

My Vampire System (WN)

- Chapter 2482: Keeping a Secret | Light Novel World

Chapter 2482: Keeping a Secret

Opening his eyes, the first thing Quinn was able to see was a long-headed figure staring at him with large eyes. It was clear as day they weren't human, and the last thing he could remember when he was in the outside world was being captured by Immortui.

Taking a quick look around, he seemed to be in a cave of sorts, and Immortui himself didn't appear to be there.

"A chance!" Quinn stated. He lifted up from his seat and grabbed Pultra right by the neck. He then pushed off from the table-like structure that he had been lying on and grabbed straight around Pultra's neck.

He pushed her until her back banged against the wall, and suddenly Quinn's back, there were several blood swords that hovered in a circle, all pointed toward her.

"Quinn, wait!" Anon shouted. "She's on our side, she's here to help."

The voice was recognizable, but just in case, Quinn pushed all of the red blood swords forward, so they were pressing against her skin, and turned around. That's when he could see the familiar Skully, the one that he had helped and saved that was in his shadow.

Pultra stayed absolutely still, worried that if she made any type of movement, it was quite possible that she could lose her life.

'What happened, how did he move so fast? I couldn't even attack back,' Pultra thought. 'And these swords he created, it only took a moment, and each one of them is filled with strong energy. It feels similar to the demon energy, but one thing is clear... he is certainly strong.'

After the Skullys had pleaded with them, Calva had approached him as well. "She is one of us," Calva said, pointing toward himself. "A lot has happened during your slumber, but I decided to get help with the task you gave us."

Seeing how there were only so few in the cave, and all three of the Skullys were fine, Quinn had concluded it was most likely that they were telling the truth. Why would Immortui even keep them in a place like this to begin with?

"I'm sorry," Quinn said, as he retracted his blood aura. "After what happened, I was a bit on edge. So what happened? How did you manage to escape and get me away from Immortui?"

The three looked at each other for a moment and started to recollect something they had talked about before Quinn's waking up. It was whether or not they told him the truth or not.

For one, the Champions were unsure if Quinn was strong enough to defeat Immortui. So one of the things they wanted to do was to train Quinn. With all of their strength and battles having faced him, they would put him through the harshest training they could think of to give him the best chance of beating Immortui.

The conversation had actually occurred while Sil and the others were still there as well, and they understood their sentiments well, especially after explaining what had happened in their battles.

However, they had informed them that if it was the case, that Quinn would never agree to it if he knew what the others were doing. If he found out about the fact that the others were going up against the Demon Kings, or Sil against Immortui, then he would try to be there in a heartbeat.

If they truly thought that training Quinn gave them the best chance of beating Immortui, it was best they keep it from him that they had arrived in this world. At the moment, he had no clue the others were there.

Not only that, but if he was to join the fight, there was no doubt that Immortui would turn up like he had done at the last one.

"It was thanks to Shinto," Calva said. "Immortui had trapped you in his base, and Shinto, another one of the Champions, had been placed as the guard. When I found this out, I managed to convince him to change sides and bring him over to us.

"Honestly, Quinn, the task that you gave me was a hard one, which is why I went on searching for the other Champions, and now that the three of us are here, we can help you."

The story sounded plausible, so Quinn didn't think anything of it. If anything, if they had told him his friends were here, he would find it harder to believe.

"So, do you know where the Demon Kings are, so we can get their blood?" Quinn asked.

He was getting straight to the point, which the others were surprised about. After everything he had been through, he wanted to get up and get back to fighting. According to Pultra, she thought that they might even need to convince Quinn to try and fight against Immortui again.

"Quinn, about that," Calva said. "The truth is, we wish to train you. Each one of us has fought against Immortui in the past. We believe with our help, you could learn a lot from us if you face him again.

"Not only that, but the training will allow you the time you need to still recover and the strength to even go against the Demon Kings to get their blood. We have been working hard, and there are those on our side that are helping. We even managed to get you the blood of a Demon General."

Looking at his system, Quinn could see that the quest had been updated. [3/5 General Demons blood]

It proved that what they had said was no lie, and while checking out his system, he noticed something else as well. Quinn's armour, it still was broken and had yet to heal. On top of that, his demon form hadn't come back yet either.

'Without my God Slayer armour and the demon form, will I even be strong enough to fight the Demon Kings, never mind Immortui? Maybe training with those that have faced him isn't such a bad idea while I wait for these two things to recover.'

It felt a bit strange putting these strangers he had hardly met in a position like so, to help him out, but meeting the Skullys, Quinn understood their position well because it was quite similar to their own.

And, he didn't want to just sit around and do nothing. That would only make him restless.

"Alright," Quinn said. "I'll do it. I'll take on your training, but it better be worth my time. I won't be holding back, and if I see no point, I won't be wasting my time."

The Champions' plan had seemed to work, and the group was preparing to train Quinn. Meanwhile, he was none the wiser about his teammates who had arrived to help him, each one of them being in a tough battle with their lives on the line.

Chapter 2483: Immortui's power

After witnessing Quinn being snatched right in front of his eyes, Immortui was filled with rage. He screamed into the air, and his colourless ability activated far and wide, spreading out and draining the colour from everything.

It continued to stretch out further and further through the universe, spreading far and wide. Where it was going, what it was aiming for, not even Immortui knew. With the way his power worked, if the colourless ability had managed to touch those that had interfered, it would stop them in their tracks.

However, Immortui wasn't receiving any signs of anything, and as his anger started to subside, so did his power. It reverted back into him, and he was left standing there for a moment, with his two snake-like dragon spirits hovering around the back of his shoulders.

He placed his hand on his face, and his shoulders started to shake up and down, until he swung his head back and broke out into a fit of laughter.

"HAHA! I can't believe it, right when I thought I had it all, something comes and sweeps me off once again! I see universe, you are testing me, right?"

"If I can't get through this, then I don't deserve to have the chance to go out on top!"

Right there and then, Immortui decided to sit on the ground. He did so with his knee lifted and his arm relaxing on top of it. This was his thinking position.

