

My Vampire 301

System Chapter 301: Everyone should see

The others were a little too far to see just what was genuinely happening. They stood just outside the booth and were watching from both sides. One side, with Quinn's group on the left and the other side with Zac's group.

Each of their team's stood behind their teammates, which meant Quinn had his back facing against Fex, so even with his excellent eyesight, he didn't know what was going on and was unable to see that the influence skill was currently active.

Quinn had never even thought about using the influence skill to get rid of this whole matter. Zac Being a level 6 ability user usually meant one would have a strong mind and will power, this wasn't always the case but more so than not. In the past, something like this would have never worked.

However, there were two things that had changed since the last time. The first being that Quinn had increased his charm points quite a bit. The second was due to the pressure and frightening things that had happened so far, Zac's mind was very unstable. He didn't quite know what was going on, and because of this, the influence skill had a great effect.

"You're going to leave that crystal behind and leave this place," Quinn ordered.

At that moment, Zac obediently followed, pulling the intermediate crystal from his pouch and placing it on the floor. Soon after, he already left, and the others followed.

"Well, that went a lot smoother than I thought it would," Fex said

After picking up the crystal and placing it in his pocket, his mood had calmed down, and his eye colour had returned to normal.

"Well, that was fun, wasn't it." He said, facing the others.

Seeing this, Vorden felt like Quinn was acting a little bipolar. Just moments ago, his voice sounded like he would snap Zac's head apart, but now he seemed to be over the moon. However, Vorden didn't say anything as he really wasn't the one to talk about a person having mood swings.

Just then, the admin man had entered the room; the other student had left to join the others when he saw Zac and them going.

"What happened?" The man said with his hands held above his head. The top part of the machine was smashed to bits. It was beyond repair. A whole new machine would need to be ordered.

"We should have told those guys to stay behind." Said Fex. "Now, we're going to get the blame and have to pay for this."

The man was about to tear them a new one. Telling the kids how they should respect the property that wasn't owned by them, but when seeing the large number in the room, indicating which booth this was, he quickly realized it was the same one from the video.

"Did you do this?" The man asked, looking at Quinn.

The video that was shown was from the top right. In the video, one was unable to see the face but could see all the actions performed. The only thing that could be seen was the black curly hair.

"Yes, it was me," Quinn replied.

"No, you idiot. Why do you have to be so honest, just say it was the others who ran away." Fex said.

"They have the incident on video anyway," Sam said. "On the video, there will be no proof that the others did anything and would just show Quinn kicking the top part. So it's best not to lie."

The students stood there worried for Quinn, the man was quite large, and they were afraid of the consequences they might have to face.

"If you need to, I can pay for the machine." Vorden offered.

"I can chip in as well," Fex added.

"Me too," Sam replied, feeling a little awkward if he didn't offer as well after everyone else had done. But he wasn't rich like the others, and really didn't want them to take him up on his offer

The man looked at Quinn. If he was the one in the video, it was expected that something like this might have happened.

"You have good friends. Accidents like this can happen. Don't worry about it, and don't let it happen again." The man said.

They were shocked at the response but decided to try to leave as soon as possible and not argue back with the results. There was a good chance that the man might change his mind, so they quickly decided to leave the place.

"Make sure I don't see you here again!" the man shouted at them with a smile.

The four boys were back out at the platform, and the night sky was now fully out. The stairs could be seen above them, and it looked beautiful. Most of the students who were on the platform before had already headed back to their hotel to get some sleep. Although there was no curfew, students were expected to watch the matches that started early in the morning.

The group continued to walk in a circle on the platform and reached Sam's hotel. Before parting ways, Sam wanted to get as much information out of Quinn as possible.

"You were really skilful back there. I can't believe what you did. You know, I feel slightly embarrassed now that I offered to help you when you didn't really need it." Sam said, laughing.

"Don't worry about it," Quinn replied. "You offered to help even though you didn't know us. In this world, there aren't many who would do that."

“If you don’t mind me asking, how did you do that with the machine earlier, how can you move so fast? is it something to do with your ability?” Sam asked.

Quinn thought a bit about what to say before answering, but he knew he couldn’t take too long otherwise Sam would get suspicious. Still, he didn’t see Sam as a bad person but still couldn’t tell him the truth.

“I don’t have an ability, that’s why it shows I’m a level one. Because of this, my parents trained me on how to fight since I was young. I focused just on using martial arts. I thought if I got good enough and got some decent beast gear, then maybe I can still make it in this world.” Quinn explained.

‘He’s getting better at lying. I don’t know if that’s really a good thing, though.’ Vorden thought.

With that, the group continued to talk for a bit before parting ways. Sam headed back to his hotel room, while the others continued to walk to their own hotel.

‘Saying one has no ability is a good way to hide your actual ability. It’s a shame you won’t be participating in this tournament, Quinn. It would have been able to see you up against Nate.’ Sam thought.

Although he couldn’t confirm Quinn was the Bloodevolver, he didn’t really need to. The main thing was, Sam felt like he had got on well with Quinn. If he were actually the Bloodevolver it would only make things more interesting. There was no rush on his end. There was still a week left to try to find out the truth.

Back at the gaming area, the Admin who had let Quinn and his group go was ago in the camera room. He had finished cleaning up the bits and pieces and had closed off the booth to be used by the public.

Inside the room, he watched Quinn’s video fighting against the Level four machine again. Every time he watched, he got excited. He also further watched what had happened after the events, seeing that Quinn had saved his fellow teammate and kicked the machine out of harm’s way.

‘I was right to not blame them for what happened.’ He thought.

Still, there was another reason why the man had let them go without paying for anything. The video had been cut down, only showing Quinn's actions during the level four game.

Then, once the video file was downloaded, the man went onto one of the students' internal video sharing platforms and clicked upload.

A bar started to fill on the screen, and the number eventually reached 100 Percent.

"This video doesn't deserve only to be seen by me." The man said.

Soon, all the students in the military base would see Quinn's amazing feat.

My Vampire System Chapter 302: Leo Vs Silver

Arriving at the arena, Silver felt better than she had done in a while. It had been a long month and a bit spent at the academy military base. She wished to return home but would never do so until she had completed her task.

Now that it felt like she was drawing close, her mood was starting to change. As she left the hotel room to head outside she passed many of the students she had taught.

"I hope you have a good day miss."

"Stay Safe."

"I wish I look as pretty as her when I grow up."

The students couldn't help but praise Miss Silver. Although she had been strict in class her lessons were quite knowledgeable. Her lessons were also enjoyable as it seemed like when Silver taught, she had no filter. When speaking she would never sugarcoat her words like the other teachers.

In the middle of the class, the boys would often compliment her or ask her about certain subjects, when replying she would do so bluntly, embarrassing them and speaking what was on her mind. As days went on the students started to learn what Silver was like and realized she meant no harm from her words.

At first, she found the compliments annoying but over time she grew to enjoy the words.

'When I go back, will father praise me for doing a good job?' She thought. Everything she had done so far was for the family and she would continue to do so. Yet not even once, had her father the family leader praised her. Unlike here where she heard kind words every day.

Before she knew it, she had already left the arena and was just outside on the ground floor. It was a habit for her to want to be alone whenever she got upset. Usually, a few moments later and her idiot of a brother Fex would come and cheer her up.

After she had calmed down, her plan was to head back into the arena and search around on the top floor to see if she could find any information or maybe even spot Fex. The quicker she brought him home the less time she would have to spend here.

However, a strange sweet smell had reached her nose, one she was familiar with but hadn't smelt in a long time. The smell of blood.

Wondering why she would smell the scent of human blood outside, she quickly rushed over to the scene. Eventually, the trail of blood led her to a bald-headed man, with a sword by his side. When she saw that no one was hurt, she slowed down her stride and started to walk.

The smell was still coming from the direction of the man, and that's when her eyes were glued onto a particular object he held in his hand. It was a metallic flask, but not just any flask. A flask that bore the symbol of the Sanguinis family. Knowing that Fex was at one of the academies, her mind instantly thought the flask belonged to him.

The question was, why was this man holding onto Fex's flask that was filled with blood. From his scent alone she could tell he wasn't a vampire.

"Where did you get that flask?" Silver asked.

Leo tried to see if he could recognize the voice but it was not one he knew off. He was quite new to the military so he still hadn't memorized all of the other generals and sergeants aura or voices either. But if one was able to get into this facility, he had to assume they were a member of staff.

