgot.

"I'm working on it, it might be the reason why I'm here," Quinn laughed.

Paul started to walk over to Quinn, and the two of them stood facing each other.

"I don't know why, Quinn, but I know what it is that I need to do next, and what is going to happen to you. Maybe it's because I'm the first in this world.

"For me to leave this place, I'm going to touch you, and when I do, all of the pain that I experienced from my last moments will be passed onto you. Are you ready?"

It was quite possible that Quinn was being tricked right now, but it felt like the real Paul was in front of him, and there was nothing else in the space. If this was the way to move forward, then he needed to make a decision.

Giving a nod, Paul placed his hands on Quinn's shoulder. Almost immediately, Quinn felt a searing pain all over his skin. It felt like he was being microwaved from the outside and inside.

"ARGHHH!!" Quinn screamed at the top of his lungs as his body was shaking violently. It wasn't just pain on the level where it would enter Quinn. This was exactly Paul's pain. It was the level of pain he felt when he was being incinerated by Immortui's power.

However, for Quinn, that wasn't the worst part. Tears were falling down his face and evaporating, flashes of anger were entering his mind, sorrow, and more. A mix and wave of different emotions were being bombarded into his head.

'This... this is everything that Paul felt at the end of his life... I wish... I wish I could have saved him.'

Eventually, the pain had come to an end, and when it did, he opened his eyes, and Paul's body was disappearing into mist to join the fog again.

"Quinn, it looks like there are a lot of people waiting on you, but I give you a warning. I lived a life without regret. I've seen how much you have grown, but there seem to be many that have grudges against you... it won't be as easy as this."

With Paul gone, the mist started to form into another figure once more, bringing on the question, who was he going to meet next?

Chapter 2472.1: Connecting with the old Quinn (Part 1)

The mist was starting to form into another appearance and Quinn was now a little worried about who he was going to see next. He still didn't understand how it all worked. Why was Paul the first person he saw out of everyone?

Was it because he still bore somewhat of a grudge and was able to get the answers he was looking for. For Quinn it almost felt like he was talking to the ghosts of his past, and satisfying them was allowing them to move on.

If this was the case, he didn't know everyone's true feelings that had passed, if they cursed him in their final moments. Worst of all, would he have to get rid of them the same way, going through what they had been through.

Eventually the smoke formed a small figure. This time with short black hair, female in her body shape, she looked young as well, almost a teenager.

"Quinn..." the voice softly said as the mist was still figuring out some final facial features. "Quinn!" The voice shouted again, the girl was grabbing both sides of her head as she started to sob.

"What did you do to me, what did you do to me!" Opening her mouth, a loud scream escaped, vibrating through the air. It was a powerful wave that had hit Quinn and lifted him off his feet.

His insides were shaking like a metal pole that had just been whacked, and when the scream ended, he could finally get up.

"You... because of you, I'm not like this!"

"Cia..." Quinn said in a soft voice. He had lost the words of what to say to this one, as he remembered who she was.

When at the military academy, she was one of Layla's roommates. The two had somewhat become friends, but it was later found out that she was working for Pure as a spy. With Layla's wish of not getting rid of her, Quinn had done something considered a taboo, even among that of the vampires.

He had erased her memories.

With no memories, Cia felt like she was broken. She didn't remember her name, who her family was or anything. Yet she had been alive for so many years. It was a frightening thought that had eaten at her for so long.

Eventually, Quinn had turned her using the blood ritual, and she had become known as what was a Banshee.

'I'm surprised she still has some of her powers, and that attack on its own really hurt.' Quinn thought.

In the current space, Quinn felt like he was just a husk of himself. Fighting would almost be impossible.

"You were the one who got rid of my memories!" Cia shouted. "Do you know how scared I was! And I thought you were all my friends, yet you were the one who had done that to me. It was you!"

Cia opened her mouth again and screamed, letting out the large sonar attack. Quinn, still being able to at least move, rolled out of the way avoiding it. He was starting to remember a bit more of what happened now as well.

Cindy Cha, one of the vampire leaders, and eventually the vampire Queen, had used her powers to reverse the procedure that had been done on her,

giving her back her memories. But Clndy Cha was not a good vampire, and she had been using her as a pawn.

"You took everything from me!" Cia shouted again.

Quinn continued to run around practically in circles as he avoided the attack.

"Cia, we had no choice!" Quinn shouted. "You know what would have happened to Layla, and the rest of us! You should have seen that yourself!

"Didn't you learn to truly care about Layla!"

Cia's eye brows furrowed more as she started to open her mouth in short bursts instead of a single long one, shooting multiple shots at Quinn. He jumped from side to side avoiding them all.

'I might not have my full powers, but I still have all the experience I've had from each of my fights this whole time!' Quinn thought, as he got closer and closer.

Eventually he had managed to reach Cia, and he knelt down, sweeping his leg kicking her to the ground, her body fell over hitting the ground but in the instant the two had made a physical connection, Quinn felt a searing pain in his head, and a deep cut on his chest.

'ARGhhh shit, so if I touch them and fight back, I'll feel their last moments!'

"Cia!" Quinn shouted, touching his head, his eyes were welling up in the last moments. "You... you did a good job. You protected Layla, she's still alive... She's doing well, and we have a kid together."

Laying there on the ground, her eyes started to well up and Cia started to sniffle away.

"I'm... I'm so happy for the two of you, it's just that, I wish I could have been there, I wish I could have been by your side to experience it all."

With her face covered in tears, Cia lifted her hand up covering her eyes as she continued to cry away. Hearing her say those words was a great stake in Quinn's heart.

Could he have done better, was doing what they had done to Cia the only way at the time, she had lost everything.

'Immortui, what you are making me go through, is heartbreaking.' Quinn said, as he walked over and looked at Cia again.

"I'm sorry Cia, I'm really sorry, but I need your help again, I need to get through this, so I can save not just Layla, but everybody as well. I'm sorry that I wasn't able to save you." Quinn said.