'For them to be able to come in so fast and leave quickly, it has to be a teleportation power of some kind,' Immortui thought. 'If it was them, they would have sent Mundus, and he would have dealt with the situation

differently. Does that mean they are friends of Quinn? Ah yes, I saw him, didn't I, that damned Boneclaw. Did the Familiars end up betraying me?'

Immortui couldn't help but laugh to himself again.

'It's no worry; they were only a small part of my plan. But I wonder what they saw that managed to give them so much hope that they would switch sides.'

Not worrying about that for now, Immortui needed to find Quinn. Due to the state he was in, he didn't think he would have the chance to escape anytime soon. This allowed him to have a calmer mind when thinking about what to do.

And in a lot of ways, this was worse for his enemies. If Immortui wasn't calm, he would have gone chasing straight after Quinn, just trying to find him wherever he could, hopping from place to place.

Instead, he chose a different method. As Immortui took in deep breaths, the red mist was entering his nose, and he breathed out a few times again. Eventually, after some passing of time, the red mist in the whole area had stopped.

It no longer looked like mist, but around him, it looked just like glitter that was in the air. Just like the demons, Immortui was able to have control of the power in the air, but his control was on a far higher level.

'That took longer than I thought, but I can now connect with all of the red energy that's in this space' Immortui then closed his eyes as he started to focus.

'The red energy, the energy that seeps into this universe from the land of the dead. With my powers, I am quite closely connected to that place as well, which is why I can sense this energy better than most.

'For every being that comes or is born into this world, they breathe in this energy into their bodies. It is inside them and has become a part of them, whether they realize it or not. It is what causes them to go mad, fighting each other for petty reasons, because the red energy only wants one thing, to bring people closer to death.

'The inhabitants of this world have been affected by it. Little do they know that this red mist is actually my power to begin with.'

For all the local inhabitants that were alive, they had always known about the red mist that lingered in the air. They thought it had always been there, and to them, the threat of Immortui and his demons was something that had come along later.

The truth was, in his first war against the celestials, he had been greatly injured before being banished to this space. So he stayed put, doing next to nothing, apart from releasing his power all over the universe.

As his power infected the natural inhabitants, it caused them to get irritated and fight for next to no reasons, believing it was due to them wishing to be the strongest, more deaths were occurring, boosting Immortui's powers.

After thousands of years, with his powers somewhat regained, Immortui had come to strike back and fought against the Champions.

This was why the local inhabitants believed the red mist always existed, and Immortui's incident was something that had happened later.

As time went on, Immortui's power had spread out everywhere, far too thick that even he didn't feel like he had control of it. Which was why he had to close his eyes and focus, trying to feel out every part of his energy.

'Those that have been here will have a large amount of red energy in their body; those that are new will have a small amount. All I will do is find all of those with next to no red energy in their body and take them out one by one.'

Closing his eyes again, he started to focus. The universe was large; his power was large, so it would take some time. He had finally found what he was looking for.

Standing up on his two feet, Immortui started to gather the energy around his body. The red energy condensed around him, turning into a red glow, just like with the other demons.

'If I use my powers around me and around this space, I can move faster in the direction I want to go in.'

Jumping off, it appeared as if Immortui almost vanished. Using his powers as a form of travel was a great way to get from A to B, but it wasn't something he could do in a fight since it took a lot of focus.

Following it through, a few minutes later, on a barren planet that looked like a moon, as the ground was covered in grey, Immortui had found a person that didn't belong.

"I found you!" Immortui said, immediately activating his colourless power. He didn't want the person to escape. As the colourless power hit the person, they slowly started to fade, until they had turned into nothing.

'If it disappeared like that... it means it's not the real one. It has to be one of their powers. No matter, I will eventually find the one I'm looking for,' Immortui thought, condensing the red energy around him again, and jumping, heading to the next destination.

Immortui was coming after them, and if he needed to do it one at a time, then so be it.

Chapter 2484: Immortui Vs Sil

Using his fast travel technique, with his red energy surrounding him, Immortui was able to move from area to area pretty fast. He needed to focus for a few moments to speed up as well as search for those with little energy in their body, but when he found them, he crashed on those planets and always saw the same person in front of him.

"I see," Immortui said, as he lifted his hand and activated his colourless power, which touched the Sil clone, causing their body to disappear after a few moments. "This person is able to make copies of themselves and is distracting me, buying time, but I will soon find the real one, and there is a chance that I will find the real one."

Immortui went from one planet to the next, and eventually crashed on a planet that looked to be made entirely of ice. However, it wasn't ice; the material was far harder, more like diamonds.

Most of the surface was relatively flat, with platforms here and there. There weren't giant caverns or giant ice shards sticking out from the ground, just different levels of areas here and there.

Standing on the ground looking up at Immortui, the clone did nothing, as if it was there just to accept its fate, unlike the last few he had met, who had attempted to teleport or run away.

However, Immortui, before reaching the planet, would have already activated part of his colourless power, stopping that from happening the moment he appeared. This clone, as its body was disappearing, looked Immortui straight in the eye.

"Are you no longer worried by your deaths? We will see how you feel when I meet the real one of you," Immortui said.

The body completely disappeared, and the colourless power was retracted back into Immortui. His colourless power also affected the red energy in the air, so he was unable to use one power while using the other.

Finishing his retraction, he was getting ready to move to the next area. He was trying to sense where the others were, but he soon opened his eyes.

'Wait a moment, why are so many of them suddenly close?'

Right in front of him, after finishing that thought, around ninety different Sils had teleported right in front of him. Immediately, all of them gathered lightning and fire in their hands and fired it right at Immortui.

Meanwhile, the real Sil had arrived as well, staying a little further back than the rest. Condensed lightning bolt was being held in his hands, while the rest of his arm was completely blue.

'With how quickly the Sils were getting destroyed, I knew you must have had some way to travel fast between them all and a way to locate them. Because of that, it was too dangerous to leave you be, in case you find the others.'

Swinging with his arm, Sil hurled the lightning bolt, which made a thunderous noise as it left his hands and smashed right toward the centre where Immortui was. It was a strong, successful hit, and along with all of the other clones, there weren't going to be many that could withstand this. But if this was enough to defeat Immortui, then he wouldn't have been considered a grand threat.