Yet, the first question she asked when meeting him was about the flask. Judging by the tone of her voice she had to be either someone of equal rank or someone above. No student would dare talk to a sergeant like this.

"Who are you?" Leo asked. "State your name and rank?"

Although Leo had spoken, the words didn't really process through Silver's mind. She was too concerned with her own question. Fex would have never let something so precious fall into the hands of another unless something serious had happened. Did the humans find out about him and kill him?

Regardless, the flask was an important piece of equipment that could possibly link the humans to them, she needed to get rid of it. Flicking out one of her fingers, a small piece of string shot out straight, aiming for the flask in Leo's hand, not wanting to cause a scene she would take the flask and try to find out more later.

The piece of string was so thin, and it was dark outside making it practically invisible, but before the string could even reach the flask, a slicing sound was heard, and then a short click followed after.

The piece of string then fell onto the floor. When looking at Leo, she could see the flask had now been put away into his side pouch, while his hand was on the hilt of his sword.

"You cut the string, but how did you see it?" She asked, shocked by what had just happened.

But Silver wasn't the only one shocked. He was surprised that the girl was also able to see him move his sword so fast.

"I didn't," Leo replied as he pointed to his eyes with his other hand. "Can't you tell? I'm blind."

Leo expected at least a chuckle from Silver, usually, these types of words would at least give him a response. Instead, Silver stood there still like a statue, not even her expression had changed.

When checking out her aura, there wasn't even a little flicker, and still, her aura seemed to be masked.

"If you're blind, then I don't have to worry about you seeing my face." She said as she dashed forward.

Withdrawing his sword from his sheath, a large pressurized air slice came out from the sword. Sensing the strong power that was just unleashed, Silver knew she needed to do something about it. One moment she was directly in front of Leo, the next she was behind him.

Silver struck towards his chest, thinking the whole thing would be over, but as if Leo had eyes on the back of his head, he was able to dodge by ducking down. He then pivoted his foot spinning his body around while throwing out his blade towards the middle of her body.

This time, the attack was too fast for her to move, instead, at just the right time, she opened up her palms and slapped at the sword from the bottom and the top. Using all her strength she was able to stop the sword just in time.

The sword was held in her hands, just a few inches away from her body. From the outside it looked like neither one of them was moving an inch. But the truth was, they were both using their full strength but their power was equal not allowing the other one to budge.

'Is this her natural strength?' Leo thought. 'I've even activated the beast armour underneath my clothing and still, I can't overpower her.' From Leo's ability, he was able to tell if his opponent had high-level beast gear that was currently activated to enhance the user's strength.



There was a possibility that the opponent he was fighting against was able to mask their equipment as well but it was unlikely. The stalemate continued for a while but both knew this was useless.

“Your voice sounds pretty, if it sounded as good as you looked, I might let you win this one,” Leo said, hoping to break her concentration for just a second.

However, it didn't seem to work. Instead, her eyebrows and face started to scrunch up. She started to concentrate even more and the top of her forehead started to sweat a little.

Silver hadn't run out of options, she still had her many Vampire abilities, the problem was quite a few of them required her to look into her opponent's eyes and that didn't quite work well against Leo.

Other than that, the blood abilities would be a dead give away and would leave behind a trace.

Instead, she chose to push her body even further, ever so slightly. With one of her hands, she carefully positioned her fingers so now it was held both on top and under the blade. Then slowly with her other, she let go.

Now, Silver was holding back Leo with a single hand, but she knew she couldn't do this for long. With her other hand free, quickly she started to twirl her fingers, and multiple strings started to shout out, the target wasn't Leo himself, but instead, they were heading for his pouch. The first set of strings lifted it open, while the next grabbed on to the flask. After slightly moving her finger, like a web she was able to draw it into her hand.

“Don't make me come back to kill you.” She said, as she quickly fled the scene at an amazing speed.

Leo prepared himself to perform another quick set of slashes. If he threw out multiple strikes now there was a chance one of them could hit her and slow her down. Midway through his attack though he stopped himself.

‘She couldn't have come all this way just for that. It seems whoever owned that item is quite important.’

From the location of where the flask was found and the story of the other students, he could tell that the flask most likely belonged to one of them. He had planned to return it at one point, but not until he fully found out the Flasks use.

He never did in the end. But now he felt like he had a more interesting tale to follow.

While running back to her room, Silver looked at her hand and could see a cut.

“That human hurt me...”

My Vampire System Chapter 303: Secret mission

The first day had passed, which meant it was finally time. It was time for the first day of events. The schedule was like so, each day, the first round for every category of events would happen. Several smaller events would take place at the same time. In comparison, the three main events would be shown one by one.

On the top platform where all the students were, there were several screens spread throughout the arena with a number on its side.

Each student was handed over a pamphlet at their hotel, which indicated the schedule of events which would be showing on which screens. The top platforms would also be available for the public during this time. This meant that those that had arrived from other planets and factions were also able to watch closely at the events taking place.

When the main events were to be shown in the afternoon, all the screens would change to focus on them, and the public would have to watch the events directly in the arena.

Underneath the arena, most of the participants had woken up early. The first events didn't start until closer to midday, but still, the nerves and excitement got the better of them, and nearly everyone had woken up early. The sleeping quarters for the events were just as nice as the hotel but were set out differently.

There was only one floor, and each of the rooms was next to each other, but they had the basics for everyone: a computer, a bed, toilet and shower. The computer was there so the students could still enjoy their free time and research on whatever doubts they had while also updating themselves about the ongoing news. It would also allow them to communicate with other students.

The separation was to allow them to focus and to sort out the formalities with all the students taking part in the events. There was a large number of people, and with several military bases taking part, it was easier to communicate and organise things this way.

When the event was over or when a student was knocked out, they would be free to head to the hotel where their military base had its accommodation.

Peter, of course, had restricted access compared to the others. There was no computer in his room, and a guard was stationed outside his door during the whole night.

When Layla had left her room in the morning, she went out and started to head to the target practice area. While walking, her legs were a little wobbly, and she had quite the bags under her eyes. Her body felt weak, and the energy was drained from her. One wouldn't expect this type of reaction from some of the participants, as they really cared for an event like this.

But for Layla, this was not the case. She had no reason to care for the tournament, win or lose it didn't matter. Her life was already predetermined. She wasn't going to get good grades and join the military or a faction after this. She couldn't even become a solo traveller if she wanted to.

This became more apparent to her last night, and this was the real reason why she felt like this. Last night she had hardly gotten any sleep. When entering her room, she had prepared to have a nice rest.

She had made a warm bath and placed the right amount of bath salts and solutions into the tub. She had never experienced pampering like this and just wanted to enjoy it for once.

However, fate was quite cruel to her. The sound of a message being received was heard on her computer.

'That's strange. I didn't sign into anything right. I don't think I even touched the computer. Maybe the person before forgot to log out?' She said as she started to walk over. However, even the thought of someone forgetting to log out was strange.

Technology had come quite a way, and the computer was able to tell who was actually at the computer at the time through the camera. If it wasn't the correct person or the user wasn't seen, it would generally disconnect from whatever it was connected to.

Still, this just made Layla even more curious.

When she looked at the screen, her heart felt like it skipped a beat. The towel she had covering herself had fallen out of her hands, and she didn't even bother to cover up her bare n.a.k.e.d body.

On the computer screen was an envelope with a crest attached in red. It imitated the letters from the old times when wax used to be used to seal essential letters. In this case, the seal being used was an angel with its wings having been removed falling to the side. It was a letter from Pure.

They had their ways of getting information to their members, Pure, in reality, was a much bigger and more influential group than the government would have liked the public to know.

Layla's hand was shaking as she went to select the Letter.

'What could they want now, do they want me to do something, maybe even attempt to assassinate someone?' Thoughts were running through her head. There were many different tasks an agent needed to do, and she felt quite lucky when they told her to just gather information about the academy as she saw fit.

The Letter could very well be her first real mission. Eventually, she plucked up the courage and clicked on the Letter, the digital screen imitated the seal being open and the contents of the Letter were shown.

"Agent 100, you have been ordered to lose and drop out of the tournament as soon as possible."

The contents of the Letter were short, and it didn't expand on instructions or even explained why, it was merely telling her to purposely lose her next match.

Her bath time was ruined, and her whole night for that matter. The task was an easy one, and she was thankful for that. She wasn't really going to try in the event anyway. Still, she couldn't help but wonder why it was so important for her to drop out of the event.

