

54. Immortality is Such a Fickle Thing

Deep within the vast Kazimir mountains, a Princess of the night awakens from a lengthy slumber.

Snow-white fingers with deathly sharp black nails appeared on the rim of a crudely constructed wooden box. The owner of the hand put some force into their grip, causing the wood to creak in protest as they pulled themselves from the depths of the box.

A woman with hair as white as her skin surveyed the bland stone room with her bored red eyes. She let out a disinterested sigh as an insatiable thirst left her mouth parched. Then, running her tongue along her rows of teeth, she felt her two enlarged fangs.

Releasing another sigh, she pushed her naked body up and observed the empty stone room. There was no sign of furniture or any other items for that matter. Well, apart from the single wooden box found in the centre of the room.

The door to the room slowly screeched opened, yet the girl just gave the intruder a sideways glance. A middle-aged woman with below average features entered. She was wrapped up in warm clothes but still seemed to shiver from the freezing cold winds within the tunnels of the cave.

"Princess Nightshade, You have awoken..." the middle-aged woman said in a flat tone.

Vanity Nightshade didn't even acknowledge the woman. The **thirst** was driving her crazy.

"It has been a long three months. You must be thirsty?" The woman said with a neutral voice as if stating the obvious.

Vanity finally looked at the woman with her predatory gaze. The woman's neck smelled of cheese and vitality, making her nose twitch. Vanity hated the smell of cheese; hence, she chose this

human livestock to be her servant. Vanity had used a *blood contract* to enslave her.

Vanity strolled towards the doorway and walked past the shivering servant. Wind runes were implanted in the passageway to move the stale air. Vanity was completely naked and took note of the chilling wind. Her long white hair fluttered in the breeze as she casually walked down the tunnel.

She turned left at the end of the tunnel and entered a corridor resembling a dungeon. The smell of faeces and body odour tickled her nose, but she didn't mind it. Instead, she thought back to her weak brother, who always winced at the smell and found it rather adorable.

On the left-hand side were human women in rags. Vanity gave them a casual glance. Although many of them had exotic flavours, she personally prefers the men situated on the right side.

Many were thin from malnourishment, but the occasional one, usually fresh, still had some fat on them. Vanity observed one man with blonde hair hiding in the corner.

Vanity licked her lips. This man hadn't been here three months ago. Then, opening the cell door, she walked over to the man. Nobody dared to escape, some had tried in the past, but this seemingly innocent girl was ridiculously strong and equally fast. All escapees were hunted down and ripped apart within seconds. Realising he was the target, the blonde man began begging.

"Please... not me, NO NO! **AHHH**," He desperately pressed his back against the jagged cave wall while screaming curses. Vanity's soulless eyes flashed with a sinister glint. The ones who fought back were her *favourite*.

She didn't pick the man for his looks or charm. Only the scent of his blood that smelled of roasted bison enticed her to *taste* him.

Vanity's claws elongated, and she rammed her hand through the man's stomach, pinning him to the cave wall. He screamed and

howled, but that only made Vanity more *excited*. She loved this feeling of superiority and control over a livestock's life and death.

Only her dear brother Damien had a similar taste in controlling prey. Her eldest brother Karpov didn't understand the joy that came with playing with one's food.

Vanity's jaw opened, revealing her fangs. The man's neck called to her as she sunk them in. Pleasure overwhelmed her body as she greedily drank the nectar of life.

After a minute, the blonde man's body went limp as he died. Feeling satisfied with her meal, Vanity dropped the lifeless husk on the floor. She left the corpse behind as she knew the other men locked in the cell would appreciate the meal. After all, she wasn't that *heartless* to deprive her lovely livestock of her leftovers.

The moment she left the cell, the men scrambled to devour the dead. Feeling *bored* again, Vanity debated going back to sleep. After living for hundreds of years, just existing became a chore she would rather avoid.

Deciding she should visit her brothers before sleeping again, she headed towards their rooms. Damien's room was the closest, so she went there first.

After knocking on the room's wooden door and receiving no response, she forced her way inside. Similar to her own room, it was empty except for a wooden box in the middle. However, to Vanity's surprise, it was vacant.

