

My Vampire 621

My Vampire System Chapter 621: Family love

It didn't take long before Vorden decided to leave the temple and head back towards his original goal, the castle. The emotional toll it was taking on Sil was just too much. If he was on his own, then perhaps Vorden would have tried to enter the temple to look around.

But with Sil being more conscious than he usually was, it just wasn't possible. If Sil complained, the Raten would complain, which in the end would just lead to Vorden getting one almighty headache.

Finally, he had reached the castle or at least the foot of the castle. For when he looked up there was a very wide long staircase leading all the way up to a platform, and then eventually one would have to enter through the doors.

"I always hated these stairs," Vorden said as he reluctantly started to pace himself as he walked up to them. It was a lot easier than he last remembered. It seemed like in the past year, his body had gotten significantly stronger from the military.

Before he thought it wouldn't do much, but he really had gone through a lot more than he had expected at the school. Vorden actually already had a body that excelled normal physical human needs. Not quite as much as a vampire, but at least beyond your normal human.

There were certain reasons for that, which was why he never thought his body would ever improve beyond what it was, not without the Blades' help anyway.

On top of putting his body through extreme situations again and again. There was also the fact that he had been provided with the blood pills from Logan. That had increased his strength every time he took one.

Even now, till this day, the pills were taking effect, which meant it was permanent. Finally, after a long walk, he could see the top of the platform that he would be on, the last step was taken, and a change in the wind could be felt.

“Damn it!” Vorden yelled, raising both hands to cover his head.

At that moment, a kick was hammered into his forearms, and he was starting to lose balance. If he fell now, it would be a pretty nasty fall, but he was more concerned about the pain of having to go up all those stairs again.

However, his body held out, and he pushed the legs away and rolled onto the ground, safe and sound on the large platform area.

“Oh, you used to always fall in the past.” A female voice said.

Looking up from the ground, he could see a long blonde haired girl.

“Vicky, do we have to do this?” Vorden asked.

She ran off and swept her leg back, preparing a kick towards his stomach. Out of instinct, he wanted to lift his legs up and crouch into a ball, but he stopped himself from doing so at the last second. Attached on the side of his leg was a small toolbox device, and inside there at the moment was Borden.

He had brought him with him, since Borden refused to go with anyone else. Still, beforehand he made sure that he wouldn't do anything even if his life seems to be in danger. Vorden simply said, that this was his family, and even though it looked like they might be hurting him, they would never ever try to kill him.

When the kick hit, his body skidded across the floor, and he coughed out blood.

“Let me take care of this b\*tch!” Raten said.

For once, Vorden was pleased to switch. Getting up from the floor, Vicky was already right on him, throwing consecutive kicks without placing her foot down, but Raten was able to block each one of them.

The kicks hurt, and his forearms were throbbing, but there was just a smile on his face. Seeing this, Vicky stopped.

“You switched into him? That’s so boring.” Vicky said as she walked away. “You can greet him now, brother.”

‘Brother?’

Hearing those words, Raten ducked, and it seems to be at the right time. A fist was thrown out and had just missed his head. While ducking, Raten spun on the floor, kicking and sweeping whoever was behind his legs.

A thud was heard as the body hit the ground and Raten went in for the punch.

“I give, I give.” A blonde man said, His hands were waving in front of his face. He looked nearly identical to the girl he was fighting just seconds ago.

Raten’s fist had stopped just above his face, nearly touching his nose, while his other hand held his collar up.

“Do I care?” Raten said. And proceeded to give him a wallop to the head.

“Vicky! Help!” He shouted, between each punch he received.

She turned around and just looked at the two of them, shaking her head

Soon, the punches had stopped, and the boy was left with a bloody nose.

“Raten switched back with me, stop hurting brother Pai,” Vorden said, the two swapped places and Vorden let go of his brother’s shirt.

“Call me anytime to deal with these two, I’ve been waiting to hurt them for a while now.”

Raten had always been a better fighter than Vorden, but before even if he had switched, when it came just to regular hand to hand combat, neither of them were able to even land a punch on either of these two.

“Thanks, Vorden.” Pai said. “I never expected you to dodge that attack, you were never that fast before.”

“Thanks,” Vorden said, giving his brother a helping hand up off the ground. The two people that had attacked him, or rather this was their way of greeting him and welcoming him back, was his older twin sister and brother. Vicky and Pai.

These two were strong, strong enough that their speed and strength matched Vorden currently. Even though Vorden had used the red blood pills and didn’t have any armour on either.

This was just their natural body strength and speed.

After learning about vampires, if he didn’t know any better, their strength was so abnormal that Vorden would think that they were vampires. But if their strength was considered abnormal, then what about the rest of his family?

Still trying to clean up the blood from his face, his brother and sister didn’t say much and started to walk towards the entrance.

“Grandpa is expecting you,” Vicky said, and just like that, the two were gone.

There were no questions asked about how he was doing, or what he had done during his time away. Nothing, just a simple little scuffle.

“What did you think?” Pai asked.

“Pft, well he beat your arse, didn’t he?” Vicky replied.

“That was because I wasn’t ready,” Pai replied, embarrassed. “Still, he has gotten better I have to admit that, and he blocked all of your kicks.

The two of them, although twins were quite different, both in personality and fighting style. While Vicky liked to use her legs, Pai liked to use his fists in a fight.

The two of them were the first to enter the main room, and their grandfather was sitting in his chair, waiting at the back. Standing by his two sides were their father and mother. When he saw Pai’s face, the biggest smile ever could be seen.

“Man, maybe Grandpa would have got a hard on if he saw my face all bloody as well,” Vicky said.

“Crude as always, sister, very crude,” Pai commented as the two of them went to join their mother and father’s side.

Finally, entering the room was Vorden, and his heart was beating faster than ever. It took him a while to look up, but eventually, he did, and he could see all of them looking at him. Just as intimidating as he remembered.

“Vorden!” Hilston shouted in a loud booming voice. “I’m guessing, anyway. I thought you might have run away in all this chaos. These fools kept saying you probably died, but I didn’t doubt for a second that you were still alive.”

Vorden didn’t say anything back and just simply laughed.

“I asked the servants to prepare a grand feast for your arrival. We have a lot to catch up on and a lot to talk about. Why don’t you go rest in your room and then we can talk about it together then?”

Vorden still didn’t say anything, he just nodded and bowed, and then headed off away to his room, waiting to be called for dinner.

As soon as Vorden had left, the big smile Hilston had on his face had disappeared.

“So he’s still the same as before.” Hilston sighed.

“Yes. He switched in our little fight earlier.” Vicky replied.

“I was hoping after seeing Pai like that, he had changed and was fixed.”

“Don’t say that, father.” The blonde older gentleman said. “Maybe he is getting better. I’m sure if we give more time, then he will be okay.”

“Maybe,” Hilston said, rubbing his fingers through his rough beard. “I’ve been thinking, maybe we should send him to the temple again.”

When they heard Hilston speak of this, each one of them started to shake slightly. The hairs on the edge of their bodies stood up.

My Vampire System Chapter 622: Still alive

The castle was vast, and inside it, at all times there would usefully be fifty people as servants to cater for any need. Everyone who lived on the island knew how to use the same ability as Vorden, but didn’t carry the family name Blade. However, there were some exceptions to this rule.

Only the ones considered family were allowed to eat at the dining table and also could leave the island as long as they had permission from Grandpa Blade. The top floor of the castle contained all of their rooms. It had sleeping areas as well as the dining room and throne room.

While heading down the corridor, Vorden took in everything. The ornaments out on display, the heads of beasts mounted on the walls, and intricate paintings of people from the past, people he had no idea of who they were.

Eventually, he had reached his room and inside everything was left untouched, but kept clean by the servants. It didn't have anything special or unique like other castle rooms would have, it was simply decorated.

Peeking out from the toolbox, little Borden was trying to get his fresh air, and he could finally see the room his big brother lived in. "It's kind of plain, isn't it, brother?" Borden said.

Pulling him out of the toolbox, Vorden believed his room was a safe place for him. Safer than if it was on his body.

"Why don't you stay in here, Borden? I haven't told them about you yet, and just need to wait for the right time." Vorden explained. "If you get bored, you can climb out that window, and down the castle wall. Feel free to explore but just don't get seen. You can do that, right?"

"Of course," Borden said, smiling.

Vorden didn't know when he would bring up Borden, or if it was really a good idea, but he couldn't hide him forever. It was best to deal with whatever surprise the family had for him first, before he started to bring up his own surprises to them.