The only thing it would allow her to do was a return to the others side.

'Are they planning an attack?' This dreaded thought had now chilled her mind.

If they weren't planning an attack, they were planning something big. Every year this event took place and so far they had never targeted it. It was expected at some point they would, and this might very well be the year.

Having arrived at the target practice area, Layla started to notice something strange. The other students seemed to be hurdled up in groups and were talking about something. She was able to catch a few words here or there, and she had also expected them to be talking about their upcoming events.

"Hey did you see that video?"

"Yeah, it went viral pretty quickly."

"Do you think you could do that?"

"Are you crazy, it must be fake right?"

"But it happened here. It was one of the students from the bases. Look at the date and time stamp, and even in the description they mentioned what had happened."

"That's what I don't understand, though. Clearly, this person was a skilled fighter. But if this happened yesterday at the arcades up top, then that means he isn't a participant in any of the events. Even if he

had a weak ability, there is even a martial arts event. Heck, there's an event based on this very game. So why didn't he join."

Without any context to what the students were talking about, Layla was perplexed and was quite curious as well. That's when she heard her name being called out from behind.

"Hey, Layla!" Logan shouted. "Do you have a second?"

As soon as Logan had left his room, he had been looking around to try to find Layla, trying to see if she had heard or seen the video herself.

Standing upright, trying to make herself look energised, Layla turned around.

"What's up."

"Judging by you not saying anything I guess you haven't seen." Logan then placed out his hand, and the little spiders from his suit started to detach themselves until eventually, they formed a small screen and tablet.

The video was a recording of one of the gaming booths from the top left corner. The student was angled, and the camera was positioned slightly behind so one could see the machine as well as the student's fast hand movements. What was shown was a student being able to clear a level four game, while the machine itself looked like it hadn't moved an inch.

Layla had tried one of these machines before and could see how impressive it was. In the video, the figurehead had been altered and blurred thanks to the uploader wanting to keep the person's identity a secret.

"It's cool and all, no wonder everyone is talking about it, but why did you want to show it to me so badly?" Layla asked.

Logan then gave a command to his little spiders, to alter the video. The blur from the person's head was removed, and now curly hair with a pale skin could be seen. It was still hard to see the student, but for those who were around him a lot, she could tell who it was.

It was Quinn. "What the hell is he doing?" She asked.

My Vampire System Chapter 304: Prove them wrong

The video had already spread around, and it looked like many in the room were already talking about it. The feat itself wasn't so impressive but the fact that a student of their age was able to do such a thing was. In the game, no abilities could be used, and some were even beginning to think the person in the video must have had some type of speed ability.

However, gaming systems usually had some countermeasure against abilities being used in this type of place and this was no exception. Due to the event not allowing the use of abilities, trackers and such were invented to see when MC cells were activated in a specific area. It was the same type of technology that was used in the watches.

Although the game couldn't stop the use of abilities, it could detect if someone was using it or not. The video had clearly come from someone who had full control of the video system that day. It would be silly for them to upload a fake video but not impossible.

Right now, Layla wanted to confront Quinn and have a go at him, trying to think about just what was going through his head at the time, but it was impossible.

"Don't worry about it so much," Logan said. "I just wanted to make you aware. I plan to lose my matches as soon as possible and try to help out Quinn when I am above. The video blurs out his face, but anyone interested enough would be able to do what I did. Not that I think they could tell it was him, but I think we should be prepared just in case."

Layla nodded in response and the two of them parted ways as Logan went off to the training area in his section. What Logan had said had reminded Layla of her own task that had been given. She too, was meant to lose the match as quickly as possible.

With a lot on her mind, she took out her beast bow and placed an arrow in from her quiver that was attached down the side of her leg. There were multiple targets all different distances away. They would continually pop up and pop down at random intervals. Making it hard for one to get the pattern.

Letting go of the arrow, it flew out quite fast, just as the arrow was about to hit one of the targets, she held it in place with her ability. When the target popped back up again, she allowed it to go forward and hit.

The event Layla was in allowed her to use her abilities; she didn't know if that was a good thing or a bad thing considering how weak her abilities were. If it were an event like this one where the goal was just to hit the targets, then she would do pretty well. Or at least not horribly.

The students were told what they needed and what they were allowed to bring, but the finer details would only be revealed once the event started. This way, none of the students were able to prepare an unfair advantage beforehand.

Layla continued to hit targets in this fashion. She didn't do anything fancy and just hit them slowly one by one. She just wanted to do a repetitive task to focus and clear her mind right now.

One of the arrows had left and was floating about, she held the arrow still in place once again, waiting for the target to pop up and hit it. But when the target popped up again, another object went flying past her arrow, hitting the target before she could even do anything.

"Sorry, I didn't realise you were after that one." a girl said.

As she turned her head, she saw a long-legged straight blonde haired girl standing by her side. She too had a bow in her hand, although it looked a lot more impressive than hers. Perhaps at the advanced tier.

Next to her were two more students. A boy and a girl who looked like a pair of brother and sister. They both had the same short hair parted off to the side. If it weren't for the fact that one of them had big melons in a particular area, she would have found it impossible to tell apart.



The girl had what looked like a giant version of a slingshot on her back. In contrast, the boy had several small tomahawks.

Layla decided to ignore what had just happened and continued doing what she was doing. Once again she fired her arrow hitting some targets, then when she needed to hold the arrow in place to wait for the target again. The same thing had happened. Another object pierced the target she was about to hit.

This time, laughter from her side could be heard, and it was from the same group of people again.

This annoyed Layla, but she knew it was best to be the bigger person and moved over a little to a different part of the targeting section.

When she fired her arrow again, before it could even reach the target, something came out from the side knocking her arrow and snapping it in half.

Still, she knew she was the bigger...

“What the hell are you guys doing!” She snapped at them.

“I’m sorry.” The girl at front said. “It’s just your arrows were moving so slowly we thought they were targets to hit as well.”

Annoyed by her words, Layla readied her bow and this time placed three arrows inside, shooting them at three different targets at the same time. The female quickly followed with the same and shot three arrows after Layla’s. The speed of the arrows was far greater than hers and knew they would soon catch up.

She was expecting this after seeing the weapon being used was better than hers. She decided to use her ability to throw the arrows off course.

“Serve’s you right c.o.c.ky bi..” But just as she was about to finish her thought.

The arrows from behind also moved direction, changing the path, and had hit them, causing them to fall to the ground.

The women started to walk over to Layla.

“It makes me sick to think someone has the same ability as me, yet is at such a low level and has come to participate in the same event as me.” The girl said. “If people were to see your poor skills with the bow, they’ll start to think my ability is useless, making it harder for me in the future. Let me give you a piece of advice. Just drop out of the event, don’t fire a single arrow and give up. even if you tried you would come in last place anyway.”

Layla wanted to say something back, but the girl had already started walking away, and for some reason, the sick feeling in Layla’s stomach was felt once again. It felt like recently everyone was telling her to give up on the event.

‘Is it because everyone thinks I’ll lose even before trying?’ She thought.

Layla wasn’t as weak as she thought. Although her ability was level two, her fighting sense was at a high level. In some cases, she would fare well facing against level 3 or 4 students as long as they didn’t have high-level beast gear on. But as she started hanging around with the others, she began to feel useless.

And even now, others who had never met her before assumed her as useless baggage, and even the organisation she was in. Instead of informing her of the plan they had, or giving her a critical mission, they were literally telling her to hide and run away.

“Prove them wrong.” A deep voice said from behind.

When she turned around, she could see a reasonably bulky square-headed man. It was someone she had never met before and wasn’t in her event, so she was wondering just what he was doing here.

“The best way to shove it in peoples faces like them is to prove them wrong. And when you see their faces after, treasure that moment because that’s the best feeling.” The student said with a sadistic smile on his face. It looked like he had the experience of doing this himself at some point.

The important thing was though that Laya thought what this student was saying was right.

'Screw them all.' she thought. So what if everyone thought she was going to fail in the tournament. The only thing she could do now was to prove them wrong. All she wanted to do now was at least pass the first round of events. She would show them and everyone watching from wherever they were hiding.

"Thanks for cheering me up err..." She said, trying to guess the student's name. She had the urge to call the boy 'blocky' based on his appearance but felt it was a bit rude after he had been so nice to her.

"The name's Nate." He said helping her before she crushed his feelings. "Actually, I was wondering if you could help me, you don't know a student by the name of Larry Steel, do you?" he asked.