Turning to the human servant that smelled of cheese, Vanity said, "Where is my dearest brother, mortal? Answer me now."

The middle-aged woman thought for a moment before replying, "After Prince Damien's birthday, you went to sleep. During this time, Prince Damien went to visit the human realm."

Vanity scoffed at the human's reply, "Foolish human, Why would Brother ever go to such a place? Even though we are strong, he

was a weakling compared to the rest of us. I must speak to eldest Brother about this matter."

Pushing past the disgusting human, Vanity made her way through the tunnels towards Karpov's room. All the tunnels looked the same, carved from the bare rock.

Mage Tower Monster Records

Page 4267 - Theory proposed by Sir Edgar Larsen, Year 1338

The Vampire's origin remains a mystery even after 500 years of study. However, a recent discovery of an ancient record suggests that a cult of necromancers wishing for immortality conducted experiments on a mining town that resided at the base of the Kazimir mountain range.

After the local Baron failed to receive his taxes that season, he dispatched tax collectors to the mining town. Unfortunately, only a single tax collector returned. The Baron deemed his statements regarding bloodthirsty monsters as crazy and executed the servant for fraud. After investigating the site himself, the Baron also vanished.

The Capital sent out investigators, but there was no evidence of anyone apart from deserted towns and signs of fighting. Therefore, the Capital decided this was an act of aggression from either Oshal or one of the countries residing over the mountains.

Upon further inspection of captured specimens of the vampire race, I have a theory that this cult was successful in its ritual and managed to create a hybrid race between the undead and the living.

Well, success depends on if they planned to turn themselves into mindless and soulless creatures that suffer from an endless thirst for blood.

Vanity eventually found Kaprov's room and entered without even knocking. Just the sounds emanating from within told her all she needed to know.

An absolute hulk of a man with long white hair lay on the stone floor with a brown-haired livestock riding his rod. She screamed in agony with every thrust. Several other women huddled together in the corner of the expansive room.

Seeing how violent her dear elder brother was being to the pathetic livestock, Vanity asked, "Something the matter, brother?"

"Oh, Vanity, You're awake? Perfect, I was about to hold court. House Destrym and Vernius have issues with the hunting ground allocations." Karpov replied in his thundering voice.

Vanity's face instantly scrunched up in disgust, "I hate court, last time, it lasted five years before House Thornvlad finally conceded on the matter."

Karpov nodded and said in a calm tone in between the woman's screams, "Exactly, that's why I am getting all my pent up lust out first."

"AHHHHHH" With a final scream, the woman's head fell back, and her eyes showed whites.

"Oops," Karpov said as he noticed his rod had split her spine in two and was poking out her back. "They are so darn fragile."

Standing up, Karpov towered over three meters. Vanity only reached his belly button and had to look straight up to meet his eyes. He tossed the corpse into a hole in the centre of his room with a simple throw.

The sound of claws scraping along walls could be heard as something moved in the hole. Vanity looked down and saw a sickly looking human approaching the corpse.

A Thrall

Humans corrupted by a Vampires' blood. They are mindless drones that only obey simple commands from their master. Vanity thought it laughable that the humans called these creatures Vampires as well.

The *Thrall* looked up with its lifeless eyes. Drool escaped between its shark-like teeth. Without further delay, it grabbed the corpse and feasted on the blood remaining in the body.

"Why do you keep a Thrall in your room anyway? Aren't they usually kept on the lower levels?" Vanity questioned, slightly amused at the Thrall's antics.

Karpov answered as if it was obvious, "Well, they don't break as quickly. A simple drop of blood, and they regenerate within minutes."

Vanity just looked at the *Thrall*, which was basically a moving corpse since it was classified as undead and would burn under the wrath of the sun. She had complicated thoughts on her brother fucking moving corpses, but on the other hand, she had done worse. So who was she to judge?

She looked at her mountain of a brother and found it rather unpleasant that his rod consumed her view, still dripping in the woman's organs. Karpov noticed his sister's gaze and laughed, "Sorry, ill clean it up." Then, with a swipe of his claw, his mighty rod fell to the floor with a thump. No blood spurted out the wound, showing Karpov's control over his body.

