

My Vampire 291

My Vampire System Chapter 291: Finding Bloodevolver

Right now, Quinn would do anything to rip the black sack off his head, and the problem was he really could do it. He was a hundred percent conscious of what was happening around him. The main reason for this was to see the color of the portal.

If it were a white portal, it would indicate they were traveling somewhere on earth. If it were a colored portal, he would know they were going to a different planet. Military base One was different from the other military bases.

It was where the current government would reside, hiding behind the most skilled personnel. It was also where the leaders would gather and was the only base that didn't have a school campus.

The place and locations of all military bases were kept secret to the students during their time at the academy. This was to stop information from being leaked outside. This included the smaller factions on the outside world that didn't quite agree with the military's doing.

This is why Quinn thought it would make sense for the main military base to perhaps not to be situated on earth. However, he wasn't able to find out, or at least, not today. Because before he could think of any way, his body was lifted and chucked into the portal to the destination on the other side.

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Over at one of the other military bases, a school was also getting prepared to send all their students to military base One. Nate was at his desk, sitting down, staring blankly at the pieces of paper lying in front of him, while the other students were busy packing away their things and getting ready for the Tournament.

"You are still looking at that thing!?" Sam said in shock as he came over and placed his bag on the desk and sat nearby Nate. "We are going to depart any second now, and you still haven't even packed your things. Get up already!"

“I know, I know,” Nate replied, “But I think I might have found the person we were looking for.”

“You mean the Blood Evolver? I’m not saying he isn’t in the Tournament, but I do doubt your slow brain, which is good only at fighting, was able to figure out something like that. Go on then, tell me how did you reach your conclusion?”

Nate then lifted the sheet of paper that he had been staring at all this time. The paper showed a long list that contained all the names of students who would be taking part in the Inter Base Tournament.

Seeing the paper’s contents, Sam’s eyes widened in shock, and he quickly moved his hands to put the papers down on the desk, grabbed his bag, and placed it over the list of names. “Are you damn crazy?” Sam whispered, “How did you even get the list of names of all the participants.”

“It seems like fate wanted me to find them, Sam. When I came into the classroom yesterday night, it was on the teacher’s desk. Somebody must have misplaced it.”

Slapping his hand against his forehead, Sam was starting to wonder how Nate had ever made it this far in life. Although, this side of him was why the two of them were good friends and got along in the first place.

“That doesn’t mean you can just take it for yourself. Oh well, too late now, as long as we return it, it should be okay and may save us from all the trouble we are going to face,” said Sam.

“Anyway, after finding the list of names, I started to do some research. I contacted students from the other schools inquiring about each of the participants in the fighting tournament. The main thing I was looking for was a student that fought with gauntlets.

“Afterall, there aren’t many students who chose to do battle with such a close-ranged weapon. Not only that but based on the information we have, we know he is a first-year student. This narrows down our suspects even more. After asking around, it seems like there is only one student who fits the bill. He goes by the name of Larry Star. This person is our Blood Evolver. He has to be. No... I’m sure of it, I can feel it in my gut.”

At the start of the explanation, Sam was actually onboard and was starting to be impressed. Was this really the same Nate he had grown up with? However, hearing those last words caused Sam to take a step back a bit. Whenever Nate had a gut feeling about something, it was always a hundred percent wrong. He decided to shrug his shoulders and let Nate go on with his wild thoughts. It wasn't hurting anyone this time, so there was no harm done.

"Okay, but what about the Zombie? You were interested in him as well, right?" Sam asked.

"About that one, I have no idea; we might not even see him since the nature of his ability is only to heal. I agree that He was strong in combat, but on a tournament scale while not in the game. The fights might not work out the same way."

Sam decided to move his bag off the list of names. He then decided to grab the pieces of paper and return it to the teacher's desk before she could enter the classroom. While placing it at the front, Sam couldn't help himself and take a peek at all the names on the list.

These names would be of the people who would, in the future, control the world. What Sam also noticed was by each of the names was a little number in brackets. When looking at Nate's name, the number six could be seen.

Judging by this, he could easily assume that all the numbers indicated all the students' ability levels participating in the fighting event.

"You've always been the underdog in these types of situations, but I know you'll prove everyone wrong." Looking at the names, one could see that Nate was one of the lowest levels in the fighting tournament. Especially when looking at all the second year students.

Nearly every student that was participating was either a level 7 or 8 in terms of ability level. Nate was the exception in this challenge. Using his high fighting skills, he would be able to overcome the difference in the strength of abilities. There was also a second reason why Nate could compete on an even level with the higher ability levels; it was because of his soul weapon.

Although abilities could be the same, soul weapons were often not. Even if two students had the same earth ability level, their soul weapons would be completely different. One could come in the shape of a hammer, while the other may be a shield.

Some soul weapons weren't even objects themselves but were seen as an evolution of their abilities. With how different soul weapons were between each person, they would sometimes make a massive difference in power. In this case, Nate's soul weapon would increase his power to the point that it will allow him to fight them on an equal level.

This was why Nate was respected by the higher-level students and looked up to by the low levels as well for overcoming that gap.

When looking through the names, something had caught his eye, he was sure that Nate would be the lowest level there, even out of the first years, but it seemed that wasn't the case at all.

'What? They can't be serious! Am I seeing things correctly?' Sam brought his head closer to the sheet of paper to have a closer look, but he wasn't mistaken at all. 'One of the first years, they have a level one on her!. What were they thinking? Are they trying to get him killed? It has to be a typo, right?'

When inspecting the names closer, Sam also noticed that there were lines between all the participant's names in the fighting tournament. He wasn't quite sure what this meant, but if he was to take a good guess. It would be who their opponents were in the first round.

Across from the level one name, Peter Chuck, was another year one student who went by the name of Larry Star, a level 6 user.

'Well, what are the chances of that? I guess you might be able to go against our so-called Blood Evolver after all. It should be an easy win for him.'

As Sam put the piece of paper down, he looked up and realized that all the students had suddenly gone silent and were staring in his direction. Finding the whole thing strange, he tried to turn away when a slender body came in his view.

"Now, would you like to tell me what you were doing with that piece of paper?" Silver asked with a smile.

My Vampire System Chapter 292: Poppy Dome

The temptation to peek at the colour of the portal was killing Quinn. However, he decided to keep the black sack covering his face, after all, it wasn't worth it. There was no need for him to worry about where the 1st military base was. Actually, he didn't really know why he was getting a little obsessed over it.

It wasn't like he was working for Pure or the Dalki, they would've done anything just to obtain this type of information. Even if Quinn did know, it wouldn't have helped him with anything. Unless he was planning to take on the military, but he could never imagine doing such a thing in his entire life.

The second his body passed through the portal, he could feel the strange sensation that would usually occur. It felt like your mind was melting. The experience wasn't all that bad, but the imagery was certainly strange.

He was actually surprised that when passing through the portal, this strange sensation didn't wake up the other students. This also meant that the gas, or whatever was used to knock them out was strong enough to disable them. As he thought into it a bit more, he was kind of surprised that it was able to place Fex asleep.

Having decided to not take off the black bag, once through to the other end of the portal, Quinn continued to pretend to be knocked out. His body was chucked and moved, gently sometimes by some, and quite rough by others.

As they continued moving about, he consistently heard strange mechanical sounds around him. It was driving him a little crazy since he was trying to picture what was outside by only using his ears.

'I wonder how Leo does it... I would hate it if I became blind.' Quinn couldn't help but think this.

Eventually, after a couple of hours of being chucked around from place to place, his body wasn't moved for the last fifteen minutes. And then, the first student other than him woke up.

“What the—! What the hell is on my head?!” The student shouted out. Despite opening his eyes, the only thing he could see was the color black. The thought of the world being taken over entered his mind, this caused him to start screaming.

“Ahh! I’m sorry, I’m sorry! Please don’t kill me!” The student continued yelling before feeling a bump on the back of his head.

“Calm down, will you? You just arrived at your destination,” the soldier explained as he took the bag off the student.

Because of his screaming, it managed to wake up quite a few students. Very slowly, every one of them started waking up.

“Please remove the bags from your heads and stay where you are until further instructions have been made.” The voice was recognizable and it seemed to come from Old General Mike.

All of the students did as instructed and removed their bags, and for the first time in a while, they could finally see. The students were slightly confused as to where they currently were.

There was no clear sky, and all that could be seen around them was metal. A thousand students all stood on a clear open space with the generals at the front of the large room.

