

# **The First Vampire Chapter 13 - 013 Fugitive\_1**

## **Chapter 13: 013 Fugitive\_1**

3

"Kill!"

The colossal Troll Army surged forward like an eerie tide from hell, encapsulating a crushing force, it rolled towards the main camp at Mirror Lake.

In an instant, it appeared as if heaven and earth were shattering, and tremendous waves were crashing on the shore. The fragile defense line hastily established within the Mirror Lake main camp collapsed immediately under such an assault.

"Splash!"

"Splash!"

...

The collapsing human army was crushed under the impact of the Troll Army and was pushed row-by-row into the icy lake water. In the disorderly retreat, only a small number of humans who sensed the dangerous situation escaped before the encirclement of Trolls closed in.

"Howl——"

The earth began to tremble amidst the howling of wolves.

The Troll Army's wings split into two groups of wolf cavalry, heading east and west, each chasing after the fleeing human soldiers.

"Splatter!"

The calm surface of Mirror Lake suddenly surged with enormous waves that assailed the Troll wolf cavalry advancing towards the east.

"Halt!"

The wolf cavalry leader roared with a hoarse voice.

However, the wolf cavalymen charging rapidly were unable to control their forward momentum.

The massive wave hit like a terrifying giant hand.

"Booom!"

Instantly, hundreds of wolf cavalrymen were swallowed up.

There wasn't a drop of blood, nor any shattered flesh or broken bone.

The surging wave froze upon touching the ground, forming an ice wall up to ten meters high, which stood directly in front of the Troll wolf cavalry.

Within the ice wall, each Troll cavalryman still held their charging stance from the moment before their death.

Vividly life-like.

This terrifying transformation frightened the wolf cavalrymen at the rear. They all halted in their tracks, hesitating in front of the ice wall with pale faces.

Just as they watched the escapees getting further and further away, a red spear shot out from the center of the Troll Army, tracing a long trail of blood in the sky, eventually stabbing into the ice wall.

"Crack!"

A crack appeared on the ice wall, then more cracks spread out from the spot where the spear hit, instantly covering the entire wall, like a spider's web.

"Boom!"

The ice wall shattered.

Countless pieces of ice fell down along with the remnants of the wolf cavalry.

"Pursue!"

Following the leader's order, the wolf cavalry regrouped, resuming their chase to the east.

However, this time around, the wolf cavalry was devoid of the arrogant and reckless momentum they held at the onset.

"There's a mage among the human escapees?"

Stepping over the crushed ice fragments, a Troll general, mounted on a white wolf, picked up the blood-red spear that fell to the ground.

1

Clearly, it was he who had shattered the ice wall obstructing their path earlier.

"Kwick, you go after them too, this should be a big fish." Another Troll, also mounted on a white wolf, came over and spoke to the general who picked up the spear.

The Trolls' mounts were Ice Plain wolves, vicious beasts that were larger than regular war horses and usually grey.

However, there were a very few Ice Plain wolves that bore white fur.

Such white wolves were revered by the Troll clan as sacred - they were the incarnations of their revered God of War (also known as the White Wolf God) on earth. Thus, only the noble Trolls were eligible to use white wolves as their mounts.

1

"Yes! Lord Gambick!" Kwick bowed respectfully before leading a team of wolf cavalymen to the east.

The event here with the ice wall magic was merely a minor episode. The hastily pieced together human army on the main battlefield had already crumbled. They were either begging for mercy on their knees, or were being herded like ducks into Mirror Lake by the Trolls.

Only a few individuals were still resisting fiercely, trying to break through and escape the encirclement.

In fact, quite a few human survivors managed to break through successfully.

Because the Troll Army seemed somewhat cautious and hadn't deployed all its forces to encircle and intercept the scattering human retreat.

Instead, they kept more than half of their elite forces as a reserve team in the rear, as if ready to guard against something.

The slaughter continued.

Flowing blood kept pooling into Mirror Lake, dyeing half of the lake a glaring red.

The suffocating odor of blood attracted flocks of vultures. They circled restlessly over the battlefield, ready to swoop down for a feast at any moment.

The sun gradually inclined to the West, the flames of the sunset started burning across the horizon while the sounds of slaughter by Mirror Lake show no sign of abating.

At this moment, disturbances suddenly arose from the rear of the Troll Army.

