

My Vampire 321

My Vampire System Chapter 321: I'm in love

Walking along the top platform slowly, Was Fex. His usual neatly swept-back black hair was now a complete mess. The stress of everything was getting to him and he felt like pulling his hair out.

More than felt like it. There were times while walking where he had literally pulled out small parts of his hair from his head. Nothing noticeable but he didn't even realise he had been doing it.

He needed everything to go perfectly and still felt relieved that his sister had actually agreed into letting him do everything on his own. The only problem was he had a time limit. He needed to finish everything by tonight. To pull everything off that he had planned, he needed some help. He couldn't do this alone.

Eventually, Fex had arrived at the small little coffee shop where the others were sitting outside. It was an hour later than they had planned, but it was still only seven PM, plenty of time for the rest of the evening. Sunrise was the time limit.

"Hey, is everything okay with you?" Quinn asked, seeing the mess that Fex's hair was in. He had been acting strange all day and now his appearance on top of this. Something must have been wrong, and now with the event over, he could ask.

With an awkward smile, Fex approached Quinn and started to whisper in his ear.

"Do you mind if just me and you can talk in private for a second, I have something important I want to talk to you about?" Fex whispered.

Hearing this, Quinn's heart started to beat, and slight butterflies were felt in his stomach. If it was something that Fex only wanted him to hear about, then it had to be something to do with vampire business.

The two boys left the group at the table and walked off slightly to the side. There was no one around them to listen in on their conversation, and they could now talk freely.

“So, what is it?” Quinn asked. “Did something happen?”

Fex went to fix his hair up and had a nervous look on his face. He never was a good liar, and today he had to put the performance of his life on. The only problem was he had to do it more than once.

“Quinn, you’re going to hate me for this.” Fex placed his hand on top of Quinn’s shoulder and looked to the floor before lifting his head and looking Quinn in the eye.

‘This is it, have the vampires come to get Fex. Do the military know about me, what is it?’ Quinn thought nervously. His palms were now sweating, and he just wanted Fex to blurt it out as the tension was killing him.

“I’m in love with Layla..”

“What!” Quinn shouted out so loud that the others at the table could hear. It was something he had never expected, out of all the possibilities.

“Layla, I mean.. I mean..” Quinn started to stutter his words. He was so surprised. “I thought you had a thing for Erin?” Quinn said.

“Erin..No that was different, she was a skilful one like a diamond, but there were no feelings.” He replied as he grasped his hands and pulled in towards his heart. He was trying to make it seem as if this was a painful conversation for him to have.

“With Layla, it’s true love. I know you two are quite close and I didn’t know whether you liked her either but the thing is, I don’t know how much longer I can stay here, and before I go I want her to at least know my feelings.” Fex then turned around so Quinn couldn’t see his face. He wanted to make this as dramatic as possible for him.

There was always the chance that Quinn might have been able to see through this type of act.

"I know nothing can ever happen between her you see and me, but I want her to at least know, and I wanted you to know before I asked her, because you're my blood brother right?"

Suddenly, everything was starting to make sense to Quinn. No wonder he had been acting so strangely for the whole day. A confession was always a big deal. With Layla, Quinn didn't really feel like he had any special feelings for her. He did feel protective of her, but didn't know whether or not it was beyond a friendship.

Even if he did like her, Fex was so passionate right now. He could never deny him this chance.

But what he did know was Fex was right. The two of them really were blood brothers.

"Go ahead," Quinn said. "Make sure you tell her exactly how you feel."

After hearing those words, Fex's eyes lit up as he turned back around.

"That's great." He said as he started to push Quinn in the direction of the hotel. "Just head home, and I'll get the others to do the same, I plan to do it as soon as possible."

"You mean now?"

"Yes now, just go," he said as he gave another small shove.

With that, Quinn walked back to the hotel room with a little smile on his face. It would be nice if two of his friends became an item. But it was a shame if Fex did have to go back.

'Good luck, brother.' Quinn thought as he returned to his hotel room.

Seeing Quinn walk off and away like that, the others who were at the coffee table were wondering just what was going on. The two of them seemed to be so dramatic about something and were a little worried that Quinn had disappeared off somewhere.

Still, that quickly changed when they saw Fex walking towards them. He didn't have a face of joy or laughter like he did when talking to Quinn. This was the face of business. With his two hands, he swept back his hair and sat down in one of the seats that was placed around the table and the aura that was coming off him was suffocating them.

It quickly reminded them that Fex was not a human, nor was he a human that had been turned into a vampire, but he was a true vampire.

"Now that Quinn is gone, I have something important to say to you all. I usually joke around, but this time I'm serious. You may have many questions, but I urge you all to listen and hear me out to the end." Fex paused for a moment to see if anyone of them wanted to say something there and then, but they all understood it was an important matter and knew to listen in carefully.

"Good, The vampires have discovered me, and they know about Peter. They don't know about Quinn yet, but it's only a matter of time. I want to first say this is my fault. They only came because of me, but after finding out about Peter, they can't let him live.

"To explain quickly, he is something called an illegal. Vampires do not have permission to create others without notifying their leader. Since Quinn created Peter without a leader's permission, Peter is considered an illegal. Usually, when we discover an illegal, they are executed on the spot, as for the one who created him. They are taken back to the vampire council to be judged for their crime.

"Now, I Have no intention of turning Quinn into them. Ever since I got here, he has done so much for me. But they won't leave until I give them the Vampire that turned Quinn. With that, I have a plan. Luckily Peter knows the transformation skill, if we give him disguised as Quinn that should be able to satisfy them. I will report back saying I have killed the illegal while also giving them a fake Quinn.

"Here is where I need your help. There are a few problems with this. Everything needs to be done today. I have told them I would deal with everything. I will be going to break out Peter and for that, I think Logan you will be the best to help me. The second thing might be an even bigger problem.

"I'm sure we all know if I told Quinn of this plan, he would never agree to sacrifice Peter for himself.

“Even when I spoke to him earlier, he still thinks there is a way to save Peter. The truth is, this might be the only way to save him. The humans will experiment on him to no end, but the vampires will at least give him a quick death. Giving Peter to them is not enough to fool them.

“We can smell our own kind, and Peter himself is not a vampire but a sub class of a vampire. If I handed Peter over, they would be able to tell he was a fake in an instant.”

Out from his pocket, Fex placed the flask on the table and put it in front of Vorden.

“During my time here, I have come to the conclusion that Vorden, you are the closest to Quinn. Whatever it takes you must fill up that flask with his own blood, but it’s important he does not find out about this. I have a suggestion which I think only you could do, and that’s to knock Quinn and force the blood from him. He is a curious one, if you try to come up with an excuse thier is a good chance he will follow you, and it will ruin the whole plan.

“By the time Quinn wakes up, we will have already been gone.”

Fex had finished detailing out everything to the others, and they couldn’t quite believe it. Both Logan and Vorden had suspected something like this would happen one day; they just didn’t expect it to happen in the middle of an event like this. The other thing was they didn’t even have time to prepare, they would have to act immediately.

Vorden picked up the flask and placed it in his back pocket.

“We have no choice, we have to do this,” Vorden said. “But I have one question. Surely, sooner or later, they will find out that Peter is not the person they are looking for. What happens then? Will they come to look for Quinn again and what will happen to you once they found out you tricked them?”

The serious face on Fex had changed to quite a sad-looking one after hearing this question. It was almost as if he had prepared himself for something. “The vampires are careful ones. It will be a while before they send someone after Quinn. At least this will give him more time. Quinn is special even though I know that, he gets stronger by the day. As for your second question, that is not for you to worry about and for me to deal with.”

With everything said and done and with no time to waist, the group split up and proceeded with the plan.

My Vampire System Chapter 322: Finding power

In the middle of Fex's explanation, after hearing and learning that the matter had something to do with Quinn, a particular person had found out that he could be in trouble. In the dark backroom of Vorden's mind, Sil had stood up and was interested in what they had to say.

Most things seemed uninteresting to him, and with nothing happening so far that relied on Vorden using him, he had remained quiet.

He listened carefully while standing by Vorden on his left side and Raten was thier on his right. The explanation had just finished as Fex asked Vorden to gather Quinn's blood.

"Well...of course, we're not going to agree to that right?" Raten asked. "Hey, I know I'm crazy, and I'll fight anything, but do you remember what happened last time? He turned into that bald-headed monster. Sorry, but I'm not fighting in this one."