“Are we still in the hangar?” A student asked. Quinn couldn’t blame the student for thinking that because it really did look like they had never left the hangar in the first place. However, only he knew that they had gone through a portal.

All of a sudden, the sound of something coming from behind them could be heard. The pressure head was released and the light started shining through. When the students turned around, they could see the sides of whatever they were in opening up, and a metallic platform stretching out. It eventually hit the floor, there was a good ten meters from the opening before the platform had touched the ground.

“Please make your way down the vehicle.” Mike continued his instructions while the soldiers at the front led the way.

When stepping outside, they finally noticed that they were in the 1st military base. However, it didn't look all that different from theirs. It was more like a city with certain buildings surrounded by construction. There were mechs out and about, transporting cargo.

The main difference was the size of the base itself. It was nearly two times more than theirs. However, the most shocking thing they saw so far was the sky. Although it could be seen, it looked slightly different from what they were used to. This vague feeling continued bugging Quinn, however, he couldn't figure out why.

What he did notice though, was the shine going all across them. The entire city seemed to be encased in a large glass-like dome. And around the edges was a high rise wall, making it impossible to see what was outside of the city unless one was in an airship.

Once the students looked behind them, only did they realize what type of vehicle they were in. It looked like a submarine on wheels. The thing was extremely huge and it had sixteen wheels the size of houses on its side.

Quinn was starting to realise what was making all that noise from before. The teleportation device must have transferred them somewhere, and later, they needed to be moved via the vehicle in front of them.

Once all of the students were accounted for, the vehicle started retracting its platform, once it was finished, it immediately headed off in a different direction.

Mike, Nathan, and Duke went out to greet another soldier. They later followed him until they reached a train stop. Since the base was large, getting to their destination by foot would probably take them a few hours.

While riding the train, the students were able to see more of the city. It seemed like the city itself was split up into different sections. And between each section was a small barrier. Each of these sections had soldiers focus and prioritise on different things.

At one of the sections in the city, they witnessed mechs being built and tested. In the next one, it looked like they had beasts in captivity and were doing some type of experiments. And next, it seemed as if it had combat focused classes, and so on and so forth.

They then went and passed the city centre. It was a large dome-like building which looked like a miniature version of the base itself, it firmly stood at the centre. The top of the dome had a flower-like design that looked similar to a poppy.

The army decided to use this symbol after the first war. Most of the battles between the Dalki took place on earth. There was a lot of blood spilled on the battlefield. Once the war was declared over, something strange seemed to happen.

On the fields all across the world where most deaths had occurred. Fields of poppies grew. In the past, it was said that something like this happened once before, however, it had been long forgotten. Despite that, they still chose to use it as their symbol

This building was the world government's headquarters. It was where the Eight Head Generals, the leader, and the four big family leaders would meet to make their decisions. It was like they were in control of the world.

The train continued moving past the city centre and eventually went towards the back of the city where it seemed a little less busy. They passed another small barrier of some type, and many mechs and soldiers seemed to be standing guard.

They entered another part of the city which was separated from the others. Once the train finally stopped, the students got off and continued to follow Mike.

After they exited the trains, they could finally see where the event was going to take place. It was an arena that was large enough to host Olympic games right in front of their eyes.

It was quite round in shape, almost looking like a wheel on its side. And because it was made of glatherium, it had a slight tint of blue in its color. What surprised them the most, however, was on top of the arena stands, seven large buildings looked to have been built into the thing, making it look like a crown.

The seven buildings had a clear open glass that was tinted black. All of them faced inwards towards the arena. On the front, there were large numbers starting from one and ending at seven.



“Okay, since you guys are from military base two, please make your way to the second building,” the guide who had been leading the generals spoke to them. “Because you’re the first ones here, when you finish unpacking your things in your rooms, you are free to explore the area. The buildings here are like hotels, you are allowed to check in and out whenever you want for now. Outside the top of the arena, there are many shops and markets stationed for use.

“Since you guys won’t be participating in the event itself, we wanted to make you all feel welcome. Shop around and have fun, see if there is something you want to do and treat your stay here like a holiday. Just remember to support your teammates when you can.”

Quinn was wondering where the others were since he hadn’t seen them... Although he saw them in the hangar, but as they were the first ones to enter, they were shortly separated once again when they moved in the large vehicle.

The participants were most likely already in the field, or were staying at a separate location altogether.

The students followed their teachers to the arena, while the generals had split off into a separate direction.

With the large building having plenty of space to accommodate everyone, each student was allowed a room completely to themselves. The atmosphere was quite relaxed.

After unpacking his things in the hotel room, someone knocked at Quinn’s door, when he opened it, both Vorden and Fex greeted him.

“Come on! Let’s go and explore this place. It’s so cool! I’ve never been in such a nice area before!” Fex said excitedly.

After shutting the door behind him, the trio went and explored the arena’s shops. Meanwhile, at the train station, another train just arrived, bringing in another set of students from another military base.

One of the first people to get off the train... was Teacher Silver.

My Vampire System Chapter 293: Ring name

The contestants taking part in the inter military tournament were taken to the arena ahead of time. This was because the participants would be going through some additional checks that the other students didn't need to do. The other reason was so they could be informed of each event's rules and clarify how each event would work.

After all, not all events would be as simple as a knockout tournament.

They were all taken on a separate train that was heading to the arena. A participant only train. Each carriage was separated into each military base full of the second year and the first-year students. Although some of the second-year students had been through this before, there was still excitement that could be felt through the air, it was an event that only happened once a year.

In a way, this was their chance to show their skills to potential factions as well as get a head start if they were to join the military in terms of ranks. Perhaps even find a mentor to train them. Giving them a headstart over others.

Inside the second carriage were all the second military base participants, and sitting at the front seat with two guards by his side was Peter.

The second-year students were also towards the back of the carriage and could see what was happening at the front.

"Hey, did you see that first year?" A student asked.

"Yeah, the guards haven't left his side. Do you think he might be that much of a threat that they need to keep an eye on him all the time? I heard some crazy first years tried going against us this year." Another replied.

One of the second year students was looking for that exact student the others were talking about...Momo. Ever since the incident with Vorden in the assembly hall, he had decided to keep his involvement on the down-low. For some reason, during his fight with Vorden, even though he had the

upper hand against him, he had to go all out, even using his soul weapon. Something was telling him there was still a chance he could have lost that fight.

During that fight, some frightening things happened. One of them being Vorden cutting off his arm. When thinking back to the battle, Momo thought if he would have ever been able to decide that, and even if he did, whether or not he could have gone through with it.

There was something wrong with the first-year students that just didn't fit right. Momo wasn't participating in the fighting tournament but was looking forward to seeing the full strength of Vorden. However, when he didn't spot him on the train, he was incredibly disappointed and instead saw Peter taking his place. The student they had bullied and forced to go against Vorden.

"Just what are you planning on doing, Duke?" Momo mumbled to himself. He had a feeling that most likely, Duke was behind this whole matter.

The train had come to a stop, and all the participants were led out of the train straight to the arena. They saw the large buildings on top of the arena; however, they could not meet with their classmates. Instead, they were taken underground in the arena and eventually entered a sizable underground training room.

The room was filled with different beast equipment, target tools, gaming equipment, and all sorts. This was a place that allowed the participants to use their abilities freely before they were to participate in their events.

"As you can see, several rooms are leading to this one, the entrance which you have entered from is now locked, and only military personnel who are authorized will be able to pass through." A soldier holding a tablet and containing a scanner over his eye explained.

"You are free to use this room however you wish before the event. The big day starts tomorrow, so you will have plenty of time to practice. To your right, through the doors, are your sleeping quarters. Feel free to rest whenever you wish. Just behind me is the entrance to the arena. In a moment, we will split you up into groups according to your events, and we will have someone explain and go over the rules. Ryanorrow when your names will be called, and you will be escorted up to the arena."

The man then pointed to a large display slightly above him that has hooked onto the wall.

“We don’t want you to be left out of course, above we will be displaying the event to all of you. If you have any problems or concerns, do not hesitate to ask us.”

With that, the man went off to talk to his team to organize the next step, while the students were free to check out the training room. Many of them went to explore the place while others wanted to play around with the equipment.

Some of the stuff they had back at their bases and used it for their training, but some items they had never seen before were excited to test them out and see what they could do.