For now, Borden was happy just relaxing in the room. With his speed, skill, and small size, it would be hard for one to spot him. Especially outside in the jungle like area.

There were two noticeable things in the room, one was a bookshelf. As Vorden approached it, he pulled out one of the books. The spine was heavily worn, and the pages ruffled slightly. The front of the book read level six water ability book.

He placed it back, and ran his finger down all of them. Every single one was a different type of ability book. Each one of them was heavily worn.

"How many times did I read these over and over?"

He pictured himself at his desk, studying away. Looking out the window in his room at the blue sky.

“Stop being so soppy,” Raten said. “You had us, didn’t you?”

He started to remember each day he spent passing by sitting at the desk, and he would think of one thing constantly.

“When will that old man die?” Vorden suddenly blurted out, and the two in his mind, suddenly stopped moving.

“Hey Vorden, you can say that to us, but don’t say that out loud here,” Raten whispered. For the first time, even Raten wanted Vorden to calm down. Even he wouldn’t have said something like that out in the open. At least the words were spoken quietly, and no one was around.

Since as long as the three of them could remember, Hilston was the leader of the Blades. When asking his brother and sister who were years older, they too always knew him as the leader. When asking his parents, they said the same thing.

Based on these facts alone, the old man would have to be at least seventy to eighty years old, but there were rumours that he was even older than that.

If one thing was sure, it was that he didn’t look his age and didn’t move like it either. There were a few possibilities for this. The first being the ability, there were many abilities in the world, and perhaps he had found one that slowed down the ageing process or even gave the user the ability to reverse the ageing.

Then there was the special way the Blades trained compared to everyone else. What they believed in. If Vorden stayed here long enough, he would soon have to participate in them again.

Turning his head, there was one more thing in the room that used to get used a lot, and that was a VR capsule. He would study, learning how to control the ability and skill. Then he would try to use them in the game, since it allowed one to select whatever ability they wished.



The books in his room were only a small fraction of what the Blades had. When he had finished reading a set of books, he would casually swap them out with more from the library.

Thinking about this, he decided to go pay the library a visit. There was still some time before he was due to have dinner, and as long as he didn't try to leave the island, someone would find him somehow and call him when it was time.

Heading to the library, it was grand, with large spiralling bookcases and a total of three different floors. It would take a lifetime for one to read every book that was in the library. Thankfully there was a shortcut, allowing the blades to obtain all the information from a book without the need to read it, but Vorden didn't want to visit that place.

He never wanted to visit the place where the Chained lived. When he was younger, they would just bring out the Chained to him. Vorden couldn't deal with it, he couldn't look at them and always asked Raten to do it for him.

While in the library, Vorden picked out some transformation ability books, some skills, and some telekinesis skills.

'She will like this as a gift.' Vorden said with a smile.

Finally, he had headed to the S section of the library, but could find nothing about the shadow. However, on the third floor, the books were sorted a little differently. Here were journals of the Blades who lived in the past.

He seemed to remember reading that an ancestor of theirs had run into a person with the shadow ability before. It stuck out because it was an ability that the Blade's were unable to copy. Now that Vorden knew about Arthur and the others, he wanted to find that journal again to see if he could find any more details about the past. Or if there was anything he could do to help Quinn.

He looked and then suddenly stopped before opening the first journal. He had five books already in his hand, but none of them were for him.

'Why am I even bothering?' Vorden thought.

“Sir.” A gentleman suddenly said, appearing from behind. It would have scared Vorden, but he was expecting it at some point and was used to it whenever he was in the castle. “Dinner is now ready.”

“Would you like me to take those books to your room, sir?”

“Sure,” Vorden said as he headed off to the dining room.

It was a long rectangle-shaped dining table. Sitting at one end, was Hilston. While his mother and father sat on one side, and the kids on the other. The seat closest to Hilston was prepared for him.

The table was prepared, and food was already placed. Vorden had some time to relax a bit more, and he was starting to get used to the intimidating pressure of his family, if he was told to sit next to his grandfather at the start, then maybe he wouldn't have been as calm as he was now.

“It's nice to sit down as a family,” Hilston said. “Speaking of family, I heard you used the family name at some type of event? Your sister here thought you were being quite reckless, but I wanted to hear your side of the story before deciding anything.”

Using the family name wasn't a big deal, because to the outside no one knew who the Blades were, which was why even when Vorden was sent to military service, he did so using his real name.

So everyone in the room knew that if Vorden was using the Blade name, it was only to influence those of the Big four, and that could cause a big change to the outside world.

If Vorden was using it to try to start something, his grandfather would have liked to have known about it beforehand.

“At the time, I was trying to protect a friend,” Vorden replied.

“A friend, why would you need to protect a friend?” Vicky said as she thought Vorden was lying. One time when she left the place, she had visited the big four borrowing their powers. In doing so, she had

caused a rampage on a faction that had upset her. The faction no longer exists, but because of this, she was immediately called back and banned from going out for another three years.

This was why she was a bit upset that her grandfather did nothing when Vorden had used the family name. Other than to use their powers or strength, what other reason could he have?

“One of the big four was after his power, and I just wanted to protect him. Is that okay with you, Vicky?” Vorden said, scowling in her direction.

“And which of the Big four was this?” His father asked.

“Truedream.”

“Now where have I heard that name before?” Hilston thought long and hard. He didn’t usually remember names unless it was someone strong. This was why he was trying so hard to picture a person’s image when hearing the name, but nothing came to mind.

“It was the man who came not too long ago to attack us.” The mother said.

It was like Vorden thought. For some reason, Truedream had attempted to attack the Blades. In retaliation, they decided to get rid of them completely, destroying everything related to them and all of Dreamland.

“Ah, yes him.” The look on Hilston’s face suddenly changed into one of anger. Which was strange and Vorden hadn’t seen this face many times before. “Has there been any reports yet?”

“Not yet, no one knows of his whereabouts at all.” The mother replied.

‘Wait, what!’ Vorden shouted in his head. ‘Jack Truedream is still alive?’

My Vampire System Chapter 623: Fake family

Vorden couldn't believe it. Jack Truedream was still alive and was out there somewhere. He truly believed that if the Blades were involved, he would have been dead. If not dead then at least turned into one of the Chained to never be able to leave the island again. It was the first time he had heard someone was able to get away from Hilston like that, and now he understood the anger on his face.

As for the reason for not remembering who he was initially, it was because Hilston remembered strong people and not cowards. There wasn't a doubt in Vorden's mind that Jack was running away using some type of trick rather than fighting his grandfather.

Still, the military didn't know where he was, and it looked like the big three didn't know either. He was either still hiding out there, not wanting to come out (which was understandable after what the Blades had done to his city), or another family were keeping him in secret. It truly might have been a game changer if that was the case.

"This era has been a bad one," Hilston said. "It looks as if the Sunshields aren't going to be keeping up with their contract either. The big families are getting rebellious, and it might be time to give them all a stern reminder. It has been a week since they were meant to arrive and hand one over to us. Due to the current situation, I will give them some more time."

Vorden hadn't been alive long enough to see a handover happen, and he was at school during the last one with the Graylashes. However, based on their past journals there didn't seem to be any such problem like this in the past. It was the first time something like this had happened.

"Yes, I have sent out a messenger to them to see what they plan to do." The father said. "But if their response is what I expect it to be, then I'm afraid we will have to act."

"Do you plan on joining this war then?!" Vicky said excitedly, standing up from her seat.

"Your bloodlust is as high as your grandfathers," Hilston said. "Unfortunately, mine is only for the strong while yours Vicky, is for anyone who wrongs you. We will not throw ourselves deep into this war. It will be interesting to see who comes out the victor in all of this.

"If we are to move out, then myself, your mother and father will be the ones going to meet the Sunshields along with ten men. The rest of you are to remain behind on the island."

“What!” Vicky shouted. “Why am I being punished for something that happened so long ago? If you are by my side, you can control me.”

“There is no need to show all our cards. Besides, there may be a point when all of us will need to use our strength soon. Be more like your brother.” Hilston said.

When Vicky turned to her brother, he just gave a calm smile as if he didn’t care about anything at all.

This made Vorden think about the first war. According to the journals he read, when the Dalki came to attack, the big three families had come to him asking them for permission – asking if they could help save the planet.

After saying yes, it looked like humans were able to fend off the Dlaki, but the Blades never joined the war themselves. It looked like this time, that maybe, the Blades would help if another big war was to happen, or more like they would have to. This civil war would greatly weaken the human’s forces, and it was clear the Dalki would attack once it was over.

