

My Vampire 641

My Vampire System Chapter 641: A lost boy

Slowly opening his eyes, a familiar white light was blinding him. He thought it was a regular day. It would be time to find out any information he could, or perhaps look at some gadgets that his parents had been tinkering with before. Only this time when his eyes opened, he was welcomed by an unfamiliar voice.

“You seem to have had quite the nasty fall”, Brock said.

Logan was startled by the sudden voice and tried to get up, but quickly realised he was strapped into a strange chair. Any regular straps would have probably been able to hold him, but they felt like they were designed to hold someone of Quinn’s calibre.

“Don’t worry, we patched you up as best we could.” Brock continued to say. “We have top of the line medical equipment here for an island in the middle of nowhere. The question is, how did a child like yourself come to know or arrive on an unknown island?”

Looking around Logan was trying to get his bearings, the room had a mixture of old architecture mixed in with modern medical equipment. The walls were exposed brick and had paintings hanging on them, it didn’t resemble a traditional medical room, but the equipment really was top of the line like the man had said.

If he was to take a guess, someone had found him when he had crash-landed and made all that noise. He would have been more confused if someone didn’t come to him after all of that. So perhaps he was in the castle in a makeshift medical facility. If he really wanted to, he could use his lite spiders to try break free, or hack into the computer system to release the restraints, but he wouldn’t know where to go from there.

If he was in the enemy’s territory and still with no clue whether Vorden was there or not, it was a huge risk.

“It was an unplanned accident,” Logan replied. “I recently got my hands on a new underwater travelling device and decided to explore the vast sea. However, it got interrupted when we were met with a large beast. It had flung me up in the air and had destroyed the device.

“I thank you for helping me, but I have no clue where exactly I am at the moment.”

Brock looked at him carefully wondering if he was telling the truth or not, after a few seconds it seemed like he had made a decision.

“I’m sorry,” Brock said. “For someone so young, I have had to make this decision. No one is to know of this island unless sir Hilston wishes it. If you had an ability that was useful, then maybe you could have become a Chained, but I don’t understand your ability, which makes you a threat.”

Brock’s hand started to reach for Logan’s throat. He tried moving from the chair in hopes of doing something, anything.

‘Is this man trying to strangle me with his bare hands? How barbaric.’ Logan thought.

There was only one thing he could do. Releasing the spiders from part of his thin suit, he was able to control the machine and release the restraints. He quickly rolled off from the seat and held his hands up.

“Wait, Wait!” Logan shouted. “I’m from the Green family. Surely you have heard of me. I can definitely be of some use to you. Maybe you don’t understand my ability, but I assure you it’s a strong one. One that allowed the Green family to get in the position that they did.”

This did cause Brock to pause. Of course, he had heard of the Green family. It was one of the recommendations for the Blades to get over on their side many times by Pam, who said that he would be a great asset to have.

But Hilston always disregarded them and chose not to get involved with the family for two reasons. The first, they had never antagonised or wished to do the Blades harm in any way unlike the other big families, even in the past.

The second reason was the fact that they were weak. They may have had great influential power, but it meant nothing in a fight. At any point and time, Hislton knew he could get rid of them.

“You want to kill me to keep your secrets, right?” Logan said. “I’m now the only member of the Green family left, so I make all the decisions. If there’s information you need, where the other families are located, cover ups, a place to hide, finances. I can offer all of those things to you.” Logan continued to plead. If this didn’t work, then he had no choice but to try to fight while running away.

If this was the Blade’s island, then what Logan worried about most was each person here being as strong as Vorden. Possibly stronger.

“Very well, I can’t deny that the Blade family wouldn’t benefit from keeping you alive, but I am not the one that deals with these things. I will have to speak to Pam and see what she thinks. In the meantime, I will treat you as an honoured guest here under the watch of my servants. I hope you don’t try to escape and go back on my generosity.” Brock said with a strange smile that already told Logan what he would do if he tried to escape.

“I won’t,” Logan replied.