'I have the foresight ability. I can see it. If I just let all the clones continue on like this, then all of them are going to be killed.'

The moment the attacks had started to surround all of his body, the strange clothing he wore that appeared to grow out of his skin and had a pair of eyes around his waist crawled up nearly the entirety of his body, covering him from head to toe. The eyes around his waist then looked to be glowing red around his chest instead.

The fire and lightning all looked to be just bouncing off him. Throwing out his hand, the snake-like dragon had wrapped around it, and the explosive red power attack was launched. It had ignited nearly the entire space where the fist had been thrown, too fast for the Sils to avoid, killing ten percent of them. In its place, there was a large imprint on the planet's flowing surface covered in scales, and around 10 percent of the clones had been defeated.

'None of the clones currently have the foresight ability. I gave them teleportation, two elemental abilities, telepathy, and hardening so they could survive a little longer, but the hardening was unable to do anything with that attack.'

"But I can still change my own powers!" Sil grabbed the book; it glowed for a few moments and he pulled out a golden sword. When he landed on the floor, the rest of the Sils teleported to the side, still with their abilities in their hand. Next, he activated his super speed ability and swung the sword, hitting Immortui right across his chest. The armour seemed to split off from where the cut was made and swirled about in the air slightly. Seeing what Immortui was going to do next, Sil quickly moved out of the way.

A large red portal was created from above where they were, and when Immortui punched down, a large fist came pounding from the top but hit the planet's floor, crushing it to pieces.

'Things are going well so far. It's a good thing the champions told me about Immortui's many powers,' Sil thought, recalling the conversations he had with them.

The strange substance that looked like armour on his legs could extend out to his whole body. This armour seemed able to block out energy-type attacks, including things like lightning, but if they were hit physically, attacks would get through. On top of that, Immortui had the red mist power that he could control. In a lot of ways, this worked like blood aura, which meant this power was the most versatile in the way it could be used. The way Immortui liked to use the power, though, was forming large portals, and when he struck, in the same place the portal opened, a giant fist of power would strike as well. One of his

most powerful forms of attack, though, was the two dragons that hovered above his shoulders. They could sometimes act on their own if one got too close to Immortui, but if combined with his fists, they would be able to deliver an earth-shattering blow. Finally, there was the colourless power.

At that moment, Immortui raised his hand, but when he did, all of the clone Sils by the side started to fire away their powers, hitting Immortui. His hand had lowered, and the armour started to raise on his body again. The colourless ability, if he was hit, he was unable to activate it. With all of these powers, Immortui had the strength to beat nearly anyone in a fight, but he had never gone against someone like Sil before.

Sil could very well be Immortui's natural enemy with all of his powers.

Chapter 2485: Preparing for the Finale

The champions wasted no time moving from the cave, and they had brought along with them the three Skullys. Two of them on one side of Calva's shoulder and another on the other side.

Below the mountain they were in, there was the forest that led out and displayed the beautiful scenery that stretched far and wide, but they didn't head that way. Instead they were running in the opposite direction.

The planet itself was also gigantic, much like all the objects and plant life that lived on it, but with such a large planet there would also be pockets of area that had nothing but bare land on it as well. Only these pockets would be equivalent to an entire continent back on earth.

"I can hear the sound of fighting, and energies colliding behind us. Is something going on here?" Quinn asked.

"It's the norm of our world." Pultra replied. "The inhabitants fight every day over the smallest of things, and there are times when they even have had enough of the demons that are in an attempt to control them. We have to ignore what is going on for the bigger goal."

The group were so far away, yet Quinn could feel the vibrations through the ground. He could only imagine the scale of the fight that was happening right

now. He knew Pultra was right though, they had more important things to worry about.

The group had reached their destination. It had grey coloured ground, an area that looked like a giant wasteland, only with grey paved rocks that spread all over the place. As far as Quinn could see, there was no sign of life, be that insects or plants.

"This will be our training ground, this land spans like this for miles on end. We can fight to our heart's content without anything getting in the way." Pultra explained. "Out here as well, there is nothing that the demons want so there is nothing close by."

Although Pultra said this, the vibrations could still be felt, they were subtle but even though they had travelled so far, he could still feel something happening on the planet.

Seeing that Quinn was reacting to something, Pultra cleared her throat, and the Skullys were placed on the ground as Shinto, Calva and Pultra lined up next to each other.

"The three of us were named the Champions because we were considered the strongest in this entire universe." Pultra explained. "Immortui knew that, he knew the titles we had which was why he wanted to break the hope of the people down immediately by taking us out first.

"He had overwhelming strength, but we didn't just give up, each one of us fought against him to the best of our abilities. I have perhaps experienced the same thing you went through, did you go into the misty fog?"

The mention of the fog, Quinn knew exactly what Pultra was referring to, so he knew that her words weren't baseless lies now.

"At the time, each of us fought him one on one, and through speaking to each other we realised something. Each of our experiences when fighting Immortui were completely different, and it might be the same for you as well. Do you remember what happened?"

Quinn went on to explain to the other's his fight with Immortui. Calva had seen some of it, but he had also been stored in the Shadow space for the later half. Calva also made it an important point that he had just defeated one of the Demon kings and had gone straight to facing Immortui.

Stating that Quinn was unable to use everything he had against his opponent.

"I see, he seemed to have used his colourless power close to from the get go. That is not the same as our experience. We have found that Immortui has multiple different strengths and powers that he can use to fight.

"Which is why we think, if you were to face all three of us at the same time, it would be similar to going up against him."

Quinn didn't know if the Champions were really that strong or they were simply overestimating themselves. He had yet to truly see any of them fighting properly, not while he was conscious anyway.

He just had Anon's words about how much power they wielded. Either way, there was something that might push Quinn out to allow him to grow from this, the fact that he didn't have his god slayer armour set. Battling without it would improve him for when he battled with it. So while he was waiting for its repair, this was at least something he could do.

"Alright, let's not waste any more time." Quinn's eyes started glowing red.
"From now on, I will treat it like I'm going up against Immortui!"