An orderly of the trolls darted before Gambick, reporting loudly, "General! We spotted human army in the rear, approximately four to five thousand!"

Gambick laughed heartily without feeling surprise, "Good! The little lion finally dares to show its head! Haha, we'll give him another good lesson!"

The coat of arms of the ruling family of North Territory, the St. Hilde family, is a golden lion; the "little lion" Gambick referred to was evidently Marquis Charles, the son of Duke St. Hilde.

This Marquis was supposed to take command of the human side during this combat, anchored at Mirror Lake Base Camp, and combat to the death with the trolls.

But he clearly was not willing nor dare to engage face-on with the Troll Army.

Instead, he issued an emergency recruitment order, attracting a group of mercenaries and militia to fill Mirror Lake Base Camp, acting as bait.

He, on the other hand, led the true army to ambush from the rear while the trolls attacked Mirror Lake Base Camp.

Although the entire plan was a bit brutal, it was certainly a good strategy.

If it could indeed take the trolls by surprise, leaving them unattended at both ends, perhaps they could win the battle.

Unfortunately, for unknown reasons, this stratagem has obviously been foreseen by the commander of the Troll Army who has made proper preparations.

Therefore, when Marquis Charles led the army charging to the rear of the Troll Army, instead of gaining momentum as he had anticipated, he hit a snag.

A bitter fight unfolded from then on.

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The night has deepened.

A half moon hung in the sky, scattering its cold luminescence in the woods.

A group of human cavalry were camping in the woods, yet they did not dare to cook with fire, fearing to expose their target and attract the enemies pursuing from behind them.

It has been three days since the defeat at Mirror Lake.

1

With three days of fleeing, killing, and bloodshed, this team that originally had over five hundred people was now down to a mere hundred or so.

Under the blockade of the massive line of wolf cavalry, it was truly a miracle that they were able to hold up till now.

Certainly, it was also because they were indeed superior fighters.

Additionally, there was also a spell-caster among them.

Even though up-front one on one combat mages might simply be knocked off by knights or warriors of the same level because nobody would be silly enough to hold still and wait for the Mage to finish reciting without interrupting or evading.

1

Yet, their importance on a battlefield vastly exceeds knights of the same level.

The ice-wall blocking off the wolf cavalry was a good example.

It was a third level spell and it instantly ended lives of hundreds of wolf cavalry.

But when faced with hundreds of wolf cavalry, even if there were no professionals amongst them, a third-class knight would still exhaust himself to death under their onslaught.

At most, he would bring a few dozen down with him.

2

The woods were quiet except for sporadic neighs of horses and distant night calls of owls.

Within the camp, most of the people were silently eating their hard, dry bread while only a few leaders gathered together, quietly discussing plans to shake off pursuers behind them.

"Meow!"

"Little White, don't run around!"

Colin chased after Little White and ended up at the center of the camp.

"Sorry, it's a naughty one."

"No worries."

The female mage deftly caught the kitten trying to crawl up her body, cradling it in her arms to stroke it.

Upon seeing this, Colin nonchalantly sat down as if he belonged there.

The female mage appeared to have detected Colin's little scheme and did not chase him off, instead she asked: "Which knight are you from?"

Colin looked up at the female mage.

A black veil obscured most of her face, only leaving behind a pair of deep, dark azure eyes that seemed to reflect the deepest desires of everyone's hearts.

"I'm Colin, Colin Angler."

## **The First Vampire Chapter 14 - 014 Plan\_1**

### **Chapter 14: 014 Plan\_1**

This time, Colin used his true name.

He knew that the people in front of him were not like the rough-footed soldiers from the Firefox Mercenary group. If he continued to use the fake identity "Cain Sudor", there was a high chance he would be exposed.

Moreover, he didn't know who was plotting to kill him before.

Now, since he had pinpointed the potential suspect, there was no need to hide and observe any longer.

The only thing he wanted to do at this moment was one thing - revenge!

"Angler?" The female mage frowned delicately, as if she recognized the surname from somewhere but couldn't recall where.

"Grey Castle Town's Lord, Baron Angler, the Roaring White Bear." Knight Blis reminded from the side.

"That's right, my father."

Colin tucked his left hand over his heart, half-bowed, and performed a standard noble salute.

The female mage hesitated slightly before standing up and bending at the knees, while pressing her right hand against her waist and lifting the hem of her mage robe with her left hand, she reciprocated with a courteous bow.

