

My Vampire 331

My Vampire System Chapter 331: The new guy

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

Before leaving Quinn on his own, Vorden had a few last words to say to him. Hearing these words, he now knew what to do and was confident.

Right after Vorden had left, he was on his own in his room. His heart, although beating slowly, was beating loud and strong. New rising energy was felt surging through his whole body.

'I wonder why I'm so excited?'

While being left on his own, he had time to reflect on everything and everyone that he had met so far. After finding that book and coming to the military school, he had a crazy journey he had never expected. More than anything, he didn't think there would be others who would join him along the way.

'A genius hacker, a terrorist or double agent, a vampire and an undead. Then you have the ice queen, and finally, the only one who I thought was normal, turns out to have a split personality.' Quinn thought. 'I guess these were the only friends I could make. What they say is true, crazy people attract other crazy people.'

Yesterday night, while on his walk, Quinn had regained all of his health points. As long as he wasn't hungry and needed blood, his body would naturally regenerate on its own. But if it did, it would make it also so he was hungrier sooner. This made it hard for him to tell how practical the single session of restraining himself was.

From the way Fex described it, as long as he wasn't drinking blood daily as he did before, then it shouldn't cause much change. He didn't know how much he managed to wean off the blood addiction, but from now on, he knew he had to be careful.

With no blood flask, it would be a while until he could start consuming the blood of students again. Then suddenly a thought came to his head. He quickly opened up the systems shop and continued to scroll through the options.

“That’s it, there it is?” Quinn said. The flask had been in the shop all along. At the time he never thought such a thing would have been useful since he had the blood bank, and Layla, but now it seemed like a handy item indeed.

Then when looking at the ingredients needed, he was quickly disappointed. They were two intermediate level beasts as well as an advanced tier one. For such a little item it needed quite a few things. The problem was, they weren’t items commonly found in the marketplace. Quinn would either have to hunt for it himself, which was near impossible or hire someone else to get the item for him.

However, now that he knew it was possible to make one of his own. He would keep it in mind. Maybe when he earned enough credits in the future, he would be able to start making items from the shop.

Knock, knock, knock.

Once again, a knock was heard on his door. It was still early morning, but he had been expecting this. Not knowing who the smell was coming from meant it was them. After opening the door, three soldiers dressed in the slick black uniform stood there tall and strong.

“Quinn Talen, correct?”

“Yes, sir.”

“An emergency matter involving Peter Chuk has caused him to drop out of the tournament. Due to this, the substitute of Del’s class, Quinn Talen must participate. Please follow us.”

After a quick elevator ride down, they had finally arrived at the underground area. Unlike above, the students here were already awake and were practising for the events. Still, many of them had nerves as it was only the second day. Before being able to join them, Quinn was further taken to a separate area where there was a desk and what looked like a small office area had been set up.

Behind the desk, equipment was there for participants to be used as well as other things such as snacks and beverages. There were also many soldiers standing on guard, keeping an eye on everyone.

The tension was high between the participants, and this often caused things to heat up between them. The soldiers didn't mind a bit of back and forth between students, but the second there was fighting they would stop it.

Fights were to be displayed in the arena not down below where nobody would see. The reason for bringing Quinn to the desk was because he needed to be registered. They handed him over a tablet where he was to input his fighting name.

'Oh, crap, I didn't think of this. I can't use my gamer ID, as Peter did. Even if I'm using my shadow powers, I won't be using my blood powers. Struggling to come up with a name, finally managed to put one down.'

The man at the desk looked at the tablet and chuckled, before handing it over to one of the other soldiers.

"You're free to use the training area as you wish, you will be called later on in the day, and your room number, if you want to rest, is 23, or if you manage to make it through.." The man then paused for a second, he looked at Quinn's wristwatch and realized that it said the level one. He shook his head in disbelief, not understanding what this class was thinking.

Sure, the last student was a level one, but they were clearly a special case, and the others could even see that due to the guards always being around them.

"Don't worry about it and just do what you want until we call you." The man said as he wafted his hand, suggesting for Quinn to go away.

'Was my name really that bad, is that why he was laughing?' Quinn thought.

Looking around, there really wasn't much for him to do. Since the first round of fights had already been completed, the others knew what powers they had. This meant that the training hall was full of people

using their powers, they would still keep moves hidden, but they were able to practice a lot better than before.

But for Quinn, he still wanted to keep his powers hidden until the fight.” Instead of fighting himself, he decided to lean up against the wall and keep an eye out on all the others. One of these in the room he would be fighting.

He had been there for a good five minutes, and when leaning up against the wall, another person games to join him. One that was quite wide and large and had a square-looking head.

The two said nothing to each other as they looked at all the participants. The person who was also up against the wall was Nate. The whole night, Sam had been excited after finding out that ZombieP would be in the fighting event. It was a shame that the Blood evolver didn't turn out to be Larry, but this had at least am up for it.

However, as soon as he had entered the room, he looked and looked but couldn't see Peter anywhere. He stood out more than the others, and he wasn't the only one that had noticed this. Peter was now well known to everyone, he was the kid who always had two guards beside him, and it also turns out he had an amazing regenerative ability.

For him to suddenly disappear, they all could tell straight away. Noticing this, Nate knew that there had to be a replacement. Wanting to get a better look at everyone, he decided to look from the wall and look at all the participants taking part. From the first day, he had kept an eye on everyone as he went about looking for Larry. There were far fewer people today, but still, he couldn't see anyone new practising.

‘Where’s the replacement.’

Suddenly, a large slash of air came out through. It was hard to see, but one could feel it if their senses were sharp enough. Nate, noticing this turned to his side as he moved, at the same moment, he saw another student that had been on the wall with him the whole time.

“Hey, move!” Nate shouted.

But, Quinn didn't listen, he too could sense the wind and instead decided to stay still. Knowing that the attack wasn't going to hit him. The attack slammed into the wall making a small bang as it hit like the end of the whip. However, there was no marking on the walls for it was made of glathrium.

"Oh sorry, that almost hit you, are you too okay." A student said, running over.

"Be careful next time!" Nate shouted back. "How stupid and bad could you be. This rooms massive and you manage to make a stray attack come over here." He was clearly annoyed.

The student continued to apologize, but a few others behind him were also looking over.

"It was no accident," Quinn mumbled as he finally left the wall and started to walk over towards the student. He had overheard the students speaking the whole time. They could see that Nate and Quinn were just standing there by the wall and wanted to give them a little scare.

When the attack came towards Quinn, he knew that they had aimed precisely in the middle of the two of them and there was no need for him to move. All they wanted to do was scare them. After all, if he or Nate were hurt, the students would have gotten in trouble.

When looking over in the student's direction from where the attack had come from, he could also see a bunch of girls off to the side. There and then something clicked in his head.

'It wasn't an accident. If I know thirsty boys, those guys were trying to impress those girls.' Why did Nate this? It was because he would have perhaps tried something similar in his own youth.

As Nate saw the curly-haired student walk towards the boy, he was wondering just what was going to happen.

'Wait, is that the new guy? It has to be. I don't remember seeing him down here.'

Looking at his wristwatch, he could see the level 1, but something else had worried him even more. He could see the student clenching his fist, ready for a punch.

Back on the top platform, the students were starting to gather in front of the screens for the first events to start. The others had left the Hotel together and were now peacefully sitting in front of screen two. Just then, Sam had arrived from his own Hotel, as he had agreed to meet up with them yesterday.

“Hey, where’s Quinn?” Sam asked, noticing he wasn’t sitting down with them.

“Well,” Vorden replied. “He’s taking part in the fighting tournament.”

The drink that was held in Sam’s hand nearly dropped to the floor, but he quickly tightened his grip and then a small smile appeared on his face. “Oh, really.”

‘I don’t know why Fate has decided to put you on the battlefield, all I know is, everyone might be in for one hell of a surprise.’ Sam thought.

My Vampire System Chapter 332: A weak punch

NOTE: THIS NOVEL IS NOT ENDING SOON THAT WAS A BUG.

While looking at all the students and relaxing up on the wall, Quinn was busy thinking away. The energy from before and his strong heartbeat hadn’t settled down. Every second meant the fight he was about to participate in was getting closer and closer.

This whole event was starting to remind him of the past. Life before the book. How he was too weak before. He was too weak to help Peter. He was too weak to help himself. How the other students used to beat him every day, and the most he could do was get a hit in here or there.