Thinking about this, Vorden really wanted to look at those journals, he even wondered if the Blades had more interactions with the vampires. He was never too interested in his family’s past, he always had his own problems to deal with, but now he was.

The family began to eat their food as the big discussions were over, and during that time Hilston asked questions about his life at school, and Vorden told him of most of things but left out everything to do with the vampires.

The only person at the table who was speaking seemed to be Vorden and Hilston. Hilston would ask, and Vorden would reply while the others would listen. Once in a while, Vicky would mumble something under her breath, but the rest of the family didn’t seem to care for what Vorden had to say at all.

“It looks as if you made some good friends Vorden,” Hilston said. “I’m sorry you couldn’t spend two years there, I thought that it might have helped him return to normal.”

Hearing this, Sil started to cover his ears and rock back and forth even more. He didn't want to hear any of it.

"He's gotten better," Vorden replied, hoping the answer would satisfy, but the face Hilston pulled was a hard one to read. It didn't look angry nor happy, just deep in thought.

The meal had finished, and after eating, Vorden was eager to go back to the library to look at those journals.

"Err, where do you think you're going?" Hilston said, seeing Vorden walking towards the door. His siblings had first gone to Hilston to give him a kiss on the cheek, then soon after went to their parents.

The kiss to Hilston looked natural and genuine from the two of them, but it looked almost robotic when it came to their parents.

"Aren't you going to give your family a kiss?" Hilston asked. "Remember we are family."

Vorden did as he was told and gave his grandfather a kiss on the cheek first, but when he went to look at his parents, they started straight forward at the wall as if their eyes were dead.

"Mom, Dad." Vorden said, kissing both of them.

"This fake family." Raten said. 'I can't believe this creepy old man is keeping it up, right, Sil?'

This was something Raten would have never said outside, not unless he wanted to live, but it was true. The whole family act that was being put on now was faked and it was all set up by Hilston.

It was true that they were all related and family, but the actual roles were fake. His mother and father were actually just his older brother and sister, and they were told to call them as so.

Not only this, but everyone on the island was related. They were all siblings to each other. Hilston would often leave the island, he was free to do as he wished, after all, freer than anyone else and every ten years or so, he would come back with a group of babies. Most of them having blonde hair like Hilston.

Who their real mother was, no one knew. But everything was controlled by Hilston to be set up a certain way, and Vorden was to call the man grandfather even if it wasn't true.

The truth was, everyone in the room and on the islands was either Hilston's son or daughter. Hilston was Vorden's real father, not the man he was forced to call father.

"Actually, do you mind staying behind?" Hilston asked.

Everyone left the room as asked, and now it was only Vorden and Hilston. Once again, he started to feel nervous. He was surprised that there was no punishment for using the name, but in the end, it didn't seem to cause much trouble in their eyes. As they were unaware of why Trudream had decided to attack.

"I would like to speak to Sil." Hilston said.

"Okay." Vorden relief and closed his eyes.

Raten and both Vorden were now in the darkroom looking at Sil, who still had his ears covered up and was rocking back and forth.

"He's not going to take the seat you know?" Raten said.

"I know, but I have to try...otherwise who knows what he'll do," Vorden said as we walked over and knelt down by Sil's side.

"Sil, Sil." Vorden called out to him in a soft voice. The rocking had stopped, but his hands were still covering his ears, and he slowly looked up at Vorden.

“That’s right, it’s me, don’t worry,” Vorden said. “It’s Grandpa, he says he wants to speak to you.”

“No!” Sil shouted. “No! He lied to me, he lied, lied, lied!” Sil shouted.

“I told you it was a waste of time,” Raten said. “All we can do is take whatever is about to come.”

Heading back to the chair, Vorden opened his eyes and shook his head.

“He still doesn’t want to come out, but I promise he is getting better,” Vorden said, worried as if he was trying to plead to his grandfather.

“It’s as I thought, nothing has changed. If he became broken at the temple, then maybe he can be fixed there. Vorden I will be sending you to the temple. Don’t worry, it won’t be as a student. Not yet anyway, but as a worker. You will start heading there tomorrow, prepare yourself.”

This was what Vorden was dreading, heading back to the place where it had all started for them. He didn’t know what Hilston was thinking. He and Raten knew Sil best, this wouldn’t fix anything but only make things worse.

My Vampire System Chapter 624: The start of it all

After his grandfather had confirmed that he would be going back to the temple. Vorden’s whole body was in a state of shock. He plodded along to his room and lied down on his bed. Borden wasn’t anywhere to be seen, and the window was slightly open, so he must have gone out exploring.

But Vorden was too stunned to even recognise this and would just stare at his ceiling. Images and memories which he had seemingly deleted from his head started to flash through his mind, and he wasn’t the only one that was experiencing these things.

Whenever an image would flash, his head would ache and hurt and at the same time, each one of them would see similar things. Yet, not exactly the same thing either.



Vorden would see blood on his hands and remember the pain he was in at the time. Raten something similar, and as for Sil, he was down on his knees, crying.

Eventually, the pain and ringing had stopped, and he had gone to sleep. It was the only way to forget about everything that was to happen and to come.

A few rooms over, Vicky was sitting on the window sill in silence looking out the window while her brother Pai, was busy reading a book, one that was based on hand- to hand combat.

“You know, you’ve read that book over a hundred times, and you still got punched in the face today,” Vicky said, while still looking out the window.

Ignoring her comment, Pai closed the book.

“What are you thinking about, are you really that upset about not going out to fight the Sunshields?” He asked.

“No, it’s not that I’m thinking about....I’m thinking about Sil.” Vicky said. “Do you think you would be okay if you were to go back to that place?”

“It was over twenty years ago for us, Vicky. It’s in the past, and there isn’t much we can do. We’re both here now, right? And it made us who we were today.”

“Do you ever think about...”

“Think about what?” Pai stopped her from saying the last words, and gave her a look, as if not to say anymore. He knew what she wanted to say.

The day had arrived, and Borden had returned to his room some time in the middle of the night. The two of them were sleeping in the same bed, and Vorden only noticed him when he nearly rolled over him in the middle of the night to wake up to a small scream.

A servant had come in to deliver breakfast, and little Borden quickly hid under the sheets. When she left, the two of them started to eat.

“So what did you get up to yesterday?” Vorden asked.

“I just went looking around the place, you didn’t tell me there were beasts here?” Borden said.

Vorden had almost forgotten that the island was split into two halves. The first half where the people lived there were no such beasts. In the centre of the island, there was a large stone tablet that stood behind the castle.

Past this point, the beast wouldn’t pass for a particular reason. There was a force far stronger than them there that they could sense. Borden yesterday must have gone to that half of the island.

“You didn’t kill anything, did you?” Vorden asked.

“I’m not stupid. I won’t be bringing any attention to myself unless a beast tries to kill me, but I sensed something, brother. When I got closer to that tablet. I felt like there was something there, something calling out to me. I was wondering if we could go together?” Borden asked.

Vorden knew very well what was by the tablet. The strange energy he could sense was probably felt from the beast that was there.

“Borden, maybe I should have been clearer yesterday, I didn’t actually expect you to do so much exploring in that little body of yours.” After all, one step was like twenty of Borden’s. “There are a few places you should never go without me, okay. First, anywhere in this castle apart from my bedroom.”

“What if I get hungry!” He said, rubbing his small little belly.

“Fine, the kitchen and my bedroom. Next, a place called a temple. It’s a very wide building with a lot of kids, so they might easily spot you and lastly, the tablet. I’m not saying we can’t go, but just not right

now.” Hopefully, the promise that they might be able to go was enough so Borden wouldn’t break the rules.

But Vorden was pretty trusting of him anyway. He was sure as long as he said it, Borden would agree.

A couple of knocks were made at the door, and a man came in after.

“Sir, it’s time.”

After dressing down, taking off his beast gear in his room and just wearing casual clothing, Vorden made his way to the temple with the servant who was acting as an escort. It was the same place that he had arrived at yesterday.

The closer he got, the more his hands started to shake, and his knees started to feel weak, but eventually, they had arrived, and he was standing on the plain open ground in front of the temple where the kids would play.

“Look, there’s a new grown up!” One of the cute little girls pointed at him.

There were thirty or so kids, all looking to be about the same age out and playing in the morning. A lot of them were curious as to who he was as they had never seen him before.

“Are you our big brother?” A little girl asked, tugging on his sleeve.

“I will be from today,” Vorden said with a smile.

“Why is big brother crying?” The girl asked.

“Huh?”

Without realising it, tears were flowing from Vorden's face as he looked at all their innocent faces and smiles.

