

My Vampire 281

My Vampire System Chapter 281: The White room

The last thing she remembered seeing before entering the portal, was her wristwatch being chucked out in the distance. She made sure to keep an eye on it, seeing that it had landed just before the cliffside.

It was the only thing that she had left, that would allow her to keep in contact with the others. It was starting to make her really realize what a desperate situation she was in.

There was no choice now, there was no turning back for Erin. A target was set on her back by one of the most powerful humans in the world and if she wanted protection from him. There were only a few people who could offer that and one of them where the Pure group.

The man had grabbed her wrist and pulled her into the portal before she could even brace herself for what was to come. Holding on tightly, the two of them continued travelling through the portal.

The man had a strong grip and made sure that Erin wasn't going to let go. The two of them needed to end up in the same area. However, Erin didn't try to resist. If she did, who knows where she would end up. They were now heading to the Pure base. An unknown location that hadn't been tracked down by any of the big families or the military.

A few moments later, and the teleportation had finished. When the two of them had reached the other side, and she started to open her eyes, there was only one thing she could see, white.

She looked around, and both her and the man seemed to be in a completely solid white room. The floor was white, the ceiling was white and even the walls, making it hard for her to tell how big the room was. There seemed to be no exit or entrance either, and while standing there, the room started to freak her out a little.

"Welcome, I hope James wasn't too rough on you." A female voice said through a speaker. Although the sound from the speakers sounded strange. Usually in a room like this one, the sound would echo as it bounced through the walls. Instead, it was as if the sound was being directed straight to her eardrums.

She felt like she could hear the person who was speaking as clear as if she was wearing headphones. When looking around, Erin was unable to even see any speakers.

Assuming that the man who was with her was James, the person on the speaker was talking about, she tried to look at him to see if he had any answers. She then noticed that he was already walking forward towards one of the white walls.

As soon as Erin took a step forward to follow him, James immediately swivelled around and drew his sword, pointing it at her neck. The tip of the giant blade was only centimetres away from her throat.

“I’m afraid you will need to stay in the room for now.” The speaker said. “Although one of our agents recommended you over, there is still a chance that you might be a spy you see. So we need to be absolutely positive before proceeding any further. After all, once you step outside from this room, Pure will be on the other side. I hope you understand.”

The voice seemed like it was trying hard to sound soft and sweet to reason with her, but Erin could tell that behind these words, were threats and James, pointing his blade towards herself made it more apparent.

Taking a step back, Erin then proceeded to sit on the floor.

“I understand... whatever you need from me.” She replied.

“Excellent, just stay in here for now, and someone will be here in a moment.”

In front of one of the white walls, James was standing there patiently. It seemed like it automatically drew to the side and opened. He then left the room while Erin was left to be there all by herself.

She waited patiently at first sitting down, expecting someone to come back soon. She didn’t know how much time had passed. While sitting down, she had managed to count to 1000 out of boredom, and she had even waited for more before starting to do that.

There was nothing in the room at all, and no sound could be heard. It was deadly quiet that she could listen to her organs squirrelling and making noises as everything moved all over inside her body.

Slowly, the room was starting to get to her, it felt like the walls were beginning to come closer and closer, but she felt like it must have been in her head.

Outside of the room, two people were watching inside the white room. They were looking through what looked like a double-sided glass window. It was digitally created and projected a white wall appearance on the outside to match the room.

While the two people could see Erin clearly, she could not see them. One of the ones watching Erin, was James. The person who had escorted her here, while the other was a slightly older woman who looked to be in her late thirties. She had a short brown haircut, and her hands were behind her back while watching Erin carefully.

“How long do you think she’ll last in there?” James asked.

The older woman looked at Erin carefully, right now, she was still sitting on the floor with her eyes closed as if to give off a relaxed look. However, if one was to look at her face closely, they could see she was in great pain. Her eyes were twitching, and the goosebumps on her arms were already starting to show.

“The longest someone has ever lasted in the anechoic chamber was one hour. She has done well to last half an hour already. She seems to be a strong-willed person.” The woman replied.

The anechoic chamber was a soundproof room that actually went into the negatives when it came to decibels. When inside long enough, one’s senses start to get disorientated. The sound of your heartbeat gets clearer the feeling of the blood rushing around your body is heard, and one doesn’t know what is real from fake.

Every new member of Pure must first go through this trial, the idea was for it to test one’s mental power and state. It gave them an idea of how much potential a candidate had in the future of the organization.

Specific tasks would require one for a strong mind, such as infiltration and so on.

The two continued to look at Erin while the timer above them continued, it had now been forty minutes since Erin had entered the room.

Her eyes and body continued to twitch.

'Is this some type of test? It's clear this isn't an ordinary room, and they haven't come to get me out of here yet.'

The thought in her mind went back to seeing how mighty James was with his sword and how he was able to kill the beast with a single swing. There were some strong people at Pure, that was clear. If she wanted to get stronger, then the best way was climbing to the top as quick as she could.

Finally, she started to realize that closing her eyes and trying to focus the strange thought away wasn't working. In fact, it was just making it worse. Instead, she decided she would stand up and start to practice some martial arts.

She practised every day anyway, and sometimes it was the best thing to keep her mind off things.

When trying to stand up, her feet gave in, and she immediately fell to the floor.

'What's wrong with my body?' Everything was disorientated in her mind and sound. That she was no longer able to recognize her senses. As she couldn't stand up, instead she started to think back to why she was here in the first place.

Anger was always another good fuel for her to fight through the pain. She thought of Truedream, she then started to think of the Dalki. How both of these things had taken everything away from her.

"Arhhhh!" Erin started to scream as she grabbed her head, and it seemed like she was going mad.

"Forty-five minutes." The old woman said with a smile on her face. "Looks like we have a new prodigy in our hands."

James immediately rushed into the room as soon as he had heard the scream, but when reaching Erin's body, it looked like she had already passed out.

Sweat was dripping from her forehead, and droplets of water were heavy around her body. Brushing her hair back, James took a closer look at her face that still looked to be in pain.

"You did well." he whispered.

"Hurry up, James." The woman said on the speaker. "We must take her to the next area. More tests await her."

My Vampire System Chapter 282: The Chance to strike

When Erin had finally woken up, rather than her being in a white room, right now she was in a pitch-black room and couldn't see anything. A soft fabric was felt covering her eyes, so she assumed she was blindfolded.

"Looks like you're awake." A male voice said from behind. The sound was different from when they were in the white room, so she could assume she had been moved. She also recognised the voice, although the man didn't speak much. She could tell it was the same man who was with her before, James.

The soft fabric that was covering her face had been removed; still, her eyesight remained almost pitch black. Whatever room they were in, there wasn't a single spark of light. It was clear they were either testing her or still didn't trust her.

There were always rumours going around about how crazy members of Pure were, although Erin didn't outright believe them as the news reports would be clearly biased, but after a few first impressions of arriving at the base, she was beginning to agree with what she had heard.

The only thing that was keeping her going was the fact that Layla, who was also a member of Pure was such a kindhearted person.

'Did she go through the same thing?' Erin thought. The last room Erin was in it was torture for her. After spending just 20 minutes, she could feel her mind starting to crumble, but she held on for as long as she could.

The room was there for a reason, and it was clear it wasn't made just for her. It might have even been used for training their own members. If Layla too had gone through something like that, Erin was starting to change her opinion of Layla being weak.

She could imagine a regular person only lasting about fifteen minutes. However, truthfully she had no clue how long she had spent in there. When in the room, a second felt like a minute.

Although she couldn't see anything, she felt that her arms seemed to be strapped down and her back was upright. She was sitting on some kind of chair. The sound of James shuffling around and moving could be heard, and he seemed to be sticking on a sticky substance over different parts of her body.

"Don't worry too much, this is a normal procedure for everyone who comes to us for the first time," James said. "As long as you tell us the truth, you will be all okay."

The sound of another chair shuffling forwards was heard, and James was now sitting directly opposite Erin in the dark room.

"I just need you to answer me some simple questions, all you need to say is yes or no. Understand?" James asked.

Clearly, Erin was in no position to give snappy answers, so rather than snap back like she usually would, she complied.

"Yes," Erin replied.

\*Ding

The sound of a machine to her right made a bell-like sound.

“You are Erin Hayley correct?” James asked.

“Yes.”

Once again, the ding sound was heard.

“18 years old.”

“No”

\*Ding

“Female?”

Before answering this time, Erin paused slightly.

“No.”

\*Ding, \*Ding.

This time the machine had rung twice instead of once.