Thinking about how much he hated his life back then every single day, how the school chose to do nothing because he wasn’t destined for great things. And again when arriving at the military base, how they started to target those around him as well as him. All these bad memories were making him angrier.

At that moment, when walking, the picture of him getting hit and beaten by these losers were playing in his head.

Hearing the students behind laughing and what they had said, he already had enough of this. He couldn't do anything back then, but he could now.

Seeing Quinn's fist tightening, Nate could tell what was about to happen straight away. Although the kids deserved to get hit, Nate didn't want the new student being punished for it. He would be the aggressor in this situation if his punch landed. However, there was also a second reason Nate wanted to stop a fight, the people he was walking to were Level sevens.

There weren't many weak people left in the fighting event. If a fight was to happen, he couldn't see Quinn coming out of it unharmed.

"Hey is he coming over to us, what does he think he's doing?" One of the students from behind said.

The student in front was also annoyed. Although he had thrown out the wind strike, he was only trying to have a little fun. He knew the attack wouldn't hit them, so he felt like it was no reason for anyone to get angry.

"What the hell you brat?! What are you getting so annoyed for when I already said I was sorry!" The student complained.

"I'm in no mood for games. Out of all the days to try to pull this crap today, is not that day." Quinn said. "Of course it's my fault right, it's always the fault of the weak ones for being born this way."

The sound of Quinn's voice, he wasn't sure if he was imagining it, but there was certainly some type of undertone when he was speaking. The student looked around to see if his friends behind had heard, or if it was just him. They continued to laugh and joke around and even gave a thumbs up towards him.

'They didn't hear that, am I going crazy?' The student thought.

Out of panic and desperation, he threw a wind slash.

Quickly, Quinn moved his body to the side and started walking forward again, to the student in front of him, it looked like the attack had just gone right through his body.

Now the student was starting to feel his palms sweat. He threw out another attack, and once again, ever so slightly, Quinn would place his foot, allowing him to just avoid the attack and go back into position. The movement was so small it could hardly be seen.

The outsiders who were watching such a thing were confused. All they could see was one student walking forward, while the other was walking backwards in the middle of the room. The student who was throwing out the wind blades was using a unique technique. When wind users used such an attack, usually a thin white line could be seen striking the air.

But the wind user's attack was invisible to the eye, and could only be felt.

"What's Josh doing?" A student said. "Is he pretending to attack? I knew he was too soft. He thinks he can bluff his way out."

However, a few moments later, and the large whip-like sound could be heard as the wind attacks reached the end of how far they could go.

The loud banging noise was continuously heard and now the others were in shock. Josh wasn't just moving his hands about, he was actually throwing out attacks.

The loud noise had managed to catch the attention of the small pop up office from earlier.

"What is going on over there?" The man at the desk said, scratching his head. As he looked over, he could see the new student. "I thought something like this might have happened. These damn kids always like to go after the weak ones. Stop this before it gets out of hand." The man ordered.

A soldier from the post was immediately on his way.

Seeing the soldier coming over, Nate breathed a sigh of relief. He was hesitating himself whether to get involved or not but was afraid he could have been hurt by the wind users. It wasn't easy to sense those attacks.

Nate believed that the student had thrown out those attacks and had missed on purpose, trying to scare the student away.

The two were now close enough, and Quinn dashed forward, Josh lifted his hand ready to throw another wind strike right at the student. The soldier who was on his way could see this.

'If that attack hits, the other might be seriously hurt.' The soldier thought, and he too, had dashed forward.

What they didn't expect was for what Quinn had done next. He lifted his leg fast up towards his head and then slammed it down, performing an axe kick right on the student's wrist.

Josh's hand slammed down and was pinned against the floor. Josh tried to move, but even using his whole strength, he couldn't budge, if he tried any harder, he was afraid his wrist would break if it wasn't already broken.

After the Axe kick had been performed, Quinn threw out his fist. There was no hammer strike, there was no blood spray, it was just an ordinary punch, but it did contain his full strength behind it.

As the punch went forward, a man stood in the way and braced himself holding both his arms in a cross shape.

"haha, that's it. Just a little weak punch." The student around started to laugh.

The blow had hit the man, but he remained there solid and still not having moved an inch, and the expression on his face hadn't changed at all.

"Come on, Josh, you could have taken the punch, and just hit him back." The students continued to mock thier friend.

“Stop this at once.” The man said. “Fighting is reserved for the arena and not underground. If you continue, then you shall be punished.”

When Quinn had looked at who he had hit, he noticed it was one of the soldiers. He then peeked around the soldier to see the student behind him, grabbing his wrist, it looked like it was starting to swell.

“It’s okay, I think he’s learnt his lesson,” Quinn said as he walked off.

“Wait!” The soldier shouted. “Young boy, who’s your teacher?”

“You mean Del?” Quinn replied.

“No. Not your homeroom teacher. That kick, you’re in the beast weapons class, yes?”

“My teacher is sergeant Leo,” Quinn replied as he walked off.

The soldier said no more and allowed Quinn to walk off just like that.

“Wait, you’re going to let him go!” Josh cried. “Look at my wrist. I think he broke it.”

“Stop your complaining, something like this can easily be fixed by the doctors before your event, and don’t think I didn’t see where you had planned to use your own strike. In my eyes, this was a simple act of self-defence.”

The soldier’s decision was final, and Josh could see that. There was no more use complaining, and he wouldn’t try bothering Quinn again.

After the fight had been broken up, Quinn had gone back to the wall to relax once again. Nate came rushing over with a glow in his eyes, for he had seen something quite impressive. “Hey, that kick was impressive. You must have practised a lot to get it that smooth and fast. ”

Nate was a junkie for martial arts. Even before learning what type of ability he had, he preferred the pure skill people would use in hand to hand combat. The fact that it also helped him out with his ability was only a bonus.

“If you want, maybe we can spar sometime?” Nate asked, then looked down at his watch. Which made him add a few last words. “Without abilities, of course.”

Quinn could see that the student was a nice person. He didn't look threatening at all. Even if he did seem to be a bit annoying.

“Sure, it sounds fun.”

Back at the pop-up office, the soldier had returned to make a report of the events that had occurred.

“Anything to report?” the man at the desk asked.

“A broken wrist, nothing else, they won't fight again. I'm sure of it.”

The man at the desk paused for a second as he looked at the soldier before speaking again.

“Go back to your duties, you're dismissed. Oh, and before you go. Make sure to see a doctor about the broken arm of yours.”

“Yes, sir.” The soldier said as he rushed off.

“This is an announcement, will all students get into their designated groups. The main events will begin shortly.”

My Vampire System Chapter 333: The Cursed Child

The students were told to prepare themselves for the event. They started to pick their best beast gear and left whatever they didn't need behind.

They then were organized by the soldiers into their new groups. Once again, it seemed like even on the second day, all the first years were placed in the same group. This was to continue making the fights fairer and enjoyable. Even if a first-year was stronger, their was the key difference between them and the second years, which was using a soul weapon.

As the students finished getting into their groups, several heads twisted and turned, and mumbling between the participants seemed to be going around quickly. They all realized that the infamous ZombieP was no longer there.

Looking over at all the groups, Nate noticed that he wasn't with his newly found friend he had just made, since he was a second year, but it also seemed like everyone was turning to know to look at him.

"So, you're ZombieP's replacement?" A student in the group said. "I wonder what happen to him?"

Rather than being interested in Quinn himself, they were far more concerned about where or why ZombieP wouldn't be taking part in this fight.

Seeing his ability, he couldn't have possibly been injured. This was the usual reason for one dropping out of the tournament. If it was an injury that wouldn't have been able to be healed on time before the next match.

"All right, everyone, it's time to make your way up to the stage. Group A, please follow me." It was time for Quinn and the others to make their way to the arena.

As Quinn was about to pass through the entrance, the soldier from before stopped him for he had a newfound interest in him.

"Wait, aren't you going to take any beast gear with you into the fight. If you don't have any, the rules state we can at least lend you some basic protection equipment."

It wasn't beast gear as that would be unfair to the others, but the man worried about him, he needed at least some thick leather.

"It's okay," Quinn replied. "I have everything I need."

Inside the booth, the Four leaders, including the Supreme commander Oscar, arrived in their seats. They were free to do what they wanted during regular events but wanted to have the best seats in the house for the main three events.