My Vampire System Chapter 305: The wrong person

"It looks like she had no clue who Larry Steel was after all," Nate said as he continued to look around the room.

Nate was hoping that perhaps someone as skilled as the Blood evolver would be well known. To the point where if he went around asking others from the same military school, they would have instantly recognized the name. This was why he continued to go about asking students from other military factions if they knew of the person named "Larry."

So far there was no success. Out of all the students who were preparing for their events, the students taking part in the fighting tournament were the most cautious. Everyone there was trying their best to hide their abilities and instead was doing some other form of training.

This was because, if one knew the other person's ability before fighting them, it would be a big advantage. With nothing else to do, all Nate could do was wait for the first round of the tournament. There no one would be able to hide their abilities anymore.

"Hey, Larry, how are you doing bro?" A student's voice from behind was heard.

Instantly, Nate turned around hearing the name Larry. A medium-sized male student stood behind him, and looking at his uniform he could tell he was a first-year student.

'This has to be him.' Nate thought.

Inching his way closer, Nate started to perform some lunges near the area. He did this so he wouldn't look so suspicious when coming towards the group of people and it also made sense since he was in the fighting tournament.

The two students, Larry and his friend were busy talking away when from the corner of their eyes, they could see what looked like to them, an idiot performing lunges. It was clear that for whatever reason, the person was trying to get closer to them.

"Can I help you?" Larry asked, not being able to take the awkwardness anymore. He felt embarrassed for the student.

"Oh don't mind me, I'm just warming up for the fighting tournament," Nate replied, after switching Legs and lunging his way closer to them again.

Ignoring the strange man, the group started to move away.

It looked like his plan had failed.

Seeing that his brilliant idea didn't work, he decided to just continue practising while looking at the two students. The two of them started to practice together, sparing, performing kicks and punches. It didn't look bad but it didn't look impressive either.

"So you're hiding your skills huh?" said Nate. "Don't worry, when you go up against me, you can use your full strength. No, I'll make you use your full strength."

Nate then started laughing to himself loudly as he thought of the upcoming fight. A rematch between him and the blood evolver.

\*\*\*\*

It was morning and Quinn had trouble sleeping through the night. Every hour or so he would be woken up by the dreaded pain as his health continued to go down.

[21/95 HP]

It was important to keep this going for now as he needed to curb the addiction away. Sooner was better than later and then he would be able to get stronger once again using the different types of blood. The event was the perfect time to do this, as there were far too many people all over the place for him to do anything in secret anyway.

Before leaving the room, Quinn had placed his newly obtained armour into his dimensional space. After he decided to test out everything was working as it should have done and used his skill Shadow equip.

The boots, the chest piece and his gauntlets all appeared at once.

[Status]

[Level 18]

[10,750/25,600 exp]

[21/ 95 HP]

[Strength 23 (+7)]

[Agility 26 (+5)]

[Stamina 19 (+1)]

[Charm 24 (+1)]

[defence 27]

As the item description said, the chest piece added a stat point to each one of his different stats and also increased his defence. It was a shame that none of the equipment he had, also came with an active skill like the boots. However, he knew this was rare and hard to come by.

There was still a lot of exp to be obtained before reaching level twenty, the next step for Quinn in his vampire evolution. It would be difficult now since there were no more planned expeditions for the year to other portal planets. This was the easy way for Quinn to gain experience by defeating beasts for the first time.

If he was to fight some strong opponents in the tournament though, perhaps it would have helped him. But he knew that was near impossible. Quinn was still registered as the substitute, but it felt like something in name only. It was unlikely Peter would be able to escape from whatever they had planned.

He also looked at his inventory where the intermediate crystal could be seen. It was just the item he needed to create a short sword from the shop. When he got back, he planned to craft the gear and hand it over to Vorden. It was a good weapon but wasn't quite compatible with him using his blood skills, such as hammer strike or Blood spray.

He also thought it would be good for Vorden to have a weapon for himself, just in case he didn't have a good ability on hand to use.

To the left of his bed on top of the drawer was a little pamphlet. It continued the schedule of events for the day and what was being shown where. There was around an hour left before the first set of events had started and Quinn was wondering which one he should go to.

After looking at the long list, apart from the three main events none of them seemed too interesting for him. While scrolling through the list he managed to spot one called "Block, Block.". He seemed to remember that the game he had participated in yesterday was called the same thing.

'Is it an event to do with the game yesterday?' He recalled playing and seemed to have quite some fun with the machine. Perhaps it was something he could enjoy watching before the main events.

\*knock \*Knock

"Hey Quinn, move your arse let's go!" Fex shouted through the door.

Putting his equipment back into the dimensional space, he took the pamphlet with him and answered the door.

"Hey, where's Vorden?" Quinn asked.

"I don't know I came to get you first," Fex replied.

When looking down the hallway they spotted Vorden coming towards them.

"Sorry about that, I had some things to deal with." He said smiling.

"Any ideas on what you want to go see?" Fex asked.

"I was thinking about this." Quinn pointed to the block, block event and the others were fine with it. Just like him, they were not really interested in anything apart from the main events anyway.

When the three boys left the hotel, the outside area was vastly different from before. It was a nice sunny day and the sky was blue with hardly any colours inside. It was the perfect day to have an event like this on.

Seeing the Sun though gave Quinn the chills. The ring protected him now from the sunlight's effects, but it was as if his mind naturally started to react to the fact the sun was so bright. Maybe a placebo effect that the sun still affected him in some way.

On the top platform, it was filled with both students and members of the public, unlike yesterday. Nearly all the stalls were busy and people looked to be having a good time playing games and eating food and such.

“I almost forgot that it wasn’t just the military watching this event.” When Fex said these words he realized something. This might also be the perfect time for them to send someone after him.

He knew how good their information gathering was and they should have known where he was by now. In a way, being at the military base where no one knew where they were was a good hideout for Fex. But a place like this where it was open to the public, it was only a matter of time before he would be taken back.

He looked at Quinn and Vorden walked off into the crowd of people, heading towards the events.

“I might have to say goodbye to you soon...” He mumbled as he quickly followed after the two.

My Vampire System Chapter 306: The big screen

Walking around on top of the arena was a bit harder compared to the other day. It was now fully filled and bustling like a city centre with a sale on the weekend.

“A big event that attracts people from all over,” Vorden said.

Luckily the platform was quite large and wide, allowing plenty of space for the vast amounts of people to move around. At the moment, most of the people were gathered around the screens that were stationed ever so often along the circular path. They were now turned on and were displaying the starter events for the day.

The “block, block” event that the group wanted to go to was stationed on screen seven. While walking by, they managed to catch a few events on the other screens. On one of the screens, there was a soccer match going on that allowed the use of specific abilities. There were complicated rules for which abilities were allowed and not allowed for this event.



It seemed quite hectic and was hard to follow along, but after the introduction of ability soccer, normal soccer just seemed boring to watch.

The next screen they passed there were giant pillars as tall as a house. The students were told to use their abilities and craft the most beautiful object they knew of, and there were even more going on.

It was such a joyous day, and the atmosphere around them was great. Usually, on a day-to-day basis, Quinn would have someone throw an insult or a slur towards him, but everyone was far too focused even to notice him or the others there.

He felt guilty that he wouldn't be able to enjoy the events that were going on, for he had Peter on the back of his mind. Even if he knew why they decided to do this to Peter, he still didn't know what they would do after, nor could he do anything. He wasn't able to get strong enough in time and hoped that after using Peter as bait like Logan thought they would allow Peter to live at school a bit longer before moving him on to trial.

In that time frame, Quinn would try to get as strong as possible and save him.

Eventually, they had finally reached screen seven, and there was already a large crowd in this section. In fact, it was the largest crowd compared to all the other screens. At first, it was mostly filled with just students, but later on, a.d.u.l.ts and others from different factions came to take a look since they too were wondering why the event was so popular.

"I didn't know Block was such a popular game?" Quinn said.

"It isn't," Vorden replied. "I never expected there to be this many people."

The group walked through some of the people who were at the back, not paying attention until they eventually found some seats around the middle area. There were seats for those who wanted to stay and watch the event permanently in front of every screen. There were then standing areas towards the back and sides, for those who might want to continue to walk around and see the other events.

Most people preferred to stand. That way, they could go to the stands or watch the other events and come back to the ones they enjoyed first, But because Quinn and the others didn't want to watch anything else, they were happy just to sit down.

