

My Vampire 311

My Vampire System Chapter 311: A time limit

“Fex...Fex...Fex! Can you hear me... Hello?” Quinn said, waving his hand in front of Fex’s eyes.

Snapping out of his daze, Fex soon realised where he was.

“Oh, sorry, I was just thinking about how amazing Logan was.” He replied.

Quinn had called out Fex’s several times, and the others had even left the area where they were watching the main event from. They soon realized that Fex’s eyes were still glued to the arena floor. They were about to grab some snacks, yet for some reason, he hadn’t followed.

“Hey, seriously, if something’s on your mind, you can tell us. You know that right?” Quinn said. “I still remember what you said when we were underground on that planet. We’re now blood brothers, right?”

Hearing this from Quinn was meant to cheer him up, but instead, it seemed like it had only made him sadder.

Before Fex had arrived and joined the others, he had a very uncomfortable confrontation with the last person he wanted to see. It was his sister, Silver. He knew that his family would send someone after him. Perhaps even multiple people, but he had never expected them to send over Silver.

His sister was known for upholding the vampire laws no matter what. She was strict and always completed the tasks given to her. The complete opposite of Fex. If it was anyone else, Fex felt like he could have probably convinced them to let him stay. Or even run away, but not from Silver. She was far too powerful and would have never let him stay.

On the platform where the two had seen each other, she slowly walked towards him, and he was frozen in place. Suddenly, thoughts of the others he had met during his time came into his mind, especially Quinn. If he was going to leave, he wanted the chance to at least say goodbye.

When she finally reached where Fex was, she handed him the small silver flask. "This is yours, right?" Silver said. "I found it with a bald-headed teacher. The person seemed quite strong. I thought you might have been dead."

Fex looked at the flask, and knowing that the other one he had was still with Quinn, he knew this had to be his.

"Oh, it is mine, I thought I had lost it."

"You fool!" Silver snapped. "You know how important items like this are. If the family were to find out, then who knows what they would do to you. You've already broken so many rules, don't go around breaking more making your punishment worse."

Fex didn't know what to say. It was hard to argue back, and he just stood there looking defeated.

When Silver saw the sad look in his eyes, a slight pain was felt in her chest. It was true, Silver did care for the vampire rules above everything else. She always completed her mission and was strict on everyone around her. However, Fex didn't realize that she had a soft spot for one person in particular, and that was her little brother.

"I'm here to take you back." She said.

He looked up at her, now with even more sadness in his eyes. He had spent only a couple of months on earth. His dream place and had only spent it at a school. The event was the first time he felt like he was actually doing something different. Playing games and joking around with the others.

"I know, let's just go." He said.

Plodding his feet along as if they weighed a hundred kilos, he walked slowly towards her.

"I still have some unfinished business here, and I can't just take you or leave in the middle of my duty as a teacher. If I was to leave now without telling them I was resigning, they would find it suspicious. I shall

inform them after the event is over. You may stay until then. Also during that time, you must clear the memory of those you have gotten close to. We shall alter your files and deal with your disappearance on our end." She explained.

The expression started to change on Fex's face once again. He still had a few more days with the others, and now he at least had the chance to say goodbye.

"However, we shall meet daily. You will update me on what you are doing and where you are. I can't have you going off and disappearing again." She said.

With everything said that she needed to, she started to walk off.

"Thank you, Big Sis," Fex shouted. "You're the best."

Although many couldn't see it, it would have been a rare sight for many. A slight smile appeared on her face.

Still, even though Fex could stay for a few days, he now had a lot on his mind. When he thought about it, maybe he was selfish, wanting to say goodbye. The quicker he had left with his sister, the less chance she had of finding out about Quinn.

This was now a big worry on his mind. No matter what, he didn't want his sister to find out about him. Fex still didn't know the truth behind Quinn but decided to leave it for now. If she were to find out, she would quite possibly insist that Quinn head back with the two of them. Then if they were to find out he had made Peter an illegal, unregistered vampire, it would be hard to stop any punishment he might receive.

When Fex had returned to his friends, all these thoughts were filled in his mind. There was also a good chance that now Silver knew about him, that she would be closely watching him, so he didn't run away.

'Should I warn Quinn about my sister? Or will it only make matters worse?' As long as his sister didn't find out about Quinn, there was no need to worry about them. However, there was one thing he couldn't stop, and that was Peter taking part in the tournament.

The second he started to fight, or she got close to him, she would be able to smell him. No matter what, she would find out about him, and Fex needed a plan.

There was one chance he had, and that was when he would meet up with his sister every day.

The four boys had finished getting their snacks and drinks and were just waiting for the next main event to start. This time rather than watching the match from over the edge, they had decided to find some seats near the big screen. When looking around, they managed to spot someone who had a small crowd around them.

“Look, please, I just want to enjoy watching the next events. If you have anything else to ask, please just send me a message later.” As soon as Logan spoke these words, he quickly handed over a contact card that contained his email and contact details. He was never really good at interacting with people, and the attention he was getting wasn’t enjoyable at all.

After a few adverse reactions, people started to understand and break away from him.

“You can finally join us then?” Vorden said.

The boys introduced Logan to Sam before deciding to have a sit down together. They quickly discussed the video, and Logan confirmed to Vorden that even if they unblurred the video, it was hard to tell the one in the video was Quinn. With this whole matter settled it felt like a weight was lifted from their shoulders. All apart from Fex of course.

“So, how do you think Layla will do? Did she look okay?” Quinn asked, concerned for his teammate.

“She seemed to be distracted with something else,” Logan replied. “When I informed her about your video, her mind was... let’s say busy. To be honest, I’m pretty sure she doesn’t care for this tournament like us.”

Logan didn’t need to explain why and couldn’t due to Sam being there with them, but the boys knew what he meant. Due to her already being a member of Pure, there was no need for her to try hard.

The event was about to start, and the screen displayed the field where it would take part. Compared to before, it looked like the arena was completely transformed. On the screen now, there was what looked like a little makeshift town. The town looked to be partly destroyed and looked more like ruins. But there were several areas that would allow students to use them as vantage points.

Vorden was the first one to release the place had been built in a particular way made for ranged weapons users to take advantage of.

“I wonder how they managed to make something so fast?” Quinn asked.

“Oh, that’s simple,” Logan replied. “They just had a few earth users come on stage and make it real quick. I saw them getting ready as I was heading out.”

The participants of the event entered the stage once more. All the ranged users entered with their beast weapons by their side, while also wearing a strange red colored chest piece that seemed to cover their entire upper body.

When looking at all the participants closely, not a single one of them wore any beast armour or boots. The only different thing was the weapons themselves. It seemed like each participant was also given different types of material to be used. For bow users, they were given all the same arrows, and the same for the other weapons as well.

The ranged ammunition given to participants was designed to explode on impact and produce a paint-like splatter.

“Ladies and gentlemen, all the participants are now ready for the ranged event, so I will quickly explain the rules. Each person has been given a set amount of ammunition to be used for their ranged weapons. There is a safety period of one minute where participants will not be allowed to attack each other and must enter the small makeshift town.

“If a participant does not follow this rule and chooses to attack they will be disqualified.

“The aim is to hit others while not being hit yourselves. If any bit of paint touches the red marking on the participants’ chest a sound will indicate, showing they have been eliminated from the round.

Students must quickly exit the field and the red coloured chest piece will turn black showing they are no longer active.

“After the first 40 students have been eliminated, the round will end. Scattered around and inside the building are several ammunition spots where the players may refill.

“Now that the rules have been fully explained, let’s get this show on the road!”

My Vampire System Chapter 312: The first

The students were randomly split into four groups for this event. Each of them was to enter the small makeshift town from the north, south, east, and west entrances. The layout of the town was like a plus sign. There were several buildings and small alleyways, but larger pathways crossed each other in the centre.

Layla was at the north entrance, and by luck, it seemed like there were a few others that she recognized with her as well. The annoying blonde hair girl along with the brother and sister pair.

“Just my luck to be put in the same group with them.”

She took in several deep breaths, for some reason, the nerves were getting the better of her. Usually, she was quite good at calming herself down in these types of situations. Her mother would always tell her that one would only get nervous if they actually cared about what they were about to do.

“Does that mean I actually care about then this lame event?” In truth, she already knew the answer.