They had just finished watching the Ranged event and crafting event. The big four families would often teach the same ability, but the ability varied in strength depending on the person. However, when watching, they still kept a close eye. There were many factions and other families that were under the banner of the big four.

If they were to see a student who really interested them, they could invite them over to join a family under them, in turn, growing the power of their own.

Finally, it was time for the fighting event.

"The first years will be fighting first, correct?" Mona asked. "Is there anyone you have your eyes on?"

Hearing this reminded both Burnie and Owen of their encounter with the Blade child. He was in his first year. After hearing no news of anything happening yesterday, they assumed he might have just wanted to practice with their powers. Anyway, whatever the child wanted to do, it was none of their business.

"That child named ZombieP interests me." Said Owen. "His regeneration speed was remarkable, and yet somehow, even without any beast gear, he was able to deliver a knockout punch."

“Perhaps he is skilled in the martial arts. He wouldn’t be the first person to perform superhuman feats beyond the norms of a human body.” Mona replied. “What was his name... I believe he finally decided to become a teacher.”

“You are talking about Sergeant Leo,” Oscar replied. “And unfortunately, we won’t be seeing ZombieP perform in today’s match. I got a report this morning from the doctor. He can’t move; his whole body’s frozen. They think it’s possibly a drawback from whatever powers he displayed yesterday.”

Hearing this, Jack was pleased. It seemed like Duke had really pulled through for him again.

“Of course, a healing power that strong would have its own drawbacks,” Burnie said with his arms crossed as he snorted hot air from his large nostrils once again.

“Then, that means we will see a new person?” Mona asked. “This won’t be fun at all. The substitute is a substitute for a reason simply because they weren’t good enough to be picked in the first place. If it happened in the first round, sure, it might have been entertaining. But the students that are left are quite strong. I almost feel sorry for the student.”

Although Jack didn’t feel sorry for the student, he thought it would be an incredibly quick match. After the surprise turn of events of yesterday, Jack didn’t want the same thing happening twice. Out of all the first-year students participating in the event this year, he made it so the Duke would allow him to fight the strongest one.

At least the strongest one he could get. There were a couple of first-year students that were part of the big four families. Those he didn’t want to get involved in too much, so he picked the next best choice.

He wanted to humiliate Peter while also drawing out Pure. But with Pure already succeeding in their task, the opponent he had prepared would now be going against the substitute.

The platforms had been prepared and spread out across the arena floor. This time the platforms were at least two times the size as the previous ones. This was because there would now be displaying only five fights at the same time. It also allowed for more large-scale fighting and fewer defeats via the knockout from falling off.

It was boring seeing participants just falling to the ground; the audience would much rather watch a display of great skills.

“Please, everyone, welcome your first round of participants.”

The crowd cheered loudly as it was the last event of the day. They always did save the best until last, which was why no one had left, and it seemed like not a single seat was empty in the arena.

The participants slowly walked onto the stage, and just like everyone else, they too soon realized that one of their favourites from the first round, wasn't there.

The crowd wasn't too bothered, but the students, in particular, were surprised.

“What, where is zombieP?”

“I can't see him.”

“Does this mean he won't be fighting?”

“Yeah, look, there's someone I haven't seen before. Something must have happened, and now the substitute has to fight.”

The camera on-screen focused on all the participants one by one as they made their way to the platform, and the crowd could see their big faces appear.

That's when Owen noticed the boy who had taken ZombieP's place.

‘Now, this is interesting.’ He thought as his eyes widened. He quickly took out the mask from his waist and opened it outward, covering his mouth. He didn't want the others to see the smile.

'That was the boy who was with the Blade family child. Wasn't he only a level one, if I remember seeing correctly? I see it now.' Owen thought. Like a jigsaw puzzle, things were coming into place for him.

'It would be stupid to put just any level, one ability user, in there,'

And he remembered the boy saying something strange. He remembered he stated he had beaten the game at level 5 yet didn't go any higher than that. Based on their reaction and him being in the tournament now, it had to be him in the video.

Coming to this realization, he did everything he could to hold in his laughter, but failed as his shoulders began to move up and down.

"What's so funny?" Jack asked, seeing his slanted eyes that were shaped like two crescent moons peek just above the shaking fan.

"I just think we will be in for a surprise today," Owen said.

The names of each of the participants were announced as they then rose onto the large pillar-like platform. Finally, they had gotten to Quinn and his opponent.

"First, we have the student who dominated their last round and gave us an amazing show. Please welcome the Multiplier."

"Oh, he was a good one, he is one of the ones I had my eye on," Mona said excitedly. "Wait, isn't he going against the substitute? What a shame; I thought this time we might see more of his skills."

"What is the substitute's ability, Oscar?" Owen asked out of interest.

Oscar then sighed as he heard this.

"I honestly don't know what they were thinking, but they managed to convince management, saying he is one of the students currently with the highest amount of points in their base. It turns out he has no ability at all." Oscar replied.

"Rats! I can't believe they're wasting our time with this. You should have stepped in and done something. I thought you were in charge of this place!" Burnie complained.

"Sadly, I only got the report just before entering this room."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry too much," Owen interjected. "I think we all will be more surprised than you think."

The others chose to ignore Owen's words. To them, it seemed like the youngster who just wanted a different option compared to everyone else, like a child who would say the opposite answer compared to the whole class just to get attention.

"And his opponent, unfortunately, ZombieP has had to exit from the tournament due to medical emergencies. Which means today we have a replacement. Please welcome to the stage... the Cursed Child."

From above, Vorden and the others all shook their head and slapped it in disappointment.

"What's with his naming sense." Vorden thought. "Couldn't he think of something, a little less cringy?"

Layla started to giggle a little. "I kinda like it, better than his other name anyway."

The reason for choosing this name was because of how he felt at the time, and felt similar to when he had created his vampire family. He also didn't want to choose a name that gave away his abilities, and on top of that, he wasn't able to use his old favourite name, the Blood evolver.

*BEEP *BEEP *BEEP*

The three beeps indicated it was time for the event to start, and as soon as it did.

[Shadow equip]

Shadows surrounded Quinn's body, legs, and arms, and a few seconds later, they had dispersed, revealing all of his equipment.

The soldier watching from below smiled while looking at the screen.

"You really did have everything you need."

But one who was even more shocked and more excited was Nate.

'He has Gauntlets? Another year one student who uses gauntlets as a weapon. A strange level one user just like the ZombieP. Now that I think about it, that kick as well. Skilful in martial arts. It can't be, is he the Blood evolver?'

My Vampire System Chapter 335: Double trouble

Inside the arena, two of the five fights had come to an end, and only three of the fights remained. The camera had decided to focus on Quinn's match at this very moment. They could see that the Multiplier was trapped and thought another contestant would soon be eliminated from the competition.

When the daggers were thrown, everybody waited in anticipation of what the Multiplier would do to follow up this attack and how he would dismantle his opponent as he had done previously. What they didn't expect, was for the sudden reveal of a strange power that no one had ever seen before.

The sheet of purple shadow rose from Quinn's feet surrounding him. It was moving ever so slightly, and the small blades seemed to have stopped just as they touched it.

"Hey, do you know what ability that is?" A person from the crowd asked.

“No, I’ve never seen anyone with it before.”

“I wonder what it does or how it works.”

“Wait, what is Quinn doing!” Layla shouted. “Why is he showing his powers, and worse of all right now in front of everyone?”

Sam looked carefully at the strange power. He had expected Quinn to be hiding something, he even thought he was a hundred percent sure that he was the Blood evolver, but this, he had never seen the Blood evolver do this before. Even if they had learned a new skill, there was a clear difference between what he was seeing right now. The Blood evolvers powers produced a red aura, while this was purple and dark; it felt different.

“I assume you have something to do with this?” Logan said, looking at Vorden since he seemed to be the only one who hadn’t acted so surprised at the outcome.

“He’s sick and tired of hiding,” Vorden replied. “I can feel it, and I think you guys can too. The whole situation was just frustrating him more and more as the days went by. Sooner or later this was going to happen, so might as well do it now.”

“But won’t people come after him after they learn about his background?” Layla asked. “He was an orphan and the military knew he had no ability before. The others will try to ask for the ability book, or try to find out how he learned this.”

“Don’t worry, after this, I told him he could say my family is looking after him, and he gave the ability book to them for safekeeping.”

“And what original family do you come from?” Sam asked. If Vorden was confident to use his family’s name to protect a rare ability, they had to be strong. If they weren’t, then others would still try to attack or pressure them in some way to obtain the ability book.