On the same planet, a large distance away. Bisha, the Yak demon king, had lifted one of the giant ships right above his head. In his sights he had both Edvard and Chris in front of him.

Immediately he started to swing it down through the air. The object was so heavy and large that it was causing the red mist to be pushed upwards.

"I don't think we can run away from this, it's too large!" Edvard said.

The giant object was coming down too fast for them to either run to the left or right and avoid getting hit, but Chris was already one step ahead of him. His body was fully transformed, his legs were bent slightly.

As the giant ship came crashing down on him, he pushed up with both of his arms. Both of his feet sunk into the ground, and Edvard was doing his best to push it up as well.

"Huh, you're fighting back!" Bisha shouted, surprised to feel the amount of force being pushed by them.

"This is useless, we can't push it back, he's too strong!" Edvard said. "We have to do something or we're going to get smothered. Do you think you can hold on by yourself for a while!"

Chris was trying extremely hard to push the thing off, veins were exploding from his forearms running up to his hands.

Edvard decided to take that as a yes, as he bent down even further and left all of the weight and power to Chris. The giant ship descended a few inches for a moment, and then the entirety of Edvard's armour started to pulsate.

The armour glowed, going from the top of his head down to the bottom of his feet, as he sprung up with power, Edvard unleashed a punch right on the bottom of the ship. It exploded with such strength and tore a hole right through the giant thing from one side to the other.

'Crap!' Chris thought. 'I couldn't even put a scratch on this ship when my claws scratched against it, but Edvard was able to punch a hole through it... just how strong is that armour.'

"Come on, let's go!" Edvard said, as the two slipped and went through the hole that was made.

"Let's take down this Yak king, and maybe he'll be a nice meal for you." Edvard smiled.

Chapter 2486.1: Fight against the demon kings (Part 1)

Having rushed down to the ground below to chase after the man in white, what the group assumed was another demon king, they found themselves in a type of production area.

There were several giant tools, large mallets, working areas, melting pots and even giant crystals. It was the area where the Yaks used these tools to build the giant ships that were by their side.

They were at the very edge of one side of the large giant ships, and were looking straight ahead at the strange man in white.

"Remember, the only thing we actually need is his blood." Hikel commented.

"And how do you expect us to get something like that without killing him?" Peter replied back, still in his full celestial form.

"I'm going to have to agree with Peter on that one, it looks like our original plan of changing their memories isn't going to do so well." Russ was thinking back to when he had tried to touch the Yak king.

The red mist had condensed around the body, not allowing him to get close. Although a strong hit or a punch could get through and do damage, physically touching them just for a moment seemed quite impossible, unless they were dead of course.

Luce, the demon king, lifted his hands up and the several streaks of small white power came out from his hands. It looked the same as before, like a type of liquid rather than energy. It moved fast and it left behind a trail that lingered permanently in the air.

It moved around all of the large objects, through the small cracks and was heading for the group again.

Hikel went ahead, summoning his blood aura and fired it out toward Luce this time. He knew that his attacks were useless against this strange white power. However, the white dots moved to where the attacks were.

It had moved in a diagonal line and the attack crashed into it exploding on the spot. It did nothing, but it had blocked the attack and there was now a permanent diagonal white line in the air. It started to move in a zig zag shape and blocked the rest of the attacks in the same way, until what was left in the air was somewhat of a crudely drawn shield.

"This worked out before, so let's try it again!" Russ used his powers to first transform into that of the Penswi, he then rushed forward passing the main circular white light. Pulling out the sword from his side, his legs' transformation ended and he swung the sword down, touching the lingering white path that had been made.

When the sword touched one section of it, the entire attack had disappeared just like before.

'Although using this sword isn't too much of a problem in itself for me, it cancels out all my powers when I do use it.' Russ thought. 'If I summon anything, transform my body, or try to use any other powers, I can't with this sword.'

"I see, you are the most troublesome one, and the one I need to get rid of first." Luce declared.

Using his own power, and the power of the special armour that Edvard currently wore, he was able to make a large hole through the ship, from the bottom all the way to the top.

Chris quickly escaped through the hole along with Edvard, allowing the ship to crash to the ground, and the two of them quickly made their way to the top. It didn't take long for the Yak king, Bisha, to jump up from the ground and land on the ship again.

"I knew you two would still be alive!" Bisha shouted. "But now that some of you annoying little friends are being dealt with I can deal with the two of you."

Bisha slammed his foot onto the ground and a large chunk of it lifted into the air. The top of the ship seemed to be made of slightly different material compared to the hard substance that covered the outside.

The demon king then hurled the chunk, that was the size of a car, right at them. Sparks of fire were seen surrounding the object as it had been thrown so fast.

The first to react out of the two, was Edvard, as the armour pulsed through his body and he threw out a punch, not just a punch but one where his blood aura was mixed in with it. When his fist hit the object it was blasted with enormous power that ripped the object into several different sizes.

The armour gave one great power, but it took time for someone to know how to use it properly, a way where they could combine it with their own powers in order to deal the most damage, and Edvard was extremely capable of that, because he had practised with the armour a long time ago.

The vampire martial arts that the vampires were taught, a lot of it actually stemmed from the original, Edvard. The use of a blood punch, exploding the blood aura on impact, powerfully like a shotgun, all were developed by him.

Using this, combined with the armour effects, Edvard's punches were probably some of the strongest the universe had to offer. However, it couldn't be used in a simple physical way, such as the situation they were in not too long ago.

Chris had more strength, being able to stop the ship from crushing them. Holding it up on his own, was something Edvard wouldn't have been able to do.

Seeing the great power twice now, Chris was stunned.

'I thought, out of everyone here, that he was the weakest of the group. That I would have to look out and cover for him... but that might not be the case at all.'

Bisha continued to hurl objects one after the other at the two of them, and Edvard was hitting them one after the other, turning them into nothing.

"Hey, are you really just going to make me do all the work, what was the point of letting you go out and eat all of these guys if you were going to do nothing!" Edvard shouted behind him, but when he threw out his next punch he felt no impact; it had only hit the air.