From the gaping hole, a brand new rod grew within seconds. He then picked up the lump of meat on the floor and rolled it over to the woman cowering in the corner, "Your food for the next few months. I will be back after court to *enjoy* you." Karpov then looked to the hole and spoke to the Thrall, "If they try to escape, you can *devour* them." The Thrall shrieked happily.

"Brother, before we go to court, can you tell me where Damien is?"

Karpov stopped in his tracks, and his black nails elongated to the size of swords. His long white hair began fluttering around, and his muscles bulged from rage.

Vanity just watched her brothers change in mood with a bored expression. She already knew what came next.

Karpov spun around his leg that could belong to an elephant and broke the sound barrier as he kicked Vanity in the crotch.

Her petite body caved in from the impact, and despite her incredibly resilient body, she found herself in two pieces embedded in the cave wall. Yet despite her body's condition, her eyes looked as bored and soulless as ever.

She waited a moment for her lungs to regenerate before saying, "Brother do you have to kick me every time I mention Damien? Stop being so paranoid and jealous of him."

Karpov was definitely the strongest out of the three siblings of House Nightshade. In fact, out of the entire Vampire race, he was considered the most powerful.

Vampires acquired power by consuming the vitality of others and raising their Blood Magic. What made vampires the second most powerful species on the continent was the lack of an upper limit on their power. As time flows, the Vampire will naturally become more powerful.

Karpov looked insane as he laughed while clutching his head, "Why was that bastard the inheritor of the soul? Why does the watchful wrath of the Sun God not weaken him? I AM THE **MONARCH**, SO WHY? WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY AHHHHHHHHH FILTHY WEAKLING IS A DISGRACE TO THE **BLOODLINE**, YET HE INHERITS THE **DAYWALKER**? HE DIDN'T INCREASE HIS STRENGTH THROUGH **FEEDING** LIKE THE REST OF US!"

"Karpov, **stop** it. Our Bloodline is already so weakened. There is only the three of us left. Our influence over the other three major

Houses is weakening by the day. Stop being paranoid. Damien has no wish to inherit the throne from you."

During this short exchange, Vanity had fully healed and removed herself from the indent in the wall. Brushing the dust off her naked body, she continued, "So what if Damien inherited the soul and can walk under the Sun God unimpeded? He is considered an elder like you and me, yet he was weaker than a Thrall."

Karpov calmed down a little and spoke between clenched teeth, "He escaped to the mortal plane. He has access to *unlimited* prey out there. Who knows? In a few hundred years, he may be strong enough to fight me."

Karpov was so strong he could rip an adult dragon in half with his bare hands, assuming it descended from the skies. Dragons were the King of Magic, while Vampires preferred utilising their immense speed and physical strength gained through vitality to fight.

Vanity laughed at the thought of her weak brother ever being able to match her strength, let alone Karpov's, "Why don't you bring him back then? Lock him up at home and deny him the ability to grow like you have done the last few centuries?"

Karpov snorted, "If those livestock could kill Father, then I will never risk my life out there. We are cursed existences Vanity, the world wishes us to **perish** and shall take any opportunity to do so. So I'll send some Vampires from House Thornvlad to deal with him after court. Naturally, they would jump at the opportunity to slay a Nightshade. As a compromise, I will demand they provide me with the corpse so I can finally devour his soul and no longer fear the gaze of the Sun God's wrath."

Kazimir Nightshade, the original Noble Vampire, was an S grade existence, yet a small group of A-grades could kill him with a few casualties.

Vampires are stronger than dragons. Yet unlike Dragons, they have fatal weaknesses that are easily exploited, such as silver and

certain schools of magic. This threat leads to the Vampire's paranoia of the outside world.

Vanity was displeased with her brother's hatred for Damien, yet she was too bored to care all that much. If her *dear* brother was defeated by some mere vampires from House Thornvlad, then he was too weak for eternal life.