“My family is the Blade family,” Vorden responded.

Sam started to think hard if he had ever heard such a name before, but he tried and tried. He was quite knowledgeable and even knew some medium-sized factions and families, but the Blades just didn't seem to ring a bell. However, since his family was an original family and managed to stay that way, it meant it would still give Quinn some protection.

When abilities started to become more well known around the world and families began to reveal themselves. Some of the original families were broken up and had their abilities learned and stolen, eventually making them known to the public. They then were no longer known as originals.

Only the more potent abilities or the ones under the Big three at the time, were able to keep their abilities and powers to themselves. If Vorden's family was still considered an original, they had to have some influence, right?

Opening up a part of the shadow from the front, the small blades moved again, and Quinn had blocked them with his gauntlets. He then moved out from where the shadow was originally placed and allowed for the shadow to return to him. As soon as he did this, the blades continued to move forward, wholly missing and falling off the arena.

[94/100 MC cells]

The small blades were only at the basic tier level. This was why Quinn knew he could block it with only a thin layer of the shadow. At the same time, the damage it had done was small.

[Shadow cloak skill activated]

Then, in front of everyone's eyes on the stage and from the booth, Quinn had disappeared entirely. The stronger ones could still sense where Quinn was, as this was only a visual effect, an illusion almost, but to the crowd, they now couldn't see anything.

Multiplier himself had quite keen senses and could tell Quinn was still here, but found it hard to pinpoint his exact location. The problem was, Quinn was just too fast. When attacking, the shadow cloak was disabled, and a fist seemed to come flying out of nowhere, delivering a punch to the head. The puff of black smoke appeared once more.

“Not that one.”

Seeing another one not too far away, he decided to use the flash step. Moving himself right in the position of the next person. Without hesitation, an uppercut was delivered, and with it, another cloud of smoke appeared. From behind, his sensitive ears had picked up the sound of footsteps running up to him. Quickly spinning his body and lifting his leg, he performed a spinning back kick, hitting Multiplier through the air and off the arena ground.

All the fights around them were now being ignored; each puff of black smoke appearing the crowd cheered in response. It was as if they were watching a skilled traveller take on several men at once.

While one person came towards Quinn at the front, another was behind him. The two daggers came toward both his body and his head; using both of his hands, Quinn was able to grab him by the wrist, but that didn't stop the second person coming from behind.

“Is he done for?” the crowd thought.

But Quinn knew all along what was happening. From underneath his feet, the shadow rose once again, stopping the attack.

[80/100 MC]

The attack had been blocked, but this time it had taken a lot more of his MC points to deal with it. This was due to the weapon being an advanced tier one.

Throwing out a kick towards his opponent's stomach finished the first one-off, and then a spin with the back of his fist hitting the one behind him, the two opponents had been finished off.

Looking around him and at the arena, he could still see the six of the same person. Even though he had already defeated multiple clones.

“Damn, which one is the real one? They all smell exactly the same!”

What Quinn didn't know was the Multiplier was able to switch his real body with any of the clones he created at any time. The Multiplier not once had even gotten close to Quinn.

How he wished he was able to use his blood abilities right now. Using blood swipe, he could attack far away or with the crescent kick, and if there were multiple enemies, he could use the blood spray.

There was another problem, sooner or later, his MC points would run out. The weapon the Multiplier used was strong, and it could only block so many more attacks. Quinn was careful not to get hit, and if he did and the fight got rough, there was a good chance his Blood bank would automatically activate.

His healing wasn't as impressive as Peter's, but it was still to the point where one would think he had a healing ability. This, in turn, would cause so many questions to be asked.

"Well, it looks like this match certainly has gotten interesting," Owen said, giggling away.

"I knew you wouldn't play fair," Burnie replied. "You knew he actually had an ability, didn't you."

"I knew no such thing; how would I know information that not even Oscar knew?" Owen replied.

Burnie was now looking at Oscar for an answer. If anyone should have known about his powers, it should have been him. Oscar was starting to wonder how Owen knew or came to know of this as well.

"I think this makes the whole thing a lot more interesting," Mona added. "It would have been boring otherwise; besides, a bet is a bet. Even if you did know he had an ability, the Multiplier is one of the strongest people in this tournament, and that fact still doesn't change. Besides, we all know how the Multiplier likes to toy with his opponents from the last fight, and he still hasn't shown everything he's got. Although, with the Cursed Child, I do wonder what level his ability is at?"

"It is a hard one to judge," Owen replied. "The ability itself doesn't seem to have many attacking opportunities. If the user himself wasn't so skilled in hand to hand combat, then this fight might have been long over. However, it also seems the ability itself is versatile. It cloaked him, making him almost invisible, and also, it can be moved around at will like an elemental power. I have a feeling we haven't seen everything yet."

Back on the platform, Quinn slowly made his way back into the center. The others found this quite the amateur move as it allowed him to be surrounded. If he stood near the outer edge, he was able to face opponents coming from one direction. Yes, there was a higher chance one would be knocked off from the stage. But it still gave him better options.

Still, Quinn knew if he weren't the aggressor, he would eventually lose this fight. Once in the center, all the clones threw their small blades again, and Quinn repeated with the same action lifting the shadow and blocking the attacks.

"I can do this all day, come on!" Quinn shouted, hoping that the Multiplier would try something new.

All of them switched and pulled out their daggers.

"Oh, do you think you've won?" the Multiplier spoke. When speaking, each of his clones spoke simultaneously, and the voice sounded louder together like an odd choir. "You do know I've been playing around with you this whole time. You see, I like to toy with my opponents, sometimes make them feel like they are winning. Some matches I start with two, for others, I begin with four. After seeing how easily you dealt with my clones, I decided on six.

"But, I guess that wasn't enough."

From behind the six people that surrounded the arena, another six people were seen behind them as they moved to the side to make twelve. It was the first time in the tournament the Multiplier had ever used twelve people to fight so far.

"Let's see how you deal with this!" the Multiplier said, as all twelve clones decided to charge in towards the center at the same time.

"Perfect," Quinn said.

[Shadow void]

A thick purple shadow spread out from his feet across the floor in all directions from where Quinn stood. Once it reached a particular area, it started to rise, eventually creating a small dome shape. The dome incased both Quinn and all of the clones with him. From the outside, the public suddenly couldn't see anything, but a purple dome of moving shadows.

"What's going on?" the crowd said.

"Are they still fighting in there?"

"This had to be that Cursed Child's ability right."

"Are you starting to feel nervous about our little bet?" Owen asked.

"Although I don't know what this strange dome thing does, I can not believe one person could take on twelve. I didn't even know the Multiplier could copy himself that many times. If I have him in one of my families, it would be like having a little squad. He would be able to go out on solo missions on his own."

As time went by and nothing was happening. Even Burnie was starting to get nervous. It shouldn't have taken this long for someone to beat one person.

Finally, the shadows around started to fade away slowly. They began to disappear from the top of the dome to the bottom and eventually returned to the original users two feet, where one person could be seen standing, while the other was beaten entirely and knocked out on the floor.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have our winner. The Cursed Child!"

My Vampire System Chapter 336: The Shadow hands

A huge upset had occurred in the arena, it was something the others hadn't expected. One of the favourites from the first years had been defeated, and what was worst, the others weren't even able to see how it was done.

“That’s impossible!” Burnie said, standing up from his seat. At the same time, he banged the side of his armchair. It briefly went up in flames before the whole side of the thing burnt to a crisp.

It was amazing how quick it was disappeared as to not affect the whole chair.

“Calm down!” Oscar demanded. Burnie was always a hot-headed fool, and he knew this bet was a bad idea. However, even Oscar didn’t think this would be the final outcome. So he allowed for it to continue.

“Can’t you see?” Said Burnie. “That kid, he didn’t just win, but there isn’t even a single scratch on him.”

The others had, of course, noticed this as well. For this to have happened, the fight inside the dome couldn’t have been a close one. The dome-shaped shadow was either very powerful or it was there to conceal the boy’s real strength from the eyes of everyone else.

Jack’s whole body was shaking, but not because he was upset. It was out of Joy. A mysterious power that was able to rival top Original families, yet didn’t belong to any of the big four. This was the perfect opportunity for him, whatever he did, he needed to get this power for himself.