"Sorry," Quinn said as they passed a man that they didn't have any military uniform on and sat in the three seats next to him. The man was sitting at the very end of the row.

After sitting down and watching the event for a while, they realized how boring a game it was to watch rather than play. The game was currently at level three, and they needed to witness multiple students to do the same thing again and again, clearing the same level.

It wasn't an exciting atmosphere like last night, and there were even a few in the crowd starting to yawn.

"I think we might have made the wrong decision to trust you to pick the event," Fex said, yawning himself and stretching his arms.

"I'll go get us some drinks and snacks. You guys can wait here." Vorden said as he left his seat.

"Don't worry," The man sitting next to them said as he brushed his long hair that went down to his collar bone away and placed them behind his ears. "Although the beginning is a bore, this type of game gets better in the later rounds." He said with a smile. When looking at the man, he had beautiful clear skin and didn't look a lot older than twenty.

Both Fex and Quinn didn't know what to say, so they just smiled back at the man and carried on watching the event.

What he said was true, Quinn thought. The later rounds would be far more exciting, and he would love to see others' perform at a level beyond five.

As the levels went up, more students started to get knocked out. It didn't seem like it was because they couldn't do it, but instead was due to the event's nerves and pressure. They had made silly mistakes at crucial times.

The atmosphere was still tame. However, that all seemed to change when they had announced they would start to move onto level four.

The audience members seemed to perk up and started chatting heavily among themselves.

“Is there something big that happens when it reaches level four?” Fex asked.

“Not that I can remember when we played yesterday. It was the same right, even up till level five. It just got faster, and the attack patterns changed slightly.” Quinn replied.

The man sitting next to them had overheard their conversation.

“Oh, so you managed to bet the game at level five. I might say that’s quite impressive, what’s your top level?” The man asked.

“I don’t know,” Quinn replied. “We stopped playing after Level five. We were only playing because of a bet anyway.”

Vorden soon returned with the drinks and snacks, and by now, a few students had already passed and were knocked out by the level four machine. Then when the next participant started, he did something that seemed odd. Instead of blocking the attacks, it looked like he was trying to hit the machine as soon as it moved.

The students had gone wild after seeing this.

“Is it him? So he was at the event after all!” A Student shouted.

But soon after, he had made a mistake and had hit the machine before it even moved.

“Fake!” Another shouted.

“I guess he couldn’t be in the tournament, especially if he were in the video. It happened here on the top floor, remember?” Another said.

Quinn and Fex, with their hearing, were able to overhear the students talking. When hearing what they were saying, they looked at each other. Unsure about what was happening.

They didn’t say a word but had a dreadful feeling in the back of their minds.

The game continued with several other students attempting to do the same thing. They were hitting the machine as soon as it moved to make it look as if it was standing still. In the end, not a single student was able to achieve it, and even the favorite to win the competition was knocked out.

The man who was sitting by their side was finding the whole thing strange. He had watched the event multiple times in the past years but had never seen anything like this happen. Nor the level of excitement coming from the other students nor the strategy the participants were using.

“Can I ask?” The man said to the student sitting in front of him. “Why are they all attempting to attack the machine like that? Why not just play the game like normal.”

“You mean you haven’t seen the video?” The student replied back. “My guess is the contestants saw the same thing we all did. There’s a video of someone playing the game at level four, who was able to attack the machine before it even moved. He managed to clear the level perfectly, not making a single mistake while doing this.”

The sound of something hitting the floor and then ice spilling all over the place was heard. When the man turned around, he noticed that the student sitting by his side had dropped his drink.

‘What the hell? How do they know about the video?’ Quinn thought.

The level four event had ended, and since there were now very few participants, the events team needed to do something to fill the time. They decided that they would interview the favorites to win the event. It was quite a shock since most of the participants had been knocked out earlier than planned.

On-screen, one of the students was being interviewed who went by the name of Kyle. He was the favorite to win the event but had attempted to do the strange actions and was knocked out in the process.

“Kyle, we just wanted to ask, what made you change tactics like that? We saw many here today attempt the same thing you did today, but it seemed like a risky move that didn’t pay off.” The female interviewer asked.

“This game has become too easy in the past. I knew that if I played usually, I would have had a high chance of winning, but what’s the point when most likely the best person in this game isn’t even participating. After seeing someone do what seemed like an impossible task, I decided I would try to challenge him in my own way. The plan was to emulate what this person had done in a video I saw today. If I achieved that at level four, I would try to do the same at level five and send out a challenge to him.

It turns out after attempting and failing at a level four. I respect this student even more.”

The screen then went back to the interviewer, who had a few more words to say.

“For those of you unaware, the video Kyle was talking about was uploaded last night. It had become an overnight sensation due to the timing of things and how it was filmed and done only a day before this very event and at this exact place. The video will be played on the screen now for you all to see.”

The screen changed once again, and now full on the big screen in front of everyone, the video of Quinn in the gaming booth was then shown. His face was blurred out, but the others, even though it was their first time seeing it, they could clearly tell it was Quinn.

My Vampire System Chapter 307: This easy

The three boys continued to watch the video, which was being played on the huge screen in disbelief. For some reason, that one minute video felt like a three hour long movie. All Quinn wanted to do now was run up there and shut it off and erase everyone’s memory.

“Hey, Quinn, isn’t that...” Fex immediately had his hand grabbed over by Vorden and Quinn, who were standing by his side. The two boys then quickly dragged Fex out of the seats as they disappeared out of the crowd.

“Fex, are you crazy?” Vorden shouted in a soft but angry voice. Knowing that there could still be others around.

The video had now finally stopped playing, and the interviews carried on with other participants who had attempted the same method.

“No one knows it’s Quinn, and you were just about to reveal to everyone it was him.”

The video blurred out Quinn’s head, making him unrecognizable. The only thing that could be seen was a blurred person wearing the school uniform. However, Vorden was concerned about whether someone could deblur the video, would they be able to see the face or not? Unfortunately, Vorden wasn’t the right person for things like this, and he wished he could speak to Logan right now and dim his curiosity.

Annoyed that he was suddenly dragged away, Fex stepped back a bit and brushed away some of the crumbs of food that had fallen all over him in a rush.

“What did you say, no one knows it was him, right? Well, I wouldn’t be so sure about that one. Because there were five other people with us at the time, who do know it was him.” Fex said.

“I don’t think that’s a problem,” Quinn replied. “This video seemed to have already spread, right? If they wanted to, they could have already told everyone. In a normal case, someone would be happy for this to happen. Perhaps there are already people coming forward, even claiming that they were the ones in the video. Zac probably thinks I will do the same and when I do try to discredit it and ruin my big moment.”

“Still, just to be safe, I think we should go looking for them and try to clear their memories a bit.” Fex suggested. “Let’s split and search for them. We should have done this yesterday, but I didn’t think such a small thing like this would become a big deal. Damn it! all we did was play a freaking game.”

The boys agreed it was always better to be safe than sorry, and even if Quinn was right about his thoughts, there was a chance one could change their mind later on and this small mistake may bring up huge trouble for them.

“It’s best if we split up, we can cover more ground then and find them faster. Use the watch to send a message as soon as you see them.” Vorden said.

The three boys quickly split and headed off into different sections as they searched for Zac and the others.

While this was all happening, the strange man that was seated next to them couldn’t help but find all of their actions odd. Everything changed as soon as the video started to play he noticed.

‘Was one of them in the video?’ The man thought. Otherwise, it didn’t make sense based on the actions and what they were currently doing now.

‘What an interesting bunch of kids.’ He thought as he chuckled to himself.

Just then, another older looking man approached him from the side. He wore regular plain clothing that didn’t make him stand out much. When gaining access to the area, the public, including the students who weren’t participating in any events, were told to hand over all of their best equipment or leave them behind.

“Sir, the main events will start soon. They instructed me to bring you and the others to an appropriate place as soon as possible.” The old man said, bowing down.

“Just when I thought I found something more fun to do.” The man said as the two of them walked off.

Vorden was running about pretty recklessly; unlike yesterday, there were far too many people to check to see if they could find them. Other than Zac, many of them had pretty unmemorable faces as well. The first area Vorden decided to check where each of the screens nearby. At least then, he would be able to get someplace high and see from the top if he could spot anyone.

Looking around, Vorden was trying to see if there was anywhere high he could get a clear view from.

“Need any help?” A voice called over.

“Sam?” Vorden replied as he turned around.

The two boys quickly started exchanging information, and Vorden explained what was going on and the reason for the worried look on his face.