Vampires had the intelligence of a well-trained dog and were the preferred choice for carrying out Noble Vampires' more complicated tasks. Unlike a Thrall, an undead human corrupted by their master's blood. Vampires were created through a ritual and therefore retained a small portion of their original soul and abilities but were relatively mindless.

Noble Vampires stand at the top of the food chain as perfect existences. Yet, like Vampires, they have a fractured soul, which leads to their twisted personalities and their weakness to the sun. But unlike Vampires and Thralls that disintegrate under the Sun Gods' gaze, Noble Vampires become sluggish and greatly weakened but will not die under the sun's watchful eye.

Except for a single Bloodline that stands above the rest, The Nightshades.

Vanity followed Karpov's imposing back as they entered the courtroom through a grand tunnel. The familiar sight of a volcano's extinct magma chamber greeted her. The sun's evening glow could be witnessed through the hole in the ceiling.

A throne surrounded by flora stood in the centre of the kilometre wide chamber, a rare sight within the Kazimir mountains. Surrounding the garden and throne in the middle were hundreds of Noble Vampires. All naked and standing in their various Houses.

"The Daywalker has arrived! The court is now in session!" A Destrym House member proclaimed as Karpov sat on the throne. The sun's gaze was weak due to the time of day, yet the discomfort

of Karpov's is obvious to the trained eye. Of course, the true Daywalker would be unaffected by the sun, but Karpov stubbornly hid his pain and nodded to the fellow Noble Vampires.

The Destrym was very plain looking with brown hair. They were by far the weakest of the *Four Great Houses*.

Kazimir Nightshade had many Blood Queens of various races serving him during his life. The different Houses are all descendants from Kazimir yet are slightly different due to the Blood Queen that birthed them.

House Destrym's lack of strength and typical features was due to their birth mother being an average human.

Karpov beckoned for the Destrym to continue, "Honorable Daywalker, House Vernius have impeached upon our hunting grounds in the west. Since humans have fled the hunting grounds to the south for unknown reasons, our livestock supply has suffered immeasurably. I plead to the honourable representative of House Vernius for a justification for their Houses actions in the west as we can no longer shoulder the burden to our supply chain." The Destrym representative, an average looking Noble Vampire with brown hair and a muscular build, sat down, and the House Vernius representative stood.

House Vernius are unusually tall and lanky with feminine features since their Queen was a high elf. Their average height was between two and three meters. However, the elders of the House Vernius were a bit taller than Karpov's, towering three meters.

The towering Elder with blonde hair from House Vernius spoke in a prideful voice, "House Destrym, a war is occurring within the mortal plane, villagers have been drafted into the war and therefore have fled from the hunting grounds in the west. Therefore we are forced to expand westwards."

An average height and built man with fiery red hair from House Thornvlad just rolled his pitch-black eyes from the sidelines. He knew this court session would take at least a few months, if not

years. Noble Vampires are prideful, arrogant and stubborn creatures, and since they didn't have defined laws, it was simply one Vampire's word against another's.

Vanity sat next to House Vladthorn, just outside the garden to avoid the sun's wrath. Unlike Karpov, who wished to prove he was the true Daywalker, she had no such desire to suffer the discomfort.

House Nightshade's birth mother was a fallen angel, hence their resistance to the light. Vanity was, therefore, extremely uncomfortable sitting next to a Thornvlad as a demon birthed them, hence their pitch-black eyes and red hair.

Each House had around a hundred members consisting of a couple of Noble Vampires and many Vampires in service to them. As Noble Vampires only needed to feed every few months, these court sessions could proceed uninterrupted for weeks at a time.

House Nightshade was in a unique position. Despite their pathetic number of Nobles being at three and the number of servants countable on a single hand, the ability to resist the sun and be proclaimed as Daywalkers made them natural kings.

The Kazimir mountains were a prison to the Vampires, protecting them from the outside world. In this analogy, the Nightshades could be considered the wardens as they could come and go as they pleased.

Vanity smiled as she thought of Damien, "Good luck, little brother. Don't perish out there and disgrace us. Instead, have a delectable feast, for Karpov will never let you go. Time is ticking; immortality is such a fickle thing."

