

# Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 151 - 151 - Caught a Vampire? - Read Marvel Manifestor Chapter 151 - 151 - Caught a Vampire?

## Chapter 151 - 151 - Caught a Vampire?

By midnight, nearly everyone in the office was asleep.

Only Frank, Matt, and Barton—professional night owls—were still awake.

Even Natasha was slumped sideways in her chair.

The computer was still tirelessly comparing Lucas's sketch of the manor to satellite images.

Skye's system had been taken over by JARVIS, whose processing speed outclassed her hardware by several orders of magnitude.

Suddenly—

zzzt—zzzt—

A burst of static crackled through everyone's earpieces, like a scrambled transmission.

"Reporting in, sir! We've spotted the target!"

Instantly, everyone jolted awake—

Except two people.

Lucas and Tony were sound asleep, leaning on each other's shoulders, snoring in perfect synchronized rhythm.

Everyone stared at them in dead silence.

"Go ahead," Coulson responded sharply.

"Sir, we're at the Hell's Kitchen docks. We've encountered a humanoid target—currently in combat!"

Gunfire erupted over the comms; chaos filled the feed.

"Understood. Reinforcements incoming!"

Everyone scrambled to gear up.

Gwen shook Lucas awake.

"Wake up! We've got something!"

Lucas blinked groggily, Tony half-sliding off his shoulder.

Tony jolted up.

"JARVIS, bring up the coordinates. Plot a route."

JARVIS had already calculated the best approach.

Tony snapped his armor on in one fluid movement.

"Lucas and I are the fastest. We'll get there first! Catch up when you can!"

Lucas whistled.

With a beat of wings, Onion burst out of the summon space, fluttering proudly.

Lucas vaulted onto his back, and the two shot into the sky with Tony streaking beside them.

Coulson ushered the others outside where S.H.I.E.L.D. vehicles awaited.

Peter and Gwen didn't take the cars—they launched webs and swung between high-rises, scanning the city as they went.

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At the docks

Lucas and Tony arrived first, hovering above the scene.

Below, S.H.I.E.L.D. agents were pinned down.

They were exchanging fire with a single opponent.

A woman.

A woman who moved with astonishing speed and agility—  
and shrugged off bullets like raindrops.

"That's the vampire?" Tony asked, incredulous.

"Not sure. But she's definitely not normal."

"Well then, behold the greatness of Tony Sta—"

He activated a dramatic superhero dive, heavy metal screaming through the speakers.

"Hey there, gorgeous—"

Before he could finish—

BAM!

The woman kicked him like a football.

Tony—inside the armor—was booted across the docks and embedded into a concrete wall.

"WHAT THE—? Is she the Hulk's cousin?!"

Tony blasted himself free, shook off the dust, and unleashed a barrage of repulsor shots.

The woman flipped and spun away with inhuman grace, effortlessly dodging every beam.

Bullets didn't bother her; Tony's repulsors she treated like minor inconveniences.

Lucas dropped down.

He raised the Judgement handgun—

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three shots cut off the woman's escape path.

She sensed the danger instantly—THIS was not something she could tank.

The angles were too precise.

She tried to dodge—

but there was nowhere to go.

Thud—

She collapsed as the bullets struck her abdomen and arms.

Lucas had deliberately avoided fatal spots—if she was a vampire, the wounds wouldn't regenerate fully, but they wouldn't kill her either.

He signaled the agents to stop firing.

He and Tony approached—

but then the woman's necklace ignited with a red glow.

Her wounds sealed instantly.

She lurched upward—

Tony reacted fast.

Four metal restraints fired from his suit—

clank—clank—clank—clank—

pinning her limbs to the ground.

Lucas gave Tony a look.

Really? Shackles?

Tony shrugged.

"Relax, they were meant for you."

Lucas took a full step back.

"What the hell kind of implication is that?! I'm a married man!" Tony snapped, offended.

Lucas ignored him and knelt near the captured woman.

His magical senses told him one thing:

She wasn't a vampire.

But she sure wasn't human either.

"Who are you?" Lucas asked.

Tony aimed his repulsors at her.

"You mind answering in your current... decorative state?"

The woman tugged at her restraints, annoyed.

"Seriously? You plan to interrogate me like this? At least let me sit up!"

Tony raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, no. Not until I'm sure you won't punt me through another wall. Even if you ARE pretty."

More vehicles arrived.

A red-and-white pair—Peter and Gwen—landed beside Lucas and Tony.

"Whoa! So THIS is a vampire? She looks normal! Aren't they supposed to have freaky fangs or something?"

Peter crouched and circled her curiously.

Gwen yanked him back.

"I promised Felicia I'd keep an eye on you. If you keep circling pretty women, I'm calling her."

Peter instantly shut up and stood straight like a chastised puppy.

Tony whispered to Lucas, "Who's Felicia? His aunt?"

"No. His girlfriend."

Tony froze, then stared at Peter with the pained understanding of a man who knew that fear.

Soon, Coulson and the team rushed over.

One glance at the devastation she had caused told them everything.

This woman was definitely not normal.

"Hey! Stop staring at me like I'm some kind of exhibit!" she snapped.

"Let me go already!"

Frank stepped forward and held up the photos of the victims.

"Seen these? We've been looking for you."

The woman frowned deeply as she examined the images.

"You think I did this? Seriously? I'm not one of those filthy undead freaks."

Her expression twisted with genuine disgust at the wounds shown.

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# Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 152 - 152 – Elsa Bloodstone - Read Marvel Manifestor Chapter 152 - 152 – Elsa Bloodstone

## Chapter 152 - 152 – Elsa Bloodstone

"???"

Everyone stared in confusion.

So...

they caught the wrong person?

"You're the monster hunter Blade mentioned?"

Frank finally pieced the situation together.

"You're the Punisher? The guy Blade told me to meet?"

The woman blinked, equally stunned.

Frank nodded, then looked back at the team.

"She's the expert Blade called in to help us deal with the vampires. She's one of ours."

A collective wave of embarrassment washed over the room.

Great—everyone had just spent the night beating up an ally.

Tony snapped his fingers; the vibranium restraints flew off the woman and returned to him. Those things weren't cheap—he wasn't planning on leaving them behind.

