

## **My Vampire System (WN)**

### **Chapter 2501: Explosive power**

Having already obtained the demon king Luce's blood, out of all of those that they needed to run into, he wasn't one of them. But they needed to get the demon kings' blood and fast, so they didn't have time to waste here.

"You would think, with the whole universe on fire and all this crap going on, that you wouldn't care about us so much?" Russ stated. "What's wrong, did we hurt your feelings when we cut off your arm?"

Hikel placed both hands on the ground, and red blood traveled in all of the cracks that were formed on the floor. When it had spread far enough, the blood exploded, creating a large formation of dust and dirt that was thrown all over the place.

This was the chance for the Champions to run. Since the large white wall was blocking their direct path toward where the others most likely were, they had to take a longer route around but listened well to the others.

"You guys are the most annoying things I have ever had to deal with before!" Luce shouted. The red mist aura moved, pushing all of the dust out of the way, and a spear, having been created from Luce's power, was in his hands, pointed right at Hikel.

Before it was thrust through him, Peter's head tail knocked it up and threw out a fist that was caught by Luce's hand.

"Didn't you learn your lesson last time?" Luce asked.

"What do you mean?" A black cat said sitting on Peter's shoulder. "Last time, you were the one who lost an arm."

Opening his mouth, the special flames that Ovinnik produced exploded and hit Luce right in the face. At first, Luce didn't react until he could feel the heat getting through to him somehow.

As the demon king averted his eyes, Peter went to throw another fist, that was until from the large white wall behind him, something had extended out that was long in size and sharp at the end.

Peter lifted up his forearm. He was covered in Qi, so the attack didn't pierce him, but it blasted him away with strong force, causing him to skid away. The moment Peter had recovered, from the large white wall, another attack shot out right toward him; he pushed through, trying to punch it back, but when the two collided, it did nothing.

Peter was seemingly having a battle with the large white wall. He was hitting back, punching as much as the attacks would come out to hit him, and the two were at a standstill. This allowed Luce to focus on Hikel.

With his hand, he went to hit Hikel directly, who had deflected the hit back. Punches were sent from both sides, but Luce had stronger hits. In order to help him pack a little more punch in his hits, Hikel was using his explosive power right at the point of impact, yet Luce was coming out of the smoke unharmed.

"You vampires are quite the strong creation of Immortui," Luce claimed. "But like many things that come from Immortui's power, they tend to have a downside."

A punch from Hikel missed, and when it hit the air, a large explosion went off, hitting nothing but the air. Luce pulled on the arm and shoved his white-coloured fist right into Hikel's stomach.

A shockwave of power was sent through his body as he was lifted up in the air for a moment, and right after, several spikes grew from Luce's knuckles, stabbing right through Hikel's body.

"The reason why me and Tenbris are known as Immortui's right-hand men is because we were created without a downside. All-powerful beings that don't need to rely on the moon, or need to rely on any blood, we are just strong."

Hikel had grabbed the hand that was in his stomach, and the markings on the entirety of his arms started to light up.

"I am not just a vampire," Hikel claimed. "I am one of the original vampires, who has lived for thousands and thousands of years. Do you know what that means?"

"It's your time to die?" Luce replied.

"No, we're hard to kill!"

With the markings lit up, a large swirl of red aura had arrived, and a powerful explosion, bigger than any other, had gone off in the area. The power had burned the giant trees by the side, and a shockwave was sent out like an atomic bomb.

If the trees hadn't been burnt, their branches had fallen, and they themselves had been uprooted from the ground. A large cloud of smoke could be seen from a great distance.

With his own Qi and power, Peter had been somewhat hit by the attack; the skin on his face was peeling, but he had firmly planted his feet where he was. His body would heal, especially if he got something to eat, but that wasn't his main concern.

"Hikel!" Peter shouted.

Moments before, he was fighting against the white wall that was sending attacks toward him, but it could no longer be seen, which was just worrying him even more.

"Don't tell me, did that stupid vampire just go and sacrifice himself?" Peter thought.

When the smoke finally started to settle, Peter could see Hikel was down on his knees. Both of his arms had been removed from his body. Removed was the wrong word, but they had exploded in the large explosion.

Part of his skin had been burnt off in areas, allowing for the flesh to be seen underneath, but it was slowly healing up as well. As for Luce, the Demon King he was facing, he stood right in front of him, but looked like a different being altogether.

Just like when Luce had lost his arm, he had replaced it with his power, forming a new one. Now the strange power the demon king had, was coated over his entire body, or his entire body was made up of the substance now; it was hard to tell. There were no clothes on his body, and he just looked like a mannequin at a shopping mall, but one of the most horrifying, fear inspiring,

mannequins out there, since the power emitting from him was making them all shake.

"You managed to surprise me with how much power you had there," Luce exclaimed. "I never thought that I would have to use my demon form in a situation like this, yet here I am. I thought only one of you was irritating, but it seems like the whole lot of you are."

Appearing by Hikel's side was the Boneclaw; it quickly grabbed his body with its large claws and then went straight by Peter's side.

Right now Hikel was still alive, but without both of his arms, he had pretty much done everything he could do. Yet his opponent now looked completely fine.

"Hey, you look different. I guess that means we're managing to push you a bit now, huh? Are you getting a little worried?" A voice said from behind.

When turning around, Luce could see Russ; he was standing right where the wall once was. While Luce was dealing with the other two, Russ could have easily stopped the wall.

With his Penswi legs, he could have sprinted past Luce and then taken his black sword and hit the wall, freeing up a chance for Peter to fight and help Hikel.

But how could he pass this opportunity? Using the black sword would get rid of this power, turning it into as if it was nothing, but if he placed his hand that had the god slayer item onto the wall, then he could go ahead and absorb all of the energy.

Doing so, the wall had disappeared, and it wasn't because of Hikel's explosion but because of Russ' power.

"I already told you before, that I'm the most annoying one out of all of these, yet you still chose to ignore me," Russ claimed. "I hope that explosion was nice for you; will you be able to deal with a few more?"

Two figures were starting to rise from the ground. They were muscular, strong, and had several markings all over their body, and they were identical to Hikel, and it wasn't just in looks either.

Their body was in full display, similar to the current hikel with all the markings and aura surrounding him.

"Hikel, it seems like you held back using your power because you were a little afraid of dying," Russ smiled. "Don't worry, these two aren't scared of dying. They'll do a better job."

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## Chapter 2502: A New Chris

The feast on the demon king had been complicated, and power like never before could be felt coursing through every inch of Chris' body. It was an entirely new sensation he had never felt before.

The touch of the wind on his skin, the feeling of being connected with his body reacting and moving as he wished. It was similar to when he had first learned Qi, and it was unlike when he had consumed the others.