Layla, on the other hand, was busy trying to locate Logan. When looking around, she could see that Peter was allowed to go where he wished inside the training room, but the two guards from the train continued to follow him around everywhere.

This of course gathered quite a bit of attention, and some of the students even tried approaching Peter. Almost immediately, one of the guards would yell at the student to stand back.

“Hey, Logan,” Layla said, approaching him while looking around to see if anyone was paying attention to her. A habit that was forced into her from her training days. “I was wondering, do you have any idea why they are making Peter fight in this tournament?”

Logan looked closely at the two guards by Peter’s side. He noticed that the equipment they were wearing wasn’t of low quality at all. It was at least the advanced level, maybe even higher. IF they were to go through this much trouble to guard one student, then it would seem like his hunch from before was right.

“I think they’re trying to use this event to lure out the rest of Pure. They think he’s one of them after the video we made. It would make sense, and if they believe they cared about him that much to try to snatch him from Truedream, then maybe they would do the same at this event.” Logan replied.

Hearing this, the sick feeling in Layla’s stomach had returned. If that were the case, they would be heavily keeping an eye on Peter, and there might not even be a chance for them to try to save him.

Thinking about this, Layla thought about whether or not she should try to get Pure involved. She knew that Peter wasn't a part of Pure. Still, if she were to put a word to her mother, maybe she would help her.

Although this thought didn't last long, Layla was currently a rank 100 agent, and she had already called in a big favour from her mother last time. It was unlikely her mother would risk the whole organization for this once again. Knowing this, she was too afraid even to ask.

'I'm sorry, Peter, there's nothing I can do.'

After about half an hour of the students exploring the training area, they were called and huddled up once again. This time they were divided into groups based on the events they would be participating as they were told they would before.

Logan was placed into the crafting event, Layla into the arranged event, while Peter into the fighting event. The three of them were now separated from Peter even further.

Each group was led to a different section of the room where a soldier would explain the event's details to them. The three main events had the most participating students since one student was required from each homeroom class.

Ten students from the first year, and ten students from the second year. With the seven schools participating, that meant there were 140 students per main event.

In the fighting event, while the soldier was busy explaining the rules to everyone, everyone's attention was focused on one person. Peter, who still at this moment had the two guards by his side. It was clear to them that he must have been such a dangerous event, but now that Peter was closer to all the participants, they could spot something on his wrist.

The fact that his level on his watch indicated he was only a level 1.

'How is that possible? Wait, How is he even in the tournament?'

The students wanted to question it and ask, but the soldier upfront was busy explaining the rules and processes to everyone, and they knew better than to interrupt.

“Oh, so it looks like Sam didn’t misread that name list. There was a level One student in the fighting tournament.” Nate said.

Unlike the others, Nate wasn’t too interested in the mysterious figure. He was far too busy trying to figure out, out of all the participants here, which one was Larry. The Blood Evolver. Right now, the students didn’t have their best equipment, so it was hard for him to tell.

“And that’s about it for the fighting event rules. Now what we will do is go around and take a stage name from you all. This name will be used to announce you before you enter the arena. Try to pick a name that will strike fear and be remembered by all. After all, not only military personnel will be watching this. Many top tier factions have been invited to this event as well.”

After the explanation was over, several soldiers went around with tablets held in their hands, gathering each student’s required information. Finally, one of the staff had arrived at Peter.

“What would you like your ring name to be?” He asked.

Peter thought about it for a while. He too could tell the soldiers around him were of a higher class than their military base. If there was ever a chance for him to escape, he should have done so when he was alone with Truedream and the other soldiers.

Right now, he couldn’t escape, and he couldn’t even imagine Quinn and the others thinking of a way of saving him. If he were going to be killed after this anyway, he would go down using all his strength. He wasn’t just going to throw away the fight.

This meant they would find out about his incredible healing abilities. If he were made into a lab rat, he wouldn’t tell them anything about Quinn. He still had respect for Quinn for saving his life, and after betraying them once, he wouldn’t ever do it again.

“Are you sure about your ring name?” The man asked. “It’s sometimes nice to have a name related to your ability or one that’s easy to remember?”

"I'm sure," Peter replied.

Down on the man's tablet, the name ZombieP was written. A name that, when revealed, would shock the other participants.

My Vampire System Chapter 294: Defensive equipment

With the event starting tomorrow, the students were free to do what they wanted for the rest of the evening. There were no strict requirements and even no curfew for the students, which was a first; it truly did feel like they were on a week trip to watch a grand event. Never had they ever, been treated like this before.

The only rules that were put in place were for students to not leave the arena. Not that it was possible anyway. The arena was located in a separate part of the city, and the only way to get to it was via train, which would go through several different barriers.

When stepping off the train, they all noticed the mass amount of security. Leaving this place seemed to be a lot harder than breaking in. However, after living in luxury, they really felt like there was no reason for them to try to leave anyway.

The three boys, Quinn, Fex and Vorden had left the hotel room and headed down to the top of the arena. Just like the guide had said, the top of the arena was mostly flat and filled with all kinds of stalls manned by staff. There were coffee stalls, food places, Vr games and all sorts. But what interested most of the students was the equipment stalls.

Some of these sold different types of beast gear and armour, as well as items that would go hand in hand with certain abilities while fighting. The boys decided that they would walk around the entire circle, looking at all the shops before committing to buying anything. It was always horrible when one would see something they liked in a shop, only to find something better or cheaper in the next one.

"Go on then," Fex said with his hands behind his back. "What do you think of the sudden change?"

“What do you mean?” Quinn asked, confused.

“What? Do you mean you can’t tell? All of a sudden they’re pampering us up, nice hotel rooms, shops, equipment and no curfew.” Fex replied.

Quinn hadn’t really thought about it before. He just felt like the group were currently on a school holiday like they used to have at school. Near Christmas times and other holidays, schools tended to be more relaxed. The world, even the military world, couldn’t be all work and no play, could it?

“Looks like you figured it out.” Vorden said and motioned around, “The whole thing is a ploy for the students. They show and give them a taste of what life is like at military base one. Some of the students will start to think maybe choosing to join the military, rather than the faction isn’t so bad, especially if they can have a life like this. I hate to say it, but there’s always a motive behind everything.”

The three boys stopped to take a break and were looking over the edge, down at the arena floor. There looked to be thousands and thousands of seats, but none of them were for the students. The students would be watching the fight, either from the top platform they were currently on, or from their hotel rooms. There were multiple large display screens every once in a while, so it wasn’t like they would miss anything.

The seats themselves were for all the different factions from earth and other planets. They had been invited to see the future generation display their power. It was a good chance for the military to show the world that it was necessary to continue to draft teens into the army. As well as for factions to try to get future talent.

“Maybe it’s a good thing I’m not fighting,” Vorden said. Although these words were spoken quietly, with Fex and Quinn’s hearing, they both had heard him say these words and were wondering what he meant by them as he looked at the crowd of empty chairs.

Unlike them, Vorden was a talented individual. An original from a good family but not one of the top four. If he were able to display his strong skills and abilities, he would easily be scouted into a top faction, Quinn thought. His life would be set, and he would have nothing to worry about.

So it was strange to see Vorden kind of relieved that he wasn’t fighting.



The three of them continued walking and having already done a full circle, they had decided which shops they wanted to stop by. For Quinn, what he truly wanted was a strong or better set of gauntlets to use. His intermediate pair wasn't good enough.

However, when looking around, there was barely anything above the intermediate level. Most equipment at the advanced level or higher would have to be hunted for, or one would need to hire travellers to gather the materials for them. There were a few items, but none that matched what Quinn was looking for.

Still, with only boots and gauntlets, there was no harm in increasing his equipment in other areas, one of these being defences. The best piece of equipment to get would be a type of chest piece. This covered the largest area, and when using his inspect skill, Quinn also found it gave him the most defence points.

When walking around this time, they noticed a lot more students around than before. This was because all of the other military bases had arrived by now, and they too had left to explore.

They entered a few shops and Fex was the first to buy some items. He purchased very small knives that were as large as a finger and had a little ring just underneath the handle. Knowing that he had a string ability, Quinn could imagine Fex being able to do great things with those weapons.

While Vorden didn't purchase anything but instead stared at two short swords on the wall, seeing this, a memory came back for Quinn. He had asked Vorden a long time ago if he was to use a weapon, what type of weapon it would be, and he had replied with a pair of short blades.

Vorden didn't use beast weapons much, as he seemed to favour elemental abilities and most elemental ability users didn't really use beast weapons, but still had plenty of beast gear.