"Let's start over. I'm Elsa. Elsa Bloodstone."

She rubbed her wrists.

Aside from Lucas's final shots, she had come out of the whole battle without even a scratch.

"Elsa Bloodstone?!"

Lucas's composure snapped.

He knew that name.

A monster hunter as famous as Blade—

except Blade specialized in vampires, while Elsa hunted everything.

And the gemstone on her neck—the Bloodstone—

a legendary artifact that naturally weakened all monsters and amplified the wearer's strength, healing, and even regenerative abilities.

The Bloodstone originally belonged to her father, Ulysses Bloodstone, passed down through their lineage.

Back then it wasn't a necklace—it was embedded directly into Ulysses's chest.

Because of its influence, Elsa had been born monstrously strong, fast-healing, and nearly indestructible.

Her father's "training" was brutal—

he literally threw young Elsa into dens of monsters to fight her way out.

Her mother, horrified, had attempted to flee with her, only to be thrown into an asylum by the deranged Ulysses.

Elsa eventually severed ties and escaped with half of the Bloodstone—

the half she now wore around her neck.

Elsa glanced at Lucas, puzzled.

They'd never met, yet he seemed familiar with her.

"You know me?"

"I've heard of you. You're a famous monster hunter. Didn't expect Blade to send you."

Lucas was honestly impressed.

Elsa's capabilities rivaled Blade's—

and thanks to the Bloodstone, she was arguably even stronger.

After the massive misunderstanding, the group returned to Lucas's office to resume searching for the real vampire's trail.

Elsa studied the victim photos carefully.

"You see something?"

Frank noticed the flicker in her eyes.

"A bit. But I'll need to see the body before I can tell for sure."

She set the photos down.

"If I'm right, this vampire isn't human-shaped. It's from another dimension.

They look more like classic horror monsters—part human, part bat."

Everyone instantly imagined the terrifying, bat-faced kind with wings and no nose.

"You can tell that just from the bite marks? And how are you certain it's from another dimension?"

Coulson asked, latching onto the details.

"Because I've killed them before.

They came through a dimensional gate once—ten of them.

I killed nine. One slipped away."

Her tone was calm, but the room went silent.

Hunting nine extradimensional creatures alone was terrifying and impressive.

But one detail hit everyone even harder:

Dimensional gate.

"You mean... an actual dimensional gate?" Coulson pressed.

As an official S.H.I.E.L.D. agent, he was obligated to investigate such anomalies.

Anything powerful must be secured—or kept out of enemy hands.

Elsa gave him a look full of disdain.

"You're S.H.I.E.L.D., right?"

Forget the gate. Don't even think about it.

Even if you sent your entire organization, you wouldn't be enough to fill the creatures' stomachs on the other side.

Drop the unrealistic ideas."

Her meaning was clear:

Governments always had the same problems—greed, curiosity, and the tendency to make catastrophically stupid decisions.

If a dimensional gate was discovered, military forces would definitely send people through—

best case: they die quietly.

Worst case: they trigger an invasion that wipes out the planet before anyone can react.

Every government played with fire like that.

And when everything exploded, innocent civilians paid the price.

Coulson understood her perfectly and shut his mouth.

She wasn't wrong.

"Then this vampire—there's only one?" Frank asked.

"How do we lure it out?"

"I need to see the body first. Photos aren't enough to confirm."

"Fine. The body's at the Hell's Kitchen precinct. Matt can take you in the morning," Frank said.

Matt nodded.

"Tomorrow morning works."

The meeting wrapped up.

Everyone headed home.

Elsa, new to New York and without a place to stay, found S.H.I.E.L.D. "thoughtfully" arranging lodging for her.

Their intent was obvious.

But Elsa didn't seem to mind—

they had no idea what they were dealing with anyway.

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**Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 153 - 153 -  
Died Just Like That - Read Marvel**

# Manifestor Chapter 153 - 153 – Died Just Like That

## Chapter 153 - 153 – Died Just Like That

After everyone left, Gwen and the others were still buzzing with excitement over their new gear, testing every function of their suits inside the Chocobo space.

Lucas, on the other hand, was exhausted and collapsed into bed immediately.

If he could sleep, he absolutely would not stay awake—classic Lucas.

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The next morning, Elsa arrived at Matt's law office.

Matt had been waiting for a while, and together with Frank, he led her to the Hell's Kitchen precinct.

Using Matt's lawyer identity and an excuse about "investigating for a client," they smoothly entered the morgue and located the victims' bodies.

"It's confirmed. These are the creatures I mentioned—from another dimension."

Elsa inspected the bite marks carefully and found traces of a thick, milky-white substance, very much like saliva.

"Look here. The distance between the bite marks is extremely close. Normal vampires bite using their canines, but these creatures—

their fangs are like a bat's, growing where a human's front teeth would be. So their bite marks are narrower."

She pressed two fingers around the wound, and more of the milky fluid seeped out.

"This is vampire saliva. Even after rigor mortis, it doesn't coagulate.

Its purpose is to keep the blood from clotting, and the toxins inside paralyze the prey instantly."

Elsa collected a sample into a small vial.

"You collecting that for what?" Frank asked.

"To lure the creature out."

---

After leaving the precinct, Elsa returned to her safe house and began concocting an attractant—its main ingredient being that vampire saliva.

By nightfall, everyone had regrouped.

Tonight, they planned to draw the creature out and finish it.

Thanks to Elsa's lure, S.H.I.E.L.D. didn't have to sweep the entire city—  
they just needed to track the bait.

And the bait... was Elsa herself.

She took out the spray she'd made and misted it across her neck like perfume.

"What's that thing made from?" Natasha asked.

"You don't want to know," Frank answered for her, giving Natasha a look.

(Indeed: vampire spit.)

"I'll walk toward somewhere open. When the creature appears, we take it out."

Elsa put on the earpiece and tracker, then headed out.

Tony didn't show up tonight.

Once he knew there was only one vampire, he lost interest.

So Lucas alone flew overhead, monitoring Elsa from above.

Peter and Gwen swung through the skyscrapers, keeping an eye on her movement range.

About an hour later, Elsa reached the predetermined location—  
just as a shadow shot past above her head.

