

My Vampire 351

My Vampire System Chapter 351: Testing and choosing an ability

With a single click, from the computer, a hologram displayed all the information about the sub class known as "Hannya" to the group. They were all currently inside Logan's room.

When asked what Layla was, Quinn found it hard to answer without making himself seem suspicious. He didn't know a lot about vampires in the first place, and all his knowledge before could be said that it came from Fex.

The only person that knew about the System and some of the system skills was Logan. The suggestion had been made that perhaps they could find something online. So as they planned to head to Logan's room to do some research, Quinn told him beforehand what Layla really was.

"Based on the algorithm taken from the photos of Layla's face, it seems like my genius AI system was able to come up with something. The AI cross references and matches the details with folklore tales related to vampires in one way or another," Logan said as he gave a quick wink to Quinn while nobody was paying attention to him.

Layla and the others begin to read the information shown. What was written out was precisely the same as what had been displayed from Quinn's System.

"Emotional? Me?" Layla said suddenly, but she realized that she was just letting what the screen said now prove her wrong. So correcting herself, she tried her best to hold everything in. She cleared her throat and started again. "Okay, say I am this Hannya demon thing; the only thing I don't really understand is the feeding off negative emotions part."

"If I was to take a guess," Vorden said. "I would say it's one of two things. Just as Quinn gets pleasure from blood, you might be able to feed off the aura of negative or sad people. Or there is the second option, you feed by making people negative."

The others didn't say anything, but they felt like Vorden was spot on with his deduction. That line could only be interpreted like that, and they just hoped it wasn't the second one. However, the first part might prove difficult as well. Where were they meant to find negative people? Would they have to go around the school looking for someone who had just broken up? Or perhaps start calling people names.

"Don't worry too much about this." The System said to Quinn, seeing his concern. "Remember what I said about category C? Unlike ghouls or vampires who need blood or flesh to survive, the Hannya don't need negative emotions to live; this is just what powers them and allows them to evolve eventually."

That was another thing that Quinn worried about, evolving. He remembered that there was also a chance that Peter could have evolved into the Wendigo. Perhaps what Layla would evolve into wasn't exactly a good thing.

"So do you know if they feed on negative emotions or feed by creating negative emotions?" Quinn asked.

"Ha, ha, this was why I didn't want to butt in, but I felt the need to. I don't remember." The System replied.

'Useless as always.' Quinn thought.

"So based on the information, unlike Quinn and Peter, you won't have abnormal strength or speed," Logan explained. "But instead magical abilities, perhaps in a way similar to Quinn's blood abilities. What about your ability from before? Can you still use that?" Logan asked.

She shook her head in response.

"No, I already tried on the way over here, it's completely gone, but it was expected." She replied.

"Well, have you thought about what ability you do want?" Vorden asked. "Now's the time for a fresh new leaf; we don't know if telekinesis is compatible with vampires or not, but even so, if you really want to, you could choose a completely new ability."

Layla continued to fidget and play with the small bumps on top of her head as she thought about it. If she moved her hair to the side of her face, it would slightly cover them up, but a hairband or bandanna would be best as well.

'What would mom's reaction be if she saw this?'

Then she started to think about her bow; it was an item gifted and given to her by her mother before she came to the academy.

"I think it would be best to still have an ability that compliments my bow." Said Layla. "We don't really know how this magic works, but if it's like Quinn's blood abilities, it will have a limit before they can be used again. So it's best to have a backup to use in any case scenario. And a melee weapon doesn't really suit me since I didn't get any stronger in the other departments. But I'm not sure if I want to stick to telekinesis or not.

"Maybe after using my vampire abilities, there might be something more suited for the bow and them together. I'll have to think about it for now."

"I think that's the right choice." Said Vorden. "Well, what are we waiting for? We need to test your powers, right? Let's see what you can do."

"What, here now, but I don't even know how or what to do?" Layla responded.

Logan's room was pretty big due to it being one of the VIP rooms. It was even bigger than Vorden and Quinn's room that was meant to house three people inside. So there was plenty of floor space. Still, things were lying all over the floor, and Logan quickly allowed his spiders to get to work clearing everything and putting it to the side.

After a few moments, the floor looked almost brand new.

'Is there anything those spiders can't do?' Vorden thought.

They weren't going to fight so the space was enough. They just needed her to use her skills.

Layla stood in the middle of the room, and the target of choice for her abilities would be Quinn. This was because he had a healing factor that they could rely on, and technically had the strongest body there. He also felt like it was only right to volunteer himself for something like this. Being the person who changed her.

“So, what do I do?” Layla asked.

“I guess I can explain what I do when I use my blood abilities,” Quinn suggested. “You should feel this strange energy in your body swirling around. Try grabbing onto it, then when you release that energy, you have a clear image inside your head of what you think the skill will look like. It’s quite similar to how we learn our usual skills from skill books, only you don’t have any reference to go on. This kind of just works for me.” Quinn said.

Logan, back on his computer, pretended to have taken and found more information about Hannya, when in reality, it was just what Quinn had already told him. He described the characteristics of the power they used and what the two skills might look like. Giving out every bit of detail apart from what the ability did.

“That thing is extremely detailed to be up online,” Vorden commented. “Are you sure that vampires didn’t write that article?”

“Well, we won’t know till we try, will we? I don’t think it’s accurate, but it allows us to start somewhere.” Logan replied. “Unless you have any better ideas?”

Layla closed her eyes, and nearly instantly, she could feel the strange energy that Quinn was talking about. Maybe it was because she no longer had her ability, and there weren’t many other changes to her body apart from this one, but she was able to pick it out straight away.

However, as she thought and grabbed on to this energy more, memories started to appear in her head, memories of her mother. Memories of her time at Pure, and memories of her dear friend Erin. Without realizing it, her face looked sad on the outside, and tears were flowing down them dropping onto the floor. She tried her best to ignore them and started to picture one of the skills—spiritual chain.

The others could see Layla's face full of tears and wondered what was happening, but because her eyes were still closed, they didn't want to bother her, then suddenly.

"Spiritual chain." She said as she opened up her eyes. A thick black ball the size of a basketball came shooting out of her hands. It almost looked like a fireball, only black in colour.

On her very first try the attack was a success.

My Vampire System Chapter 352: Feeding on Negative energy

The spiritual chain had been cast and the black fireball came hurling towards Quinn.

The speed was fast as well like a cannonball.

Quinn braced himself, but he didn't move and allowed it to hit his body. As soon as it made an impact across his stomach, the ball split up, and chains made of fire started to wrap around him. Not just one but several, around his body, around his arms and they all then attached themselves to the floor. Everything happened in almost an instant as soon as the ball hit.

While a part of the chains were wrapped around Quinn, the other ends wherein a circle shape attached to the floor.

Quinn tried to use half of his strength at first to move, he thought it would be enough and didn't want to upset Layla if it was weak. But it seemed impossible for him to move, he then tried using his full strength, and this time he could move slightly, but the chains still seemed to hold. A few seconds later, and they had disappeared entirely, and he could now move again.

"Well!" Layla said with an excited look on her face. She was happy with her success and how with relative ease, she was able to perform the skill on her first try.

"It's strong," Quinn replied. "Really strong. I used my full strength, and I still couldn't break free."

The boys were surprised as well at what Quinn had said, he didn't have his gauntlets on, but his regular strength was still plenty strong.

"It's a shame about the duration. It seemed to only last a second and a half." Vorden said. "But still, in a fight between life and death, that's all it can take sometimes."

"Yes," Logan replied. "But remember the text also said that it would depend on one's mental state at the time as well as the user's mental state."

Logan started to think about the tears he had seen before she had performed the skill. Perhaps this had something to do with its power but decide to remain silent for now.

Layla had a huge grin on her face, and suddenly she was pleased, her first skill was this powerful, and she didn't even have an ability yet. She could definitely be helpful to the others now, and there was room to grow even stronger.

"Come on." She said in a cheery voice. "Let's try the next one."

She quickly wiped away the tears from her face and tried to visualize the same thing again. She closed her eyes but oddly enough, something was wrong. The energy from before that she could feel was no longer there.

'is that all the magical ability I have, only enough for one skill?'

After standing around for a while, the others realized something must have been up as well.

"I don't understand." She said. "I did the same thing as last time."

Looking at Layla, Vorden seemed to have figured out the one difference compared to before to know.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but Layla, are you happy right now?" Vorden asked.

At first, Layla didn't understand, so what if she was happy, shouldn't she be, but then she soon released from reading the text. Her powers were affected by how she was feeling at the time, and positive emotions weren't a part of the description.

"What is this crap, so are they saying I can only use my powers if I'm upset!" She shouted.