There were four guards that were standing outside watching the kids. Each of them wearing a strange orange uniform, while Borden just wore some relaxing trousers and a white top. Out from the temple, came a young looking man who looked to be only a little bit older than Vorden himself.

He ran out, and then quickly bowed down.

"Young master, it's nice to meet you and have you hear with us." He said.

"You don't need to do that here, i'm working here just like you," Vorden said, offering his hand out for a shake. "Call me, Vorden."

"Bubble." The young man said, shaking his hand back. Hearing his name, Vorden nearly chuckled but kept it in. This was because Bubble had a bit of a babyface which made him look a little chubby. His body was quite regular, but it seems like all the fat stored around his cheeks and he thought the name Bubble was quite fitting and cute.

\*Dong! \*Dong!

A loud gong was heard, and the kids all started to rush into the temple as the morning play time was over.

"Let's get you a change of clothes, and I will explain your duty while you are here. There are a few options for you to choose from, depending on what you would like to teach them." Bubble said.

Entering the building, Vorden was given a quick tour of the place. There were many different styles of training rooms and study rooms. Essentially the temple acted as a school for the kids. Although it wasn't a normal school as it would focus on a few things in particular. Controlling the Blade's ability. Learning to fight, amongst other things as well as their normal duties, and Vorden was to be a teacher teaching one of these things.

After the tour was over, they had come to one of the empty halls, which was the restroom. It was a place for the workers to eat and sleep when they needed to rest, although there were no beds, chairs or tables and only the wooden flooring inside. Going out to the back, Bubble had brought over a uniform and handed it over to Vorden.

“Master, it will be great having you here. Since you are in the family, then that means you have personally gone through everything here.”

“I have,” Vorden said, and it wasn’t in the nicest of voices he replied in either. “When does it start?”

Bubble didn’t need to ask what he was talking about, he knew what he meant. He gulped before replying. “In a month.”

For the first Day, Bubble said Vorden wouldn’t have to teach, and it was best if he just watched the kids and was an assistant in the back of the class. He would also introduce himself to the kids in the middle of the lessons so they all got to know him.

When he entered one room, he could see a kid crying in the corner of the room, with his hands in his thighs and hugging his knees.

“Argh!” Vordnen said as he grabbed his head. Once again, a vision had entered, a vision of the past.

It was in a classroom like this one. Vorden had entered the room and was ready to sit in his seat and get ready to study. The others came and talked to him and Vorden was being his regular chatty self as always, then he heard the sound of crying coming from the corner of the room.

Getting up from his seat, he went over.

“Hey Sil, what’s wrong this time?” Vorden asked.

Sil lifted his head. “It’s Raten, he said I stink!”

My Vampire System Chapter 625: A strange trio

Sil continued to sob in the corner of the classroom, and most of the students chose to ignore him, preparing themselves for the class they were about to have, and catching up on what they had done the other day.

The only one that had gone to approach him was Vorden. However, he had understood why the others had given up in trying to help, it was because this had become a daily occurrence. To put it simply, Sil was a crybaby that took the littlest of things and blew them up in that mind of his.

Sitting down next to him with his back against the wall mimicking him, Vorden was trying to comfort him. "Go on, why don't you tell me why Raten said you stink?"

Raten was already in his seat that wasn't too far from the back of the class, Vorden could see him peeking over and looking behind at them.

"Yesterday, when the results came out. He turned to me and said I stink." Sil replied while taking deep breaths from his crying. "So today, when I woke up, I showered extra careful. More than I usually do, using soap everywhere. Then he called me stinky again this morning."

"I was just greeting you!" Raten shouted. "I have names for everyone. Square face, ding a ling, two faced, rat eyes, bubble gut and weak balls that's next to you right now."

"Weak balls?" Vorden chuckled, he didn't know if it was true, as he had never heard Raten call him that before, at least not to his face, or if he just regretted what he had said and was hoping Sil would cheer up.

"Really, it's normal," Sil said, wiping away his tears. "Then what should I call you?"

Standing up, Raten placed his foot on his chair with his knee up and then pointed at himself.

"Number one, because I'm the best in this class."

“Aren’t you number two?” One of his classmates said.

“Isn’t that why you called him stinky in the first place.”

“Ha, and in written exams, he’s in the last place.” The other kids commented.

Raten’s face had gone bright red, and he immediately went to sit back down in his seat. He had his head held down, and a piece of water had dropped down on the table from his face.

“Are you crying?” One of his classmates sitting next to him said. “How could someone with such a big head be so soft, I think you’re the real crybaby.”

“Shut up!” Raten said, turning to his fellow student. He grabbed the back of his head and slammed it down on the desk with a wallop. His head flung back up, and a bloody nose squirted blood out everywhere.

Immediately Vorden and Sil got up from the corner of the classroom and held back Raten’s arms so he couldn’t do anything more.

“I’ll kill him, I’ll kill him. What’s wrong with him, why can’t he mind his own business and keep his mouth shut? Do people have to comment on every single little thing that happens around them?”

Eventually, the teacher had entered the room and had gotten them to calm down. The three, Sil, Raten and Vorden were sent out of the classroom. While the teacher would ask the class what exactly happened.

This wasn’t exactly the first time something like this would happen where the three of them were together. Sil didn’t really have any friends due to his crybaby like nature. As for Raten he had a few problems. Raten was skilled when it came to fighting and using abilities, and because of it, the other students felt like he was a little big headed.

But there was a frustration he carried with him all the time. There was one person who would outdo him on the ability test, and that was Sil. With the constant teasing from his classmates and this frustration, it led to him having some anger issues, and outbreaks that happened like before, would become frequent.

Then there was Vorden. The talkative type, he was able to talk to anyone but at the same time, felt like he really wasn't making a connection with anyone as well. At the start, he thought he considered some of them friends but soon found out they didn't feel the same way.

The reason being, he too was shunned in the class, the reason for this might be why Raten had given him his name. When it came to Vorden, he achieved the lowest results compared to everyone, he was a loser.

They were kids, and the Temple put a lot of emphasis on trying to become the best. Constantly showing rankings in different fields. Naturally, they started to feel if they hung out with him, he would only drag them down as well.

This led to the current situation. Although it was hard to call them friends, the three of them became common acquaintances who would out of no choice of their own, hang out with each other more than anyone else.

Standing against the wall, Raten's legs were getting tired as the adrenaline would start to leave his body as well. He let out a big sigh.

"I can't believe I got held back by Weak balls and Stinky."

"Well, we don't want number one getting in trouble," Sil said.

Raten turned to look at Sil. He started to grit his teeth, and then the anger suddenly just left him. Sil was the one person for some reason he could just never get angry at. Even though they were kids, he seemed to be even more childish. Naive to the point where he didn't understand.

"Let's get rid of these nicknames," Vorden said. "I kind of don't like mine."



The three of them laughed, and the teacher finally came outside in the hallway to talk to them. In all honesty for what Raten had done, he didn't get in much trouble, they just talked to him, but there was no punishment.

There wasn't much they could do, and they didn't really want to hamper his skills or training in any way. The other kids knew he got away with things because he was talented, and it was the reason why they just came to dislike him even more.

The class lesson today was about creating their own skills. After mastering an ability, it was important for them to try to create their own skills and not just rely on the ones in the skill book. For this, they would have to have a creative mind.

They had all sorts of different lessons, usually the theory based one's being in the morning. Once this class had finished, it was time for them to eat in one of the halls.

The three sat on their own, talked and ate, each day becoming closer and closer. The afternoon lessons were what Raten looked forward to the most though.

It was time for the combat classes. Generally, there were two types of combat classes that were taught. Basic hand to hand combat skills with no use of abilities. From time to time, they would also use weapons.

Then there was the ability class. Where they would practice using their abilities. When this class happened, they would often bring people out who were tied up and blindfolded, gagged so they couldn't say anything.

Not much was explained about who these people were, only that if they didn't do well, they could become like them in the future. It was their way of scaring the kids.

Today's lesson was casual hand to hand combat for them, and it was Friday. Each Friday it would be sparing night, where students would go up against each other in a duel.

This was done outside under the supervision of many teachers. The three watched a few people fight, and it was Sil's turn. Sil seemed like his normal self, but he wasn't too bad when it came to hand to fighting.

It always started usually the same, with Sil being hit first, and then soon after, not wanting to get hurt anymore, Sil would hit the person back beating them so he could no longer get hurt.

Then it was Vorden's turn. The student came running at him with a fist. It was obvious he was going to punch him Vorden thought, so he tried to step out of the way, but with the other hand, he had been grabbed by the shirt yanking him forward.