"Raten, didn't you just say you would fight anything?" Vorden replied back, annoyed.

"Sorry... I refuse to fight anything that's that ugly with no plus side. At least when fighting a beast we get a crystal out of it. A human, well that's just fun, but that."

After hearing what Raten had to say, Vorden was concerned and was hesitant whether or not to agree to the plan. Quinn was definitely strong. If it was the Quinn from a few months back, then maybe without Raten's help and a strong ability, he would be able to knock Quinn out and gather some blood.

Right now, he would need at least two strong abilities to increase his chances. It wasn't just a question of winning such a fight, but being strong enough to overpower Quinn to the point where he could win without having to badly hurt him.

He could always try to find an excuse to ask about the blood, but he couldn't think of anything right now and needed a backup plan in case that didn't work.

It looked like Fex's suggestion of beating and knocking him out was the best one. The question was whether he could do it without Raten's help.

"Say, we'll do it,  Sil said all of a sudden.

This response came as a surprise to Vorden. The whole reason they had gotten close with Quinn in the first place was due to the way Sil saw Quinn.

"If we don't do this, the bad people will take Quinn away, right?" Sil asked.

It seemed like he had understood more than he thought. Vorden felt bad for underestimating Sil. Maybe he was slowly getting better. His mind returning to what it once was.

"Yes, you're right. If we do this, then the bad people won't take Quinn away."

With Sil agreeing to help and fight Quinn just in case, they decided to take the job and get the flask.

Vorden asked Layla to head back to her hotel room and prepare whatever she thought might help. In her room, there were still a few items she had from Pure that should be able to help block out the cameras around the place. The truth was, Vorden just wanted Layla to leave him alone while he made some preparations of his own. He didn't actually expect her to have some useful things.

If there was the chance he was going to fight Quinn, then he needed the strongest powers he could find, and he knew just the place to get them.

Inside her hotel room, Layla went under her bed and pulled out what looked like a small metal box. On the front was a keypad where she proceeded to input the code in her mind. Soon, the small metal box was opened, revealing the black ball that was usually in there.

This time though, the black ball looked a little different than before, as a blue flashing light was blinking on the front. This indicated that there had been a message left on it. Placing the blinking black ball on her bed, she chose to ignore it.

'No, I am no longer a part of Pure or that life.' With her palm faced towards the ball, she started to concentrate. Slowly, components of the black ball were being pulled out piece by piece. They were gradually lifted away from the black ball and eventually, the ball stopped blinking.

Inside the box, there were still a few more things inside. She quickly grabbed them and placed it in the pouch around her waist. They were special tools that she had been trained with her whole life, although she hadn't used them that much since it was her first mission and she hadn't really been given any tasks.

She quickly went to leave the room to meet up with Vorden at their designated spot. But before doing so, she turned around one more time and took a look at the black ball. As she closed the door, she muttered,

"Goodbye, Agent 100."

Most of the students were still outside enjoying the atmosphere, checking out the stalls and playing all the games. It was busier than the first day because the public had also been invited to check out the place as well. It wasn't too late, and everyone was filled with excitement.

However, Vorden was not one of these people. He continuously looked around the area to see if he could find the person he was looking for. Eventually, on his way to his destination, his search had led him back to the Block, Block game Quinn had played the other day.

There were more people stationed outside, and there was even a large queue. It seemed like the video had made the game go viral. While looking at the line, he could only see students making up the majority of the queue. There were some with high levels on their wristwatch, but he couldn't tell what their abilities were just by looking at them.

It was a shame that Berg, one of the Sunshield fire users, was taking part in the fighting tournament. The strongest students currently in the school were all underneath the arena and were in that event.



This meant Vorden only had one choice, but had no idea where to find them. However, it looked like luck hadn't given up on him yet, for the girly looking man who sat by them today, was also by the gaming area.

'Wasn't he one of the four leaders, the leader of the Graylash family? Owen, if I remember correctly?' Vorden thought.

Owen was wearing what looked like a fairly large traditional-looking gown. It covered him from his shoulders and went all the way down to his feet. It was white in colour and suited him well, but only made his girly features stand out more.

While Vorden was looking in his direction, the two pairs of eyes seemed to catch each other, and the man gave a wink.

Owen had left the booth of the game he was watching and decided to walk over towards Vorden. Seeing this, Vorden strangely chose to walk away from the premises, up to the ledge where there were next to no people.

'Oh, he wants me to follow him, huh. Well, this should be interesting,' Owen thought.

Owen decided to play along with whatever games the student had, remembering that both he and the other one had reacted strongly after witnessing the video. He had returned to the gaming area tonight, expecting for the student to perhaps return, gaming for he was the one in the video. The other students thought of the same thing, but it looked like that wouldn't be happening.

All the other students seemed dull and boring after witnessing the video.

As soon as the man had come over, without saying a word, Vorden had gone in for a quick and unsuspected grab. All he needed to do was get in a single touch, and the powers would be copied.

It was truly unexpected. Owen had expected that the student only wanted to talk, but his reactions were far quicker than the boys. Realising that Vorden's intent was not to hurt him, he quickly thought that there must have been some other reason for this strange attack. There was no power behind this strike, and it was too sudden in front of too many people.

Owen quickly opened up his gown, and from his waist, he pulled out a metallic fan. He quickly spread it open and blocked Vorden's fingers from touching him.

However, Vorden was persistent and tried again with his other hand, but that too was knocked away. Not knowing Vorden's true intentions, Owen stepped back and initiated a small spark in his right hand. It was out of sight for others to see since his body was blocking most of it, plus he had purposely made it very small.

It was a warning. If Vorden tried to strike again, he wouldn't hesitate to use his powers.

'I have no choice,' Vorden thought. 'This is for Quinn.'

The look in Vorden's eyes suddenly changed, even being felt by Owen. He had never felt such a strong presence come from a student before. He thought that he was right to think those kids from before were interesting. Using the fan, he covered the bright smile on his face. Never before had a student made him feel this way.

"My name is Vorden Blade from the Blade family. Using my name, I request you to stand down. Answer my request and give me your hand."

Upon hearing the words spoken from the student, he now knew it was no laughing matter. The smile he had before dropped in an instant, and as quick as the smile had dropped, so did Owen with his request and gave Vorden his hand.

My Vampire System Chapter 323: The power of a secret

With his sizeable white gown and hair covering his face, Owen wasn't very recognisable to the outside people. Unlike the other family leaders, no one knew what he looked like. Today was the first time the newly appointed head was revealed, and that was only found out to the people in the booth.

Sure, there were some like Quinn and his group who had paid attention to who was sitting in those seats. But none that knew about the situation. When looking at someone so young, they would have never suspected them of being a leader.

The people around outside weren't even paying attention to such a thing that was happening off to the side.

They were far too involved in their own things or the gaming centre that was close by. After learning about Vorden's true name, he had no choice and gave his hand.

The excitement that was felt when following this student now turned into horror. Although his heart was beating rapidly and he was a little scared, there still was a little spark in the back of his mind.

'I wonder why he needs to borrow my power?' His curiosity to find out new and exciting things had always been his downfall. He even felt that his current views were different from the head and those around him.

Owen was always interested in the younger generation who was closer to his age. He wanted to know how they felt about the way things were currently run.

However, if he was to try to get involved or intervene in a situation like this, it would have possibly been one of the most dangerous things to do.

"Thank you." Vorden said, letting go of Owen's hand.

No matter how interested Owen was, now was not the time to get involved with such a dangerous individual. He took a few steps back and planned to get away but seeing his actions Vorden called out to him immediately.

"Wait." Vorden called out. "I want you to take me to where the other leaders are."

Hearing this came as a considerable shock to Owen, was he planning to use their powers too? The big four leaders powers were beyond a level 8 ability. It was to the point where it couldn't be measured.

When looking at Vorden, it was clear he was a student, whoever he had trouble with or whoever he needed to deal with. Just his power alone should have been enough.

Now the excitement was too much, and he had even forgotten to hide the grin on his face.

'Maybe the events won't be so boring after all.'

With no choice, Owen walked, and Vorden followed behind. On the way, they quickly went to one of the stalls to purchase a change of clothing for Vorden. He too was now in a large white gown that was a little too big, as part of the back was dragging along the floor.

"Is this really necessary?" He asked.

"Of course." Owen chuckled as the two of them, continued to walk.