This was something new, almost like a new type of evolution. This sensation, though, was short-lived as the attack had started with the Divine Beings' portals opening up. After having a scuffle or two, they had gotten out of the situation rather quickly.

Edvard pulled the two of them out of the area and had dealt with those following them before Chris was able to use his newfound self, and the two of them had quickly headed into the forest.

Even then, Chris, while there, was continuing to look at his hand. He was swiping it through the air slowly, and the wind currents, thick in size, were visibly moving around his hand.

"What is this? I don't quite know what is going on myself," Chris said.

"Me neither, I mean what is all this mess everywhere?" Edvard said. "The good news is that we managed to get a flask full of blood. I'm not sure about the others, not that I'm in a good state to help them."

The armour acted in a strange way. One almost needed to feed it with its own power, whether that be Qi or blood aura, and in turn, it would allow the person to explode with a bigger hit.

The dragon armour was essentially a natural amplifier for one's power. However, with the single hit from the Demon King, from the Yak, even now, even though he was an original, Edvard was feeling a lot of pain in his chest.

'Crap, what did that damn giant do to me? This isn't just like a normal physical blow. Like this, I don't think I'll be able to help anyone,' Edvard thought.

"We have to go," Chris said, his nose twitching in the air slightly. "They're coming!"

Edvard had no clue what Chris was talking about; he couldn't hear anything, nor see anything. A few moments later, though, he could see what looked like around a hundred of the Divine Beings coming their way like a swarm of wasps.

The two quickly ran back, heading toward the ship site. "It seems like these things are attacking us and the demons. Let's head for the golden palace where the rest of the demons are. Let's not waste our energy fighting these guys."

Chris agreed, and the two continued to head towards the city of the Yaks, avoiding all of the beams of energy sent towards them. Chris jumped from one side to the next as he only touched the ground for a moment.

'I wonder if... I could get rid of all these in one go?' Chris thought, looking at his claw.

That was when a new scent entered his nose. Quickly turning around due to the momentum and power in his legs, Chris had continued to skid across the floor. That's when he could see it.

One of the same giant ships that they had seen the Yaks creating was flying through the air, and based on its course, it was heading for the same location that they were going towards. More importantly, on the ship itself was the one Chris was aiming for.

"Make sure that blood gets to Quinn. I trust you, and I'll get the one we need from him."

Before Edvard could even shout anything, Chris had dug his feet further into the ground and shot through the air, leaving a large trail of what looked like visible smoke behind him, but it was just the wind.

'Was he holding back in his speed for me... a vampire? I knew werewolves were more physically capable than us, and I'm not using the power of the armour at this moment, but I can't even see him off in the distance anymore.'

A large blast of dark energy had exploded by Edvard's side, causing him to jump a little. If he broke his concentration, then he might very well just end up dying to these strange angel-looking creatures.

Chris had already reached the city of the Yaks, where the local houses looked like giant temples themselves with their large red pointed sloping roofs. The houses were large to suit the living of the giant Yaks in them.

While running through the area, he was running through a large battlefield. One of the Yaks had been pierced with a dark spear in his stomach and had been pushed into the air, crashing right into a building.

The Yak was kicking its legs while trying to push off the Divine Beings. But soon, many others had come, piercing their spears right into the Yak's body. The next moment, another Yak had landed, jumping from above, and with a heavy fist, had punched right through three of the Divine Beings, splatting their bodies like bugs.

For Chris, though, he kept his eyes on the prize above; he continued to run forward and could see the large ship near the golden palace. That's when two of the Divine Beings had gotten in his way.

One of them was dark in colour, the other gold. It was a simple jump from Chris, and he stretched out his hands. He didn't swing them; he didn't even feel as if he had put any force through them.

When his claws and fingers had touched both of their faces, though, it had gone right through them. There had been no resistance at all, and yet, the two Divine Beings had been killed like that.

A simple run and the stretch of the arms. Chris was right; he knew something had changed within him.

Getting close, Chris had scaled one of the houses, and then ran across on all fours for a short while, digging his claws. He used the power in his hands to push off and head into the air toward the golden palace.

Using one of the houses as a base to push off from, it had crumbled in the process. Stretching out his hand, he reached the golden palace and climbed right to the very top. Looking out, he was now on the same level as the ship.

"I need to get higher!" Chris leapt off from the very top pillar, and then creating his Qi platforms, he ran across until he had reached the ship. Using his Qi platforms, he ascended higher into the sky, and then he was ready.

Running back down, Chris created the Qi platforms again, and when he was the right distance away:

"What's that smell?" Unzoku thought, looking up, but it was too late.

Chris exploded off with power from the Qi platform he had made, and rather than doing nothing with his claws this time, he gathered power and swung them down, crashing right in the centre of the giant ship. The whole top floor was bent in half as the two sides lifted up. Chris had managed to cut right through the entire ship, and now the werewolves were falling out of the sky.

## **Chapter 2503: Clash of the Wolves**

Supercharging himself, Chris had used the power of his Qi, the power in his werewolf body, and the power in his hands to strike down on the giant ship. The ship which he was unable to make a scratch on the outside before, the ship that was built to go against the powerful celestials that ruled.

With a swing of both of his arms, a large power was unleashed and a thunderous roar exploded with the swing of his arms as he sliced right through the ship. The claw marks had gone right through the top deck, breaking right through until it slashed the centre.

The two halves had broken, and the weight of each side was being lifted in the air, as everyone was now falling to the ground below.



The werewolves were desperately clawing at the air as they fell to the ground, while some had been struck in the air by the Divine beings before they even fell to the ground.

In the midst of all the chaos, Unzoku was trying to find the culprit that had started this all, and then he could see it.

"It's that red one from before!" Unzoku smiled, revealing the back of his large razor sharp teeth. Although Chris wasn't currently red and using his stage 4 Qi form, the demon king did make note of the werewolf's appearance, this was because he had made quite the impression on him.

The large ship had crashed onto the city below, crushing the buildings and the werewolves, although they had taken quite a big tumble, would be able to survive something like this. The many werewolves started to emerge from the wreckage, and they wasted no time as they leapt up, attacking the Divine beings in front of them.

Some stretched out their hand pulling the spears away from their hands then leaping up and biting down on their necks. When doing this though, no blood would be drawn, it was hard to tell what the Divine beings were because they almost didn't seem alive.

Edvard had finally reached the Yak city, and just as he had predicted, many of the Divine beings that had been following him up till this point, had split off to fight the demons close by.

While Edvard had jumped into one of the giant houses. He quickly went up the stairs and leapt up on top of one of the giant beds and was now lying on the giant mattress.

'This is nice to just take a breather for a moment.'

