

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

### **Chapter 2511: Two demon's kings against Chris**

Two Demon Kings were now in front of Chris. He had just been using his newfound strength, testing the waters with his powers against Unzoku, and things seemed to be working. But now, having to deal with two of them and being on his own, even he knew that it was quite an impossible task.

'How do I get out of this situation, and who do I take out first? Who should I focus my attacks on?' Chris thought.

In the middle of his thoughts, he could see that Tenbris had stretched out his arms, and in doing so, two vortexes of blue energy whirled and went toward him. Jumping and flipping backward in the air, Chris managed to avoid the attack again.

The moment he landed, another vortex hit him from behind. He had turned at the last moment, blocking the attack and pushing against it. The muscles in his legs and arms were straining as he continued to push against the attack.

The blue energy was swirling, and something strange was occurring as he made contact with the attack itself.

'My arms, they feel incredibly heavy? Is my energy going away? Is this attack draining my energy?' Chris thought, until his feet started to sink into the ground itself. He wasn't losing energy, but the attack was making him several times heavier as it touched him, including his arms.

"Arghh!" Chris screamed as he unleashed energy out of his claws, giving a large push against the attack. It dispersed into the air, and the heavy feeling in his arms disappeared, but the fatigue remained.

The energy used and the stamina in taking on the attack were still felt in his body. 'I have to avoid getting touched by his attack. If I keep blocking them like that, then I'll tire out in no time.'

In the middle of these thoughts, several blue vortexes had come straight at Chris. Swirls of energy not just from Tenbris' hands but also from his wings as

he flapped them. With how many attacks were coming his way, he had no choice but to change back to his wolf form.

In this form, he could run in a circle around the area they were fighting in. If there was one thing he was confident about, it was the fact that he could outrun the attack that was being used.

What was concerning him, though, was the lack of urgency on Tenbris' face.

"You should have used that opportunity to get rid of him, you mutt!" Tenbris said to his partner. "Why didn't you attack when you had the chance? Now this whole thing is going to take a lot longer because of you. I thought you were meant to be fast."

"And I thought you were meant to be strong," Unzoku replied. The wound that had been made on his arm was starting to heal up. "Why didn't you finish him off yourself?"

Unzoku pointed his hand, and he had it held out a little ahead of where Chris was. With him avoiding the blue swirls, he could see what Tenbris was doing. Although his attacks might have seemed random, he was attacking in a certain way so Chris would have to avoid them by only moving in certain directions.

It was clever because now Unzoku knew exactly where to attack and at what time to successfully land a hit, and the opponent had no clue whatsoever.

'This is extremely frustrating!' Chris thought to himself. All of his focus and energy after taking the first attack was now going on avoiding Tenbris' attack. If he wasn't exerting energy from blocking the attack, he now was running away from it.

He also had to be careful of what Unzoku was doing, at any point in time, yet Unzoku continued to do nothing.

Unlike the other demons, Unzoku didn't really have a demon form. He would just fully transform into his werewolf self, grow larger and bigger, changing his shape slightly, but it wasn't a drastic change like the others had.

For him, when the fight had started, he hadn't been holding back against Chris. The two were going head to head with everything they had, which just went to show how much the other had improved.

'He got that strong from eating another Demon King?' Unzoku thought.

"You stupid mutt, if you really aren't going to do anything, then I guess I will have to deal with it myself!" Tenbris flapped his wings again, and this time out from them were dark-coloured feathers.

They flew through the air at high speed, covered by the dark blue aura, looking the same as the attacks that had come before. Chris had moved, avoiding the tornado of power, but now he was heading right for the feathers.

"Two on one is a little unfair, don't you think!"

From right in front of Chris, three figures landed. One swung his axe down, blasting the feathers away with dark flames. Another with their foot had slashed the feathers away, and lastly, another had pierced them away with a bone-coloured spear.

Seeing their backs, Chris had figured out who they were fairly quickly.