Higher up, Lucas saw it clearly.

Peter and Gwen silently tracked the figure as well.

"Target spotted. And wow... this thing is ugly."

With Lucas's eyesight, he could see the creature perfectly.

Just like Elsa described—half-human, half-bat.

Skinless, raw muscle exposed.

Huge, grotesque wings like a horror prop.

Elsa walked casually into the deserted lot—no cover in sight. The perfect hunting ground.

The vampire seemed to think so too.

It dove toward her, ready to claim its feast.

"Got you."

Elsa spun, raised her short-barreled shotgun, and fired.

The silver-coated rounds detonated into a burst of sparks like dragon's breath.

Caught off guard, the creature took a direct hit to its wing, punching a hole through the membrane.

At the same time, Peter and Gwen swooped in, firing webs and wrapping the creature tight—like a giant cocoon.

Everyone stepped out of hiding—but the cocoon suddenly burst apart.

The vampire's shriek ripped through the air, a piercing ultrasonic scream that drilled straight into their skulls.

Everyone clutched their ears instinctively, but it was useless—

the sound passed through the eardrum and vibrated the brain directly, like it was trying to liquefy it.

"Skye!"

Lucas shouted.

Skye gritted her teeth, raised both hands, and released wave after wave of vibrations.

Her shockwaves disrupted the vampire's ultrasound, and its scream collapsed into helpless growls.

She rushed forward and punched the creature square in the face.

The quake-force rippled through its skull, turning its brain to mush.

At that moment, Wanda flicked her fingers—

the airborne vampire froze in place, pinned by invisible force.

Then she swept her hands apart.

RIP.

Black blood sprayed everywhere as she tore off its wings mid-air.

"ROAAARRR!"

The creature howled, writhing violently, agony contorting its body.

Wanda was not done.

She pointed again—

a red, invisible blade shot out and skewered the vampire through the abdomen, nailing it to the ground like Tony had done to Elsa the previous night.

The vampire's body thrashed, but the more it struggled, the faster its blood drained away.

Realizing this, it finally stopped resisting.

Only then did everyone gather around.

"This thing is way too ugly. Completely ruined my mental image of vampires."

Peter pointed and sighed dramatically.

"Oh please. Weren't you the one saying vampires were ugly monsters earlier?"  
Gwen countered.

"That was before I watched that vampire movie today! In the movie they were all handsome and gorgeous!

Who knew I'd go from that... to this in just a few hours?! My brain wasn't ready!"

Nobody bothered responding to the chatterbox.

All eyes were on the vampire.

"This is the parallel-universe one?" Natasha leaned in for a closer look.

Suddenly, the creature surged up in a last desperate attack, even breaking through Wanda's binding—

its jaws lunging straight for Natasha's throat.

THWIP—SHUNK!

An arrow punched clean through its skull, pinning it back to the ground.

Its head lolled to the side.

Dead. Instantly.

Quiet, almost forgotten Barton lowered his bow.

The entire group froze.

That was... anticlimactic.

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## **Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 154 - 154 – It Isn't Over Yet - Read Marvel Manifestor Chapter 154 - 154 – It Isn't Over Yet**

### **Chapter 154 - 154 – It Isn't Over Yet**

"Why are you all staring at me? That thing lunged. Didn't you see it?"

Clint looked around defensively as everyone continued staring at him.

"We saw."

But the group kept staring anyway, making Barton—an elite agent—look like he was about to develop social anxiety.

Before anyone could add anything, the vampire's corpse suddenly burst into flames, burning to ash in seconds.

"Did you silver-plate your arrowheads?" Natasha asked immediately.

"Of course. Otherwise how am I supposed to kill a vampire?"

Barton nodded, perfectly matter-of-fact.

Coulson sighed quietly.

Nick Fury had ordered him to bring a live specimen back.

Now there wasn't even a dead one—just a pile of ash.

He could only scoop up whatever grey residue remained.

Still, they didn't dwell on it. The mission was complete, no one was hurt, and everyone returned home.

Cleanup would be handled by S.H.I.E.L.D.—their specialty.

---

Everyone thought that was the end of it.

But the next morning, Matt called.

"Lucas, Elsa needs our help, and whatever it is, S.H.I.E.L.D. cannot know.

Come to my office alone."

Matt spoke so mysteriously over the phone that Lucas had no idea what was going on.

So he had Skye and Wanda watch the shop, and he headed to Hell's Kitchen alone.

Gwen had reached the end of her break and could only return to school with Peter, but starting next year, she, Peter, and Felicia would all be allowed out for internships.

They wouldn't be stuck on campus anymore.

After seeing their grades, Tony waved his hand generously and arranged for all three to intern at Stark Industries—an opportunity students would kill for.

Peter, however, kept complaining to Lucas that Felicia had been coming home exhausted lately, disappearing early and returning late.

She refused to explain and only told him not to worry, which of course made him worry even more.

---

When Lucas arrived at Matt's firm, Elsa and Frank were already there.

He greeted Karen and then headed straight into Matt's office.

"What's with all the secrecy?"

They all sat together, and Lucas spoke first.

Matt handed him a cup of tea.

"It's better if Elsa explains it. It's... complicated."

Elsa nodded.

"Remember the guardian of the dimensional gate I mentioned? The real reason I came here was to find him.

I've located him.

I need your help to get him out."

"So this is a rescue operation. Matt and Frank can handle that.

Why drag me into it?" Lucas asked.

With Matt and Frank's capabilities, who couldn't they break out?

"Look at this first."

Matt handed him a photograph.

Lucas took a single glance—and immediately looked up sharply.

"You found this place?"

The photo was of a manor.

The same manor the Eye of Agamotto had shown him—the one the Ancient One had pointed out.

"It wasn't me. It was Elsa."

Elsa nodded.

"That manor used to be my home. I came because they're holding a 'gathering'—to determine the next heir of the Bloodstone family.

They're also the ones who captured the guardian of the dimensional gate."

"Wait... the guardian you're talking about—is it the Man-Thing?"

Lucas asked carefully.

Elsa's eyes widened.

Very, very few people even knew of Man-Thing's existence.

She hadn't expected this kid to be familiar with something so obscure.