He had just been punching along to the rhythm of the tosses, relying on his ability for a while now. When turning his head, he could see that a giant mast had been broken off, and was in the hands of Bisha.

It was already mid swing, and the giant mast slammed into the two's sides. Their bodies went flying off in the distance and even the mast had been let go out of Bisha's hands.

The two were far in the air, until they crashed on the ground a few times, eventually getting up.

"Crap, that kind of hurt a bit." Edvard said, looking at his armour, he was worried about it since it technically wasn't his, but there seemed to be no major damage to the thing. Chris had gotten up as well but now was looking at where they were.

"We were hit quite far away." Chris was trying to see if he could recognise anything but it almost felt like they were hit so far that they were in a different place altogether.

Looking at the ground work around him, he noticed the strange giant wave hardened structures, and where he had seen them before.

"This was the place where the Yaks were going. Where they were harvesting their materials from." Chris said.

It was a strange sight to see, the floor itself looked as if they were in a agint frozen sea, with large waves that would tower from side to side but none of it was moving.

Sure enough, as Edvard looked far off into the distance he could see the giant ships as well, but that wasn't the only thing they could see. Just like before, there was something that was drawing closer to them in the sky.

Before they knew it, it crashed and landed right in front of the two of them. Shaking the whole ground.

"Hey... is it just me, or does he look different from before?" Edvard noticed.

He was right, there was this strange red aura that was thick and covered the whole of Bisha's skin. The tusks that grew from the bottom of his mouth were now growing further upward to the point where it touched the top of his forehead.

On the Yak's skin itself, there were these strange swirling patterns that were on his chest as well.

"I'll kill both of you, for destroying my hard work!" Bisha exclaimed, now in his demon form.

Chapter 2487.2: Fight against the demon kings (Part 2)

The demon form of the demon kings, this was something that the Champions didn't even know too much about, but it was actually one's true form that each demon king had. As for the reason why they didn't just stay in that form all the time, it was due to the red energy in the air.

This was an order, and was forbidden, by Immortui himself. The full demon form would attract the red mist energy from all over, and he needed that to do

its work, to do its thing, so the demons staying in their demon form for long periods of time would cause great problems for him.

Immediately after transforming, and now in front of the others, Bisha threw out his fist. He wasn't within range of the others, but the marking on his chest started to light up, and the red energy had gathered on top of his fist.

Exploding out of the air, heading towards them, it looked like a giant meteorite, this was far bigger than the objects that had been thrown from before, and looked a lot more powerful.

Not sure that, even with the armour, he would be able to take on the attack, Edvard moved out of the way, and Chris had done the same, transforming himself into his wolf form.

The large fist in the centre hit the ground and crushed everything in its path. The large giant waves that towered above them started to break and crumble, falling off bit by bit and falling into the area of the attack, turning into nothing.

Eventually the attack started to grow smaller and smaller in size, turning into nothing, but had left a path of destruction.

While avoiding the attack, Chris ran in his wolf form, and decided to head straight to the demon king.

'I'm faster than I was before, and I'm stronger which means that I can hit harder!'

Moments before reaching Bisha, Chris' body started to transform, and he created a Qi platform in the air. Even though his feet could touch the ground he had noticed something, the ground was unable to contain his strength.

When pushing off the ground it would break in the process making him lose some of his force, but when he used his Qi to create a platform to push off from it wouldn't break, giving him that extra boost.

Pushing off, his body had transformed back into that of a full werewolf, covered in red fur and he swiped right through Bisha's skin. His claws cut up the ankle of the leg. However, Chris' hand was small compared to Bisha's leg so it looked like nothing but a flesh wound.

'I know I'm still not strong enough to take him down with a punch, but if I put all the power into my claws, it can still rip into his skin!'

Chris didn't stop there, as he turned and continued to swipe, moving at an incredibly fast speed. Slashing with his claws, cutting at just the single foot of Bisha. It was almost a repeat of what Chris had done with his fight against Unzoku, only it was targeted to a single area this time rather than one's whole body.

Although they weren't large wounds, a tingling sensation could be felt in Bisha's foot and he knew if he didn't do something that it could cause him problems. Immediately, his fist lit up, and he went to throw a punch downward aiming for Chris.

With the power surging around the fist, the attack itself had turned enormous, nearly as big as when the ship was being used to attack them. The red energy all around was pushing downward along with the hand.

Regardless of this, Chris continued to attack at the leg, clawing it away, chucking off pieces of flesh to the side.

'He trusted me back then, so I will trust him now as well!' Chris thought.

The fist continued to come down, and from the side, Edvard had leapt up, he had both of his hands by his side. As the armour pulsated up from the toes, he threw out both of his hands, pulsating with power, it pushed the large arm to the side heavily.

Bisha's punch was thrown off course and nearly his whole balance as well. The fist had crashed into the ground, but it had done so next to Chris instead. The energy from the fist, had still hit him, crashing on top.

Covering his body with Qi, Chris gritted his teeth.

"ARGHHH!" he exclaimed, as he forcefully pushed, breaking out of the red mist. Immediately Chris powered through and went straight for the same foot again.

Bisha now was keeping an eye on the one that was able to produce such explosive power, and threw out his other hand releasing another meteorite of power. This was too close for Edvard to avoid, so he had no choice but to attempt to blast it back with his fist as well.

Throwing out an explosive punch, it hit the meteorite of energy but it didn't get pushed back, instead it was Edvard that was feeling the intense pain. Although the energy had entered inside him, on impact he felt a great pain on his whole body, causing blood to spew out of his mouth.

'F*ck this hurts!' Edvard thought.

With his other fist ready, he punched the meteorite power again, his feet were skidding across the ground now, but his arms and whole body was still being affected by the strange power.

Leaving one hand on the attack, he punched with his other fist, and then he would alternate doing this. He continued to punch and punch until it completely disappeared from his sight, breaking it apart.

"How... is someone like you still alive!" Bisha shouted

His attack, which destroyed everything in its path, had not destroyed this small figure. The blood had poured out of Edvard's mouth and was now on his armour. He couldn't imagine taking a direct hit from the demon in this form, but it was something he needed to do.