‘I just have to get through the first round. If I can do that, it will prove I could actually do something on my own and I’m not just some burden on everyone.’ Layla said to herself, ‘Just don’t get eliminated, just don’t get eliminated, you can do it, Layla.’ She carried on repeating these words to herself as if it was some chant. The more she said, the less likely it seemed to become a reality.

Although she was going against Pure's wishes, they hadn't even bothered to explain to her what they had planned to do, which had irritated Layla quite a bit. Going against their orders, she would at least have liked to pass the first round to prove to herself she could do it and then she would immediately eliminate herself from the second round with no problem.

One more day in the event couldn't hamper their plans too much, and wasn't even like they cared if she didn't.

"Alright, and let the event begin!"

The buzzer had sounded signalling the start of the event, and students from all four entrances had entered the small town. Above the arena, a holographic display of the countdown had begun. Some students had split off immediately from the group and went on to look for their hiding spots, while others already had a few targets in their minds.

And Layla had a sneaking suspicion she had become one of those targets. Right on her back, out of the corner of her eye, she could see the blonde girl and brother and sister pair. Although this was a singles' tournament, it looked like they knew each other beforehand and had decided to team up. While looking around, Layla noticed that this was a tactic that had already been implemented by many.

A lot of people were running together in groups rather than singles.

'Did they decide this beforehand or just now?'

It was too risky for Layla, and she knew no one else in the competition; all her friends were on the outside and if she teamed up with people now how would she know if she could trust them.

Hoping her suspicions were not right, Layla decided to stop going along the straight path and bolted in between two buildings down an alleyway. However, just like she had expected, the other three had followed her.

"Why, why did you have to target me? What did I do? Is it cause I look weak?" She said in anger as she gripped her bow. There were now only fifteen seconds left on the timer before participants were allowed to hit each other and eliminate them.

“That’s not fair!” Quinn shouted at the screen. Seeing that Layla had three people on her tail. “Why are they grouping up on her?”

“Quinn, you should know better than anyone that this world isn’t fair, not the way it is right now anyway. It’s not against the rules, so let’s hope she doesn’t take this loss hard.” Vorden replied.

“Loss, you can’t count her out just yet,” Fex said positively. “She can still turn this around.”

Still, both Quinn and Vorden knew the reality, it was three against one, and they were all also higher ability users. The only chance she had was to try to run into another group of people and hope the two of them fought it out. Allowing one group to eliminate the other.

But Layla wasn’t even thinking about this tactic. She never thought of trying to use another group to get rid of the one on her trail. She was too focused on trying to figure out how to get rid of them all by herself. If she didn’t, she would have felt even more useless.

She finally decided to enter a small building and headed straight for the stairs. At least this way, she could face them down the stairway one by one as it was quite narrow. When she reached the top, she turned around the corner and waited.

Beep

The sound of the buzzer had gone off, indicating once again that the students were now allowed to attack.

“Come on, I need to survive the first round, at least, and even if I don’t, I’m taking one of you with me.” She gently peeked around the corner, but there was no sound, not even footsteps could be heard or shuffling of any kind.

“Have they given up?” She thought.

Just to make sure, she fired an arrow and twisted it around the corner with her ability, hoping to hit anyone on the other end of the staircase.

Ding

A little bell sound was heard, indicating that a player had been hit. A broad smile appeared on her face. When attempting to move she looked down at herself and noticed that her red chest piece had turned black. She was the one who had been hit.

“Hello?” A high pitched voice from the right side said, sounding a little distant.

When she looked outside, it seemed like the voice was coming from a glassless window on the other side of the room. She was on the second floor, and if one were to climb up from the side, they would have either made plenty of noise or exposed themselves to the many other students. Yet she had heard nothing.

Popping her head outside of the window, she could see the blonde-haired girl being lifted by her other colleagues with wings on their back. They were flapping backwards and forth, allowing them to pick up the girl to reach the window.

As much as she wanted to shout out in anger at the girl, she couldn't. Layla had lost fair, and she hadn't even put up much of a fight.

“I'm sorry,” Sam said, seeing that one of their friends had been eliminated. Not only that, but she was the very first student to be eliminated as well.

“Come on,” Quinn said. “There's no need to watch this anymore, let's head back to the hotel, and we can try to cheer her up.”

He had hoped that Layla truly didn't care about the event; however, he felt like even if one didn't care, it would be pretty embarrassing to be the first one to be eliminated. In the past, she had helped him many times before, and without her, Quinn didn't know what his current situation would have been like. He wanted to be there for her right now.

Being eliminated from the event, Layla left the field and was allowed to head back to her hotel rather than the underground slot. She had made sure to sign out and return the equipment given to her and proceeded to write her name down on a digital tablet.

When she grabbed the pen, she was able to see that she was the first one to have written down her name, confirming she had returned the equipment.

Quickly, a digital signature was placed and she walked off heavy footed.

She took the elevator that went directly to the top of the arena, it was a little walk from where she was, since the underground facility looped around and had several placed along the way.

The elevator from the arena floor allowed one to go straight into the hotel lobby as they expected some students to want to rest straight away or cool down before doing anything else.

The ride up the elevator felt like it was taking forever to reach the top. When she had lost, she didn't know what emotion to feel. She had tried so hard, and the only thing she wanted to do was get past the first round; when finding out she was the first participant to be eliminated, it hit her even harder.

"I am useless." She said as tears started to roll down her cheeks. "Everyone was right, Vorden, Pure, my mother, That girl. They all told me several times that there was no reason for me to be here... Erin, where are you." She cried.

As the elevator made a ding, indicating it had reached the top floor. She made sure to quickly wipe her tears away with her sleeve for fear that there might be someone in the hotel lobby that would have spotted her.

When the elevator doors opened, Layla took a step forward and was surprised to see a single student standing in the hotel lobby, not too far away from the elevator entrance. The purple hair covering her single eye and her face could be seen when she turned around.

"Cia?" Layla called out.

“I’ve been waiting for you, Agent 100,” Cia replied.

My Vampire System Chapter 313: Very well...

When her eyes met with Cia’s for a brief second, Layla was quite pleased to see someone was waiting for her. When Erin had disappeared and left them. It felt like she had no one to lean on, no one to confide in. Erin had been the strong figure that Layla wished she could be, and yet it was something she would never be able to achieve.

However, when she disappeared Layla was a little lost, she had Quinn, but after finding out she was with Pure there bond was a little broken. There was also the fact that Vorden would constantly get in between the two and kept trying to fraction that relationship.

In the middle of all these events that surrounded her, there was a little ray of hope and that was Cia. After the last portal expedition, she had seen a scared little side to Cia during that time. She seemed afraid of Quinn and the others and was confiding in her due to that. Layla, when seeing this, was seeing a version of herself when she looked at Erin. In a way, it made her believe she needed to become a stronger figure to know that someone was relying on her instead of the other way round.

This time, she would be a pillar of support for Cia.

That was until the words spoken out of her mouth were like a thousand knives had been stabbed right in her back.

There was a straight look on the young woman’s face, her tone was serious, “I’ve been waiting for you agent 100,” Cia greeted.

There was now not a doubt in her mind, there were only two groups of people that knew her identity, Pure and Quinn’s group. However, what Quinn’s group didn’t know was her agent number, and her ranking had recently just dropped as well. The fact that Cia knew this confirmed that she was part of Pure herself.

“I know you might be shocked, but it was all because of agent five,” Cia explained.

Agent five, this meant Cia being close to her was all of her mother's doing. Suddenly a realisation was coming into her head. From the very beginning, since she had entered the academy, Cia had been her roommate. They had specifically told Layla that she was the only agent that was sent to military base two.

'Was everything a lie?' Now she didn't know what to believe. Was her new friendship Cia fake? Was her acting scared was nothing but an act? What was worse was how much did she already know and how much were they reporting back to Pure.

Her own mother hadn't trusted her to even complete a mission like this, that they had to send backup to look after her. When there was a bond of trust, it went two ways, but her whole life it had always been one-sided. She trusted her mother with the Pure's true intentions even though she had so many questions.

She trusted her mother when going through her hellish training that she felt like was torture.

She trusted her mother when she had told her life would be better in the future.

Yet, she didn't trust Layla. After everything that had happened so far, something had snapped inside of Layla.