"That's it, Layla." Vorden cheered. "Come on, keep getting angry, Quinn say something to her."

"I don't think this is a good idea," Quinn replied, stepping back. "Maybe her horns will start to grow bigger or something."

"Quinn..." She mumbled with both her hands in fists by her side, and her head down. "...that really hurt." She whispered, and instead of trying to use her ability again, she quickly stormed out of the room.

The three boys just continued to look at each other stunned. Until Logan finally broke the silence. "Well, I thought what Quinn said was a good one if I do say so myself. Nothing we can do now; we will just have to let her calm down. It's not like she's going to eat someone or suck their blood." Logan said as he pulled the drawer open and grabbed a few things from it. "Sandwich, anyone?"

In anger and sadness, and a mind filled with emotions, Layla continued to walk down the stairs and headed straight back for her room. She knew what the others were trying to do, but it hurt her a little bit too much.

'Why am I getting so upset, I know they were just trying to help. They didn't mean all that stuff, right?

It seemed like what the text about Hannya said was right. She would be more emotional than before. Sensitive.

If she wanted to learn how to use her powers properly, she would have to learn how to harness and control these emotions, but she couldn't do it instantly.

She quickly adjusted her hair to make sure it covered up her small little bumps and continued on.

As she stood outside the door, a sweet smell seemed to be coming from inside.

❖❖ Is Cia cooking something?' Layla thought.

She opened the door, and it looked like her guess was completely wrong. Cia wasn't cooking anything and instead was still wrapped in her quilt sulking.

'Has she been crying for the whole day?'

However, Layla soon realized what the sweet smell was, for in her vision around the room, she could see it.

A heavy black mist seemed to be covering the room, and it was the same type of energy that she felt inside her. She tried reaching for it, grabbing it, and it looked as if the mist moved and went inside of her own body. Suddenly, she felt a surge in power inside her cells. She could feel something overcome her.

Although it felt powerful, at the same time, she felt sad, as if these negative feelings from the room where now inside of her.

"Layla, you're finally back."

"Yes," Layla replied as she couldn't hide her smile. "I'm back, but I'm a bit hungry."

**

In an unknown place, underground, where it was pitch black and not a single speck of light could be seen, the sounds of growls could be heard, monstrous roars and clashing, banging of all sorts as they rattled their cells. Thankfully, these creatures had been locked away, pinned behind special black bars, trapped with no way out.

To get to such a dark place, one would have to walk hundreds of meters down a spiral staircase and then finally down the many hallways.

Walking down one hallway, Silver could hear it all. It was a place she hated to visit, and she never wanted to come back here again, but she needed to.

She continued to walk until eventually, she stopped just outside one of the rooms. Behind bars, a dark figure could be seen.

“Tell me, why did you do it...why did you do it....brother.”

My Vampire System Chapter 353: The Dark planet

On a particular planet, when one would look up at the sky, they would discover the fact that they were three moons, two of the moons shined brightly allowing a light glow on the surface. While one of the moons had an important role. It created a permanent eclipse blocking out the sun.

While the other two were naturally made, this one was not. Set up to perfectly move along and shift with the planet's slow rotation to make it so it would always remain in the dark but still would provide enough heat for survival.

This was the planet that the vampires had chosen to call home. It wasn't a very large planet, and most of the place was unpopulated, but in one section there were signs of civilization as life could be seen. Buildings created from a black hard substance crafted in a jagged style, but signs of modern technology could also be seen in use. As lights lit up the streets with a lukewarm glow, not too bright.

Strangely, carriages would be used as a form of transportation, but there were no horses or animals to man them, as they were powered by a different source of energy.

If one could look closer, they could see that everything was being powered by blue crystals.

It was a mixture of old and new.

The city was surrounded by what looked like a forest that went all around the outside of the buildings, and towards the back of it, a single large mountain. In front of the mountain was a castle that was a quarter of the size of the mountain itself, it was grand in size and had a sleek design. Unlike the other buildings, this one was also made of the black material but had been carefully carved out. Creating a perfect castle.

Going around the large central castle, either side were fourteen smaller castles. They equally looked impressive each bearing their own crest on a giant cloth at the front. However, two of these castles looked a little run down compared to the rest and displayed no such crest. There was also no lights or fires lit. Showing no sign of inhabitants in the buildings.

One of the castle's family crests displayed a ring with six strings attached to it, pulling it from above. This was the Sanguinis family's castle. Inside on the bottom floor in their private training hall, a portal had suddenly appeared floating in the centre of the room.

Two guards dressed in black clothing with a gold trim going around it stood outside. They too on their shoulders bore the crest. They turned their heads looking into the room when noises could be heard from behind.

"A return portal has been activated," One of them said.

"Go inform the lord of the knight's return." With that, one of them took off down the hallway.

First to go arrive through the portal was Peter, although he didn't look like his usual self as he was disguised as Quinn. Both of his hands remained tied behind his back, but he was compliant. The one who followed after him was Fex and eventually Silver.

The remaining guard immediately entered the room and got down on one knee in front of Silver. "We welcome your return, young master and Knight Silver."

"No need to be polite to him." Silver said. "Remember, he is to be punished."

"Sorry, a habit Miss."

To remind everyone that Fex was indeed a criminal, she used her own red string, mixed with her blood abilities and wrapped up Fex's arms behind him as well.

"Go inform the lord that we will be meeting him in the main room." Silver commanded.

"As you wish," The man said as he lifted himself up and bowed down to Silver before rushing off again.

"Gosh do they always have to be that uptight and formal, am I right sis?" Fex said in an upbeat tone.

"Shut it you." Silver replied. "Do you know how much trouble you could have been in? The other families and king are unaware of this situation. We managed to keep it under wraps."

"I knew you would!" Fex interrupted.

Silver immediately glared at him back and decided to use even more string wrapping it around his mouth, so he could no longer interrupt her.

"Much better." She said. "Because of this, the punishment you will receive will be dealt with within the family. There is no need for the council to make a decision. Furthermore, we can use this illegal creator to pin the blame on one of the other families. Your father will be pleased and will lighten your punishment."

Fex noticed that, Silver had made the extra effort to call him your father. She never did call him farther herself and always referred to him as the leader or lord.

"I'm glad you bought me the right person." She continued. "The truth was I had already found out who had created the illegal later on. If you were to bring me someone else I wouldn't know what to do."

Fex was glad he knew his sister well, he knew she wouldn't have just stopped to look for the creator after finding out there was an illegal. This was why part of his plan was to make Peter look like Quinn, just in case, and it seems like he was right. However, she was too trusting at times, as well.

Her checks would only go so far, and she wouldn't dream to think Fex would break the rules and lie to her. She had this naive thought that others upheld the rules as much as she did. Bringing in someone who was able to transform, never crossed her mind. In most cases, he would never have gone this far for someone, but he had made a promise.

A short while later, the three of them were now in the main room. They all knelt down on the red rug that led up to a small staircase where a grand chair was centred, in the chair, the family leader, or Vampire lord of the Sanguinis, Lee sat. By his side, a middle-aged man with a small little goatee beard and pointy black hair, his second Vampire knight that held the same position as Silver.

Silver had stood up to give a full report, explaining why the process had taken longer than she had thought and explained the details clearly. Although she altered some trying to show her brother in the best light possible. Saying how he had planned to come back sooner until discovering the so-called illegal. She went even further stating he had killed the illegal and brought back the vampire, the route cause of the problem all on his own. Noting she had next to near no involvement in the matter.

Hearing all of this, Just made Fex feel bad. His dear sister was doing this all for him, so he could take all the glory while it was her hard work all along, and even worse, he had lied about it.

"This is excellent!" Lee said with a smile. "I can't believe one of the other families managed to screw up. Creating an illegal in a time like this. This will greatly cause disfavour to one of the families. Sin, Call the council to have a meeting immediately, we need to find out who this sc.u.m belongs to, don't tell them why but just say it's an important matter."

"Yes my lord," Sil said as he bowed down and suddenly seemed to disappear in a cloud of smoke.

"My son, you have always been a trouble maker, and I have hated you for it, sometimes I even thought you might not be right for this seat after my time, but you have made this family proud. Fex, I want you to come to the council meeting with me, I shall inform everyone of your great feat."

Although his father sounded joyful and happy for this matter, this was making Fex extremely anxious. When returning, he had expected punishment, perhaps for Peter to be dealt with before going to the council. Of course, there was always the chance it would still go to the council, but now his father wanted to praise his actions in front of them.

Once they found out the truth, how the vampire that broke the laws is still out there, and Fex had returned with the actual illegal, the whole family would be embarrassed and ashamed.