As if she understood what was about to happen, Cia wiped her tears away, and then with her hand she held it out for Quinn to hold onto.

Taking her hand, immediately the sensation, the strong emotions were going right through Quinn. He closed his eyes, then he opened them, all to try to lessen the feeling of death, the things going through his mind, but nothing worked.

'I'm guilty.' Quinn thought as he went through her feelings. 'I'm the one that is guilty of all of this.'

Eventually it subsided and just like with Paul, Cia's body started to disappear into the mist as well.

'That's only been two people, and it's already been that tough. How many more do I have to go through, and how much tougher can this get for me. Bringing up all of these things, it's what made me who I am today.

'But all the doubts that I had about my decisions, they are surfacing.'

The mist was forming, and no matter who came on the other side, whether it was an old friend or enemy, Quinn wasn't looking forward to it.

The mist had finished forming, and a bald headed upstanding figure stood there.

"How did it come to this, where I am the one standing on this side, and you are the one standing on that side." Bryce said.

Bryce Cain, leader of the 1st vampire family and the 6th Vampire king.

Chapter 2473.2: Connecting with the old Quinn (Part 2)

The past two people that had arrived Quinn felt indifferent about seeing them. They were those that had helped him during his goal, and perhaps in the end they had even become friends of his.

Although he didn't have as strong of a connection with them compared to others, he didn't have a distaste in his mouth when seeing them. However right now there was one person he didn't want to see, Bryce Cain.

Bryce had been a large pain and hindrance for Quinn during his time as a vampire, almost having it out for him every step of the way. In the end, the two had teamed up, but rather than as friends, it was just because the two were moving toward the same goal, but even then he was obsessed, obsessed with hatred.

"It should be me that's still alive!" Bryce said. "I should be the one to protect the vampires and rid them of their troubles!"

"The vampire settlement, no, the vampires, have always been at each other's throats because of thoughts like yours." Quinn replied, not in the mood to go softly on him. "Only now, after countless numbers of years, is the settlement starting to look like a place where they don't have to worry about their role in society."

Hearing these words, it looked like Bryce was almost shaking with anger.

"What have you done Quinn?" Bryce asked. "Are the vampires now living amongst humans, side by side as equals. We are living next to our food. That's the same as humans living side by side with chickens! I knew everything would fall apart without me, and it looks like I was right!"

It was going to be impossible to get rid of so many years of bias that had been ingrained in Bryce's head, so Quinn decided to take another approach, he would just walk over touch his body and get it over with.

"What do you think you're doing?" Bryce said, as a cane formed in his hand. He pulled out the bottom part of the cane revealing a thin red coloured sword. "Quinn I hate you... not just you, but you and your entire 10th family."

"You were all just a puppet, working for that man behind the scenes! I told everyone that my grandfather was framed. I worked to get rid of the Punishers, to change our ways so something like what happened to my grandfather would never happen again.

"And then you came back? You changed the way the vampires were thinking after it had taken them so long to see my way. I left the world without accomplishing everything I wished to do. The fact that you are here in front of me, is unacceptable."

Bryce dashed forward and swung his sword. Quinn was able to track it with his eye, moving out of the way but the tip of the blade made a small cut across his chest. Jumping back he looked down to see if he was bleeding.

There was no blood, but a large stinging pain that was throbbing.

'His sword, it still hurt me, and not in the same way as before. I didn't experience any memories or a burning sensation or anything like that. Does that mean it's only if I touch his real body?

Not letting up, Bryce charged forward again and started to swing his sword. Seeing the small twitches in his shoulder muscles, the movements he would make, Quinn could predict where he was going to move, and avoided the large bulk of the attacks.

Still, the tip of the sword would cut through his skin from time to time, leaving no wounds but allowing him to feel pain.

"It looks like you must have gotten somewhat better!" Bryce said, continuing to swing his sword at a great speed not stopping for a moment. "I can tell though, you can't use your powers for some reason and you can still feel pain.

"You won't die Quinn, you don't have to worry, but I will make you experience as much pain as possible."

As the attacks continued Quinn eventually saw an opening, he took a slash across his arm, taking the pain, and delivered a punch right to Bryce's stomach. He slid across the room and the same thing had happened again.

Searing pain over his body, and his head filled with the emotions he experienced in the last moments. This time it was different compared to the others.

'Bryce's emotions, they are so dark, they're heavy, even in his last moments, he was obsessed with it till the very end.'

Although Bryce had been hit, he was far from being done. His shoulders started to shake up and down as his head looked to the ground. Lifting it up, Quinn could see he was laughing.

"Hahaha, you have no clue what is happening right now do you?" Bryce asked. "Do you think it will end just with me? Because it won't. Because, here, you will have to meet and go through every single person who died that's still in your mind in some way. Not only that... but there will be more."

Looking to his right, the mist was starting to form another figure. It was the first time it happened. Quinn thought that he could only go through one person at a time, so why was a second one approaching.

When the mist finally ended, Quinn quickly got into a fighting stance.

"This isn't good news, especially with the way I am right now, why is Cindy Cha here!"

Cindy Cha was a vampire that Bryce and Quinn had worked together to best, and now they were standing side by side looking at him, looking to face and hurt him.

Yet, he didn't even have time to worry about Cindy, because the mist was moving all over the place. No matter where Quinn looked in a 360 degree view, the mist was forming other figures around him.

"Every single living creature that died directly by your hand will also be here Quinn!" Bryce stated. "The humans, the Dalki, the vampires!"

Bryce was right, those that he had killed in the military bases were forming. Vampires that he had to get rid of on his journey. The spiked Dalki, everyone was appearing in the room.

How many lives had Quinn taken, it was far more than he could count, and the truth was, he couldn't even recognise a lot of them. Their lives were nothing when he had taken them.

While there were others he did recognise, others that deserved their death, and seeing them again, had reminded him of why he had done those things.