Layla walked right past Cia, ignoring her.

"Wait, what are you doing agent 100?" Cia asked, a little shocked by Layla's actions.

"Don't call me that I'm not a number!" She shouted back. "I have a name and I have a pretty good one."

At that moment, the automatic doors to the hotel Lobby opened and in walked in, Quinn and the other boys. They immediately could see her bloodshot red eyes, but had mistaken them for sadness instead of anger.

“Are you okay Layla what’s wrong?” Quinn said as he rushed over, placing his hand on her forehead, checking if she was all okay.

“Idiot. Why didn’t you come sooner.” She said. “And your hands cold.” At this moment, the full waterworks had come out, as tears of waterfall started to fall and her head was now laying deep into Quinn’s chest.

“Hug her dude,” Fex whispered in his ear. While the other two boys pretend to look away and whistle.

Not knowing what to do in this type of situation, he listened to Fex’s advice and gave a strong and firm hug to Layla as he tried to calm her down.

“Quinn!” She cried. “I don’t want to be useless anymore.... I don’t.”

“Layla, when have I ever said you were useless?” Quinn replied, at this point, Vorden had decided to step away, knowing full well he had said that a few times.

“You have done nothing but helped me from day one.” He replied back.

Seeing the scene, Cia didn’t know what to do. She had still not even finished explaining the details of the upcoming plan. Agent five had assigned her the task to look over agent 100. No matter what was to happen, this was her only mission. But right now, she couldn’t interrupt this scene.

“Layla..” She tried calling out.

“Go away! Go Away!” She screamed.

At this point, the others noticed that Cia was standing behind her. And seeing this strange reaction, Vorden started to wonder. He found it strange that Layla had broken down like this over the event. Sure she would be upset but was it really such a big deal?

“Hey, she clearly doesn’t like you being here. So just scram.” Vorden said.

“I can do what the hell I want.” Cia snapped back. “You’re not my boss, and you’re not a teacher.” She said as she continued to walk forward.

“Just remember, I know about your secret, and yours.” She said as she pointed at both Fex and Quinn.

Sam, who was currently a bystander at this point, didn’t have a clue what was happening and was finding it hard to follow along.

‘It’s like I’ve been transported in the middle of a soap opera while still in the middle of the season.’ He thought.

Cia continued to walk forward, not caring about anything, however after a few steps, she suddenly could no longer move. Something seemed to be restricting her movements completely. Then a breath was felt behind her neck.

“I would like to see you just try to tell anyone about that,” Vorden said, in a sinister voice, it was the first time she had heard him speak like that. When trying to look down, she could see his hand pressed against her throat, with nothing but a chopstick pointed at it. Perhaps others would have laughed, but the deadly aura coming off from his words, she knew it was no laughing matter.

Then, when looking ahead, she could see another person, who had his hand held out steady, with all his fingers pointed.

“Now why would you chose to threaten us?” Fex said. When hearing the words she spoke. He felt like this was the worst time for anything to be revealed. If the humans had found out what he had transported into. Not even his sister, Silver would be able to save him.

That’s why the instant she had moved forward and made the threat he had, activated his strings to hold her in place, at the same time he immediately saw Vorden and the move, and carefully made sure to allow the strings to not restrict any of his movements. However, Fex soon realised he didn’t need to do much, as it seemed like Vorden was able to see and move away from the strings via his own accord.

“He’s a skilful one.”

At this point, Layla had nearly stopped crying, Quinn still had her held in her hands, She pushed away slightly from his chest and looked up into his eyes.

“Quinn, please I don’t want to go back to them,” Layla said. “I want you to turn me. I want to stay with you. I want to be stronger.”

To Sam, it looked like Layla had just made some type of confession. Although it sounded weird based on everything that happened, it was the only thing he could think off. But Quinn very well knew what she meant. She wanted him to turn her like he did with Peter.

He was very hesitant, especially after what had taken place with Peter so far. But what happened with him didn’t mean the same would happen with everyone. After all his own life had changed quite a bit, and Layla was in a troubling situation. He had already figured when she had said, She didn’t want to go back to them. That being with them was preferable than to Pure.

Changing her, meant she would be leaving Pure and going to his side. Leaving a big organisation like that wasn’t simple. One would need the power to fight back, and Layla didn’t have that.

“Very well,” Quinn replied.

My Vampire System Chapter 314: Don’t kill again

Quinn placed both of his hands on top of Layla’s shoulders and moved her off slightly to the side. Hearing Quinn agree to turn had made her overjoyed and the sad emotion that filled her was starting to disappear; perhaps this was the big change she needed in her life.

“Thank you.” She said as she sniffled a little bit and rubbed away the last few tears.

Of course, right now wasn’t the time to change Layla and go through the blood ritual, even she knew that. They were in the middle of the event, and there was always the chance the same thing that

happened to Peter, could happen to her. It was best to wait until they were back at school where Logan could access the black market in case she did turn into a ghoul.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, the fighting event will soon begin!” The speakers announced.

The sound of the crowd outside beginning to move was heard. The crowd cheered louder than before and it could even be heard from the back of the hotel Lobby where the group were at.

This announcement and reaction made it clear it was the most anticipated event even out of the main three.

“Nate!” Sam said in a rush, “Sorry guys, I really gotta go watch my friend. It looks like you guys got things handled here anyway.” Although many things were happening in front of him, he hardly knew this group of people and was just helping them out for the time being. What he wanted to do now more than ever, was go and support his true friend, Nate.

“I’ll come with you,” Logan said, as he was equally concerned at what might happen to Peter, and one of them from Quinn’s group needed to inform them of what was happening.

The others didn’t have to worry about too much with Sam, it just looked like some type of strange invitation, and nothing was ever mentioned about Quinn being a vampire or any sort. All that was revealed was, Quinn and Fex had some type of secret. Seeing the level one on their wristwatch and how confident they were, he probably guessed it was something to do with the fact that they hid their abilities, yet were in the school on the basis of being weak.

Of course, this was something he could report to the school if he wanted to, but he saw no reason to. Not being in the same military school, he would have no benefit from doing such a thing whatsoever, not that he would have even bothered in the first place.

The two boys quickly left together and went ahead to the screen two area, while the other three were left behind. However, after hearing the announcement, Fex was equally worried and wanted to leave as soon as possible. There was a good chance his sister would be watching the fight. Depending on how close she was to the arena, she would smell out Peter. Or there was even the chance of Peter revealing some of his powers giving him away.

The problem was he was the one holding Cia right now.

“You two can go as well,” Quinn said. “I can deal with her on my own.”

Both Vorden and Fex looked at each other from the other sides. It was the first time Quinn was requesting something like this.

He would often ask for their advice in situations like this, so they found it a little strange, did he already have a plan?

“Are you sure?” Vorden asked, still keeping the chopstick he had in his hand close to Cia’s throat.

“I’m sure.” Quinn said, “Honestly, I haven’t given up on Peter yet. I need you two to see if there’s any way of saving him, any gaps in their routine if we can ship him off. I know it’s unlikely, and even if we can’t. At least find out what they plan to do to him, so we can get revenge later on.”

It was the first time they had heard Quinn declare that he had planned to go against the military in the open like this. Saving one’s friend from them was different. He was now clearly saying if he couldn’t save them at one point, he would punish those that did this.

“I like it,” Vorden said with a smile.

“I agree,” Fex said as he let the strings loosen and return to him. Vorden quickly ran over, and the other two had left the hotel lobby as well.

Quinn quickly looked at Layla and just gave a slight nod, indicating her to go off and follow the boys, before leaving she whispered something into Quinn’s ear.

Cia started to look around the room to see if there was any way out. The hotel lobby was quite large, and the area they were in was near the elevators around the corner from the reception. It was a good twenty meters before they could be in sight of anyone.

She then looked up at the top right-hand corner, where a camera was present, but she also knew that was useless as well. There was a specific reason why Cia had chosen to meet Layla here. The camera here has been disabled already, in the security room, it would just show a loop, and also it was far enough from the reception area where no one could hear or see them.

With no choice and the others gone, she felt she could only do one thing. A spirit spear formed in her hand, and she quickly threw it out towards Quinn. Straight after, she tried bolting it towards him, as she wished to run past him and head for the exit or at least the reception area.