The fighting was still furiously going off outside, with explosions going off one after another. At any moment, a demon or a Divine being, could come crashing through the building, but Edvard just wanted to rest.

'Hopefully with my ability, nothing will end up coming this way.'

While lying down, there was something else that Edvard wanted to do, and that was to check the state of his body. Why was he still in so much pain, after receiving the hit from before?

Looking down, he was taking a peek under his armour. It was hard to see, so he proceeded to take off part of the gauntlet around his arms and as he did a horrifying sight occurred.

Blood was already seeping out from the armour, falling onto the mattress, and his arm looked like a tangled mess. All of the bones in the arm itself looked to have been shattered in a way, piercing his skin.

'How is this possible?' Edvard thought to himself, and quickly locked the armour in again. There was a searing pain he could feel the moment he took off the armour.

'Wait, could it be because of the armour? Is it holding everything in my body in place right now? If I take this off, would my whole body just fall apart, am I only alive because I still have this armour on?'

It was a crazy theory to have, but looking at the state of just his arm, he was willing to believe it. The attack from the demon king, the Yak Bisha. Although the armour was still intact, his body wasn't and ever since the attack he didn't quite feel the same.

'This might go beyond something my vampire body can heal... Chris, it looks like you might be on your own on this one. I know you can beat that ugly werewolf.' Edvard smiled.

With the situation the way it was, Edvard eventually lifted his upper body and stared out of the large window. It showed just what was happening outside. Moving closer, he wanted to get a better view, and he could see that far off into the distance several more objects were heading their way, heading toward the land of the giants.

'Those are the same type of ships that were being built on this planet, and there are so many of them.'

On each of the giant ships there were different demon races that were approaching. As they made their way to the planet, they had brought along with them a horde of Divine beings.

A full scale battle was going on as the demons were fighting back. It wasn't just the demons that they had seen so far, but many different types as well, and there were even a few ships that just had a concentrated amount of werewolves on them as well.

The planet of the giants was becoming the centrepiece for a large-scale war.

After the giant ship had fallen out of the sky, falling to the ground below. Chris allowed himself to drop down, landing in the middle of the chaos. As he did, he was looking straight ahead at the large sized Unzoku.

"It seems you've managed to gain some power. I guess you decided to listen to my advice after all." Unzoku said.

One of the werewolves had caught onto Chris, and immediately dashed towards him. When he got close, a blur appeared from Chris' arm and then went back in place. It was hard to see, but the results were clear.

The werewolf's body had been sliced, split from the top of the head down to every part of its body. Several pieces had been made and they fell to the ground.

The tough Glutton werewolves who were at the pinnacle of a werewolf had been killed with a strike that hadn't been seen.

"You have gotten very strong, how were you able to amass such power in such a short time?" Unzoku wondered.

Chris looked at his hand again, and it started to transform into its werewolf form. The fur on his body was growing.

"I was already strong, having grown my Qi strength as high as possible, using the skill of the Qi drain." Chris said to himself. "My own body had grown incredibly strong before I had even become a werewolf... and now the werewolf part of me has grown in strength as well. Having consumed another one of you demon kings, I have obtained a new strength.

"This is my power!"

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## Chapter 2504: The second grand meet

Quite a bit of time had passed since Sil had reached the island, and a flood of memories had come back to him while he was there. Thankfully, it looked like

none of the Divine beings that had appeared before had arrived where he was.

Still, even with all the time passing, he was worried about something. His MC cells were restoring while he was resting, but there was an odd sensation still felt in his stomach.

It was clear Immortui had done something; the question was just what had he done? Using a healing ability and trying out a few other abilities, Sil tried to rid the feeling that was in his stomach, but none of it was making it go away.

The healing ability was the only thing that had been keeping it slightly at bay. However, it was clear that it was growing in size.

'This thing is spreading inside me. If I remember correctly, he had used the colorless ability,' Sil thought. 'But the Champions, they weren't aware that he can use it out of his body as well, and he might be able to use it in more ways than one.'

'I don't know what's going to happen to me; it might spread across my entire body, but I have to tell Quinn no matter what about what he can do.'

With his MC cells recovered and time running short, it was time for him to teleport out of the situation he was in.

'I hope I never have to return to an island like this again.'

Teleporting away, Sil had no real direction as to where he needed to go. When he had teleported Immortui as far away as he could, he was just doing so frantically, not sure about where to end up.

So he just started as he headed off to the closest part where there was noise, and immediately he had fallen into a war zone taking place on a plane.

There were the Chrono inhabitants having grabbed weapons that they had made, mainly axes and swords. They were strong and powerful, as they fought against the divine beings, but it seemed useless.

A pattern was emerging that was tiring out the inhabitants, the fact that the godly beings were able to heal their allies.

'I can't help them; that isn't something I can do right now,' Sil said to himself.

Just as he was ready to teleport away again, after confirming there being no presence of Quinn or the others, he saw a spear stab a Chrono right through the chest. Blood splattered out and flew through the air.

When looking at the blood itself, Sil noticed something strange. It wasn't falling quickly toward the ground; it was floating slightly and eventually hit the floor. It was perhaps unnoticeable, especially to those that were fighting for their lives, but because it had happened right in front of him, he noticed the bizarre action.

When taking a closer look at the blood, that's when he noticed that it was also moving on the ground as well. It wasn't moving very fast, but it looked as if it was crawling in a specific direction.

For a moment, Sil thought he was going mad, but he could see it happening all around him, with all the other fallen blood as well.

'It couldn't be, could it?'

Teleporting away, Sil had arrived on another planet. It was pretty much in the same state as the last, with blood being spilled all over the place. Only this time, the blood that was on the ground was lifting slightly upward, moving to a certain location.

Teleporting, Sil hoped to another planet. Now the blood wouldn't drop to the floor; instead, it was in the air heading in one direction. It was clear there was a pattern going on here.

Continuing to go from planet to planet, following the blood, Sil had eventually found himself landing on the planet of the giants. He was able to return. Instead of heading to the cave or looking through the fight that was going on, he continued to follow the blood.

The planet was large, so instead of running, Sil had teleported one more time, and he had landed right where he wanted. He could see Quinn standing on his own, his eyes were closed.

Blood was flowing all around him, from out of the space in the sky. As it came close to him, it was turning into small red particles, somewhat similar to the blood aura he would use. It then swirled around his body, entering through the pores of his skin, giving him a thick glowing layer over his body.

Having sensed something coming in front of him, he opened his eyes. "Sil!" Quinn said.

"Stop!" Sil shouted. "I can see you're doing something important, so carry on and focus; don't break your attention, and I will be the one that does the talking."