"I hope you don't mind us giving you a little helping hand," Pultra stated.

It had taken the three of them a while to get here, having to go the long way around, but from the shockwaves of the fighting from before alone, they knew where to come and find where the action was taking place.

"The good news is that we need these two anyway," Calva said. "The bad news is that the two of them are together."

Although Chris did originally want to face Unzoku on his own, now that there were two, he didn't mind the help. There was something about the fight between Chris and Unzoku from before, something raw that he wanted to keep.

It was as if the two of them were competing for who was the best and strongest, who was the strongest werewolf. And now, with all these interruptions getting in the way, the spark was lost.

The champions were thinking about something else as well. They were strong and believed they could take out the Demon Kings, at least the ones that had already been taken out. The most difficult to deal with were Unzoku and the two right-hand men. They were hoping to help Chris out with one, not two.

Still, they were in the situation they were in now, and there was nothing they could do about it.

"Look at these fools," Tenbris said. "The champions betrayed us because they thought they stood a chance with these people behind them. They are truly pathetic!"

Tenbris raised his hands, and when he did, he felt a slight heat before complete darkness. His body had dropped to the ground, falling with no head, blood pouring out.

Picking up the lifeless Tenbris body, Unzoku opened his mouth wide, as he took another bite.

## **Chapter 2512: The Messenger Arrives**

Battles were continuing to take place all over the Red space. Massive amounts of energy were being used, while large amounts of blood were being spilled, but the inhabitants were fighting back.

Even before Immortui and the group had taken over, the Red space, known as it was due to Immortui, had constant battles. The people, the inhabitants in the Red space, had fights amongst each other even more so than those in the Golden space, and because of it, many of them were incredibly strong.

The main issue was just how large was this Divine Brigade army, or was it something that wouldn't stop until the Ancient One, Celestalon, was defeated. If that was the case, how would one defeat something that they were unable to get to?

Among the many battles that were taking place, there were large-scale ones as well. Russ, Hikel, and Peter were battling it out against Luce, one of the right-hand men of Immortui.

Against Luce, after having transformed into his demon form, they were struggling to put a mark on him. They had eventually given him a few cuts here and there, but for them, the damage was far worse.

Peter had been pierced in several places on his body; the Black Swordsman had been hit. In turn, Russ was suffering from internal injuries, and his god-slayer tier item wasn't working well against Luce's powers.

When they all felt like there was nothing more they could do, dropping down from the sky, with a strange green-coloured sword wrapped around by their arm, someone had interrupted the battle, getting in the way of the two of them.

"Who are you!" Luce stated. He didn't understand what was happening; his spear had been struck, and as he tried to move it, his movements felt slower than they did before.

They didn't feel heavy, but when an attempt was made to stab the person in front of him with his spear, it flowed along against the edge of the sword and pushed back. Then, with his other hand free, a white beam of energy left the interrupter's hand and struck Luce right in the chest.

The attack lifted him off his feet and crashed him into the edge of the side wall.

"I am just a simple messenger," Mundus declared, swinging the sword in the air a few times. He thought it felt quite nice.

Mundus wasn't usually a swordsman, although his skills weren't bad with the sword. He wasn't an expert by any means, but the sword that was in his hands wasn't an ordinary sword; it was one obtained from a special vault, one that Mundus looked after on behalf of the Ancient Ones.

This weapon, in particular, was great for his use because it allowed a person to use its abilities through the weapon. Depending on what ability was used, the weapon would interpret it in a certain way.

Mundus' power didn't work through the red mist very well. If his power was focused, it could still stop time within a certain area, but those like the Demon Kings, who could control the condensed red energy, could form a barrier that protected them.

However, with the sword, when it touched the skin of Luce, it was passing on the effect of Mundus' power, and that was why he felt slow when the sword touched him.

"Now I remember you!" Luce shouted back. "You were here last time; you are one of the Celestials that stopped Immortui from breaking free."

"Oh, it's nice to know that I'm famous around here," Mundus replied.