Eventually, they had reached their destination. It was a hotel room that was slightly larger and fancier than the rest, Hotel number one. This was where all of the higher class members that were invited to the event were staying. The rest had to get a train out to other parts of the city and come in early in the morning.

Before entering the building, the two of them stopped outside.

"Do you know how to use my powers?" Owen asked.

"Not everything, but I should be able to do something." Vorden replied as he started to twirl his hand around. Particular elemental abilities were quite similar in use but reacted differently when being used. An example of this was when gathering water. To gather water and wind, one did the same thing, but water would be a bit harder to control due to the weight and shape of it.

When twirling his hand in a circular motion, he tried to imagine the ability as a water one. Suddenly following the palm of his hand, a stream of electric would follow it. He continued to move his hands in a circular motion, and now a full circle of blue electrical light could be seen.

“Quick learner as expected,” Owen said, impressed. “The kids at our school would cry in horror if they found out you could produce something like that on your first try.”

Owen then opened up two of his fingers and created a connected spark, passing the blue lightning between his thumb to his finger. “This should do, there is no need to perform what you did before.”

With the quick lesson over, the two of them walked up to the front of the hotel lobby where the guards were stationed. Owen was allowed to pass but Vorden was stopped.

“That kid is with me, he is a member of the Graylash family.” Owen said with a wink towards Vorden.

He suddenly realised why now they had the quick lesson before. Opening up his thumb and his index finger, he had presented to the guards the same trick that Owen had shown moments before. There was no better proof that one was part of the Graylash family other than displaying it with their powers.

Usually, this wouldn't have been enough, but with one of the big four, who was also considered one of the leaders of the current United Earth Alliance. They allowed him to pass.

The elevator was taken to one of the top floors, and when they arrived, there were only a few rooms with large doors. These doors all had different decorations on the outside. In the centre of the double door going over the parting point. Was the engraving of the family's crest.

‘No guards?’ Vorden noticed. This was upon the request of the four themselves. They preferred it this way. Secrecy was a big part of thier power, and Vorden knew that better than anyone.

Right now, they were standing in front of what looked like a large shield with a flame on it.

Owen knocked on the door and was quite pleased he would be interacting with Burnie once again.

“Those blasted soldiers, I told them not to disturb me. I'm going to have to speak to Owen about this. This treatment is unacceptable.” The ramblings of a deep voice man could be heard through the doors. It seemed like the man was trying to speak quietly, but he had one of those voices that would be carried and heard throughout no matter what.

The doors flew open wide and fast and in its place was a large round-bellied man, with messy Red hair. The trait of the Sunshield family. The instant the doors opened, Burnie's ears started to produce steam at the sight of the man in front of him.

"You." He pointed at Owen. "So it looks like you really wanted that fight after all. To come to my room in the middle of the night." He had completely ignored the person standing next to him and continued to focus only on Owen

In case things got ugly, Owen had placed his hand on his metallic fan. Vorden now realised if he was planning to use such a weapon against one of the big four, it couldn't have been a regular fan but a high-class beast weapon instead.

"As much as I would like to teach you to not judge a book by its cover. I have come for over reasons." Owen tried to explain, but it seemed like Burnie wasn't listening at all.

Flames from both of his forearms were slowly starting to appear upward towards his elbow, and a red hot tribal pattern was shown on his skin. This was something Vorden hadn't seen when he thought with Berg.

'Is it part of his soul weapon.' Realising this, there was a chance this fight could get serious fast.

Owen quickly stepped to the side and presented both of his hands at Vorden. "This man is part of the Blade family, and he has asked for our assistance."

Hearing the name, Burnie's reaction had immediately changed just like Owen's. The flames had died down, and the tribal Tattoos that went up his arm disappeared as well.

Burnie gave the person next to him one look, and knew what he wanted instantly, and presented his hand while looking away, making sure not to make eye contact.

"If that's all you came for, get out of here. I was just about to take a nice hot bath." Burnie said but now with a lot less anger in his voice. Making sure to not offend the person in front of him.

Now with two of the strongest powers in the world, Vorden was confident he could deal with Quinn. There was no need for him to get the Bree family power and inform more people that he was here. Her power was to control beasts, and there weren't any around here, besides, even if there were it would be too difficult to move and would cause a huge uproar.

Then there was only Jack left. The newest addition to the big families. Unlike the other families, it had no history and was only recently created. The others had been going on for generations even before the war with the Dalki. If Vorden was to ask him for anything, he wasn't even sure he would comply.

However, there was another reason. With this much power following through his body, if he was to meet Jack right now, there was a good chance he wouldn't hold back and burnt him to a crisp. It was quite possible it would ignite a war, and that wasn't his decision to make. He wasn't the leader of the Blade family, and if they found out he was abusing their name like this, even he could get into trouble.

"I don't have to tell you guys that I was never here." Vorden said. "but before I go. I need one more thing, is there a place or spot I can use where no one will know if I'm using these powers?"

Burnie huffed out a puff of hot air before answering. "There is, I often use it to cool down once in a while. They created the room with me in mind, and of course, there are no cameras, even if they were everything would have been burnt by now. It's an empty room with nothing inside, and the walls are soundproof. Whatever you're planning to do in there nobody will be able to tell.

"It's a place only permitted to be used by us, it was something I had to fight hard for them to make."

"Perfect." Vorden replied.

The two leaders had scary thoughts in their mind at what possibly could Vorden need the room for, and why did he need the two of their powers, but they didn't ask and only told Vorden where to go."

My Vampire System Chapter 325: A love triangle

As soon as the timer had gone off, a few little spiders started falling down to the ground from underneath Logan's sleeve. The two boys continued their fake conversation with hand gestures and such.

"So, what's your favourite sandwich?" Fex asked, trying to make the conversation look a tad bit more realistic by asking a real question.

However, Logan looked as if he was really struggling to decide his answer. He placed his hand on his chin and looked up into a corner.

"Hmm, I would probably have to say cheese and onion. But since my body doesn't deal with cheese that well... I guess if we were talking about favourites, then it would depend on my cravings at the time. Regarding how the question is phrased, the best sandwich differs. Do you mean the best tasting? Best one for your health? Or perhaps the best ingredients?"

"Eh, I guess you can tell me all three then?" Fex's tone had a nervous vibe to it, as he wasn't expecting a real answer back.

The spiders had now fanned out, and once they had completed their tasks, they reported back to the server, namely, Logan.

In the middle of their intense conversation, Logan suddenly stopped and stood up. "Let's go."

The underground arena was accessible from any hotel room. It was designed this way so when contestants were eliminated, they could easily rejoin with their military base. This meant that each of the elevators were in some way linked. One would usually require a pass to go to the lower floors, but that wasn't a problem to worry about. Not for Logan anyway.

They continued walking through the lobby and headed towards the elevator area. Fex glanced at the camera in the corner and could see a spider falling from it before rejoining back up with Logan. Once the doors opened, they both stepped in. The cameras within and outside the elevators weren't able to capture their figures.



The cameras were set to loop footage for two minutes, once the time was up, it would then begin showing the live feed. It was currently night time and there were no other contestants that would be making their way from the underground up to the lobby. Once they were past these cameras, there would be no more problems since there were no other cameras in the underground section.

Logan could assume this was due to the same reason why there weren't any cameras at the school. Many students would be practising their abilities. Their families simply wouldn't allow them to spy and gather information by looking at what the students were doing.

While in the elevator the two of them placed both their masks over their face.

"So far, everything's going well," Fex confidently commented. "Now, Vorden, Layla, it's all up to you.

Without the blood, everything they were doing was pointless.

\*\*\*\*

Vorden told Layla to meet him just outside of the number one military hotel building. He even informed her that he found a place and everything was ready. All she needed to do now was bring Quinn over to the destination.

Since he already told her of his plan beforehand, there was no need for her to use her tools. There would be no cameras inside when Quinn entered the room with Vorden, her job there was to be the lookout. Although only members from the big four could use the room, that didn't mean they themselves wouldn't. However, there was still the slight chance that Mona Bree or Jack would try to use it.

Burnie had informed Vorden that this was extremely unlikely, in all the years the place had been built, it was never once used by them. In fact, he reckoned that he was the only one to have ever used the place.

She stood outside Quinn's door and took a deep breath before raising her hand to knock. It felt like the work she was doing now was more like the double-agent-type-stuff back when she was in Pure. These

were the things that she had been trained to do, it seemed a little funny that she was still using it despite already leaving them.