"That's right. The Man-Thing. They took him.

And the ones responsible are almost certainly my family.

So I'm going back—and I intend to get him out."

Man-Thing—formerly Theodore Sallis.

A scientist, and the only person who successfully improved the Super Soldier Serum after the war.

When people tried to steal his research, he destroyed all his notes and fled with the single remaining vial.

He didn't escape.

His car crashed into a swamp, and with his pursuers closing in, he injected himself with the serum.

He was swallowed by the swamp.

Instead of dying, the serum fused him with the plant matter around him, transforming him into a semi-human, semi-plant creature.

He became the Man-Thing.

His intelligence degraded, but every other physical attribute skyrocketed.

He became immune to corruption and toxins, and developed a terrifying ability:

Any creature that feels fear—if touched by him—bursts into flame.

Lucas only knew the origin story; he'd never seen the actual special.

"So?" Lucas asked.

"So, I want you to come with me to the manor—and help me rescue him."

Elsa proceeded to explain the so-called "gathering."

In truth, it was a twisted inheritance game organized by the family's elders:

Ulysses Bloodstone's widow and the house steward.

Before his death, Ulysses had arranged this "competition" to determine who would inherit the Bloodstone and the estate.

He summoned every Bloodstone relative and notable monster hunter.

Whoever claimed the Bloodstone would inherit everything.

"And these two can't go?" Lucas gestured at Matt and Frank again.

Same question—why not send them?

Elsa shook her head.

"No. They're not monster hunters.

Only monster hunters are allowed entry."

Lucas frowned.

"And how would your manor know who's a monster hunter? Put up a sign? Gatekeeper does interviews?"

Elsa sighed.

"It's the steward. He has a bead that can distinguish normal humans from those connected to magic or the supernatural.

Regular humans aren't allowed inside at all.

So those two can't get through the gate.

Only you can."

Lucas blinked.

Of all the reasons... this one he absolutely hadn't expected.

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## **Chapter 155 - 155 – Five Thousand Dollars for Lying Down**

No one knew what kind of bead that old steward possessed—only that it blocked ordinary humans.

Only enhanced individuals or practitioners of magic could enter.

Human prejudice really was a mountain that crushed people.

Who said ordinary humans couldn't be monster hunters?

Most monster hunters were ordinary humans—abilities and sorcery were the minority.

"Alright, fine. I'll go with you. Honestly, I'm a little curious what a Bloodstone family gathering even looks like. And I'm interested in the Man-Thing—who knows, maybe we'll even get along."

Lucas shrugged.

He'd already promised the Ancient One he would settle this matter.

He thought killing the stowaway vampire would have wrapped everything up—but the real problem was in the manor, involving the Man-Thing.

A promise was a promise.

So Lucas agreed to accompany Elsa.

After arranging the time, Lucas returned home and told Skye and Wanda he'd be gone for a few days.

He also contacted Tony, asking him to upgrade his Quinjet.

Stark Industries specialized in weapons; upgrading a jet was child's play.

The moment Tony heard it was the latest S.H.I.E.L.D. model, he agreed instantly—and was eager to check out its performance.

---

The night passed quietly.

The next morning, Elsa arrived at Lucas's office.

Skye and Wanda—unlike Lucas—weren't lazy and had woken early, cleaned the office, and prepared for business.

When Lucas finally arrived, Elsa had been waiting for a while and was looking at his trophy display cabinet... which held only a sad handful of items.

Seeing Lucas emerge from the elevator, she pointed at a broken horn.

"This is the Mindless One's horn?"

"Yeah. That's it."

Lucas didn't care much.

Any trophy placed in the cabinet automatically lost its power.

They were display pieces, nothing more.

"I've heard about how you killed the Mindless One. At first, I thought Ghost Rider did the real work and you were just tagging along. Didn't expect you to be the one who actually killed it."

Elsa had heard plenty of rumors about Lucas—especially about killing the Mindless One.

The story was everywhere.

But she knew how strong the Mindless Ones were—children of Mephisto, demons among demons.

She hadn't believed Lucas could take one down.

She assumed Ghost Rider was the real slayer, and Lucas merely helped.

Until Skye told her the truth.

After all, just a few days ago, when they killed that vampire, Lucas barely did anything.

The real powerhouse had been Wanda—the red-clad magical girl who enjoyed looking intimidating.

"I'm this famous now? Why didn't I know?"

Lucas blinked.

Made sense, though.

He spent most of his days eating or sleeping, rarely cared about the outside world, and barely interacted with supernatural circles.

No wonder he knew nothing.

Real monster hunters traveled constantly, clearing out demons.

No one stayed at home like Lucas, waiting for trouble to come knocking.

"You don't know? How are you even surviving in this line of work? You don't have any information sources? How do you get clients?"

Elsa was baffled. Someone capable of killing a Mindless One... was also apparently a clueless novice.

"Clients? I've never had any."

Lucas looked equally bewildered.

He'd never taken proper jobs.

Skye had made him a website, and then he basically stopped caring.

His only official commission was the Sandman's daughter.

Everything else was either freeloading or scamming S.H.I.E.L.D.

Elsa was speechless.

Not only was this guy a rookie—he might actually be an idiot.

She began to doubt whether he was genuinely skilled or if she'd placed her trust in the wrong person.

Helpless, she handed him her phone.

"This is a hunter's communication platform. Register. People post all kinds of commissions there—it's how we stay informed about supernatural incidents."

Lucas nodded and passed the phone to Skye.

"Skye, handle it. See if you can link our website."

He had no interest in this stuff.

Networking belonged to the professionals—and no one beat Skye at that.

A few taps later, Skye handed the phone back to Elsa.

"Lucas, this platform is prehistoric.

It's literally just a chatroom.

No search, no interface, no task board—if you want to look up commissions, you have to scroll through old messages.

Who made this? A caveman? A caveman working with mittens on?"

Skye looked genuinely pained—like a modern person suddenly dropped into the Stone Age.

"Really? Then that's a business opportunity. Skye, post a message—advertise that we can upgrade this... whatever it is. We're scamming the platform today."

Lucas perked up immediately.

A chance to earn easy money? Say no more.

"It's posted. Just waiting for a reply."