The last time Mundus had visited the Red space, he had bought time by stopping Immortui; he knew he didn't have the strength to beat him. He also knew that there was a chance that he had been raising a powerful enemy.

If that was the case, if Mundus was to come back, he needed just a little help, which was why he had borrowed one of the many items from the vault.

"So, are you one of the big ones?" Luce asked.

"The big ones, ah, are you referring to the Ancient Ones?" Mundus replied. "I am not, although if you are talking in terms of strength, I am pretty strong. It appears that some crazy events are going on."

Mundus glanced back at those that were behind him. "You guys, are you here with Quinn?"

Hikel and the others had no idea who this person was, but he had mentioned a name that was very familiar to them. It was still hard for them to determine, was this a friend, or was it a foe?

Luce placed his hand on the ground, and immediately his power started to extend across the floor. Right where Mundus was standing, a large white spike launched up from the floor.

Mundus moved out of the way as the spikes continued to follow him, and with one of them, he touched it with his sword. It slowed down significantly, allowing him to break away.

"So, are you guys going to help me, or what? This one is quite difficult to deal with, as I'm sure you guys know," Mundus asked.

Seeing the two of them fight, it was also an opportunity for them to leave. After all, they had already obtained Luce's blood; they didn't need it anymore. But if they left Luce alive, would he get involved in all of this?

There was one person who didn't need an answer; Peter had gotten up off the floor. From his back, a strange mist was appearing, and the Boneclaw was now by his side.

"That b\*stard is going to have what's coming to him no matter what!" Peter yelled.

A beam of celestial energy had Luce pinned to the ground. It was a constant stream that was going against him, and in that moment, the Boneclaw had appeared and alongside it was Peter.

The two of them struck, hitting Luce right in his stomach, claw marks slicing against his skin, and Peter giving a devastating punch to his midriff. Peter's fists didn't stop as he continued to punch and hit, and this time he didn't have the head tails wrapped around his arms.

He was using them as well to strike at any visible spot Luce had on his body.

The demon king was standing firm, still holding on and blocking the celestial energy from above. With a stomp of his foot, the white energy went underground and appeared right where Peter stood.

He stepped back, avoiding it, but it moved, heading toward him again. Before it struck, the green sword went flying through the air and hit the white energy, slowing it down just enough for it to stop the attack and allowing Peter to move.

Now with both hands free, Mundus blasted Luce with double the amount of celestial energy, trying to smother Luce completely. But he was a powerful demon king, and it looked like the energy, even from Mundus the messenger, wasn't going to be enough.

Leaning down, a hand picked up the sword from the ground. "This seems like a pretty good sword," Russ said, as he leaned back up with two swords in his hands and still in the Black Swordsman's body.

"Let's finish this thing."

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## Chapter 2513: The messenger steps in

Usually, in the case of the Black Swordsman's power, whenever he used it would negate their ability. In terms of energy, it stopped things as well, but there were some instances where things could still work.

The Black Swordsman's own body was quite unique, after all. In fact, he could still draw out his own powers even when using the sword. His body was unaffected by his own powers, which was how Russ was able to use his powers, to summon himself as the Black Swordsman and continue to use his powers.

With a special sword that drew out one's power, would it be the same?

Rushing forward, Russ, with the two swords, thrust them. Both of the swords started to cover themselves in the black aura, and it seemed like his power was staying. Now it was almost like he had two of the same weapons in his hands.

As it stabbed into the centre of Luce's stomach, he felt it twist and turn inwards until the swords had pierced the inside of his body.

Luce couldn't believe it; he had one of his arms above, stopping the celestial energy. He had been hit multiple times as well by Peter, and now an attack had finally gotten through and had managed to pierce his skin.

The swords hadn't just pierced his skin like last time, but had gone completely through his body.

"What is this? Was I weakened by all this celestial energy? It was from that strange person's punches, and from above. Not even my own power knows what to do. Fighting all three of them at once is too hard!"

