

The First Vampire

Chapter 2 - 002 Assassination_1

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In the dim and empty restaurant, Colin carefully undid his shirt, inspecting the wound on his chest under the candlelight.

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The wound hadn't healed and hadn't been treated either.

But there wasn't so much as a drop of blood.

Because he could now control the blood throughout his body.

Perhaps this was also one of the innate abilities of a vampire.

Colin pressed the sides of the wound, pulling softly in opposing directions.

"Hiss---" A tearing pain made him suck in a breath of cold air.

However, Colin was somewhat glad.

At least this indicated that his nervous system was still functioning well.

This made Colin feel the difference between himself and normal humans wasn't that significant.

The wound was stretched open to form a small hole. Through the hole, Colin could clearly see his own heart.

It had stopped beating.

8

Well, this difference from normal humans was a little bit significant.

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Colin felt somewhat mournful.

"Ah---"

With a sigh, Colin released his hands, allowing the wound to slowly stitch back together under the pull of the muscle.

It wasn't going to bleed, so it wouldn't require treatment.

He just needed to monitor how long it would take to heal---if it could still heal.

Truth be told, upon waking this morning, when Colin found the dagger in his chest, he had a moment of panic.

At the time, he thought he must have been history's biggest transmigration failure – dead upon arrival.

3

But then he noticed, he couldn't die...

Even with his heart pierced, he couldn't die.

1

As for who had put a knife in his chest, Colin currently had no clues.

Transmigrating this time, Colin was successfully able to inherit the memories of his predecessor.

From these memories, he hadn't been able to identify who wanted to kill him.

However, with regard to drawing out the assassin hiding in the dark, Colin already had some ideas.

But there was no hurry.

Right now, he was more interested in the new body he had inherited which was seemingly a vampire's.

Having re-buttoned the shirt, Colin shifted his eyes to the last piece of food on the large table---garlic.

It was said that vampires were afraid of garlic.

In his previous world, Colin had little knowledge about vampires commonly portrayed in novels and movies, and he didn't know the settings of the vampires in this world either.

There was no other way, he would have to conduct slow experiments.

Colin cut a piece of garlic the size of an ant using a dinner knife, and carefully put it in his mouth.

"Blegh!"

Colin promptly vomited all over the place.

5

It seemed that vampires in this world were also afraid of garlic.

"Mr. Colin, are you alright?" The maid standing outside the doorway hurriedly came to check after hearing the commotion.

"I'm fine...blegh!"

"Young master, you must be sick. I'll go and look for the Priest..."

"No!" Hearing the word 'priest', Colin almost jumped up in shock, quickly stopping her, "No need...I'll be fine..."

"Really? But...your complexion today is really pale, and you even vomited..."

"I've told you, leave it!" While rubbing his stomach and suppressing the urge to vomit, Colin glared at the maid.

Seemingly frightened by Colin's stern glance, the maid didn't dare to insist and could only leave hurriedly after saying, "Please, you take care."

"Phew---" Colin sighed heavily, leaning on the back of his chair and continuously panting.

A vampire getting medical treatment from a priest?

That would be crazy!

Although in this world, priests might not necessarily be effective against vampires, Colin didn't dare to risk his life to find out.

At least not now.

Maybe later, when he was fully prepared, he could test out the church of this world.

But definitely not now.

After a while, Colin finally calmed down.

He picked up the feather pen and continued writing on the parchment:

[Hates garlic, ingestion leads to vomiting.]

2

Feeling carefully the changes in his body, Colin added to the parchment:

[Yet not fatal.]

7

Colin furrowed his brows as he stared at the blocky characters on the parchment.

Something was amiss.

Looking at the garlic in front of him, Colin suddenly realized that what he'd just consumed was only a very small piece...

Dosage issue.

A small amount might not be lethal, but if too much was consumed...

Colin turned greenish as he eyed the whole garlic before him.

He did not wish to try it again.

He decided to stay away from garlic in the future.

After some deliberation, Colin decided to call off this dangerous experiment.

He tucked the rolled-up parchment into his coat and rose to leave the restaurant.

The maid standing outside the hall bowed respectfully as she saw Colin approach.

"Clean this up," Colin glanced at the maid, keeping her head down in modesty, "Don't tell anyone about this."

"Yes, young master!"

Colin returned to his bedroom through the dimly lit corridor.

It was still early when Colin sat down at his desk.

A book, the Chronicle of the Glorious Empire, was spread out on the desk.

Colin had read this book during his childhood, but his memory of it was vague.

Now that he had traveled to a new world, to better understand it, and to trace any existing clues about the vampires, Colin decided to study it more intensively.

However, it proved to be in vain.

The book contained no records about vampires at all.

But Colin didn't leave empty-handed, for he managed to brush up on the human empire's history.

Over fifteen centuries ago, Gana Lorenzo, the legendary holy knight who served the Lord of Glory, united the human race and established the Glorious Empire, becoming its first Emperor.

To fend off the alien enemies surrounding the empire, Gana granted six of his holy knights the title of Duke, ordering them to defend the empire's borders, and continually expand its territory.

After countless years, only four of the original six Dukes were left.

Colin was located in the North Territory, which was currently under the rule of Duke Hilde, one of the four existing Dukes.

The North Territory originally belonged to the Troll Clan, but they were driven further north to the Sky Ice Plain by the Hilde Family.

Driven by their desire to reclaim their fertile land, the trolls launch a southern offensive almost every year.

This year was no exception.

Colin's father, Baron Angler, was currently on the frontline of this war.

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As the night deepened, the candle on the desk was extinguished, and the bedroom quieted down.

The only sounds were Colin's steady, light breathing, and the distant hoot of an owl from outside Grey Castle.

2

When the clouds covered the moonlight, a dark figure suddenly appeared at Colin's bedside.

He watched the sleeping Colin, a look of confusion crossing his face.

Because he clearly remembered that just last night, he had plunged a dagger directly into Colin's chest.

Why wasn't he dead?

The shadowy figure wondered.

But he didn't hesitate.

Silently drawing out the dagger, he slowly positioned it above Colin's chest.

At that moment, he recalled someone once telling him:

While the heart of the majority of people is slightly to the left, there are a few whose heart is to the right.

1

So, this time, he quietly shifted the dagger in his hand slightly to the right.

"Sh!"

The dagger was brutally plunged into Colin's chest.

The intense pain jolted Colin from his dream. He was about to scream but a large hand immediately covered his mouth.

2

"Mmm...mmm...mmm..."

Staring in horror at the assassin, Colin's eyes widened in shock.

He recognized him!

A few moments later, Colin's struggles gradually subsided.

But the dark figure remained alert.

He waited a good ten minutes before he cautiously removed his hand from Colin's mouth.

Afterwards, he removed the dagger from Colin's chest and added another slash at his throat.

Now, you must be dead.

3