Using all the strength he had, he tried to kick the other person away in the stomach, but it was useless and weak. Then before he knew it, he was getting his face punched in until the fight was declared over.

Then finally, it was Raten's turn. He had a smile on his face and was ready to take on any one of them. Then he pointed at the student who had just fought.

"You, you're fresh, right? You didn't get hurt in the last fight, so let's get this on!" Raten shouted.

However, his request was denied, as the teachers knew what was going on. If Raten was to fight, he probably wouldn't have stopped hurting the child until someone pulled him off. Because even if he didn't know, they did. Raten cared about his two friends.

He was paired up with another student, and he had finished winning his fight with ease.

After the fighting session had ended, students were finally able to relax. They lived in the Temple, and this was considered free time where they could do as they wished. During this time, each one of them would be called one by one for an individual session.

Here they would speak to one of the teachers to hear if they had any problems. What they were going through would be a heavy toll on a child that was around eight years old. This was why they had a teacher check their mental health and state frequently.

“Sil, you’re up next. You know the room to go to.”

Sil got up and smiled as he headed to the room. When he opened the door. A black-haired curly young man was sitting down on the floor with a small table.

“Nice to see you, Sil.”

“Caser!” Sil shouted as he ran and gave the man a big hug. Sure, Sil had his friends, and he cared for them, but this man in front of him was the most important person in the world.

My Vampire System Chapter 626: The man Caser

Caser was the so-called councillor of the Temple. When students had breakdowns, mental problems, and even more, they would come to him. He had a number of techniques that he would use to calm them down and get them to open up to him. All of this would need to be filed in a report as well.

He cared about all of the kids greatly and would try his best to help them without the need of using any abilities.

After all, even if he did, it was only a temporary fix to the problem and never a permanent solution. Still, there were times when things like so needed to be done. Of course, with Sil being the way he was before he had even become close with both Raten and Vorden, he would come to meet Caser regularly.

He would share everything with Caser, speak everything on his mind, and for once, he felt like someone was actually listening and talking back to him. Yes, it was a Caser’s job, but it felt more than that, and naturally, their relationship grew.

Even now, with his two friends, from time to time, he would have problems with them. It was only natural he would need to speak to someone else, and that would be him. Caser was in all respects like the father figure that he didn’t have in his life. As time went on though, Caser could see Sil was getting better, the more he would hang out and talk to Vorden and Raten the less he would come to visit him.

Some instances of him crying could be resolved by them now, and seeing this, Caser felt happy and proud. He felt like his words and lessons were working.

“Well, we don’t have anything to do today, so is there anything you wanted to talk about while you’re here?” Caser asked

“Can we read that book?” Sil asked. “You know the one with the cool pictures.”

Caser stood up and went to the bookshelf behind him, before picking out one of the books which had a certain volume number on it. Caser was a huge fan of superhero comics. When Sil would first come to him, he would bawl his eyes out nonstop, and no words would get through to him.

So, he decided he would read a book out loud while showing the pictures. All boys wanted to be a superhero at some point, right? And not only that but they could relate to them. They were able to control near enough any ability.

Because of this, he thought it was good for kids at a young age to get an idea of how to use their powers. It was something the Blades were actually unaware of, they had no clue Caser had been reading them such books.

“And then punching him with his super strength, he said. “I Will protect the weak and my friends,” Caser said as he finished reading the last line of the chapter.

It was a bit cheesy, but here Caser could be his normal goofy self in front of kids, which was why he loved his job.

“That’s so cool, is Grandpa Blade and the rest of them in the castle superheroes as well. I hear they’re really strong. I guess they must go out fighting evil villains all the time.” Sil said with excitement.

But then, Caser’s face dropped hearing those words of an innocent child. Their imagination and fantasy land, of what the Blades could be were vastly different from what they were.

“The Blades choose to use their powers in different ways, but if you ever one day get to reach the castle, maybe you can change that. Turn the Blades into the superheroes they could be!”

Sil’s eyes started to sparkle as he imagined going into battle with his two friends Vorden and Raten. After defeating the two enemies, he would go back home to tell Caser all about it.

Their session was up, and it was time for Sil to head back to the rest of the class to rest. When he left the room, the two of them waved goodbye. He pulled out his phone and checked the calendar. There were only two weeks left until the day.

Caser turned to his books and took one of them out. On the front cover, a muscular figure could be seen with his foot on top of the enemy, having saved the world once again. One day he had dreamed of being a superhero himself, and soon he would have to put the kids through something disastrous. It was far from the dream he wished at one point.

The next week, Caser had no idea how much the recent chapter of his had influenced Sil. During the combat training, he refused to fight his opponents and stood there while getting beatings. When the teachers asked why he stated: he refused to hurt anyone weaker than himself and didn’t want to hurt his friends. This had eventually caused quite the stir that they didn’t realize

At the castle, the leader of the Temple, Pam, at the time, was told to give a report. She would update them on all of the kids and what was currently happening. Hilston seemed uninterested in most of them, and eventually asked her to stop.

“What of Sil? He has the most potential of all of them correct, how is he doing with things?”

In a previous report, he had been told that Sil had the ability to copy six abilities at one time. A rarity among rares among the Blades. It was even more than Hilston could hold himself at a time. This was a Gem in his eyes. Something that he had been waiting for years.

But Pam gulped, as she said the next few words.

“His character is weak, and recently he has been refusing to spar and fight with the other students. Claiming he doesn’t want to hurt them. I’m afraid at this rate, if we start the process next week, he will not survive.”

Hilston looked troubled by the report. He thought long and hard about what to do. He had already spent so much time going through so many different people, and now there seemed to be another problem, but it didn’t sound like one that couldn’t be fixed.

“Tell me, is there anyone he is close to?” Hilston asked.

“The councillor Caser, I would say he is closest to,” Pam replied.

“Great, bring him here.”

Caser had been called to the castle, something that hadn’t been done for a long time. He was considered one of those that were there to purely serve the Blades. He would often just get given tasks from Pam and nothing else.

“I hear you are close with Sil,” Hilston said. “He is a good child, but I also hear he has a bit of a problem, and because of this I have a certain plan I would like to put in place...”

Hilston told Caser everything that he wished to do, and why he wanted to do it. It seemed like out of this batch he had already chosen who he wanted to pick. In it all, Caser was an essential part of his plan. He had asked him if he wanted to do it as if he had a choice, but he knew he didn’t.

“Of course I will, sir,” Caser said, bowing down.

While walking back towards the Temple, Caser had time to think about everything that was said. Then when he arrived at the Temple, he could see all the kids smiling, playing games, and enjoying their time together.

Then finally, Sil was talking away with a smile on his face while Raten and Vorden were by his side. What Sil had said about superheroes and such, it reminded him that he had done nothing during his time here, and he would just standby and let things happen.

If that was his case, then he would need to spend these moments doing something.

'It looks like you don't need me anymore, Sil. But I won't let them get their way.'

My Vampire System Chapter 627: A superhero

The sound of crying continued and back inside the classroom, Vorden had snapped back out of his memories he had for a little while. The crying kid in the corner had really reminded him of Sil back then, but only this time, it looked as if no one was approaching him at all.

The real teacher had yet to arrive, but because an adult was in the room, the rest of them were sitting in their seats patiently waiting.

He started walking over to the corner of the class to see how the kid was doing.

"Don't worry about him, Sir, he always cries." A student said.

"Yeah, if you want you can start the lesson, and he will eventually go to his seat, that's what the other teachers usually do." Another student said.

But ignoring them all, Vorden went over to the kid and crouched down.

"Hey, why don't you tell me what happened? I'm here to listen." Vorden said.

"Go away!" The kid cried, and he threw out his fist, punching him right in the face and hitting the side of the nose. Something was felt dripping from his nose, and as he went to wipe it, he could see blood.

“Did he just hit the new teacher?”

“What’s going to happen, is he going to get beat?”

The students started to mumble.

Just then, the door slid open, and one of the male teachers entered the room. He was a large man with a scar going across his face called Bong. The students were terrified of Bong and usually with a single glare he could get the kids to shut up.

Entering the room, he could hear the gossip coming from the students.

When Bong looked into the corner of the room, he could see Vorden standing there with a bloody nose.

“Oh, dear, no!” Bong said in a panic. “Young master, I am deeply sorry for this, why don’t you get that healed up. What happened here?”

Their scary aggressive teacher suddenly looked frightened as he saw this man hurt. They had never seen him act like this and were wondering just what was going on.

“Master, you don’t think that means?” The kids said.