“Good, why don’t we head to the dining hall to enjoy a nice meal?” Brock asked. “It will be a while until Pam gets here from the Temple.”

If there was one thing Logan needed to do right now, it was to thank his family and their name for becoming such influential powers in today’s society and world. Even in a civil war, even with this mysterious family what his ancestors had built, their legacy had saved him.

Logan was interested in finding out who this Pam person was. There was a chance that his family was also working with the Blades which would have explained who had done the cover ups before. But that didn’t seem to be the case, and Logan could find no proof of that either himself.

If Pam was in charge of the cover ups, then it would mean either she herself did them, or she had contacts and connections with people who could, and there were only a few people who could do such things. One of them being Richard Eno.

As the two of them were ready to leave the room and head for a meal, before Brock could open the door, it was opened from the other side by someone else. It was a strong force, and a burst of energy had entered the room.

“Brock!” Vicky shouted. “Show me where this intruder is?”

She looked around the room until she could spot only one other person inside, but her excitement quickly dwindled seeing him.

“A middle schooler, how did he end up on the island? I thought a strong force had come to attack us, or maybe the Sunshields had sent a force to fight us while the big man was away. That would have been a smart move.” Vicky said to herself.

“No, this person is from the Green family and it seems they want to work with us. I was about to go for a meal and ask Pam to speak to him. Of course, we won’t make any final decisions without passing it through Hilston.” Brock tried to explain.

“The Green family”, Vicky said walking up to Logan. “Are you strong?” She asked.

“Me, I’m not really much of a fighter,” Logan replied. He could tell as soon as she entered the room and the way that Brock was treating her, that she was an important figure in the castle. Which meant she had to have authority or some type of power.

“Not much of a fighter huh, I find it strange that during times like these, someone who wasn’t much of a fighter would be travelling out on their own. At any point and time, people could try take advantage of you. If you weren’t a fighter, then you wouldn’t have survived this long. Unless, you didn’t come here alone?”

Now Logan was backed into a corner. He didn’t want to reveal that there were others with him. He knew Peter could transform himself to hide and Quinn always had the shadow cloak to hide himself. If they had already been caught, then Brock would have said something earlier.

“I can handle myself if need be, but I wouldn’t say I am a ,” Logan replied.

“So my judgement seems to be correct. For a young man, you are very modest, you are probably stronger than you take credit for.” Vicky then held out her hand for a shake.

If this Blade family was the same family Vorden was from, then he could tell what she wanted to do. It was to copy his ability. Not refusing the handshake he shook it, and he then saw the confused look on her face.

He knew based on what Vorden had said in the past, his ability was too complicated for him to use it well. It was an original ability they couldn't practice with much, and even Logan had adapted the ability to suit him compared to his family members. The only thing it could be used for, for the Blade family was a boost in MC cells.

“Very well, you are a guest, so why don't me and you have a spar. If you're not a fighter yet, then I'll make you into one.” Vicky said with a smile.

Logan didn't like the sound of that, and it sounded like it wasn't something he could really refuse. However, there was one good thing that had come out of all of this. He now had good faith that this Blade family and the one Vorden belonged to were the same.

They were in the right place.

My Vampire System Chapter 642: Annoying person

Following the sound of the young voices, Peter eventually found himself at a strange-looking place. It didn't have the same design or architecture as the castle he could see, and for some reason, there were kids here, on the island.

Although this wasn't too strange if people lived on the island, then of course there would be children as well. What gave him a strange feeling were two things. The first, was how all the kids looked quite similar yet different at the same time, as if they were all related.

But if that was true, Peter couldn't imagine a single mother delivering all those babies.

‘They look a little like Vorden, does that mean Vorden could be here?’ Peter thought. His logic wasn’t the best, but he could see workers there wearing the same orange martial arts clothing as himself, so the person he was disguised as must have come from there.

The second thing that gave him a creepy feeling was the look on the kid’s faces. None of them was smiling or playing with each other. Instead, it almost looked like they had formed groups.