Moving to the side avoiding the first spear, Quinn then went ahead to Cia. Another spear was thrown, and this one had hit him directly in the stomach.

“Yes!” She said, knowing full well that Quinn would have been slowed down, but it was useless.

Quinn wasn't even using his full speed; half a second later, he was already directly in front of her, and he quickly threw out his hand, grasping his fingers tightly around her neck.

Even with the debuff he now had far surpassed any regular human's speed.

As she looked into Quinn's eyes, she could see for some reason, there was great anger. When the other two had left, she thought the most troublesome ones had gone. Instead, it looked like the worst one was left behind.

He knew from the conversation earlier, that she was Pure, and before Layla had left, she had told him not to worry about the cameras.

“What is Pure planning to do?” Quinn asked.

“As if...I will..tell you.” She croaked out again. Why was it that she seemed to be getting strangled all the time by these psychos? she thought. However, what she was also surprised at was the fact that Quinn knew about Pure.

'Did Layla tell them everything, how much do they know, when she asked for him to turn her, what did she mean by that? To stay with Quinn does this mean she's chosen to betray us. I must inform agent Five immediately.'

She started to stretch out her fingers to reach into her back pocket. Inside was a communication device; maybe she wouldn't be able to talk out in the open, but if she were just able to turn it on, they would know something was up. No reply was a sign that an agent would be in trouble.

Quinn's eyes started to glow even redder now, as he had activated the influence skill.

"You better hope this works this time. Otherwise, I have no choice but to get rid of you."

Layla looked into Quinn's deep red eyes, and her body was frozen in place; she didn't know why.

'Please work....' Quinn said. "I don't want to kill again."

'Again?' Cia heard now fearing for her life.

The four others had just arrived at screen two. They went ahead and sat down in the seats ready to watch the fighting event. It seemed like there was quite a bit of preparation work to be done, so thankfully, the fights hadn't started yet, and they were busy explaining the rules to the audience.

Now when looking out on the field, ten slightly raised circular cylinders went up from the floor to as high as the first row of audience members. Keeping them eye level, who were watching from their seats. This allowed for nearly the perfect view for those sitting there.

The flat top surface of the cylinder would be the fighting platform for the participants. There were a few ways to lose in the fighting tournament. Your opponent would be knocked off the cylinder platform. One was to be knocked out, or the referee who would also be on the cylinder with them declared one of the students a winner.

When looking out on all the cylinders, Fex could see his dear sister on one of the platforms.

“Of course, she had to be a referee.” He said

My Vampire System Chapter 315: The fighting event begins

Underneath the arena, the contestants were all busy getting ready for the fighting event. The weapons and armour they had hidden until now were all out on full display. Even if one was to see what their opponent was wearing, there was too little time to try to come up with a countermeasure. On top of this, the participants themselves did not know who they were going to go up against.

Students for this event were also able to use whatever equipment they owned. It didn't matter whether one person had higher gear than the other. It was all about individual strength rather than skill. The focus was to show how they would compete out in the real world.

Above, there were ten platforms, allowing for there to be ten fights happening simultaneously at the same time. The fighting event was one of the most important and most significant events so they needed not to have too much going on at the same time. Their goal was to allow the students to display their powers and if all the students were to fight at the same time, it would be impossible to keep track of them all.

Many factions and important members were watching this event, looking for their next recruits. Before going onto the stage, each of their stage names would be announced, allowing them to know who they were watching and something to remember the students by.

All of the students who were in the fighting event were split into groups of ten. This meant on the first day, half of them would be eliminated.

Nate continued to look around and eventually spotted Larry. “Looks like we won't be facing each other in the first round. That's good. Let me see how much you have improved before I fight you myself.” He said.

It wasn't set in stone, but Nate was pretty sure that the groups had indicated who would be going out together. And those in the same group would be facing each other. When he looked over to the group to his right, he could see not only Larry but also the student who had the two guards who had never left his side once, standing at the back.

"I guess it's worth keeping an eye out on you as well," Nate said, still curious why they never left his side.

"We have something important to tell you." The guard whispered into Peter's ear. "Don't even think about surrendering or giving up the fight. If you do, you will be paying a visit straight back to the dungeon, and trust me; I can guarantee you don't want to go back there this time."

Even with the mans' threats, it didn't bother Peter too much.

What he was far more concerned about was what they were planning to do. Were they really going to just let him have a fair fight with one of the students here? It was clear now after spending a whole day with the guards. With Quinn and the others' strength, there was no way for them to save him.

He wasn't stupid.

'Whatever they plan to do, I won't let them have it go their way.' Peter thought, trying to make it as hard as possible.

"Alright, everyone, Group A, please start to make your way to the platform." A soldier ordered, and the first group, which had both, Peter and Larry, started to make their way up to the stage.

Nate started to rub his hands together in excitement; he couldn't wait to see what would happen. Inside the underground arena, they also had several screens, which allowed them to see what was going on above. He would have to observe from there.

The anticipation of finally meeting the Blood evolver was killing him.

They had all entered the field as the crowd heavily cheered for them. The noise was so loud it felt like the whole arena was vibrating slightly. Not everyone was here for recruitment, and it was clear some were here just to enjoy the show that would be put on.

"It looks like Peter will be in the first batch," Logan said watching from the top platform in his seat.

"I wonder what they're thinking?" Vorden asked.

"Rather than worry about what they are thinking, I'm far more concerned with what Peter is thinking. He is a little unpredictable when it comes to situations like these," Logan replied back.

However, Fex was now sweating heavily. He crossed his arms and nervously tapped his foot away, staring at the screen. He was far more concerned about a bigger problem. Not being able to take it anymore, he had left his seat and walked over to the edge to look down at the arena.

Seeing Peter on the screen had made him worry even more.

"Oh, no!..." Fex thought. The second he looked at his sister, he could tell from the expression on her face. She had discovered Peter.

As soon as Peter had entered the arena and started to walk over to the platforms, in an instant, she could smell that there was someone different among them. Then when they further split up, she finally had spotted who and where the smell was coming from.

'I was meant to be the only one stationed at a military base; there were meant to be no others, not only that... It's a subclass. Don't tell me..' A worrying thought started to go through her head. It was clear that the subclass vampire was illegal. She would have been informed before coming otherwise. There were no doubts about it; the problem was who had created it.

Was it her brother? If so, there might no longer be any way for her to save him anymore. After breaking so many rules, he would not get off with a light punishment. Unable to do anything in the middle of the tournament, for now, all she could do was keep an eye on the illegal, while continuing to judge her own fight, since it looked like she wouldn't be judging the battle with the illegal.

Underneath the large, stone cylinders, two students stood either side. The pillars were spread evenly throughout the arena allowing the audience to see a fight no matter where they were, but they also had screens that would display the other matches in case they were interested, and if some fights ended quicker than others.

In the crowd, every so often, there were soldiers stationed, and this included General Duke. The audience didn't think it was so strange since it was the fighting tournament, but the reason for the high level of security was something else.

"Is everyone ready? During the fight with the student known as Peter, everyone is to keep an eye. They could come out at any second." Duke ordered into his communicator.

The soldiers were there in case of an attack from Pure. In fact, there were even more soldiers than the audience knew of. For several members of the crowd were also disguised. Not knowing the importance of the member they had in question, they were also unclear how much effort they would make to rescue him.

There was also the possibility that they weren't even going to rescue him at all. The four leaders and Supreme Commander were here, any rescue attempt would require their full power, and in all the years before, there had never been an attack on the event.

However, there was one thing they were sure about, and that was the fact that they would be watching. Jack, sitting in his booth, was excited. He didn't really expect anyone from Pure to come. That's why he wanted to put Peter up for the fight in the first place. So they could brutally see one of their own being beaten to death.

By each of the pillars, there was an additional soldier down below. Their job was to catch anyone who would fall off the stage. As the first stage names were announced, the soldier below stomped his foot hard on the ground, and a smaller pillar raised the student onto the fighting platform.

This was readily done as each of the students' names was being called. A cheer followed with each name until, eventually, they had reached the last platform, platform ten.

The soldier stomped his foot, raising Larry steel, to the stage.

"And on stage ten, introducing Octopuncher."

Looking at the screen from underground, Nate was slightly confused by the name choice. "So you're not going to reveal your Blood Evolver in front of everyone, huh, but what kind of lame name is that?"