'Should I just tell the truth now?' Fex thought that way, it would save his family from being embarrassed, but he couldn't. If he was to reveal the information now, there was a chance that only his family would continue to keep this under wraps and send out vampires immediately.

If the whole council was to find out, then it would at least buy Quinn more time. The council had always been cautious when making decisions involving the human world.

"Am I not to be punished for my actions? I went to the human world without permission!" Fex tried to plead.

"Nonsense, we can say I sent you there after our team discovered something suspicious," Lee said.

"But..!"

Silver who was kneeling beside Fex tugged on his sleeve.

"Just take it, brother, I suspected this might happen. Although your actions were wrong, you should accept this, you know what the lord is like." She whispered.

Just then, a smoke of mist reappeared, and by Lee's side, Sin had returned. "The council has agreed to your meeting, as you wished my lord."

"Excellent," Lee said with a smile.

While Fex continued to look down on the ground, hiding the horror showing on his face.

My Vampire System Chapter 354: The council meeting

When a meeting between the vampire council members would be called, all of the thirteen leaders from their castles would have to go and travel to the main castle. The main castle was where the current vampire king or queen resided.

Inside, near the top floor, but not quite at the very top was the meeting room. Once a month, the leaders would meet up to discuss current matters or affairs.

Outside of the regular meetings, an emergency meeting could be called as well. Only if there was something that needed to be reported to everyone would they meet up. On this very day, a meeting had been called.

This was the second emergency meeting that had been called within such a short time frame, and the tensions were high.

Inside the room, there were thirteen chairs equal in size spread across the table. Behind each seat a flame which burnt bright and strong.

Currently, all of the chairs were filled with their leaders and one of their vampire knights by their side. All of them apart from one. The tenth seat.

Most of the room was dominated by men most looked old while a couple looked young, but it was impossible to tell the real age of any. Two of the seats were filled with female leaders as well.

Besides these thirteen chairs at either end of the table, there were two larger chairs. One chair slightly bigger than the other, at this moment both of these chairs were empty as well.

Sitting at the first chair near the top of the table was the first leader, an older gentleman than the rest. Vampires at the Lord level often had great control over their bodies. They could choose when to slow down their ageing process. Most at the table had chosen to keep their appearance of that of slightly older middle-aged men. Yet for some reason, the first leader preferred an aged look.

He was bald up top, but his facial hair was heavy around his face going down to his collar bone, all white in colour. Other than these, the forehead that seemed to always be in a prominent V shape were his most distinctive features. On top of this, the old man would never seem to leave without his trendy black slim walking stick by his side.

However, he never used the walking stick to walk, but kept it by his side as if his life depended on it. When the king wasn't present, it was his duty to be in charge. He still only had equal power as the rest of the thirteen, but in order for things to proceed more smoothly, the first leader was placed with this position.

The others didn't mind this, as the first leader was the oldest and seemed to be the most knowledgeable out of the rest.

Once everyone was seated, he banged his walking stick three times across the floor to signal the meeting would begin, and the room fell silent.

"I Bryce Cain, leader of the first seat, will now begin this meeting. This meeting has been called by the 13th seat leader of the Sanguinis family, Lee." The old man said. "I hope you all know that the king is still resting and will not be attending this meeting. Unless a matter can not be agreed upon, there will be no need to call him. Now please, Lee, explain to us why this meeting was called?"

"Rather than explain this matter, I would like to bring them in, if I may," Lee asked, to which Bryce responded with a nod.

The doors to the room opened, and in came, Silver, Fex and Peter who was now officially in a black set of handcuffs. They seemed to be made from the same material as the buildings.

While they walked into the room, Lee tried to look at the other leaders to see if there was a reaction from one of them.

'Hm, they all have pretty good poker faces, maybe they don't know what he has committed.'

With no reaction, Lee had no choice but to continue.

“Recently I was tipped off from our agents that there was something strange going on at earth. As you all know, my son Fex is young and was soon to have his ceremony to turn into a vampire noble. I thought this would be a good opportunity to send him out on the field. In case there were any mistakes, Silver was sent out after him as well.

“When they arrived at thier location, Fex my son seemed to have discovered a Wight. You should all know where this is going. Other than vampires part of the part A category, all subclasses are to remain here. Which means, an illegal was created. My son has successfully captured the illegal.” Lee said, pointing at Peter.

The others looked at Peter carefully, it was clear he was a vampire and a young one at that. Youngsters, when being turned, would rarely ever turn straight into vampires for they didn’t have the power. So he must have belonged to one of the twelve there they thought.

But when Bryce looked at him closer, he felt strange. Even though this was a serious matter, it was clear that the vampire boy was unafraid.

“You all know why this is a serious matter, first off it wasn’t reported. Even if a leader created a vampire in our current situation, they should report it immediately. Every family is allowed a maximum of fifteen hundred members, and last time I checked, every family is at its maximum amount. If this vampire was creating illegals, who knows they could even be creating more and perhaps planning another uprising.”

After Lee had said this, the twelve leaders started to mumble amongst themselves.

“An uprising, again. This would be a serious matter, indeed.” One leader said.

“The family who has allowed this vampire to be unruly must be punished.” Another said.

*CLACK *CALCK *CLACK

Once again, Bryce banged his walking stick on the ground three times, bringing order to the room.

“Whether or not it’s a serious matter is undecided. Do not speak so freely about an uprising. An investigation shall be made into the family that this vampire belongs to. It might just be a stray that has done its own thing, but just to be sure we shall check thoroughly.

“Now to save us all time, does anyone care to admit who this vampire in the room belongs to. If you have nothing to hide, then only the vampire shall be punished.”

The leaders started to look up and down the table, waiting for one person to be called out. The leaders didn’t remember every vampire member in their family and they didn’t have a connection with all of them. In the families, about fifty of them would be connected to the actual leader in some way, and learn the families unique ability. While the rest of the vampires would simply work for the families.

The reason why Bryce had made the suggestion was from the feeling he was getting, he could tell that the vampire was quite a strong one for being so young. It made him believe that the vampire had to be close to the leaders, and if so, even if they didn’t know what he looked like, they would have felt a connection being this close to him right now.

“Damn it, you fools!” Lee said in anger. “This is a serious matter, and you are only wasting our time.”

“It is as Lee said. Very well, there is one way to find out, bring the boy to me.” Bryce said, and Silver brought Peter along with her, directly to the first seat, allowing Peter to stand opposite the old man.

Fex watching this new precisely what the old man planned to do.

‘It won’t work.’ Fex thought.

The old man looked into Peter’s eyes, and his started to glow.

“Tell us, which family do you belong to?”

Everyone in the room was sat at the edge of their seats waiting for an answer but after a few moments. There was nothing, Peter didn’t reply and remained silent.

Bryce tried again in case something was wrong, he looked into his eyes and said the same words.

“Tell us, it’s an order of the council. Which family do you belong to!” He shouted, getting frustrated, but Peter didn’t flinch nor did he reply.

“But how is this possible?” One of the leaders said.

Mumbling between them all began and started again, and the only one in the room who knew the answer was Fex.

What the first leader attempted to do, was use his Charm skills to force the information out of him. One’s power would have to be far greater for this to work, and usually, it would work against a vampire that hadn’t even reached the noble level. Which was why everyone was so shocked.

But Peter wasn’t a vampire, he was a Wight an undead. Mind control, sleeping, paralysis all these things didn’t work on an undead. The only one that would be able to force information out of him, was his creator.

However, to Bryce this only angered him further. There were a few methods to block this mind control from working, and only another leader would know such a method. In his mind, it was clear that someone was trying to hide this information and to do this and go this far, they would have had a direct connection with the family.

“Fine.” Everyone, we shall gather downstairs in one of the training halls. “If I can’t force the information out of you, then we shall beat it out of you. I’m warning you now, when I find out who this vampire belongs to they shall be in serious trouble.”

My Vampire System Chapter 355: A punching bag

The council members had done as the first Leader asked. They had moved from the meeting room, down to one of the training rooms below. When they had entered, a lesson was currently taking place. The hall was enormous but plain inside. There was no equipment apart from the wooden flooring, and

the only thing that could be seen was a group of teenage students receiving instructions from a teacher upfront.

All the students seemed to be dressed in the same type of clothing, black standard uniform with red trim around the rim of the design. While the teacher wore what looked like an overly large over coat. He too had a different coloured trim around his clothes and also the same crest as the first Leader wore.

As the Leaders entered the room, the teacher who was taking the lesson, eyes widened. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. "Students, quickly bow down to the Leaders." He said urgently.

The group of around fifty or so students immediately turned and bowed down when all the Leaders entered.