Running forward, Edvard leapt in the air, with his fist ready, and matching it, Bisha had thrown out his fist as well. The two were ready to collide, that was until a large snap sound was heard, and suddenly Bisha's fist fell to the side and was going off target.

He looked to the ground, and he hadn't even felt what had happened. The flesh on his foot, it had been torn off completely, to the point where only his bone could be seen. Seeing this. Chris still hadn't stopped there, he continued to attack, and eventually broke the bone as well.

"Don't stop there, X marks the spot!" Chris shouted, as he dug his claws into the giant and started to run up its body. Bisha was still in the middle of falling, but he was ready to stick his stump into the ground.

Chris felt extremely alive, his claws pulsating with power and his Qi raging in him. As he ran up Bisha's chest, he swung his arm, his claws ripped through the skin, but then a large claw strike appeared, cutting off the flesh on his chest.

Chris then repeated the same with the other hand, tearing off another claw mark, making a large X shape, and it was right where Bisha's heart was.

With the flesh torn off and the muscle, the heart could clearly be seen beating in Bisha, it was an open target.

"That's a pretty clear target." Edvard smiled, his arms pulsating as he threw a punch directly in the chest. The power exploded and just like with the outer of the ship, a large hole went right through, having burst Bisha's heart completely.

The second demon king had been defeated.

Chapter 2488.3: Fight against the Demon kings (Part 3)

Although it was quite far away in the distance, Luce could feel a massive amount of red mist energy disperse suddenly. It was condensing in one area, which could only mean that Bisha had decided it warranted the use of his demon form.

Once Luce felt this, he thought the fight would be over for the intruders, but that wasn't the case at all.

'Did Bisha die?' Luce thought. 'Had he gotten weak due to the situation he had been in? Unlike all the other demon kings that were constantly fighting for their own entertainment, Bisha had been placed in the production facility on his own.'

'Never using his powers at all, even the other Yaks didn't try to contest him for their position since they were production workers rather than fighters.'

'Naturally, over the course of thousands of years, there would be those of the same race that would rise in strength, challenging the top and trying to topple them, attempting to become the new demon king. This was also the case with the vampires, as strong ones came and went. This kept all of the current demon kings on their toes and always increasing their power. Perhaps it wasn't the same for Bisha due to his position.'

'Still, even with a weak Bisha, I can't discredit the others' strength. One would still have to be at least as strong as the champions if they were able to do that, and it seems some of these have a few tricks up their sleeves,' Luce thought, as he looked straight ahead at the three coming towards them.

Peter jumped in the air and, with a fist, he punched what looked like a giant hammer that was left on the ground. It went flying toward Luce. The palm of his hand lit up with strange white energy, and when the hammer reached him, he swung his arm out.

It hit the hammer and flung it across, hitting the side of one of the ships, making a loud bang before falling to the ground.

"This guy's powers are so strange and annoying!" Peter shouted, as he threw out a couple of fists of energy, leaving from his hands.

Hikel jumped up in the air and hurled blood aura swipes from above.

With both of his hands, Luce started to make circles with them, creating what looked like white-coloured shields that he held onto. Moving them, he blocked the attacks of Peter.

When the attacks hit the white shield, it just dispersed the energy into nothing. The attacks hadn't even pushed Luce back. With his other hand, Luce had quickly moved it to each of the blood swipes. These attacks, when hit, exploded, creating a dust cloud.

"Support me!" Peter shouted.

He rushed forward, kicking off from a giant rock, his head tail wrapped around his fist as he gathered his energy. As the smoke started to settle, Russ could be seen right by Luce's side; he had teleported there and swung his sword.

The white shield was lifted, but when the sword made contact, it disappeared. Throwing out his fist, Luce moved his head to the side, avoiding the blow. At the same time, the head tail swung from above, but with just his hand, Luce knocked it to the side, hitting it into the ground.

"Your sword has a strange power, but it's clear you are not a swordsman."

A strike was made with the sword, rather than placing it back in its sheath, but the demon king avoided it swiftly and with a glowing palm, he smashed it right into Russ's stomach, sending him flying in the same direction as the hammer.

Before he had crashed into it, Hikel had managed to rush over and catch him just in time. However, damage had been done; blood was coming out from Russ' mouth.

'We can't get through that strange white power without Russ using the sword, but at the same time, if Russ uses the sword, he's practically just a human. Any transformation he had or powers, just disappear.'

That wasn't all Hikel had to worry about because Luce had grabbed onto Peter's hand, and now the strange white liquid power was expanding, growing in size and had created an entire shell over Peter.

Peter swung his other hand, but it hit the white substance, unable to move like it was stuck in some kind of glue. He then used his two head tails to try to cut at it, but it was doing nothing and eventually it covered his entire body.

What looked like a giant white eggshell was now on the field, and there was no sign of Peter because he was in the egg itself.

"Now that's one of you dealt with, I will have to deal with you two and go see what's happened on the other side." Luce said.

The frightening power of one of the right-hand men of Immortui was being shown.

At the area where the land looked like giant frozen waves, Chris and Edvard were looking at the fallen giant on the ground. Edvard was still recovering; his insides felt like they had been ripped apart, but he was just thankful that the armour was still in one piece.

When inspecting the giant, Edvard started to look at its foot; it had been ripped apart, torn bit by bit in every way possible. It was a gruesome sight.

For Chris, he was no longer in his red werewolf form, and he felt a little pain throughout his body. He had been in the form from the get-go, transforming to his strongest self from the start of the fight.

He had already been pushing it by staying in the same form for an incredibly long time.

"We just barely made it through this," Edvard said. "If we had to deal with two of the demon kings at the same time, we would have been done for."

With the strength he had, Chris leapt up on to the large Yak's body, and he was looking at its large size with his eyes.

"I know what you're thinking, do what you need to do!" Edvard said. "I'm out for the count for a while; I won't be able to help the others, but you, if you eat a demon king, your growth, you might be able to match up to them on your own."