However, there was a small problem, something he never thought would get in the way, and that was the bet. Jack was one of the ones that hadn’t spoken up when the deal was made, meaning Owen was able to get the first choice when inviting students to thier families. There was no way a student would turn down such an offer from one of the big four. Perhaps there was some way he could persuade him.

Once the event was over, he would contact the others at his tower to find out everything they could about the boy named, Cursed child.

“Well, I must say I think I’ve got a pretty bright future ahead of me,” Owen said, laughing.

Oscar looked at the student one more time standing in the arena.

'Looks like I need to speak to the people at the second base. How they were this tardy to not notice something like this is beyond my comprehension. Anyway, Quinn Talen, I shall be keeping an eye on you.'

The cheering in the arena had continued for a lot longer than usual. People always seemed to love the unexpected. It was exciting to think about what this new power and surprise could do.

While standing in the centre, Quinn looked down at the Multiplier and started to recall what happened when the Shadow void had been cast.

Even with the void covering the view of the others, Quinn couldn't use his blood abilities. There was a high chance that the influence skill wouldn't work on him. He would then reveal to everyone what had happened after the fight. It was a risk he still couldn't take.

However, what the Multiplier also didn't realise was he wasn't the only one who had been holding back the whole fight. As the multiple clones came towards him, for a brief second Quinn closed his eyes and started to think back to the block, block game. The slightest sound, the slightest movement he was able to see the attacks just as they moved.

The Multiplier was doing near enough the same thing. Using his clones to attack him from multiple directions, and even though there was twelve of them, there was only so much space that could be used to attack.

The twelve had come towards him, he could see a slight twitch in the first one's shoulder, he attacked as soon as he saw the slightest movement and the first one was down. Using all of his limbs, his legs his arms. Quinn blocked, dodged and allowed for even the clones to hit each other. Everything was done at a speed that hadn't been used in the match before.

"Fex was a lot more versatile when I fought him with his strings." He said as he hit one clone.

"Vorden's ability was a lot stronger than this." As he kicked another.

"And the king tier beast was a hell of a lot faster." He said as he punched the last clone in the stomach.

All twelve of the clones had been defeated. Only one remained away in the distance towards the edge.

“I need to make more.” Multiplier said, but his energy was starting to drain. There wasn’t enough time to recover as Quinn’s strength was strong enough to deal with the clones with a single blow. It was something the Multiplier had never dealt with before.

As he started the cloning process, something weird was felt wrapping around his legs and arms. When he looked, he could see multiple purple, dark hands grabbing his limbs.

“What is this? Why isn’t my cloning working?” He said, shocked.

Quinn had half expected this, his shadow had the ability to slow down time of whatever it was touching, and due to how the Multiplier’s ability worked right now, it was taking an incredibly long time to even clone himself. With this, the Multiplier started to panic; he had always relied on his skills to move from one clone to other.

In his haste, he hadn’t realised if he had just concentrated in using all of his strength to break free from the shadow, he would have been able to break free. Instead, he repeatedly attempted to clone himself, but it just didn’t seem to work.

Finally, though he was able to detach his right arm, as he calmed down a little and started to think straight.

[20/100 MC]

But it was useless, as more arms instantly came toward him, grabbing him and putting him in place up against the wall of the shadow void again.

“I better finish this in one blow,” Quinn said, seeing how low his MC points were.

Standing in front of the original Multiplier, he was able to finally use a skill that wouldn’t be wasted. Stomping his foot onto the ground and allowing the energy to rise up, he pulled back one hand and snapped explosively with the other.

'Hammer strike!' the regular hammer strike was performed and the fist sunk into the chest piece right in the centre. In nearly an instant, his eyelids started to close, and the Multiplier had been knocked out.

"I guess you never really been hit like that before have you?" Quinn thought realising he had been beaten with a single punch.

The void skill was cancelled, and the victor's name had been called.

"Can you believe it, is that really Quinn from our class, wasn't he always a weakling?" the students in Del's class were amazed. However, some started to worry.

"Hey, didn't you use to pick on him and Peter, you better apologise man."

"What, you think he'll remember that?"

They had just witnessed someone defeat a level 8. Most of the students who were in Del's class weren't even past the level five, and suddenly, all those that once shunned or talked badly about him were afraid.

"Hmm, perhaps he isn't the Blood evolver after all," Nate said, noticing that not a single red aura skill was displayed. But there were some signs that were confusing. He had seen kicks and punches, as well as the flash step. these were all skills the Blood Evolver performed. "Still, you're just another person for me to get excited over."

Once the matches were over the students were taken off the platforms and rushed to the side to get emergency care from the standby doctors. After a few minutes, the Multiplier had woken up. It turned out his injuries weren't too bad, and his armour had absorbed most of the impact of the punch. Although there were still some internal injuries, he would need to be treated for later. He really had never been struck so hard before, and with the fear of everything happening, he had passed out.

Before the next set of events were to start, they would have interviews with the participants in-between. They interviewed each one until they finally went to the two people who they were looking

forward to most, the participants of match five. The first to be interviewed was the unexpected loser of the match, Multiplier.

They sat by the side of the arena by a bench where all the doctors and other participants were seen being treated in the background. The female reporter was there ready with her microphone. At the same time, her drone companion was thier filming everything for everyone to see on the big screen.

“First I would have to say you put on quite a show for everyone today and it came as quite a surprise to us with the result today. Many people here expected you to win. It seemed like everything was going your way until one point, once that void was created, can you tell us what happened in there, or if you remember anything at all?” The reporter asked.

Recalling the memories of the dark place, was not a pleasant thought, and the shock of a loss was still hitting him quite hard so he was slow to answer. “Yes...I remember what happened in there. Hands...”

“Hands?” the reporter said with a confused look on her face.

“Thier were hands everywhere, they grabbed me, all over the place and I couldn’t move. Black shadowy like hands and that’s when he delivered the final blow.”

Hearing this from up in the booth, Jack’s eyes looked as if they were about to jump out of his sockets. ‘What did he say, dark shadowy hands?’

The words that had been spoken had brought up a memory for him. When he had visited the second military base.

These were memories he would never forget. He was embarrassed and humiliated as the two students were saved by Pure. There were two people who had interfered and had gotten in his way. After the events, he had his two guards file a report. Kenny talked about how a strange user, who seemed to control a shadow, had fought him. Not only that, there was also the mention of hands as one of the skills along with other things.

Now that he thought about it more. The description matched near-perfectly enough with the report his guard Kenny had given him. The powers used back then and the powers used now were the same.

This brought him to one conclusion about Quinn.

'He works for PURE!!!'

My Vampire System Chapter 337: A cryptic message

After finding out about this revelation, Jack couldn't believe it. Slowly, it was starting to make sense of how they knew his every move and how they could plan against him.

'Of course, Pure would have put a Student spy into the school system. Just how they rescued Peter before, they most likely used him to do the same here as well.

'You were always one step ahead of me, and now I know why, but now I'm one step ahead of you.'" Jack said with a smile as he got up from his seat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" Oscar asked. "Are you not going to watch the rest of the fighting events?"

"Ah, there are some important business matters I need to look into. Don't worry; I shall be back soon."

Jack left the room and started walking at a fast pace out of the booth to head back to his room. There were still a few things he needed to think about before he could make his next move. Even if Quinn was a part of Pure, that didn't change the fact that he had a rare ability that no one had seen before. Suddenly, claiming the student was part of Pure, might make it harder for him to obtain the boy's powers.

He wanted both Pure, and the shadow power for himself. Quinn was the key to that. Once Jack had returned to the room, he had contacted his headquarters back at Dreamland City. A digital display on his wall, connecting a video call. Immediately he had called for his old Guard Kenny, who had made the report about the shadow powers before.

“That’s right, sir, everything you said matches up with exactly what I saw that day,” Kenny replied.

Just then, another message had appeared on screen, which was from sergeant Duke.

‘The information about the student I requested.’ Quickly he started to read through the report. ‘Quinn Talen... only child... Orphan, pfft the perfect backstory for an agent of Pure. No surprise there.’

While Jack was busy talking about his team and doing research on Quinn, over at the arena, the reporter had just finished talking with Multiplier.. She was now moving on to the star of the show, Quinn.

“First, I have to congratulate you on your upset victory. Of course, we all saw your impressive martial arts skill when fighting the clones but what we really want to know about is your ability. My research says that you’re not from an original family. Still, I don’t think any of us here have ever seen an ability like that before. So what we want to know is just how and what ability is that?” The reporter asked.