It was rare to see all the Leaders together unless they were to meet the King, or a meeting was about to take place. He was unaware of such a thing happening.

"Oh, that's right! I forgot about the current tour being organised in the main castle," Bryce said to himself. "I hope you don't mind Phil?"

"Not at all," Phil, the teacher said. "It's an honour to even be in your presence."

In chorus, all the students repeated what the teacher had said, keeping the exact phrase at the same time. "It is an honour to be in your presence."

When Peter entered the room with Fex and Silver, he was surprised to see how similar it seemed to the Military Academy. The only difference was it appeared like they had more respect for the Leaders, and everything was a lot more organised. Rather than them being compliant and obedient through fear, Peter could tell even just by looking at the vampires, that they were obedient through respect.

All students were now sitting on one side of the room. Their teacher was in the front row, while the Leaders were all lined up at the other side. The students were nervous just by looking at the Leaders. Some were already part of a family, due to their close connections. While others, although they might be under the same banner, wanted to prove their worth, in order to get a higher position in the family.

The vampires who weren't directly linked to a family were referred to as the Pool. Once a year, vampires would be able to move between families that they were currently registered in, and the students would be able to select which families they wanted to join. Similar to how seasons worked in sports.

Of course, spaces were limited to each family, as there were only a total of 1,500 spaces per family.

On a year-to-year basis, this number would increase, based on a few factors, such as whether or not the city could handle an increase of vampires that year. If so, then the allocation number would increase. But that time had already passed, and all the current vampires had been registered, setting the number at 1,500 per family.

Out of this number, fifty of those in the family would have a direct connection with the Leader in some way. An additional hundred of those would know the families' ability, while the rest would just be simple soldiers in the Pool. For those that knew or were to learn the families' ability, they would bear the families' crest on their uniform.

All of this meant there weren't many students who attended school in the first place, but the vampires always focused on quality rather than quantity.

Bryce stood in the centre of the training hall with a stick in his hand while Peter was still chained up by his side.

"This is your last chance to fess up," When Bryce said this, he was talking to the Leaders, but Fex felt as if the words were being directed at him.

"Fine, Phil! Select your best student out of this bunch," Bryce said.

"That would be Xander, my lord!" Phil shouted in confidence.

Xander immediately stood up. Most of the vampires there were handsome or beautiful, but even he seemed like a pretty boy compared to the rest, his brown hair curled on both sides and having a body frame of a top athlete.

“Come here, boy,” Bryce said, noticing that he too had the same crest as his. Seeing the crest, meant he was one of the hundred selected to be in the family and thought there must have been a reason for him to be selected.

Xander had reached the centre and stood on one side, while Peter stood on the opposite. Then by using his hands, Bryce moved both of them to face each other.

“Have you learned the families’ ability yet?” Bryce asked.

“Not yet, sir!” Xander replied.

“Good. Maybe this match will be a little entertaining. I shall get these two to fight. It will be good for us to see where the current generation are at.”

“You’re going to make me fight with these,” Peter said as he lifted his hands, but suddenly, a loud thud was heard. When looking at what had caused the sound, the black cuffs that were on him had already hit the floor. In the center of them, it looked like they had been cut.

‘I didn’t even see when it happened.’ Peter thought. ‘These Leaders are strong... even stronger for Quinn.’

Bryce was telling the truth when he said he wanted to see the students’ current fighting level. There had been reports that they were the worst and weakest generation the vampires had so far, but that wasn’t his main reason. His idea was allowing Peter to fight there. There were two chances he could find out which family he belonged to.

When people were desperate and felt like their life was in danger, even vampires fought with everything they had, and in doing so, he was hoping the captive would reveal their ability. The second reason was if his life was in danger, the connection between the Leader and the vampire would be felt.

Bryce’s gut was telling him this wasn’t just a regular vampire.

Fex didn’t even know what to say or do at this point. The only thing he could do was let things play out.

Bryce went back to join the other leaders, hoping he could get a closer look if one of them were to react.

“Begin!” Phil shouted, and Xander immediately charged forward.

From the get-go, they could see him spring to action.

“No wonder he’s the top student,” One of the Leaders said.

“Ah, my Fex is still faster than him.” Lee started to brag, but of course, that would be the case. Fex had acquired special training, due to him being a son of the Leader. He didn’t exactly attend normal classes. Even when he did, he never felt like he fitted in anyway.

Peter, seeing this, stood still. The others thought Xander was simply moving too fast for him to react, but that wasn’t the case at all. As Xander approached him, using all of his strength, he threw his fist right into Peter’s face. The blow was hard and blood splattered from his mouth across the floor.

However, his body hadn’t moved a single step from the powerful blow. As Peter turned his head back to look at Xander, he started to place his hand on his jaw that seemed to be shattered but was already healing.

“Well, that hurt a bit,” Peter said. This was an unusual feeling for him, but this was because he still had the blood of Quinn running through his body, powering him, causing him to feel alive.

Xander was slightly stunned. A blow like that would have knocked most people out, or at least sent them back a few feet. Still, he regained his composure and started to punch away at Peter’s stomach.

The speed was amazing, and punch after punch was being delivered. The power was so strong that Peter had been lifted off his feet, but the punches continued, not allowing him to fall to the floor. They carried on moving him slightly back towards the edge of the room.

“I thought you said we were meant to watch a show of skill, not a beating!” One Leader shouted out.

"I thought the kid had something in him. His eyes said he was different," another replied.

"Oh no, the blood!" Fex panicked. The more Peter was getting hit, the more of Quinn's blood was being spilt. The aura and smell surrounding Peter would soon weaken to the point where they would find out who he really was.

But Fex wasn't the only one who could tell what was happening, Peter too. The blood flowing through him was not only being spilt, but was also being used to heal his wounds. He felt the power draining from his body fast.

Another punch was delivered to his body, and his back was now up against the wall.

"You're done!" Xander said, throwing out both of his fists at the same time with more power than before.

Bryce carefully looked around to try to look and see if any of the Leaders had any type of reaction, but there was none. When he turned his head back around again, he was surprised to see the fight wasn't over.

"I am not your punching bag," Peter said as he balled his fists.

Using all of his strength, he gripped as hard as he could, shattering both of Xander's fists, pulling him forward and using that moment, he gave a thick boot to his face. A few seconds later, Xander fell to the floor.

My Vampire System Chapter 356: Working together?

As soon as Xander's body had hit the floor, Phil, the teacher stood up from the floor and placed both of his hands over his head. The two kids looked around the same age, and Phil was overly confident that his students would succeed. Yet, somehow, this unknown kid had the strength to overpower his best student with just two moves.

Usually, a fight between any student vampires would be close, even with a skill gap. But this fight was different. It was as if they were watching completely different classes of vampires going against each other. Only a vampire Nobel would be able to do such a thing.

“Well, maybe this will be interesting, after all.” A female leader said with a smile. She quickly licked her lips as if Peter was looking like a delicious piece of meat.

However, a few moments later, Xander had stood up from the floor and took another fighting stance. His face was covered in blood that had been gushing from his nose and was now all over his school uniform.

“Yes, Xander, stop messing around and kick him, bite him, do whatever you can!” Phil screamed as he was starting to get overly excited. If his top student lost here, perhaps his family position as a teacher would be jeopardized.

Peter, on the other hand, had found a new will to fight. The more blood he would lose, the quicker he would be discovered. As he got injured too much as well, it was harder for him to control his MC cells, which would eventually lead to his transformation giving in.

He would do anything to last a second longer. After seeing how strong just one of the Leaders were, Peter wanted to do anything, any minute, or second to delay them from going after him.

Xander, this time moved in again, not as fast as before due to him being cautious now. Rather than throwing out his punches in rapid succession, he was carefully placed each one directly, but Peter, for the first time in a long time, was using his hands, legs, and speed to block and avoid each one of the strikes.

Usually, Peter’s fighting style was not to care if he got hurt, for his body would heal after, but this was different.

“He’s toying with the poor kid.” A leader said.

“You’re right,” Bryce replied. “The other person can’t even touch him, but there’s no doubt about it; he’s a vampire though and not a noble one. If one is this strong, he has to be deeply connected to a family. We need someone to push him, someone to push him to the end.”

“Come on, hit me!” Xander shouted, getting frustrated that none of his attacks seemed to be working. He now went into desperation mode and started to use some of his blood skills. He performed blood swipes, but if one couldn’t hit someone with their fist, it would equally be useless to try to use the blood abilities unless they had a skill that slowed Peter down; other than that, there seemed to be no way for Xander to win this fight.

Peter, however, had decided that he would not strike back, his reason. Delaying the fight. After a while, the others noticed this too and eventually...