The amount of energy gained from the general on its own, it was what allowed Chris to keep attacking without even taking a breath. It was something he wouldn't have been able to do before, but with this, would he become something else? Would his power be able to match Unzoku?

An item was flung from his side, and Chris managed to catch it with his hand on reflex; he noticed it well—it was one of the flasks that vampires would use.

"Don't go eating every part of him; remember, we need to get that blood for Quinn as well," Edvard commented. "That's two down and three more to go."

Taking the flask, Chris went to the hole in the chest. Due to the large body, it was quite easy to find a part that was leaking with fresh blood. After leaving it there for a while, the flask filled back up, and it was thrown back to Edvard, who was now sitting on the floor.

"All right, it's time," Chris said, as he transformed just the top of his head. His snout grew larger, and his hands started to transform as well. These two things made it a bit easier for him to eat.

Slashing a part of the flesh with his claw, he looked at it before proceeding to place it right into his stomach. As the first bite went down his throat and his body immediately started to digest it, he could feel it, the new power, the new energy surging through his body.

Edvard was watching everything carefully.

'Based on what I saw, I don't think the other demon king is going to be as easy as this one, and if more start to get involved... I can tell, my body, it's out for the count; I can't use the power of the armour anymore; I'll be pretty much useless for this whole thing.'

'So, Chris, you need to get stronger, so much stronger that you can take these guys without my help.'

Memories started to flash back in Edvard's head once again, and he couldn't help but chuckle at himself.

"I can't believe it, now of all times, I'm relying on the help of a werewolf. I guess we were the ones that were in the wrong in the end, huh, Gary."

Chapter 2489: Quinn Vs Sil?

Quinn was running at full speed through the wasteland. It was an open area, and there was nowhere for him to hide. Several large bone-shaped spikes started to come from the sky and were aimed directly at him.

Zigzagging his way through, Quinn avoided them all one by one, allowing them to pierce the ground. He avoided all of them as they came one after the other, but he wasn't planning on just running forever.

Another large bone-like spike came toward him. Timing it right, he turned around and managed to grab one of them. His eyes scanned the area quickly, eventually finding his target off in the distance.

'There you are,' Quinn saw Calva. The bones were being produced out of his back and were shooting up into the air. They then would somehow fall at great speed, all of them aiming perfectly where Quinn was.

He had tried to originally stop it with his red aura, creating a blood shield, or attacking back with his blood swords, but the strange bones were incredibly sharp and infused with energy that would just tear right through the attack.

The second time, he had tried to use his shadow; this had successfully blocked the attack, but just as he used his shadow, Pultra would seemingly appear out of nowhere, delivering a hefty kick to his side.

With the bone spear in his hand, he was ready to hurl it right at Calva, but once again, Pultra had appeared with her leg glowing with power.

'There she is again, does she have some type of invisibility, or is it a teleportation power, maybe she can just move that fast!'

Blood aura gathering in his hand, along with Qi, Quinn blasted the leg away, but at the same time, a large axe came swinging down in front of him, bursting with black flames.

'My shadow, it can't stop the black flames for some reason! This is proving to be a lot more difficult than I thought.'

Using the shadow lock on himself, Quinn disappeared, avoiding all of the hits, and when he came back, he burst with blood aura all around him, flinging it in all different directions, pushing the others out of the way.

The power was strong but not strong enough to injure them, and the spikes falling from above were enough to disrupt him once again.

Quinn decided to retreat, running again as he thought of a way to deal with the situation.

Pultra was watching everything very carefully, trying to evaluate the situation.

'He is faster and stronger than his friend and has a number of different powers. Of course, we are going all out here, unlike I did before. I was only testing the one called Sil's strength; he still would have beaten me, but I would have put up a good fight.

'Right now, though, I can't see a difference in strength between you and him. You have to show me, show me why you're the one that can beat Immortui!'

Pultra continued to fight with everything she had, including the rest, all in hopes of creating an even bigger monster.

Meanwhile, Quinn himself was trying to figure out what was different.

'It's strange; I know I'm stronger and more skillful than all of them in every single way. If I was to do battle with Calva, I could use shadow portals to redirect his spears and then overpower him with my physical or vampire aura.'

'It's the same for the other two as well. But if I try to use the shadow that way on Calva, the others disrupt me before I can fully utilize my own physical strength, and Calva is strong enough to avoid his own attacks.'

'If I try to use their own attacks against them, both Shinto and Pultra disappear. In my fights when I'm battling them on my own, I'm able to corner them or overwhelm them with my strength, but they're extremely versatile in so many ways.'

With his armour's active effects, he might be able to do something, but if they turned out to be useless against Immortui like they had done, then he needed to figure out another way. The training was proving more useful than he thought.

But as he fought against the three at the same time, he couldn't help but think that this was a bit like if he was to go up against Sil.

At the same time, Sil was in a tough battle of his own. He had been switching, using the clones to fire elemental attacks, and himself using his large grand demon tier golden sword to strike at Immortui directly.

When he did this, though, he used his speed ability and would strike at the armour, repeating the process.

'This is going well; I don't think I'm doing any damage, but I am managing to stall him, but if things continue like this, I'll eventually run out of MC cells.'

The reason why Sil said this was that every once in a while, the large wingless dragons or serpents that were on Immortui's back would wrap around his arm, and he would deliver an incredibly large blow, wiping out about ten percent of the clones.

If it was a battle of who had more energy, then Sil wasn't quite sure he could win.

Once again, as the elemental attacks from the clones hit Immortui, his strange skin-like armour on his body started to cover the entirety of himself. Sil charged in at this point, swinging the sword, only this time it had clashed against something hard.

"Did you really think that if you did the same thing again and again, that it would work?" Immortui said.

The red energy had gathered, creating a layer over his armour and his hand, protecting it from the sword. Immortui had managed to block a strike that was to go right across his chest.

"That sword is interesting, but not strong enough!" Immortui went to strike Sil, who used his super speed to block with the sword. It started to light up, but before it could complete, Immortui grabbed it with his fingers and tensed his hand, breaking it on the spot, crushing it to pieces.