The man then stomped his foot again, and a pillar rose from underneath Peter, allowing him to step onto the platform.

“And next, we have his opponent, ZombieP.”

When this name was called, there wasn't much of a reaction from the crowd in the arena. However, the students above and below underground were stunned and Nate couldn't keep his jaw closed.

My Vampire System Chapter 316: ZombieP vs Blood Evolver

As Peter's name was revealed to the audience, there seemed to be a strange reaction between a few people, and others started to notice this shift. The VR game that Peter played Power fighters was very popular, and the user ZombieP had become a hot topic amongst players. However, there were a few important things to note.

Not everyone who played the game visited the forums; only those that truly enjoyed the game like Nate and Sam were a part of this group. Second of all, the servers that Peter played on were the military servers, meaning the only people who knew about Peter were the military students themselves.

Still, the strange reaction caused by the students above started to spread like fire. When one or two would start to talk and murmur others beside them would ask what was so interesting.

“Is he really ZombieP?” A student asked.

“Maybe he's just a fan?”

“Can someone explain to me who ZombieP is?”

“Ah! You don't know; he's quite well known in the VR game Power fighters”.

The students were busy sharing information and videos of ZombieP's performance in the game, and soon nearly every student now knew about ZombieP. However, those who were in Del's class were confused as the video clearly showed the person in the video had a regenerative ability, while the Peter they knew was an earth user.

Those that knew Peter couldn't believe the connection. It just didn't make any sense.

Although Peter's information was being spread between the students, the same couldn't be said for the people in the arena. They had come from outside of the military, and even though the game was popular on the outside, they didn't have access to the military servers and knew nothing of the name.

This was the same for Jack and the others in the booth as well. While they all had their eyes spread, watching all the participants fighting, Jack was mainly focused and excited for the beatdown that Peter was about to receive.

"Wait, your friends with ZombieP?" Sam asked, shocked by what he had just found out. The others had told him, they were mainly watching the fighting tournament because of Peter but didn't explain much else. Unknown to them that this type of reaction was going to happen. The fact that everyone was talking about Peter came as a surprise even to them.

"Wait, can somebody please explain to me, what is the big deal about Peter being called ZombieP?" Layla asked.

"I guess I should explain this one since it's partly my fault," Logan said. "One day, when I was busy doing my usual tinkering away at my workbench, Peter had decided to play the game. unbeknownst to me, he was causing quite a stir in the online world and had become infamous because of his powerful regenerative abilities."

Logan was unable to go into further detail due to Sam being there, but there was quite a difference between Peter's ability in the game and the one out there.

The game had managed to copy Peter's unique body structure. Rather than ability, it determined his body was what was causing the extraordinary healing. This was why it allowed him to use his abilities in the game the same way Quinn could use his as well. But just how Quinn was able to use his blood

abilities with no drawback, Peter could use his regenerative abilities as well, making him nearly invincible in the game.

In real life, this wasn't the case. Peter did have extraordinary healing abilities, but if he was pushed to the edge, he would no longer heal until he was fed.

'Let's just hope Truedream isn't planning something stupid.'

Nate nearly exploded into excitement after hearing the user's name; now he thought he understood why they were heavily guarding him. Noticing his watch's level showing a one, there must have been something different about this person.

Perhaps they didn't want the secret to being revealed; either way, Nate was beyond excited.

He was going to watch a match between two infamous people from the game—the Blood Evolver VS ZombieP.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the match will now begin!" The buzzer had sounded, and the fight had now started on the ten platforms.

There was quite a mix to the sound of the buzzers going off. Some students charged in immediately, causing fireworks and sparks to fly as they battle. While others patiently circled the ring, waiting for the right chance to attack. Most of the attention was focused on the flashier matches and didn't pay attention to much else.

Silver, who was one of the referees of another match, had her mind focused somewhere else.

'I need to get this match over and done with as soon as possible.'

The two students she was watching were both female, and the two of them continued to circle each other, waiting for one of them to attack.

'Come on...' Silver thought.

At last, one of the female students swirled her hands around and blasted a hydro pump full of water. A strong stream of water came out from the palm of her hand and was heading straight for the other student. The distance was great between the two, and the other contestant was not worried about an attack like this; she would easily be able to avoid.

But then, she noticed Silver walking around the edge of the ring; this was fine, as a ref, one needed to reposition themselves to stop the fight at any moment, just like a boxing match. For a second, though, the two of their eyes met. The stress was now heading towards her.

'Huh, what's this, I can't move' The student was shocked, she screamed at her body to jump out of the way, but it just wasn't listening to her for some reason.

'Am I that nervous?' She thought, but it was now too late. The powerful stream of water had hit her right in the chest, causing her to be lifted off her feet and sent her flying through the air. She was now off the platform and was falling down below, but soon she felt her back hit against a solid ground.

"Ah, I'm alive." She said, feeling her heart beating rapidly. When she stood up, she noticed she was on a makeshift pillar that was slowly descending back into the ground. The earth soldier below had raised a new platform as soon as he saw her fall off the platform.

"We have our first winner!" The announcer said.

The female student was upset and was still confused about what had happened, but she was only a first-year student and put it down to the fact she must have been more nervous than she thought.

'Finally, now, I can focus.' Silver said. During the fight, when the student's eyes had met with hers, she had activated her Daze power, freezing her for a moment. Her goal was to end the fight as quickly as possible, and it seemed to work. Now she could freely watch the illegals' battle.

"Hmm, that was a little strange," Owen said, sitting inside the booths till playing with his long hair.

“Did you notice something?” Oscar, the supreme commander, asked.

“You didn’t? It must have been my imagination then.” He replied.

“It’s quite hard to focus on one fight in particular when so many are going on.” Mona Bree said.

Many of them had already chosen to form the initial inspection, which they wanted to watch. From a glance at equipment, it was usually easy to tell which students were stronger. Good equipment indicated they were strong enough to slay that beast in the first place. However, this wasn’t always the case, as some received more support from their family members than others.

On the other hand, Owen was only interested in one person, and that was Silver, and this was the reason he had paid attention to their fight.

While Jack had his pure attention focused on one fight, and it looked like something interesting was going on, on that particular platform.

When the fight had started, Larry immediately had gotten into a fighting stance. He had his gauntlets and full beast gear on. Everything seemed to be at the intermediate level, and looking at him reminded him a little bit of Quinn. Although as soon as he got in a wide fighting stance that changed, as Quinn usually fought more freely, adapting as he went along.

Larry waited and waited for Peter to do something until eventually, Peter raised his hand in the air.

“I forfeit from the match.” He said. Peter didn’t care about this match, and fighting meant there was a chance revealing himself and Quinn. Originally, he wanted to fight but thought this was for the best, even if he was to die.

The words had been spoken loud and clear, and Peter even raised his hand to signal this to the Ref. Even so, the Ref stood there in silence; it was as if he had never even heard the words in the first place.

“I said, I forfeit!” Peter shouted.

There were no mics on the students, and the platforms, along with the noise from the crowd, was far too loud and far for anybody to hear.

Seeing this, Jack started to giggle inwardly to himself.

'You think you can just give up, no... no matter what you do; you can't run away from this fight. The whole audience and that disgusting organization of yours are going to see you be beaten till you can no longer move in front of everyone.'

My Vampire System Chapter 317: Octopuncher....six

The other matches seemed to be ending faster than expected as the participants continued to be announced as winners. This was half expected from the first group, as they were all composed of first-year students. The event was set up this way, so the stronger first-year students would proceed and have a better chance of fighting against the second-year students in the later rounds.

Between the first-year students, there was quite an immense power and skill gap. This gap would mostly be the case on the first day as the weaker students were thinned out.

This way, the fights that were to be shown later on through the week wouldn't be so quick to end. The fighting event seemed to be drawing to a close, as there were only three platforms with fights still going on, with one of these being Peter's.

'So this is your grand plan, a setup?' Peter thought. The tournament had to be rigged from the beginning. The judge not replying was an indicator he was working for Jack, and his job was to make it so Peter was unable to surrender or forfeit no matter what.

'Is the student working for Jack as well?'

It was now hard for Peter to tell who was working for Jack and who wasn't. If he was able to set it up so, all of these things fell in place. There was a good chance the student, the Ref and the soldier below who was meant to catch him, were in on the whole plan as well.