“Actually, I already saw the video as well.” Sam replied, “And you’re in luck, you don’t have to worry about those guys, let me explain...”

Early in the day, Sam had decided to pay a visit to the gaming centre and wanted to talk to the admin man who had uploaded the video. There was no one else who had access to that footage, or at least not that part on that particular day.

When he had arrived, Zac and his group were already there trying to get the original video file from the man. After listening in for a while, it turned out after the video was a big hit, the group tried to get video proof of what the person looked like or their name.

It turns out they had already attempted to reveal to the people who the blurred figure was, but with no name and only the description of curly hair, it was hard for them to believe. In the video, one couldn’t even see if the person had curly hair.

It went a step further when they mentioned the student had a level 1 ability level on his wrist watch; they thought this would have been a stand out feature, instead to others, it just became a big lie that was unbelievable. In the end, people completely ignored them.

After that incident, they were embarrassed to tell others who they thought it was, so instead, they wanted to get the original video file. However, the man-in-charge was determined not to give access to the video to anyone and even claimed the file had already been deleted and rewritten over. Now it was impossible to recover.



The man only wanted to share the incredible feat, but didn't want the pressure to be put on the student. If Quinn himself were to come here and ask for the original video, he would have given it to him on the spot.

With nothing else to do, the group eventually left the place in disappointment. That's when Sam noticed the main culprit from yesterday wasn't there, Zac.

The students were coming towards Sam, so he decided to hide himself and pretend he was doing something else and tried to listen to their conversation.

"I can't believe Zac wouldn't come with us, that Wimp. I thought he was better than that."

"I'm telling you man, after yesterday, he just said he doesn't want any business with that fellow. It's like he was traumatized or something." The students said as they walked past him.

After learning about this incident, Vorden's heart started to calm down a little. It was too much sometimes to keep this many secrets in this small group. His own was enough.

Knowing that everything was okay, Vorden decided to send a message to both Quinn and Fex to explain the situation.

At the same time, Quinn had received the ping he had just found Zac. Using his hearing and a keen sense of smell, he was eventually able to locate him from yesterday. When there were large crowds of people, all he needed to do was repeatedly use his inspect skill until he found the right person.

As soon as Zac's eyes met up with Quinn's, he gulped. Remembering that strange feeling when he couldn't control his body. He didn't move or run away and just followed Quinn off to the side. When the two of them reached the edge of the arena, Zac constantly looked over at the railing.

Thoughts ran through his head of the possibilities this crazy person might have done. He even assumed that his ability might have been mind control. If he could control his body and tell him to stand still, maybe he could also make his death look like a suicide.

“I promise I haven’t told anyone, and I won’t. I don’t even know your name or what military school you’re from. From others, I heard no one believed them either, and even they know nothing about you.” Zac said quickly.

Quinn hadn’t even asked anything or used his influence skill and had already gotten all the information he needed.

‘Why couldn’t everything be this easy.’ He thought.

Standing in the middle of the pathway was Fex. He was unmoving, and his watch was continually blinking, informing he had a message that Vorden had just sent. Multiple people walked past and around him, but his eyes were staring dead ahead, and he didn’t even blink for a second.

A few meters away, another figure stood there still...

“I finally found you, brother.”

My Vampire System Chapter 308: Supreme Commander

Out on the busy platform, things were starting to settle down a bit. The public who had been invited to watch the starter events were being moved out to their seats in the arena. This was because the first main event for the day was about to start soon. With fewer people on the top platform, it was now easier to move and find people.

Quinn had quickly met up with Vorden and was surprised to see Sam there with him. They both started to explain the details of what had happened over at the VR gaming centre in the morning. After hearing everything was okay, he felt like he could finally relax.

“Hey, where’s Fex? Did you send out a message to him too?” Quinn asked.

“I did,” Vorden replied. “I sent one out the same time as I sent one to you, telling him our location and everything. I wonder why he isn’t here yet.”

“The first main event will start in around fifteen minutes.” A speaker sounded informing all of the students as well as the public to get ready for the first main event.

“We’ll head back to the screen near our hotel, just send him another message to meet us there,” Quinn said.

“Wait, aren’t you worried about him?” Sam asked. “What if another group like yesterday approaches him.” Sam was a little concerned after what had happened yesterday. He wasn’t ignorant of the behaviour and actions treated towards low levels. He seemed to remember yesterday that not only Quinn but Fex was a level one user as well.

If another group of people were to approach him, it could be bad news again without his friends around.

“Don’t worry about him, I can’t imagine anyone scaring away that guy,” Quinn replied.

The group, including Sam, had decided to watch the main event together. Although Sam’s Hotel was quite far away from theirs, he didn’t mind the walk back in the evening. If he were to go back and watch it near his hotel screen, he wouldn’t have anyone to watch it with anyway. At least not until Nate was knocked out of the competition and he couldn’t imagine that happening on the first day.

When arriving at the screen things looked a little different to when the events were played earlier on in the day. The screen had moved outward and looked like they were all hovering in the air above the arena. It allowed students to look over the edge and either watch the event from up high in the actual area or see sufficient detail on the screen.

Several drones were flying about in the arena, each with a camera attached. It would be used to record as much detail of the events as possible. Most students would decide to watch it via the screen, but it was still nice to see what the real thing looked like from above.

The boys decided that they would peek over to see what the first stage of the main event was like. Everything that was out before had been cleared and right now there were a total of one hundred and forty small little raised platforms out. On the platform was a workbench of some sort with several other items and even a hot furnace behind them.

While the others had their eyes glued on the stage, Quinn and both Vorden noticed something else. Inside the arena, there was one section of seats that had been cleared out, and in its place was a very large luxurious booth. There was see-through glass allowing all the others to see what was inside.

Inside the booth were five relatively large grand chairs inside. There were also already several soldiers standing at each side of the room, still like a statue. All of them wore the same beast gear that looked to be of very high quality. It was a standout because not many people in the arena had such beast gear on as they weren't allowed due to safety precautions.

It was natural for not only Quinn, but for those around to pay attention to the booth, and he had a pretty good feeling he knew who those seats were reserved for.

Then it looked like the first person had arrived in the special booth. The soldiers in the room didn't bow down like they usually would when greeting a guest of high honour. Instead, they immediately went down on one knee and placed their fist on the ground. As soon as Quinn saw the person, there was no need for an introduction.

There probably wasn't a single person who didn't know of this man. He continued to walk past the others, his heavy boots hitting the ground. He looked through the clear glass and adjusted his red-tinted sunglasses. Finally, as he sat down in the middle seat of the five, his whole face could be seen. On his chin was a little patch of facial hair, and on the top of his head was a full mop of hair that had streaks of grey going through. It was hard to tell if it was dyed due to the pattern or whether it was just their old age.

Once the man was comfortably sat in his seat, the other soldiers stood up in the room and saluted. "We welcome the supreme commander."

The man sitting in the seat was the supreme commander Oscar White one of the men hailed as a hero during the time of the great war.

When the war had started against the Dalki race, the enemy had done something unexpected. When the Dalki first arrived, it was clear they were under attack by a form of higher intelligence. They had better equipment and technology than humans. However, when the humans first saw the appearance of the Dalki, they looked strange and more like that of a wild animal mixed with a human.

This caused the leaders at the time to be hesitant, thinking about whether or not these were the real enemy or not. In their naivety, they never expected the Dalki to pull off what they had done. While the main forces were in battle, at the start of the war the Dalki had chosen to assassinate each of the top countries leaders around the world.

This was to cause chaos and confusion amongst the humans, and for a short time, their plan had really worked. That was until the head of the allied Earth forces at the time had decided to take charge. The person's name was Oscar White.

Later on, after the war, he had given himself the title of supreme commander and then appointed the seven head generals of the other basis. Of course, not everyone agreed to this, and there was the disturbance of ability users running wild. It was later on that the big three families would be established and further along the line Truedream would be added to make it the big four.

In the rose-like building that was seen whilst on the train, there was something called the leader's table inside. Whenever a big decision was to be made, the supreme commander, the seven head generals and the big four would be called together.

Seeing the first person to enter was the supreme commander, it looked like Quinn's guess of who the other four seats were for was spot on.

"Will the others be arriving?" Oscar asked his personal aide on his right that stood by his side. It was a female who wore a fairly short skirt and round glasses with a ponytail. Rather than looking like she worked for the army, she looked like a security for a big tech company instead.