Skye worked fast.

Truly, proximity changed people—living with Lucas long enough had even made the once-innocent Skye turn into a money-grubber.

Only Wanda remained pure.

But give it time—Lucas would corrupt her too.

Elsa felt like tearing her hair out.

She tried to help them expand their business...

And the first thing they did after joining the platform was try to scam it.

This wasn't "helping wolves into the house"—this was bringing wolves, tigers, and one very deranged duck.

Well, whatever.

She didn't own the platform, so let them scam it if they wanted.

---

While they were eating, Skye's computer chimed.

Someone from the platform had contacted her about upgrading the system.

Lucas was curious about the platform's mysterious owner—but online identities meant nothing, and one glance told him the account was fake.

He lost interest and returned to his meal.

The buyer offered five thousand dollars.

Skye thought for a moment and agreed.

For upgrading a social platform, 5K was actually a decent price—especially since, for her, it was practically free money.

All she had to do was tweak the backend, add some features, clean the code.

A few hours of work—tops.

Five thousand dollars for a couple taps of her fingers.

Skye was thrilled.

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## **Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 156 - 156 – Arrival at the Bloodstone Manor - Read Marvel Manifestor Chapter 156 - 156 – Arrival at the Bloodstone Manor**

### **Chapter 156 - 156 – Arrival at the Bloodstone Manor**

Skye quickly sent out a mass announcement:

the platform was undergoing maintenance and temporarily unavailable.

And just like that, the whole platform went dark.

Within ten minutes, Elsa received several calls—hunters asking what was going on.

They didn't actually think she knew anything; they were just checking around with familiar contacts.

But Elsa did know, so she explained to each of them that the platform was simply upgrading and would be back soon.

Skye, meanwhile, tapped on her keyboard a few times and went right back to eating.

"Wait... that's it?"

Elsa stared in disbelief. She expected some massive technical overhaul, not a handful of keystrokes.

"No, that was just putting the platform into maintenance mode and scanning its vulnerabilities. The actual work will take three or four hours."

Skye casually said this while taking a huge bite of steak.

Elsa nearly choked.

She risked her life hunting monsters and barely earned anything...

Meanwhile, Skye tapped a keyboard and pocketed five grand.

This world was truly unfair.

After lunch, Elsa and Lucas prepared to leave.

Before setting out, Elsa checked her gear: silver bullets, her tuned-up revolver, a shortened double-barrel shotgun, a long hunting rifle, and a pair of sharp short swords.

Lucas?

Empty-handed.

"Where's your gear? Don't you have that really powerful handgun?"

"Oh, you mean the Punisher? I stored it."

Lucas reached into his system inventory and pulled out the weapon.

From Elsa's perspective, it simply materialized out of thin air.

Her eyes widened—not because of the sudden appearance, she'd seen enchanted storage before—but because of the weapon itself.

The Punisher radiated a holy power that made every monster hunter's heart tremble.

It was the kind of weapon hunters dreamed of.

"Can I... look at it?"

Elsa's voice was full of anticipation.

"Sure."

He handed it over.

The instant she touched it, a surge of sacred power rushed through her.

Her Bloodstone pendant flashed red, its energy instinctively clashing with the holy force.

White and red light wrestled—

but the Bloodstone's power slowly shrank back, withdrawing to her chest to protect her heart.

Yet the holy force did not harm Elsa.

It simply rejected her—she was not a "synchronizer," so the Punisher refused her.

If she pulled the trigger, she sensed she would be the first one injured.

Reluctantly, she returned the weapon.

"Who made this gun? Could you introduce me to the craftsman?"

Lucas froze.

Craftsman?

It was a system reward.

The only "origin" was the Black Order, and there was no way to introduce her to that.

"It's... a family heirloom. I honestly don't know."

Elsa sighed regretfully.

She had hoped to find its maker—she would've bankrupted herself to get one.

But a family treasure was untouchable.

---

Preparations complete, they left the office.

Elsa drove for hours—day into night, winding through mountain paths—until they reached a twisted, eerie stretch of forest.

Lucas stepped out of the car.

Strange, distorted trees surrounded them; some were dead and brittle.

There was no road ahead.

"From here, we walk."

Elsa slung on her backpack and motioned for Lucas to follow.

He didn't complain, but he looked around curiously.

The night was deep, and ghostly flames flickered between the trees.

If he hadn't trusted Elsa, he would've thought she brought him to a haunted graveyard.

After half an hour, a vine-covered, ancient manor appeared.

Bats and crows crowded the rooftops—somehow coexisting.

Creeeak—

Elsa pushed open the iron gate.

The groan it made sounded like a dying man's final breath.

"If you told me this was a haunted house, I wouldn't doubt it for a second," Lucas muttered.

This was straight out of a horror film.

"Miss, you have finally returned. Madam has been waiting."

A cold, sudden voice whispered right beside Lucas.

"Holy—! You trying to kill me?!"

Lucas nearly fired his gun at the source.

The speaker was the Bloodstone family's ancient butler—pale-faced, stooped, dressed in a perfect tailcoat, leaning on a cane with a crystal embedded in its handle.

"Oh, that old woman is definitely waiting for me to die," Elsa replied coldly.

She and her stepmother were notoriously incompatible.

She hadn't returned home once since discovering her deranged father had remarried.

"You wound her with such words, Miss. The Madam truly worries about you," the butler said in his usual lifeless tone.

Elsa ignored him and headed toward the manor.

Lucas followed closely.

"Young sir, please wait."

The butler raised his cane to block Lucas.

"He's with me. You dare stop him?" Elsa snapped.

"Miss, this is the Bloodstone family tradition. Ordinary humans cannot enter the manor."

The butler bowed slightly—but did not move aside.

"Then hurry up."

Elsa was losing patience.

The old butler pointed the cane at Lucas.

A blinding light shot from the crystal, illuminating the entire courtyard.

When it faded, the butler looked stunned.

"T-This gentleman may enter. Please, this way."

The crystal could distinguish ordinary humans from those touched by the supernatural.

For regular people, it remained dim.

For Lucas... it nearly exploded with light.

And the butler had no idea that what it sensed was only the surface of Lucas's power.