Little did Sil know that Quinn was doing this all in the first place to help Sil, but now that he was in this strange state, this absorption method, he didn't want to let go of it. The power he was gaining was similar to that when he had evolved into the blood celestial. He had never felt so in tune with his blood powers before.

"Not too long ago, I had a battle with Immortui. As you can see, I am very much alive," Sil explained. "Through my battle, I did everything I could to hold him back while waiting for you to wake up, and it looks like I succeeded."

"But, Quinn, Immortui is extremely strong, which is why I want to inform you of his powers."

"The Champions already told me what Immortui is capable of," Quinn said, still focusing on the power around him and closing his eyes.

"That's good to hear; it means I can keep this short then," Sil replied. "His colorless power, he is able to use it outside of his body, or he is at least able to detach it from himself. Think of it as another energy he can control, and the two snakes over his shoulder, they contain power just as strong as the red mist he can control."

"I wish I could help you more; I wish I could have fought by your side... but it looks like you will have to do this on your own. I will stay safe."

Before Quinn could say anything else, Sil had teleported away. He didn't want him to worry, especially when he himself didn't know what was wrong with him.

'Sil, it's good to see you're alive, but the fact that you were unable to beat him just goes to show how strong he is as well,' Quinn thought.

As if to interrupt him in the middle of his thoughts, falling right from the sky and touching the ground ever so softly, not even harming a single dust mark on the floor, Immortui had floated down, covered in a red mist aura that

surrounded the area. It swirled around him, just like the blood was swirling around Quinn.

"I thought all of this might be your doing! I'm surprised to see you like this?" Immortui said.

[Demon form: Still unavailable]

## Chapter 2505: Luce vs Russ

The demon king Luce stood there in his full white form. He had been unharmed by Hikel's attempt, and in the process, Hikel had lost his arms. It was a wasted effort in trying to finish the demon off. Without his arms, he would now be far weaker than before.

Still, Russ, having seen the power of what Hikel was capable of, knew that his explosive power or his suicide attack had to be strong. Otherwise, why would Luce transform into his demon form?

Having absorbed the large white wall of power, this gave Russ an idea. Thanks to his god slayer-tier item, he now had more MC cells than he had ever before. With his hands placed on the ground, two Hikels were summoned.

'If just two simple arms managed to cause that big of an explosion, then let's see what two complete Hikels blowing up will do!'

Both of the Hikels that had been made rushed forward and leapt right towards Luce. Their whole bodies started to light up, and seeing this, both Hikel and Peter thought they might be in trouble.

Out from the ground next to Peter, one of the four familiar Kings appeared. Giving off its mystic blue smoke was none other than Dunluck. Pete grabbed Hikel and threw him onboard while getting on himself, and the two scattered away in a hurry.

With each step Dunluck took, he was gliding in the air, getting far away.

'Don't you think we should help Russ?' Hikel said.

'You've been around him long enough, do you think he did this attack with the idea of protecting ourselves in mind?' Peter replied back.

It was true; right now, Russ had also summoned the shadow power and was ready to protect himself from the backfire of the explosion. And sure enough, both of them exploded, this time using their whole bodies with such force. A giant mushroom cloud, two right next to each other, had almost combined into one far larger than before. The whole surface of the planet felt like it was shaking. A giant deep crater had been made that pushed so far down that lava was now spewing out from the ground, and nearly the whole forest had been eliminated.

Peter and Hikel had managed to travel out of the area, almost heading right back to the mountain where they were before, and when they turned around, nearly the entire forest had been destroyed. It looked nothing like it once had.

'This is the power that I'm now able to achieve, with the blood control and my ability,' Hikel thought.

However, it wasn't quite right. There were two of him, for one, and there was something else that Hikel wasn't accounting for. Although the explosion was large in size, it wasn't more powerful. There was a limit to how powerful his explosions would be, which was why, in the centre of all the mess, was what looked like a giant egg. It looked like the same thing that Peter was trapped in not too long ago.

The outside started to descend down, and Luce was seen coming out of the large crater created by the explosion, completely unharmed.

'Your power is really interesting, but you failed to notice the real power that had come from the last attack,' Luce claimed. 'I did not change into this demon form because I thought I would get hurt.'

Due to the large explosion, it had caught the attention of many of the Divine beings in the area. A large flock of them were flying in the air and heading toward the group, just like before.

They were appearing behind Luce, but he did not turn around. When they got close, out from his own body from his back, several lines were extending out. It was similar to the giant wall, only they were coming out of his back. They were going through the air fast, moving in a straight line. When the Divine



beings tried to avoid it, it followed them in the quickest route possible until each one of them was pierced in the body, almost at the same time.

The attack spread out after killing one and continued to branch out, going into the others. Almost growing out from his back was what looked like a tree of death, since every single one of the Divine beings in the air had been pierced, and their bodies were starting to disappear.

'I transformed because I wanted to finish the task quickly,' Luce stretched out his hand, and from his power, it stretched out, aiming toward Russ. Seeing this, he did what he usually did and moved his god-slayer hand in the way, hoping to absorb the energy.

When it touched, though, the white substance went straight through his hand, piercing through his skin, and it was continuing forward toward his head.

'What... my god-slayer item, it didn't absorb the power!' Russ was stunned, and just before the attack reached him, shadows appeared, blocking its path.

'Your little thing is quite amazing, the items and tools you have, but they're easy to figure out,' Luce stated. 'You can draw enemies from attacks and projectiles out of the body. With the sword, you can even stop abilities, but this is not the same as the power before. In my demon form, my power is me, and you can't just vanish my body or absorb my body away!'

Pulling out the sword with his other hand, Russ swung, attempting to cut the white line of power. As it hit, it made a cut; it sliced through it, breaking it off and allowing Russ to back away. But just as Luce said, it didn't make the rest of him or the attack disappear.

'It didn't disappear. It just cut part of him like any other sword would have done.'

'That sword is very interesting!' Luce exclaimed, seeing this. His power wouldn't have been able to be cut by a regular sword, which made him wonder just what that was.

With his hand full of blood, and Russ backed away, he was wondering what to do next. Did he try to use his own power against him? Did he summon an army to try to take him on? It just felt like if he attempted any of that, then he would just kill all of them.

Russ gripped his hand on the sword tighter and lifted it, pointing it at Luce.

'It's a shame... I really didn't want to use him again. I got quite the headache last time, and it just doesn't sit too well with me because it doesn't feel like I'm the one that's going to kill you. Oh well, I guess I'll just have to be happy with your defeat.'

Looking into the mind of the sword, a dark ring appeared around Russ's feet, and glowing power started to rise from below. It was pure, covering him completely until it faded away, and now stood there in Russ' place, holding the black sword in his hand, was a larger man, muscular with long black hair. The top half of his body on display while his bottom just covered and wrapped by a tattered black cloth. It was the Black Swordsman.