“Okay, let’s do this!” Just as Layla was about to tap the door with her knuckles, it suddenly opened.

“Layla, what are you doing here this late?” Quinn asked her.

“But... How...?” She started asking questions in her mind. ‘How did he know someone was by the door?’

“Oh... You don’t need to worry, I could smell you were coming” Quinn responded.

“Smell?” These words stung her a bit. She was tempted to lift her arms up to see if she really did smell that bad.

Upon seeing that she felt somehow insulted, Quinn realized that what he said just now could have been easily misinterpreted.

“No! I didn’t mean that you smell... I meant like, you smell great,” he said while blushing. “You know, because of my sensitive nose and all.”

The both of them left the room and headed outside towards the military base once Layla said that she wanted to walk for a bit and that she had something important to say. Quinn thought that he already knew what the subject would be. It had to be about Fex’s confession.

As the two of them were walking, they felt a little awkward because of their previous conversation at the door. Quinn didn’t know what to say to make it up to her. While pondering over this matter, Quinn had fallen back a little and was walking just behind Layla.

He noticed that he was staring at her from behind a lot more than usual. Due to this, he started to think back about what Fex said, about how he wanted to inform him beforehand since he assumed that there was something going on between the two of them. And now, Layla asked to have a private conversation with him as well.

'No... It can't be...Does Layla like me? When she asked him to turn her, did she mean something else by it?' His mind couldn't help but have these kinds of thoughts. 'If Layla likes me... and Fex likes her, then that means... Oh no! I'm in a love triangle! If she's here to confess to me, then what do I say? I can't say yes to her... I can't do this to Fex.'

While his mind wandered about in this confused and crazy contemplation, the both of them eventually arrived outside a small building behind the hotel. Although it was very plain-looking, it was also large at the same time. This reminded Quinn of the storage room where he first found the Shadow Ability.

He wondered why Layla chose this place to converse with him, he could only guess it was due to it being away from everyone else. Layla then turned around and faced him. It looked as if she wanted to say something, but was also struggling on how to say it.

"I know what you want to talk about." Quinn decided to initiate the discussion. He didn't want the situation to be more awkward than it already was. "This is about Fex, isn't it?"

'How does he know?' She was surprised once again.

Feeling a bit contemplated, she started to speak, "Look Quinn—"

"You don't need to say anymore.." However, Quinn suddenly interrupted her.

"Quinn, Vorden is waiting for you inside," She blurted out before things really got out of hand.

'Wait...Vorden? How is he involved in all of this?' Quinn was now truly confused about what was going on

"Look, I just felt bad about lying, saying that I needed to speak to you. The truth is, Vorden said that he wanted to talk to you. He's inside waiting." Layla then walked over to the metallic-looking doors and inputted the code that Vorden told her. It really was nearly the same storage room back on the red portal planet.

At first, Quinn moved to the entrance, but he stopped just outside of it. Could he really trust Layla?

Because he didn't know what was going on, Quinn was starting to think that this was possibly a trap set up by Pure. Perhaps Layla was planning to double-cross him and was still working with them.

"Is Vorden really inside here?" Quinn turned around and asked while looking at her.

At that moment, a hand suddenly pulled him from behind.

"Just get in here, you idiot!" Vorden's voice suddenly piped up, he shuffled both him and Quinn inside as the doors shut closed.

When the motion-sensor lights automatically turned on, they could both see that they were in a large plain white room. There were no windows around, there was nothing except the door they just entered from.

When Quinn turned around and saw Vorden, his worries settled down since it seemed like Layla was telling the truth.

The look on Vorden's face was not one which greeted a friend, but instead, it was of concern. In just an instant, his expression changed, Vorden now had the friendliest smile that Quinn had ever seen.

"Eh? Vorden, are you okay?" Quinn couldn't help but ask.

"Vorden?" He responded while tilting his head to the side and placing his finger on his lips. "No, I'm not Vorden, did you forget my name?" He responded with a question.

This strange reaction made Vorden look almost like a handsome blonde-haired puppy.

'What's going on?' Quinn thought. He was quite baffled; it seemed like all of his friends were acting strange recently. 'Aren't I meant to be the weird one in our group?'

"Don't you remember? We met before, I'm Sil."

## My Vampire System Chapter 326: Sil Vs Quinn

There were two outcomes between the situation with Vorden and Quinn. In Vorden's head, the best outcome would be for him to ask Quinn to put his blood in the flask kindly. If Quinn were to question why, he would simply tell him to trust him, and he would inform him about the details tomorrow.

However, knowing Quinn, he would try to get involved some way or another. On top of that, he would try following him. If the first part of the plan worked, then Vorden would hand the flask to Layla while keeping an eye on Quinn, making sure he didn't leave the room until everything was done. Hopefully, this would all lead to avoiding him fighting with Quinn.

Then again, Vorden was someone who always needed to prepare himself for all of the possible scenarios. There was a good chance that when asking for his blood, Quinn wouldn't do so without saying why, leading him to forcefully take the blood.

In both cases, these would lead to a fight. If this was to happen, Vorden wanted the fight to be over as quickly as possible, which meant he would need to utilise both of the abilities.

The second Vorden had pushed Quinn into the room. He had made the switch with Sil, so if anything were to happen, they would be ready.

"Okay, so remember what we've planned?" Vorden asked, standing right next to him. Sil was currently in the seat and Raten was standing a little bit further away from them with a smile.

"If you think for a second that this will go the way you expect it to go, then you're crazy," Raten said out loud with a little chuckle, waiting for disaster to strike.

"Repeat after me. I need you to trust me Quinn, and I need you to do me a favour. I don't want you to ask why, but I need some of your blood," said Vorden.

However, the words were simply ignored as Sil decided to do his own thing.

“But I’m not Vorden. Did you forget my name? I’m Sil.” he said outward, looking at Quinn.

Hearing Vorden speak, it seemed a little strange to Quinn. Although it sounded like him, at the same time, it didn’t. The emphasis on certain words, as well as the fluctuations in his voice, were just a tad off.

Not just that, but the way he was currently standing. Everything just felt wrong, and now he was saying his name was Sil?

“What are you doing, Sil?!” Vorden could not help but shout. “He can’t find out about you!”

Sil turned his head and looked at Vorden behind him before responding, “Shut up. I can do what I want. It’s my body anyway.”

Vorden gulped as he took a step back. There was nothing he could do when Sil got like this. So he decided to just wait and see the outcome.

“It’s been a while since we’ve last met.” Sil giggled. “Let me ask you something. Are we friends?”

There was a brief pause as Quinn was trying to figure out just what was going on.

“Of course we are, Vorden,” Quinn replied.

Sil shook his head rapidly back and forth as he stomped his feet in a peculiar manner. At the same time, flames from his feet rose into the air before dissipating.

“No!” He yelled. “Not Vorden. I already told you. I’m Sil.”

Seeing a fire ability appear all of a sudden made Quinn take a few steps back. He knew this power belonged to one of the big four, so he could not help but wonder why Vorden currently had it. Something strange was happening here.

'Sil...why does Vorden keep referring to himself as Sil?' While thinking of this, Quinn started to think about the possibilities.

'Did Pure get to him? Or has someone with a mind control ability taken over Vorden's body? Perhaps, it might have even been a vampire.'

He didn't fully understand the capabilities of the vampires, so he thought this might have been their way to try and get rid of him once they found out.

Whatever the case was, it was clear that the person in front of him right now, wasn't the Vorden he knew.

"Why are you stepping back?" Sil said as he reached out his hand. "Don't be scared. Why are you scared..." Suddenly, tears started to flow from his eyes. They ran down his cheek before trickling to the ground.

"Don't be scared... Don't be scared..." He continued to mumble as he looked at Quinn. "Please don't be scared, Caser. I promise I will never hurt you again."

Although the words spoken were quiet, with Quinn's hearing, he could hear every word. He heard him speak of a name, which he did not know of.

"Please, Sil," Vorden yelled, trying one more time to reach out to him. He knew that if this went on, perhaps Quinn would be seriously hurt. The goal was only to get his blood and nothing more. "Quinn is not Caser, we need him. We are here to help him, right? You don't want him to go, so just ask for the blood..."

Making sure to not be too pushy, this was all that he could do while he silently prayed.