*CLACK *CLACK *CLACK

“Enough, this match is over,” Bryce said. “No one can learn anything from this fight anymore.”

While Xander went back to tend to his injuries. Bryce was thinking about what to do. Of course, he could beat the kid himself, but that would be too simple.

“Bryce.” Lee interrupted. “May I suggest if you could let my son be the one to face him. I believe we will all be able to learn something then, and after all, he was the one who brought him in.”

This would be a great way for the thirteenth family to show their strength, and have a one-up on the first family. However, Bryce couldn’t turn down such a reasonable and sensible request in front of the other leaders.

“That does make sense, fine, I agree. Go ahead, young boy!”

Even though Fex had been called to the stage, he didn’t move from his spot. His father was constantly calling out his name, but his mind was deep in thought. He was trying his best to come up with a solution to get out of this.

Until his sister gave him a small slap on the back of the head from behind, as he went to turn around to complain, he could hear his name being called out by his father.

“Fex, what’s the matter with you...” Said Lee. “Go up on to the stage and fight, the boy. Everyone is waiting.”

“Huh... Me? Fight him?” Fex said, having not heard what the others were talking about before.

“Get up there now!” Lee shouted, and in an instant, Fex was walking to the centre.

‘What do I do, what do I do. Should I fight at full strength? The others will know if I try to pull anything, and sooner or later, Peter will be found out anyway, right?’ There was no more time to think, as the two were now standing opposite each other.

With sweat running down his face, Phil shouted.”Begin!”

This time, the first one to react was Peter; he charged in and threw a punch. On reflex, Fex reacted, moving to the side. Peter’s body was now wide open for the perfect punch, but Fex didn’t take it and instead jumped back.

“Seems like your boy is a little scaredy-cat.” The leaders said, trying to anger Lee.

“Just you watch!” Lee said.

Charging in again, Peter threw another punch, swinging wide and missing. There was another perfect opportunity for Fex, and knowing the others were watching, he decided to attack.

‘I have, I have to use my full power; otherwise, the others will know.’ The punch landed directly on Peter’s rib cage, but instead of a face full of pain, a smile appeared on Peter’s face as he fell to the floor.

‘I have to; I’m sorry, Peter.’ Fex said as he charged in again.

*CLACK

“Enough!” Bryce shouted.

Immediately, Fex stopped, confused. What was happening? Why had they stopped the fight?

But all of the leaders, even his father, and sister, looked horrified.

‘Not enough blood has been spilt, right. So they couldn’t have found Peter out yet.’

“Tell me now, are you two working together?” Bryce questioned them.

“Of course we...”

“Think before you answer,” Bryce said in a demanding straight tone.

Something had obviously happened in the fight that not even Fex had noticed, to make the two of them suspicious.

“It’s clear to all of us here, not just you, but both of you were pulling your power. We can gather an idea of his strength from the last fight, but it was too obvious. The student’s demeanour completely changed when fighting you, and even you this whole time seemed to be shocked. Even now, your body is shaking.” Bryce said, using his cane to point at Fex’s legs.

When he looked down, his legs were indeed shaking, and he hadn’t even noticed. ‘Have I been like this the whole time?’

It seemed Like Fex really couldn’t keep a lie.

“So are the 13th family behind it after all?”

“But, then why would they call the meeting?”

The other leaders started to come up with crazy theories of what was happening right now, which began to frustrate not only Lee but Silver as well.

“This is ridiculous; I’ll prove to your family that my brother is innocent!” Silver said as she walked on to the stage towards Peter.

Carefully, Peter kept an eye on Silver; he knew he had no chance against the Leaders, but what about her. He still could turn those that he killed into Wights as well. There might be a chance he could do something with her later if that were the case.

He saw her lifting her foot slightly, and the next thing he knew, his whole body was flying through the air. Just like the Leaders attack, he couldn’t tell where Silver’s attack had come from either.

His Neck had been twisted as his body laid on the floor, but this wasn’t enough to kill a Wight. Getting up off the ground, his head started to heal and twist back. However, now everyone could see that the face that was previously on him was no more.

“No...that’s the.” Silver was about to say something but kept her mouth shut.

Still, Bryce already knew.

“It’s a Wight. Now it makes sense why my skills didn’t work earlier. You tricked us. The blood that resides in his body is no longer strong. Now, unlike the others, I don’t believe that Lee would have called a meeting if he indeed was in charge of this vampire, and Silver, and Fex, just now would have been unable to hit him. This means the vampire belongs to another family, but the question is, Did Fex really betray us or not? Luckily, there’s an easy way to find out.”

Bryce’s eyes started to glow as he took a step forward. Fex knew that he planned to do what he had tried doing to Peter, only it would work on him.

“Stop!” Lee said with his hand out, blocking his Bryce from moving forward.

“I believe in my son, he would never betray the family. Although he is a troublemaker at times. Once he makes a promise, he will keep it. He would never willingly bring harm to the family. If anyone is going to find out the truth, then it will be me.”

His father started to walk up to Fex, ready to use his influence skill. As the family leader, it would work even better if Bryce was to use it, but the words his father spoke were unexpected. He never knew his father thought of him this way.

His whole life, while growing up, he had been called an idiot, a troubled child. Yet, now his father thought so highly of him, he couldn't allow his family to face any further embarrassment.

“Father, please.. I admit it; there is no need. I tried to trick you all, and I admit my wrongs.”

His father immediately stopped in his footsteps and could no longer look at his son, anger, sadness, or disappointment; he didn't know what he felt right now.

“Well, that decides it. Fex Sanguinis shall be brought in for questioning. The other vampire will be kept in captivity until we find out which family he belongs to. And I shouldn't have to add that but have to remind you that Fex has committed a serious crime. A trial between the leaders shall be conducted, where the decision and fate of Fex shall be decided.” Bryce adjourned the meeting.

My Vampire System Chapter 357: The Vampire Trial

The interrogation process had begun, and there was no need for the vampires to use their influence powers on Fex. Due to Fex unique position and the strange circumstances, he was first kept in confinement at the castle to be watched over and then would be moved at a later time. This was because the others still did not know that Fex had actually snuck out instead. Instead, they stuck with the story of Fex having been ordered. If they had known the truth, they would have never allowed this as an option.

While in confinement, there were several guards, not just of the Sanguinis family, but also of the other families. They would stay just outside of his room at all times, making sure he didn't escape.

He had come clean about what he had done, and Silver was there to confirm and fill in the details. The method he had used to trick her and the others and even Silver got a small scolding from her father for not thoroughly checking. More questions were asked, but ultimately they were only concerned about what family the Wight had come from.

In the end, the only information they could get from him regarding this was that he didn't know what family the vampire that created the Wight belonged to.

Inside the first room, inside his own castle, was the leader Bryce and the second leader Harold. Their rooms had a victorian decor to them, and on the back wall up against the bed was the family crest. Several paintings were also displayed on the wall of the previous leaders.

The two of them were sat opposite each other on a sofa. When looking at them the second leader, Harold, although sitting towered in size compared to the first. He was a tall man, he was far taller than any of the other vampires, but he was also incredibly thin. His appearance would often remind people of a stick insect or a large tree. He had entered the first room to deliver all the information that had been gathered from Fex.

"What do you think? The reports say they used the influence skill to get these answers from him, but I don't believe them. Other reports also state that Lee hasn't even been to see his son since they found out." Harold explained.

Bryce continually tapped his cane on top of his bald head as he thought until he stopped to give his answer.

"I think the boy is telling the truth, and the way they are acting confirms that the family had no involvement in the boy's actions. They could be acting, but we have all known Lee for the longest time, he works on pure emotion, and he would never think past being caught.

"The problem is the Wight. Its power depends on its creator power, and if they used the blood of the creator, we all were it in that room. For a vampire, he must be strong. When Silver went to kick the white, I looked carefully to see if anyone flinched to try to protect it, but no one did.

“Of course, it could be something as simple as that the vampire isn’t closely connected to the families at all. But I find it hard to believe that one so strong slipped through everyone’s fingers during the pool process.

What if the vampire wasn’t from here?”

“What do you mean, like an Earth agent, we have them all accounted for, and you know they belong to a mix of families. I doubt that if they did know they all would have kept their mouths shut.” Harold replied.

“Exactly, do you remember the tenth seat? The fire has been lit and maybe, whoever he passed his powers onto, is trying to regrow their powers again. If so, we need to plan our next move carefully.”

After a few days of confinement, they had eventually made the decision that Fex should be treated like every other criminal that would be in the same situation. He should be placed in the underground dungeon, behind bars with Peter, until his trial was to take place.