"While your skills are suppressed in this world, you will have to deal with the direct pain inflicted onto you." Cindy said. "While also going through what we went through. Experiencing death over and over.

"Quinn, you will be lucky if you are the same person after getting out of this place. Get ready to experience hell."

Chapter 2474: Immortui chases!

There were more people than Quinn could even see now in the strange space. Even if he was able to use the full extent of his powers, with past enemies, even Graham here, there was a good chance he couldn't beat them.

What he was about to experience was the worst in all of his life. However, he was unaware of why this was happening. In this special space that Immortui placed people in, they were meant to deal with the situation one at a time, it was how it was meant to work.

A process that would take Quinn days to get through. The reason for them all appearing, was due to what was happening on the outside of his body. Pultra's natural effect was speeding up the process.

In turn, it had put Quinn in a tough situation. One that not a single person had experienced before, what the results would be of such a thing, were unknown.

Outside of Quinn's body, Sil had just informed everyone that Immortui had taken out one of the clones he had spread out far and wide.

"Wait, does this mean he's found us?" Calva asked.

"No." Sil answered. "But I know a couple of things. Each of the clones have a teleportation ability. If they were to see him they were to move away. I predicted that this might have been the reason he has been taking so long.

"However, the clone was taken out without having any time to even send me a message. So he had to have been killed instantly."

Sil's clones were extremely powerful for a few reasons. At the time they were created by Sil, they had the same amount of MC cells. So the powers they could use were great and large. They also had the abilities of the Sil when he was created but they were unable to change them due to not having a soul weapon. The other downside was if they were hit with a hard blow they would disappear.

So this was the thing that was worrying Sil, they had strong powers and hadn't been able to even put up a fight?

'Is it because he's using his colourless power. Does it also stop my abilities? The champions told me about it. Then the best way to face him would be from a distance.'

"What does this mean for the plan?" Chris said.

In this situation no one had an answer, and instead it looked like they were waiting for Sil to give an answer. That was until he had made a few more noises.

"No... no... no." He mumbled as he looked up at the others. "He just took out another one."

Sil's words had more weight than they imagined. If the clones were spread far apart and he had taken them out in succession like so, he was clearly now actively searching for them and had a way to get from one to the next fairly quickly.

"There's a chance he might have found a way to track you, or he's just going planet to planet." Shinto said. "If it continues like this, he'll be here soon."

"Quinn still isn't awake though." Hikel said. "And we have yet to get the blood that he needs. Let's say he does wake up, without that blood, will he be able to beat Immortui?"

It was a question that they didn't know the answer to.

"I have no choice." Sil said, his hand shaking. "I said this before, if Immortui is on our tail then I will go face him, I will have to buy us some time."

"But you were part of our plan?" Chris said. "Weren't you going to alter their memories to make it easier for us?"

"I know." Sil said. "I would have created a clone and given you its power, but it seems for some reason, the clones can't use that power. I don't know why, but maybe Russ can. Either way, right now Immortui is the more dangerous threat. In order for this to work, I need to go to him. I'm sorry guys."

Sil didn't even give a chance for the others to say anything, time was running out. There might be a way for him to use his clones to distract Immortui, so he could fight him on the outside. He teleported out of the cave, ready to face the hardest fight of his life.

"So can you do it?" Hikel asked. "Will you be able to use Sil's power?"

"I have an idea of how it works... but it might be difficult depending on the situation. I don't have as many MC cells as that guy. I can't just teleport around the place, and using powers like that, for me it takes up more MC cells than the original." Russ explained.

"Either way, things have stayed the same, we have to get rid of the demon kings, we can't waste any more time. We'll get the blood, Russ you teleport us to the location of all the demon kings and we'll do this."

The group moved to the edge of the cave ready to move out, but that's when they noticed that not everyone had come with them. Instead, still standing in the cave were the three champions that had just agreed to help them. All three were looking at each other.

"You guys can defeat the demon king without us." Calva said.

"What is this crap, are you flaking on us right now, of all times?" Russ shouted, wanting to blast them all away. They were just a big waste of time.

"It's not that." Shinto interrupted. "It's the best use of our time and all of our skills. You guys are strong and if anything we're trusting that you're enough to take on the demon king, but for us we can help in other ways."

Pultra at the back nodded.

"We know our role in all of this." Pultra said. "For one, I need to stay by Quinn's side for my powers to help him. On top of that, there is always a chance that he will be discovered. Someone needs to protect him and one is not enough."

"I know you wish that to be you, but all of you are needed more than us. And lastly, when Quinn wakes up, we wish to train him.

"We, who had all fought against Immortui, we wish to see his skills, his power, and see what he has to beat Immortui, meanwhile, also teaching him everything we know about the one we need to face.

"I know it sounds selfish of us, but I feel like Quinn is our only chance of actually beating Immortui. So we need to do everything we can to make sure he can win."

Hikel stared dead into Pultra's eyes for a few moments, until he had finally made a decision.

"Very well, Peter, you can put your fist down. Save it for the demon king. Let's go get the Yak demon king's blood!" Hikel jumped down and the rest followed straight after.

Chapter 2475: The 1st Returns!

There was nowhere to run for Quinn. Everywhere he turned his head, there were those that were blocking his way. The entire room had been filled, in this almost infinite space for him. What was worse was the fact that not a single one of them had yet to make a move.

It was putting an immense amount of pressure on him as he looked at all of their faces.

'What do I do, should I just pick a direction and run, to get this over with?' Quinn thought. 'But what will happen if I end up running into two people at once. Can that even happen? Maybe I should try and focus on those that are weaker than me?'

In the middle of his thoughts, someone had struck out, firing a blood aura attack. Quinn was able to avoid it, but when he did, there was a Dalki right in front of him with a fist. His face was pounded, causing his body to be lifted up from the ground.

'Arghhh! That freaking hurt, and now my head as well!'

