

The First Vampire Chapter 6 - 006 Advanced_1

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"Sudor?" Saru stroked his large beard, a figure flashing through his mind. "The Sudor Baron from Ice Rock City?"

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"Indeed, that's my father." Colin claimed a new father without changing his expression.

1

Ever since he realized that the captain of the Firefox Mercenary Group standing before him was not easy to fool, Colin understood that if he were to continue lying, he would need to be more tactical and not as unreliable as the old mercenary he had hired for twenty copper coins.

Cain Sudor was a real person.

Of course, Colin didn't know this guy at all. He had only learned about him and his recent plight from a recent letter from his sister Kaitlin.

And the reason why Colin chose to impersonate this man was precisely because of Cain's recent tragic experiences. It seemed very reasonable for him to appear in a place like the Big Beard Tavern, posing as a knight.

"I heard that Ice Rock City was breached by trolls three months ago?" Saru naturally associated it with the news he had heard before.

"Yes." Colin nodded with some disappointment. At the same time, resentment, hatred, anger, and other expected emotions flashed in his eyes. The acting skills he demonstrated at that moment even surprised himself.

2

Saru seemed to be deceived as well, sighing, "I heard your father rather died than retreat and perished with the city... indeed, a knight worthy of respect!"

"Thank you." Colin asked, seemingly holding back tears, "Did you know my father?"

"Oh, no. Just have a longstanding admiration for Baron Sudor."

Colin sighed in relief.

A landed baron and a mercenary group leader, these two were not from the same world at all. If they could know each other, Colin felt he would be truly unlucky.

"So, Mr. Saru, may I accompany your mercenary group to Fallen Eagle City?"

The reason Colin wanted to go to Fallen Eagle City was that his sister Kaitlin Angler was there.

Under the current dangerous situation, only blood relatives could be trusted.

And because his father was still fighting on the frontline, Colin had no choice but to seek help from his biological sister.

3

"Of course." Saru finally believed in the identity Colin fabricated.

And he even believed that he figured out why Colin was heading to Fallen Eagle City: "I remember the Baroness of Fallen Eagle City is sister of Baron Sudor, so you are going to seek help from your uncle, aren't you?"

"Yes."

In fact, from his sister's letter, Colin learned that the real Cain Sudor had already arrived in Fallen Eagle City and had become a knight under Count Uman, discussing how to recapture the Sudor family's fiefdom.

But clearly, Saru did not know this information.

He no longer doubted the identity Colin had fabricated.

A ragged knight who lost his fiefdom and became homeless and destitute, seeking shelter from his uncle in Fallen Eagle City.

That was quite reasonable.

"The caravan that hired us will gather in front of the Big Beard Tavern at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Alright, I'll be there on time."

"Haha, now, esteemed Knight Cain, let me offer you a pint of malt beer!"

"It's my honor."

The next day.

The weather was gloomy, and the gray mist made the wilderness road more difficult to traverse and more dangerous.

This was exactly why Colin insisted on traveling with a caravan. Otherwise, with his apprentice knight's strength, if he traveled alone, he would likely have been killed by a bandit group or a beast.

4

Whether it was because the team was large and powerful or because of the prestigious Firefox Mercenary Group, the first day's journey went without any mishaps.

By nightfall, the experienced Captain Saru selected a camping site that was backed by a small hill and not far from a water source.

Colin stoked a fire, boiled some water, and then had some hard bread soaked and stuffed into his stomach.

Anyway, he could not taste anything now, so the quality of the food did not matter.

The kitten was nowhere to be seen, presumably out hunting for food.

As expected, after a while, it returned with a mouse in its mouth.

By this time, Colin had taken out the sheepskin scroll he always carried with him, adding a line:

[Human blood can help with advancement.]

Indeed, Colin realized he had progressed, from a knight apprentice to a first-tier knight.

The challenge between being a mere apprentice and becoming an official entry-level knight had halted Colin for a full three years!

Colin was now highly suspicious that the sudden advancement was due to the blood of the assassin he had consumed two nights ago.

That night, after drinking the blood, Colin noticed a slight warmth in his body, but he didn't pay much attention to it due to the urgent situation.

For the next two days, the warmth persisted until it ceased at noon today.

Then, he found out he had advanced.

Because consuming deer blood did not induce such a reaction, Colin speculated that it was due to human blood.

4

Of course, he had another guess.

Carter, the assassin who Colin killed, was a first-tier knight, so maybe only the blood of professionals could help him advance.

In any case, this guess needed further verification.

"Is this written in Elvish?"

Colin turned around and saw a portly middle-aged man standing behind him, conjecturing at the text on the sheepskin scroll.

"Yes." Seeing the man's curious expression, Colin felt slightly annoyed, so he put away the scroll and casually affirmed.

He recognized this fat man as the owner of the caravan, a man named Oliver.

"I never thought that Knight Cain would be so knowledgeable, even fluent in Elvish!" Oliver immediately started to flatter him and took the liberty of sitting down next to Colin.

"I know a little bit." Colin slightly wrinkled his brow, he didn't particularly like Oliver, this sort of merchant.

In his view, such profit-chasing merchants have a strong sense of purpose, and if he was actively trying to flatter him now, then he must have some ulterior motives.

"Is this your pet?" Oliver looked at the kitten wrestling with the dead mouse, attempting to start a conversation.

"Yes."

"You really have taste in life!" Oliver's face blossomed into a smile as if a chrysanthemum bloomed, "Does it have a name?"

Colin faltered, he hadn't considered the necessity of naming this "mobile blood bag", but then he spontaneously said, "Its name is Little White."

1

"Little White?" Oliver looked at the pure blue-haired kitten next to the fire, and his smile evidently stiffened for a moment before immediately returning to normal, "What a good name!"

"Mr. Oliver." Colin also laughed, "You are really hypocritical."

"Thank you so much for your compliment!" Oliver was not embarrassed at all, his thick skin was admirable.

1

The two continued their on-and-off conversation, and when they were slightly more familiar, Oliver suddenly lowered his voice and said:

"Knight Cain, if you wish to reclaim the fief of the Sudor family, I might be able to offer some help!"

Colin, who had been drowsy, suddenly perked up, turned his head to look at the plump businessman beside him with a smile that wasn't quite a smile:

"Do you know what you're saying?"