When answering the question, Erin had answered falsely on purpose as she had a suspicion what the machine was, and now she had confirmed it. It was a Lie detector. Usually, one would have an ability user come over and check if they were telling the truth.

Since Pure didn't have many ability users, it made sense for them to use technology instead.

"Oh, so we have a smart one," James said. "It wasn't like we were trying to hide it otherwise we would have muted the rings, but if we catch you in a lie, remember this will be bad for you, very bad."

James then went on to ask Erin more questions. Most of them were very basic questions at first, mainly there to confirm she was who she said she was. Pure had done their research as soon as Layla asked for her friend to be taken in. They looked into the details and could tell her parents had died.

The next set of questions went on to confirm that she had just lost her abilities in the Truedream incident. So far it seemed like everything was going well and she indeed wasn't a spy.

All the information was currently being recorded and being sent over to the older women who stood outside the dark room.

"Are you the only one that knows about Layla's true identity as a member of Pure?" James asked.

So far, Erin had almost been answering instantly at every question that had come at her. For this one, she paused. If they were asking something like this, this meant that Pure clearly didn't want others to know Layla was there.

However, her hands were tied, even if she lied they would know. The problem was she thought about who would get the blame. Would it be Layla, or the others that knew about her?

"No." Erin replied.

At this moment, she wished she could see the expression on James's face. Perhaps it would have told her something about what they were planning to do to the others. Instead, she started to feel the fabric folded over her face once again.

When she was able to see again, this time, she seemed to finally be in a room with some sort of colour for once. The room was small, and she was currently sitting at a desk. When looking around, it looked like she was in some type of classroom that was filled with around thirty students.



The others sitting at their desks were of all different ages, but most of them were younger than Erin and looked like they would be in primary or elementary school. Just at the back of the room, James and a few other a.d.u.l.ts were present in the room as well.

When observing the room closely, she noticed that there were no windows, and it looked like the entire place was made of a metal-like material.

'Are we underground, or maybe another planet where the outside isn't safe?' she thought. While thinking of ways to escape or where they possibly were, a person stood in front and soon started to talk. He didn't say much and quickly turned on a video.

At first, Erin was quite interested in the video, but soon she realised what it was trying to do. The footage showed several reports that were never shown on TV. The bad side of the current system and how it was affecting people all over.

Videos of shelters that had been abandoned, families killed. Videos of higher ups torturing those of lower levels, while the higher levels enjoyed a life of luxury. She had to admit, it really did show the current situation of the world in a bad light, but Erin knew there were always two sides to everything. Especially as someone who lived on the other side.

Most of the people around here probably only had a painful life as a low level or being poor. In contrast, Erin was someone who had quite a luxurious life before. Not everyone was like what they were showing in the videos.

Her family was a great example of that. They had stayed behind and done everything they could to protect the citizens from a Dalki attack. Of course, Pure didn't show those types of videos.

Inside the Pure base, a meeting had been called. In a sizeable dome-like room was a long table with several seats.

At the head of the table, there were five seats each with a number on the back of the chair. Four of them were currently empty while the only one that was filled was number five.

In the seat, sat a woman, it was the same person who had been watching Erin this whole time with James complete her tasks. Spread around the room were several other seats, they too had numbers on them going from six to twenty. Nearly all of them were filled apart from a small few.

In one of the seats was James, who had the number fifteen.

The female in number five stood up, and at the same time, the rest of them stood up as well.

“Please, there is no need.” The women said. “You know I don’t like any of that stuff. The whole point of our organisation is to make everyone feel as if they are equal. Please sit down.” She said.

The others sat down as ordered, but still, the mood in the room was quite serious.

“As you know, I’m the only single-digit here, so I am currently in charge of the base. Today’s meeting is a special one, as we have been given a special task. Soon the inter military base tournament will be upon us. It’s one of the only few times when all of the military base leaders gather. This will be our chance to strike.” The women said.

My Vampire System Chapter 283: Been Caught

The two soldiers guarding the portal entrance continued keeping their hands directed towards the student. Even though he had already stated his own identity as Pio Blank, they were soldiers and not the school’s employees.

Backup was called. A few moments later, Hayley, alongside three additional soldiers by her side, entered the room.

Pio’s hands were still remained up above his head, they were visibly shaking. This was not the welcome he had expected. After being missing for a month or so, he thought his return would be welcomed, perhaps he would be treated like a king for a few days, but reality hit him hard and showed him it wasn’t the case at all.

“Will you guys drop it already? Can’t you see that you’re scaring him?” Hayley spoke. She knew that on the other side of the portal, they would have strict protocols before sending someone over back to the base.

On the way here, she heard some information that the person who entered the portal was claiming to be a student. If he was to show his student military I.D, then they would have allowed him to pass over.

The only thing was... this turned out to be quite unexpected. When she entered the room, she was half-expecting for the person who just returned to be someone from the orange portal expedition. Maybe perhaps a student who had been left behind, but instead, it was actually someone from the original green portal planet from the first expedition.

The only person who was confirmed to be missing, rather than dead, was Pio. However, he already returned and even had his student I.D with him.

As she pondered over this matter, she moved in closer towards the student and was now at a distance where she could clearly see the young boy’s face. Although he was covered with what looked to be mud and sweat, she realized that something was strange.

When the thought finally clicked in her head, she almost dropped the tablet in her hand.

“Pio Blank?” Hayley asked with a puzzled tone.

“That’s right... But how do you know my name? I didn’t think that you kept that much attention on me,” Pio responded with a slight blush on his face. Hayley was a beautiful teacher and she was the only doctor for the first year students. Even though she saw a lot of students, she didn’t really directly teach any of them. Out of the 500 names around the campus, he was rather surprised that she remembered his. This caused him to misunderstand and feel special about this encounter.

‘Is this student the fake one? Or is the impersonator the one inside our base?’ Hayley gulped at this thought. She reasoned out that the one currently at the school was most likely the fake student.

If someone was to try and infiltrate the base, then the second one who turned up a month later would most likely be deemed the real one.

Still... as a precautionary measure, the student was cuffed with his hands behind his back, a soldier escorted him off for interrogation.

“Wait, I promise you! I’m really me! You can check my I.D card!” Pio started screaming, “You can see that it’s me on the files, right?! You guys already have my picture! Why are you doing this?!” He continued crying out.

“That’s the problem...” Hayley muttered to herself, “There’s someone who looks exactly like you.”

In the meantime, Hayley immediately went to inform Nathan and called an emergency meeting.

Being cuffed up wasn’t a nice feeling at all. Pio started wondering what on earth had happened while he was away. Had the world suddenly turned into a dictatorship during his absence? Was the whole place taken over by the Dalki already? However, both of these couldn’t be the case at all. Otherwise, he would have heard all about it back on planet Caldi.

‘I think I would have rather continued spending all that time in the desert than be treated like this...’ Pio regretfully complained in his mind.

What soon came after made him change his thoughts. As soon as the doors to the supposed interrogation room were opened up. He was greeted with a full meal, desserts, and even a luxury bed in one location. He didn’t know that the school had such a place!

Pio’s eyes were fixated on the food, he hadn’t eaten a proper meal in days while he was traveling through the desert. Luckily for him, when he came to, he ventured off in a certain direction, and just when he thought he was about to pass out and starve from hunger, he came across a group of travellers.

They escorted him to a shelter nearby, however, the bad news was, the shelter wasn’t owned by the military, but a faction instead. After the travellers kindly took care and fed him for a single night, Pio was left to survive all on his own.

He worked hard during his time at the shelter and gathered up as many credits as he could. Eventually, he was able to buy a map. This was the moment more bad news came, the distance between the shelter he was currently at and the place he had to go was quite far. If he was on his own, he still wasn't sure he could face the beasts he would meet on his way. This was why he continued working hard and earning even more credits.

Luckily for him, his ability for being able to duplicate any type of beast weapon came in quite handy. It allowed him to earn the required credits and eventually hire an escort team quicker than normal people.

Now, he finally made it back. But still... during that whole time, he never splurged his credits on a good meal. Drool kept falling from his mouth as he stared at the food before him.

"You can uncuff him now," A deep voice reverberated in the room.

After hearing the sound of another person in this place, his eyes gradually averted from the food as his head turned to another direction. He was now staring at the second year general, Duke.

'What? Why isn't it Nathan?' Pio thought. Usually, as a first year, all matters related would be assigned to him.

"Now, before we let you tuck yourself into this nice meal, I need you to tell me everything that happened," Duke asked.