After inspecting the stats of the swords on the wall, and looking at the intermediate blades in Quinn's system shop, he realised how much better the weapons in his shop were.

"Don't buy those," Quinn said. "Don't worry; I'll get you something nice soon."

Vorden smiled, and the three of them left the shop to head off to the next one. The next shop was a place for Quinn. A shop that mainly focused on armour. A piece had caught his eye before. An intermediate piece that was dark blue in colour and had a silver trim going around the edges.

After selling his crystals from the last portal expedition, he now had a total of 4440 credits to spend. The intermediate piece on the wall was 4000 credits so he had enough to spend, but was hesitating whether he wanted to clear his bank like that for one piece of equipment.

[Inspect]

[Intermediate Geo rock Chest armour]

[No active skills]

[All stats +1]

[Defense + 20]

There were similar priced items in the shop, but this was one of the only ones that increased all stats. Other pieces of equipment, improved strength more, while giving no stat points to other areas. But this was well balanced. On top of that, it had the most defensive points of the lot.

Quinn still hadn't figured out what defensive points really did. His gauntlets gave him eight while his boots gave him four. If he had the chest piece on top of that, he would have 32 points of defence. Even if he didn't know what to do, the higher number was always better right?

After thinking about it for long enough, he finally had decided to go through with the purchase, reaching out his arm. As his fingertips pressed against the right chest plate, another hand was seen pulling it from the other side.

The student to his left, turned and looked at Quinn. The first thing that he noticed that stood out to him was the wristwatch, indicating he was a level one ability user after seeing this the boy immediately let go.

“Please go ahead and take it.” The boy said. “You grabbed it first.”

“Actually, you were a little faster than me; you go ahead.” Quinn said. With his eyesight he was able to tell the boy to his right was only a fraction of a second faster at grabbing the plate. He had no right to claim he grabbed it first.

“No please get it instead of me, I insist I don’t need it.” The boy replied back once again.

The two of them continued on like this, while Vorden and Fex stood back and couldn’t believe what they were watching. “I guess this is what happens when you have two nice people,” Fex said. “Nothing gets sorted.”

“You think Quinn’s nice?” Vorden asked him.

Fex thought about it for a while, most of his interactions with Quinn were nice ones, and after saving his life, he had no other reason but to think he was a nice guy.

“You don’t?” Fex replied back.

Vorden didn’t reply back, but he didn’t agree about Quinn being nice. He didn’t think he was a bad person, but didn’t think nice was the right word.

Eventually, after going back and forth, Fex was fed up with watching, and snatched the chest piece handing it over to Quinn. “Just take it man, I want to continue shopping.”

The boy smiled, indicating he was happy for Quinn to take the piece of armour, but before purchasing for the item, Quinn wanted to get the name of the student, hoping maybe he would return the favour back to him one day.

“What’s your name?” Quinn asked.

“The name’s Sam.”

My Vampire System Chapter 295: Stealing

[30/95 HP]

The system message appeared in front of Quinn’s face once again. It was a constant reminder that his health continued to decrease, not that he needed the reminder anyway. Whenever the system message would appear, he would have shooting pains rush through his head and stomach moments before it. His inside felt like they were trying to tear each other apart, and his brain felt like someone was reaching inside and squeezing it.

This feeling usually lasted for around five minutes before Quinn was able to suppress it.

“Hey, are you okay?” Sam asked. “You don’t look too good.”

Fex quickly came over to Quinn’s side to give him a helping hand. He was the only one who actually knew what Quinn was doing as he had informed him beforehand. Vorden knew something was happening but wasn’t aware of the truth, and decided to let it be, figuring out that it was most likely some vampire-related business.

Quinn handed over his money card and gave it to Vorden to complete the purchase at the desk. The 4000 credits were exchanged, and the equipment was placed in a fancy metallic suitcase. By the time Vorden had returned with the item, Quinn had mostly recovered and gotten over the pain.

“Well, I hope you start feeling better,” Said Sam, “I’ll see you guys at the tournament. Maybe we can meet up and watch it together?” Sam didn’t have many friends at his own military base, being quite the low level himself as a second year.

With Nate participating in the fighting tournament, Sam was pretty much on his own. So he thought it would be nice to enjoy the event with some others that wouldn’t be quick to judge, being low levels themselves.

“Yeah, that sounds good.” Quinn managed to crack out a smile as the last bit of pain started to fade to the back of his mind.

The four of them left the shop together and were ready to part ways as they continued to explore. As soon as they took a few feet away from the shop, a strange feeling was felt on each of their necks, as if their hairs were standing on end.

“We’re being followed,” Fex whispered.

“I know, a group of five,” Vorden replied.

The three boys weren’t the only ones that noticed this; when Sam turned around to check on the three boys, he could also see that a group was strangely following them from behind.

‘What are they planning?’ Sam couldn’t help but decided to get involved. He knew if Nate were here, he would have tried stopping whatever was about to happen.

As expected, the group of students suddenly decided to appear and block the three’s path. The boy at the front had the sides of his hair cut short and a purple streak running down the middle. He quickly glanced down at the three watches before deciding to approach them. After confirming all of their ability levels were lower than his, a smile appeared on his face.

“Well, what do we have here.” The student said as he got closer.

“Um well, we’re a little short on money, you see, and we were kind of hoping to buy something from one of these shops. I had my eye on that chest piece for a while, and when I saw someone else buy it, it just rubbed me the wrong way.” The student then got right up into Quinn’s face as he said his next words... “Especially when I see a weak level one like you getting something like this. It would be useless in your hands.”

[Inspect]

[Name: Zac Lee]

[Ability level: 6]

[Magnitism ability]

Using the inspect skill, Quinn was able to figure out the level of all the members of the opposite group, even when they were hiding their watches. It made sense why the student Zac was confident. He was a level six ability user, and everyone else around him was around a level 4 and five.

As a group, they seemed quite strong. After they had seen that, both Fex and Quinn were only level ones, even with Vorden being with them, they didn't even think they had a chance of losing. Right now, Vorden had a random ability of a level four user he had touched, so his wristwatch was displaying that number.

So Zac and his group had even more confidence that the group faced no such threat in front of them.

Using his right hand, Zac placed it on top of the metallic case in Quinn's and tried to pull it away using all his strength. When he tugged though, there was no movement, and his hand slipped off from the metal case. The smile on his face dropped.

Quickly, Zac grabbed on to the case again and tried to pull it out of Quinn's hand again, this time getting a more firm grip on the case, but when Zac tried to pull away, a tight grip was felt around his hand which gripped the case.

"What the hell.... do you think you're doing?" Quinn said slowly. " This... is mine."

Zac's group of friends behind had no clue what was going on and were still smirking away at the thought of the helpless level ones having their expensive gear taken away.

'Why is this person making me feel sick when I look him in the eye?' Zac thought.

When inside the shop, Zac had carefully watched Quinn and his friends enter the shop. Even before they had purchased the equipment, he had taken note of their Levels. It came as a big surprise when he found out a Level one user could purchase intermediate gear.

Then a thought had hit him; perhaps he was someone from a prestigious or at least a wealthy family. They had been cursed with a son that was only able to produce a low amount of MC cells—never being able to get past level one. At that point, the only thing one could do was purchase beats gear to help them on their journey through life.

Having made this prediction, Zac never thought a reaction like this would come from Quinn.

“Hey, Five against three is a bit unfair, don’t you think so? Maybe we should even up the sides a little.” Sam said as he walked over.

Sam, too, had actually thought the same thing as Zac when he saw Quinn. The only difference was, Sam thought he could relate to Quinn. For he was one of those very people. A person who was unable to progress any higher in his ability level, despite being able to purchase books at a higher tier. His body had already hit the MC cell limit.

Seeing Sam coming over, Zac’s group of friends behind him started to get more aggressive and were getting ready for a face-off.

As the tension rose in the air, it felt like either side was going to strike first. However, both Fex and Vorden were worried about a different matter. For some reason, Quinn was upset at the actions that had just occurred. It made sense anyone would be; the only difference was Quinn had a critical secret he needed to hide.

“I think I know what you mean about him not being nice now,” Fex whispered over to Vorden.

Even Quinn himself felt his actions were a little stranger than usual. Of course, he always wanted to punish people who did things like this, but right now was not the time, especially with as many military personnel around as there was. Still, Quinn refused to let Zac’s wrist go, and moreover, he was starting to grip it harder and harder.