“You brats, Vorden here is from the Castle!” Bong shouted. “Who hit him, I will hang him upside down and make his backside raw!” He shouted.

All of the students went ahead and looked at the student crying in the corner.

“It’s okay,” Vorden said to Bong as he crouched down to the kid again.



“You’re angry right, upset. If you want, I can be your punching bag all day long. I can take the pain. If you want to shout at me, hit me, whenever you need to speak or express yourself, you can come to see me.”

The kid did nothing else but cried, and Vorden decided to stay by his side. Waving his hand, he told Bong to continue the lesson and that he did.

As the lesson went on, Vorden stayed by the kid’s side the whole time. He sobbed and cried so was unaware of Vorden’s position he held unlike the rest of the class. When class was over, the kids left to head to lunch, while the one by Vorden’s side had stayed there.

Eventually, even Bong left as he needed to.

“Don’t worry, I will bring him to his next class,” Vorden said.

The crying had stopped, and the kid lifted his head for the first time.

“Why are you still here?” The kid said.

“I don’t know, maybe I thought you had something interesting to tell me?” Vorden replied.

“Nobody cares about what I have to say, nobody even likes me here.” The kid cried again.

Standing up, Vorden was wondering how to get through to him. He wanted to help but found it difficult. Then suddenly, he felt someone touch his shoulder. However, it wasn’t a physical touch, but it was one in his mind. When he turned around, he could see it was Sil.

“Let me speak to him,” Sil said, and they had swapped seats.

“Hey, Crybaby,” Sil said as his opening line, which seemed to grab the kids’ attention straight away. “Have you ever heard of superheroes!” There was no book in his hand, and by just using his hands and words, Sil had reenacted the first chapter of the book Caser used to read him.

Since there was no book, he had to act out certain scenes himself with his body. Watching, Both Raten and Vorden felt like they would have died from embarrassment if they had to do such a thing, but it seemed to be working. As the kid was hooked on every single thing that was happening.

After being cheered up a little. The kid returned to his next lesson, and Vorden was now in control once again. He continued to watch the other classes as an assistant, and it was finally the end of the day.

“So have you decided on what you would like to teach?” Bubble asked.

“Yeah, do you have room for one more counsellor?” Vorden said.

Bubble took him to the current council room, which looked identical to the one that he himself used to meet Caser in. Only the bookshelf was no longer filled with comic books. Here he was to meet and discuss with the current councillor how they would split up their tasks.

“I’ve split the kids up into two groups, but if there are any ones you’re really having trouble speaking with then feel free to come and tell me. It’s going to be a big help to have someone else around here. Not many people like doing this job.” The man said, but Vorden seemed to be in his own world, not paying attention.

Instead, he was walking towards the bookshelf stationed along the back of the wall.

When looking at the bookshelf, inside Vorden’s mind Sil started to scream as if he was in pain once again, but this time it was screams of sadness as a memory from the past entered his mind once again.

What Sil was seeing, Vorden and Raten could now see as well.

Some time had passed since Vorden’s last memory compared to this one, and a meeting had been set up. For some reason, Sil had been called into the council room right now to meet up with Caser, even though it wasn’t their usual meeting time.

When he entered the room, he was surprised to see not only Caser there but Hilston as well. It was the first time that Sil had ever seen Hilston before.

“Sil, my little Grandchild. Although you may think this is the first time we are meeting. I used to look after you as a baby.” Hilston said with a big smile on his face.

“Grandpa Hilston.” Sil bowed down respectfully. One of their lessons was how they should call and refer to the people in the castle if they were ever to meet them, and all of the kids were told to refer to Hilston as grandpa.

“I have heard that you two are close,” Hilston said.

“Very close,” Sil replied with the biggest smile.

“Let me ask you something. If Caser was to get sick, would you do anything for him to get better?” Hilston said.

“Yes, of course.”

“Great!” Hilston said, and before he knew it, Sil could see a hand appear right through Caser’s body. It was so sudden so quick, and blood had splattered across Sil’s face.

There were no screams coming from Caser, only a smile appeared on his face as he looked down and tried to hold in everything he was feeling looking at Sil. Hilston pulled his hand out from his body and allowed Caser to fall to the floor.

“Caser!” Sil screamed.

“You see, tomorrow there is a big test,” Hilston said. “And I want you to do well. You know the Blades powers, you have seen it. Any second now, Hilston will die, but if you want him to live. If you want me to bring him back to life with one of my abilities, then you need to do anything you can to get first place tomorrow, you understand?”

Sil could hear him, but he continued to sniffle and just stand there in place. He wanted to hit this man, fight against this man, but his body wouldn't move. There was a certain pressure that just wouldn't let him go forward.

Even though he wanted to go over to see if Caser was okay, to say a few things to him, he couldn't because he knew the man in front of him wouldn't let him.

"Listen Sil, get first place tomorrow, and Caser will come back to life. Do you understand?" Hilston said once again.

Finally, using every bit of courage that Sil had in his body, he was able to nod his head. Caser wasn't dead yet, but soon he would be, he looked up at Sil, and started to crawl towards him, leaning his upper body off the ground with every ounce of strength he was able to get it, so his body and hands were within reach of Sil.

"Caser, don't die, If you go, then there won't be anyone else left. Who will I talk to, I'll be on my own again."

"Don't worry, Sil," Caser said, reaching his hand out. He managed to brush Sil's face with his fingertips before falling to the ground, and as he did, he said his last words. "I won't let you be alone in this world."

My Vampire System Chapter 628: The past event starts

The day had ended, and Vorden returned to the castle, his feet felt heavy with each step, and the first day was tiring for him. In more ways than one. He didn't expect when coming here to have to go to the Temple for a while. He had wanted to confront the past himself but just didn't think it would happen so soon.

Not only that, but Sil had been crying nonstop inside the darkroom, which could be heard for both Raten and Vorden. The best person for calming Sil down would be himself, but while he was out here, it was impossible, and right now he needed someone by his side all the time. A few words wouldn't be enough.

Sure he could switch with Raten, but Raten at times could get very wild and unpredictable, and they didn't need that here. He couldn't imagine what Raten would say to one of the students if they needed speaking to him.

Since that fateful day for the three of them, Sil hadn't been out much or taken the seat. And he was pretty much the same Sil, from back then as he was now. Unable to deal with things or cope with things. Or as Raten would describe him, a cry baby.

Everything was too much, and Vorden was just wondering what Hilston was trying to get by sending them back there.

When entering the castle, he thought he would be called upon, and asked about Sil again. His grandpa seemed to be obsessed with Sil compared to all the others, even more so than his brothers and sisters who lived in the castle.

However, while walking past Vorden picked up on some rumours, it turned out that the Sunshields were acting out more than they had expected and they would need to move out soon. It was bad timing, as it also seemed to collide with the usual event.

Because of this, he was able to be left on his own, which was nice. When he returned to his room, Borden would update him about what he saw on the other half of the island. It looked like he was keeping track of what Beasts the Blade family-owned, and Vorden had to say some of them were really impressive. They had higher tier beasts than he expected.

It wasn't somewhere Vorden himself was familiar with as he hadn't gone to that part of the island much, apart from a few training sessions he would have here and there.

"Just don't get caught, okay?" Vorden said as he went to sleep for that day.

Maybe if Borden did get caught, it would be a distraction from what he was currently facing.

When he woke up, it was the usual routine of heading to the Temple, only this time it would only be for work. Throughout the day, students would be sent to him to be looked over and talked to. Most of the time, it was just petty problems, and the kids just wanted someone to listen.

They didn't have parents to confide in after all, or when they had questions, they didn't know who to ask. The people closest to them for guidance and who they felt like they could rely on were the teachers.

Still, he wasn't as busy as the other teachers since his task was split up between two teachers, so there was quite a bit of free time for him to watch the other students. At the moment, he was watching them go through combat training.

They had brought out a chained person who was blindfolded and was at the front of the class. Each of them was told to touch the chained to copy the ability, which would be the water ability for today.

The instructor at the front did the same, and following his words and movements, all of the students who were spread out would have to follow. When looking at them, he had spotted the student from before who was crying in the classroom, he was struggling to even form the water in his hands.

Speaking to him a bit more, he found out his name was Deal. He thought that maybe Deal would be like Sil, but it wasn't the case at all. When looking through the reports, the most skilful person in this group could hold three abilities at once.

It really hit home. That there had yet to be a person who could hold as many abilities as Sil could. He was certainly a special child. It would also explain why Hilston was so obsessed with him.