Duke had eyes and ears all around the school. It also included having some soldiers grab information from here and there. The incident of what happened in the portal room had reached him although Hayley had already instructed that no one was to leak any of this information to the students.

The information may have not leaked outside, but it still managed to reach Duke. For some reason, his hunch was telling him that something wasn't right about this situation, this was why he had an unusual amount of interest in this.

Perhaps the infiltrator was related to Pure... Ever since they angered Truedream, Duke had gotten the heat for that situation. He had a huge grudge with Pure now.

The female who wore white robes from before entered the room and did her usual job. While questioning, she should be able to tell if Pio was lying or not. After about thirty minutes of nonstop barrage of queries, Pio's mouth turned dry from recounting everything that happened to him the last month.

Every single word he said so far had been the truth, they even managed to confirm that he was the real student. However, there was still one thing that bothered Duke.

"So you're saying that you never saw the Dalki? Are you really positive about that?" Duke asked.

"My memory is kind of a blur, honestly speaking, but I would have definitely remembered a Dalki attack. So no, I didn't see the Dalki," Pio responded.

The reports that were mentioned back then didn't match up. Originally, they assumed that the Dalki had completely killed Ben's group of five. Two of the bodies were found nearby each other, and later on, two more bodies were discovered. Although they were far apart from the rest of the group, Pio was presumed dead at this point.

The original speculation was that the three out of the five escaped the Dalki, and that's why their bodies had quite some distance between them. Despite their efforts, they were still killed.

However, now that Duke thought about it more, the distance between where the bodies were found didn't make sense. The Dalki should've been able to kill both of those students in an instant. If that happened, then Pio would have remembered such an event for sure.

Maybe... perhaps the deaths of the other two people weren't related to the Dalki at all?

"Thank you, you may now enjoy your meal. Feel free to get comfortable in this room, you'll be here a while," Duke said as he stood up from his seat, left the room, and closed the door.

"Wait, did he say I'd be here a while?" Once Pio mouthed these words, two soldiers stood in front of the door and blocked the exit.

The selection process for deciding which students would take part in the inter-military event had been decided.

In Logan's class, they had just finished selecting the roles, Logan himself had been selected for the crafting event. Since there were no known crafters in his class, he openly volunteered for the role. There were a few people who thought that he should have taken part in the fighting tournament instead, but he refused them, saying that fighting didn't interest him.

Just as the class was about to be dismissed, four soldiers suddenly entered the room.

"We are here to collect the student known as Pio Blank," one of them announced as they scanned the area.

After spotting the target, the soldiers were already moving to where Pio was.

There wasn't any time to react and Peter didn't know what to do.

"Just follow along for now," Logan whispered to him.

The soldiers immediately placed both of Peter's hands behind his back before cuffing him, two of the soldiers held Peter by the arm as they guided him out of the room. Just as they were about to leave, Logan reached out and grabbed Peter.

"Where are you taking him? And for what reason? He's done nothing wrong," Logan exclaimed.

"Let go of him. Or should I make you let go? Brat." The soldier answered him, "This is a direct order from general Duke. If you decide to obstruct our duties, then we have permission to punish you."

Logan hesitantly released his grip, but not before allowing one of his spiders to climb into Peter's sleeve.

As Logan watched Peter walk away with the soldiers, he had one thought in his mind. 'He's been caught.'

## My Vampire System Chapter 284: No Plan

### MVS 284

The little mechanical spider was neatly tucked just underneath Peter's shirt collar. It climbed up from below his sleeve and was now in the prime position for it to listen and hear everything around.

Although the spider acted as a microphone, and at times, a small speaker. It was unable to be used in transmitting any video footage. The other problem was that the situation which just occurred was unexpected for Logan. He was completely unprepared and never thought that something like this might have happened.

While the sound recorded by the spider was sent to the computer in his room, he could listen to it at a later time, however, that wasn't good enough. He needed to be aware of what was currently happening.

Luckily for him, the soldiers who came to grab Peter did so just when classes ended for the day. This gave Logan the opportunity to head back to his room as fast as possible. As he was returning, he placed his other hand on the watch on his wrist and sent out a message.

"This is an emergency, everyone is to gather right now. Peter has been caught, I repeat Peter has been caught. Everyone meet me in my room ASAP."

When the message was sent out, all of their group's watches started to light up. After what happened with Truedream, Logan made sure that the adjustments he made on everyone's watches were permanent.

The messages he sent were encrypted. In addition, all of their whereabouts were also sent to Logan's computer in real-time.

Once they saw the message, a devastated look could be seen on their faces. If they found Peter, then it was only a matter of time before their involvement would be discovered as well.



In an instant, they all quickly rushed towards the same location.

When Logan entered his room, he immediately ran towards the computer and listened to the spider's transmission. However, there was barely any sound so far. The soldiers were only silently escorting Peter, all the while they did this, they didn't say a word to each other.

"That's good, Peter. We still aren't aware how much they know yet," Logan muttered out. The next thing he had to do was check where they had taken him. If things went bad, then they would perhaps be able to come up with a similar plan with the one they did with Truedream.

After checking the information and looking at Peter's trail, Logan slightly raised his eyebrow.

"Now... why are they taking you there?" He thought.

Peter's tracks led directly to the second year building. The school campus was mainly composed of three main buildings with several smaller ones around it, almost similar to the martial arts hall.

It consisted of the first year building, the second year building, and finally, a separate building for the teachers and soldiers who worked as guards. These people would often rotate in and out with the others from the military base, in fact, this building was also the location where important meetings would be held.

Just as Logan was busy thinking about the possibilities, people started entering his room, the first one being Quinn. The door snapped open as he shot inside at a nearly incredible speed.

"Can you close the door?" Logan asked.

"Oh... My bad..." Quinn flusteredly said. When returning to close the door, a few more people entered the room. Unlike Quinn, they were sweating since they rushed over as quickly as they could

Eventually, everyone who knew about Peter was present, this also included Fex.

"It's good that you're all here, I won't have to explain myself over and over again," Logan announced. "I was there in the classroom when the soldiers suddenly took him. I don't know what for, but I think we already know what it should be about. It's obvious why they would do this without any warning. One of my spiders is currently attached to him, however, we don't have any new information yet. There is one thing I find strange though... they're currently heading for the second year building.

Both Vorden and Quinn reacted at the same time, they said one name, "Duke."

"What do we do?" Layla asked. "We have to get him out of there, right?"

"Let's observe for now," Logan responded to her question. "There are many things that they could be accusing Peter for, we might have just jumped the gun on this one."

Everyone was now patiently waiting in silence for any new information that might come from Logan's computer.

"I see you made it, Pio," Duke's voice rang out. "Please sit."

Before he took a seat, Pio glanced around the room to see how many people there were. This was perhaps in preparation that he could find a chance to escape at one point. But rather than finding any possible weak links, he instead realized that he was in a rather luxurious room. It was somewhere he didn't even know that existed on campus.

When Peter finally sat down, Duke mirrored him across the long table. They looked into each other's eyes without saying anything. Both men didn't stop gazing into each other for even a second.

"You're a strange one." Duke's words broke the sudden tension. "You didn't bat your eyes away from me. It seems like you're not scared of me at all, unlike the others. You seem to have similar traits to that of a trained terrorist." He now had a large grin on his face.

The old Peter would have been shaking in his boots, his heart would've also beaten so loud that he couldn't even hear his own thoughts. However, right now, he felt none of it. The only thing he was

aware of were the suppressed emotions of fear in his mind. He knew that he was in trouble, but his body and face weren't showing any signs of it.

"Let me ask you this, what's your date of birth?" Duke started asking questions.

Because it was a simple question, Peter responded instantly. Duke then continued asking similar questions like these. For query, Peter would perfectly answer back like a machine.

"Hey, he got all those questions correctly," Fex spoke. "It means we're in the clear, right?" When Fex looked around the room, he was confused as to why everyone's face seemed to be even more concerned than before.

The problem here was how quickly and perfectly he answered every question. Even to them, it almost sounded like Peter was some trained spy asked to infiltrate the school.

"Well... if you say you're Pio." Duke snapped his fingers as a signal, a guard went outside of the room. A few moments later, another student was brought in. "Then who is this?"

The man who was brought in was the real Pio. When the real Pio saw a doppelganger of himself, he immediately shielded his eyes.

"No! Don't let me see it! Are you trying to kill me?!" Pio yelled out while continuing to cover his eyes.

"What's wrong with you?" The guard said, gripping his arm even tighter. They had been rough with him for the last few hours and still didn't treat him like a student, instead, they handled him more like a captured intruder.