'There is another way?' Peter said as he looked at the edge of the arena, but if his suspicions were correct and the man below also worked for Jack, there was no way the man would try to catch him. From this height, his leg's would shatter and would have to be regenerated on the spot. Revealing his powers.

If his powers were going to be revealed one way or another, he would have rather done it fighting instead.

Larry was tired of waiting and finally decided to charge in. As he rushed forward, he made a loud war cry and banged his two gauntlets fists together.

If he could, Peter would have liked to win this fight without showing his regeneration abilities. He needed to be careful and figure out just what his opponent's ability was, especially since he was a level 6 ability user.

Making sure not to stay too close to the edge, Peter decided to also come forward. Larry had beast gear on that was also enhancing his speed, while Peter wore nothing. Still, he managed to match his speed, and the two of them met dead straight in the centre.

A fist was thrown, and Peter moved his head out of the way, avoiding it by a few inches as the strike went past his face. The attack was powerful, and the air around it had caused his hair to move. From Larry's other hand a wide swing was thrown, this time Peter responded by duking underneath it.

"You're friends good at dodging at least," Sam said, from his experience all though those blows looked wild, they still came out at a good speed and with full commitment. It was clear with the first few punches that Larry was not the Blood Evolver. There was no finesse in the punches, just raw power. Still, if the blows connected, it was also clear they would do quite a bit of damage.

Fex continued to watch the fight nervously. If he was right in guessing that Peter was actually created by Quinn and Peter was a Wight, it meant Peter in terms of stats, was just as good as Quinn.

The longer the fight went on, the more chances of Silver finding out, if she didn't know already.

After dodging a few more punches, Peter was still wondering just when Larry was going to use his ability. He didn't want to make the first move until he had uncovered this secret. Another two swings from the side came one after another, but then suddenly, Peter felt something grab him around the waist, and then something else held him tightly around the legs.

When looking down, he could see what had latched onto him. A set of arms had grabbed him by the legs, and another set by his biceps, while the other two were where they should have been in the usual place.

Right now, all the other fights had finished as it took a while before Peter's officially got going. Which meant all screens were on him and everyone could see him being lifted in the air by four arms.

"Haha, this is perfect," Jack said. "What perfect timing for everyone to see what is about to happen."

The others in the room thought Jack was a little too happy watching the students fight. Apart from Oscar, the others never really got on well with Jack in the first place.

Looking down at the arms, Peter remained calm as usual. He no longer feared death, maybe this was because he was already dead. He then started to look at the arms closely and started to count. "1..2..3.4..5..6." Suddenly, Peter began to chuckle to himself.

"What's so funny?" Larry said annoyed, and also a little concerned when he felt like he had his opponent trapped. Most of the beast gear that he had on, had a unique trait to enhance one's strength. This was perfect for Larry, with his ability to grow extra limbs it meant he had more power than an average person in each of his arms.

"I never knew I was fighting with an idiot. Was your name, Octopuncher? Shouldn't you have eight arms and not six?" Peter asked.

For a moment, Larry stood there still, and soon he began to realise his mistake. His cheeks started to turn bright red, and his face felt hot. He didn't have a stage name before coming today, and when they had asked him, he thought of the best thing he could come up with at the time.

“Arghh!” He screamed. “I’ll kill you.”

Continuing to hold Peter in place with his other arms, He pulled back both his fist and punched Peter directly in the ribs. A cracking sound was heard, and it the bones moving, and fracturing could be felt in Larry’s knuckles. Peter’s body reacted to the attack, and the expression on his face changed as the air was punched out of him, but no screams were heard, as no pain was felt.

However, Larry was too angry to even realise this and continued to punch Peter repeatedly. After breaking his ribs, he went on to move his body around and hit his forearms and lifted him up to beat his legs.

The whole audience was able to see the one sided match on the screen.

“This...is not the Blood Evolver,” Nate said disappointed as he clicked his tongue and looked away from the screen. The man he was watching was nothing more than a wild beast.

The others continued to watch and were wondering why the referee hadn’t stopped the match yet. They could see him standing there clearly watching such a one sided fight, but did nothing to interfere.

Some of the other referees had decided to stop fights before it had even gotten to this stage. In the end, it was up to the Ref in the ring to determine when to stop the fight. They had information the others didn’t know such as, student abilities, just in case it was all part of the plan.

“Don’t you think the match should be stopped soon?” Layla asked.

“If you were to ask me, I think that Ref is a little dirty,” Vorden replied.

Finally, the punching rampage had stopped, and he allowed Peter to fall to the ground, retracting his arms back into his body. When Peter fell, the bones in his shins were now shattered. There was no attempt to lift himself as he couldn’t even stand up. He just laid there having fallen to the ground.

At this point, Larry was already walking away.

"This match is over," Larry said to the Ref.

Although many in the arena thought the match was over, including the ones in the booth. The opinions of many of the students were different, including Sam.

"Well...If he's the real ZombieP. Then the match has only just begun." Said Sam.

It had only been a short time, less than a minute had passed, and Peter's legs had already healed. He stood up from the floor slowly as his arms and ribs were still under repair. His body was twisting and turning in positions impossible if ones bones weren't broken. And everything slowly started coming back into place. Finally, Peter was once again back to his usual self.

"Well, it turns out one person didn't disappoint me." Said Nate. "You really are the real ZombieP."

Peter moved his neck side to side, making sure everything worked as normal.

"Well, now my ability was revealed to everyone anyway," Peter said.

If Peter was to allow himself to take another beating like that, then after regenerating once more, there was a high chance he would need to eat human flesh again. Although they knew this secret of his, they didn't know the whole part, and the eating flesh was a bigger problem then the first one.

Now his secret was out he had no choice, he needed to fight back to not give out any other information up to them.

"I like it better this way." He said with a smile.

My Vampire System Chapter 318: Forget everything

Everyone in the arena now thought they understood why the Ref hadn't stepped in. It must have been due to the knowledge he had known beforehand. The Ref must have known that the student had a powerful regeneration ability. But the truth of the matter was, that the Ref was just as shocked as everyone else.

He had been informed beforehand that the student had a transformation ability. The audience members were too far away and the screen never focused long enough for them to tell what level Peter's wristwatch had shown. They all just knew he must have had a powerful regeneration ability and now it made sense why they had allowed him to fight in the tournament.

However, the participants knew differently, having seen not only his level but the number of guards that were always around him.

"Is he some type of mutant?" They thought.

Now as for Jack, who was sitting in the booth, he wasn't upset by this sudden change and surprise. Instead he was excited but at the same time concerned, for he was thinking along the same lines as the students.

He had gotten so excited, he stood up from his seat. 'This has to be the doing of Pure!' He thought. 'Duke had already confirmed he had a transformation ability, and before that there had been reports of him having an earth ability. Have Pure finally managed to create a monster?'

For years organisations, and different research institutes had dabbled in the possibility of allowing a student to have more than one ability. Due to the human cell's structure, it seemed impossible, but they progressed onward. To Jack, it seemed like Pure must have been able to finally succeed in creating a body that was able to have more than one ability.

'He might be even more important to them than I first thought.' Knowing this new piece of information, Jack was determined to continue his plan of luring out Pure. He was unsure whether or not they had made more people like Peter, but even if they hadn't, they would hate the idea of the military getting their hands on something they themselves had yet to discover.

'You hypocritical bastards.' He thought as he sat back down in his seat.

The crowd continued to cheer away and now the students were keeping a closer eye on the match than before.

“Did I miss much?” A voice from behind Layla said.

“Quinn?” She replied.

It looked like Quinn had returned and was in one piece, which meant he must have dealt with the problem. Layla gulped when she thought of the possibilities of getting rid of that problem.

“So what happened, is Cia...” She couldn’t finish her sentence for fear of the answer she would hear back.

“She’s alive, but it’s complicated.” He replied.

Pulling off Layla to one side, he decided it was best to explain the full details of what had happened as soon as possible, especially since this involved her.

Back at the hotel lobby place, around the corner where the elevators were located, Quinn was alone with Cia.

When Quinn had activated his influence skill, her eyes had hollowed out and it looked like his skill had worked. Before it looked like it had nearly worked and now with his charm points increased, it seemed to just be enough to push her over the edge.