The words had gotten through to him, as Sil saw the worried look on his face. He grabbed his hand and placed it towards his chest while wiping his tears away with the other.

“He’s right. You are not Caser.” Looking up, he gave a smile. “Please remember my name next time. It’s Sil. Since we’re friends, I need to ask you for a favour.”

Sil then went to his side and pulled out the metallic flask that had been given to him by Fex.

“I need you to fill this up with your blood.”

Looking at the flask, Quinn noticed it in an instant. That was because it was the same one that he had been gifted with by Fex. This was the deciding factor in his mind.

‘The vampires must have gotten to Vorden.’ Somehow, they had found out. It was probably the reason why Fex had been acting strangely before. He now felt stupid for believing such an obvious lie.

‘Did he betray me?’ Quinn pondered. Perhaps, when he asked Quinn to leave that day, the vampires came and surrounded his friends. After that, they forced them to complete this task. He didn’t know why they needed his blood, but he still had a lot to learn about vampires in the first place.

Then again, there was the possibility that they couldn’t kill him outright due to him actually being one of the leaders. Still, whatever the case was, Quinn wasn’t going to go down without a fight.

“I’m sorry. I can’t,” Quinn replied. “And Vorden, I don’t know how, but I promise I’ll save you.”

With nothing left to say, Quinn activated his Shadow Quip ability. Dark shadows quickly covered his arms and legs, as well his new chest piece in the centre. He then quickly charged forward and left the clouds of shadows behind, but right now, his body was all of his equipment.

“I know how strong you are, Vorden. Hence the reason why I can’t go easy on you.”

‘Activate Wind Walk.’

‘Skill Daze.’



[Daze failed.]

“Quick, Sil! Take him out now!” Vorden shouted.

Sil quickly curled up, bringing his arms and head towards his chest. He then gathered the power of the fire energy around the centre. Soon, little flames could be seen on top of all his clothing. Slowly, they started to burn away even at the fire-resistant school uniform. The fire power was too strong.

As Quinn started to get closer, he could sense something was up.

“Shadow Control.” Lifting up the shadow in front of him, he made sure to have it ready, prepared as a shield for whatever was to come. Once Vorden attacked, that’s when Quinn would strike using his blood abilities.

At the moment, he still hadn’t used his blood bank, nor his own flask, so his HP was low. This was another reason for him wanting to finish off the fight fast.

Enough time had passed, and Sil was ready. He suddenly extended his hands and head outward like a spring, causing a dome of fire to be released outward, heading in all directions.

There was nothing Quinn could do but brace himself with his shadow. As the outer edge of the fire dome grew closer, it had finally hit his shadow.

[MC Cells 0]

As soon as the fire had touched Quinn’s shadow, it had disappeared in an instant, consuming all of his MC cells. This could have only meant one thing. The attack was just too powerful.

‘Who’s fire ability did he copy?’ Quinn thought.

However, the shadow was able to cause a small crack in the dome, allowing him to pass through and come out of the attack unharmed. But now, with no more MC cells, he could no longer rely on his shadow ability, only leaving him with his blood abilities.

'It seems I have no choice. I have to use my blood bank. I'll just curb my addiction next time.'

But before he could even do that, a blue stream of light flashed before his eyes, and Sil, who was on the other side of the room, was now directly in front of him.

"Go to sleep, my dear Quinn," Sil said as he placed his hand on top of Quinn's head, and unleashed a fury of electricity through his body.

His body shook rapidly back and forth as the electricity passed through. He gritted his teeth, trying to take the pain, but it was too much for him as his vision slowly faded to black.

[1/95 HP]

[You have been knocked out]

As Sil let go of Quinn's head, he allowed his body to drop to the floor.

My Vampire System Chapter 327: I'm going to miss him.

NOTICE: WEB NOVEL ERROR (THIS NOVEL IS NOT ENDING SOON PLEASE IGNORE)

Standing inside the small room looking at Peter directly in front of them. Fex couldn't believe it. They had successfully and quickly managed to make their way to Peter's room with no trouble at all. This type of thing could have only been done with extensive research and Fex looked at Logan in even more amazement now.

For Logan, his plan turned out better than he thought. Everything was easier than it would have been anywhere else, and the reason was that the military had kept to the same routine down to the last second. There were a few variables that Logan had planned out for but expected that he might not have needed them. When walking through certain hallways, and through the rooms, everything had turned out as he had expected.

Still, he had kept his spiders out to watch just in case. If they had made any changes to their routine, the spiders would have been able to see and inform him beforehand... There was only one tricky part of the whole operation, and that was due to the room Peter was in.

To keep an eye on Peter, he had been placed in a separate section compared to everyone else. A room made just for him that was void with contact to the outside.

On top of this, two guards were to be stationed by the door. This was better for both Fex and Quinn.

The military had expected an attack from the outside. The easiest time to attack would be during the event when the soldiers were busy and spread thin. If they caused a panic, they would be too busy with dealing with the public then dealing with the attack. They were confident in their measures and never expected someone from the inside to do anything.

Their main concern was with others or the students seeing them, so this was better for them all together. The two guards who were stationed at the front door were where Fex would come into play. The two of them stood just around the corner from Peter's room silently as they waited for the answer from above.

As soon as Vorden had successfully knocked out Quinn, they would act. If not, they would turn around and abandon the whole thing. They needed to wait because the only thing they could do at this point was to knock out the two guards in front of them and take Peter away. Logan had timed everything, so the shift change had just happened.

No one would find their beaten bodies for another hour. Which meant they needed to take Peter to Silver within the time frame.

Then a message had been received from above.

“He did it, and a lot quicker than I thought,” Logan said, surprised.

From around the corner of the corridor, two spiders were released once again. They scaled up the wall and went above on the ceiling. They walked until they were just above the two soldiers’ heads.

“You ready?” Logan asked as he could see Fex was fiddling with a string in his hand. This string was different from the usual type he would use. When Fex used his abilities before it would always be nearly invisible to the eye, but this string was dyed red like blood.

The ability had been infused with his vampire blood abilities to make it several times stronger. The only problem was it took some preparation time to use.

This was why he was unable to use it against the king tier beast before, at the same time he had already deemed it would be useless, for the king tier beast was far too strong. Still, for situations like this, it was perfect.

When Fex was finally ready, he gave the nod, and at the same time the spiders fell down hovering above the neck of the guards. Both of them felt something ticklish on their neck. One soldier tired slapping it, while another turned around trying to fling whatever was on him.

This small distraction was all that was needed for Fex to whip out his blood-red strings. Quickly they wrapped around their mouths like a spider web, before wrapping around their legs and pulling them to the ground. Then finally, their whole arms and legs had been covered.

They tried to break free from the strings, but it was nearly impossible for them. The spiders continued to move along their body, as it scanned for any traces of equipment that could give them away. The only thing that was found was a tracker that had been placed along with an alert button. However, the alert hadn’t been pressed, so it was best to leave everything as it was for now.

The two of them entered the room, and they could see Peter standing there still. He had heard the commotion outside and was wondering just what was going on, but he had never expected to see these two.

Peter had already given up hope on being saved.

"I never expected you to save me," Peter said.

"Don't thank us yet, until you hear what we have to say. And it's not good news." Fex replied.

Back above ground, Vorden had now switched back with Sil. He had just sent a report to the others to proceed with what they were doing.

He hadn't extracted the blood yet as Fex had given him a warning and they needed to wait for the timing. He knew that Quinn was currently going through getting rid of his addiction.

Fex never knew about the connection Vorden had and never expected him to be able to get powers so powerful. He had hoped with Quinn going through the addiction, he would be weak enough to the point where it was easier for him to be knocked out and it seemed like it had worked. There were many times when Vorden had watched Quinn, he appeared to have been given two or three chances, as if he had more lives than one, but this time that hadn't happened.

However, this also meant there was a chance that during the fight, Quinn would be close to turning into a Blood sucker. He had been informed that there should be a flask similar on Quinn's body. Vorden searched and found an exact replica. The next step was to wait patiently for the others to get back to him, or until there were signs that Quinn was starting to change.

"We have successfully gotten Peter, we're coming up now," Logan said.

Everything seemed to have fallen into place. Layla had entered the room and was now standing by Quinn's side, both of them looking at Quinn's body.

"How do you think he will react when he wakes up?" Layla asked.