"Don't you know that if you see your own doppelganger you'll die in real life?!"

Duke let out a sigh before continuing, "As you can see, the jig is up. We already know that you're not the real Pio. You're most likely a spy since you've chosen to hide your identity like this. My best hunch is that you're using a transformation skill, we have the perfect person for people like you."

After waiting for a while, Nathan was finally brought into the room. He had an ugly expression on his face.

“What are you doing, Duke?!” Nathan stormed in while stomping down his feet hard. “The first year students are my duty, not yours!”

“I believe this matter will concern me a lot more than you.” Duke coolly talked back.

Nathan stopped walking and listened to him. Usually, Duke would bluff, however, he felt like the man had some weight behind his words.

“Why don’t you just use your ability and find out?”

Nathan looked at the two students standing next to each other. They looked almost exactly like identical twins. Although their body shapes were slightly different but it was barely noticeable. Nathan was briefed of what happened so far, if he wasn’t aware of things, then he would have guessed that they were actually twins.

After lifting up his arm and pointing it between the two students, Nathan asked Duke, “The left one, or right?”

“The one on the left,” Duke said.

A large bubble-like shape started appearing from Nathan’s hand. It moved and slowly started covering Peter’s body from head to toe. From another point of view, it looked as if the bubble was slowly eating him alive. When Peter was completely sealed in the bubble, he started feeling a strange energy from inside his body. It made him feel as if he was being drained. In just a moment, he fell to the ground.

Although he didn’t feel any pain, Peter felt like he had just gone through a huge battle and had completely used up all his MC points. When he managed to lift his body off the ground, the others could finally see his face.

“I knew it!” Duke exclaimed.

Both Duke and Nathan knew exactly who the student before them was. They had already ordered other soldiers to put up search posters just in case they escaped from campus.

“Peter Chuck? But how? You were with Pure, and... your ability... it was an earth one, not something like transformation.” Nathan gasped in shock. “This makes no sense.”

The group had been listening on to everything that was happening so far, but not a single one of them moved from their spots apart from Layla.

‘What are we doing right now? They already know he isn’t Pio, we have to get him out of there!’ Layla grumbled.

“But how?” Logan replied. “I hate to say it, but for once, I have no idea how we can get out of the current situation. With Truedream, Peter hadn’t been caught and we knew that he was coming beforehand. This situation is something we can’t control. They already know his identity, and if we try to help him, we would only expose ourselves.”

After listening to Logan’s words, Quinn clenched his hand into a fist. Vorden, who was right by his side, saw this. “He’s right. There’s nothing we can do.”

Back in the room, Peter was still trapped in the bubble, drained of his energy. Keeping in mind that there were multiple soldiers and two generals around him, he processed multiple scenarios in his head. After looking at things, he finally knew that there was no chance he was getting out of this.

“Finally.” Duke had a grin on his face. “Mr. Jack Truedream will be very happy. He said to inform him if we found one of you. We’ll await for any further instructions.”

My Vampire System Chapter 285: Let him go

The last words from Duke's mouth had been heard clearly by everyone. By now, even Layla stopped complaining and every single one of them remained motionless in the room. They received confirmation that one of them was caught.

There was always the possibility of something like this happening. However, before getting caught by the military, Quinn always thought that another student would've at least got them first. He prepared for such a scenario, but he wasn't ready for this one.

'Fight them, get him out of there.' A voice seemed to be resounding at the back of his mind. However, he kept his rationality in proper order. Quinn didn't have the power to fight against the military just for one person.

Currently, Peter was left in the room, he was sitting down on a chair at the table. His hands were still cuffed behind his back. Nathan and four other soldiers were in there with him. However, Duke was no longer in the room and went somewhere else.

The room was silent. In the meantime, Nathan was busying himself with going through some films of Peter in the past. He wanted to make sure that he didn't misread the information he had. In fact, he was extremely sure that Peter didn't have an ability in the first place, and had later been given the Earth ability.

But when Nathan used his own ability to drain away Peter's MC cells, he realized that the latter was actually using a Transformation ability.

As he was still in the chair, handcuffed, Peter continued looking around the room to find an opportunity of a way out. Despite a small bubble being left over around his hands, the energy he recently lost was already starting to recover.

It was for this reason that a part of his body continued feeling incredibly weak. Thankfully, it seemed like they underestimated Peter's true strength. In just a short amount of time, he would soon be strong enough, even with the bubble on him, to break free from the handcuffs.

Peter glanced at the guard closest to his right side. Once he broke the cuffs, if he reacted quick enough, he should be able to kill him in one blow. Even if he was attacked by the others, his body would be able to withstand or heal any of their hits.

Peter also had another trick up his sleeves. He had the ability to turn two people into lesser wights. If he was to use this now, then there was a higher chance he would be able to get out of this situation. However, despite this plan in his head, there was one more person he had to take in mind of. Nathan was still here. He was unsure of exactly how strong Nathan was and what his ability did. And with Nathan being a General at the military base, Peter was sure that he was strong. But he had no choices left, this was a risk he had to take.

A portion of his energy had now come back, and with a slight tug, he tested the cuffs restraining him.

“Wait,” a small voice directly resounded in his ear. “Don’t do anything yet, Peter. We still don’t know what will happen to you, just remain calm.”

These instructions were being transmitted by the small spider Logan had placed on him before. Peter hesitated for a moment, trying to decide whether he should listen to Logan or not, however, he felt like he could trust him and cancelled whatever plans he just thought up.

‘Since they got me and Erin out of something like this before. They can surely do it again.’ Peter reassured himself with these thoughts. Unaware of what was currently happening inside the room, no one had a clue what to do next.

“We have to start thinking about leaving the military base,” Vorden broke the silence.

“With Peter, or without?” Layla shot back with a question.

“Without, of course. There’s a high chance that they will soon start interrogating him. By then, they’ll link him to everything that has happened so far and find out we were all involved.”

“I think we’re safe from anything like that happening,” Quinn quickly responded. “I know Peter won’t sell us out of his own accord, and even if they did get that girl to question him, it still wouldn’t work.”

“How would you know that?” Vorden asked.

“Fex will back me up on this, Peter is different now. One of the things that’s different about him is that certain abilities no longer work on him,” Quinn explained.

Fex nodded in agreement while adding in his own words, “He’s right. A Wight is unaffected by abilities that target the mind or body in some type of way. They are also immune to poison, they don’t sleep, and they don’t register a heartbeat. A Wight will never give up his master either. If you’re worried about them linking him to us, the only connection you guys have is being his past teammates.”

“Even so, that still doesn’t solve our original problem,” Layla continued speaking, “They’re going to do something to Peter and will eventually find out he’s different. Don’t you think that they’re already wondering why he has a different ability now? If they find out about his healing capabilities, he’ll be used as a lab experiment for the rest of his life.”

What Layla just said was one of Quinn’s true fears. It was why he was extremely intent on hiding his secret in the first place. The fear that he would be locked up in a lab somewhere and be tested on... If that ever happens, then everyone would say it was just fine because it was for the sake of humanity, to help them defeat the Dalki.

“There are a few possibilities. Luckily for us, this world still has an order of civilization. I still don’t know how far that will get us...” Logan started speaking. “Even if Peter is to be moved to a research lab or such, or maybe even treated as a terrorist who works for Pure, he will still first have to undergo a trial. I’m pretty sure that this so-called ‘trial’ would only be for show. The Generals and Truedream have their own ways to speed up the process and put the judge in their pockets.

“What this does, however, will give us a little bit more time. I guess that before Peter attends the trial, an investigation will continue in public or behind the scenes. He’ll probably be temporarily placed in the underground dungeons. We aren’t sure how heavily guarded it is for now, or if we have the capabilities in breaking him out, but we can use this opening to save him.”

“Just let this one go, Quinn.” Vorden’s words sounded like an ultimatum. “You already saved him once before. Forcing a rescue operation would get us all killed. I’m sorry to say this, but if you decide to go through with it, I won’t be helping you.”

The room fell silent once more after Vorden spoke. The reason being was that the others kind of agreed with what he was saying. The dungeon was a place where they kept undisciplined students and soldiers, there was a higher chance it was heavily guarded because of this.



“Whatever you do, Quinn. I’ll be there with you.” Fex said as he slapped him on the back.

When looking around the room, Quinn could see the expressions on their faces. No one else volunteered to help, even Layla who really wanted to participate in the operation, didn’t do so due to the simple reason that she felt she was too weak. She herself knew that by forcing herself to do it, she would only hinder them.