Not wanting to waste this golden opportunity, Quinn decided it would be best to ask her some simple questions. He had tried asking her what Pure we’re planning to do at the event. However, he quickly realized that for some reason, any question that was about Pure would be answered with nothing.

It was almost scary even to him. Every time he would ask them a question, she would try and search her pocket as if by automatic response. Usually, when one was under influence they would be unable to control anything.

There were two things that Quinn could think of as to how this was possible. Either his influence skill was barely working on her and she was still fighting back. Or there was some even stronger type of mind control going on at Pure, behind the scenes.

Seeing that she repeatedly tried to reach into her pockets, Quinn decided to reach in and grab whatever she was trying to get. Inside one of the pockets, he had discovered a white pill. What its use was for he did not know. Inside the back pocket, there seemed to be a small little white remote.

Afraid it might have been a recorder, or something else, Quinn had crushed it to pieces on the spot. It would have been nice to give it to Logan but he couldn't take any chances, and Layla had also informed him of Cia having something like this beforehand.

If he was to find such a thing he was told to destroy it on the spot.

Since Quinn was unable to answer any questions, he feared that perhaps the next part wouldn't have worked either.

This was the tricky part, how much did Cia know?

Being an agent of Pure she always had kept an eye on Layla and had been with her from the beginning. If he was only to remove the events from today and the orange portal expedition, there was a chance that Pure would be able to fit multiple pieces of the puzzle together.

He couldn't risk it, there was only one thing he could do.

"Erase everything." He only said two words unsure of what it might have done. He had asked the system beforehand, and he said, she would be able to live and talk so it should be okay, but whether or not she could live a normal life again, he did not know.

Removing this much information was considered dangerous.

After giving the command, her eyes whitened even further and then the reflection of red was seen. This was the sign that his command had worked.

Not wanting to be there when she came too, Quinn decided to quickly head back out to the others. He turned to look back at her one time, before deciding to head off again.

A short time had passed, and Cia who was on the floor had come to. She lifted herself off the floor with a banging pain in her head. She placed her hand making sure she wasn't injured and started looking around at her surroundings.

"What is this place?" She asked. Then something had hit her even worse. "Who am I..What's my name?" Cia couldn't remember anything. Not her birth date, not how old she was, or even the fact she was attending military school. The only thing she could remember was how to speak, and her normal bodily functions.

Realising this, a natural reaction had occurred, as she broke down in tears and screamed out.

After hearing everything Quinn had to say, for some reason she felt bad for Cia. She hated Pure but not Cia herself. Still, she knew it had to be done. Getting rid of her memories would be better than death. At least that's what she thought.

"So do you know what this pill is?" Quinn asked as he handed it over.

"All agents carry one with them. It's poison..." Layla explained. "If we were ever caught and in a situation where we think we might be exposed, we're meant to take it instantly."

"That's kind of messed up." Quinn let slip forgetting for a second, that Layla was a part of this messed up organization. "Anyway, do you know what they're planning or what will happen now?"

Layla shook her head in response. "I have no clue, my rank in the organisation was never high enough, and it seems like they opted to tell me nothing now. My guess is as good as yours."

With everything explained, Layla and Quinn decided to return to the rest of the group.

They quickly updated Quinn on the events of the fight so far and he only had one thing he could say in response.

“It looks like there’s nothing we can do right now apart from one thing.” Quinn walked up to the ledge and looked down at the fighting platforms below. He lifted both his hands by his mouth and made a cone shape.

Taking in a large deep breath as loud as he could, he shouted at the top of his lungs. “Kick his arse until he can no longer walk!”

It was a long-distance and even though his voice was projected very loud the audience were unable to hear him. But that wasn’t important, Quinn only needed one person to hear his words.

Walking towards Larry slowly, Peter raised his hand and gave a thumbs up in the direction of Quinn.

‘Now I even have permission.’

My Vampire System Chapter 319: Single Punch

After watching the fast-paced regeneration of the student, Silver pretty much confirmed her suspicions. The student that was known as Peter was a Wight. There weren’t many things out there with such a fast healing speed. The only other thing that had a similar healing speed was wendigos but it was clear that Peter had kept most of his human appearance, so it ruled that possibility out.

Now that there weren’t as many fights going on, she could also concentrate and found that there was no heartbeat. All these things led to the conclusion that he was a Wight.

‘This could be a little troublesome or fairly easy to deal with.’ If the Wight was created by Fex, then it would be impossible for her or him to kill it and she would have to find some other way to get rid of it. There was no way she could leave now knowing what was out and about, without a ladder they could quickly go out of control.

If it wasn't created by Fex, then that could be even worse.

If possible, she would have liked Fex to deal with the situation as he was able to move about more freely within the students than she could, but if it was created by someone else, and the Vampire turned out to be quite powerful, it might be too much for him to handle and she would in the end personally have to deal with it.

Whatever the case was, she would keep a close eye observing the Wight's strength.

There was no longer any need for Peter to hold back. The military already thought he was strange after finding out he had several abilities, the worst thing that could happen was he would need to feed again, and that was the worst outcome.

Knowing this and having the element of surprise, Peter continued to walk forward slowly. For some reason, Larry didn't know why, but he felt an immense amount of pressure.

It wasn't the fact that Peter was giving out such a feeling, it was because someone who he was sure he had already defeated was now walking perfectly fine. This type of situation messed with one's head, and it didn't quite make sense to Larry.

"I beat you up once, I can just do it again!" Larry shouted as he tried to psyche himself up to go in for the attack.

Shouting out a war cry once again, this time, the four hands had come out of his back before charging in. The boots on his feet slightly went a bronze colour as he activated the equipment allowing him to move slightly faster.

Then planning to do the same thing as last time, the gauntlets were activated as well.

'I'm not taking any chance, I'm taking you down in one blow.'

Surprisingly, Larry was moving a lot faster than Peter had suspected, but it still wasn't fast enough. Knowing full well he needed to avoid the attacks, at the right time as Larry went for the grab, Peter

jumped back allowing himself to be just out of reach from the grab. With a dash, Peter tried to go around the side, but Larry wasn't going to let him get behind him.

One hand retracted from his left side, and popped out of the right side, swinging his fist out at the same time, Peter seeing this threw a fist of his own, but he wasn't holding back.

'You idiot, maybe you can heal, but you can't match my power!' Larry thought.

The two fists collided and to his surprise, their strength was currently equal. One fist didn't push back the other, but the power was so strong that the bones in both of their fists were completely shattered.

"Ahh!" Larry winced in pain and slightly flinched, while Peter hadn't stopped moving. The pain had no effect, and by the time he was around the back of Larry, his fist had already finished healing.

"He's so fast, are you sure he doesn't have the ability of speed as well, how can someone move that quick?" Sam thought, watching from above.

Fex looked over at Quinn and thought back to when he had fought against the King tier beast. 'That's his speed, and with the boots, Quinn was even faster than that. If people saw Quinn fight in this event, just what would the reaction be to him.'

"This boy is good," Owen said. "Ignoring the things he's displaying, for now, he knows how to use his unique traits to his advantage.'

At this point, Jack was grinding his teeth backwards and forwards. He never expected Peter to be this skilful. He was happy at first finding out he had the regenerative ability as well as the transformation ability, but this was unexpected. The aim was for him to lose the fight.

Larry spun his body around, hoping to slam his gauntlet fist right into Peter's head. With the added strength of the gauntlets, his power should have overpowered Peter's.

Seeing this, Peter didn't care to dodge but instead lifted his left arm right up to his head, while throwing out a punch of his own.

“In a fight, the best time to throw a punch is when your opponent is throwing a punch of their own. A counterpunch,” Nate said, looking at the screen already knowing the outcome of the fight.

Larry’s fist had hit Peter’s arm and had shattered his forearm, but the blow was blocked. In contrast, Peter’s strike had all his power behind it, as well as the momentum of Larry coming spinning and coming towards him. As Peter’s fist dug into his face, it had twice the power of what a punch from Peter would usually have.

Parts of teeth went flying out from his mouth, and blood started to gush from his nose, as his head was flung back the white in his eyes could be seen, and the loud sound of the heavy body hitting the floor was heard.

The ref rushed to the body on the floor and soon raised his hand.