"They should be here any second sir."

As she said that, the doors from behind opened wide and the four others entered after.

The first person to enter was a large man who looked to be in his fifties, with a huge apple-like belly. His hair was a scruffy mess that went up into a triangle shape, and his nose was large and round as well. He went on to sit in one of the empty seats, and as he sat down, he gave a loud belching burp. As the air left his mouth, a stream of fire came out with it before quickly disappearing into the air.

“Burnie Sunshield, leader of one of the big four families, with the ability of fire,” Sam said.

The next to follow after him was a female, who seemed to be mostly dressed in black head to toe, and on the top of her head was a pointy hat. The hat was covering most of her facial features as there was also a veil attached. The only thing that could be seen through was her large smile and her purple dark hair.

Not a word was spoken as she sat down in her seat as well.

“Mona Bree, the only female to be part of the big four and head of the Bree family, their ability, beast tamers,” Sam explained once again.

Just behind her was someone who didn't need any introduction at all. Vorden and Quinn both saw the man's face. The blood around their body started to pump harder.

“Jack Truedream,” Quinn said before Sam could introduce this man. “The ability to steal other's abilities.”

The last person in the room surprised all three of them.

“Huh? Wait, this isn't the leader of the Greylash family,” Sam said confused as he saw the last person enter.

Although Sam seemed to not recognise the man, Vorden and Quinn did, for it was the same person who sat by the side of them, while watching the Block event. If he wasn't one of the big four, then why was he there?

My Vampire System Chapter 309: The new head

All five of the seats were currently filled, but Sam was deeply confused, and it seemed like he wasn't the only one, as the others in the remaining seats also looked over at the remaining person sitting down. Whoever it was, it was not one they were expecting.

"What's wrong?" Quinn asked, still a little amazed that there was a good chance an important figure was sitting next to them for a while without them realizing it.

"Well, as you can see, the five seats are for the big four family members as well as the supreme commander. However, the leader that should be sitting in the last seat is from the Greylash family. The current leader is an older patient, respected man. This person looks like he just graduated from the military academy."

It was true, even before when Quinn had seen him he felt the man was in his early twenties, that's why the idea that he held a high position never crossed his mind.

"Your information is a little outdated," Vorden said. "I heard that the old man was sick for a long amount of time, there were even rumours that he had already passed away, but for fear of not having a new master, they decided to hide this information from the outside. If my guess is right, they can no longer hide it. The person you're looking at is the new master."

What Vorden had said was very plausible in Sam's mind. The question was, Sam, who prided himself in being exceptionally knowledgeable in current world politics, had heard the same rumours. But it seemed Vorden was equally familiar, if not a little more. This strange group of people started to interest him more, and perhaps Quinn wasn't the only person to look out for.

Inside the special booth, the room was quiet, and the others continued to look in the direction of the young man. They were waiting for him to say something, but he continued to play with his long hair twirling it around his finger with his right hand.

The others remained patient hoping he would say something, but one person's head was furiously starting to shake, as he hated to be ignored and it looked like hot steam was blowing out from his large nostrils.

"Rude, are you not going to say something!" Burnie shouted. "You can tell we are all waiting for you, unless no one told you how to show respect."

Oscar stood up in an attempt to try to defuse the situation. In a way, the military was the bridge between the four big families. It was hard because each power was considered an equal, and the same could even be said for them.

“I’m assuming the elder passed away then, and you are here as a step in?” Oscar asked.

The young man finally turned his head, acknowledging the others in the room. He looked at each one carefully with his narrow piercing eyes. It wasn’t an everyday look one would give when looking at someone and the others felt this as well. It was as if he was analyzing every one of them there.

The others sensing this felt a little threatened as if they were about to be attacked at any moment.

“And why would you assume I was only a step in and not the actual new head?” He asked.

The large man started to chuckle.

“Huh, if the Graylashes were stupid enough to appoint such an arrogant young fool like you, then they must have really fallen. In a few years, the Graylashes might no longer be a part of the leaders’ table.”

The calm look on the man changed ever so slightly after hearing those words. He was no longer playing with his hair and instead pulled his fingers apart between his thumb and index finger. In between these two fingers, a faint blue light could be seen, and if one was to look even closer, little sparks were starting to go off.

“Those are fighting words, if you really want to test my abilities as the new head, we can put on a special exhibition show for everyone to see right here right now.” The young man said.

Burnie, in response, stomped his foot in anger. As it hit the ground floor, flames shot up from his feat. It looked like small wings had appeared before quickly vanishing away into clouds of smoke. “I’ll burn you to a crisp right at this instant!”



The soldiers standing by watching were all frightened of what was to happen. Right now, it looked as if two of the strongest people on earth were about to do battle. If they were to try to stop them, they couldn't do a thing. It was also a big reminder to everyone; these people in the room were not friends.

If it wasn't for the fact that each of these people had a common enemy, the Dalki. There would still be a civil war between all five of them.

"Please," Oscar said. "Today is an event for the future generation, for the kids to display their skills, not you two. If you wish to fight, then do it after we get rid of the Dalki."

Oscar then walked over to the young man; in all honesty, he too didn't like how the young man was acting. Usually, he had a good read of people's strength, but it was nearly impossible to tell, which truly frightened him.

"I'm sorry for assuming you were only a stand-in. It was my mistake to say so. I will be the first to welcome the new leader of the Graylash family. Please name." Oscar asked.

"Owen Graylash, the new head of the family, the youngest and most powerful head to ever serve." When saying the last line, he looked past Oscar and directly at Burnie.

"Well, he's a confident leader. I'll give him that." Mona said.

"It's a good trait to have." Jack agreed.

With everything having calmed down a little, they each sat adequately in their seats, and it was time for them to enjoy the event now.

The speakers were turned on, and now all of the screens displayed what was happening in the centre of the arena.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we hope you had a wonderful day so far. There were many spectacular events, but as usual, we have saved the best till last. The first round of the three main events will now begin, and to start it all off, we have the wonderful crafting event."

The camera then went on to show the materials of what was on each separate section.

“As you can see, each participant has been given the same materials. The only thing that is missing is the beast crystal. Once all participants are ready, they must try to figure out with their eyes alone what the best use for the beast crystal would be. Then our wonderful judges will decide which equipment is best.”

Each of the participants started to appear from underneath the arena and were now entering the ground floor. The participants had a number displayed on their watches, indicating which platform they needed to head off to.

“Hey, there’s Logan,” Quinn said, still looking over the edge. “Number 33.”

“Oh, you have a friend in this event then, I guess I’ll keep an eye on him.” Just then, Sam tried to squint over the edge where Quinn was looking, but they were too far up to be able to see anything. It just looked like a bunch of ants were down below. Without looking at the screen, there was no way he would be able to see what number any of the participants were wearing.

“You have some good eyesight,” Sam said.

“Oh...Thanks.” Quinn replied nervously, to which Vorden gently stepped on his foot. It was a reminder to be careful since they were no longer alone. That’s when he realized Fex still hadn’t arrived and decided to send another message just in case.

“Now, let the tournament begin!” The announcer said.

Immediately, the student started to work away; the first step was to inspect the crystal. Crystals were quite versatile and could create several different weapons and armour, but certain patterns and shapes seen within the crystal could help decide what one would be best to be turned into.

An example, a crystal from a turtle-like beast would usually best be used to make defensive equipment, perhaps even a shield. It could be turned into a weapon but wouldn’t be very useful. If one didn’t know what beast it had come from, they would only be able to tell by inspecting the crystal.

Once this step was complete, the crystal would need to be melted down to the appropriate temperature, depending on what was to be made. The next step after was deciding the mould and finally mixing the melted beast core with the required metals. Cheap or expensive metals could be used but would affect the quality of the end result.

The rest was down to the forger. Depending on the forger's level, the quality and strength of the weapon or armour would be decided.

Most of the students had already finished inspecting the crystal and had moved on to the melting process.

The camera continued to pan around to the many students working away hard; however, the camera eventually reached one student. A short little one who seemed to be just standing there with his eyes closed. It looked as if he was sleeping in the middle of the tournament.

"What is Logan doing?" Quinn thought.

"Looks like he's asleep if you ask me?" A voice said from behind. As the boys turned their heads, they could see Fex standing there.

"What took you so long?" Quinn replied back.