They explained that they had given special treatment, out of respect for Lee. However, Lee didn’t try to object and allowed the decision to move forward.

In the underground Cellar, not a single person had gone to meet Fex so far, that was until his dear sister had arrived.

“Why....Why..did you do it..why did you do it, Brother?” Silver eventually managed to say, but it was hard for her to get the words out.

“Sis.” Fex said as he walked towards the bars and looked at his sister’s face. Usually, she carried an expressionless look. A look of iron while walking around the castle. But this face he was seeing now, he had only seen a few times when they were younger.

“Please don’t be sad sis, I’m an idiot you know I am. I never followed the rules, and this time I just went one too far!”

“Lies!” Silver said as she banged her hand against the black bars. “You would never hurt the family. You were meant to be the next leader.”

“It was a role that never suited me in the first place. It always suited you, but our family states our leader can never be a woman. I mean what a load of crap is that. If I was to become the leader, the first thing I would do is get rid of that rule..” He realised he was starting to trail off. It was always his way of dealing with things. Never confronting the situation at hand. He could see that she was clearly hurt and she deserved to know the reason why. He was done joking around.

“Did father ask you to come here?” Fex asked.

“No, he hasn’t said a word about you to anyone. The only reason I was able to come to see your right now is that the council have a trial where a decision will be made.”

Fex went back to sit on his bed, he couldn’t look at his sister’s face any longer, and it was only crushing him more as he looked at her. He then started to think back why he even did everything he had done in the first place.

“I made a promise to him. At first, when I discovered he was a vampire, I really was going to turn him into you guys when you came to get me. But during the time we were together he treated me differently...Perhaps differently is not the right word. Even at school here, everyone knew me as the heir to the thirteenth seat. I got better treatment than everyone else during school, I scored higher on the exams.

“Sounds great right? But in reality, it was a really lonely life. I had no friends, our father was always busy, and I only had you to annoy. The only thing that got me through school at the time was our grandfather stories about the earth. It gave me hope, a dream to work towards and power through everything knowing it would all be okay.

“When I got there, I realised it wasn’t the items or the landscape that was different, but it was the people. There was a lot that acted and thought a lot like vampires, but there was a group of people who thought differently. They thought their own way and the vampire who was part of the group treated me the same as everyone else.

“He saved my life, and in more ways than one. After that, we became blood brothers. My blood with his blood. No matter what we had a bond and I would do anything not to give him in.”

The heavy burden that was on Silver’s heart seemed to lift. He didn’t betray the family for some petty reason. He had made a deep promise. And his principles made him keep to that. She understood now and didn’t hate him for his decision, but being blood brothers was a serious thing to promise. Even if one wasn’t part of the family, it meant they would treat them like family.

“Who is this vampire?” Silver asked. “And I know you don’t know what family he belongs to, but who is he to cause you to go that far?”

Fex thought about it for a while before giving an answer, it was a difficult question for him.

“He’s a person who I truly think will be able to change the vampire world one day,” Fex mumbled out, but Silver was able to hear it still.

She couldn’t help but chuckle. The vampires had stayed the same for thousands of years, and one person was meant to change that who she had never heard or seen before.

“I see you’re laughing. Let me ask you, have you ever seen a regular vampire defeat a king tier beast on its own before. And have ever seen a vampire who wasn’t at the Nobel level perform skills beyond. On top of that, all this strength seemed to be obtained in a matter of months.”

Suddenly, Silver wasn’t laughing anymore as she realised what Fex was saying, but it couldn’t be possible, right? At the same time, Fex had no reason to lie.

“He, learnt skills that took me years to perfect in a day, and originally, I was far stronger than him, but now I would be scared to even fight him. His growth in strength is at a monstrous level, and I imagine he’s only sped it up even more. I can’t wait to see what the others will do when they see him.” Fex said with a smile on his face.

But these last words, Silver worried.

Inside the meeting room, the council had just finished their meeting, and a decision had been made.

Bryce stood up to give his final announcements to everyone. "So it's decided, the Wight known as Peter shall be kept in the dungeon, until we find out which family he belongs to. Since this is our only lead at the moment.

As For Fex Sanguinis, he shall be punished for his crimes. We have found that his actions are of his own doing and has nothing to do with the relation of the thirteenth family. So they shall not be dragged into this mess, and their name dragged through the mud. His status as a member of one of the thirteen shall be stripped, meaning he no longer belongs to any of the thirteen families.

"However, as a non-member of any of the thirteen families, he can receive the standard punishment for these types of crimes. The date has been decided, and Fex will be punished, by death."

My Vampire System Chapter 358: Becoming a Numbered

In an unknown metallic large room, sitting at a table where four people. On the back of the seats, each one was numbered, going from two to four. An empty chair with the number one was at the table as well. This was a meeting between the founders of Pure—the top-ranked in the whole base.

Number 2, a black muscle male with sunglasses covering his eyes, was the meeting organizer today and was there to inform everyone of some important news.

"The tip-off to the Trudream family was a success. It seems they are gathering their men and are planning an attack soon." Number 2 said.

"Ha, I can't believe he really fell for it, what a rash idiot. Why would he even think about going up against the Blades." Number 3, another male replied.

"Well, it's to be expected." Number 5, an old, middle-aged female, said. "Truedream is new when it comes to not only his powers but also the Big Four. As he has close relations with the military, the others probably didn't want to reveal too much information to him. The way I see it is, there are two outcomes

to this event. Either the Truedream family will no longer exist, or the Truedream family lose the war, with a chunk of the Blades power taken away.”

“So, you think there is no chance of Truedream winning this war either then.” Number 2 said with a sigh. “We shall be keeping a close eye on this fight. Suppose Truedream manages to cause significant damage to the Blades. It might be our chance to move in. If the Truedream’s are eliminated, then the whole landscape of the current system might change.”

“Isn’t that the point, though.” Number four replied. She was a female with ponytails, one side of her hair was pink while the other was green, and in her hand a lollipop that she had taken out while speaking. “I mean, the blades are doing our job for us.”

“Maybe.” Number 2 replied. “But I think it’s too soon, we never planned to Kill Truedream but use him. He could be our answer to taking everyone’s powers away, but with him dead, or the power into the Blade’s hand, it might not be for the best of the human race.”

Clash! – Wack! – Whoosh!

The sound of swords and weapons rattling against each other was heard throughout the hall. Observing all of them was Agent 15, James. He always had his large rusty sword on his back, where the guard was as wide as his shoulders. Whenever one would look at the weapon, they could only imagine what beast he needed to defeat to obtain such a grand thing.

Although his eyes should have been looking at all the sparring sessions going on, he was focused on a particular individual who hadn’t been at the base for too long, Erin.

Erin carried her long sword with a blue base and hilt, while her opponent, a short-haired male with glasses, used two small dual blades that were slightly curved. The two of them were sweating and had been going at it for a while now. For the last few days, they had sparred with each other without a winner being chosen.

Usually, one would spar with their practice partner, and after he dropped their weapon or admitted defeat, they would move onto a new partner. But with these two, there still had been no winner. The session would always end, but James couldn't let the lesson continue with many other things yet to be learned.

The amazing thing was Erin's learning speed with the sword. He had shown her a few simple techniques, and it seemed she had been concentrating well in classes. Picking up things at an amazing speed, every sparring session so far, she would implement the things she had been taught, defeating her opponents one by one.

At first, she had a few losses and wins, but before meeting this student. She had been on a complete winning streak as if something clicked in her head. Right now, she was against Bart, the second-best pupil, and it hadn't been long.

Erin looked carefully and waited for her opponent to strike first.

'When I first got here, it was a little hard. I didn't realize how much I relied on my ability. If I couldn't make up for it with my swordsmanship, then my ability would be able to cover me. But after learning from James, I can feel I'm getting better and stronger.'

But the opponent in front of her was strong. The usual things that had been taught to her, he knew too. She couldn't overpower him with strength, and their stamina was at the same level, so she couldn't rely on tiring him out either.

'Should I try something new? I might lose if it doesn't work out, but it's the only chance I got.' Using both hands, she gripped her long sword tightly and moved in.

'What is she up too?' James thought as he watched the fight continue and noticed movements different from before.

Rather than rushing straight forward, she started to jump immediately; as one foot would hit the floor, bouncing from side to side. It almost looked like a type of dance.

The student carefully observed her with his eyes, waiting for her to strike. It didn't matter how she ran towards him; it would all be the same to him.

Then, when Erin was in range, her foot touched the ground; she kicked off using all her strength and spun her body holding the sword. It caused an unusual striking pattern from below, but the student could block it with both of his blades. However, the rotation of the spin and power from jumping off her leg made the attack stronger than usual, and the only thing he could do was deflect the attack barely.