Quinn looked at the big screen, and he could see his own face maximized for everyone to see. Everyone in the crowd was waiting for his answer. He then thought back to what Vorden had said, and he was ready to reply.

“As you said, I am not from an original family. I grew up as an orphan. The detail of how I learned the ability is a story and a half, so bear with me. An incident happened at school a while back, where I was transported to a red portal planet. The whole place seemed abandoned.

“While I was there, I came across an ability book I had never seen before. I currently didn’t have an ability, and I thought my luck had finally changed. The school eventually found me and returned me safely, but I chose to keep the fact I had found the book a secret. This event had happened a few months back. Due to it being a high-level ability book, it took me a long time to learn. Even after learning it, with no teacher or reference on how to use the ability, it took a while to come up with my own skills. I wasn’t ready and chose to hide this from everybody.

“As an orphan and no family or factions to protect me, this felt like the right thing to do. However, today a good friend of mine had offered in return for giving them the ability book, I would become a member of their faction and family. As for the ability itself and which family that is, I think you will all understand why I won’t go into further details about that now, as it’s not fair to the original family who took me in.

“Before I end this interview, I have one last thing to say.” Once again, Quinn looked up above the arena, where his friends and Vorden would be standing.

“If you chose to still go after me, then the chains that have been locked away for centuries shall be broken by the Blades.”

There were many questions the reporter had wanted to ask, but Quinn had already started walking away after saying those few words. After hearing Quinn’s story, the people in the crowd could understand the reasoning of what had happened so far and why the student had chosen to do what he had done. However, the families and factions in the crowds felt like what the student had just done, was outright silly.

Even if he didn’t reveal the family’s name that was protecting the book, they would find out soon. Declaring that this family had the ability book was putting a target on their back, and unless they were one of the big four, there was unlikely anything that would stop them from trying to take it from this family.

However, the reaction in the booth was a completely different one. The last words had sent a shiver down each of the Big Three in the room’s spine. Goosebumps were felt all over the place.

‘Damn!’ Owen shouted in his head. For the first time, he wasn’t so giggly cheery like his usual self. Instead, he was biting his fingernails. ‘I knew this was a possibility after I saw the two of them were friends. But who would have thought? Now no one can touch him.’

‘Those last lines.’ Mona thought. ‘They were quite clearly a code, a code that only we would know.’

Oscar had noticed a slight change in the room. Usually, they were quite a rowdy bunch, especially with Burnie and Owen always bickering at each other, but now there was complete silence. ‘Was it something the boy said?’ He thought.

But he was concerned with a different matter. If what the student was saying was true, the red portal he had access to must have come from the military base they were at. Which meant it was a planet the military had explored. Why was there such an ability book on a planet like that?

Oscar wished to delve further once this whole event was over. Perhaps he would find clues about the ability book and what had happened on the red portal planet. It might even lead him to the original owners of the ability book.

The rest of the event continued as usual, and Jack had eventually returned with a smile on his face. The event had now been going on for a while, and during it, not a word was spoken. They hadn't really focused on the matches at all.

Each one of them's minds was filled with other matters, and finally, the event had come to an end.

The big four returned to their rooms, and so did the supreme commander. As Jack went back, he started to think of a plan he could put in place. If he was only to inform the military of the matter without the others knowing, then maybe they would allow him to take the boy's ability. It would also make sure the power didn't fall into the other three's hands, and he knew they would like that.

Still, it was a little risky. The best time to do anything would be when the boy returned to his military base. Pure still didn't know he knew about him. He had close connections with Duke and could use this to catch Quinn and take his powers before anyone could interfere.

Going to his desk, he grabbed a bottle of whisky that was out on display and poured himself a clean, nice shot with no ice.

'I deserve this for everything I've done today.' Jack said as he lifted the glass in the air.

Suddenly, he heard a knock at the door. A frustrated Jack placed the glass back on the table and answered it.

"What is it!" He said with anger, but when he looked at who it was, he was surprised to see that it was Mona Bree.

"I'm here to tell you about an emergency meeting between the Big Four. It will be regarding what happened today. You have to come now!"

My Vampire System Chapter 338: Starting a war

Walking down the hallway, Jack was stomping away his feet hard on the ground as he plodded along. He was just about to call it a night after successfully plotting his plan.

‘What could be so important to call a meeting at this time, and why does it have to be now.’ He thought, frustrated.

It wasn’t just any meeting between the Leaders though. Mona had specifically told him that this was a meeting for only the big four families, which meant it didn’t include the head generals or the supreme commander. As if it was something they didn’t want them to know about.

This was a rare matter, and the only time Jack had been called into a meeting like this before, was when they decided to invite him to join the leader’s table. Making the Big three into the big Four.

Eventually, Mona had led him down the hallway, and they stopped just outside The Sundhiled family room. When she pushed the heavy door open, the other two could already be seen sitting there waiting. The rooms they stayed in were quite grand and large, and there were several separate rooms. Each one was designed slightly different to suit their own style.

Jack looked around the room, even though it was the same layout, it looked completely different when comparing it to his own. Most of the decor used looked like it was from an older era. There were also several paintings of large beasts on the wall with a single man taking it down. ‘Useless Junk’ As Jack would have called it was scattered on top of desks and drawers.

Nonetheless, Jack needed to comply, so he sat down at the large rounded table that looked like it was designed for twenty, but only the four of them were present.

This, of course, meant they were sitting quite far away from each other, but Jack liked this anyway.

“As the elder of the group I shall be the one to start the meeting,” Mona said. Although she didn’t look old at all. Burnie looked to be in his fifties, and Jack was just reaching his thirties. Jack had always

thought Mona was around the same age as him, but now she had suddenly declared that she was older. He was wondering what type of witchcraft she had to use to look so young.

Now that he thought about, she certainly dressed like a witch as well. Even now in the middle of the night, she was dressed in all black, with a pointy hat and a veil covering her face.

'Does the mad women sleep in that?'

She stood up from her seat as she talked to the others. "I'm sure you all know why I thought it was necessary to call this meeting, but I did so just to make sure we're all on the same page."

'Huh, they know what this is about already. Have they been doing things without me behind my back?' Jack thought.

"We are here to talk about the Blade family."

'Them again... this is just a waste of time, we need to be dealing with Pure. Oh well, maybe I will learn something about them.'

"We need to make sure that all our families and fractions, including the subfamilies, receive this message. They are prohibited no matter what, to either go after the student known as Quinn Talen or try to research which family he has given the ability book to."

"What did you say?" Jack shouted as he shot up from his seat.

"Ah, I guess you weren't here for that part," Owen replied. "I seem to remember you left the room at that time. The boy who won the match against the Multiplier. Turns out he and his unique ability is under the protection of the Blade family."

"Yes," Burnie said, nodding his head up and down with his arms crossed on top of his large belly. "We all heard it, 'the chains that have been locked away for centuries, shall be broken by the Blades.' And we all understand what he meant by that."

The other three all nodded their head, but Jack didn't have a clue. He didn't have a grand history of ability users from the beginning of time. His family and his power were only discovered after the Dalki era. He knew nothing of what this damned code meant, and he was starting to get increasingly frustrated that no one was informing him.

What he did understand was what that made clear. They were ordering nearly every person they could, to not touch Quinn Talen. All of this was due to his connection with the Blade family.

And he wasn't an exception to this rule most likely.

'My plans, they've been ruined!'

He needed to do something. If he wanted to get that mysterious ability. Now the others would have people keeping a careful eye on him in the military base whenever they could. It would be impossible for him, even with his connections to do much without them finding out.

He didn't want to do it, but this was the only thing he could do.

"Quinn can't be related to the Blades," Jack said. "Because I'm sure he's with Pure."

There was a brief moment of silence between the other three until they all started laughing together shortly after.

"That's impossible, Pure and the Blades are black and white. They would never see eye to eye in the current world." Mona replied.

"But I'm telling you the truth. If you don't believe me, I'll bring Quinn here right now and force a confession out of him!"

"ENOUGH!" Burnie said as he slammed his fist on the table. "Did you not hear what we just said? No one is to go after the boy, and that includes you, Jack. We don't agree on a lot of things, Jack..."

“You can say that again,” Owen mumbled.

Hearing this, Burnie looked over at Owen out of the corner of his eyes, before shaking his head and continuing.

“But we all agree on this. If you try to lay a finger on that boy, we will do everything in our power to stop you.”