“It’s okay,” Quinn responded back. “I’ve decided... it’s best not to save Peter right now. It’s too risky and is none of your responsibilities.” While saying these words, something in Quinn’s mind tugged at him, telling him to try and save Peter.

Despite deciding not to go through with the plan, it still kept reminding him. ‘Is this connection from before? It seems like I can fight it a bit now.’

Even though Quinn had now grown stronger, it seemed like he wasn’t going to let his emotions get the better of him. It might have also been the fact that Peter wasn’t in immediate danger right now. He knew that the military would most likely not kill him, but instead, perhaps torture him. He had convinced himself that Peter wasn’t going to die anytime soon, and this was how he stopped himself from trying to save Peter.

“That’s the right choice.” Vorden agreed with him.

‘Was it really, though?’ Quinn’s mind asked this question. For some reason, he had this huge feeling of guilt looming over his head. If he knew he made the right choice, he shouldn’t be feeling like this. But right now, he felt nothing but miserable.

Just then, another sound emerged from the computer. It was a low and familiar tone. Duke was talking.

“It looks like Truedream made a decision on what to do with you.”

My Vampire System Chapter 286: Strange actions

Duke had left the room, leaving both Nathan and Peter together. Although the two generals didn't get along, they knew they were both working for the same side. Duke wasn't oblivious to Nathan's real strength and how he had gotten to his position in the army. If it was just restraining a single student, he could trust him.

The reason for leaving the room was to contact Truedream himself. Below the Special Vip room, there was the Duke's office. After popping inside, he immediately opened up his communicator and started a video call. An electronic display hovered in the air, and the lines at the bottom were showing that a connection was trying to be made.

"What is it, General Duke?" Jack Treudream said. "I told you only to call me if you found those two kids."

In the video call, Jack was sitting in his chair, and in the backdrop, the whole city that was directly under his control could be seen, showing through the glass windows in his skysrise building.

"Now, you know me better than that," Duke replied with a smile.

Suddenly something grabbed Jack's attention. Ever since leaving the military base, he hadn't forgotten what had happened at the school, how the Pure's group had made him look like an idiot. Not only that, but he remembered the fear he had in that room; for some reason, the sleeping ability from one of his trusted guards didn't work.

It had put him in an unfavorable position, and there was the chance he could have died that day. Before, Jack wasn't too bothered by Pure and the politics between the military and them. Now, he had a significant interest in getting rid of them.

"We have found the boy known as Peter. He was one of the students that Pure said they had safely in their hands. It turns out he never left the academy and was using a disguise ability." Duke explained.

"Excellent, and what about the girl?" Jack asked.

"We have reason to believe Pure might have genuinely taken her. My theory is that the student known as Peter was initially working for Pure all along. They must have hidden that he had the Disguise ability

waiting for the perfect opportunity to use it. It would then make sense why the sleeping agent didn't work on him if they managed to prepare something beforehand.

"I have to add, though; this is all just speculation. We are unable to confirm anything; for some reason, it seems our truthseeker is unable to use her ability on him. Perhaps Pure is advancing quicker than we think and have been able to find something to stop abilities."

The military knew Pure's goal, so they gathered that they must be working on some serum or vaccination that would target the MC cells. So far, there had been no sign of a result.

Duke's line of thought was that if they couldn't take away or get rid of their abilities, maybe they could create or alter a person who was able to block them.

"Have you reported this to Paul yet?" Jack asked.

"No, I did as you asked and spoke to you first."

"Good, if Paul were to find out about this, he would want the student to go through the court process. If that happens, he might eventually shift them to the research department, and from there, he will be out of my hands." Jack said. "I believe the punishment that will be given to the student will be too light. I have an idea that will not only be a fair punishment for Peter but will perhaps allow us to punish those pure members..."

Jack went on the details of the plan and recounted the outline to Duke. The two of them needed to be on the same page. After all, technically, Duke worked for the head general Paul. Doing this would mean he was not doing his duty as a soldier and had decided to help out an outsider like Truedream, who technically didn't work for the military but only closely cooperated with them.

"Excellent!" Jack said with cheer in his voice. "Then, we shall meet at the Inter Military Tournament. ❖❖"

The tough decision was for Quinn and others to leave Peter behind, and two members of the group were struggling with this significantly. In Logan's room, they continued to track Peter's movements, and

it was as they expected, Someone had taken Peter to the underground dungeon. Or at least that's what they suspected as the spider's signal was lost, and the area last seen was the dungeon entrance.

The next day had arrived, and there seemed to be two members of the group struggling with Peter's disappearance the most. One of them being Quinn. He still felt a little responsible for what was happening to Peter.

Although the System had reassured him that Peter was fine. Taking that if Peter was hurt or in trouble, due to the current distance between the two of them, Quinn would be able to feel it if Peter was being tortured or hurt.

However, Logan's was a different case. He was in his room, working on one of his gadgets at his workbench. He had been working through the whole night, and usually, he worked late, but this was later than usual, and he didn't even take a break.

It was as if he was trying to get his mind off something. Finally, after hours of work on some gadgets, he decided to take a break. Lifting his robotic molecule and leaning back in his chair.

"Oh, that was hard, Peter, would you pass me a sandwich?" Logan asked with his hand held out, but he felt nothing in his hand after waiting a while. He turned around in his chair and looked at the spot Peter would usually stand at.

He hardly ever moved from there other than to bring him tools and play the VR game once in a while.

"There has to be information on that dungeon!" Logan said as he hopped onto his computer and started to type away.

Back in school, lessons had resumed as usual. Quinn didn't know why, but he seemed to be avoiding the others and was starting to hang around with Fex more often. Even in his room, the conversation with Vorden felt a little awkward.

Vorden had helped him out wherever possible, and it was the first time he had decided not to. It wasn't his fault, but Quinn didn't know how to deal with it.

Besides, he had his problems he was trying to solve. The voice in the back of his head was starting to get louder as more time passed. The voice kept telling him to go against the school and fight them. Try to get Peter out of there.

He continued to ignore this and went by his days as usual. However, Fex noticed this strange behavior. He would often, at times, suddenly stop while walking, grabbing his head. By now, Fex had already figured that Quinn was the one who turned Peter and assumed that the pains must be from whatever the school was doing to Peter in the dungeon. For some reason, Fex didn't quite believe that though.

The evening had come, and the lessons were over. Some students were still outside the school during this time, while others decided to relax in their dorm room.

Quinn had stated that he was going to play the game for a bit to practice. Hearing this, Fex agreed to come with him.

"Hey, I'll come with you. I haven't played myself in a while."

"Oh.. darn," Quinn replied. "I just remembered I promised Vorden I would do something with him tonight. Maybe next time."

"That's okay," Fex said as he watched Quinn walk off, he knew something was up. It was clear Quinn had said that to get rid of him.

These strange actions led Fex to act. Whatever Quinn was doing, it was clear he didn't want others to see. Once the two of them were a great distance away, Fex decided to follow him. The distance between the two was quite large, and the reason for this was because of the smell.

Another vampire was able to smell another. They had a stronger sense of smell and could tell the difference between them too. Still, their eyesight was far better than their sense of smell, so although Fex stayed a distance away, he could still see Quinn.

While following Quinn, it had led him down a hallway, where he could see him talking to a student he had never seen before.

'I didn't know he had other friends besides those weirdos?' Fex thought.

Quickly, the two of them left the corridors and started to head outside. Finding this all too strange, Fex continued to follow the two of them.

Eventually, they left the school grounds and entered the woods by the park nearby. Fex quickly realized what was going on by the strange movements the student was taking. He was under the influence of Quinn.

Finally, when they reached a secluded spot, Quinn looked around to see if there was anyone he could spot. However, Fex was well trained in the arts of spying and following someone. The experience and training he had were levels above Quinn's even if Quinn was technically stronger right now.

Raising his claw-like hand, Quinn slit a part of the student's forearm and started drinking away.

"What is he doing? He has Layla that he can ask for blood anytime he wants, right? So why go through all this trouble to get a stranger's blood?" Fex thought.

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My Vampire System Chapter 287: Addicted

"What am I doing?" Quinn thought in his head as he looked at the student opposite to him. The sounds in his head that kept telling him to fight back were getting louder throughout the whole day.

It took him a whole day to figure out what the voice was after realizing it was his consciousness. It was his true feelings about what he wanted to do. Quinn didn't want just to let Peter rot down in the cellar on his own; he wanted to fight and get him back.