His whole body swung to the side from the weight of the attack. As Erin spun upward in the air, like a bird flying, it seemed like she would remain upward forever. She lifted the sword above and swung it down elegantly, stopping just before the student's head.

"What was that? I didn't teach her that!" James said. "It looked like a...type of dance."

Taking her Blade away from the student, she clicked her tongue and turned away in disappointment.

"Still not good enough, it still doesn't feel right!"

What Erin had just attempted to do, was one of the swordsmanship moves that Fex had shown her while she was being used as a puppet. Every day, she continued to practice those motions, hoping to get the same feeling, but it never did happen. It was hard for her to try to replicate such smooth actions, having only experienced it once.

"Excellent!" James said as he started clapping. "You two come over here." He said, shouting across the room.

Both, Bart with the glasses and Erin, walked over to James off to the side while the rest of the students continued to practice.

"I just witnessed what you both did and have been watching you both fight for the last few days. Bart, don't be upset... you have remained my best student for the longest time, but there is still room for you to improve, and I think you learnt that today.

“While, Erin, I never knew you had learned swordsmanship before coming here, you always seemed to use the skills I taught so far. Do you have a teacher?” James asked.

Erin started to think back about what to say; at one point, she did have a teacher from her family, but that was a long time ago, and she didn’t think he was referring to those skills.

“It’s a family secret, and I hope to keep it with me if that’s okay.” Erin lied, hoping he wouldn’t question her further after her reply.

“Never mind, I was just curious,” said James. “The reason why I have called you here is that I want to nominate you too for the Agents’ exam.”

“You mean, there’s been an opening in the top 100?” Bart said excitedly.

“Yes, not just one but two. They have asked all the teachers to select their best two students, which is why I have called both of you here today.” James explained, “This is a good opportunity for you both. If you are selected as a numbered agent, you will be able to leave the base. We will assign you a mission on one of the planets or even at one of the military bases. Prove your worth, and maybe one day, you will be in the same position as I am at.”

Erin had learned quite a bit while staying at the base about the ranking system. The agents in the top hundred rarely dropped out of rank. They often switched positions between each other, but this was the first time they were looking for someone from the hundreds to become a numbered.

“Does this mean two of the agents from the numbered were killed?” Erin asked.

Looking at Erin’s face and her determined look. James thought she deserved to know the truth. She had earned it after how hard she had been working.

“I’m not really meant to tell you this, but it’s not really a secret either, but since it revolves around you, I think you should know. The truth is we don’t really know what’s happened to him, but one of them was agent 100, Layla. The person who recommended you to us. She’s no longer responding to our calls.”

Hearing this news was devastating to Erin, and she was starting to fear the worst.

‘What happened to you, Layla?’

My Vampire System Chapter 359: Back at Lintarnia

It was early morning, and it was finally time for school to start up again. The students would be attending their final term and preparing for the exams ahead before enjoying their summer break. This meant the teachers no longer had much to do, and this included general Nathan, who was in charge of the first-year students.

He was in a chirpy mood as he entered the office, with a hop in each step and whistling a tune. Usually, Mondays would be the worst for most people, but it was the start of something new for him.

Although, their military base had failed at securing the first position and becoming winners of the base event. They had been praised for at least not coming in last. Not only that but Oscar, the supreme commander, had complimented them for how much improvement they had compared to the previous year. He stated he would be coming over the summer when the students weren't present to congratulate everyone.

There were still problems between Truedream and Duke and Paul, but that was something Nathan didn't care to get involved in. The head general could take care of that, as it was above his pay grade. Besides, it seemed like Truedream had stopped making requests from the second base as he was busy preparing for something else.

“Finally, no problems, no drama, I can just relax,” Nathan said as he went to sit down at his desk. That's when he noticed something strange, a white envelope. This was rare in this day and age, where anyone could just send someone a message in an instant. Even if they didn't want to, they could always send you a message later.

So, he was curious about the contents of the letter. As Nathan quickly opened the letter, he realized there wasn't much on it.

“Dear Nathan

I am leaving the military base for good.

From Leo.”

“Huh?” Nathan thought as he must have missed something. He reread the few lines again and again until reality hit him.

“WHAT!?” He shouted. “He just left like that; it’s the middle of the term; who’s going to take over the beast class, and what about a new sergeant.”

Nathan immediately sat down and started to press his two fingers on his forehead as he could feel a slight headache coming on.

‘Well, we did put that condition that he could leave whenever he wanted. But I thought he would have at least informed us, what about common courtesy.

However, he couldn’t stay mad for long. Leo had helped him in many situations during his short stay here, and it was a person even he looked up to.

“You were a great man, Leo. Because of you, there were times when the Duke and the others chose to do something different. Wherever you are, I hope you are doing well.” Nathan said with a smile, before quickly cursing at him for giving him more work on his relaxing day off.

On planet Lintarnia it was a peaceful day just like any over. The long grass was healthy and green, and the blue river was flowing nicely next to the quiet Shelter. After leaving the military base, Leo had gathered all of his things and had made his move here.

"I'm finally back," Leo said after coming through the portal. The portal used had dropped him in the centre of the Shelter and all his belongings came through with him, were left at the side. Leaving them there, he set off.

While walking through the Shelter, people looked at Leo strangely, for they could tell he was blind due to his strange eyes. Yet, somehow, he was walking fine. The Shelter didn't often get visitors, not ones that would stand out as much as Leo. So, they all paid quite a bit of attention to him.

While walking through the Shelter heading for a particular destination, Leo started to think about the changes his body was experiencing. His ability was being restored to what it once was at an incredibly fast rate. He had done it once before, and the second time around was even easier.

He noticed and could feel all the changes in his body since that day. When practising his swordsmanship, it was harder for him to tire out and feel exhausted, and even walking through crowds of people now, he could tell each person was different through their scent like a dog.

He was thankful to Quinn; he had given him the ring allowing him to walk in daylight, just to see how it would affect him, Leo had taken the ring off while outside. The effects were instant, and it hit like a bomb. It wasn't what he had expected at all.

If it wasn't for the ring, he wouldn't have even dared walking out during the night. Being that weak with him being who he was, wasn't a good idea.

He had also learned to perform a few blood abilities, but he wouldn't use them again after testing them out once. This was because of Quinn's warning, as well as what he could feel through his own body. His hunger and his life force were leaving him. Not only that, but through his ability, he could see it as well.

It hadn't been long, but he was experiencing small pangs of hunger now and then, but it wasn't to the point where he needed to do something about it, not yet anyway.

This wasn't a huge worry, obtaining blood may sound difficult at first, but with him being who he was, he didn't think it would be difficult, especially in a shelter with a population of twenty or so thousand people.

While thinking about all these things, he had finally reached his destination. He stood outside, what looked like a sizeable styled dojo. There were two giant red doors, and a wall surrounding the whole place.

It was sparkly clean, with a white finish and there weren't many buildings around it at all. As if it was an abandoned place.

"They managed to rebuild it to my exact specifications as well. It looks nice." Opening the large two Red giant doors, a man from inside the dojo came rushing out as soon as they heard it.

"Hey get out of here, how many times do I have to tell you, the owner of this place wants no visitors!" A young man started yelling while out in his shorts and sunglasses.

It was clear he had been enjoying the large building to himself, as behind him just in front of the dojo building, was a sunbed.

However, as the young man got closer, he lifted his glasses, and he realized his grave mistake.

"Sir, you're back. When did you come back? Why didn't you inform me earlier?" The young-looking man looked barely over the age of twenty and was fl.u.s.tered. "I would have made sure to have everything ready for your liking."

"Don't worry about that," Leo said. "For now, I just want to rest. How has the Shelter been? Have the travellers got paid well? Were there any troubles within the Shelter?"

"While you were away, I did everything as you wished. The payments for the Factions and travellers have been kept up, although there haven't been many attacks from beasts apart from one or two once in a while, and as you wished, the payments and donations to the Shelter have been kept anonymous." The man replied.

For the last couple of years, Leo had been funding the entire Shelter himself with his own money. The beast crystals he had obtained, the money from the previous war, and all the money he received from teaching went to this Shelter.

This place was dear to him because it was the Shelter that he and his master and all the other students used to stay at before the Dalki attack. When they came, they had destroyed everything, and no one survived.

The government had given up on it, as it would have been more expensive to rebuild than build a new one altogether. This was when Leo stepped in. He rebuilt everything and invited those related to the ones that had died over to the Shelter free of charge.

Later, the Shelter grew on its own, and it became like any of the others, with taxes and so on being paid. But they still needed protection, and as it wasn't one owned by the government or the big four, Leo decided to take up that role.