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## Chapter 2506: Russ vs Luce

The power of the Black Swordsman, his own body drawn from his own memories of how powerful he was, now stood on the battlefield. It firmly held its sword by its side as it took steps in the crater, encircling Luce.

Unlike before, Russ had been careful not to use a large amount of MC cells, and thanks to his god slayer item, he was able to absorb a substantial number of MC cells as well, allowing him to use this power a bit longer than before.

"Haha, what is this? You think just because you've changed, things will be different now? That's very unlikely," Luce exclaimed.

He went to move forward, but when he did, a large slash cut through the air, and a dark aura emanated from the sword, cutting up the ground. Seeing this, Luce transformed his arm into a shield and was pushed back by the force until it eventually stopped.

Usually, this attack produced by the Black Swordsman would have the same effect as the sword itself. Anything it touched that had an energy force, and not a life force, would disappear.

But just as Luce claimed, his powers were now a part of him as well, so they wouldn't just disappear.

"You are quick to react, but I am far better than you!" Luce charged forward, and the Black Swordsman swung his sword twice.

The attacks went through the ground and the air, leaving large lines of aura that almost pierced the sky and continued forward. The attacks didn't go straight at Luce but instead passed right by his side.

While the swordsman himself dashed forward and swung a large blow from below. Seeing this, forming out of Luce's hand, was a spear, and he swung it down, both of them clashing against each other and going toe to toe.

With his other hand, Luce had formed another spear and shoved it forward, aiming to stab the swordsman in the head. He was able to avoid the blow and deflect the other spear.

Two spears were thrusting back and forth, constantly, while the swordsman was deflecting them all, taking a step back, one at a time, blocking all the blows.

"Come on!" Russ shouted in his head. "When I gave you the go-ahead to take this fight, I thought you were going to deal with this straight away, just like you did with that Dalki."

"If you have fought this person, then you should know as well that it's not that easy!" The sword replied. "Their speed, strength, and their power. Even with my powers, it seems as if the negative energy attacks aren't getting through. It looks like only the sword itself is going to be able to hurt him."

"If your powers aren't working against them, then aren't you just a useless swordsman?"

The Black Swordsman quickly shifted his feet to the side and held his sword with both hands. A swing from above his head, and black aura was unleashed, hitting the two spears dead on.

They swung his whole body off balance, and with the sword by his side, he struck again, landing a large strike right across the side of Luce's body.

Luce's white-coloured skin had a slight marking left on it, like a chalk mark on the wall. Although it might have been insignificant to most, it was the first mark on his body that they had achieved since he had turned into this form, even if it didn't draw blood.

When close, though, Luce stretched out parts of his body, extending out like the wall, and several spikes emerged. With a sweeping motion, the swordsman blocked half of the strikes, but the other half pierced through his leg.

Quickly, the swordsman jumped back, blood falling from him.

"I have to admit, you are skillful. Perhaps if you were fighting any of the other demon kings, you would be strong enough to have bested them. Unfortunately, you are going up against me," Luce claimed.

There was worry on Russ' mind, and it was about how much longer this fight would last. Russ did have more MC cells, so he could summon the Black Swordsman for longer, but he was hoping to go against an opponent where he could use his god slayer item consistently.

In a way, with the god slayer item, it would allow him to use his power and go on, but in this situation, he was going against the one opponent that made things difficult for him.

However, there was one thing going for Russ. The Black Swordsman summoned here was stronger than the one Sil had summoned, and there was a simple reason for that. Russ had used the imagination of the sword, which believed itself to be incredibly strong.

While the swordsman that Immortui had faced was one that he had bested before. It was long ago, and there was next to no worry in his fight against him.

"If only there was a distraction, an opportunity to strike, this would be a lot easier."

Luce came forward with both spears again, and when he thrust one forward, two spikes grew out from the pole part of the spear.

Even though the Black Swordsman had deflected the spear, now from the side, he was being attacked by the weapon itself. He tilted his head in time to avoid a lethal blow, but the other spear came towards him.

"ARGHH!" Charging the sword, it was covered in the same black aura it would release, and swirling it around, he forced one spear to hit another.

"I just need a moment, a perfect moment to strike!" The swordsman thought.

If he got that perfect moment, he would put his all into a strike to the neck and finish this demon with everything he had.

"NEIGHHH!" A loud sound of a horse rippled through the air. It was piercing to all those who heard it, affecting their insides.

The horse had appeared, and it was going through the air covered in a blue mist. Peter was riding on the back of it, both his head and tail covering his hand, and at just the right moment, using the momentum and speed of Dunluck, he jumped in the air.

"EAT SH\*T!" Peter screamed, as he swung his mighty fist right into Luce's face. It was a direct hit. The power was explosive with Qi and the added speed. Not only that, but there was something else, Peter's fist had celestial energy in it.

As the hit touched Luce's face, part of the white substance, it looked as if it was splitting apart, and it was splitting his skin as well.

"This is it!" The Black Swordsman had quickly gone to the side; this was the opening he needed. His sword glowing with black aura, he swung it right for the neck.

"Let's end this!"

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## **Chapter 2507: Black Swordsman vs Luce**

This was it, this was the opportunity that the swordsman was waiting for. The brute force of the hit provided enough power for the swordsman to charge up his own attack.

Gathering his power, the black sword emitted what looked like a ripple of flames. It moved up and down like a chainsaw around the blade. Perfectly positioned, he swung the blade, aiming it right through Luce's neck. As the sword hit, the aura started to do its work.

It rapidly moved around in a circle like a saw, breaking away the strange skin that covered Luce's body. A squirt of blood sprayed out as the sword landed and fell to the floor.

Luce's body went flying to the side and crashed into the ground. Due to the crater created from the explosion, they were fighting in what looked like a large upside-down dome.

After crashing, it didn't take long for Luce to stand on his feet, holding the side of his neck with the palm of his hand. Blood was dripping down his body.

"All of you are incredibly annoying, aren't you?" Luce lifted his hand off his neck, and there was a smudge of blood dripping down, but the wound that had been made had disappeared.

"For f\*ck's sake!" Russ screamed internally. "We did all of that for a small scratch on his neck, and he just goes and heals it in a second."

The swordsman didn't know how to reply either; he had so confidently stated that as long as he got an opportunity, he would have been able to finish this fight in one hit.

"We managed to hurt him, though, which means it's possible to kill him as well."

Russ felt the swordsman's confidence, but he wasn't very hopeful in this situation until, for a brief moment, something happened. Luce went to take a step forward, and as he did, he stumbled for a second, and his hand was pressed on his head.