He didn't know how much of his decisions were being influenced by his strange vampire powers, it might have been the connection between the two of them. Or whether or not it was his own decision. In the end, he felt like it was a bit of both.

He hadn't given up on Peter like he had told the others; he was planning to get him back.

To be able to fight back, there was something important that Quinn needed to do, which was to get stronger. Luckily for Quinn, there was a quick way to do that. It was consuming as many different types of human blood as possible.

It took a while for Quinn to find somebody, as he had to make sure that they met certain conditions. The student would have to be on their own and at night time. It was so nobody could see what he was doing, and when taking the student out of campus, there was less chance of someone spotting him.

The second condition was Quinn's influence skill needed to work on them. There were a few high levels and even some low levels that had a strong-willed mind. Thankfully, Quinn's Charm points had increased, giving him even more options than before. However, it was still incredibly hard to find students due to the conditions mentioned above that needed to be met.

Using his inspect skill, Quinn knew what stat he would get beforehand. However, he could not pick and choose as freely as he wanted to, due to the small section of students viable. He had selected his first target carefully.

After making a small cut on the forearm and taking in the blood, the system granted him with a familiar message.

[O+ Blood type consumed]

[One free Stat point earned]

Quinn decided to put the stat point into his charm without thinking about it, raising the total to 23 points. The reason for doing this was because the stronger his charm skill became, the more people he could use his influence skill on.

What Quinn released after the fight with the King Tier Beast was, even with his strength stat being high, that power meant nothing if he didn't have the equipment to back it up. It was nearly impossible for him to put a scratch on the beast with only his intermediate gauntlets.

He couldn't keep relying on the blood hammer strike, it took too long to use, and what would he do if the attack didn't work one day? With no way of getting any new equipment, for now, this was the only thing he could do to get stronger.

After fully consuming the student's blood, he commanded the student to head back to his dorm room and forget about everything once he returned.

Fex had already left the scene by now as seeing everything answered his curiosity. Although it only made him question why the need to do this. For now, he would put a pin in it and keep it in his mind.

'Come on, Fex, What are you worrying about? Is it really strange for a vampire to be sucking the blood of a human? Maybe he and his little girlfriend just got into an argument.' Fex thought while heading back.

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While Quinn was busy outside, it left Vorden in his dorm room on his own. He wasn't his usual calm and chilled out self, and instead was continually pacing himself up and down the place in one area.

"If Sil finds out that I went against Quinn, do you think he'll try to take over," Vorden asked.

"Hey, hey, can you just stop mentioning it. Look, it's not like you two broke up or something!" Raten whispered angrily, making sure Sil wouldn't be able to hear. "Besides, if you didn't say it, I would have tried to take over you myself and stopped you—no suicide missions."

"Anyway, about the tournament, are you going to let me fight or what? Your weak ass would just make us look weak."



“You know my answer, why even bother asking,” Vorden replied. “We have to lose on purpose. Many people will be watching this fight, and if we display anything out of the ordinary, then a lot of attention will be on us. It might even cause the family to get involved.”

Raten laughed nervously after hearing the words “Family.” It sent a shiver down his spine, and his heart felt like it had sunken in place. “Good point.”

The next few days leading up to the inter tournament, everyone was off doing their own thing. Layla continued to keep an eye on Cia, and it seemed like she had held to her word, not reporting to any of the teachers or higher ups about the incident.

In fact, Cia seemed even to be talking to Layla more than before. Layla welcomed this; there was an empty feeling in her mind and body after Erin left, and although it still didn’t feel quite the same, Cia seemed to be filling up the place a little.

Vorden was often called off by Del to practice fighting against certain students for the upcoming tournament with the other students and Logan continued to try to find any information about the dungeon, all resulting in a failure.

This left Quinn and Fex to their own devices, but Quinn continued to be distant with Fex and Fex decided to go along. He continued to follow Quinn at night, and it was the same as before, only slightly different.

Each night, a completely different student would be selected; it was never the same student. It was now the third night in a row that Quinn had led a student into the forest to consume their blood.

“This is strange, even for someone infatuated by the taste of blood?” Fex knew some vampires were obsessed with blood; however, how they acted and how Quinn acted were quite different.

When consuming blood, Quinn would take a minimal amount, this would make sense if he were trying to test out the taste of the blood, but if they found one they would like, they would often store it in a flask like container. Not only that, but they were picky; if it were blood they didn’t like, they would spit it out in disgust.

The other thing was, Quinn was quite a young vampire. Usually, their sense of taste for blood was quite basic. It was only the older vampires who, after hundreds of years of tasting different blood types, started to get obsessed with. So everything he was doing didn't make any sense.

'Speaking of which, I wonder where my other flask is? Maybe I left it on that planet.' Fex thought.

When Quinn had finished consuming the female student blood, he once again had gained an extra stat point, this time in stamina. Yesterday his results yielded another O type blood, and he placed it into charm again.

[24 Charm points]

[19 Stamina points]

"Return to your dorm room and go to sleep, you will forget about everything that happened here tonight." Quinn said to the girl.

The girl started to walk off out of the woods and back towards the school. Quinn would often wait a while for the girl to return first before moving from his spot just in case anyone spotted him. He could always say he just went for a walk through the woods.

People would look at him weirdly, but it was nothing to be suspicious about. After some time passed, just as he was about to leave. He heard the sound of something landing behind him and the leaves on the floor crunching from the impact.

"Fex?" He said as he turned his head.

'How long has he been here? Did he see me with the student before? Well, it's not too strange, right.'

"Hey, don't look so worried, man. Whatever you do in the woods with a girl is your secret." Fex said with a wink.

Fex's jokey nature always seemed to calm down Quinn a bit, even if he did sometimes say it at the wrong time.

"What are you doing here?" Quinn asked.

"I was actually worried about you." Fex replied, "Look, whatever you've been doing these past few days is up to you. You're not exactly doing anything wrong, and you've been careful. Other than me, I don't think anyone has found out about this. Please think of me as your second pair of eyes."

"The reason I decided to revolve myself though is that I am a little worried about you."

"Worried, about what?"

"I still don't know who your master is, and don't worry; I am not going to pry about it or anything. I think you would have told me by now if you could, but the problem is, it seems like he hasn't been teaching you properly.

"I am serious now, Quinn; you have to be careful... If you keep consuming blood every day like you have been doing. You're going to become addicted."

My Vampire System Chapter 288: Less time

Hearing these words come out of Fex mouth caused nearly every blood vessel in Quinn's body to freeze. He couldn't help but utter, "What did you say?"

"I guess you really didn't know huh?" Fex replied, scratching his head, knowing that this was going to be a tough one to explain, "Think about it right, sometimes when we drink blood, there's this rush that comes over our bodies, there have been studies where it was observed that it increases a vampires strength by about ten percent. That's why I always carry a flask around, not just for healing.

"The problem is, blood is like a double-edged sword for us; the more often we consume it, the more we crave it. From an early age, Vampires who had close ties to the head of families were taught to resist

blood. At first, maybe we can't go on for more than two days without blood, but eventually, we can build up a resistance to it."

"The vampires who have been alive for hundreds of years have gone through this process strictly, and now some of them don't even require blood anymore. However, there are occasions where when they go into battle, they will consume some, and make a note that not all vampires chose to go down this path. If one does drink blood after resisting it for a long time, it will only cause a small setback before they are back to normal again."

"Still, the same can also happen the opposite way if you keep drinking blood like this for pleasure. Eventually, you will become an addict, craving blood, and not even be able to quench your thirst. To put it in simple terms for you to understand, you would become a conscious Bloodsucker."

The explanation had Quinn slightly worried. He had been drinking blood quite regularly to increase his strength. In fact, if there was an opportunity to consume blood, he would take it because it allowed him to grow stronger.

When Quinn first got his vampire powers, he decided to only consume Layla's blood as and when needed even though he enjoyed the taste. He was afraid of this very thing from happening.

However, once he had obtained the system AI, his original fears started to lessen. Whenever he had a question about vampire matters or when something might do him harm, the system would step in to stop and explain things to him.

Undoubtedly, the system AI knew what would happen to Quinn if he was to continue? So then why didn't it try to stop him?

The only thing he could do was ask.

'Did you know about this, is what he's saying true?' Quinn asked.

The system had a long pause, and Fex wasn't saying much either. Fex thought that Quinn might have been consuming even more blood whenever they weren't together. Such as during training sessions and in the classroom. Perhaps he was having a hard time taking in this possibility.

