

The First Vampire Chapter 3 - 003 Departure_1

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"The Lord has the right to accept sustenance from his subjects, but at the same time, he must bear the responsibility of protecting his subjects from all evildoers."

9

In this dangerous world, although humans occupy the most fertile lands in the center of this continent, they also endure covetous looks from diverse races all around.

Therefore, at the founding of the Glorious Empire, the Lord's Law was established, clearly defining the rights and responsibilities of the Lords.

According to this law, a noble who loses his territory will be stripped of his nobility.

Knight Carter was the victim of this law.

His family's nobility was stripped because their territory was invaded by trolls.

Thus, Carter had become a wandering knight.

Having lost the support of his territory, this knight's life was intensely miserable, he couldn't even afford to maintain his armor and weapons.

Fortunately, Baron Angler took him in.

Carter offered his loyalty to the Angler family.

However, such loyalty evidently couldn't withstand tests.

Because just now, Knight Carter had plunged his dagger into the chest of Baron Angler's son.

He had stabbed him twice.

Looking at Colin's corpse, a flash of guilt crossed Carter's eyes, but he quickly regained his determination.

Thinking about the promise that person made to him, Carter believed that his dream of reviving his family was in the offing.

However, just as Carter stood up from the bed, ready to stealthily leave, his steps suddenly froze.

Turning around abruptly, Carter only saw a glint of cold light attacking him!

"Shriek!"

A surge of intense pain emanated from Carter's chest, forcing him to let out a low growl.

But the physical pain could not cover up the fear in his heart – that Colin, who was supposed to be dead, was alive again!

Was he a devil?

3

In anger and fear, Carter subconsciously picked up the dagger he hadn't put away yet and stabbed it forward as hard as he could.

"Ah!"

A muffled groan came from the other side, followed by Colin's gritted laughter: "It hurts, doesn't it? You bastard! You stabbed me twice! Oh, no, three times!"

"You...you..." Carter felt the strength seeping out from his body, and his consciousness started to blur.

"Speak! Who sent you?"

But even before Colin could finish his question, Carter's body had gradually fallen. Blood poured incessantly from his mouth.

Colin approached him and only heard the whispering voice of the dying man, "Monster..."

He's dead already?

He couldn't even take a few stabs properly!

2

Looking at the lifeless Carter, Colin was suddenly filled with regret - he should have avoided stabbing a vital part.

Now, the only clue was cut off again.

Looking at the bloody corpse in front of him, Colin took a few breaths but didn't panic much.

Firstly, it was self-defense, and he had no psychological burden.

Secondly, this wasn't his first time killing someone.

2

Of course, the "he" here refers to the previous owner of the body that Colin now inhabited.

The Colin of the previous life was a law-abiding citizen who had never even been in a fight, let alone killed someone, but the owner of this body had been on the battlefield, his memories were filled with scenes many times more horrific and bloody than what he faced now.

So, after the memories merged, the sight in front of Colin's eyes was considered minor.

The candle on the desk flickered as it was lit.

Colin spread out the parchment again and wrote:

"Attacks on the heart and throat are no longer fatal wounds."

Thinking about how the vampires of legend seem to fear silver weapons, he added:

"Restricted to ordinary weapons, silver weapons pending tests..."

Writing this, Colin felt a bit of worry – how was he supposed to test this?

He couldn't possibly stab himself with a silver weapon, could he?

What if he genuinely dies?

However, he quickly came to his senses – what sane person would use silver to craft weapons?

5

So, unless he deliberately exposed this weakness, nobody would specifically make silver weapons to deal with him.

3

Thus, he was no longer worried about that.

Putting down the quill pen, Colin picked up the wine cup from the table and returned to the corpse of Knight Carter.

"Plop!"

The dagger was pulled from the chest of the body, and blood gushed out.

Colin was calm as he placed the wine cup beneath the wound.

The flickering candlelight illuminated Colin's pale face, along with the smell of blood lingering in the air, making the scene eerily alarming in the dim night.

"Glug, glug..."

He took a gentle sip.

It was sweet.

Colin smacked his lips, still wanting more.

He then closed his eyes to feel the changes in his body— the reaction seemed no different than after drinking deer's blood.

Aside from his body feeling a bit warm.

Colin assumed this was the aftereffect of the intense fighting, so he didn't pay much attention to it.

1

He should stick to drinking animal blood in the future.

Colin still had some psychological resistance towards drinking human blood. Seeing that it didn't bring any additional benefits, he saw no need to discomfort himself.

Putting down the blood-stained wine cup, Colin sighed, looking at the body in front of him.

Even though he had taken care of the one who tried to assassinate him, Colin knew that Knight Carter was just a pawn. The one truly after his life was certainly someone else.

The reason was simple: If Carter had killed him, except for being hunted down by the Angler family to the ends of the world, Carter would not gain any benefits.

Moreover, he had no personal grudges with Carter.

Therefore, someone must have offered Carter a significant amount of money to assassinate him.

But who could this person be?

After searching his memory, Colin couldn't lock down any suspicious characters.

He had no alternative; there were too few clues.

The feeling of the enemy hidden and himself exposed made Colin particularly uncomfortable.

Moreover, since this person was able to bribe Carter, he was probably also able to bribe others.

Was the butler Emon involved in this?

And what about others?

With these thoughts, Colin suddenly felt that Grey Castle was very dangerous now.

Especially when Baron Angler was away.

He didn't want to deal with a series of assassinations. After all, he couldn't confirm whether he was truly unkillable.

Even though his current body seemed invulnerable, he doubted if he could grow a new head if someone chopped his off...

1

Besides, even if he were truly immortal, if this secret got out, his situation would likely become very miserable.

So, as he watched the line of flickering candles on the writing desk, Colin gradually made up his mind...

Two to three hours before sunrise is when people sleep the most soundly.

Even the guards on duty were starting to nod off.

But, they were quickly woken up by a shriek: "Fire! Fire!"

The Grey Castle in the dark immediately became lively, with panicked servants and guards rushing to Colin's bedroom with buckets of water, trying to put out the raging fire.

1

At the same time, Colin himself silently leapt from a window on the other side of the castle. He rolled on the spot and then hurried off into the distance under the cover of the night.

Suddenly, Colin halted abruptly, his right hand gripping the hilt of his sword.

From amid the rustling, a kitten emerged from the bushes in front of Colin.

1

"Meow" The kitten seemed to recognize the silly human it had just defeated during the day and immediately acted arrogantly.

1

Colin sighed in relief, grabbed the cat by its scruff, raised it to his face and smiled, "Well, now that you've found me, you might as well come with me."

"Meow"

"Yes, that's perfect. You can serve as a mobile blood bag."

9

"Meow?"