Who were these Blades to be able to cause such fear and unity between these three powerful forces, yet at the same time seemed to have no power when it came to the things like the military it just didn't make any sense.

“Fine,” Jack said, sitting back down in his seat.

With that, the meeting was quickly over. Although they didn't finish it before reminding Jack once again, that the military was to know nothing about this and to warn him about not going after the boy. His hands were tied. If it was just one of the big families telling him to not go after the boy, then he would risk a confrontation, but all three together? His family wasn't strong enough and would never come out alive.

Jack was confident in his family's strength. Over time he had gathered strong abilities and men by his side and the unique thing about his family. Their abilities were all versatile, while the others only had a single powerful ability. In a way in his own head, Jack had deemed his own family as the strongest power force currently. Even ahead of the military, but it wasn't enough to start a fight over, especially with the Dalki watching their moves.

However, thinking about his family's strength made him think about something else. They were all clearly scared of the Blades. They repeatedly told him not to go after Quinn. What that didn't stop him from doing was going after the Blades. If he got rid of them, he would naturally take their seat of power.

The others were clearly afraid of something that happened in the past, but they didn't know Jack's full strength either. He would much rather fight one family than three strong ones, and he would also get whatever Power the Blades have as well as the shadow power.

It was the one plus side of Jack's ability. Whatever family he would defeat, essentially their powers would be added to his even if they refused to join, because he could take it from them with force.

"The Blade family.. let's see how scary you really are." Jack, was ready for a war.

My Vampire System Chapter 339: One more Level

As soon as Quinn's match had ended, he decided to go straight to his room, avoiding talking with any of the other participants or remaining in the training centre. Even with his short walk back when walking by the next participants who would be taking part in the event, he could feel their eyes as if they were piercing the back of his skull. And the gossiping had started.

When he finally arrived in his room, he quickly closed the door behind him and leant his back up against it, letting out a big breath.

"So I finally did it." He said with a smile. 'It feels nice not to be holding onto such a secret anymore.'

Still, just this was enough for him. One of the huge weights that were always on the back of his mind felt lifted, but he wasn't prepared for all the attention and reactions, so just for tonight, he wanted to rest.

'I hope Vorden's plan worked.'

When Vorden whispered in Quinn's ear telling him what to say, he sounded confident and assured him it would stop others from coming after him for his power. However, he did mention it would do nothing for the vampires so he should still proceed with caution.

Lying on his bed, all he wanted to do was shut his eyes. The fight had taken a lot out of him, not only physically but mentally as well. He realised how much harder fighting without relying on his vampire powers was.

Looking at his gauntlets, there now was a large scratch mark and several dents on them as well.

[Inspect]

[Durability 40/100]

[Effects of gauntlets will be reduced by 50%]

In the fight, he had blocked the Multipliers attacks a few times, and they were now severely damaged. It was a shame because the system shop only had one pair of each item. Even if he got his hand on the materials, he couldn't make another one. What he would have liked to have done is get a better pair altogether, but that would require crystals from advanced tier beasts.

With no more expeditions for first-year students, he would either have to wait until he was in his second year or pay to put up a quest asking for certain materials, but his funds weren't exactly the healthiest at the moment either.

If they were to break in the next fight, without the use of his vampire abilities, it would weaken his attacking power by quite a bit.

Still, there was one more thing for Quinn to check out. An exciting surprise that he didn't expect after defeating the Multiplier.

[Congratulations you are now level 19]

[One free stat point earned]

[Update to your current quest]

[Reach level 20 for your next step in your evolution! 19/20]

He didn't see the number of exp points received and when checking his exp, rather than the extra going over. Currently, it just said [0/51200]. This would assume that the reward was something similar to the quest that had been given when he first fought against Leo. An instant level up reward.

The free stat point was placed into his charm skill, increasing it now up to 29. After it reached level 30, he could then start to focus on his other skills. Charm was handy in helping Quinn keep his secrets, but soon he would have no secrets to keep and the ones that would be after him next, were the vampires.

According to the system AI, the number of points and strength one would have to have in their Charm to control another vampire would be enormous. Using the skills themselves, they naturally had some type of resistance to it. So Quinn needed to focus on getting stronger for what was about to come later.

What Quinn was looking at most, was the updated quest. There was only one more level until he would evolve into the next step. Would this mean a new appearance, a new set of blood skills? Or, would it just mean a new set of problems to deal with?

With these thoughts in his head, he didn't remember when he had finally closed his eyes and fallen asleep. He was far more tired than he realised. All of a sudden, he heard the sound of urgent knocking at his door.

'Ergh, why do people love knocking on my door all the time.' Quinn thought as he looked at the time on his watch, and he could see that it was already the next day in the early morning.

'Did I already sleep the whole night, When?'

When rubbing his eyes, and trying to move his quilt, he happened to spot something small on his left hand where his wristwatch was—a small metallic little spider.

'This is Logan's spider, right? What's it doing here?'

"Quinn Talen, this is military personnel. Please open your door and let us in."

"One second please, let me just put on some clothes!" Quinn shouted back.

The spider quickly ran up to Quinn's ear and started to play a message. While this was all happening Quinn promptly got dressed into the standard military uniform.

"Quinn, this is Logan. I kept this spider near you in case you needed a little help. My guess is the military might want to check the level gauge on your watch. Don't worry. My little friend here has already made the adjustments."

The spider lifted two of its legs as if it was happy about Logan's words. And started to imitate a little clap.

"Make sure to keep the spider on you and don't panic. Let them do what they are here for, and everything will be okay."

After listening to the message, the spider hopped down and went just underneath the cuff of his sleeve where his wrist was and stayed put.

Putting his trust into Logan, and not really knowing what was going on, he opened the door to find Hayley outside and what looked like one of the soldiers standing by her side.

"It's been a long time," Hayley said, as she entered the room and placed a suitcase out on the table. "This isn't usually my thing, but they asked me to do this, but before that, congratulations. When I saw you, I knew you were impressive, and don't worry; with all the injuries I see at happen at the school. I think you did nothing wrong, hiding your powers."

She sat down in the seat by the desk, and the soldier carefully led Quinn over to her, keeping an eye on everything he was doing. Watching in case, Quinn tried to pull anything.

Hayley proceeded to open the metal case and inside it, was what looked like a brand new military watch.

"Now I have to ask you not to touch anything," Hayley explained. "I will take off the old watch and also place the new one on."

Quinn nodded in response and went along with it. Even if Logan had said not to worry, right now Quinn was worrying. When they had put the watch on, what would happen when it didn't record his MC cells. Would they find out he wasn't human, or would they then take him in for further questioning?

The watch had been taken off and placed on the table. At the same time, she picked up the new one from the suitcase and wrapped it around Quinn's wrist.

The watch seemed to be turning on slowly and at the same time while underneath his wrist, the little spider started to get to work. Hayley remained silent and so did Quinn as they both carefully waited for a result.

After a few moments, the watch finished booting up, and the display had changed. It went from Level One to a Level six.

'Well, that makes a lot of sense.' She said with a smile on her face. 'I was a little worried it would say one their for a second. Do you know why the watch didn't display the correct level even after learning the ability?'

'No, I just decided to go with it, since I thought it was better this way,' Quinn replied.

'Not a problem,' Hayley said with a smile as she put the broken watch in the suitcase and left with the guard. Before closing the door, she had one last word to say. 'Good luck on the tournament. I'm rooting for you, Cursed child.' She said as she giggled and shut the door.

His face had gone bright red with embarrassment. After hearing a pretty lady like that say his stage name, he now realised how lame it sounded, and he just wanted to make a hole and put his head in it.

However, thanks to Logan again, it seemed like he could relax. His vision to look and plan ahead for things had saved him many times.

Not wanting the attention of the others outside. Instead of training like everyone else was doing. He decided to wait in his room until he was called for the next event.

Unlike Peter, Quinn wasn't treated like a criminal and was able to stay in contact with the others above using the wristwatch and other methods. They told him what was going on with the events and such, but not much else had happened.

The time had come, and an announcement had been made, stating that the participants of the fighting tournament would now be placed in their groups.

Leaving the room, everything was different this time when he entered the practice hall. It was the third day of the event, and there were even fewer people now than before. Not only that, every single person there seemed to be looking at him, and this included the second years.

Ignoring everything, Quinn decided to stay at the back of the whole group where the students had gathered, as the organisers called out their names. This way, he knew no one would be able to look at him from behind. However, he quickly realised how useless this was, as now everyone seemed to be turning their head slightly to the side, trying to look back at Quinn.