Zac could feel this, and the pain was starting to get to him. He wanted to squeal or grunt a little but was too afraid the other would laugh at him if he began to give in to the pain and were to make strange noises.

'What do I do?' He thought, looking for a way out of this.

"Hey, what is going on here!" A deep voice said from the side. A soldier had appeared, wearing a military uniform. "There is to be no fighting during the week stay here, do you understand? If you disobey, we will have to lock you up for your remaining time here. If there is a dispute, I suggest you settle it through some other matter. I'll be keeping an eye on you." The soldier said as he walked back off, continuing on his way to where he was going before.

When the soldier had arrived, Quinn's grip had loosened and Zac managed to break free in a split second. After hearing the words of the soldier, an idea had popped into his head. Maybe there was a way to settle this still and get the item he wanted. More than that, Zac felt a little humiliated and wanted to get his pride back.

"Fine, I have a little suggestion to make. If you are interested, why don't we play a little game? Your guys versus mine." He said with a smile.

My Vampire System Chapter 296: A little game

Hearing Zac's words, Quinn wanted to outright refuse whatever type of proposal was about to be made. It was clear they were up to no good and what reason did they have to go along with their little game.

"Just get out of here before I..."

Just then, a person from Quinn's right side stood in front of him.

"Sounds interesting, what do you have in mind?" Before Quinn could even reject their offer, Fex had chimed in at the last second. The word game had interested him greatly, besides they had already finished their shopping and explored the area. Other than going back to their hotel room to rest, there was nothing they could really do.



Fex didn't care about the results of the events and wasn't taking part in them, so this might have been the only bit of fun he would be able to experience.

"Since you guys seem more confident than your usual low levels, I thought this might interest you." Zac and the group started to walk off, and Fex followed without a second thought. The others looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders, deciding to go along.

"Don't worry, they can't really do much, and you can always refuse," Sam said.

After following Zac and his group for a while, they were eventually led to the game section of the platform. It looked like he really did mean they would play a game and it wasn't a metaphor for something else. The stall they stopped at had several different booths that were open for the outside public to see.

Inside the booths was what looked like an old-fashioned training machine. It was a standard upright thick pole made of metal. The pole was split up into 6 different sections, and each one had another pole sticking out of it.

Quinn watched one of the students carefully. A digital countdown appeared above his head, 3...2..1.. When the timer reaches 0, a buzzing sound was heard.

[Game, started. level 3]

The metal pole started to twist the different sections of its body. However, not all of the sections moved in the same direction. The very top section twisted and the pole from the top was now coming towards the student's head from the left side. At the same time, the bottom section of the pole had twisted in the opposite direction. Making the extended pole attack from the right side.

At the same time, the student lifted his left hand and right leg, blocking both of the attacks. The pole twisted again and continued to twist and turn to allow attacks to come from all different directions aiming for the student's body. That's when Quinn also noticed, there was a small ring where the student was standing.

'I see, so he has to block all the attacks without stepping out of the ring.' Quinn thought. 'The higher the level, the faster and more varied the attacks.'

"My suggestion is we bet that beast armour of yours by playing the game." Said Zac." Each person here will count as a life for our team. The first person will start at level one and keep going up until they are eliminated, then the next person from the team will start from the level they have left off, then whichever team finishes on a higher level wins." Zac explained.

With this type of game it was best to allow the most skilled person to go last. The reason for this is because the person was able to watch how the one before them failed. They could get a sense of timing for the machine as well as witness the varied attack patterns.

"You're team only has four people, so one of you can go twice." Said Zac. "The reason for choosing this game is because it requires us not to use our abilities. I didn't want to pick something where we would clearly be the winner. This will just be a test of reflexes and quick thinking on your feet."

"I don't like it," Vorden said. "I don't have a problem with the game, I mean I think anyone of us here will be able to beat your whole team. The problem is, what's in it for us. We gain nothing from this bet, as the beast gear is rightfully Quinn's in the first place."

While watching Sam speak, he was amazed at how much confidence Vorden had. He didn't stutter when speaking in front of these higher levels, and when pointing to his teammates, it seemed like he was genuine when he said, he thought anyone of them would be able to beat them in the game.

"I thought you might say that, of course, I wouldn't just be putting up nothing on our side." Zac, reached is not the bag of one of his fellow teammates and pulled out a beast crystal. It was slightly clear in colour and after Quinn used the inspect skill he was able to tell it was an intermediate beast crystal.

[Lythey Intermediate beast crystal]

[Compatible with an item from the shop]

After using his inspect skill though, another message that he hadn't seen before had appeared. After selecting the message, the system immediately took him to his shop showing him a single short sword. One of the swords in his shop required this very crystal to be crafted.

The weapons from Quinn's shop were of higher quality than one could find on the market place. The problem was, nearly all of the weapons on it required him to gather specific items to create them. As he was still a student, he was unable to go travelling to other beast planets to hunt for these things.

For now he decided he would just leave it for the future, after he had left the school. Coming across one of the materials to create a weapon was a golden opportunity for him.

"We'll play your little game." Quinn said.

"Excellent," Zac replied, not doubting for a second they were going to lose.

Outside of the arena on the bottom floor, Leo stood outside. He had just come from the underground area after checking on the participating students. The real reason why he was there though was to check on Peter. He had a hand in helping the students during the matter with Truedream.

There was a chance that using their strange and strict methods, the military would find out he was also involved in the case. He wasn't worried, but at the same time he had to prepare for the worst.

'Originally, there was one, and now there are three.' Leo thought.

He was thinking of the strange auras that he had sensed. At first, it was only Quinn, later Peter's aura had changed and then a third student had arrived with the same aura. With his ability, he could tell they weren't human, or at least not fully or not the same.

'The military might be stepping on their toes in something they can't handle.' Leo had a hunch, that if these people weren't really human, and they were basically going to publicly execute one of their kind. Then just maybe they would come and try save him, or at a later date, these actions could cause a lot of trouble, possibly even another war.

The human race couldn't handle fighting the Dalki and another Unknown entity. If it came to it, maybe the better decision would be for him to save Peter himself.

From just underneath Leo's belt, he had a small pouch where he pulled out a small little flask. It was the one that had been found at the last portal expedition. He still didn't know who it belonged to, but he did know it was a strange and powerful item.

The aura surrounding it was similar to his own weapons. For a simple flask to be made out of high-quality beast material would be a waste. It had to be something special, he thought.

Thinking that he might have missed something, or a special use for the flask. Unscrew the lid from the top of the flask. The contents inside the flask remained the same, as Leo didn't want to throw it away.

He swirled it around looking at the red liquid inside.

"That's definitely blood, I wonder if all of this is linked somehow?"

As he said those words, the sounds of footsteps rushing towards him was heard. Leo Quickly activated his ability, allowing him to cover a wider range. After doing this, he was even more worried than before. For some reason, the figures aura seemed to be masked.

He could still see the figure, but it seems like whatever was heading in his direction was able to suppress it. Eventually the footsteps slowed and now he could get a clearer view on it. Seeing it had a human-like shape, Leo calmed down a little but was still prepared for anything.

The figure was now in front of Leo, but of course, Leo could only tell someone was there and not what they looked like.

"Where did you get that flask?" A female voice said.

My Vampire System Chapter 297: Block, Block, Block

After having agreed to the little bet, all nine of them rented out a booth and headed over to the area. The people who walked by simply ignored what was going on. There were too many people in one section, it blocked outsiders from being able to see anything that was going on. Although they did find it strange that so many people were in one booth, it still wasn't interesting enough for them to actively try and find out what was happening.

Now, all that was left was to decide who from which team would go first.

"Please let me do it." Sam volunteered himself. "I know you guys don't really know who I am and just met me, but those guys just rub me the wrong way. Think of it as a freebie. You can observe for the meantime, and when I get stuck on a level it should make things easier for you guys."

Since Sam was insistent and sincere, the others found it hard to refuse his offer. In addition, Quinn liked the look of determination in his eyes.

"Sure, go ahead." Quinn responded.

They were confident that they wouldn't lose, especially against some of the other students, but against people like these that never tried to get through life with their own hard work, then no. They wouldn't allow themselves to lose to people like this.

Sam on the other hand, volunteered because he was worried that the others might humiliate themselves. He could tell by their stripes on their shoulder that they were only first years. It was most likely that they had never played a game like this before. In fact, the game was more difficult than it looked. One would have to be able to keep their concentration at their best while also multitasking. If he could beat everyone from the opponent's side, then there would be no need for anyone else to step in.