"I think he'll be pissed, but he will understand. He will soon realise if he was in our shoes, he would have done the same thing." Vorden replied. As he pulled out a small little dagger and proceeded to cut Quinn on the arm. Blood started seeping from the wound and fell into the flask.

“Do you think this is right, aren’t we just sacrificing one life for another?” Layla asked.

“Don’t forget, Peter had already been caught by the military there was nothing we could do. This solves both our problems. They never find out about the vampires, and for a short while it will get the vampires off our back.”

[0/95 HP]

[Blood l.u.s.t is at its maximum]

[You are now transforming]

The standard messages would appear, even though Quinn wasn’t conscious.

Suddenly as the flask was filled. Quinn’s body started to jolt up and down as it began to shake. Vorden knew what this was straight away. He quickly handed over the flask with Quinn’s blood to Layla.

He then grabbed the other flask that was on Quinn’s body, he held his mouth open with one hand while pouring it all in with the other. A few moments later, and the shaking had stopped. The veins and muscles that were bulging had calmed down, and it looked like everything was safe for now.

[Multiple blood types has been consumed]

[calculating stat increases]

[...]

[..]

“Here take this as well,” Vorden said, handing over the second flask. “Fex said for Quinn to keep it, but I’m afraid it might only bring us more trouble in the future, give it back to him. Don’t worry about me and just go.” Vorden shouted.

Before leaving, she took one look at Quinn, there was a good chance that his current life now would be hers. Always running away, but still. At least Quinn isn’t following anyone, he chose to do things his own way. With that, she ran off out of the building.

“Don’t wake up Quinn,” Vorden said. “It’s for your own good.”

\*\*\*\*

Outside, the two boys had returned with Peter, they had given him one of the masks to wear for now in case the other students outside would see him. Although it was pretty late now, and nearly all of the students had already returned to their rooms.

Layla came running out towards them, as they met on the platform a little away from military hotel 2. She could see the three boys in their masks, and she had to admit, it looked a little intimidating. The masks had a scary look to them in their designs and made them all appear as demons.

“Do you have the blood?” Fex asked.

“It’s right here,” Layla said, handing over the flask. She then quickly pulled out the second one and handed it to him as well. “Vorden said he knows you mean well, but there is a chance others could come looking for it.”

Fex wanted to say no, he wanted Quinn to at least have something to remember him by when he left. This was a gift, but at the same time, he would just be selfish otherwise if he insisted. It was true, if humans found the flask, there was a good chance he would be investigated. He took the two flasks and then grabbed Peter by the arm.

“Tell Quinn he doesn’t have to worry about the vampires, there are no vampires stationed at military base two, nor are there any at the other military bases now. Once I leave with Peter, he will have nothing to worry about for a good while. I don’t have the time to say goodbye to you all, and neither

does Peter. I wish you all good luck in the future.” Fex said, as he grabbed, Peter and took off into the distance. A cloud of mist seemed to incase the two of them, and when the mist had settled, they no longer could be seen.

Layla and Logan didn’t even have the chance to even say their final words.

“You know, when Fex first came I kind of hated him, especially with everything he did to Erin,” Layla said. “But he really was never a bad guy, I’m going to miss that idiot.”

“It will certainly feel weird without him and my assistant, good luck to you two as well.” Logan said.

My Vampire System Chapter 328: Goodbye Fex, Goodbye Peter

Before they had left Peter’s room, both Fex and Logan had updated Peter on the whole situation. They informed him of the plan and troubles that came with it.

Without hesitation, after being told what needed to be done, Peter had agreed. After hearing this was all for Quinn’s sake, he was happy he would actually be of some help to his creator and saviour.

However, the sudden response seemed strange, Fex thought. Sure, Wights were loyal to their creators, but not like this. One would have to command an order and be forced to do so due to the bond of blood, but Peter seemed to have been so accepting over the whole thing.

“I can’t guarantee what will happen to you when they find out,” Fex said. “You could be killed.” The words spoken were trying to deter him.

“It’s okay,” Peter replied. “Better than being left in the hands of the humans. Besides, if I stayed, there is a good chance they would find out about all of you, and I wouldn’t want anything to happen.”

Hearing these words had put a smile on Logan’s face.



“Peter, you really did change for the better. And I don’t think it’s just cause you’re a Wight now.” said Logan. “When you first evolved, you seemed cruel and distant, but those words right there. They didn’t come from the Wight version of you or the old Peter. Right now, I see a new man.”

Hearing Logan’s words just confirmed Fex’s strange thoughts further.. Wights were relatively short-tempered and evil in nature. Sure Peter had shown this a few times, but it wasn’t to the degree of Wights that he knew. Perhaps this was the influence of Quinn’s will on the creator. It was a shame as it seemed to be progressing slowly; Peter started to change away from the standard Wight.

“Let’s go,” Fex said.

\*\*\*\*\*

After parting ways from the others, Peter was taken to a safe, secluded place out on the platform, away from the meeting point with Silver, as well as away from the others. The masks were now returned, and right now, Peter had transformed his face to look like Quinn. If anyone were to see the two of them, they would just think they were nothing more than two students having a laugh.

There was no chance for someone else to spot Quinn either, as Vorden was keeping an eye on him in the special training room.

“Do you hate me?” Fex asked.

“No,” Peter replied instantly but gave nothing more back.

“I hate me,” Fex said. “You know I thought I might get attached to this place and hate to go back home. What I didn’t expect was that I would get attached to the people rather than the place. I can’t help but think that they all had to go through this just because of my selfish wants.”

“The vampires would have come for Quinn anyway,” Peter replied.

“What do you mean by that?” Fex asked. There was no reason to send any of the vampires to the military base. They had only come out to search for him.

Peter hadn't replied because he didn't know why the vampires would come after Quinn. All he knew was before, Quinn would often say that, it seemed like for some reason he was trying to get stronger as fast as possible, as if he was preparing for a threat ahead.

"Oh, I think I know," Fex said, giving his own answer and coming to his own conclusion as usual. It had to be something to do with the shadow powers. There was a good chance that Quinn's master was part of the old punishers. If they were still around. If the others knew about this, they certainly would send people after him. Even if Quinn's master wasn't a punisher, the others would want to get their hands on Quinn's power for themselves and find out which family was in charge of Quinn.

'I never did find out the truth behind him.' Fex at first was very curious but soon felt bad about trying to find details of what he would now call a friend back .It just felt wrong and wasn't in his nature to do things like that.

"Here, take this," Fex said as he handed the flask over to Peter. After opening the lid, Peter gulped down the whole drink in one go and suddenly had a strange feeling in his chest.

\*Bump

\*Bump

It was something he hadn't felt in a while, and it was all a little alien to him.

"The sound...my heart, its' beating again!"

As the blood fell down his throat and reached his heart, strange energy was felt all around. The blood was now being pumped from the heart all over the body. He could feel it moving through his veins. It felt as if his insides were on fire. For anyone else, it would be a painful experience, but for Peter, it was a joy. For it was the first time he had felt pain in a while.

"What is this?" Peter asked.

“It’s your master’s blood; usually, there would be no reason to do this to a wight. Their strengths are the fact that they can’t feel pain; if anything, this makes you seem more human. Anyway, don’t be too happy, the effects are temporary.” Fex explained. “Our powers come from our blood, and right now, Quinn’s power is inside you. Right now, the feeling, the smell, and even the look. With all this, I wouldn’t be able to tell who I was looking at. As in terms of powers, although your attacks and such will be healthy, you still can’t produce any blood attacks like we are.

“Also, I would urge you not to fight or test out any of your powers. At most, I see this lasting a week. Day by day, the power will slowly start to fade, and sooner or later, they will find out. If you start using that extra strength of yours, it will only go away quicker.”

Fex then took a deep breath as he started to walk off to one of the military bases. “Leave all the talking to me.”

Once again, Silver was waiting patiently on top of the roof of building four. In her hand was a rectangular looking device that looked identical to the one in Logan’s room. It was a portable teleporter.

She had trust that her brother would complete the task, although he was a fool, he wasn’t one to break promises. When he said he would finish it, she already knew he would get it done.

“You’re here.” She said, as two figures jumped up from the side.

“Oh.” Silver replied, seeing that the person she had brought with them was still fully conscious.

“As you requested, this is the vampire who had made an illegal. I had been tailing him a while and explained everything that happened. When I told him that a vampire knight was here to catch him, he immediately turned himself in, knowing there was no need to fight.”