Sil, feeling the danger coming on, leapt back. As he did, Immortui swung his arm, and the red energy that had gathered around his hand dissipated into several small balls of energy.

They went out faster than bullets and hit half of the clones, wiping them out on the spot.

'This guy, he has so many tricks and so many different powers. I feel like I'm fighting against Quinn!' Sil thought to himself.

In the moment he retreated and thought about what to do, Immortui had raised his hand, and the colourless ability had been activated. The area around them was turning into a world of black and white.

Chapter 2490: Never forget the task

Peter was trapped in a giant white hardened shell, while Russ had been hurt relatively badly, but he managed to use his powers to start to change his body slightly. He was also using a form of healing on himself. His hand pressed against his chest with a soft glow, and he soon stood up next to Hikel.

"So do you have any ideas on how to beat this guy?" Russ asked. There was a new determined look on his face, and he was full of focus after being hit.

"I have to admit that my attacks don't seem to hurt him." Hikel replied. "The best I can do is cause a distraction. So it will be up to you in the end."

"Very well." Russ said, as he looked down at his arm, the god slayer bracelet that had been created for him was still present. He wanted to test out its effects in a situation that wasn't so important, but if they were going to die anyway, then he might as well gamble.

Rising up from behind Russ, was the dark purple shadow, meanwhile his legs had transformed into that of a Penswi and his arms into that of a Dalki. A combination of strengths that would allow him to fight head on.

Hikel was the first to strike, throwing out his blood aura in all directions. Rather than going straight for the target, it went for the egg shaped figure as well as the large items around. When the blood aura hit, his explosions set off.

The large giant items were falling to the ground, being blown to pieces causing debris to go everywhere, but the egg was intact even with all the attacks that landed on it. Rushing through all of the smoke was Russ.

His super fast legs propelled him forward and he threw out with the large fist of the Dalki bashing right into Luce. He had been somewhat distracted by the smoke, unable to make a shield in time.

"Impressive, you are quite fast, I knew you would be the most troublesome!" Luce stated, and he used his white liquid power to form a pole of sorts.

He spun it around and deflected the next hit that came from Russ, knocking both of his hands off to the side. Luce was extremely skillful with the weapon in his hands, and dashed forward aiming to thrust it in Russ' stomach but he managed to move away quickly.

"I have the legs of the fastest person in our universe!" Russ stated, as he jumped up.

Luce swung the pole to the side ready to knock him out of the air, but before he could, Hikel was there, his hand right by his side glowing red.

"Let's see how you fair taking a hit from this close up!" Hikel hit Luce right on the side, and exploded him away. His power wasn't directed in the normal way his explosions would work, blowing up in every direction, but was short and straight making it more powerful and compact, but still injured Hikel's own hand in the process using it in this way.

While skidding across the ground, Hikel soon noticed something wrapped around his waist. It was the strange white material that Luce was able to produce, it wrapped around his arms and more, and lifted him in the air before slamming him onto the ground head first into the rocks.

The pole had changed shape and form. With his other hand free, Luce shot out his ball of power, which homed its way towards Russ. When it was just about to reach him though, the shadow moved in place stopping it.

The white ball looked to be pushing against the shadow, unable to push further forward, but eventually moved, and started to zig zag trying to come from another angle, as it did, Russ would move the shadow, blocking it in place.

"Something that can actually block my attack, you are full of surprises aren't you?" Luce claimed.

Using his legs, Russ rushed out of the area while the white energy continued to follow him. Even though the shadow could block the attack, it would only be a matter of time until he was hit.

"You don't know the half of it." Russ said, with a smile on his face. "There's a reason why people hate fighting against me the most."

Lifting up his hand, the bracelet started to glow, a strange multicoloured energy, almost a rainbow, covered the entire of his palm. Quickly, Russ moved it right to where the white energy was coming towards him. The two made contact, and the white attack was starting to disappear.

It was fading away, and almost looked like it was being dragged in, or absorbed into Russ's hand. Seeing what was happening, Luce quickly stopped the attack.

"It's because, I'm one annoying bastard!" Russ exclaimed, as he held out both of his hands and the same white substance was emitted out from them. Two paths that were leaving a lingering mark in the air, were heading right for Luce.

'It can't be, is this some type of fake!' Luce thought, but he still made two shields out of his power, and blocked both of the hits head on. They looked to have bounced off, and came attacking from above. As they were heading down, two large red blood swipes came right for Luce's legs, they exploded, distracting him further and destroying the ground beneath his feet.

"We... we got him!" Hikel said.

With the ground having been destroyed underneath, he had lost his footing slightly, and the attacks from Russ had landed. The strange substance started to hit him, and wrapped around him, tying him up, keeping him in place.

'We just need a bit more.' Hikel thought, and as if his prayers were answered, he could see the Boneclaw appearing right behind Luce, and Peter was there along with him.

Peter grabbed his arm, pulling it out with all his strength, and then the two head tails wrapped around a single arm.

Luce, using his strength, was able to move, and went to deliver a punch to hit Peter off.

"Not so fast, this guy is with us!" A large turtle shell appeared right in front of Luce, and there was a cat on top of his head producing a fury of flames. The flames went out and started to burn away the white cloth on Luce's arm, but the punch was still delivered forward, crashing right into Genbu's shell.

It started to crack and would soon disappear.

"It will be a while until you can use us again, but you still got the other two, so use them well, and get these people!" Genbu shouted, before he disappeared.

There was no need to tell Peter, he already was swinging down with all of his might. The celestial energy that coated his power, split right through the red mist energy barrier, and the head tail sharpness dug right through the arm.

Peter's fist was so powerful that the energy was sent crashing into the ground, shaking the whole place.

Quickly, Hikel decided to throw out more of his blood using it to explode in several directions, creating smoke.

Appearing by Hikel's side was Russ, and after that, Peter had teleported with the Boneclaw before he started to disappear again.

"You made it... did you get him?" Hikel asked.

"No, he's still alive." Peter replied. "But I got what we needed."

In Peter's hand, was Luce's arm, but more importantly, it was his blood. Peter had a job to do, for Quinn, and he wasn't going to forget about what was needed.