The pain from the physical attack weighed on Quinn, just like when Bryce had used his blade. He wasn't bleeding in any way but it felt like it was actually going through his body. Then at the same time, the memories of the Dalki's death and its emotions were being portrayed.

'It's a good thing the Dalki are simple minded, they quite enjoy a warrior's death, so that wasn't too bad.'

Opening his eyes, he could see another vampire with its hands bloody. It was one of the first vampire knights that Quinn had killed when he had entered the settlement, someone's name that he couldn't even remember.

"Feel my pain!" The vampire shouted with a bloody claw.

The two were mid-air and Quinn was dropping to the ground, but if he was going to get hit, and go through this, then at least he was going to do it on his terms. Spinning his body, a kick landed right on the face of the vampire.

It felt solid, unexpected since he thought there was a chance his foot would go right through the other person. They were sent flying in the distance and while mid-air, their body started to disappear.

Once again, as Quinn had made contact, the emotions consumed him along with the pain.

'My chest, everything in my body hurts... and all of this anger!'

It was an extreme struggle and it hadn't ended there. A large hit in the back, infused with the power of Qi, from a member who used to be part of Pure, caused Quinn to open his mouth wide.

Another Dalki was in front of Quinn delivering a punch. Each attack was painful but the emotional damage was more draining. It was making it difficult for him to even move. Those in the mist had surrounded him and continued to attack Quinn while he could do nothing.

They had smiles on their faces as they hit him causing him pain. Some had hit him so much that their bodies were already disappearing, having already given all the pain they had felt in their final moments.

"Stop!" Quinn managed to shout out... "Make it stop... my head."

The physical pain Quin could take. He had been through a lot, it was his mind. As multiple people touched and hit him, he was experiencing more than one person's regret at the same time.

This was causing his own mind to be confused as to how it was to feel. In one's death, their emotions were on the extreme end of the spectrum. His brain felt like it was splitting apart, not just in one or two directions, but in multiple ones.

Tears were falling down his face, while he started to bite his lip and dig into his own hands with his nails.

"It's too much... it hurts... it really hurts."

Quinn wasn't so sure, but it almost felt like he could feel his body reacting, his heart beating rapidly, and then it slowing down. As he was going through everything. Eventually, he had no idea how much time had even passed.

How many people had disappeared because when he looked around it looked like he had the same amount that he needed to go through. The queue wasn't getting any shorter.

He didn't realise that he wasn't imagining things at all. On the outside, Pultra could see his body reacting. It hadn't done so during this whole time but now on the makeshift table, it was moving about shaking.

"What's happening to him?" Anon asked.

"I have no idea... maybe my interference is causing problems?" Pultra replied.

"Then, do you think you should stop?" Shinto asked, as he walked closer, but there was a strange energy that was radiating off from Quinn. His skin was glowing slightly red. It was reminding Shinto of the demons, so he wanted to stay away.

Pultra felt the same feeling, but she was fighting against her instincts as she continued to push down.

"We can't!" Pultra shouted back. "This happens just as the others go away. We know Immortui is on our back, we just have to get through this."

The other two champions felt a little hopeless as they were unable to do anything, other than just watch.

Inside the mist, Quinn had gone into a curling position, his head tucked into his knees with his back arched. The others continued to hit him, some flinging him across to a different area with their power. Immediately after being hit, he would curl up into a ball again.

It wasn't because Quinn was afraid, or anything like that, but it was the most comfortable position for him, to just focus on getting through everything that was happening.

Eventually, Graham, the Dalki, had kicked Quinn, hitting him so far away that he had gone over the rest of those in the mist.

Looking up, for the first time, Quinn could see that there was no one crowded around him. Instead, he could see a group of people, a small army coming toward him.

'I have to... I have to get through this. I have to, and get out of here!'

The group drew closer and closer with the creepy smile on their faces, and then, in front of Quinn the mist started to form into a figure again. It wasn't just one but there were a few around him.

"There's more... can I even take this anymore?' Quinn thought as he stared at the ground.

"Look up Quinn, and fight this thing straight ahead." A voice said.

Quinn started to look in front of him, it was the most figures from before. They had formed into people, several people, but why were they standing away from him then?

"You don't have to do this alone... we are sorry we are late, and we will take the pain, on your behalf."

The long black hair that was flowing, the confident voice that was speaking. The man stood in front of Quinn stretched out his hands, and shadow started to form around it.

"Arthur!" Quinn shouted out.

Arthur Pendragon, the first vampire punisher, had appeared and he wasn't alone.

Chapter 2476: We've got your back, Quinn

Looking at Arthur's back, it only took a moment for all the memories to come flooding to Quinn. His confident voice, his long black hair, and the fact that he could use the shadow. It had been a long time, an incredibly long time, since he had seen him.

That of course, was when reality had somewhat hit Quinn. That had to be the case, because these were all of the dead that were related to Quinn. Not just the ones he killed with his own hands, but those that he still had a deep thought in his mind about.

In fact, it was only now that he was realising it, even though the crowds of people that had surrounded him, not all of them were attacking him. They just were unable to do anything to help.

Several attacks came flying their way and lifting his hand up, a shadow wall was created, blocking them all. Moving it back down, the shadow wall had disappeared and now Arthur was just smiling as he looked at the faces of all of those that still had a lot of resentment left in them.

"Look at all of you, the whole lot of you are already dead. You causing harm to him will do nothing for you." Arthur stated. "So rather than just passing on your pain and be done, you want to torture him. All of you should be blaming yourselves for the situation you are in."

Arthur's words weren't going to get through to them. One could tell by the unchanged look on their faces, and if anything, it looked like they were more annoyed by the situation.

"The original Punisher, the cause of many, many misfortunes." Bryce said. "Of course you would be the one to stand on that side, but do you really think just one of you is enough? That boy can't fight himself, and in the end you will have to pass on your pain to him as well."