A vampire knight, a class that was designated just below the vampire leader. It was a unique role as each family was able to designate only two vampire knights in their family. They would mostly be in charge of running things or giving orders if the vampire leader wasn’t present. Because of this reason, to be able to be elected into such a position, one would need a strong power to keep the others in line.

Seeing the beautiful women in front of him, Peter felt nothing. Yet, for some reason, that seemed to worry him even more. When he had first encountered Fex, his wild energy could be felt throughout; one could tell he was strong. But with Silver, it was calm; it was as if she wasn't even there yet clearly she stood right in front of him.

"And what of the illegal." She asked. "I have taken care of him and gotten rid of the body, but since he and this one are registered students. They will soon find out about them. I suggest we leave as soon as possible."

Silver walked over to Fex slowly; the sound of her boots hitting the floor was heard. Everything had been prepared for this moment, and he had answered perfectly, now he just needed her to believe him. However, he was too afraid and didn't want to look up for even a second.

Suddenly, he felt a hand on his hair. Silver ruffled it up and gave it a little pat. "You have done well, little brother. I will tell the family of your good deeds here, and they shall lighten the punishment."

The square portal device was placed on the ground, and a unique digital number was imputed. The contraption started to open itself up slowly piece by piece until it had finally connected.

Fex quickly tied up Peter's hands behind his back with his string ability and pulled him along.

'Goodbye, everyone.' He said in his head as he stepped through the portal, with Peter following form behind. Soon after, Silver threw a small circular ball on the floor and stepped through herself.

The small circular ball started to blink red and made a beeping sound, the blinking along with the sound, started to get faster until \*BANG.

The ball had exploded, destroying everything in a two-meter radius. Including the portal, no one would be able to follow their traces to the Vampire's home.

My Vampire System Chapter 329: The tenth seat

Slowly it seemed like Quinn was coming to. A few grunts were heard here and there as he started to lift himself off the floor. He felt pain in the inside of his body, which was a strange feeling, but the outside of his body had mostly healed from the attack as well.

When he had opened his eyes, he was greeted with several messages that had appeared while he was knocked out.

[50/95 HP]

[Hunger has diminished]

[Transformation has been cancelled]

[Multiple blood types consumed]

[Stat points allocated]

[4 free stat points remaining]

Quinn quickly tried to get his head around what the messages had meant and tried to remember his last moments. Suddenly, he started to remember he was in the middle of a fight, and it was with Vorden. It hadn't lasted for long; the only thing he could guess was that he had been knocked.

'Transformation cancelled... I see it's all starting to make sense now. I must have been knocked out in the middle of the fight. I was low on HP in the first place and started to transform. The stat increase and the HP regained must have been from the blood in the flask.'

When Quinn had found out he was getting addicted; he decided to stop consuming blood daily; however, he soon realized that it didn't mean he had to stop collecting blood from different students. After placing one of the students' blood in the flask, he later collected other students' blood and placed it into the container.

When his HP was low enough, he would consume the flask with all the blood in it, giving him a boost in stats as well as helping him get rid of his addiction.

[Status: stats]

[Strength: 26]

[Agility: 27]

[Stamina: 21]

[Charm: 28]

He had also obtained four more free stat points to be used wherever he wished.

'I'll continue to place it into charm for now.' He thought. The reason for this was no student's blood type would directly increase the charm stat like the others. On top of this, currently, he knew of and had found no equipment that did such a thing either. While all the other stats still had the benefit of higher tier equipment.

His plan had significantly worked. As long as he had the flask, he could continue to do this without addiction to blood.

He reached around his side and went to grab the flask. Right now he felt so overjoyed that he wanted to grab it and kiss it.

'Huh, Where's the flask?' Quinn thought as he panicky started to grab around his waist, but could find nothing.

"So you're finally awake," Vorden said, making sure that he was a few feet away. He didn't know how Quinn would react about the whole thing and made sure to keep his distance.

Hearing the voice made Quinn spring up into his feet, and instantly he got into a fighting stance.

“Shadow equ..”

“Wait! Wait! Wait! It’s me; I was the one that gave you the blood, Quinn calm down.”

“What’s your name?” Quinn asked.

“I’m Vorden; it’s me Quinn. Remember, we went to the red portal planet together, and you turned into that Bloodsucker? If you want proof, I can even go into detail about how you ate...”

“Stop, stop... I believe you.” Quinn said, not wanting Vorden to remind of what had happened back then.

“What happened to you, Vorden, was it you that attacked me? Was it Pure? What’s going on?” Quinn asked.

“Do you remember a while ago when I said if there were some things you found out about me, I would have to kill you?” Vorden replied. “At the time, it probably seemed like a joke, but I was quite serious. There are some secrets that even I have, Quinn, but that’s not important right now.”

“What do you mean it’s not important right now!” Quinn shouted back. “You, Or Sil, or whoever it was just fried my arse.”

“There’s something you need to know; it’s about Peter and Fex. I promise I’ll explain everything.”

The trust between the two of them had been partially broken, and Vorden could see that. So he made sure to stay a few feet away from Quinn while explaining the details of what had happened and why. What Fex’s part in all of this was and what his part of it was as well.

Once he explained everything, there was silence between the two of them. Vorden had been prepared for a telling-off, a scolding, or even sadness, but there was no reaction at all.

After a few moments, Quinn started to walk towards him, with his head down. Seeing this, Vorden gulped and moved to the side out of the way. However, Quinn continued to move forward until he had eventually reached the door.

“Quinn, aren’t you going to say anything?” Vorden asked. He just couldn’t stand the silence anymore.

“I’m disappointed, in not just you Vorden, but everyone. Since when could you not trust me to make my own decisions? Even worse. When did you guys start making the decisions for me.”

Looking around at the door, Quinn lifted his hand and swung his fist into the door as hard as he could.

“Open the damn door!” He shouted as he slammed his fist into the metal door again.

It was sturdy as it was made out of glathrium and even the strongest people could not do anything to the door. Quinn lifted his hand and proceeded to punch it again, this time the skin from his knuckles ripped, and there was a bloody fist mark left on the door.

[49/95 HP]

Seeing this, Vorden hurried over and inputted the code at the side, allowing the doors to open. As soon as they did, Quinn continued to storm off and away.

“Wait, Quinn! Where are you going? You’re not going to try to do anything, are you? They’re already gone.” Vorden said, afraid that he might go looking for them, which was pointless.

“I know.” Said Quinn, “I can no longer feel Peter’s presence. It’s too far away. I just want to be alone for a bit.”

Sometimes one needed space and time to heal. Vorden knew this better than most and decided to let him go for now until he had calmed down.



When outside, Quinn continued to walk around the large platform in a circle. As he went by, he looked and went past each of the military hotels. He was thinking about everything that had happened until he had eventually stopped and started to look over the ledge down into the arena floor.

'I can't blame them, they did what they thought was best for me, and Peter, who knows what would've happened to him. The only person I can blame for being in the situation I'm in is myself. I'm just too weak. Too weak to help Peter, too weak for Fex to even rely on me.

'And Fex, at first I didn't really trust him, but it seemed like he really did keep his word till the end. He didn't give me up to the vampires, and everything he did was to protect me.'

"System, do you know what will happen to Fex and Peter once they find out Peter's real identity?" Quinn asked.

"Honestly, I'm not too sure. It seems like a lot of time has passed, and as the world changes, so do the rules. Although vampires usually stay relatively close to tradition. A trial will be placed where the council shall decide their fate. If you want me to be really honest with you, they will kill Peter.

"They will assume he is something called an illegal since he won't be in their files. What they don't know is that Peter is not an illegal."

"What do you mean by that? Fex said that a vampire that wasn't created by one of the thirteen leaders, or at least didn't have their permission, would be considered an illegal correct."

"Yes, but don't you remember when you created your own family. Peter is part of the Cursed family. Do you also remember when I told you to keep this a secret from other vampires no matter what? Well, I suppose it's time it told you the truth."

"Quinn, when you created that family, you became one of the thirteen leaders. Your family name has taken over the missing tenth seat." The system explained.

"Wait! Does that mean if I tell them who I am, about the family, then Peter will live, and Fex won't get in trouble?" Quinn asked.

“No.” The system replied instantly. “Think about it, why do you think the tenth family seat was empty in the first place? I can’t stop your destined fate in the future, Quinn, but I can delay it. You inform them of who you are now, and you will become a target of them in an instant.”

