(Jacob POV)

I was sitting doing nothing when I received a distress call from one of my subordinates. It was like a homing instinct that was always active. For us vampires when one of our subordinates died, who we had formed a blood oath with, we received something like a distress signal. A signal that said that his life was in danger and another that told us if he was dead. Vampires were absurdly resilient. As long as we were well-fed, we could regenerate almost indefinitely. So, killing a vampire was not an easy task. It wasn't absurdly hard as well. I mean…. Well. The point was that one could not usually kill a vampire quickly. Not without spending a huge amount of energy. So, I was really surprised when I got a distress call from one of my subordinates. Now this was not the surprising part. The surprising part was that I had never received a signal identifying that his life was in danger. So that could have only meant that he never for a moment thought that his life was in danger. This could only have meant one of the two things. First a betrayal. If it was a betrayal, then the sudden death made sense. I mean he would not have seen the attack coming till the very end and maybe died of an ambush instantly. This was plausible but not possible. Why?

"Hey, Virik," I called my second in command.

"Yeah, what's up." He replied.

I asked him where the vampire had gone off to and he replied that he was summoned by Dracula.

(Ugh. It's him again.)

I could not completely hide my displeasure upon hearing that name.

(Great just great, now I don't know anything about him. I had to go and ask Dracula.)

I apparated outside his castle.

"UGH. Why the hell do I need to go through so many defenses every time I want to talk to that damn old man." It was all painful. Passing through all his defenses. I did not want to. But I had to.

"Okay let's do this thing." And with that, I jumped in.

It took me quite a while, but I reached his castle gate, as usual bleeding from many places.

I knocked at the door and then waited. It did not take much time for the door to open up. I expected to be invited inside but I was not. Instead, I saw a vampire standing at the door of the castle. He had long blond hair and he wore a white suit. There was also a cane in his hand.

"What do you want Morningstar." He bellowed.

(What's the deal with him) I wondered.

"I want an audience with the king of vampires, Vlad Dracula." I tried to follow the custom.

"You shall not be granted an audience as his Highness is away on an errand."

(Shit. Not now.)

"When will he return," I asked.

"Do not disrespect the king of all vampires Morningstar. If the king holds you in high regard, that does not mean I will do the same. To me, you are and will always be an intruder." He shouted at me.

Yup. He was one of those. These vampires who were of pure blood and were ancient treated me like I was not one of them. I mean that I wasn't but still. Dracula accepted me. They called me an intruder.

"I know what his highness plans for you but I will not let it succeed." He said. My lips got curled and a displeased expression appeared on my face upon hearing that.

"yeah, that would be great." I laughed. "It would be great for all of us if you did not let it happen. And you know what will be the best. If you accepted his offer rather than me." I meant it. Honest. But he took it as a provocation.

"YOU DARE. I AM A VAMPIRE NOBLE. HOW DARE YOU BELITTLE ME." He shouts in outrage. "I DRAVEN OF THE DARKSHADE HOUSEHOLD WILL KILL YOU IF YOU TRY AND STEP OUT OF YOUR BOUNDS." Magic power condensed around him and I saw blood rise from the ground making his surroundings red.

(UGH. What the heck is wrong with the dude.)

"Hey, chill man. I just wanna ask the old man about something." I unintentionally provoked him some more.

"THAT BLOODY IT." He lunged at me.

Almost all my wounds had healed by then and was at my peak. So, when he attacked, I was ready for him. The blood around him arranged and gathered in his hand forming a red sword. And with that, he slashed at me.

I was so not in the mood to fight him. But I had to defend or else he was going to kill me. Luckily, he was angry. And that made his moves predictable. And with the help of my left eye, I could have killed him if I wanted but that was not my aim. He was a noble and although he had attacked me first, killing him would not have been the best move at the time. So instead, as he slashed, I ducked and grabbed his hand. I twisted his hand and Using his momentum I threw him on the ground. The momentum from his lung and my vampiric strength combined made quiet the force.

\*BAM\*

A crater formed where he fell. The bloody sword vanished from his hand and he made a noise. Showing that he was in pain.

"Calm down man. I am not here to fight. I just wanted to talk to old man Drake." I spoke as I twisted his arm behind his back and applied pressure to keep him down.

"What do you want to talk to him about intruder." He chewed every word he said.

"I just wanted to ask where and with whom he had sent the vampire he summoned from one of my subordinates..." I paused for a moment to let the information sink in. "He died today. I want to know about him as soon as possible."

"He was sent alone on an espionage mission," Draven spoke. And then he also told me where and when he was sent.

"If you go there you might find him or at least some clue about where he is," Drake told me.

"Thanks," I answered and got up from his body.

"I don't need your thanks. I only told you because it was something concerning us vampires. I can not allow someone to kill vampires like that." I heard him say as I turned around. I did not answer.

"Morningstar." He called out to me.

"What?" I asked without turning.

"I will not let him give it to you. You hear me. I shall be the one, not you." He spoke with magic infused in his voice. It was like a declaration of war. I war I did not want anything to do with it.

So I simply ignored his rant and apparated. I needed to go to the location where he had died.

He was sent on an Espionage mission by Dracula alone. So, that cut out the possibility of betrayal. That could have only meant one other thing. He was attacked. And the opponent was so overwhelmingly stronger than him that he never for a moment got a chance to defend himself.

"Things have gotten troublesome," I spoke to no one.

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I apologize for another late upload. I had an operation and was on bed for the last twenty days. Now I am back. so, here is the chapter.

signed: The amazing author.