My Vampire System Chapter 310: The results of the Crafting event

Quite some time had passed since Vorden had sent out his first message. No matter where Fex was, it shouldn't have taken him as long as it did for him to arrive. It wasn't as if the boys were joined by the hip, and they couldn't do anything themselves. But it was more like there was nothing else to do. The event was the only thing happening right now.

Other than Quinn and them, Fex didn't get along with anyone else being a level one. So he had no one else to watch the show with either.

“Hey come on, did you miss me that much?” Fex said, looking at Vorden who had a strange look on his face. He was still wondering about what could have taken him so long. “Look, don’t worry I just had something that really upset my stomach yesterday and was in the toilet, trust me you don’t want to go into the boy’s toilet by screen four, I think you can still smell it.”

Vorden looked at him even stranger now, and even Quinn was starting to feel slightly awkward, and it wasn’t the bad jokes.

‘Did vampires even get stomach aches?’ Vorden thought. ‘By bad meal is he talking about blood.’

“So I heard that you guys dealt with the Zac problem all okay huh, why don’t you tell me about that. What happened with that.” Fex words when spoken were quick and to the point. he wasn’t even giving enough time for the others to reply to what he had already said.

Fex was acting really strange. He usually joked about a lot and often, but it felt as if he was trying to force himself this time.

Quinn noticed this and a few other strange things straight away. As soon as Fex arrived, he was sweating; Vampires often didn’t even sweat from strenuous activity as they had high amounts of stamina. This was different; this type of sweat was from something else, as if he was scared.

The other thing that made Quinn think this was his heartbeat. The stronger a vampire was usually, the less their bodily organs needed to be used. Their heartbeats were able to be slowed, and the amount of blood and oxygen that needed to be carried around their body was lessened.

So the fact that Quinn could hear that Fex had a fast heartbeat he knew something was up. He wasn’t in control of his emotions right now.

‘Damn it they know, calm down will you.’ Fex said to himself in anger. Seeing that the others weren’t buying his act.

“Hey, you said you’re friends number 33, right?” Sam called over, “Well, it looks like he isn’t doing too well.”

Their attention was focused on Fex this whole time that they had forgotten about the competition. When looking at the screen, the camera was once again focused on Logan, and still, he hadn't touched anything.

"Well, it looks like he doesn't care about the event then," Said Vorden.

"You're probably right," Quinn replied.

Hearing this, Sam was quite shocked. How could someone waste an opportunity like this on such a grand stage? Not only were the big four watching, but so were many factions from all over. A forger was highly sorted after so even if the one displayed a little bit of skill, they could quickly join a faction and live the rest of their lives peacefully.

The two decided to question Fex later; acting strange wasn't a call of emergency, it couldn't have been something urgent. Otherwise, Fex would have informed them immediately. They both trusted him now after the many times he had helped them out before.

The timer continued to go down for the event until, eventually, the buzzer had sounded signaling the end of the competition.

Using his advanced eyesight, Quinn quickly looked down at all the items that had been made and used his inspect skill.

It allowed him to see each item's stats clearly displayed out, as a screen hovered above each one, at first Quinn was doing this individually looking at an item but then suddenly, a familiar sound was heard.

[Inspect skill has risen to Level 3]

The number of times he had used the skill while looking for Zac and now during the contest had helped greatly and finally, it had risen to level three.

Know when looking at the items, all of them immediately had a screen displaying their stats. There was no longer any need to use the inspect skill on each item individually.

Seeing this, he could see the level of equipment made significantly varied. It seemed like they were only given a basic crystal to make an item.

Some had chosen to make ranged weapons out of the crystal, some chose regular melee weapons, and a few decided on armour. It just went on to prove how difficult a forgers job was. The fact that not everyone had made the same item meant it wasn't; easy to decide what the crystal would be best used for.

However, when Quinn looked using his inspect skill, he could quite clearly see. The ranged weapons and armour had an extra description, saying whatever stat the current weapon was at would be halved. Some of the poorer made equipment only allowed an increase of one strength. With the 50 per cent stat decrease, it practically meant the weapon was only a little better than using one's own fist.

The melee weapon was the right choice giving the user an extra two strength when being used. The perfect melee weapon that could be made from the item was a long sword. Whoever had made a long sword out of the items, it would give an additional three strength. There were very few longswords that had been made with the crystal.

Then finally, there was a difference in the quality and skill of the forger. The ones that had made a longsword, each one of them looked quite different from another. Some just had a basic plus-three in strength, and there was one with a plus-four.

But in Quinn's eyes, there was a clear winner out of them all. For one of the students managed to make a sword with a plus-three to the strength stat, but also it had an added weapon skill.

"The judges have made their decisions. First of all, students who made armour or ranged weapons. You have been knocked out of the competition."

After this was said, about half of the contestants had left the stage, while the rest had passed. The weapons were then further inspected by the judges, but nothing was said as they had all passed anyway. Before the next event was to start, organizers interviewed two students.

The first student was the one that had created the long sword with the added weapon skill. The audience members were a little confused about why he was chosen to be interviewed as they weren't informed about who had made the best weapon, but Quinn knew why.

'Maybe if I don't become a traveller in the future, my skill could be used to become an inspector of beast weapons.' Quinn thought. With just a single glance, he was able to tell a lot of information about a weapon.

The next student who was to be interviewed was Logan, which came as a surprise to many.

"Logan, we just wanted to ask you a question. You were the only student to not make anything out of the materials presented today is there any reason for that?" The female asked as she shoved a microphone directly to his face.

"I am not a forger but an inventor. I find making weapons quite tedious and boring, to be honest with you. I felt because I don't respect the art of forging like others this was not my stage." Logan replied.

From the side, a few of the forgers started to chuckle. "Yeah right, what a good excuse, more like he doesn't know how to forge a weapon. He would just have been embarrassed with whatever he had made." The student had said this quite loudly on purpose trying to embarrass Logan.

Logan then grabbed the mike closer to himself and faced the student. "I assure you, creating something that would best that would best the weapon in your hand would only take a few minutes."

The interviewer had a huge smile on her face. She loved drama and entertainment, and it was moments like this the crowd loved as well. "Very well, would you like to redeem yourself, Logan, why don't we allow you to create a weapon now and a judge can come over and decide?"

Usually, Logan wouldn't have done something that placed him in the limelight so much. However, he hated it when others said that he couldn't do something when he could. It was as if they were calling him a liar.

"Very well."

Logan walked back up to his section in the arena; all of the equipment was still untouched from before. The event organizers allowed this as usually there was quite a bit of set up time before events and they would delay it with useless speeches or question and answer segments. This was far better than any of those.

They had planned to give Logan the same amount of time as the other contestants thirty minutes; however, Logan didn't need it.

The forgers were allowed to use their abilities, many of them had abilities that would help in the forging process, and Logan was no exception. The little spiders that covered his costume in a small suit started to break down and reform. They gathered on his back and then started to sprout out three individual arms on each side. When they finally finished forming, it looked like Logan himself was a giant spider.

"That's kind of cool, I'm not going to lie." Vorden said.

The arms went to work, and now with eight of them, he was able to do multiple things at once. After five minutes had passed, he had finished creating a longsword.

The crafting speed alone was enough to have the other impressed. They didn't even really care about the quality of the weapon. Still, the judges standing by the side could already tell while watching Logan make the weapon that it was one of decent quality. It wasn't the best weapon to be made today, but for the amount of time it had taken it was better than they had expected.

The interviewer grabbed the long sword created by Logan, and the one made by the heckler forger from the crowd. She lifted both in the air, and then struck them both against each other as hard as she could.

"We have a clear winner." She said.

As she lifted the sword made by the heckler, the camera zoomed closely on the sword. and there was a reasonably large chip that went in around halfway into the side of the sword. When they turned to look at the one Logan had made, there was but only a small scratch.



The crowd cheered in excitement, as they saw this. They loved someone who could back up his word. They were far too used to braggers who could never achieve what they said, and it seems like Logan was not one of them.

“Your friend is a strange one.” Sam said, “If he could do that all along, then why didn’t he?”

Quinn started to laugh, as he looked around at the other two, and then Logan down below.

“We’re all a little strange.” He replied with a smile.

As the crafting event had ended and the judges were discussing what to do with Logan. They had wished for him to continue in the contest, hoping to see his skills once more. However, rules were rules, and they were not able to make an exception. Logan was disqualified and could now return to the others above.

Deep underground, it was time for the next set of contestants to prepare themselves. Layla took in a deep breath, for now, it was time for the Ranged event. Shortly after her’s, it was then Peter’s turn as well.