“Then, explain to me, explain what happened!” Quinn shouted in his mind. “Could you explain to me who you are? And explain to me what happened to the tenth family. And don’t give me this crap that you can’t tell me.”

Quinn already had some ideas and guesses of his own who the system was, as slowly everything was starting to be revealed. However, there was no point in overthinking it until he could confirm his guesses.

“I’m afraid I cannot tell.”

“You’re useless,” Quinn said as he continued to storm off back to his hotel room.

Inside the Military Base One hotel. On one of the top floors, an urgent knock was heard at one of the big four’s doors.

“Sir, please answer immediately. We have a report from Duke.” A man said, desperately trying to get into the room.

Jack immediately answered the door after hearing Duke’s name. If it was something in the middle of the night, it couldn’t have been good news. “What is it?” Jack asked.

“It’s about the student, Peter. He’s missing.”

My Vampire System Chapter 330: DID?

Inside an elegant large room with a modern-looking design, Jack was sitting there, patiently tapping away at a desk in the corner. Standing by his side were two reasonably large guards. He always had

someone by his side, no matter what, due to his unique situation. He wasn't like the other big four family members, for they believed in their own strength.

He knew the others looked down on him because of this but he didn't care.

The two guards who stood by his side weren't the same pair as the time when he had visited the military base. After their mistakes, he decided to give them another role and had replaced them. Jack's way was the only, and very rarely did he give people second chances. If one was to mess up, he could always take their power away before giving it to another.

The tapping continued, and the guards were now looking at Jack out of the corner of their eye as it seemed to be getting louder and louder.

"Damn it!" He shouted as he slammed his fist on the desk. "It has to be Pure, once again, they got the upper hand and managed to get rid of him somehow, and there isn't even much I can do." Jack Said.

For this one, Jack was on his own. He hadn't informed Oscar or any of the other military personnel about Peter, how he was most likely a suspect of Pure. This was because he wanted to do everything himself. The only person who had been helping him along the way was General Duke.

Duke was always the one who assigned two guards to be kept on Peter, and decided who he would go up against and the Ref while the others knew nothing.

He couldn't ask for their help, and he couldn't start turning this place upside down, trying to look for an insider. Otherwise, they would find out. They would then question Jack's motives and put all the blame on him. Although, he was in the position where it wouldn't be too much of a problem, he still just didn't want to deal with it.

The others didn't like him in the first place. He Knew that the other three regretted ever inviting him into the big four. The only reason why he was able to stay in his position of power was due to his great relationship with the military and oscar.

There was a good chance what he had tried to do would sour that relationship, and the others would use this opportunity to break it.

The worst part about this whole mess, was that now he had to make sure the others and military wouldn't find out about it; he was the one that now needed to cover up his own tracks.

It was decided. A report was sent out to Duke with further instructions. Peter would no longer be taking part in the tournament due to an emergency matter. What emergency matter he would let him decide. When they returned to the military base, he would let Duke handle the rest. The disappearance of one student shouldn't be too hard to do in his position: an attempted runaway, a suicide. There were many different options they could put Peter's disappearance as.

"Pure, I promise if I ever find out where your base is. I'll send my whole army after you and crush you." He said, squeezing his fist tightly.

The next day had arrived, and it was now morning. The events were not set for some time yet, and the main events even later. That's why Quinn found it very odd when he had a knock bright early in the morning.

Before even opening the door, though, he knew who it was. He paused for a second and then braced himself before opening it.

"Vorden, why are you here so early? The events don't start later." Quinn said, trying to make things seem familiar between them, but it was clear that it wasn't.

"Am I allowed in?" Vorden asked.

"Come on, don't be like that... Please. The more you act differently, the more you will remind me of the crap you pulled." Quinn said.

Once inside the room, Vorden carried on walking and headed for the outside window. The bright light shined on his golden hair and handsome face. When looking at him now, the sadness in his eyes made him look like an abandoned prince.

"I wanted to tell you about yesterday, before you go asking. You're right; it's not fair that I keep all my secrets while I know all of yours."

Quinn himself was now feeling a little guilty as he hadn't told the others everything, but it wasn't like it was a big deal to explain to them how his powers worked. How it was a game like a system, even if he did tell them it wouldn't have changed anything.

"How much do you remember before you were knocked out?" Vorden asked.

"You mean when you were screaming that your name wasn't Vorden and you were Sil. Or when you nearly roasted me like a chicken before then zapping me?" Quinn replied.

"Well, it looks like you remember everything then." Said Vorden. "Like I said, yesterday that was me. There was no mind control or anything. Sil and I are the same person."

"Vorden, you're going to have to be clearer than that."

"I really can't go into details, but have you ever heard of DID?"

Quinn paused for a second as he thought about it. The strange actions, the fluctuations in voice, it indeed was like he was a different person. Suddenly, a memory came back to him. There was one time he had met Sil before. When he was being questioned. Quinn always wondered how Vorden had gotten away with the lying test back then. He thought he had borrowed a mind swap ability at the time, but what if that wasn't the case at all.

"You mean you have split personalities?" Quinn said, shocked. He had heard of things like this before but had never seen anything like this in person. He also never realized how separate these personalities were. He always thought if he was to meet someone with DID it would be similar to a person who had mood swings. But the way Vorden had acted was almost like two people were living inside one body.

"I can't go into many details about how or why not yet anyway, but I will tell you one thing. I can copy only one ability. In comparison, the other one can copy three. That's why I needed to switch with him yesterday when fighting you." Vorden explained. Purposely, Vorden avoided telling Quinn about Raten, having to tell someone this was hard enough, and he wasn't able to go into details about the whole thing anyway. So, for now, he would keep it as simple as possible.

“Vorden, why didn’t you tell us this. I told you about me being a vampire, right? If you told me, or even the others, we would have understood.”

“Do you know why I’m telling you this, Quinn? Because I want to regain your trust. You trusted me, and now I’m trusting you. Vorden then held out his hand.

When Looking at it, it reminded Quinn of the first day the two of them had met. He was the only one that reached out to him; ever since then, the two of them had been through all out. Then he remembered something else, the three of them had gone through a lot. There was also Peter.

“I trust you, Vorden,” Quinn said, shaking his hand. “But that doesn’t mean I don’t think you make stupid decisions. So, do I get to meet this guy at some point? Maybe we can be friends?”

Vorden laughed but chose not to say anything back. If Sil had heard this, he would have been running out from his corner and had taken over the seat in an instant.

When approaching Quinn back then, when they had first met, he did so because he was a level one. Often low levels looked at the world differently due to how they were treated. But after Sil had gained an interest, it meant now his life would revolve around Quinn. However, Vorden was happy that Sil had taken an interest in Quinn. He felt like the two of them were no real friends.

“I also came here for something else as well,” said Vorden. “I was hoping to come here before they did, and it looks like I beat them.”

“They?” Quinn replied, slightly confused.

“Did you forget? Now that Peter isn’t there, that means the substitute will have to take his place. They should be here soon to take you underground.” Vorden explained.

“Oh! I completely forgot about it; I never thought this would even happen. Oh, well.” He said, shrugging his shoulders. “I guess I’ll just lose the match.”

“Do you really want to do that, Quinn?”

“What do you mean... I have to?”

“I’m asking you again, do you want to lose the match?”

Of course, Quinn didn’t. For the longest time, ever since he had gotten his powers, he wanted to show all those people who thought he was weak, all those people that bullied him what he could do. And more than ever, He tried to beat whatever net Truedream had set up for Quinn. All this mess in the first place was because of him and sick ways.

“We can fight.” Said Vorden. “On the red portal planet, we came up with a plan, remember. If they discover your powers, then I would tell them that my family was backing you. We can use that today. Before Fex had left, he said something. He told us that he and the one who came to get him were the only vampires on the military bases. That there were no others.”

“At the time, I was wondering why he needed to tell us that. It is always better to be careful just in case, right? But I think he knew what was going to happen once Peter was taken. He was telling you to go crazy, not to worry.

With Vorden using his original family name, they would no longer be after Quinn for the ability book. They would assume it was with Vorden’s family. The other problem was the vampires. Even If they weren’t here, there was always the chance they would find out about him, but did that really matter anymore.

It was only a matter of time before they found out about Peter, which would eventually lead them back to Quinn.

“If you’re ready.” Said Vorden. “Then, I am as well.”

“I don’t want to hide anymore,” Quinn replied.