Arthur couldn't help but laugh at the situation he was in. His shoulders were shaking. In some ways when he passed on, he was happy that he didn't have to deal with this anymore, and now he was put in this situation.

"Quinn." Arthur called out. "Look at all these people, it looks like you have been incredibly busy after me, did you even have time to rest?"

Seeing Arthur in this way, acting like this, it was hard for Quinn, making his chest feel heavy. When he had originally met Arthur, he was a figure to follow, a person to admire who was strong and helped Quinn in many ways.

Teaching him, protecting him, and overall looking out for him. However, the last moments spent with Arthur weren't the best memories that he had of him. That was until the very end, when he made a switch at the last moment, giving himself up, and passing on all of his powers to Quinn, trying to help him the best way he could, and now even after death Arthur was protecting him once again, and he was acting more like the better days of the Arthur he knew.

"Alright let's make this clear then." Arthur shouted. "I will get rid of everyone who is not on this side. So you should choose if you want to pass on peacefully or not."

It seemed foolish in this type of situation to suggest such a thing. Sure Arthur was strong, perhaps stronger than Bryce, and maybe enough to take on Bryce and Cindy, but what about the rest, including the Dalki that he was scared of at the time

"Oh and I'll let you in on one more thing, did you think out of everyone that passed, that I would be the only one that wanted to protect this kid?"

So focused on Arthur in front of him, he had failed to notice the others that took a step forward and were now in front of him as well. Quinn tossed and turned his head, as he looked at all of the smiles they gave back to him.

For him, how long had it been since he felt this way, he was trying his hardest to swallow the lumps that were coming up in his throat, but eventually he lifted his head up.

"I thought... I would never see you guys again."

One of the most notable ones that had appeared, was the blind bald headed teacher of his that had guided him through ups and downs, Leo Suiyan.

During his slumber, Leo had passed away. Never giving the chance for Quinn to thank him, or to say goodbye.

However, there was one by his side, and it was nice to see that the two were now standing side by side, next to each other. That was Erin Heley. She was standing comfortably next to Leo and her smile showed she was happy.

Having to defeat her with his own hands and only later finding out the real person behind everything. It was painful for Quinn and Layla, who would often tell stories of the time the two had been together.

Then, there were the members of the cursed faction, the group Quinn had created that had taken him through everything. Nate Snell, a man who had challenged him in the VR game, a talented student who was strong headed and was loyal to the end.

Dennis was also by his side. One that had originally come from another group, but helped Quinn out to the point he had even learned the shadow power as well.

Lastly there was Wevil who was by Linda's side as well. Wevil was one of the starting members of the cursed faction, sacrificing himself on Blade island in order to help the rest.

It was hard for Linda to recover from Wevil's death, but at some point during his 1000 year slumber she had to have passed away, and now the two were back together happily again

"The deceased members of the cursed faction going up against all the enemies you already beat huh?" Wevil commented. "Man, did you have to give us such a hard job on our first day back."

Linda proceeded to punch Wevil on the side of his shoulder.

"Don't worry about him, Quinn. We came because we saw you were in trouble, we saw you needed us. If anything, it's great that we can see you again."

"Don't worry, we have some more allies that came before us, that are among the others." Leo commented. "I can sense their aura."

"We are your past Quinn." Erin said. "You have a future, the whole world has a future, and knowing you, you're probably in this situation because you're trying to save the world or something. So go and save the world."

Stretching out her hand, a large sword formed in its place.

"Save the world, while we go and save you."

Chapter 2477: The Yak King

Sitting in his large throne Bisha, the Yak demon king, was tapping his finger away at the side. There was a recurring problem that Bisha had staying in the red space, and that was the fact that he was bored.

The other demon kings, they all had their little projects they worked on, the hunting games and the pit. While Bisha himself had a more serious task to handle, something that could only be handled on this planet.

The materials for building the large ships were rare and only found on this planet, but the largest issue was with the planet itself, as there were no inhabitants. There was only the Yak and insects on the planet.

So, Bisha was unable to set something up like the others did. Even if he had requested some to be sent his way, Immortui didn't want him to be distracted from the task, since his role was extremely important.

On top of that, Luce, another demon king, one of Immortui's right hand men, had informed him that there might be trouble happening soon and they should prepare. All of this anticipation, it was making Bisha feel the effects of his boredom more than usual.

"You have been doing this for thousands of years, but you can't wait for a few days?" Luce commented, knowing the impatient look on his face.

"Excitement is just something that I haven't felt in a long time." Bisha replied. "I believe you feel the same way, we are close to entering a new world and finally I can leave this place."

A large banging was heard on the golden doors.

"Come in!" Bisha ordered.

Pushing the door open, a Yak had entered through the doors and immediately got down on his knees, bowing down with his hands together towards Bisha.

"I'm sorry to disturb you sir, but you told us to report any unusual activities, which is why I am currently here." The Yak said. "We asked each team and group to give us a report to see if they have noticed anything, but we are unable to get in contact with the production team. We have tried several people but there has been no reply, do you wish to send one of ours there?"

Immediately Bisha stood up from his seat.

"Oh, a problem, at a time like this, that isn't good news." The words and the smile he had on his face, didn't match each other.

"We don't know the number of intruders that have arrived." Luce said. "I think it might be best if I go check on the champion. That could very well be their target."

The entirety of Luce's body started to turn white, lighting up the whole room until it had almost blinded everyone. When the Yak and Bisha could see again, Luce was nowhere to be seen.

"And he says that he isn't excited? He is even more impatient than me." Bisha smiled. "No need to send anyone, I will head there myself."

The group had descended from the cave a little nervous compared to before, having now strayed from the original plan they had in mind. They were going through the forest, same as before, and Chris and Edvard were taking the lead, having already scouted the area.

They weren't using Russ' ability to enter another's mind and copy the teleportation power, because for the fight that was coming up, they would perhaps need all his MC cells. In a way though, they were thankful that they

still had Russ, because he could do the same things as Sil did, just not as well.