"Zippy will go first," Zac said.

The student approached the metal pole while the rest of the players stepped back a few meters away from the room, just outside the game zone.

Zippy was a level 4 ability user, he was the lowest on the other team.

“3...2..1... Level 1, Start.”

The game had started. The top two sections of the metal pole started twisting. At first, the machine was incredibly slow and Zippy was able to block two attacks. This continued on for a little while, Quinn noticed that only two parts of the machine were moving. This was due to the machine only being set at Level 1.

What Quinn also realized was the other part of the machine would only move once the person placed their hand or leg down. After blocking the attack, if one were to keep their arms up, then the machine wouldn't start until it was able to sense that the arm had gone back down again.

Forty five seconds had now passed. All of a sudden, the machine started speeding up for the last fifteen seconds, Zippy's expression changed as a little bit of sweat started running down his face.

“Beep”

One minute had passed and the sound of the buzzer had gone off, this indicated he had passed. Zippy let out a big sigh while he wiped the sweat from his forehead, he walked back to his teammates.

“Good job, Zippy. If you couldn't even pass Level 1, then I was going to ask why you were still hanging around us,” Zac said.

Zippy held his head down when he walked past the other, he had no response to give.

Next was Quinn's team.

“Whoa! Go on Pam!” Fex shouted while clapping his hands.

“It's Sam,” Vorden corrected him, slapping his head, and slightly embarrassed as to why he was even with such an idiot.

Even though the game had started, Sam didn't look nervous at all. Instead, he was calmly breathing and keeping it steady while blocking all of the attacks.

"He's quite good, at least he's been taught well," Vorden commented.

Quinn thought the same. Once he concentrated and closed his eyes, he was able to focus on his hearing. When he listened to Sam's heartbeat, he could tell it was stable unlike the contestant from before. Even during the last fifteen seconds, Sam stayed the same.

When Sam walked back to the others, they each gave him a high five and congratulated him on a good job.

"Pfft! Look at them, celebrating when they only passed Level 1, they're acting like they've already won," Zac said in an annoyed tone.

It was Zippy's turn once again, this time, he was on Level 2. On this level, three of the different sections started moving. This caused the player to also move up and down, blocking the attacks not only to their head, but also the ones headed towards their body. Zippy was doing well so far with only fifteen more seconds to go.

Just like last time, it sped up in the last quarter. Zippy blocked the first two hits and lifted his hand up to block an attack to the left of his face, and then another to his right.

This was when the others started noticing something wrong. Although the machine's strikes weren't all that powerful but if the attack wasn't properly blocked, it would still hurt. It was quite similar to someone giving a soft-padded punch, especially since the bars themselves were covered. Yet, for some reason, Zippy's hands were shaking.

When the third bar swung towards the right side of his rib, Zippy hesitated since he thought back to the words Zac just said. His concentration broke and it ruined his form, his movements became as erratic as he was nervous. This slip-in was more than enough, he was just a split-second late in blocking the blow heading towards his ribs.

"Beep! Beep! Beep!"

“Game over!”

As he walked back to his team, he hung his head in shame. He didn't even bother making eye contact with Zac. Zac too didn't say anything to him. It was a stupid mistake someone at their level should never make. In his mind, Zippy wanted to blame Zac for placing too much pressure on him, however, he knew that his words would be pointless.

Now, it was time for Sam to go again. Just like previously, he dealt with the multiple bars coming towards him with ease. When the game started speeding up towards the end, his breathing was a little quicker, but it didn't batter, his pace was incredible and it looked like he was playing some sort of rhythm game.

“Beep! Level 2, Completed.”

Instead of heading back to the others, Sam remained in the game room. This was because of their agreement beforehand, after another member from the opposing side was eliminated, the other one would stay and go onto the next level. Like this, the other team would have a slight advantage, this was how the game worked.

For example, Zippy lost for being hit in the ribs. By seeing this, Sam would be able to observe and dodge the same strike. Not that it would have helped much at this stage anyways.

“Level 3, Begin.”

The machine started once again, and there seemed to be a big jump in difficulty from Level 2 to Level 3. All six of the sections were moving this time. Having just completed the last round, Sam was a little tired, however, he still managed to persevere by blocking each of the bars.

When the last fifteen seconds came, the machine's speed looked like it almost doubled.

“Left block, right block, knee raise, right block again, elbow down.” Sam thought about every move, but this was his downfall. Before, since he had enough time to think about everything he was doing, it worked out for him. Now that the attacks were too fast. He forgot to breathe as he was too focused on



thinking and blocking. And suddenly, he needed to gasp for air. When taking in a deep breath, a bar came swinging out and whacked him on the face.

“Game over!”

Sam looked disappointed in himself. He thought he would have been able to help out the others more. And yet, he was only able to eliminate a single player from the other team. He realized that playing this time of game on your own and as a team was a little different.

When you were on your own, you could start the same level again while remembering the speed and attack patterns. You could easily get better and adjust to the game’s level. It wasn’t that Sam couldn’t pass Level 3, but he would have needed to play it a couple more times before being able to do so.

With the team mode, they only had one chance. Each player only had a single life.

“I’m sorry,“ Sam said as he walked back to the others.

“Don’t worry about it, I learned quite a bit from watching you,“ Quinn said, not taking his eyes off the machine.

Sam felt like it was all over after realizing the difference in playing as a team and as a single player. He never imagined that they could win anymore. Instead, he started praying to the Karma Gods, hoping that their opponents would get what they deserve and somehow lose the match.

Another student from Zac’s team walked forward and started the game. While Sam was busy playing the game, this student had been practising off at the side while trying to match the machine’s speed. Now that he had a good idea what the attacks would be like, everything seemed to work out for him.

After the minute had passed, the game was over and they completed Level 3.

“Alright, who’s going next on your team?“ Zac asked them with a sneer on his face.

While clenching his hand into a fist like he was getting into a fight, Fex stepped forward.

“Haha! Time to show you how easy this little thing is!” Before he could get into the game area, a hand appeared on his shoulder and pulled him back.

“Let me take this one,” Quinn said.

My Vampire System Chapter 298: Second Chance

For Sam, Zac, and the other teams standing by the sidelines, it came as a surprise for them as to who was volunteering. The two people going at it this time were both Level 1s. If this was an ordinary team, then Zac wouldn't have thought too much of it. After all, it made sense to allow the weaker one to go first. However... Level 1s couldn't just be considered 'weak'.

They were beyond that. From the beginning, the only two people that the group focused on were Vorden and Sam. They even thought that the other two would have forfeited after knocking them out. Playing against Level 1's was just a waste of time.

But still, it looked like Fex willingly stepped back, allowing Quinn to take the stage. Vorden, on the other hand, didn't bat an eyelid at the Level 1 making his way into the arena.

Sam felt that maybe they were just letting everyone have a go at the thing, or perhaps allow Vorden more chances to see how the machine worked. Although their chances of winning were slim but from the looks on their faces, they hadn't given up yet.

Meanwhile, Zac was taken aback at the sudden situation. The very same student who emanated a huge amount of confidence before was still displaying that exact same amount of confidence right now. For some reason, he felt that it was natural that he tried his best in avoiding eye contact with Quinn.

For a moment, he gave in to his urges and looked up. When his eyes met with Quinn's, he instinctively knew that this was a bad idea. A tingling sensation could be felt at the back of his brain, it was almost as if it was trying to burst out of his skull and run away.

'What's wrong with you, Zac? Get it together.'

Quinn entered the game zone and took a relaxed stance while in the circle. The others felt like it was all a show. They simply couldn't believe why he was extremely calm.

"He'll be out in ten seconds," one of them said.

"Oh, yeah? Do you want to bet for it? I reckon thirty seconds, for ten credits," another replied.

"He should be confident for a reason, right? I think forty-five, just before things start speeding up."

"Zac, do you want to get in on this bet?"

Zac didn't respond to them. Truthfully, he didn't want to tell the others his answer, something was telling him that Quinn would be able to clear the entire thing.

The game began and the other group was carefully watching the timer instead of Quinn himself. They were all hoping to cash in their winnings.

Once the timer went past the ten-second mark, a m.o.a.n could be heard since one of them lost the bet. The seconds continued to pass by as it eventually crossed the thirty-second mark.