"Okay, and for group C, we have Ben Richard, Steve Jillian, Jason Wong, Suzie Filbuster, Maze Kilbert, Nate Snell and Quinn Talen."

"YES!" Nate shouted as his name was called out. The others looked at him wondering what he was so excited for, but only he knew. For days he had been hoping to face a half-decent opponent, but so far he had only been disappointed. After seeing the Cursed Child be put in the same group as him, he was sure his luck had now changed for good.

He knew the next fight, the two of them would be facing off against each other.

My Vampire System Chapter 340: We're already friends

While the names from group C were being called out, the others in the group had gathered and started to look at each other as they noticed something odd.

Nate looked at his own group, then looked at the group around them again, trying to figure out what was wrong. "Why does our group look different?" He asked.

"It's because there's seven of us," Quinn replied.

Suddenly, Nate's heart started to beat. There was an odd amount of people. This often happened due to the number of participants taking part in the tournament. However, more often than not, a few people would drop out, or even a double knockout in cases, this would eventually even up the numbers.

If they had enough people, they wouldn't even bother calling up the substitute since it would just complicate matters. Right now, in the fighting tournament, there must have been an odd amount of people, and when this happens, it means only one thing.

"Alright." The soldier said, holding something behind his back the others couldn't quite see. "As you can see, group C is filled with seven people rather than six or eight, which means one of you won't be fighting today and will be able to move on to the next round, lucky you."

"Damn it," Nate said, stomping the floor. "Damn it, why this group why, why!" He cried. To the others, this would be a blessing, but to Nate, it's seemed like another obstacle trying to get in his way.

The soldier waited until Nate calmed down until proceeding further. He then revealed what he was hiding behind his back, and it was seven small sticks held in his hand with the bottom part covered up. "One of these sticks' bottom half is dyed Red. Whoever chooses this one shall be free from this round. Let's see.." He said as he scanned the room.

"You." The soldier said, pointing at Quinn. "You're first."

Quinn casually walked up to the front. There was no use trying to figure out which one was the red one, so he just picked the one closest to him. The stick was completely clear when pulling out, and there wasn't a red marking at all.

"Yes!" Nate shouted out loud again.

Now Quinn was starting to realize how much Nate wanted to fight him. However, this wasn't like the others, who tried to fight him because he was weak or to try to show off their own skills. It was because Nate thought he was strong.

Thinking about this made him feel a little warm inside. It was a change and a feeling he had never had before. No one hated his guts for being weak, and no one wanted to bully him.

The other participants were called, and they all pulled out clear sticks until, eventually, only the last two participants were left.

“You, you’re up.” The soldier said, pointing at Nate.

He was happy about this; it meant his fate was going to be in his hands, not of another’s. There were now only two sticks left. If he chose the wrong one, then it just wasn’t meant to be.

He looked left, he looked right, his eyes darting backwards and forwards between the two sticks.

“Just pick one already!” the soldier said, getting agitated that time was being wasted.

Closing his eyes and turning his head away, Nate finally picked a stick.

“Well, it looks like you won’t be taking part in this round then.”

Hearing those words made his heart sink, a lump was felt in his throat.

“What!?” Nate said as he opened his eyes and turned his head, only to see that the soldier was no longer standing in front of him and was standing next to the other student instead. When looking at his stick, he noticed it was completely clear. There was no marking at all.

There wasn’t time to celebrate for Nate, as the soldier was already leading them all onto the arena floor.

‘I knew the world wanted me and you to fight.’ Nate thought. ‘This was just another sign that nothing was going to get in our way.’

As they exited from the underground tunnel and onto the floor, the cheers were there as usual, and the others were watching above on the large screen.

“Oh, this will be interesting.” Said Sam, seeing the screen.

“What do you mean by that?” Vorden asked.

“Well, the reason I’ve been keeping a close eye on the event so far is that my close friend is in it, and it looks like Quinn, and he is in the same group,” Sam replied.

“Friend, judging by how you were hanging around us all the time. I would have assumed you had no friends.” Logan replied.

That comment had stung Sam in the heart a bit, but he couldn’t deny the fact that if others did know he was hanging around with a bunch of first-years from another base. It really would look like he had no friends.

“Is your friend strong?” Vorden asked.

“You better believe it.” Said Sam.” Although he’s only a Level seven in terms of ability power, you can tell how strong he is based on how he was able to make it this far.”

“I look forward to seeing him fight then,” Vorden said.

“Well, let’s just hope your friend and Quinn don’t get put together. Otherwise, it would be pretty awkward.” Said Layla.

“Yeah, I would feel bad supporting my friend right next to you guys, but as far as I know about Nate, he would be begging to be put up against Quinn.”

And that was exactly what Nate was doing. The whole way, as he walked, he had his hands held together, and his eyes closed. He would only rely on his hearing to follow the footsteps in front of him.

Then finally, they came to a halt.

“Alright, Quinn Tallen stage three and Nate Snell.” The soldier said.

He couldn’t believe it, his prayers were answered, and he was finally going to fight someone worthwhile.

The two got into position and waited for the announcers to call all of the names. This time there were only three platforms, and once again, they had increased in size.

“And finally, on the third platform, we have the unexpected winner from last round, The Cursed Child! And his opponent for today who always seems to manage to pull a win out of the bag, Hardsteely.”

The earth user raised the two onto the platform, but Quinn was struck with something after hearing the name. It was about the stage name that had been used.

He had instantly recognized it because it was the first friend he had ever added on the Power fighters VR game.

‘These two are the same person.’ Quinn was very thankful to Nate. He had given him advice before the portal planet and also taught him a great lesson when it came to fighting. If he ever met this person in real life, Quinn wanted to thank him for his help.

He never thought he would be meeting a person he met through a game this way right now.

When the two walked onto the large fighting area, the happiness on Nate’s face could be seen a mile away, and the camera right now was focused on him.

“What’s wrong with him?”

“Is he not all there.”

The comments about him weren't nice as always, but he didn't care if he was happy he would show it, if he was sad, he would show it. Unlike the others, he wouldn't be fake and would just be himself. What was the point of pretending to be something you weren't?

"Let's get this fight started; show me that purple shadow of yours," Nate said, punching his fist into his other hand. Each time this was done, a loud clanging sound was heard as if metal was clashing against metal.

Quinn smiled at Nate and then raised his hand.

"I forfeit from the fight."

The referee, who was slightly off the side and just outside the arena, was surprised at this; he looked at Quinn for confirmation only to hear him repeat it.

"I forfeit from the fight. He is your winner." Quinn repeated.

"No!" Nate said. "Why are you doing this to me? Why are you refusing to fight me? Is it because you don't think I'm strong enough? Come on. I'll show you right now!" He shouted.

However, Quinn couldn't tell Nate the real reason. Quinn knew he was plenty strong, perhaps one of the strongest people he had met before. When the fight had started, he had received a quest.

[A strong opponent has appeared. Defeat the opponent in front of you to receive an instant level up.]

This was the reason why Quinn decided not to continue the fight. Whether he would win or not only using his shadow abilities was another story but what he didn't want to do was evolve in front of everybody. If he were to win the fight, the process would start immediately, and not knowing its result was too much of a risk.

He could have always fought and then allowed Nate to win at the end but judging from how they fought before, Nate wouldn't have liked that.

“No, I refuse. I don’t care. I’m fighting, you know, and you better start throwing back!” Nate said as he walked his way across the arena and towards Quinn.

But the referee had come in between the two of them, stopping Nate midway.

“The contestant has already forfeited. This match is over.”

The audience watching was all confused at what was happening as they were unable to hear the conversation going on. Then the announcement was made.

“Hardsteely has been declared the victor due to forfeit.” The crowd was stunned by what had just happened, and so were the others in the booth.

But they couldn’t be for long, as two more interesting fights were happening by the side and their attention quickly focused on them instead. They could worry about why the other chose to drop out later.

“Please!” Nate said. “Just tell me why you won’t fight me.”

“I never said I wouldn’t fight you,” Quinn replied. “We don’t have to fight here; if you really want to fight me, we can do it when this event is over through the game Power fighters.”

Nate had never thought about this before; he didn’t care where they thought; all he wanted to do was have a good fight.

“Wait, what’s your ID name?” Nate asked.

Quinn smiled at him once again.

“Don’t worry; we’re already friends.”