"If we're going for the Yak king, then our target is the large golden palace right?" Edvard suggested.

"That would be our best guess, and the champions had mentioned when they got Pultra that's where they would be." Chris replied. "We will go through the building workshop. There's a direct path that leads into the main city. We won't have to worry about anyone spotting us."

From these words, they knew that Chris wasn't joking when he had mentioned that he had gotten rid of all witnesses. Either way they had to take the quickest route, it was a race against time.

They had to get the blood of the four demon kings, for as long as Sil could hold off Immortui.

"Who knows, maybe we'll get lucky, and Sil will defeat Immortui for us." Edvard said. "We've been unlucky in this whole thing so far, it's about time we had some luck come our way."

Reaching the building site they quickly descended from the trees, and entered the large area. It went on for acres of land, as three giant objects were placed all over the area. Stationed behind were the wave-like rocks that looked like giant waves that were as big as mountains.

When in a place like this, it was truly when they realised the place was called the Planet of the Giants. What they did notice though, in the building area many of the tools had been destroyed and there was dry blood in several different places.

"Heck, you didn't even try to make it look less obvious you were here." Russ commented. "If Immortui didn't find us, they certainly would have found out about us eventually."

It was true that Chris had been a little too confident in the fact that he had gotten rid of everyone nearby, and with everything that had happened it was near impossible to clean up the entire place.

Ignoring Russ' words, Chris ascended one of the giant ships that were being built, he climbed up it, and the rest followed using their own methods. The ship was so large they looked like little ants climbing up the side of a car.

Eventually they had reached the top, where the giant canons, weapons, and large crates were on the deck. They ran to the edge as Chris looked out trying to search for the path before.

"So that's the giant temple, yep, I would definitely say the demon king is there alright." Hikel commented.

"Up!" Peter shouted.

All of them tilted their heads up wondering why Peter would shout such a word, and that's when they could see something getting closer and larger by the second. Each of them jumped out of the way, as they realised what it was.

Out from the sky, the giant Yak landed right on the edge of the ship deck. Immediately the whole bottom half had lifted up in the sky. It was so forceful, that every single one of them was chucked up into the sky.

"It didn't take long to find the root of the problem at all!" Bisha shouted. "Now it's time to get rid of the problem."

The demon king of the Yak demon race, a race of giants had come to them.

Chapter 2478: Bad luck after luck

Behind the golden temple, there was a large structure behind it, where the back of a waterfall would flow into a giant hole in the ground. The hole itself though, was almost a whole other world, filled with plants, minerals, rocks, caves and more.

Softly a figure, covered in white clothing from head to toe, had landed in the area. He was softly floating down and before his feet touched the grass, it looked as if the grass was being pushed out of the way to avoid itself being crushed.

"On the surface everything seems to be the norm here." Luce said, looking around. Life was still flowing into the objects just like before, and there was no sign of a battle. Walking around he tried to locate where the Champion would be.

He walked through, pushing large branches out of the way, and observed the strangest of features. Large giant sized gems that looked like tablets.

A field of snow that melted into pieces of rock rather than water. It was certainly a strange place, yet he was still unable to find what he was looking for.

'The energy in the area, it's different, but not because of any certain thing but the items themselves... have they really escaped?' Luce thought.

Eventually, going through a thick dense forest, there was an opening that could be seen. A part where the trees didn't grow so close together. When breaking through, there was a single giant tree, with its leaves spanning the area above.

Vibrant green grass led up to the tree, and sitting right by it, was the person he was looking for Pultra.

The two of them had made eye contact, and Luce appeared with a smile on his face. Or what one would guess was a smile since the bottom half of his face was covered up, only allowing for his eyes to be seen.

Pultra stood up at that point and had a smile on her face, but behind that smile was a heap of emotions running through their mind.

'This is bad... Sil made me a clone just in case this type of situation would unfold but now it looks like someone is checking in on her now of all times.'

The Sil clone did as instructed if this was to happen, with his telepathy ability he got in contact with Pultra, but before he did, a question had been asked.

"It's nice to see you, how are you doing?" Luce asked.

'Pultra, there's someone here right now!' The Sil clone said. 'I'm going to relay the question to you, and then you just need to say what you want me to say back.'

The Sil clone did just that as Pultra understood, but based on the first question, she thought it was a little strange.

'How am I doing?' Pultra replied. 'The guards have never asked me something like that. If they were worried about the escape wouldn't they just ask if I had seen anything. Sil, can you describe what this person looks like? In the meantime, just say this....'

"What do you expect?" Sil replied. "A life down here, is it something you would enjoy?"

After repeating the lines, Sil immediately went to describe the person in front of him, and the worrying look on Pultra's face inside the cave started to sink more.

"Is something wrong?" Shinto asked, noticing a shift in the air. The Champions, although unable to control the red mist energy in the air, their powers were strong enough that it would react to emotion as well.

"The clone that Sil left behind in my place, it appears that Luce has arrived." Pultra said.

Both of the Champions gulped as they heard this. Although many of the demon kings had come into existence after Immortui had bested and beaten them all. There were two demon kings that were by Immortui's side at the time.

They had not taken part in the fight, but the fact that they were treated even above the other regular demon kings, mostly going wherever Immortui went, the power that they imagined they held was frightening.

"Wait, he's in front of the Pultra, doesn't that mean Luce is on this planet as well. There are two demon kings!" Calva stated.

The group that had left, they certainly were strong. One demon king might be difficult, but two, and one of the stronger ones at that. They were starting to wonder if they should have gone along with the others.

"You now need to buy time as well, Pultra." Calva suggested. "Long enough for them to defeat Bisha before Luce gets involved. If we play this right, we might be able to get the blood of two."

Pultra nodded, as she closed her eyes to focus talking to the Sil clone.

"There seems to be a lot of disturbance in our world." Luce went on. "And they have met with a few of the champions all over. Calva has been freed and is nowhere to be seen. Shinto, he was nearly convinced to join them.