Indeed!

This enlivened Colin, this female mage truly was a noble.

Ha-ha, a mage from the nobility.

That really was interesting.

Moreover, judging by Knight Blis's respectful attitude and his determined guarding posture throughout their journey, this female mage most likely had a deep bond with the St. Hilde family!

However, Colin had no intention of investigating her real identity deeply.

At present, the relationship between the nobles of the empire and the Mage Council was lukewarm, so her existence as a mage from an aristocratic background was indeed a rather awkward one.

And, the fact that she'd been concealing her appearance all this while also implied that she did not want others to know her true identity.

With the help of Little White, Colin came here hoping to establish a relation with the real rulers of North Territory - the St. Hilde family.

That was the key for him to take revenge for his predecessor, and for him to escape the current crisis thoroughly.

"Never thought that Knight Colin would be in the Mirror Lake camp as well." Blis looked at Colin expressionlessly, his indifferent eyes carrying a hint of scrutiny.

"It's just a coincidental encounter." Colin responded vaguely, then quickly switched the topic, asking the purpose of their journey, "May I rudely ask, what's our plan for the journey ahead?"

"Does Knight Colin have any suggestions?" Instead of answering, Blis countered the question.

While Colin's identity entitled him to contribute to the discussion, it did not automatically suggest that he would gain the trust of Blis and others.

Colin didn't mind Blis's suspicion, instead, he picked up a twig and drew a rudimentary map on the ground:

"If I remember correctly, the closest major city to us is Fallen Eagle City, to the southeast, about four or five days away. According to the direction we're heading, that should be our destination, right?"

"Yes." Blis didn't deny it when he saw that Colin was well-acquainted with the geographical surroundings.

Colin smiled slightly, circling the spot representing Fallen Eagle City with the twig in his hand: "Do you think we can make it to Fallen Eagle City?"

Blis didn't say a word.

However, Colin caught a hint of uncertainty in his determined eyes.

As they fled, the Cavalry Squad that belonged to the St. Hilde family and was stationed at Mirror Lake camp suffered heavy casualties. However, the enemies chasing them seemed relentless, and their pursuit had been getting increasingly intense.

Apparently, Blis was also starting to sense the threatening situation.

"Does Knight Colin have any suggestions?" This time it was the female mage who asked.

Colin smiled, drew a bold 'X' over the spot representing Fallen Eagle City, and definitively stated, "We can't go to Fallen Eagle City. That's a path to death!"

The female mage frowned, seemingly displeased by Colin's assertion.

However, Knight Blis on the side asked, "Then which direction do you suggest we take?"

Seeing that Blis didn't deny his words, Colin immediately understood that Blis must have sensed the trap being set around them, just waiting for them to fall into it.

Since Fallen Eagle City was their most likely escape route, the trolls would definitely set up heavy barriers in that direction.

"North!" Colin drew a gigantic arrow on the ground, pointing north.

"North?" The female mage exclaimed in shock, "Aren't we just going back where we came from then!"

Yes, going north would be towards the direction of Mirror Lake Camp.

But Blis remained silent, staring blankly at the basic map on the ground.



Colin held up his hand to calm her down and explained, "If you also think going north is an impossible option, doesn't that prove that the trolls would not expect us to turn back?"

"But... wouldn't that be.... walking right into the trap?"

"Indeed, there is a big net around us that is continuously tightening." Colin spread out his right palm, and then immediately clenched it, "But the weakest part of this net is in the North. If we want to break free from the restraints, our best choice is to turn back, head north!"

"Moreover..." Colin paused, "Marquis Charles' truer main force, should also be in the North, right?"

Knight Blis's eyes flickered, but he still remained silent.

The female mage, sensitive to the situation, didn't act surprised that Colin could guess Marquis Charles' battle intentions. Instead, she directly asked, "Do you think Marquis Charles stands a chance against the troll army?"

Colin spread out his hands and shook his head.

How could he guess the outcome of the battle when he didn't know how many soldiers Marquis Charles commanded, how capable they were, or how effective Charles' on-field commanding abilities were? He knew none of these facts.

"Regardless of whether Marquis Charles wins or loses, it doesn't concern us too much. Because, what we need to do first, is to escape the hunting net that's being woven by our pursuers.