This was a thought Luce had never had before. He was a Demon King, one of the strongest in the Red space, and one that was raised by Immortui to take out all of the Celestials.

Now that he had just come across one of them, he was already losing this fight. And these strangers, who were they? Who were they to push him as far back as this? They weren't even Celestials.



"Hey, I think you're a bit messed up now; it looks like you've lost this fight," Russ said, as he twisted the sword further.

The attack and celestial energy from the top had stopped as Mundus went back on the ground again. Seeing this, Luce went and held onto the swords, and he tried pushing back.

"What do you mean? Just because you injured me once you think this fight is over?" Luce stated.

"That's exactly what I mean!" The aura and black-coloured power from the swordsman started to erupt into the two swords, and slowly Luce's body was starting to change.

His strong white power, which gave him a coating on top of his skin, started to fade away. It was slowly revealing his natural skin from before. All of his power; it was disappearing.

"The power is part of your body, right? So I just needed to insert my power inside you, and it looks like it's done the trick," Russ stated.

Perhaps if he didn't have both swords, it wouldn't have been enough power, nor would the strike have been strong enough to pierce through Luce's body, so he was thankful for this.

With the intervention of Mundus and his weapon, the fight had drastically changed, and if it wasn't for that, then all three of them would have been killed.

"Peter, I'll let you do the honors!" Russ said, as he held onto the swords firmly, not taking them out of the body. If he did, then his powers would come back.

Immediately, teleporting slightly above with the Boneclaw was Peter, who had been dropped. His two head tails had combined into one, forming a type of giant axe behind him.

"All of the power I've gained, all of the strength from the changes in my body, all of my Qi, and all of the celestial energy that Quinn gave me. I'll finish it off right here with you!" Peter screamed inside of his head as his head tail went down.

It sliced down the centre of Luce, going through and in between the two swords in Luce's body. When it hit the ground, the whole area was shaking along with the rubble, and Peter had also fallen to the ground, collapsing.

He had put all of his strength into the attack, so much so that he had even forgotten about standing back up; he was just using the whole momentum of his body with everything he had. He had face-planted the ground.

When he looked up, though, he could see the two swords had been taken out, and Luce's body had split apart and fallen flat on the ground.

"It's over!" Hikel's mouth was left wide open as he rushed over to the others, his arms still no longer there. He had tripped, more exhausted than he had realized but came right over to see the two of them there.

Russ' body was already reverting back to normal. Perhaps he could have only kept up the Black Swordsman's form for a few seconds more, if that.

For the group, rarely did they fight together; they had always fought tough battles on their own and overcame whatever they faced. But it took everything all of them had, radical changes to their body, every ounce of power in their bones, and they had finally done it. They had defeated the Demon King. It was now one less problem for them to deal with.

The sound of footsteps was heard coming from their side, though, and when they looked at the creature in front of them, one that didn't quite look human, they realized that their problems perhaps weren't over.

"I think you have something in your hands that belongs to me," Mundus said while his hand was held out. "While I'm at it, you can hand me the black sword as well. It's a bit too dangerous to be in the hands of others."

Russ looked up at the man; he didn't want to hand over any of the weapons, but his condition and Mundus were in two different states. A fight against him would be impossible and would just bring them all to his death.

A weapon wasn't worth fighting over.

"You don't need to hand me over the black sword now," Mundus said. "It will disrupt my powers, but I am just informing you that I will be back for it."

A large surge of energy was felt shifting through them all; the red mist was vibrating, and it was all moving away from where they were. The Red space, it was clearing up as all of the energy was moving away.

They looked in the direction of where the power was coming from. "It's Quinn and Immortui; the two of them, they must be fighting."

Peter immediately got up and went to run forward, but Mundus pushed him back down with his hand on his chest, sending him back to the floor.

"What are you doing? I thought you were here to help Quinn!" Peter shouted.

"Did I say that?" Mundus asked.

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