"If we are following their patterns, it would also mean that they would have come to you, correct. So I'm here to ask, has anyone appeared in front of you?"

Pultra smiled and went back toward the tree, sitting down as if there was no bother as she gave her answer.

"What do you mean exactly? There have been many Yaks and you have just appeared in front of me. Are you really asking silly questions right now?" Pultra asked.

Although working under Immortui, the champions always had a distaste for working for them. Which is why whenever they could, they would attempt to try and bad mouth the others in such a way, which was Pultra was acting the way she was now.

"You know what I mean." Luce said, as he lifted a single hand, white bright light started to gather. It wasn't glowing like that of celestial energy. Instead it looked blank and was swirling in his palm like paint. "Now is not the time to play dumb, has anyone out of the ordinary come to visit you, recently?"

Giving a slight pause while looking at the attack, Pultra answered.

"No, otherwise why would I still be here?"

"That's exactly what I thought." Luce replied, and moved his hand out. The attack left his hand hitting Pultra's body. When it did, it expanded covering the entirety of Pultra's body before absorbing it in, turning into nothing but a white mark that was now laid out on the floor.

"That... wasn't the real Pultra, as I thought. We've been tricked." Luce thought.

He could tell the flow of energy around the area was different from the last time he had been here. The reason why his search was difficult was because

he couldn't feel the additional energy that was given off from Pultra when being used to grow things in the area.

Although the one in front of him looked exactly like Pultra and sounded like her, there was no energy being given off from her body and being absorbed to the things around them.

"This means there really could be trouble at the production facility." Luce said.
"It looks like I chose the wrong place."

Chapter 2479: The Yak Demon Bisha

The group were ready, they were ready to head to the golden temple and face one of the demon kings, the goal was to go all out from the beginning and that way it would give the chance for Russ to do what Sil would have done.

What they didn't expect was for the demon king to suddenly appear where they were. For him to land right on the very ship that the group was on. The demon king himself had no idea they were here, but it only took a single look to know that they were intruders.

"Everyone, it's now or never, fight!" Hikel shouted. The marking on his body started to glow and blood aura swirled around his body forming some type of ball.

The blood aura was spinning, but then it came out like a barrage of large blood swipes and right toward Bisha. The attacks had landed clean on his body and when they did they all exploded at once creating a big dust of explosion.

Russ, seeing this as an opportunity, decided to use Sil's teleportation power. He disappeared and reappeared right by Bisha's behind.

'I don't really know how Sil's power works, so I hope it will be okay!' Russ thought as he reached out, but his hand had been stopped. It was inches away from Bisha's skin, but he was unable to touch it.

Russ had then transformed his arm into that of the powerful Dalki, changing its shape and size and tried to push, but it wasn't working at all.

'What is this that's on his body?' Russ thought.

On a closer look, there was a mist of red that had surrounded Russ' palm. It had actually condensed nearly all around Bisha's body. It was the red mist in the air. The cloud of explosion had disappeared, and Bisha was there with a large smile on his face.

"Haha, that kinda hurt a little, I guess there is a reason why Immortui was a little afraid of you!" Bisha shouted.

With his shout, the red energy in the air, and near his body was pouring out. It hit everyone in the area like a wave, and started to push them away. The one that was most affected by this was none other than Russ.

He had been pushed further and further away, until he was several metres away. Using his teleportation powers, he shifted in closer again but the closer he got to this power the more it was hurting him as well.

It was affecting his mind, hurting it. With his other arm free, Russ started to cover himself with the well known shadow power, the power that was known to block nearly anything.

The shadow had managed to shield him from the headache that he had, but he was still being pushed away by the red energy.

"I see, one of you is trying something right? Well, I won't be stupid enough to let you get your way!"

Bisha raised his hand in the air, and the mist had gathered. Red ball of mist had surrounded his hand, an orb of energy, then Bisha swung it out, aiming straight for Russ.

'A physical attack? Even if I use the black sword right here, it won't be able to block this!' Russ thought.

An opponent that was mostly physical in strength, it was one of the harder types for him to go against. He could change his body to be physically stronger, but stronger than a demon king, his opponent, it was impossible, at least with the MC cell's he had. So he had to try to use a mixture of changing

his physical body and powers, but even that would use up much of his MC cells.

Another attempt was made to teleport away, but when he did, Russ could feel his body being sucked into where the red energy of Bisha's fist was.

Several white coloured claw marks went through the air, and bashed into Bisha's fist. It had stopped the motion of the fist for a few seconds, and soon after an explosive sound was heard as a red coloured werewolf had kicked off a Qi platform he had created in the air.

Slowing down the fist, Chris had arrived and with the strength in both of his arms, he knocked into the fist head on. An explosive power of Qi surged out of his claws and the fist was knocked away, even breaking the red energy.

'I am stronger... I am stronger than before. We can do this, with everyone here, we can do this! We don't need to rely on Russ' mind changing power!'

Chris wasn't the only one that had thought this. Hikel had already landed on the other arm of the giant Yak, and was running up the side of it. His entire arms were glowing, and he quickly ran right past the Yak's neck.

With his arm he made a giant slashing motion, and the red blood aura lingered in the air, cutting through his neck, and part of the blood having managed to get inside, it was time for the explosions.

A huge explosion went right off in the Yak's neck, on the cut that had been made. It startled Bisha as blood and pain was felt in his body. Something he hadn't experienced in a long time.

His head was thrown to the side, but that wasn't the end of the punishment. An opportunity arose as he stumbled, he had lifted his leg slightly and down below there was one more. A person who had great strength in his fists.

Peter had transformed into his celestial mode, and summoned the two head tails from the top of his head. Both of them had wrapped around his arms drawing all the power from within, and right on the demon king's ankle, he punched with all his might.

The flesh vibrated as the attack hit with explosive energy and it wasn't just one hit. Peter continued to punch again and again.