Enjoying the taste of blood was fine, but no one wanted to be a living conscious bloodsucker. While thinking about this, Fex started to touch his beautiful gel-backed black hair on the top of his head.

'I never want to transform again. Maybe one day, my hair will completely disappear and not grow back if I do that again.' Fex thought.

The system had taken such a long time to reply that Quinn had thought it had gone silent and chosen not to answer him.

"What Fex says is true, and I'm afraid, even with the system, you will be affected by this."

"What!?" Quinn shouted in his head but was also cautious about making sure Fex was unable to hear him. Although he was able to keep his thoughts in his head, his body slightly jolted with anger, which didn't go unnoticed.

"Why.. didn't you say anything, just when I keep thinking I could trust you, you pull some crap like this!"

"First of all, the word you used, trust, I find it strange. In the first place, I am nothing but a system who chose to help you. Not once have I ever told you a lie. I may have hidden some things from you, but without me, you would be more or less in the same situation anyway." The system replied, now with alteration in his voice, showing that he was annoyed at Quinn's words.

Hearing the system speak like this made it feel even more human..or at least not a robot.

"To be honest, without me, you would be far worse than you are right now. I never told you or suggested that you go out and consume the blood of your classmates; that was all on you. You wished to grow stronger, and I chose not to get in the way of that."

The system was right; he had never told Quinn to do this. Due to his desire to get stronger, he had resorted to this without bothering to determine if there were any consequences. He had been relying on the system too much when he should have stuck to his research.

“Hey, don’t worry about it too much. It is not too late, and that’s why I chose to warn you,” Fex said, trying to break the weird atmosphere. “All you need to do is stop drinking blood until you feel that thirst again. Then stretch that limit until you can’t give in. Do this repeatedly, and each time you should be able to resist a little longer. Simple, right?”

Fex did make it sound simple, and although the process of restoring blood was simple for any vampire, hardly any were able to last longer than a week without feeding, while Fex could last two weeks at such a young age.

Most vampires weren’t able to extend their times between feeding because of the excruciating pain and willpower needed for it. To put it into human perspectives, it would be similar to starving someone of food who was as addictive as a drug. It would be hard for him to concentrate.

As the time between recovers grew longer, so did the pain. There was a point which certain top-tier vampires would pass where the pain no longer bothered them, which was why they no longer needed blood.

If Quinn was to do this, though, he thought perhaps he would have an advantage. The system would inform him when he was hungry enough and allow him to be careful not just to pass the point where he would turn into a bloodsucker. Things that others had to perfectly time and feel, Quinn would be able to cheat it.

“Don’t drink blood for a couple of days and see what happens. That way, you’ll know how far you have gone. I can help you if you like.” Fex offered.

But Quinn was perplexed with what to do. He didn’t have a couple of days. Soon the Inter Base event would start, and they would be away from the base for a week. Could Peter last that long?

If he was to do as Fex asked and waited a couple of days, then this meant he wouldn’t continue to grow.

“I’ll think about it,” Quinn said as he walked off, not wanting to think about the situation anymore. It was giving him a huge headache.

“That wasn’t the answer I wanted to hear,” Fex whispered, looking at his back.

If he answered like this, then most likely, it meant Quinn had decided to continue on the path he had chosen.

The next day had arrived, and everything went on as usual. There were now only two more days until the inter tournament. More so than before, Quinn wanted to get his charm stats even higher and later test it on a soldier.

If he could get to the point where his influence skill could work on an a.d.u.l.t, then maybe he would be able to infiltrate the dungeon unseen and free Peter from captivity. Where to or what to do next, he hadn't quite figured out this part yet.

As usual, he did his regular routine; only this time, he was pickier about who to select as his target. Carefully searching for an O blood type so he could increase his charm. Eventually, after a long time searching the school grounds, he found one who met his conditions.

The two of them headed into the woods and were in the usual spot. Fex had also decided to follow once again.

'Quinn, did you not listen to my warning. If you get addicted and need blood more often, I can only help you this much if you reveal yourself to the outside world. When they come, even I will have to go into hiding.' Fex thought, looking at the scene.

Just as Quinn was about to cut the student to absorb some blood, a message appeared.

[Your hunger starts to grow]

[You must consume blood within 24 hours]

[Every hour 1 HP will be lost until blood is consumed]

It had only been a little over the 24hour mark, and he received a message. Something that would have usually taken two days in the past.

## My Vampire System Chapter 289: A Change...

The drop of blood was already on Quinn's finger, but after seeing the message, he hesitated to consume it. It had only been a little after 24 hours, and his HP would now start to decrease if he didn't drink any more blood.

'Is this what Fex was talking about? Have I already started to become an addict?' Quinn thought.

He started to wonder if he continued to go down this path, how sooner would he need blood later? Will it get to the point where blood would need to be consumed every hour. In a way, he was lucky that he had caught it now.

It was only because of Fex's message he had decided to be even pickier with his victims. He was trying to select an O blood group person who also met the condition of being a student and alone.

This caused him to select someone a little later than usual. If he had taken the blood at his regular time, he would have never received the message and would have continued onward until the tournament.

He started to stare at the blood seeping from the cut on the student's arm, trying to think if there was any way for him to get around this problem.

Storing blood was a challenging task even if he wanted to keep it for later. It was why he was so thankful for the blood bank. Unfortunately, the blood bank worked in a way where he would have to over consume on blood.

Only when his HP was full would blood from the victim would go into his blood bank. Which meant he would have to consume the blood in the first place, which wouldn't help him at all.

"Go back to your dorm room and forget about everything that happened tonight," Quinn said quickly in an annoyed voice.



He decided not to consume the blood. Right now, a day or two wouldn't be a problem, but if he continued down this path and something happened like before where he was separated from the others, it would be disastrous.

He didn't know how much time would shorten every time he consumed blood, but it was a risk he wasn't willing to take.

With his head looking down to the floor, Quinn clenched his fist tightly. "Peter, I'm sorry, but I won't be able to save you this time. I'm not strong enough, not yet..."

Seeing Quinn's actions had put a smile on Fex's face. Many vampires didn't heed this warning and continued to consume blood. Eventually, the Punishers needed to step in and deal with the problem.

Thinking about that particular group of vampires, better known as Punishers started to give Fex a tingling feeling. He had never seen a Punisher himself but had heard the dreaded stories about them.

Instead of consuming blood from his blood bank or relying on Layla for blood. Quinn decided to allow his HP to continue to decrease every hour, hoping to build up his resistance.

It wasn't very pleasant for him as he wished he would have known about this sooner. Right now, he had 95 points of HP. Which meant it would take 95 hours before his HP would reach near to 0. When he was a lower-level building up a resistance wouldn't have been much of a problem.

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Over the next two days, Quinn no longer did his night time task. He still had hope, since the soldiers still hadn't done anything drastic to Peter. It didn't even seem like they were torturing him.

This was all because Quinn could still feel connected with Peter, but he didn't seem to be in pain or distress.

After hours of searching, Logan could find near to no information about the dungeons underneath the military bases. Not only at their military base but even the others. In truth, this scared Logan from trying to help Peter even more.

He was the type of person who did everything with a plan in his head. Every action had a chance for an outcome. With no information, he felt like a blind man walking through a maze.

He continued to search, hoping to crack something; however, they had run out of time. It was now time for the Inter Military Base Tournament.

Each class first appeared in their homerooms, making sure they had everything they needed. Inside of Quinn's backpack was the flash that had been given by Fex. He had tried to return it, but Fex refused.

Inside the flask was Layla's blood with a single drop of blood from the O blood type. Although he wasn't able to consume the blood that day, he had placed some of it in the flask.

[40/95 HP] His HP continued to decrease, and once it was low enough, Quinn would be able to drink it and gain the Stat Point.

The flask held 200 milliliters of blood, the same amount as his level 2 blood bank. Giving him a total of 400 milliliters of blood to regenerate from. However, there was no need for it for the event since he wouldn't be taking part. It was always best to be careful, just in case.

After all the students had finished packing their belongings, they followed their homeroom teacher outside in front of the school gates.

All of the students were lined up in a single file with their homeroom teacher out at the front. On the right side of the front entrance were the first-year students, and in front of them was General Nathan.

On the left side, in front of the gate, were all of the second-year students, and in front of them was General Duke. By both of the General's side were the Sergeants.

Standing in the center of the two groups was General Mike, who would lead the students during this event. He had an ultimate say. Paul, the Head General, would stay behind, just like the other Head Generals.

They were to remain at the base with the other soldiers. If an attack was to occur for whatever reason, military personnel were needed; it was essential to leave somebody in charge and someone strong enough to defend the base.