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## **Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 157 - 157 – The Successors - Read Marvel Manifestor Chapter 157 - 157 – The Successors**

### **Chapter 157 - 157 – The Successors**

Only those with supernatural abilities or magic could trigger the gemstone's light.

But for someone like Lucas—whose presence made it blaze like a miniature sun—that was almost unheard of.

The old butler had never seen anything like it in his entire lifetime.

Today was truly an eye-opener.

Elsa ignored the butler completely.

She shoved open the large door with a loud bang and stepped inside.

Lucas followed her in.

The interior matched the manor's exterior—pure vintage gothic.

At the end of the corridor stood a woman in a black dress and black veil.

Lucas couldn't help but think of the veiled ghost from *The Conjuring*—they looked disturbingly similar.

This was Elsa's stepmother, Verussa.

The woman opened her mouth the instant she saw Elsa, unleashing a screech.

"You disgrace of this family! You didn't even come to see your father one last time!

What right do you have to return?!"

Her voice was shrill and grating, like metal scraping metal.

"My life doesn't need your commentary. Mind your own business and go join that old man underground,"

Elsa replied coldly without looking at her.

Lucas said nothing.

He simply offered Verussa a polite nod—after all, she was Elsa's stepmother—and followed Elsa onward into the main hall.

---

A massive fireplace dominated the room, flames crackling fiercely inside.

Above the mantle hung eight monster trophies—clearly collected over years of hunts.

Lucas even recognized one: a vampire nearly identical to the one he had killed days ago.

On all surrounding walls were murals painted in primitive, simplistic strokes.

Each one depicted a man with a gemstone embedded in his chest, wielding an axe while battling monsters.

"That guy on the wall—that's your father?" Lucas asked.

Elsa nodded.

"That's from his demon-hunting days. He loved bragging about how strong he was.

But honestly, it was all thanks to the Bloodstone.

Without it, he was nothing special—not even as strong as me."

Her tone was full of disdain.

---

Around the fireplace sat five individuals—four men and one woman.

Elsa recognized one of them: the infamous female hunter Azarel, who seemed to radiate hostility toward her.

With Elsa included, six successors in total.

Lucas was merely an extra she dragged along; he wasn't counted.

Everyone there clearly knew Elsa's reputation.

Even as competitors, most greeted her politely—

except Azarel, who glared like Elsa owed her a lifetime of debt.

A polite man with a warm smile stepped up.

"Hey there. I'm Jack Russell. So you're Ulysses' daughter?"

"An honor to meet you."

Such courtesy was rare among monster hunters.

Elsa shook his hand.

"Nice to meet you too."

Jack was refreshingly normal.

The others... not so much.

A hostile, borderline psychotic female hunter.

A Viking-looking warrior with a giant beard.

A Japanese hunter painted head to toe in war colors.

And a silent, stone-faced Black hunter who looked carved out of cement.

Ulysses had truly gathered a bizarre ensemble.

---

At the center of the group rested a blood-red gemstone—pigeon-egg sized.

Ever since Elsa walked in, the gem's crimson glow intensified, matching the faint red radiance from the gem on her necklace.

"So that's the other half of the Bloodstone?"

Looks a lot bigger than the one on your neck~~"

Lucas circled it curiously, nearly reaching out—

The butler immediately blocked him.

"Sir, this is the late master's inheritance. Please refrain from touching."

His pale, expressionless face made him look like a living corpse.

Lucas shrugged.

Since they said not to touch, he wouldn't.

Elsa zipped up her jacket to cover her pendant.

She could feel everyone's eyes on her—especially Azarel's.

---

At that moment, the Viking-bearded man strode over.

"Haha! So you're Elsa the Monster Hunter?"

Long have I heard your name!

I'm Jovin—been hunting for over thirty years.

See those trophies on the wall? I've fought every one of them!"

Lucas and Jack exchanged a look, scanning the creatures:

- a white-furred alpine yeti
- a black-furred forest sasquatch
- the Minotaur of Greek myth
- a petrifying cockatrice
- a double-headed siren from the Mediterranean
- a land-and-sea dwelling naga
- a winged nightmare called Chernobog
- and finally, the half-human, half-bat vampire

"Uh... I've only met that vampire," Lucas admitted.

Most of these were legendary creatures—he had barely left the U.S., much less hunted mythological beings.

Jack pointed at the vampire too.

"I fought that thing once. It got away because I can't fly."

Jovin burst into laughter.

"Exactly! Alive, that thing was a lot harder to handle—and much better looking!"

After some small talk, everyone returned to their seats.

Verussa finally stepped forward.

"Welcome to Bloodstone Manor. Before my husband passed, he left a will.

Whomever passes his trial will inherit the Bloodstone legacy."

The butler lifted the gemstone reverently.

"Before announcing the rules, I will introduce the candidates."

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## **Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 158 - 158 – Ulysses Bloodstone - Read Marvel Manifestor Chapter 158 - 158 – Ulysses Bloodstone**

### **Chapter 158 - 158 – Ulysses Bloodstone**

"Before announcing the rules, I will first introduce the inheritance candidates."

Verussa gestured toward the silent Black hunter.

"This is Barrasso. His current monster kill count: twenty-six."

She continued, pointing to the female hunter,

"This is Azarel. Thirty-seven confirmed kills."

Then came the Asian warrior Leon with forty-three kills,

and the bearded Viking Jovin with fifty-seven.

But the most shocking was Jack.

His kill count exceeded one hundred.

No one expected the thin, unassuming man—the one who looked like he couldn't lift a grocery bag—

to be the most lethal hunter present.

---

At that moment, the butler wheeled out a black coffin.

He pushed it into the center of the room.

Verussa lifted her chin.

"Everyone, my husband Ulysses has some final words to share with you.

He has prepared a little surprise."

She signaled the butler.

The coffin opened—only the upper half.

And there lay Ulysses Bloodstone's corpse, stiff and grey.

Elsa froze in disbelief.

She thought he was already buried long ago.

Yet here Verussa was, displaying him like a stage prop.

Her rage erupted instantly.

"VERUSSA!

How dare you defile a dead man's body?!

Are you looking to die?!"

Her pistol was already pressed against Verussa's forehead.