“The winner, ZombieP!!!”

The single punch, from Peter, was all it took. Larry had been defeated.

Slamming his fist down on his chair, Jack stood up from his seat and stormed off out of the room.

“What’s wrong with him, did he have a bet on the other kid to win?” Mona asked.

“Don’t be silly,” Oscar replied. “You know we don’t allow those types of things. I believe he had been paying close attention to Larry for a while now and was planning to invite him into his family. This might have been quite a shock to him, just leave him be.”

Outside of the booth, Jack continued to walk down the hallway. He was doing his best to try to calm down, Pure hadn’t come out, and he had spent a lot of time preparing everything, and it seemed to be all a waste. Sure he could still get his revenge just by reporting Peter or killing him in secret, but that wasn’t good enough for Jack.

He still remembered the embarrassment he received last time when they had taken both the students right in front of his very eyes. "You think you can make a fool out of me!" He shouted. "We'll see that the fighting event isn't over yet. You think your little experiment is strong, huh, well then. let's see how well it does against a real opponent." Jack started to laugh hysterically down the long corridor when his voice could be heard back at the booth.

"Some people in this world, shouldn't have the power they have," Owen said out loud and clear, making sure everyone had heard what he said in the booth.

"Does that include you?" Burnie asked.

Owen shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows."

The event had come to a finish for the day, and there were several surprises for more than one. The audience was excited to return to see everything tomorrow, and the students who hadn't taken part in anything were restless. When they all returned to the competitors' room, they were eager to go out on the platform for the evening to expend all the energy they had pent up.

Quinn and his group had decided to meet up at one of the coffee stalls. It was a bit late for coffee, but they wanted to discuss the possibilities that might happen to Peter, as well as update everyone about what had happened so far with Cia. They hadn't invited Sam this time, so they could talk freely, but did however plan to meet him tomorrow to watch the rest of the events.

Quinn was the last one to arrive at the coffee shop, and sitting outside was Logan, Layla, and Vorden. As he walked up and took a seat, he noticed one was empty. "Huh, where's Fex."

"He said he wasn't feeling well tonight and would join us a little later," Vorden replied.

The truth was, Fex had a prior appointment tonight. On the very top of Hotel four, if one was to look closely, they still wouldn't be able to see anything, but perhaps if one had a pair of binoculars, they would be able to see two figures. It was windy up at the top, but it was away from the eyes of any type of camera and was in a place that would have been hard to reach for many.

“Let me ask you something, dear brother.” Silver said in a sarcastic tone. “Did you know about the illegal?”

My Vampire System Chapter 320: Kill the illegal

After the fighting event matches had ended, the participants had been taken to the medical office to have their wounds taken care of. Even those who hadn't received anything major injuries still needed to have a quick checkup done to them.

For once, Hayley was pleased that she wasn't one of the only doctors in the whole place, and it seemed like the rest had everything handled. She felt like it was one of the most leisurely days in her life, but perhaps she had said that too soon.

In the middle of checking up all the students, she had been called over to check up on one of the students from their own military base. However, it wasn't one of the students who had taken part in the fighting tournament as she had first thought.

When she entered the hospital-like room and turned around the corner, she was surprised to see a short-haired purple female student.

“We don't know what's wrong with her.” One of the nurses said as they took Haley around the corner. “It seems like she can't remember anything, her name, where she's from, what day it is. She's in a major shock, and we don't really know what to do; that's why we decided to call you over.”

After being updated about the situation from the nurse, Hayley knew this wasn't going to be an easy one. For some reason, it seems stranger events than usual were happening this year.

The female nurse had left the room to leave Hayley alone with the student while she carried on to perform her other duties. As she left the room, she bumped into a man wearing the same type of scrubs as her. It was a male nurse.

“Is everything okay there?” the man asked.

The female nurse then looked around to see if there was anyone else down the hallway before spilling the student's details. The man looked concerned after hearing the information and wished her a speedy recovery.

The man continued to walk down the hallway and placed his hand by his ear.

"This is agent 66. I have an update on the situation."

Inside the Pure metallic base, agent five was busy sitting at her desk in a quite a small spaced room. She continued to twiddle her fingers on the table as she thought about what to do.

She finally stood up from her seat and opened up a digital display with all sorts of photos and numbers on the screen. As she moved her hand slightly above the pictures and words, they would move with it.

"Agent 100 is no longer answering her communicator; according to agent 66, she did as asked and dropped out of the first round tournament, but due to the events surrounding agent 72, we no longer know if the information was received or not. The question is, why is agent 100 no longer answering her communicator?"

She then shifted her hand and brought up agent 72's information. Beside it, there was a photo of Cia.

"With her memories being completely wiped, agent 72 is as good as dead to us. We have no clue whether they were able to get anything out of her or not. Perhaps it might not be the best idea to go ahead with the attack after all."

It was a tough decision, and it all was up to agent five to make.

She closed down the holographic display and went back into her seat.

“I’ve decided, this operation is too risky, we will no longer plan to attack the event.”

A decision had been made.

On the rooftop of hotel four, the two figures were the only thing standing there. The wind continued to blow up an intense high in the sky.

“Illegal? Who’s done something illegal? this is the first time I’ve heard of such a thing,” Fex replied nervously. He couldn’t even look directly at his Sister, and continued to peer out of the corner of his eye to see what type of face she was making. When finally their two eyes met.

He regretted it instantly as it was one that looked like a demon.

“No more games, Fex, This has become a serious matter now.” Silver replied.

This was it, he couldn’t hide this from his Sister, and he had already expected a result such as this one to happen. Knowing fully well what was going to happen, he had already decided what he would do. He was never going to give up his blood brother Quinn. He saved his life, and in return, he would save his.

“Did you create that thing?” She asked.

“No.” Fex replied in a composed voice this time, to show this was no laughing matter. “When I arrived, he had discovered the illegal, at first I thought one of the thirteen families had created it, but after realizing it was a Wight, I realized its master must have been close. I kept a close eye on who that could be and finally found out.”

This piece of information needed to be revealed to her. The Important part of Fex’s plan was he needed Silver to stop looking. Sooner or later, she would have gone looking and found Quinn by his smell.

“Oh. Since when did Fex become a little detective?” Sliver replied. “The law states we can kill illegals on the spot. If we know the creator is in the school, then let’s finish off the illegal and return with the Vampire.”

An expected response. His Sister was quite predictable because she always followed the rules and tried to deal with things the quickest way without getting others involved. This little piece of insider information was the only thing he could rely on.

Suddenly Fex went down on one knee and placed one of his hands towards the ground. He made sure to keep his head facing the floor to show the appropriate respect. This was something that Vampire only did to leaders, or lower ranks did to higher ranks. Although Silver was technically a higher rank than Fex, due to their positions within the family, he had never done this to her before, and it all came as a surprise.

“Please, Silver, let me deal with the illegal, and I promise I will bring the Vampire back to you tonight. You know I wanted to stay on earth as long as possible; the truth was I knew the family would send someone after me sooner or later. After I found an illegal here, I have been making notes and tracking the Vampire and them down. I thought when they would take me back if I also handed them in, there was a chance my punishment could be made lighter. I could use it as an excuse as to why I stayed here so long. Please give me till the end of tomorrow, and I will bring them both to you.”

A part of what Fex had said was the truth. He really had planned this. He just never thought his Sister would be the one to get him. If he returned with the Shadow Vampire user, then his punishment would have been light.

Silver thought about this for a while. Fex had broken a severe rule but not enough to be put into internal slumber, but there was a chance he could be put into temporary sleep for hundreds of years. She would hate to be apart from her brother for so long. If Fex caught these criminals, then there was a chance the punishment could be lightened.

“Alright... I agree with your request but two things.” She said. “One, not tomorrow, you need to do everything tonight.”

“Tonight... but that’s too soon... there’re guards and everything protecting the...” Fex said worriedly.

“If you can’t do it tonight, then I will do it myself tomorrow. This will be a test for you and the second thing. The Vampire must be brought to me, but the Wight must be eliminated.”

He knew this was the best he was going to get, and in a way, it was a better result than he had expected.

“Fine, I shall bring the vampire to you...and kill the Wight.” Fex answered. The two of them quickly vanished, and now there was no longer anything on the roof. It was as if nothing was ever there.