“Alright!” Mike yelled in a loud booming voice. Somehow his voice was loud enough to carry outside and be heard from the very last of the crowd. “Your teachers will now be calling out the following students who will be participating in the events. Please come up to the front once your name has been called

“Everyone else, remember you are to support these people. Cheer at the top of your lungs!” Mike shouted, banging his chest.

There was silence among the students.

“I said cheer!” Mike yelled again, and the students responded, shouting back.

First, all of the second-year students who were participating in events were called up. There were a lot of events to go through since the event was similar to the old Olympics. There were even some that banned on the use of abilities.

After all the students for the regular events were called up, students for the three primary events were called up. A single student from each homeroom group would be selected for the main events. In front of them, ten second-year students were to participate in the fighting tournament.

Quinn was around the middle of his line; still, his eyesight was great, and he was able to see that every single one of the students selected was Level 8. The ability system only went up to level 8. There was a good chance some of the students who stood up there had abilities that went beyond their grades.

Now that all the second-year students had finished being called out, it was time for the first-year students. Three students from each class were selected for the three events and walked up to the front.

Finally, it was time for Del's class.

He started by calling up the students for the crafting event and then moved on to the others.

"For the Ranged event, Layla Munrow."

She walked slowly to the front but was prepared; when walking past, she made sure to keep her head down, avoiding eye contact with those in her class. However, this didn't stop her from hearing the cruel remarks.

"How much do you want to bet on her elimination in the first round?" A student said.

"First round, I think she'll forfeit before it even starts."

"It should be me up there."

"I think I would do a better job, and I don't even use a ranged weapon."

Just then, a voice came, "Layla, do your best."

She looked up to see who had said those words; to her surprise, they came from Vorden. She smiled at him before hurrying it up to the front.

"And finally, for the fighting tournament..."

Vorden, who was near the front of the line had already started moving before hearing his name being called out, but after a few steps, he suddenly froze, hearing Del's last words.

"Student... Peter Chuck."

My Vampire System Chapter 290: To base one

When he called out Peter's name, everyone who belonged to Del's class started to look at each other in confusion, while Quinn and his friends just stood there stunned. Due to Peter's shocking incidents, many knew who he was, especially after he was suspected of working with Pure.

However, the other classes were unaware of why Del's class were gossiping and making an uproar.

"Is that the same Peter as before?" A student said.

"I thought he was a member of Pure?"

"Maybe he wasn't, and they just found him?"

The speculation surrounding Peter grew as to why he hadn't appeared. If he was there in front of them, it meant the military must have cleared him as innocent. Still, after the students stopped wondering why Peter was there, a bigger question popped in their mind.

'Why did he get selected as a replacement for Vorden in the fighting tournament?'

Peter was well known for being a level 1 weak earth user for most of his school days. It was only later on that he had improved and managed to get himself up to level four.

The students weren't the only ones questioning their motive, though; so were Quinn and the others.

Out of thin air, a light circle started to light up at the front, next to where the other students stood. A few moments later, the light had dissipated, and in its place stood a soldier, and in front of him was Peter.

When seeing Peter in front of their eyes, their hearts and minds started to settle slightly. Everyone there felt a little guilty for deciding not to rescue Peter. Seeing him up on the stage without a single scratch on his body allowed their minds to be at ease.

'It looks like the connections were right after all?' Quinn thought. 'They haven't been hurting him in the dungeon, but why have him participate in the tournament? It makes no sense.'

However, Logan, who had been busy coming up with multiple outcomes, had thought about this possibility as well. It was just one of the lower chanced ones.

At this point, the military most likely already considered Peter as a member of Pure. Not only had a video been made confirming this detail, but the fact that he reinfiltated using a transformation skill was like a double confirmation in their eyes.

The only reason why they would want Peter to be in this fight was if they thought Pure was watching. If they cared about Peter that much to save him from the clutches of Truedream, then perhaps they would do the same again at the Inter Base Tournament.

The problem was, it wasn't Pure who had saved him last time. They didn't care about Peter at all. What this also meant was Peter wasn't out of the woods yet. The fighting tournament would be the stage to show all of the Pure members what they were doing to their colleagues.

After all the participants were called out, the contenders were all shipped off together and headed out first. Following General Mike, Layla decided to stay close to Peter. She didn't know any of the others and wanted to learn more about what was in the dungeon.

This was because part of her mission at the military base was to find out information about the dungeon.

"Hey, Peter, are you alright?" Layla whispered.

Before Peter could even answer, one of the soldiers escorting the group by their side got in between the two of them.

“No one is permitted to talk to student Peter Chuck until after the event.” the soldier said.

Layla backed down, and the other students found it strange that Peter was receiving special attention, but they didn't think much of it. They were far too focused and excited about their own upcoming events.

The rest of the students followed the two Generals, Nathan and Duke. They carried on walking and took a path around the main central plaza area. It was where most of the non-military personnel and soldiers who were on break would be resting and enjoying their time.

Eventually, they were led to a place they hadn't seen in a long time. It was the training ground. It was a place mainly used for soldiers to practice battle with their mechs or test new equipment, but today it was empty.

A massive orange wasteland with barely any signs of life, apart from a few large craters here and there made from who knows what.

Towards the side of the field were several large handlers. Usually, these would be used to store such equipment—the students were then led over to the hangar. When inside, it was different from what they had imagined, it looked like the whole place was empty.

There weren't any mechs, not a single storage box or anything.

“They must have cleaned this place out recently?” Logan said.

“What made you say that?” Fex replied.

Logan and Fex were part of the same class, but they didn't speak much together when Quinn wasn't around. Perhaps due to their first meeting not being a pleasant one. Not everyone enjoyed being blasted to the other side of the room.

Fex had only joined Quinn 's team before due to Erin and Peter leaving, and Logan was never in their class, to begin with. Since this wasn't a portal outing, there were no such teams, and students had to stay with their classmates.

"You see all that rubble. If it were like this from the beginning, the dust would have settled. There are also several markings and patches suggesting that things have been moved out of here recently." Logan explained.

"Oh well, not like it means much. I thought we were going to head over to military base One, what the hell are we doing here?" Fex asked.

"Attention!" Mike shouted, and the students stopped and saluted. The next few words he spoke after were short and sweet. "Good night!"

In an instant, he had placed a mask over his face, and at the same time, the soldiers, including the sergeants and staff, all did the same. Gas instantly started filling the room. Some of the students began to panic while few remained calm.

"Of course, this would happen," Logan said. "They gassed us on our ride here, and now that we're moving to another base, don't you think they'll do the sa...sa.. same." Logan gently let out before his eyes closed and fell to the floor.

The students around started to collapse one by one.

[Your body is being affected by a strange substance.]

[Resistance +1]

[Resistance +1]

[You are now immune to the substance]



Quinn had received the same messages which appeared when he was traveling to the school by bus, only this time, it had stated he now had an immunity against it. When looking around, he could see all of the students nearly collapsed by now, with a few struggling to fight against it.

One of those was Fex, but even he was eventually affected and fell on the floor. Unlike Quinn, it was his first time being subject to the gas.

Not wanting to seem suspicious, Quinn too decided to sway his body slightly while letting his limbs go floppy after faking a fall to the ground.

Once all the students had been put to sleep, the hangar doors were opened, allowing the gas to be let out. After the soldiers got to work, placing a black bag over each of the student's heads.

After what had happened with Peter, the military was taking extra precautions. There was a chance a student could be woken up or even have an ability that counteracted the smoke.

While Quinn was being bagged, he tried his hardest to pretend to be asleep; it seemed to work as after the bagging, the soldier went on to the next student. It was impossible to see, but he could still hear everything that was going on outside.

The sound of something large and heavy was heard, followed by several men grunting. He could then hear the squeakiness of wheels. A big clunk was heard and what followed after was a sort of humming sound, like an electric current passing through something.

'I've heard this sound before, but where?' Quinn thought. He tried to pinpoint the sound, but his mind was working against him. It was nearly impossible to sift through his memories until he figured out where he had heard this sound before.

"Start shifting the students in through the portal one by one." A soldier said.

The words were spoken from far away, and maybe others wouldn't be able to hear it, but Quinn could. He finally figured out why the sound was so recognizable because it was the sound of a teleporter.

'Wait, why do we need to go through a teleporter?' Quinn thought. 'Wasn't the military basis on Earth?'

After finding this information out, he felt like there were two possibilities, either the bases weren't located on earth. Or the event itself was on a different planet altogether.