However, he didn't understand the why. Hilston was near enough already the strongest person. Why the need to do all this and look for someone stronger? This was what he didn't understand and was also something no one would dare just outright ask him.

As Vorden continued to look at the man chained up and tied to the wooden pole. It was reminding him of that day. The day after Caser had died.

It was early morning that day when all the thirty or so students had been gathered. They were all brought out onto the ground floor and in front of them was a chained tied to a pole. The kids looked at each other for a few seconds. It was odd because until now all the combat classes had been in the afternoon and not the morning.

"I heard the people talking this morning, they were moving about and setting something up," Vorden whispered to Raten. "I think something special might be going on today."

Although Raten could hear what Vorden was saying, he was looking around trying to find Sil. Yesterday night when returning to the others, he didn't say a single word to them. His eyes looked blank, dead, and when Raten said his usual taunts, there was no reaction from him at all.

Eventually, he had spotted Sil at the back of the group, while the two were near the front. Raten wanted to call out to him, but the teacher had already started speaking, so it was too late.

"Today is a special day for you all." The teacher said. "Today is the day you will finally graduate from the Temple, and one of you will be selected to go to the castle. As you know, this has always been the aim of the Temple."

"And no I didn't misspeak only one of you, will be selected." When he spoke those words, the expression on the teacher's face remained dark. It didn't change, and he wasn't his usual cheery, playful self.

Some of the kids were starting to worry about what exactly was going on.

"A number of your teachers with the earth ability are positioned in a circle around the island. They have copied the earth ability and together have created a solid wall surrounding all of you like so." The teacher stomped his foot on the ground, and a part of the wall was raised up.

He then picked up a rock and threw it against the wall, as soon as it touched several hard spikes appeared in an instant, hitting and crushing the rock. If a human had touched that wall, they would have been killed.

"As time passes, this wall surrounding the area will become smaller and smaller as the teachers move forward, and it will only carry on moving forward until a single person is left remaining alive."

Hearing this, one of the students broke out crying. Raten immediately turned his head, expecting it to be Sil but it wasn't it was another. At that moment, one of the teachers standing by the side walked over, he lifted his hand and gave the child a slap across the face.

“This is not a game, you will have no time for crying. If you want to live then fight, if not then throw yourself into the wall!” The teacher shouted. Clearly, he was emotional about what was happening, and even he didn’t know how to react.

“These people are crazy. Does the castle know about this?” Vorden whispered.

“You’re an idiot,” Raten said. “The people in the castle are the ones who ordered this.”

“The Blades believe that their bodies must be sharpened. Each time getting stronger and to do that, they must go through life and death experiences. This will be the first of many for the winner.”

“Each time you survive, the cells in your body will react. This is how the Blades have always improved themselves, and this is how they will continue to.”

“See this chained here.” The teacher pointed to the man who was tied up blindfolded and gagged so they couldn’t say anything.

“There are many of the chained randomly scattered out across the island. Tied to a poll just like this one. Each one of them with a different ability. Use this knowledge as you wish, use it to survive.”

“Some of you are smarter than others, you will need to think fast and appropriately. Some of you are better fighters, and lastly, some of you are the best at using abilities. Work together, betray each other, whatever you can you must survive.”

“But you all have to remember at the end of the day. There will only be one winner. The event starts now!”

My Vampire System Chapter 629: The first kill



After the teacher had made the grand announcement, all of them suddenly left and that included the one who was giving the instructions. It looked like they had vanished and the students were left standing there, stunned and confused, with no one to guide them.

“They can’t be serious, can they?” Vorden said. “What should we do?”

The truth was that the teachers had actually copied an invisibility ability beforehand and were watching everything very carefully, closely.

The kids were talking amongst themselves and trying to figure out what to do. They had been playing with each other this whole time. Even if they were suddenly told to turn against each other, they couldn’t just do that out of the blue.

Some had decided that it might be best if they just head back into the temple and wait until they got more answers, while others wanted to explore the island to see if the wall was really real. From where they were, they couldn’t see where the wall was, which meant the area must have been large to start with.

But Raten, he was looking straight ahead, in his mind, he thought. What if this all was real? Everything they went through being stuck in this one place, it made sense to him why they had chosen to do this.

“It seems like no one is acting yet.” One of the teachers said, hidden away. “Should we perhaps try to start something?”

Another reason for the teachers being nearby was so they could help move things along at times themselves while being hidden. If students started to get hit from nowhere, it certainly would cause a panic.

“There is no need,” Pam said. “There is always one in the group that understands what is going on, how very real this all is. I have been doing this for a while now, just stay and watch.”

While everyone was busy yapping away, Raten had moved forward to take the advantage that no one else saw. He walked to where the teacher once was, and there was a Chained with an ability tied up right there.

“No Raten, you aren’t going to take part in this, are you?” Vorden said with concern.

Touching the Chained, Raten had obtained his ability.

Suddenly, Raten started laughing like a madman.

“Alright Jeremy, you had this coming to you for a long time!” Raten shouted. “You don’t know how many times in class I imagined doing this to you, with your smart arse comments and now there are no consequences, this is great.”

“Raten, I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Jeremy said.

Throwing his hand out, a wind swipe had left Raten’s hand, and a large cut was made across his chest, and he fell to the floor. This had changed the whole atmosphere for everyone. The kids started to scream, running in all sorts of different directions.

While Vorden stood there, staring at Raten.

“No, we shouldn’t do this, we’re friends, right? Raten you wouldn’t hurt me, right!” Vorden shouted with tears running down his face, and Raten just continued to walk towards him.

“Damn it!” Vorden ran off into the jungle with tears leaving his face. Just yesterday in the morning, they were all joking about and laughing, and now this. What sick person made them do this, he thought.

With Raten now having the advantage of getting the first ability, and with his fighting style, there wouldn’t be any that could go up against him, then a thought came into Vorden’s mind. There was Sil. Sil was the only person that would be able to beat Raten. Not just that though, Sil himself needed to be looked after and protected.

Vorden couldn’t imagine how Sil was coping with all of this. If he could find him, then maybe they could do something together.

\*\*\*\*\*

A small group of three students had left before Raten had started his rampage and were unaware of what was happening. They had walked into the jungle, planning to head to see if the so-called wall was real.

While halfway, they could hear the screams of others coming from where they had just left. They then looked at each other.

“You don’t think someone actually...”

They didn’t want to think about it and just carried on walking. It took a good twenty or so minutes for them to eventually reach the edge of the wall, just walking forward at a fast pace. After hearing the screams, they wanted to get away from whoever had possibly started the killings.

When they reached it, it turned out it was true. The wall was around five meters high. Impossible for one to scale, unless they climbed a tree of some sort, but even if they did try to leave, they were sure the teachers behind the wall would do something about it.

What shocked them most was the wall was actually slowly moving forward. It would look a bit like sand, as it allowed the trees and plant life to pass through and sink into it.

“Do you think that demonstration was there just to scare us?” One of the kids said.

“I don’t know, why don’t you try to touch the wall and find out?” Another said.

One of them started to move closer to the wall but unsure when the spikes would act. But in the end, he chickened out.

“I can’t do it, man.” The kid said as he turned around, but then could see one of them shove him into the wall itself. As soon as his back had hit the wall, the spikes immediately came outward, and their buddy was no longer moving. The spikes retracted, and the body fell to the floor.

“You killed him, you killed him!” The other student said and immediately started running from his so-called friend.

The one that was left behind looked at his friend on the ground.

“I didn’t think it was real, I’m sorry. I thought it was all a lie. I was just joking around.” But now he knew it was very much real.

\*\*\*

Vorden was taking a cautious approach. He knew he was weaker than others, so he couldn’t just go out and about running around. He currently had no ability either, so he was at the biggest disadvantage.

Still, he wanted to find Sil. Eventually, while slowly going through the jungle area and not making a sound, he could see the back of a Chained. His hands tied to the pole.

For a while, he decided to sit back and hide between a relatively large plant and tree. Waiting to see if there was anyone around or coming. The starting area seemed to be quite large, and since there were only thirty of them, they wouldn’t run into each other for the start of the event often as long as they hadn’t chosen to group up.

After waiting for a while and having this thought in his head, Vorden decided to risk it and head out, trying to touch the Chained. He grabbed the back of his hand, but then something strange happened. He felt nothing, his MC cells in his body weren’t adapting to the ability.

“What is happening?” When Vorden went around the pole to have a look, he could see that the Chained had been killed.

It was a smart move. Once their ability was taken, if they killed the Chained, it meant no one else could have that ability. Only by touching the person in the middle of the fight could they obtain one.