"Was it that punch?" Luce retraced it; he could feel its power, something had gotten through to him. A type of power had breached his defenses. "You?"

Footsteps were heard, and Peter was already upon Luce. Some people might have waited to see the condition of the terrifying demon king that had shown great power, but for Peter, what was the point anyway?

Because he had already decided that he wasn't going to run away, so he might as well continue to keep hitting the other.

The headtails were now wrapped around each of Peter's hands. He threw out a Qi-infused celestial punch, but it was grabbed by Luce, and in turn, he threw a punch back, hitting Peter on the head while continuing to hold onto his fist.

Peter gritted his teeth; even with his hand being held, he continued to try and throw out a punch. It landed cleanly on Luce's body, but it looked as if there was no reaction at all. Still, Peter continued to punch the same spot over and over.

It hit the same spot, targeting his stomach, and eventually, power began seeping through, and Luce felt some pain.

"All of you, all of you are so annoying!" Luce raised his hand, creating the spear again.

This one wasn't dying, no matter what he did, but he was sure that if he stabbed it through the head, it would be the end, or at least the end of the annoying headtails on top.

When the spear was thrust forward, a strange pulse emitted in the area, a wave of power that went through all of those in the vicinity. When it hit Luce, it delayed him for a moment, and also froze Peter, but there was one person unaffected.

The swordsman clashed his sword against Luce's spear and swung it to the side, landing two hits on his side and thrusting the tip in the center, hitting him in the same spot as Peter had been targeting.

Luce was sent back once again, his feet skidding across the floor. When he looked up, he noticed what the disruption from before was caused by. The horse was standing in the centre of the field.

It was dragging its hooves across the ground, drawing out some type of strange power, and when it lifted its front end and slammed it on the ground, the pulse of power was emitted. When the power coursed through one's body, it caused an instinctive shudder.

It didn't freeze a person, but it made them a bit hesitant as the feeling passed through their bodies, except for the swordsman.

"You are all so annoying!"

Luce charged forward, and he was on the offensive, thrusting the spear and clashing with the sword. He thrust both, and it was hard for the swordsman to keep up. When Peter dived to his side, Luce didn't even turn to look. From his shoulder, a large spike extended out, stabbing him right in the stomach, keeping him suspended in the air.

"ARGHH!" Luce, beyond annoyed, slammed his spear hard, hitting the fingers of the black swordsman, causing them to bleed. If he made him drop that sword, then what? What would be the result?

He continued forward, taking the spike out of Peter, allowing him to drop to the floor, but he didn't realize how resilient Peter was, or the fact that a wound like this wouldn't slow him down.

Or so they thought. Out from his back, several spikes extended out, like when he had killed those from the Divine Brigade. They went all over, piercing Peter in several different parts of his body.

Using the headtails, Peter was protecting his head at all costs.

"Hey, if you don't do anything, that annoying guy is going to die!" Russ exclaimed.

"I'm trying, but his power, it almost feels like it's rising."

The black swordsman dove out of the way, with the aim of trying to help Peter. He leapt up and with his sword, sliced through the spikes and carried Peter away. When looking at where Luce was, he was right next to Dunluck, with a spear through his head.

"That's one annoying thing finally out of the way," Luce claimed, with a smile.

Peter was able to stand, but he had wounds all over, and Russ was left thinking how much longer he could keep up the Black Swordsman's form.

Luce charged forward again, not wanting to give them any time to rest. Peter looked to be the next easiest target in this situation until, from above, dropping down, a sword clashed with Luce's spear, sending it to the ground. With a kick to the stomach and a blast of white energy, Luce was sent back, crashing into the side of the dome flooring.

"And another annoying one joins the party."



A person had joined and interrupted their fight, but why, and who was the person? Russ found the whole situation strange; there was something off. When he looked at Peter, he noticed he was no longer moving, not even blinking, and it felt like even the air had stopped.

"Who is that?"

## Chapter 2508: A special family

The vampire settlement was recovering from the recent attack from the Divine Brigade. There had been next to no issues since the event but it was causing ripple effects throughout the vampires' society, not just at the vampire settlement.

The vampires feared that the attack might be targeted towards them, rather than the general population since it had occurred during the time all of the vampires had gathered.

In a way, the fact that all of the leaders were preparing for the worst, just made tensions for everyone else rise that much higher.

In the vampire settlement, a meeting was taking place, Layla, Xander, and Muka were the main ones that were present. They were sitting at the normal round table in the garden stationed out the back of the main castle.

"This is proving to be a bigger headache than I first thought." Muka declared, as she pressed on a small square device on the table in front of her. A projection of files opened up and everyone was able to see what she was talking about.

"The Graylash vampires, and the Vampire Corps units, have reported nearly every little thing they find suspicious, but it's almost impossible to tell if any of them are related to Immortui, or if it's a completely separate matter."

"Even out of the reports we have investigated, we still haven't been able to find anything that is related to the matter either." Xander stated.

"We can't just disregard what is happening either." Layla said, as she remembered what had occurred at the event. "If a large scale attack was to

occur with whatever attacked us today, and we don't have measures to help the people, then the worse will occur."

All of them agreed with the severity of the situation, and it felt like all they could do was to just continue on doing what they had been doing this whole time. It just meant that there were more tiring days ahead of them.

"Galen stop it!" A short voice said.

Turning around they could see that a few more guests were arriving. They could see a man that had the same appearance as Quinn, and by his side, was Galen and Minny.

Galen was walking in with his hands behind his back, looking elsewhere, while Minny seemed to be filled with anger at him for some reason. Directly behind her a portal of shadow appeared, and out of it, a large hand was made from the shadow.

After creating the hand, a long dangling finger would poke Minny on her back. Immediately Minny turned around, she could only see the lingering finger of the shadow.

For a while now Galen had been using the shadow more often. People were becoming aware of what he could do, especially those in higher positions, but not only had he been using the shadow more but his control and power over it were extremely impressive and he was improving at a rapid rate.

'His shadow powers, are they growing even quicker than Quinn's?' Vincent thought, as he was observing everything for a while now. 'He hasn't even used techniques like shadow eater or anything like that. I wonder how his powers are able to grow.'

Vincent had been keeping a closer eye on the two children. Since Layla was now taking up more of a role in the settlement, she didn't have a lot of time to directly look after her children. But considering how they were a main target, they needed someone to look after them.

"Mommy!" Minny said, running over and leaping up, she jumped straight into Layla's arms who had caught her. "When is Daddy going to come back? It's hard staying with grandpa all the time because he looks so much like daddy that I miss him, and Galen, he never speaks to me, everything is so boring."

Things were tough and it only made Layla's heart ache more every time Minny would ask this question. As more time went on, she had to prepare that there was the chance that perhaps he wouldn't come back.