"I can't believe it."

The game entered the final fifteen second, now that all of their bets failed, they decided to look at Quinn.

However, as they observed him, they found things to be quite odd. It still looked as if he was just casually standing in the same spot. The bars came swinging out at him, and just as one of them was about to hit him at the very last second, he would be able to block the attack with his arm, he would retract his limb and then repeat the same thing at the rest of the bars.

Watching Quinn do this was painful for Sam's heart. It was as if someone was walking on a tightrope. Every single attack seemed to have been barely blocked at the last second.

Sam watched at the very beginning of the round. Even when the machine moved at a slower pace, the attacks still looked as if they were just about to hit Quinn. Because of how things were going, he expected that Quinn would lose in the final fifteen seconds.

"Beep!" The sound of the game ending and the level being completed was heard. Sam's prediction was completely wrong.

"Whoa! Will you look at that? He actually did it! Well, good news, there's no way he's getting past the next one. Right, Zac?"

Once again, Zac didn't respond. What the others failed to realise was that Quinn wasn't even out of breath, in fact, he didn't have a single sweat on him. Although the game was only a minute long, but with the unusual amount of intense concentration and fast movements, it was still similar to someone doing a sprint.

The next participant from Zac's group entered, it was time for Level 4 to begin. All six compartments started moving at a faster pace than the previous Level. Not only that, but the machine also seemed to be doing more double attacks, it was attacking at two different places at once.

Even though the student was doing well, everyone could tell he was barely hanging in there. When the machine entered the final quarter, the first strike struck his foot, knocking him out of the game. There were now three contenders left, including Zac on the other team.

Just the same as before, Quinn entered the game and started off in a similar way he left things. It even seemed like he never left the game. Quinn continued blocking each strike just before it would hit him, he would lift his limbs to block and simply place them straight back down.

'The reading on his watch... It has to be a fake! Or maybe he's some sort of martial art expert or something... No wonder he's so confident, he's going to complete this, isn't he?' Zac's thoughts were screaming in his head.

The timer continued going up and entered the final quarter like before.

But suddenly, a strange feeling rushed through Quinn's head, and at the same time, an abrupt pain in his stomach.

"Not now!" He groaned out.

[29/95 HP]

It had been an hour since the last message had appeared, the shooting pains in his body could be felt. Instinctively, Quinn grabbed his head and leaned forward. This resulted in the bar striking him both on the head and stomach simultaneously, thus eliminating him from the game.

"Game over!"

Fex quickly rushed out to see if Quinn was okay, he realised what the problem might have been.

"Hey, why don't you just rest? It must be tough going through what you're feeling right now. Just leave it to me, I can handle these guys."

Upon seeing Quinn lose, it was a relief to Zac. He didn't know what just happened, but someone must have wanted him to win this game. It was clear that Quinn was going to pass it the same way he did on the previous one.

"I knew he would eventually lose, it was only a matter of time," the others commented.

They misinterpreted the situation and simply thought that the game was too much for Quinn to handle.

With Quinn knocked out of the game, it was time for someone from Zac's team to enter again. This time, the person managed to clear the Level 4 stage.

“Well, who’s next?” Zac asked.

Fex stood up and took the mantle, this time, he felt someone tug on his sleeve. When he looked down, he noticed it was Quinn. “You’re going to do it again, aren’t you?”

“One of us can go twice, remember?” Quinn said.

“Fine,” Fex responded as he sulked his way back to the rest of his team.

After feeling like he suffered an unjust loss, he wanted to finish what he started. Since Zac and his group decided to target him and had even gone as far as trying to snatch his newly bought equipment. If anyone was going to show them their place, it was going to be Quinn.

When they saw who was walking up to the stage, they all started to laugh. Everyone else apart from Zac, that was.

‘I forgot about that stupid rule! Why didn’t we just make it a 4 vs 4?’ He quietly complained in his mind, but things were too late now.

This time, when the game started, Quinn chose to take on a fighting stance. It was the first time he had done so since he started playing the game. Before, he merely treated this game as a type of practice, trying to see how much he could block things before the very last second.

Now that he had no second chances and the will to win rose from his heart. He chose to properly block everything. Even before the machine was able to move, Quinn could already hear the sound of each section activating. With the slightest movement from the contraption, Quinn placed his hand out. To the others, it almost looked like he was attacking the machine.

Before the bars on each section had the chance to fully move, Quinn had already hit them. The machine would slightly nudge in certain sections, but it never had the chance to perform a full strike. If he was to hit one section of the machine before it even moved, then the game would have been declared as a loss for the player.

This was done like this so people would stop using this type of tactic. However, the game over sound never appeared. Instead, the beeping sound that indicated a completed stage resounded out.

“Who the hell is this person?” Sam muttered out. At the same time, he also wished Nate was here to witness what he had just seen. Not even Nate would have been able to display something so great.

‘If you were here, Nate, I think you would have found a new person to be excited about.’

After witnessing such a display, Zac figured out something. If he wanted to win, then he needed to do something drastic...

My Vampire System Chapter 299: Finishing the game

After what they had just witnessed the whole group was silenced. Even Fex who was the closest there in terms of skill and speed felt like he would struggle at doing what Quinn had just done.

‘That’s confirmed it, he was to be evolving to the next level, but how has he been able to grow so fast, and right in front of my eyes.’ Fex thought.

It was strange because Fex knew that Quinn wasn’t at the vampire noble class, they just had a certain feeling about them. He himself was very close to breaking through to the next stage. However, Quinn was a little strange, some of his skills, such as speed and strength were already at the vampire Noble level but he could tell he hadn’t evolved yet. Just how was this possible?

This was all because of Quinn’s unique situation, of having the system while being a vampire. Due to him being able to grow stronger by consuming different types of blood. It allowed his stats to go beyond that of a regular vampire.

“I’m going to go speak to the admin, the machine has to be broken.” Someone from Zac’s group said.

The others were inclined to agree, this game was meant to be about blocking attacks and it looked like Quinn was attacking the machine himself.

“Looks like you are not so worried about revealing yourself then?” Vorden said.

“It’s not like I showed any of my abilities, besides I doubt anyone would believe their story and, do you think they would go around telling people a level 1 user did all this to them,” Quinn replied.

One of the students who was already knocked out from the game on Zac’s side had gone to the game admin, who worked at the front, to see if the machine was broken. Zac knew it wasn’t the case but anything to stop this bet was a good thing in his eyes.

Another person from Zac’s team had started the game anyway, if it was broken they could always just stop and move to a different booth. But as soon as the game started it became clear that the machine wasn’t broken and was working just fine.

The students had expected the machine to be broken, the only way to complete the game like that, was to hit the target as soon as he saw it moving to count it as a block. Due to him thinking this, he was slightly unprepared and after just ten seconds the student was hit and out of the game.

There were now only two people left on Zac’s team.

Quinn walked up to the game once again and started. Zac was looking at him closely and so was Sam hoping to see another amazing display of skills. This time, there was no such thing and Quinn just blocked the upcoming attacks from the machine normally. There was a little bit of disappointment from both sides as the game had ended normally.

Quinn was frustrated after what had occurred last time, and to calm himself down he wanted to perform at his peak, after calming down a little there was no need, so he decided to play the game like normal.

The others soon realized once again how impressive this was. The game was set at level five, yet when Quinn was blocking the attacks, he made them feel like they were watching the game at level one, he blocked them all so easily.



Now that Quinn had passed Level 5 on the machine, the two remaining students had to pass it as well, otherwise, they would lose the game. Zac's last teammate walked into the gaming area and had begun.

Before their team was full of confidence, always being the one in the lead, but now they had the added pressure that if they were to lose, then it meant they would lose the game. They were the current underdogs.

'How the hell did these crappy level ones put us in this situation!' The student thought angrily as he was whacked in both the leg and head and was out of the game.

The only one left now was Zac. He clenched his fist and walked up to the gaming area. This was another reason why he had chosen this game. Simply because he had played it multiple times before, and felt like he was better than the average person. When playing on level five previously, there was always a fifty-fifty chance that he would pass it on his first go.

The game had begun, and Zac was fully concentrating on the targets coming towards him. He blocked the attacks with commitment, meeting them before they would fully reach their destination slightly. This meant he was getting hurt by the bars slightly but he didn't care about that right now.

Not hesitating as he blocked every single attack, the sound of the game over was heard to him.

"Level 5 passed."