"ARGHHH! We need to hurry, and save Quinn!" Peter shouted as he continued to hit the Yak.

Now, as he was toppling over, each of them decided to participate. Chris was throwing his claws as much as possible. Hikel with his blood arua, and Russ had even gathered lightning and fire to blast at the Bisha.

"We are not weak!" Chris shouted at the top of his lungs, as he continued to throw energy claw after claw at Bisha. They didn't stop, they could tell they were close, with all of them they could do it, before Immortui found out.

"Oh, you're not weak, you said." A voice was heard from Chris' right side. As he turned his head he could see a figure floating in the sky wearing white clothing. "I shall be the judge of that."

Luce, Immortui's right hand man, had arrived.

Chapter 2480: The Light Demon Luce

The others were extremely focused on just defeating the demon king in front of them as quickly as possible, but they hadn't noticed the floating object that had come from above. Luce had appeared not too long ago, but enough to witness the strength of many of them.

He started to float down at that moment, heading in between the center of all of them.

'If they continue at this rate, they might really do something to Bisha,' Luce thought.

"You're not weak?" Luce said. "I shall be the judge of that."

Chris turned his head to see who was close to him and could see the figure in complete white. Not only that, but the red mist energy was condensed around him.

'I didn't smell him near me, how did he get here?' Chris thought. A dreaded feeling was overcoming him. Who could suddenly appear and not be afraid in the middle of this situation? Not only that, but on this world so far, Chris had only seen Yaks.

The only other thing that was on the planet, that wasn't a Yak, was a champion, and all of the champions were with them, so who was this?

A white-colored liquid started to swirl around both of Luce's arms, and for a moment, Chris had stopped his attack. He needed to focus on the person who was by his side. When he turned his head to have a look, though, he noticed that another person had already acted.

His two large gauntlet fists swung, hitting Luce and sending him straight to the ground beneath, cracking and breaking it.

"Did he just not see me or something?" Edvard said. "That guy landed right by my side, but he was just focused on you. I guess my luck is working a bit after all."

The hit that Edvard produced was extraordinarily powerful, as a pulsating energy was sent from the back of the armor, through his chest piece, and sent right down to his arms. It gave him a burst of unnatural energy that came out of his fists when slammed.

This was one of the traits of the armor when someone other than Ray was wearing it. It gave the user great power.

"What's going on!" Hikel shouted, stopping his attacks as well. He had heard the sudden loud explosion and looked to the ground where he could see a person still standing.

"He's still okay?" Edvard was surprised because he was more than okay; he was standing as if he hadn't been hit at all. In fact, the glowing energy was still swirling out of his arms.

"Connect," Luce said.

Out from his hands, the energy swirled out and was now moving through the air. It wasn't just one but several of them, and as they went through the air, they were leaving a trail of white behind.

Each ball of energy seemed to be going after different individuals. The first two that attempted to do something about the energy were Hikel and Chris.

Hikel used his blood aura, attacking the white energy and exploding it with his blood, but the ball went right through the smoke, and as it did, the energy covered up whatever blood aura was left in the background.

Instead of attacking it, Hikel then tried to move out of the way, but it was following him everywhere he went. Chris had done the same, swinging his swipes through the air, but when it hit the white ball that was going after him, it had done nothing as well.

The two of them decided to avoid the attack by moving out of the way, but it was following them, and as it did, the trail was staying permanently in the air.

"We can't get rid of this thing!" Chris shouted.

As he was jumping from Qi platform to Qi platform, Chris soon found that there was a white line of energy in the air that was permanently in front of him. If he didn't do something, he would crash right through it.

Lifting his hand and gathering all of his power, he swiped through the white energy, but the second his claw touched it, Chris felt like he was frozen. Immediately, the white orb that had been chasing him, as well as the rest of the stream of white that had been made, went at the speed of light and attacked him from all sides, hitting his body constantly, pounding it several times again and again. The pain was great and internal.

"ARGHHH!" Chris screamed at the top of his lungs.

The others were still avoiding the white energy, and now, seeing what had happened to him, they knew it wasn't going to be a good sign for them to touch it. That was all but one.

After seeing what happened, one had made the swift decision. Pulling out the black sword, Russ swiped right through the energy. In the same way as when Chris had touched just a part of it, the whole attack had hit him. When Russ had touched just a part of it with his sword, the whole attack had disappeared, and it wasn't just the ones that were following him; it made all of the others disappear as well.

Chris had been freed from his attack, and he quickly created Qi platforms to kick off and escape from the area. The whole group had landed back on one of the other large ships that hadn't tilted. When they had regrouped, they could see that the Yak was getting back up.

He was full of cuts on his body and wounds, but none of them looked deep enough. Not only that, but the tusks on his mouth even looked to have grown larger in size compared to before.

"Alright, I think this guy is a bit annoyed about what we did," Edvard said. "And if I have to guess, that other guy in white, I think he might be a demon king as well."

"It's going to be hard for us to fight both of them at the same time," Hikel said.

"Yeah, and that other guy, I don't think I'm a good match up for him," Chris replied.

"Well, what a surprise, because I don't think I'm a good match up with that giant as well," Russ commented. "Let's split and deal with them both."

The group nodded, and jumping off to the side were Russ, Peter, and Hikel. Hikel had decided to go for the man in white because he felt like he was more trouble. He had asked Peter to come along with them because there was a chance they needed one of the two powerhouses.

The moment they jumped off, it was now just Chris and Edvard again, looking at the Yak. With a smoke of anger coming out of its mouth, it had jumped toward the ship it had originally landed on from before.

With its two large arms, it lifted it from the ground, breaking off the dirt from beneath, and now was carrying the giant object that was around fifty times the size of the giant itself, over its head with its arms.

"Don't tell me, he's going to smash that thing on us?" Edvard asked.

At that moment, the Yak demon king swung down the giant ship, aiming right for the two of them.