Once we've escaped, we can send out scout cavalry, gather information about the situation on the Mirror Lake battlefield, and then make further plans. That way, we would have more room to maneuver."

After pondering for a while, the female mage agreed that there was some sense in Colin's words.

But, she had focused on arcane research from a young age and had not received any military education, so although Colin's bold suggestions sounded logical, she couldn't be sure and had to seek Blis' opinion on the matter.

Blis moistened his lips, thought for a while, and eventually nodded, "I agree."

Colin let out a sigh of relief.

While it was true that turning back and heading north was indeed the best chance to break free from the net, the actual reason he insisted on not moving forward was something he hadn't disclosed:

Further ahead was Fallen Eagle City, where his prime suspect for his predecessor's murder — his sister Kaitlin, was likely laying in wait!

If it were just a scheme concocted by Kaitlin, Colin wouldn't be overly worried.

However, if Count Uman of Fallen Eagle City was also involved, then to proceed there now, would be to walk right into a trap.

"Good! We will turn around first thing tomorrow and head north!" Upon seeing Blis too agreeing with Colin's plan, the female mage finally made up her mind.

Afterwards, she handed Little White back to Colin and asked curiously, "Why do you call it Little White?"

Colin smiled and took back the short-haired pure blue cat, "Don't you think the name 'Little White' is nice?"

2

"No, it's just... unexpected."

2

"Haha!" Colin laughed and responded suggestively, "Does revealing all your thoughts to everyone seem like a good thing to you?"

The female mage laughed, her big eyes instantly formed half-moons, "Fair point!"

## **The First Vampire Chapter 15 - 015 Heading North\_1**

### **Chapter 15: 015 Heading North\_1**

By the edge of a stream in the forest, a Troll Wolf Cavalry was fetching water.

Surrounding him, four other companions were on guard.

Those experienced in survival in the wilderness all know the importance of water sources. But precisely because of its great import, it has become a natural trap.

A wolf cavalryman finishes fetching water and signals to his companions to swap places.

Just then, he detects a hint of an unsettling presence and immediately draws his curved knife from his waist.

The other four wolf cavalrymen are startled by their companion's action, instantly scanning their surroundings with tension.

However, nothing happens.

The forest is entirely silent, save for the rustling sound of a gentle breeze rustling through the treetops.

The wolf cavalrymen don't let their guard down, instead, their tension heightens.

Because it's too quiet.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

The screaming sound of arrows penetrates the suffocating silence.

This is followed by two screams of agony.

The three remaining Trolls barely have time to check whether their two arrow-shot companions are dead or alive. They hurriedly scramble onto their ice plain wolves and bolt.

"Chase them!"

Knight Blis bellows and takes the lead in the chase.

Behind him, hundreds of human cavalrymen charge out.

The serene morning is shattered and the blood-soaked prelude to a slaughter resonates once again.

Typically, ice plain wolves excel at short sprints compared to war horses, but on long runs, their stamina is relatively lacking.

Thus, after the three troll wolf cavalrymen have sprinted a certain distance, they not only failed to shake off the tail behind them, but they were getting caught up.

Moreover, as the gap closes, human arrows assail them again.

1

Before long, another two wolf cavalrymen are killed by arrows.

The last remaining cavalryman, in desperation, rams his knife into the backside of the ice plain wolf he was riding.

"Awoo!!!"

Due to the pain, the Ice Plain Wolf instantly speeds up, gaining some distance from the pursuers.

1

However, the short-lived speed boost gained from such self-maiming doesn't last too long.

The over-bleeding wolf gradually becomes weakened and in the end, it's caught up by the human cavalry and shot down with an arrow, then tumbles down to the ground.

The troll rolls on the ground a few times before climbing up awkwardly, still wanting to keep running forward.

"Shick!"

Blis gallops forward on his horse and beheads the troll with one fell swoop.

Before he's had a chance to catch his breath, the forests ahead stirs, and out jumps a horde of troll wolf cavalrymen.

They were a step too slow.

Blis sighs; realizing his speed to handle the vanguard of scout trolls wasn't fast enough and attracted more enemies.

"Form up!"

After estimating the distance of the incoming wolf cavalry, Blis knew this battle was unavoidable and commanded loudly.

"Move forward!"

The human cavalry, having just galloped a while earlier, barely had time to catch their breaths before Blis commands them to lower their face armor in preparation to meet the enemy.