Vorden just never thought that the kids would be willing to go this far and so soon as well. What it did mean though, was he still had no such ability, and there was someone close who did have one.

His ears then picked up the sound of leaves and trees ruffling. When he turned his head, he could see a student jump out towards him, with his fingers slightly green in colour. It was a trap, after all. The student was waiting for someone else to try to take the ability of the chained to finish them off there and then.

It was so sudden, and Vorden thought it would be the end of his life there and then, but while mid-air. A strong strike of wind came from the right, hitting the student and knocking him out of the air, then a few more strikes came and badly hurt the student, but he wasn't dead, only his back up against a tree groaning away.

"The wind ability, it couldn't be?" When Vorden turned his head, he could see that it was Raten. Only this time, he was covered in blood, and it wasn't his own.

'Is this how my life is going to end?' Vorden thought.

On his knees on the ground, Vorden had accepted his fate.

"Raten, I'm not as strong as you or Sil. I know I will die in this event anyway, but please. I just don't want to be killed by someone I consider my friend."

The footsteps continued, and now all Vorden could do was close his eyes. When the footsteps stopped, he felt a hand placed on his head and the MC cells of an ability passing onto him.

"Come on, let's go find that Cry-baby and get the hell out of this place," Raten said.

My Vampire System Chapter 630: Escape plan

Vorden would have never considered himself an emotional person. During his time at the Temple he hardly ever cried, and he was the one for Sil to have a shoulder to cry on, he would even talk to the

others when they got upset. Deep down though, he was always just constantly suppressing his own emotions.

Today he was alone, and there was no longer any need for him to hide his emotions. As it could very well be his last day, he was letting it all out.

His eyes bubbled up, his throat felt so heavy and full he was finding it hard to talk.

“Raten...Ra..Ra..Ra..Raten!” Vorden cried, but he quickly found his mouth being covered up.

“Stop making noise, you idiot, or do you want to go ahead and tell everyone where we are?” Raten whispered.

It took a while for him to place his emotions inside him once again, but just seconds ago he thought someone he considered his best friend was about to kill him. He didn't know if his plea had worked or if Raten had planned this all along. Looking at his blood stained shirt though, it was clear that he was taking part in this.

The two of them headed over to the student who was lying down by the tree, he was hurt, and breathing in heavily. After the initial hit, he had been cut at the back of his achilles, making it now nearly impossible for him to run.

The reason for not finishing him off was because one couldn't take abilities from the dead. Raten placed his hand on top of his head, and now he had two abilities with him.

“It's best you keep your wind ability and not overwrite it with this one. His is the ability of acid, so you have to get up pretty close to your opponents. Besides, knowing you, you probably won't be able to hurt anyone anyway, so with the wind, at least you can defend yourself.” Raten explained.

When he placed his hand on top of his head, the wind ability Raten untidily got at the start of the event was given to Sil. Looking at the boy, Vorden was thinking if someone else came along, then he would be finished.

“What should we do with him?” Vorden asked.

Raten looked past him, and behind they could see the earth wall coming close. When Vorden initially ran, he ran out as far as he could, hoping to get away from everything. In his head, he thought he was trying to find Sil, but the truth was he was just scared. So they were all near the edge of the fighting zone.

“Let the wall take him,” Raten replied. “There is no need to have his death on our hands.”

“Ha!” The boy laughed, “You were the one who made me this way Raten, don’t fool yourself into thinking you’re a good guy. Whether you kill me or the wall kills me, it’s the same thing. I’m dead because of you.”

Walking off, Raten chose to ignore his words, while Vorden was looking at him with sorrow, trying to figure out if he was affected by this whole thing, even if his face didn’t show it, he had to be affected. The others thought he was heartless and cruel, but Vorden wouldn’t be alive right now if that was true.

“Remember!” The boy shouted as the wall was now nearly upon him. “Even if you two team up now, eventually you will have to kill each other.”

They didn’t look back, but the sound of the spikes on the wall was heard activating and another contestant had been eliminated.

After running closer to the centre, the two of them eventually found a large boulder that would give them cover and carved into it a small cave-like entrance. They decided to rest there for now. The last words that the boy said continued to ring in Vorden’s mind.

“Raten, I will only slow you down, just -“

“Shut up will you,” Raten said. “Do you really think I would come and save you without having some type of plan? If I thought I had to kill you later, I would have just killed you back then, to save me the trouble later.

"I plan to find Sil and leave this island for good, all three of us. To do that there are two abilities we need. First the Earth ability, there aren't many, but me and Sil are more skilful than the other students that we could deactivate the skill from the teachers before the spikes could even reach us. I imagine they thought that some students might do this and the teachers would be skilled enough to deal with them, but with mine and Sil's strength, I'm sure we can take a couple and try to get out of here.

"The second ability is the water ability. I learned how to create a separate bubble. If there are two of us with the ability, then one person can move the currents around us while we travel inside the bubble. What we do after that, who knows but it will be better than this crap right?"

What Raten was suggesting, was to go against the island, something that had been drilled in their heads from a young age to never do. But they didn't have much choice. They would either become the Chained and never see the daylight again or die from their current situation.

It was death either way.

"Let's do it, let's find Sil and get out of here," Vorden said.

Vorden realised from the conversation that he wasn't really needed in the plan at all, but Sil, the strongest and most skilful ability user was the one Raten was looking for, but he had included him in his plan. It had put a great big smile on his face.

The two of them started their search, and it looked as if they were now seeing and hearing fewer people. Now that everyone knew it was very much real, people chose to be quiet and stay hidden. On top of this, they had no idea how many contestants were left remaining, but with the wall making the area smaller and smaller, they were on a tight deadline.

"Poor Sil, you know he won't be able to kill someone, he's probably hiding somewhere that feels safe to him," Vorden said.

"The others aren't stupid either, they know if Sil has an ability and if he is forced to, he will protect himself, somewhere safe..."



They both then looked at each other, Sil's favourite place was the council room in the Temple. Immediately the two of them headed there.

When they arrived, they didn't go in straight away. Just outside two bodies could be seen on the floor lying still. It was the place where they had started, so it was expected for some fights to happen here. The Chained that Raten got his ability from, had been killed.

Vorden gulped before asking the dreaded question.

"Did you do that?"

"No." Raten replied. "It was Carol, Roe and Splinter."

"That Rat!" Vorden replied.

The three of them were always together in school and never split up, they weren't at the top of the class nor at the bottom when it came to using their abilities and powers. However, Splinter did always get the highest grade when it came to the written part of their tests.

It seemed like it was his idea to kill the Chained right after taking their ability.

'Something's not right with their heads.' Vorden thought, at the end of the day, they were all kids. This wasn't possible for them to think about this right off the bat, unless their life was on the line.

Had the Temple messed everyone up this much, when they got outside, could they even live a normal life?

Sneaking in one at a time, it seemed like no one had entered the building. After realising how real this was, nobody wanted to head back to the starting place. In their heads, this was where they thought most people would be. Likely because all of the kids were thinking this, nobody was here.

However, soon the two of them could hear the sound of a familiar sob, coming from the council room. When sliding the door open, they could see Sil rocking back and forth, his head in his knees crying. Something he only did when he was seriously upset.

"I..I..I.. Don't want...to..kill..anyone," Sil said, taking in quick short breaths making it hard for him to form a sentence properly.

Vorden immediately went to his side, he didn't look hurt, and there were no traces of blood on him either, so it didn't look like he had hurt anyone else. It was a miracle that no one had come in here looking for him.

"Don't worry Sil, we are going to get out of here, the three of us," Vorden said with both his hands on Sil's shoulders. "Raten has a plan."

He proceeded to tell Sil of this plan, and while saying it out loud, he realised how little confidence he really had in this plan, but it was the only thing they had. However, Sil seemed to respond by nodding, and it had stopped him crying as well.

When he lifted up his head, Raten was next to the two of them as well.

"I'll say it right here, right now," Raten said. "At least one of us will make it out of here alive and when we do, we'll kill Hilston."

It was a strange thing for the three of them to have in common, but they all felt the same way right now. In more ways than one, they all had a deep hatred for this man.

Their arms crossed each other and they held out their pinkies, so they were all tied up in the middle.

"It's a promise," Vorden said.

They each pulled together, not breaking the link with their pinkies three times to seal the promise made between three good friends.

With that, Sil had joined the group, and the three of them were ready to leave. But before exiting the room, Sil had stopped by the door, he looked back, and the image of what had happened to Caser had appeared.

The problem with the plan was that if Sil escaped, then he wouldn't be able to save Caser.