"Put him to rest now, or I swear I'll send you down to accompany him!"

Her eyes burned with fury—

and the Bloodstone shard on her chest pulsed brighter, reacting to her anger.

A chilling voice suddenly echoed:

"Now now, Elsa... this was all my idea~~"

The impossible happened—

Ulysses' corpse opened its mouth and spoke.

Lucas jumped nearly a foot in the air and instantly drew Judgment, aiming at the coffin.

"What demonic abomination is THIS?!"

His reaction startled the entire room.

Jovin hurriedly pushed down Lucas's weapon.

"Relax, relax!"

Dead men speaking isn't unusual around here.

Don't shoot him!"

Lucas let out a shaky breath.

He wasn't scared of monsters—

but these jump-scare theatrics felt like a horror movie designed to spike heart attacks.

"You're already dead," he muttered at the corpse.

"Stop popping out to scare people."

If this were Lucas's past life in China, they would've cremated Ulysses long before he got the chance to talk.

Elsa stared, stunned, unsure whether she should believe her own eyes.

"Step back, Elsa. My time is short... let me speak."

Ulysses' cloudy pupils shifted toward her.

She shot her stepmother a murderous look, then retreated to Lucas's side.

---

Ulysses continued.

"All of you here were selected as potential heirs to the Bloodstone legacy.

Now, I will announce the rules for the trial."

His voice was slow and creaking.

"Somewhere within this manor, I've released a monster.

The Bloodstone will be attached to it.

Whoever slays the creature and retrieves the stone...

will inherit everything."

When he finished, his head tilted back,

and he returned to being a silent corpse.

The hunters burst into excited murmurs.

This was too easy—

kill a monster and take the prize?

That was literally their job description.

The butler closed the coffin and began pushing it away.

"Wait," Elsa said quietly.

"Prepare him properly... then bury him."

Despite her hatred—

for how he treated her, her mother, and her childhood—  
he was still her father.

The butler paused, eyes softening.

"As you wish, Miss."

He nodded and left.

---

Verussa stepped forward.

"There are weapons throughout the manor.

Use whatever you wish.

As stated—

the first to kill the monster and claim the Bloodstone becomes the heir."

"Let the game... begin."

With her declaration, the hunters bolted out like unleashed hounds.

Only Elsa and Lucas remained still.

Strangely, Jack also didn't move.

He glanced at them several times, wanting to speak,

but hesitated in the end and quietly slipped away.

---

"That monster they mentioned must be Man-Thing," Lucas murmured.

"I'm curious what method they used to capture him in the first place."

He drifted toward the murals on the wall, finally able to examine them properly.

Elsa joined him.

---

First mural:

A primitive tribe kneeling before a massive meteor streaking through the sky.

Second:

A tribesman discovering a glowing red stone within the crater—  
the Bloodstone.

Third:

A close-up of a man with the Bloodstone embedded into his chest,  
howling at the sky.

After that came a series of his hunts—  
the monsters mounted on the walls,  
as well as many Lucas didn't recognize:

- werewolves
- lizardfolk
- giant dragons
- blue-skinned aliens

---

The final mural was the most mysterious.

Five figures stood around the Bloodstone, encircled by shifting moon phases.

The central figure wore a crown and wielded an axe.

The four beside him were:

- a Persian warrior with a curved blade

- a medieval knight with a spear
- a crossbow-wielding soldier
- and a Xiongnu warrior with a long sword

Together, they appeared to guard the Bloodstone.

The meaning was unclear—

but the image radiated an ancient, ominous importance.

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## **Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 159 - 159 – The Game Begins - Read Marvel Manifestor Chapter 159 - 159 – The Game Begins**

### **Chapter 159 - 159 – The Game Begins**

"These murals depict the life of my father—Ulysses Bloodstone."

Elsa pointed at the crowned figure holding a massive axe.

Lucas froze.

From the first painting to the last, the timeline spanned tens of thousands of years.

"Wait... that person is your father? Then your father is..."

Elsa nodded.

"Yes. My father lived from the prehistoric age all the way to now—over ten thousand years.

With the Bloodstone, he gained immortality.

That is its power...

and also my curse."

Lucas was stunned.

Ulysses wasn't just old—he was a walking fossil. A prehistoric antique.

A literal relic from the stone age who somehow lived until modern times.

"So why did he choose to die?"

Elsa tightened her grip on her necklace—

the half-Bloodstone glimmered faintly.

"I don't know.

Maybe because I took half the Bloodstone from him.

When he lost it, its immortality stopped working.

That might be what killed him."

Her voice held no guilt.

Not after the childhood he gave her—

not after her mother's death.

Elsa's hair was originally not red.

Ulysses had thrown her into a den of monsters when she was six,  
telling her she could only live by killing them.

She fought three days and nights.

Afterward, her mother wanted to bathe her,  
but Ulysses refused—calling the monster blood "a ritual."

Her scalp became infected.

Her hair turned red forever.

Elsa absentmindedly touched her crimson hair,  
a flicker of old hatred flashing through her eyes.

---

Lucas had already moved on, examining the sword and rifle displayed near the  
fireplace.

Both radiated a faint magical aura—  
their blades and barrels lined with runes he couldn't read,  
but could feel.

Elsa stepped beside him.

"These were my father's weapons.

He used an axe first—like in the murals—  
but at some point, he switched to a sword and a rifle."

"I think they're meant for you," Lucas said.

"Maybe they were gifts he never got the chance to deliver."

Elsa blinked.

On impulse, she drew the sword.

Hummmm—

It chimed joyfully, glowing as the runes lit up one by one.

With each rune, Elsa's aura surged.

It was like the weapon recognized her.

Like it was part of her.

She strapped it to her back, then lifted the bolt-action rifle.

It, too, felt like an extension of her arm.

A subtle connection, as if the weapon answered her blood.

She chambered the bolt.

Aimed.

Certain that any shot would hit exactly where she wanted—

even without aiming.

Elsa accepted them without hesitation.

Her old rifle she placed aside.

---

"ROAR—!!"

A violent bellow echoed outside.

Elsa and Lucas exchanged a look—

and sprinted out the door.

Someone had found Man-Thing.

---

Meanwhile, Jack was running for his life.