"Advance!"

Thankfully, the incoming wolf cavalrymen weren't too numerous, they could be confronted in battle.

"Charge!"

As the distance between them closes, both sides enter the sprint stage almost simultaneously.

There is no retreat, no evasion, and certainly no mercy.

When paths narrow, the brave prevail!

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Ahhhh——"

"Boom!!!!"

In the vast impact, blood and broken bones spattered in all directions.

It was bloody, savage, and fierce.

Lives were offered as sacrifices, their blood serving as decoration.

The serene forest instantaneously transformed into a horrifying sacrificial platform.

After a bitter battle, the humans eventually gained the upper hand.

This cavalry unit of the St. Hilde family was indeed elite.

Also, Colin's prediction was correct. The trolls had not heavily deployed their forces in the direction towards the north.

Obviously, they had not expected that these fleeing human soldiers would dare to return to the main battlefield.

"Chase them!"

Seeing the remaining dozen trolls attempting to escape, Blis immediately ordered a pursuit.

They couldn't allow these creatures to escape, otherwise, they would undoubtedly attract even more pursuers.

Just then, a bluish glow suddenly blossomed within the forest.

In the direction where the trolls were retreating, it seemed as though the season had instantly changed. A layer of frost rapidly covered the ground and the treetops, followed by the Ice Plains wolves, impeding their march.

"It's magic!"

2

The leader of the wolf cavalry screamed, despair apparent in his eyes.

Yes, the female Mage hiding at the rear had finally completed her chanting. A third-level spell, [Frost Nova], perfectly erupted, slowing down the escape speed of the wolf cavalry.

1

"Kill them all!"

Blis seized this opportunity to lead the charge, decapitating the trolls, who were moving as if in slow motion, one by one.

Colin struck at the leader of the wolf cavalry, cutting off his weapon-holding right hand without killing him.

"I'll try to get some information out of him," Colin, dragging the half-dead leader of the wolf cavalry, called to Blis.

1

"Alright. But you better be quick, we can't stay here for long." Blis nodded, then commanded his troops loudly, "Hurry, hurry up! I give you ten minutes to clean up the battlefield!"

"Yes sir!"

"Master Colin, do you need assistance?" Knight Raymon came closer to offer help.

"No need, I can handle this," Colin refused Raymon's kind offer, and then took the leader of the wolf cavalry behind a large tree on his own, asking, "Tell me, are there any other troll armies nearby?"

"Pah!"

The leader of the wolf cavalry spat out a mouthful of blood-streaked saliva, angrily answering, "I will never tell you!"

Colin turned his head, deftly dodging the spittle, then pulled out his dagger and promptly sliced his captive's throat: "Alright, then you can die."

"Eh...eh..." The leader of the wolf cavalry widened his eyes as if asking - Why the hell aren't you playing by the rules?

Once his captive had stopped breathing, Colin looked around, seeing no one had noticed him, and stealthily pulled out his water bag.

"Glug... glug..."

That's correct — Colin's real intention was never to interrogate.

He had noticed during the fight that this leader of the wolf cavalry was a Samurai.

3

Similar to the human Knights, a Samurai was a specific profession within the troll tribe, they served the God of War and thus, they had the potential to ascend to the Holy Field.

After discovering that the blood of Warriors had no special effects, Colin thought, he should try to see if the blood of a Samurai would be similar to a human Knight and would help him increase his power.

Besides, this leader of the wolf cavalry's strength should be somewhere between second and third level, higher than Colin's current level.

Hence, if the Samurai's blood truly had some effect, he would likely find out pretty soon...

In the blink of an eye, ten minutes passed. Colin carefully hid the fully-filled water bag close to his body and returned to his team.

The battlefield had been cleared. All Trolls and their mounts had been killed, their bodies carelessly scattered in the forest.

The human casualties were hastily buried.

Following this battle, the number of people left in this fleeing squad had fallen to less than one hundred.

Approximately counting, Colin found only around seventy or eighty people remained.

Colin sighed, mounted his horse, and prepared to set off.

Just at that moment, Blis, leading the female Mage's warhorse, came over to Colin.

"Knight Colin."

"Madam, what can I assist you with?"

The female Mage shyly ducked her head, as if avoiding Colin's gaze, a hint of shyness in her voice:

4

"May I... ride the same horse as you?"