She looked at Vincent, who just reluctantly shook his head.

"I have some good news perhaps." Vincent said. "But it might not be the best news. The passing of time is different in the space where the others had gone to. An hour passed here is a different amount of time in the other space. However, I do not know what that time is. With this news it could explain why Quinn is taking so long."

The idea was for Quinn to enter the space and deal with Immortui; that didn't happen, and then a group of their strongest had entered and had gone to deal with Immortui and still there was no news or anything different. They couldn't help but worry, as they never imagined things would take this long.

"Very well, then all we can do is for all of us to keep on trying our best." Layla declared.

With the meeting over, all of them stood up from their position and started to walk back to the settlement. It was quite often the group would make their rounds, and just make a public appearance to the general vampires to settle their worries.

As they entered the settlement and started to walk into the main living areas, they had quickly discovered that something was amiss. The air felt steady, almost not moving.

There was no sound of the wind, and when they walked forward, they finally could see the vampires of the settlement. All of them were frozen in place, not physically frozen but unmoving, and not even breathing.

"What is going on?" Xander asked.

Layla's heart sank.

"I've experienced this before, I remember, when this happened last time. Galen, Minny, hide and take cover!"

The two listened quickly, using the shadow space and getting rid of themselves, but Layla started to wonder. Why could their group still move? It

must mean that whoever was coming to see them had the intention of talking to them.

Almost seeming to appear out of nowhere, the one who Layla had envisioned in her mind was standing in front of her.

"It's been a while since we have seen each other, hasn't it?" Mundus said with a smile. "Now, I have a very very important question to ask you, and it's important that you answer it honestly.

"This isn't just for your sake, but for his as well. Where is Quinn?"

All of the vampires were startled, not saying a word, so Mundus decided to take a further step forward.

"No one attack him." Layla said to the others. Xander was already twitching, reaching for his weapon, and Muka was taken aback as well. Vincent was the only one that remained somewhat calm.

"This one is incredibly strong." Layla said.

"Is all of what is happening, is all of what is happening now, his doing, how is that possible? What type of power is this?" Xander asked.

She knew it was Mundus' doing, and last time none were able to stop him, and without the black sword on her, it would be even more difficult to go against him again.

Minnie had managed to put up a good fight, but in the end she had lost, and Layla would rather Minnie stay safe in the space than come out.

"Alright, let me rephrase the question since you seem to be struggling with giving me an answer. Is Quinn in the red space? Has he gone to take care of Immortui?" Mundus asked, his voice causing a shiver to run down each and every one of their bodies.

If they told him, Layla had to wonder, would Mundus be a friend in this situation, or a foe.

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Things were moving all over the place, and one of the celestials was keeping an eye on everything that was happening, unsure of what the overall outcome would be.

"Did your powers show an unfavourable future?" Sam asked.

"My powers so far have shown me this, what is happening right now. The Ancient Ones have gotten involved, and the others are learning of what is happening. I fear for what is to happen because, right now, this future is what I foresaw."

"And what, are you hoping that it will change?" Sam asked. "Is that possible?"

"I have told you before, the only times my predictions have proven to be wrong, are when there are Talens involved." Bliss answered. "And this time in history, at this point, there are three. Let's hope the three of them can make a drastic change, otherwise there is much worse to come."

## **Chapter 2509: Quinn vs Immortui the second round**

Quinn had managed to connect with his inner self, he was feeling the energy flowing through him and in turn he was feeling the energy of all the blood that was being spilt not just on this planet, but throughout the universe.

With the demon blood, and the battle going on between the Divine Brigade, the demons, and the inhabitants, a lot of blood was being spilt all over. Quinn was gathering all of that power and there was now a large orb of power that had gathered and condensed around him.

'I can feel it, I know I'm close to controlling blood just like when I had evolved into my celestial form. If I'm like this, then maybe I won't have to consume the other demon king's blood!' Opening his eyes. They were all a solid colour of red, blood was dripping down his face, but it wasn't rolling off.

"Hahaha!" Immortui laughed, looking at the situation. Instead of attacking Quinn, he too had gathered the power in the air, the red mist from when he first came here, and the ever increasing power of death that was occurring.

With all the battles going on, the people, the inhabitants, were constantly dying and adding to his power as well.

"Seeing this, I knew I was right." Immortui smiled. "I knew you would have the power to take me back to that space! Finally you have reached the stage where you will be useful to me!"

Lifting his hand up, from the large orb of blood power, a tornado of blood aura shot out heading straight for Immortui. Standing there, he swung his arm and a portal of red mist opened up. A giant hand came out, and with its palm open, took the blood vortex head on.

As the giant red mist hand closed its fist, the vortex disappeared into particles, but that wasn't the only thing that Quinn was preparing.

Several more vortexes of blood from the giant orb of blood went out and were heading straight for Immortui, and in turn he opened up portals of red mist and giant limbs came out to defend against them.

They swung, clashing with the vortexes of blood, and each time the two powers collided, a giant shockwave of aura would be sent out in both directions.

"Which is stronger, your power of blood, or mine of death? You certainly are a strong one that I managed to raise!" Immortui soon noticed the giant blood sword that had been made in the sky.

It pierced through the clouds, as if a giant from above had dropped its large sword, it fell with great force.

Both of Immortui's hands started to wrap around with the serpents on his back. Then a little above his head, two incredibly large red mist portals had opened. Ones far larger than the last ones he had created.

Forming out from the mist portals were two gigantic arms rather than just part of the hands. They had appeared above Immortui. On a closer inspection, it looked like the pattern of a black serpent was on the hands as well.

As the giant sword fell, Immortui grabbed it with his two giant arms of power, stopping it in its place. It continued to head down and the giant arms looked as if they were struggling slightly.

Out from the giant sword, several vortexes, looking somewhat like solar flares from the sun, came off and started to attack the fingers and the giant arms. It was hitting them and getting rid of the aura of power bit by bit.

The black serpents' aura on the giant arms started to move and had somewhat detached themselves from the arms, with part of their upper body having come off. Opening up its mouth, a pure power of aura, a laser, shot out from their mouths. It would hit the vortex breaking apart its power bit by bit.

Seeing this, Quinn then stretched out his arms, and the blood sword had exploded into several parts of just energy and particles. Sweeping his hands down, the aura moved as well, smothering the two arms and soon both of the giant objects had disappeared.

Unbeknownst to the two of them, as they were sending out large shockwaves of power, they had attracted some unwanted attention from the Divine Brigade. There were flocks of the Divine beings coming for Immortui from his end, and coming for Quinn from his as well.

For a split second, two of them turned around. Immortui swung his arm back, and a large red line that looked to tear space had appeared from his power of the mist. It had eliminated all of the Divine beings, cutting their bodies in half.