The cheering soon stopped, and the smile on Zac's face started to disappear as they saw Quinn confidently walk to the stage once again. They all no longer saw Quinn as the weak level one, but instead as a monster at the game.

Zac wasn't a religious man, but he started to pray to an unknown force hoping that something would happen. He knew he only had a ten percent chance of passing level six himself. If they were both to fail, then the game would be declared a draw and they could both walk out of this pretending nothing ever happened.

"Level 6 start."

Whack, whack, whack. The sound of the machine hitting against Quinn's body was constantly being heard as he continued to block each shot. While doing so, Quinn was starting to have a bit of fun, imagining multiple enemies trying to attack him. The game was good to practice one's reflexes but was useless for learning any skill.

There weren't many opponents whose attack patterns would be as simple as this, and it also didn't allow for one to practice attacking using their own skills. Still, Quinn was having a lot of fun and finally was starting to have a bit of sweat on him, as the timer had reached forty-five seconds the smile on his face grew bigger.

Seeing this, Zac already had his answer, Quinn was going to finish level six, and perhaps could even go beyond. If he wanted to do something he needed to do it now. Keeping his hand down by his side next to his waist, he opened up his palm and faced it towards the machine.

He started to do a type of pulling motion and suddenly the top section of the machine looked almost still. Inside the machine, the mechanism was being widened up as it was held back by a strange force. Zac had the power of magnetism and was holding back a part of the machine.

Then using all his strength, he released as well as pushing forward causing the top section to swing out at a great speed. What he didn't expect was the force to be too much, the added power of being held back, with a push of full force it had reached level 6 speed already, it caused the top part to fling off.

A loud crack was heard as the object disconnected from the machine and flew in the air.

"What the!"

Quinn managed to move out of the way, but at the same time had stepped out of the circle causing the game over screen to appear, but that wasn't a concern right now, for the flying object was heading straight for Sam.

Both Vorden and Fex had predicted something like this would happen after noticing something strange and had already moved out of the way, but for Sam it wasn't the same. He was too fascinated and focused on Quinn's performance.

From where Quinn was he wouldn't reach Sam in time so there was only one thing he could do.

"Flash step."

In an instant, Sam could see a strange style of footwork, causing Quinn to look like he almost instantly teleported from one place to another. Still, Quinn was a little far away, swinging out from his hip, he performed a roundhouse kick and knocked the flying object off to the side. It hit the wall and smashed into tiny pieces away from the others. Thankfully no one was hurt.

"Thank you," Sam said.

When saying these words, he looked at Quinn deeply, because in that brief moment he realized something. Both of those moves Quinn had displayed he felt like he had seen them before. The kick was one of the normal earth martial arts, however, it was performed so cleanly and fast. But the main thing that he was shocked about was the flash steps, he had seen only one person to ever perform it before.

The flash step that was performed by the player known as Bloodevolver.

'It couldn't be him, could it?'

My Vampire System Chapter 300: Stand Still!

Rather than being shocked about nearly being hit by a flying metal object. Sam was far more concerned about the skill he had just witnessed in front of him. The move that he and Nate referred to as the flash step. This was because whenever they saw the move being used, it really did seem like the user would suddenly flash into a different spot.

More importantly, it was a move that Sam had only seen one person ever perform, the person known as Bloodevolver from the game. However, just because they had only seen one person perform it., didn't mean only one person knew how to.

A teacher most likely needed to teach the person the move, and they most likely taught others. It was possible for one to come up with a skill themselves, but knowing the information about the Bloodevolver they did know, that seemed unlikely.

They knew two things about the Bloodevolver. One was that he was from a military school since they had met on the military gaming servers. The second was that the person was a first-year student.

Even if Nate was convinced that this, Larry Steel person was the Bloodevolver, the only evidence he was going on, was the fact that he had met these conditions as well as used gauntlets as weapons. Still, Sam didn't have much more evidence himself that the person in front of him was the real Bloodevolver, the only way to find that out was to see the person using their ability.

The strange red aura, a powerful unique ability that had been used to defeat many opponents in the game, including himself. That's why Sam wasn't adamant that Quinn was the Bloodevolver. On his wristwatch, it clearly displayed that he was a level 1 user. There was no way such an ability would be deemed so weak.

Then, another thought had come to him; the red aura ability was something that shouldn't have been in the game. It was an ability that was unable to be selected in the servers. Yet, it could still be used for some reason, and the game devs even confirmed it wasn't a hack. Although many didn't believe this, thinking the game devs were just trying to save face.

But what if it was true?

Maybe, this ability was slightly different from how people knew and measured current abilities. If that was the case, then the watches the military used wouldn't be able to register anything.

Sam looked at Quinn once more, he wished he could confirm it right now but he couldn't.

Inside the VR game, players created avatars to be used. So from looks alone, there was no way for Sam to tell that this was the same person, and the same could be said for Quinn. So the two were unable to recognize each other.

Sam stood there dazed, thinking about these thoughts.

“Hey, are you alright, man?” Fex asked. “I know that thing nearly hit you, but you didn’t get hurt, right?”

Snapping out of his thoughts, Sam replied.

“Yeah I’m fine, I was just shocked as you said, that’s all.”

A little bit before the incident had occurred, one of Zac’s team members had gone to the Admin room to have a look at Quinn’s last match. To see if there was an error in the game. When he had arrived, he asked the Admin to check, they pulled up the previous match on video, and both the Admin and the student observed the whole one-minute video.

“So, the game was broken right; it didn’t count any of the strikes made to the machine?” The student asked.

At first, the Admin just sat there and remained silent. The student thought he might have been doing some extra checks in the game, but instead, he was looking at it, amazed. In all of his years working, he had watched countless students play the game, but it was the first time he had seen someone do something like this.

“He’s amazing.” The man said. “The game wasn’t broken at all; he managed to hit every section; the second they started to move.”

The question wasn’t whether this was possible or not. There were plenty of people who would be fast enough to do something like this. The real problem the man was struggling with was how? If one was to know the exact pattern of attacks and had it memorized, they could do something like this. But the game was random and didn’t always perform the same set of actions.

Somehow, the student was able to tell what was about to move before it actually moved. The man played the video again, and while doing so, a loud crash was heard outside of the room. It was the sound of Quinn kicking the top of the compartment of the machine into the wall. The two of them left immediately to have a look at what was going on outside.

The game wasn't quite over yet. At least not in the mind of Quinn and his group. Because Quinn, Vorden, and Fex weren't exactly stupid, they knew something must have happened. The whole machine was acting strangely and only when it was Quinn's turn and in its final moments, something happened to the machine.

Using his inspect skill on Zac once again, he confirmed that he had a magnetic skill. He must have tampered with the game.

"Well, it looks like the machine broke, good thing no one got hurt, huh? Why don't we just call this one a draw? You keep your armour there and I'll keep my crystal. It was a fun little game wasn't it." When saying these words, Zac's heart was beating faster, and when looking at those in front of him, it started beating even more quickly.

Not only was Quinn giving him strange stares, but the other two boys next to him were as well. The look in their eyes was no less frightening than Quinn's. "What's wrong with these guys?"

Vorden wanted to say something and prepared himself a speech while the others were playing, but when he saw Quinn stepping forward, he realised there was no need for him to say anything.

"First, you try to take my armour from me forcefully, let me guess it's because you saw we were low levels, right?" Quinn said, lifting and revealing the number on his wristwatch. "Then you try to pretend to make things fair by playing a game that none of us have ever played before, and when you see where about to win, you tamper and cheat at the game?"

"Cheat?" Zac replied nervously, taking a step back. The others with Zac knew that the person in front of them was impressive when it came to hand to hand combat, but found it strange why Zac was so scared. After all, he was only a level 1 ability user. If the two of them were to get into a fight, Zac should be able to wipe the floor with him, they thought.

Seeing Zac take another step back angered Quinn even more, he didn't know if it was the game or the fact that he had been starving himself for the last two days and a half, but he was getting extremely agitated by the whole thing, more so than he would have done. He was ready to snap.

"Stand still!" Quinn shouted in an aggressive voice.

For some reason, Zac's body seemed to no longer be in control. He tried his best to move the muscles in his legs, he screamed at his brain, demanding to move his leg's to get away from this person. But nothing was working, he was frozen in place.

Quinn didn't realize what he had just done. That he had activated the influence skill on its own without using his system, something he had never achieved before.

Zac could do nothing as he watched the glowing red eyes of the student in front of him.