He wasn't here for inheritance.

He came to rescue Man-Thing—  
a friend.

But Barrasso—the silent black hunter—  
was chasing him, machete dripping blood.

Jack barely dodged blow after blow.

He fled into an above-ground crypt.

The moment he slammed the door—

CLANG!

It locked shut automatically.

"Damn it!"

He pounded the stone door,  
but his slight frame couldn't budge it.

---

Elsewhere, Elsa ran straight into Jovin.

The bearded Viking raised Ulysses' massive axe  
and brought it down with a thunderous swing.

Elsa dodged—barely.

The blow split the ground open.

She stared.

This was her father's axe.

Jovin didn't care.

He knew Elsa carried the other half of the Bloodstone.

Even if he failed to win the trial,

stealing her half would be a prize beyond measure.

He charged again.

Elsa had no choice but to fight.

The runes on her sword ignited as she drew it—

the blade bursting with crimson light.

The giant axe swept toward her.

She caught it with her sword,

slipped aside,

and delivered a clean upward slash.

SHRRK—

A red line opened across Jovin's torso.

Blood fountained out.

CLANG...

The axe fell.

Then Jovin's body collapsed with it.

Elsa stared at the corpse without emotion.

To a hunter, killing was routine.

Mercy was something they shed long ago.

She didn't pick up the axe.

She didn't even glance at the body again.

She sheathed her sword and walked away.

---

Lucas, wandering the grounds,  
had yet to meet anyone—  
or anything.

He eventually reached a graveyard.

In the center stood a small above-ground mausoleum.

One look was enough to tell him—  
it was a family tomb.

Exactly the sort of place a trapped hunter—or a trapped monster—might be.

He approached.

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**Marvel Manifestor #Chapter 160 - 160 – The  
Midnight Werewolf - Read Marvel  
Manifestor Chapter 160 - 160 – The  
Midnight Werewolf**

## Chapter 160 - 160 – The Midnight Werewolf

Lucas pushed lightly on the stone door—

and it swung open immediately.

Inside, he saw Jack Russell.

"Don't—!"

Jack tried to warn him,

but Lucas had already stepped inside.

BANG!

The stone door slammed shut behind him.

Lucas blinked.

"Don't what?"

You shout 'don't' right when I appear—

you make it sound like I'm some creepy old perv sneaking in."

Jack sighed helplessly.

"I meant—don't open the door."

Too late.

Lucas turned.

The door was sealed shut, as if locked by ancient mechanisms.

"Huh...?"

He pushed it.

Didn't budge.

So even Americans knew how to install tomb traps.

Amazing.

Jack shook his head.

"You won't open it from the inside.

I tried everything.

No mechanism.

It's locked tight."

Lucas studied him.

"You don't seem worried at all."

Jack's expression was weary—

but not afraid.

"You should be the one worried.

Tonight... is the full moon.

That means trouble.

For you."

Lucas raised a brow.

"Oh?

From the way you say that,

you gonna transform at midnight or something?

You a werewolf?"

He even imitated a wolf howl.

Jack did not find it funny.

"Yes.

I am a werewolf.

When the time comes, I lose control.

I will attack you.

I don't want that to happen."

Lucas froze.

Jack Russell.

Werewolf.

Jack Russell.

"Oh sh—!!"

He suddenly yelled,

startling Jack.

Jack flinched.

What the hell? I haven't transformed yet. Why is HE freaking out first?

Lucas slapped his forehead.

Jack Russell...

the protagonist of the Marvel special Werewolf by Night.

No wonder his name sounded familiar.

Cursed family.

Transforms under the full moon.

Loses consciousness.

Becomes a primal hunting beast.

Eventually regains his human mind in beast form,  
joins the Midnight Sons,  
becomes a hero—

But this Jack clearly hadn't reached that point yet.

Hence the warning.

Lucas wasn't worried, though.

He was more concerned about accidentally stabbing Jack to death.

"Relax.

When you attack me later,

I'll beat you back to your senses."

Jack blinked.

That made absolutely no sense.

Jack suddenly sniffed.

As a werewolf, his instincts told him—

Lucas wasn't here for inheritance.

"I don't think you're here for the Bloodstone.

So I want to cooperate."

"Oh?" Lucas asked.

"How?"

"I'm here to save my friend.

I need your help."

Lucas's expression changed slightly.

"You mean the Man-Thing?"

He's your friend?"

Jack hesitated—

then nodded.

"You know him?"

"Of course.

I came here for him."

Lucas explained everything.

The interdimensional breach.

The vampires leaking through.

The need to return Man-Thing to the dimensional gate.

Jack was stunned—

Lucas even knew the gate's secret.

He fully believed him now.

"Then please—help me save him first.

Then I'll leave with him."

Lucas nodded.

"Let's get out of here."

Winds circled his body.

Twin blades of air formed—

BOOM!!

The stone door sliced apart cleanly as tofu,

toppling with a shake.

The cut was mirror-smooth.

Jack stepped out behind Lucas just as the full moon rose overhead.

A burning sensation tore through him—

he dropped to his knees.

Lucas glanced up.

Perfect full moon.

Jack's transformation had begun.

"Lucas—

remember—

when you see me later—

look me in the eyes.

Don't forget—!"

He staggered away into the shadows—

hair sprouting, limbs bending—

leaving Lucas standing in the wind, speechless.

---

Elsewhere

Elsa entered a hedge maze.

Midway through,

a huge hand shot out—

grabbing her.

A tentacled, bulbous head rose from the foliage.

Man-Thing.

Elsa jolted—

but quickly steadied herself.

She had seen far worse monsters.

Then she noticed the red gem embedded in his back—  
glowing in rhythm with the Bloodstone over her heart.

The two pieces resonated.

Just then—

Jack lunged out of the bushes.

"Ted! Stop!

She's a friend!"

Man-Thing instantly released her.

Jack staggered forward—

fur already covering his face.

"I'll make it quick—

Lucas and I are working together to get you out."

He fumbled in his pocket—

pulling out a small bomb

with hands that were already turning into claws.

"I'm going to blast the Bloodstone off your back,

then blow a hole in the wall.

Then we run."

He reached toward Man-Thing's back—  
bomb in hand.

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