There was one other reason for him doing all this as well.

"Any news on anyone suspicious entering the city?" Leo asked.

"Unfortunately, none that matched your description." The young man replied.

The other reason was in rebuilding the Shelter, was because of his master. The two of them were last seen at the dojo. Or at least the ruins of it. He was hoping that there was a chance he would one day come back. But still, it seemed like he hadn't returned.

"Although there wasn't a man of your description who had entered the Shelter. There were reports of two individuals, a man with a large sword on his back, and a young girl."

"Do you know where they went?" Leo asked.

"They travelled up the cliff top, not too far from here near the river."

"I'll go check it out, prepare my things, and bring them in when you can. I left them all by the teleporting station. I'll be staying here... I don't know for how long but at least a little while."

“Yes, sir.”

Walking to the cliff top, Leo had a clue who the young man was talking about. A while ago, when the kids were in trouble, he had lent them a teleporter to use, and that teleporter led them to this place. However, he was unsure about the man.

The kids hadn't told him their full plan, so perhaps one of them had connections to this man. Either way, with no clues about where his master was, he needed to start somewhere, even though the chances were slim. Maybe the two mysterious people weren't who he thought they were.

Along the way, several flying type intermediate beasts had come his way. Usually, they would be attacking anything on-site, and this included Leo, but this time they were staying away.

“Can they sense I've changed?” He thought, but as long as they didn't attack him, there was no need to go hunting for beasts.

Finally, he had reached the edge of the cliff top. Using his ability, he started to look around to see if there were any more clues, and eventually, he found something on the ground.

Picking it up, he noticed that it was a watch, but not just any watch; it was a design he became familiar with not too long ago, a watch from the military.

“I wonder what this is doing here?”

My Vampire System Chapter 360: Useless Martial Arts

The Monday lesson's started as usual for Quinn and the others. But with the pending problem of the Vampires eventually finding out and coming after Quinn. They couldn't completely relax just yet.

In their homeroom lesson, Del started to explain about what would be coming up on the upcoming final exam test.

There were no more physical assessments apart from the two portal outings that had already proceeded, so the only tests left were written ones. Normal subjects, such as maths, science, English and I.T continued but were never the main focus. On top of the usual tests, students would also have to perform a general knowledge test.

This would test them on knowledge such as, how to use such equipment, being able to differentiate between different tier beast crystals. Different, types of beasts and their weak points, and information on the Dalki and what weapons they would use. Luckily for Quinn, this was nothing for him to worry about.

Not having an ability during his school life, the only thing he could do was study. So he was confident about getting a good grade. When thinking about the others in the group, he could only imagine they would do great as well, the only one he would have worried about was Fex, who was now no longer with them.

'I hope you're doing okay?' Quinn thought.

As the morning classes ended, it was time for them to go to their designated club class. Quinn started to head off to the weapons class and noticed that his homeroom teacher Del was going in the same direction as him.

'Don't tell me.'

A horrid thought had crossed his mind, and he just hoped his gut feeling wasn't right this time.

A few moments later...

"Alright everyone, unfortunately, Leo has left the military base for good," Del said, annoyed. He had suddenly been told in the morning that he was the one who now had to cover the beast weapons class. Due to Del's ability of being able to reinforce and allow beast weapons to grow stronger, he had a lot of knowledge about beast weapons, so they thought he would be a good substitute.

But to Del, it was just more work he didn't want to do.

“So, I will now be your teacher. My name is...”

Del started to introduce himself and ramble on to the class. Not everyone in the beasts weapons class was part of Del’s homeroom, so some didn’t know him well like Quinn and the others.

Thinking back to the first day he had met him, Quinn knew this would take a while, as Del loved to talk about himself.

Looking around the room, ignoring what was being said, he spotted Layla at the back of the crowd. Hoping to go over there, he started to shift through the people.

‘I wonder how she’s doing with her ability and change, it can be hard to handle.’

Then when he finally could see her better, there was a little surprise. Standing by her side was Cia. Cia wasn’t part of the beast weapons class before, but people were able to freely switch whenever they wanted. A lot of students would do so to be more varied in their skills. While others stayed to specialise in one.

As soon as Quinn saw her though, he decided to turn away and head back to the front of the class. He had heard from Layla how upset Cia was and how everything was affecting her. He couldn’t help but feel a little guilty for what he had done, but he had no choice. It was that or death. Still, it was too early to face her knowing what had happened.

Trying to think about a positive out of this, he managed to see one.

‘Maybe with her losing her memories and knowing nothing about Pure, she could become a good companion. Her skill was extremely useful in the fight against the king tier beast.’ Quinn thought.

Seeing this, Layla understood Quinn’s actions. She was the one who had actually invited Cia along and asked her to change class, and Cia immediately agreed.

Cia didn't know why, but lately, when she started to feel upset, or begin to worry, just being next to Layla made her feel better. It got to the point that when Layla wasn't there, and she started to feel sad, she would outright go searching for her.

This was because of Layla's newfound power. She had found to use her abilities; there were two ways. She could channel the negative thoughts within herself, or there was a second alternative. To feed off the negative emotions of those around her. When doing so, it seemed to lighten Cia's mood significantly.

Layla felt a little guilty as in reality, she wanted to keep Cia around so she could have a type of leaching effect. If she ever needed to use her powers, she could do so, as long as she was there. And seeing her cheer up a little made her feel less bad about the whole thing. However, Layla was unaware of the addictive effect this was having.

"Okay, with self-introductions over, what was Leo teaching you guys before the event?" Del asked.

A student raised their hand slightly and gave an answer.

"We were focusing on combat skills when we didn't have our beast weapons, sir."

"Pft... Useless. What's the point of that?" Del said. "Do you think you're going to be able to tear through a Dalki's skin using your bare hands? The only good thing hand to hand combat is used for is fighting against other humans. If you want to practice that stuff then fine."

The students started to nod in agreement, some of them initially thought it was useless and why they were doing it. Still, there was also the other camp, and these comments angered Quinn a little. It was as if Del was trying to talk down about Leo while he wasn't here.

Del had purposely misled them by not telling them the full story. Leo had explained that beast armour at a higher level can enhance the user's natural strength. If one was to lose their weapon, or it would break in a fight, knowing such skills could be a matter of life and death.

It had also helped Quinn much in learning, the crescent blood kick, one of the most powerful skills in his arsenal.

"I can see you aren't all convinced," Del said, looking at Quinn's scrunched up face. "Why don't one of you come up here and try to use the martial arts you learnt on me."

A girl student raised her hand and volunteered, she went up to the stage, and Del told her to remove her beast gear, while he would only use his large shield that covered his whole body.

"Come attack me," Del said. "Let's see how useful your martial arts skills are?"

The girl came forward, and started to perform kicks to the side, from above, and would try to mix in a few feints, but Del blocked them all with his shield.

Quinn thought the whole demonstration was pointless. Del was a teacher who should have had more experience and skill in the first place, not only that, the shield was as big as him, the only thing Del needed to do was shift the shield slightly from one side to the other. If there was more than one opponent, his demonstration would be pointless.

After the girl had given up a few more students started to come on stage, and Del would continually block all their attacks, punches and kicks.

#This continued on for a while, and the students were starting to grow bored.

"Are we going to do this for the whole lesson?"

"I think, he just wants to show off."

"What that he can beat a bunch of kids."

"See, as I said, your martial arts is useless." Said Del. "So we should learn how to use them, properly. Leo, first he wasted my time, and now I find out he's been wasting the students' time as well. He even got paid more than me, and he got promoted straight to sergeant." As Del went off on his tangent, all the students could hear him clearly, as he wasn't speaking quietly.

It was clear that there was jealousy involved in this, and the students were starting to think that Del was a bit unprofessional. But he was a teacher, and most of the kids did want to learn more about beast weapons themselves rather than the martial arts, so most of them let it go.

Apart from one student, hearing Leo's name mentioned again, had finally made him give in.

"Do you mind if I have a go, sir?"

Del's rambling had stopped, and when he looked down, he noticed that it was one of his own students, Quinn.

'Oh Quinn, I suppose he thinks he's a big shot now after that whole fighting event. His skills were good, and he was fast, but that was all because of the beast gear you were wearing. You will be the perfect person to prove my point.'

"Of course you can Quinn, but do remember, no beast gear allowed. You have to rely on your own
"Martial art skills." Leo said sarcastically, trying to hammer to point to everyone else.

"That's fine, I won't use any equipment," Quinn replied, walking onto the stage.

'Del, I've been wanting to do this to you for a long time.' Quinn thought.