Meanwhile, Quinn had gathered power in his leg just like before, and as he spun his body, he unleashed a large kick in the air. Blood aura swipes larger and more powerful than before had also caused a large cut in space, eliminating the Divine beings as well.

"Look at you, look at how powerful you have become, thanks to me!" Immortui stated. "Don't you see for yourself, these celestial beings don't care about you, they don't care about anyone."

"They unleashed their army on us, and they are killing everything on sight. You should be able to tell with your blood powers. It's not just the demons these celestials are killing, but every life form."

"Think about it, if we weren't here in the red space, and were in the golden space, think about all the disaster that would befall all of us!"

The condensed orb of power had shrivelled down. Rather than out of his body, it was entering his body. The veins on Quinn were glowing with power. They were lighting up and could be seen through his pale skin.

Spreading out from his back, were pure wings made from blood aura, shining just as brightly.

"I don't agree with the celestial being's doings." Quinn said, as he walked forward taking a single step a ripples of blood aura spread out across the floor. All of the power was unable to be contained within his body.

"However, I don't agree with your doings either. I will get rid of you, I will keep my promise, and if the celestials chose to mess with me as well, I will get rid of them! I will do whatever it takes to protect those important to me!"

Running from his position, with each step, blood ripples appeared, sending waves throughout the area. Gathering around Quinn's arm, with his aura, was the image of the dragon, and the red blood shadow was starting to gather as well.

"You fool. I gave you a chance. You should know I haven't used my other powers so far." Immortui stated. "I thought you would have known that even your blood power is not greater than mine, it seems like you need to be taught another lesson."

## **Chapter 2510: Battle of the Wolves**

An important battle was set to take place, between Chris and Unzoku, more important than either of them realised. The blood was needed of one of the last two demon kings and a large-scale battle was already taking place between two titans.

"This fight, it won't be the same as last time." Chris declared. He swung his two claws creating large cuts across the ground. It ripped apart and destroyed anything in its path.

Some of the werewolves had dived out of the way, while others hadn't gotten away in time with their legs cut, slashed by the visible energy. A clean cut would be made and their wounds were removing the limbs almost completely from their body.

As the attacks came, Unzoku swung both of his hands, hitting and dispersing the energy, turning them into nothing but particles, but his hand had hovered in the air for a few moments as the strength he felt had stopped.



Immediately reacting, Unzoku aimed his hand at Chris, and out from his hand, several large nails shot out like bullets.

Using his speed, Chris had managed to transform into his wolf form, and zig zagged. The nails crashed into the ground, erupting a large part of the ground underneath it. The nail attacks were fast, but not as fast as Chris.

When he was close, he leapt up in his werewolf form, but as if he had predicted his attack, Unzoku hit him directly with his large claw and sent him right back into the ground crashing.

With next to no time, Chris was on the move out from the small crater that had been made and was circling around Unzoku.

'He managed to recover that fast from a direct hit from me?' Unzoku thought. 'Is this the power gained, the power from eating another demon king?'

Dribble was pouring out of Unzoku's mouth onto the ground. He was getting tempted from his deep thoughts, and the thoughts of what it would be like to consume Chris as well.

Leaping toward Unzoku again, Chris pushed off and had transformed from his wolf to his werewolf form, while the colour of his fur was changing to that of a dark red. He had gotten used to the new power and strength of his body, it was time to level it up a notch further.

However, his current red werewolf form looked different compared to before. This was the first case where this would happen, as usually it would only change the colour and not affect the appearance.

The fur towards the back of his head at the top had overgrown and was running thick on his back, right down to the bottom of his body, where a large tail had appeared as well.

Unzoku was already mid swing with both of his arms, he wasn't holding back with his strikes. He wanted to get rid of Chris, he couldn't wait to consume him, but he was underestimating his new found power.

A large Qi platform had been created in the air, and with both of Chris' legs and his new form he pushed off, when he did he spun his body with both of his claws held out. He was spinning like a rocket.

His body had clashed right into Unzoku's claws and had pushed them back. His arms swung backward from the large scale of the power. The demon king's feet had even been pushed and sunken into the ground for a moment and a physical look of concern could be seen on his face.

Yet, Chris didn't stop there. Creating another Qi platform he aimed for one of the arms. Chris had to focus, he had to pay attention to a smaller part of Unzoku's body. Just like he had done with the Yak.

'I can't be in a rush to take out these demon kings, they are extremely powerful, but I can chip away at everything they have, and continue to fight until I completely take them down!'

Chris was creating small Qi platforms and was hopping with his feet from side to side, while he would swipe away with his claws, attacking at whatever part of Unzoku's body he could see.

It was the same pattern as before as Chris flew from side to side, only it was all focused on Unzoku's arm.

When he was done, he pushed away with another Qi platform going right past Unzoku, and turning into his wolf form to get away as quickly as he could.

'My switching between forms to utilise nearly all of my powers has come in handy.'

Chris turned his head to look at the situation behind him. To see what had occurred, he could see a bloody forearm of Unzoku, his blood dripping onto the floor. Several large cuts had been made., and his arm was throbbing.

The demon king's arm, due to being a werewolf, would often heal everything straight away, but just like with the vampires, this was a different attack that was quite difficult for these beings to handle. It was an attack that had been imbedded with Qi energy.

Although the wounds would eventually heal, this was the start. Chris could see it, it was the start of taking down those that were impossible, a large confidence was brewing in him.

"You're fast, you are really fast, I almost couldn't keep up with you." Unzoku said. "Your speed gives you great power, but you need to build it up. You might actually be faster than me, but I am still greatly stronger than you."

A battle of speed versus strength and which one was more superior. Werewolves were always beings that had a great amount of physical power as well.

With his sharp ears, Chris was able to sense that something was coming up from behind him. He had no clue what it was, his body was just telling him to move away. As he rushed to the side he could see a large whirlwind of blue power hitting the ground.

It destroyed everything on the floor creating a large black patch in its place. After moving away from the area for quite a bit, swooping down, to join Unzoku's side, was a winged demon, and was none other than Tenbris.

It was one of the other right hand men of Immortui, and another one of the two demon kings.

'Crap, when I just thought I saw a chance of getting through this, another demon king had to join in the fight. I'm not too sure if this one will be as easy to take out as the other demon king either.' Chris thought.

At a time like this, he was actually hoping that just maybe, Edvard would be here to help him, but he was all on his own.

"It looks like you're having a little trouble taking on these invaders." Tenbris claimed. "Anyway, we need to deal with this situation quickly, and deal with the rest of the Divine beings, can't you feel it. Immortui, he's fighting, it's only a matter of time, before we go to the other side."