They would whisper and laugh as other kids walked past unsure what was going on, and there was even one kid who was on his own not in any type of group at all. This was very strange for children their age.

Slowly, Peter was trying to form a plan of what to do, he had no clue what his reason for being here was, or what the worker’s goal was, and he also needed to think about what to say if he was caught.

“Hey, John.” A man suddenly said as he felt a hand placed on his shoulder. Peter on instinct grabbed it and almost twisted it, but stopped himself at the last moment only holding on.

“Easy there, remember there aren’t any beasts on this side of the island. You can relax, I guess you nearly pissed your pants, but you couldn’t because you already went?” The strange man started to laugh and continually hit Peter on the shoulder.

If Peter wasn’t in disguise right now, he would be hitting him back on the shoulder as well, not holding back.

The only good thing was through this stranger, Peter had come to learn the name of the person he was disguised as, John.

Then there was still one more problem, now Peter was wishing he thought ahead more. His transformation ability also allowed him to alter his voice, but he couldn’t do that if he didn’t know what the person’s voice sounded like. The only thing he could base it off was a small grunt before the man’s death.

Taking notes down in his head, this was something he needed to think about in the future.

“What’s wrong man, you nervous? You’re not really saying much.” The man asked.

“I tripped over a root and fell. I hit my throat on something hard, and now it’s sore.” Peter replied, making his voice sound croaky.

“Wow, you really do sound horrible man yikes, you sound like a different person.”

Right now, Peter wanted to do anything to get away from this man. If he stayed with him, then he would end up being stuck with him as some type of friend. If this happened, how was he meant to go and investigate on his own?

At that moment, a woman with short red hair came out from the so-called Temple. She was dressed differently from the others. While they all wore orange martial arts robes she wore a white one with an orange trim.

Judging by the fact that she was the only one wearing that colour, Peter assumed she was one of a higher position. This was often the case with workers at fast food chains, so this was what he was basing his knowledge on.

The female clapped a couple of times, and the kids went deadly silent.

“All right, it’s time for you all to head in and prepare for your morning classes.” She said.

The kids soon followed as if they were already in military school. Peter knew he had a strange feeling about this place and seeing this only confirmed his thoughts.

‘Was this how Vorden was raised?’

“You two.” The women said, looking at them near the back of the forest. “Quit your slacking and head over here now! There will be a meeting inside.” She said as she walked off into the Temple.

“Wow, I guess the rumours about Pam being feisty were true, I guess we shouldn’t get on her bad side. She’s nothing like Duncan back from the village, huh?” The man said as he nudged Peter to say something.

“Oh right, your voice.”

Following everyone else, it looked as if all the other teachers knew each other, and through greetings, he had come to learn that the man’s name was Jazz. No matter what Peter tried to do, for some reason he couldn’t shake Jazz off him.

At times Jazz would stop to talk to others, and Peter would continue on walking to the meeting room where everyone else was walking to. If Jazz noticed he would break off and go ahead to join back up with him.

He didn’t understand this obsession especially, since Peter was saying next to nothing to him. If this continued on, Peter honestly didn’t know how much longer he could hold back.

The adults had all gathered in an empty hall, and there were around fifteen of them in total and standing at the front was the woman they had seen earlier, Pam.

“Okay listen up, I know this isn’t your regular job and you have all moved from the village. By now, I’m assuming you all heard of the incident that had happened.” Pam started to explain. “The event has only been postponed, and now these children know about it. So this won’t be your full-time role but only a temporary one...”

Pam began to explain a few more things about the Temple to get everyone up to speed, but after saying the first part, Jazz couldn’t help but whisper over to his favourite friend John.

“Can you believe what he did? I heard Vorden took out ten of the teachers himself trying to save everyone here. That guys crazy.” Jazz whispered.

It looked like Peter might be in the right place, after all. “Oh, I didn’t hear much about it,” Peter replied. “Why don’t you tell me more.”

Quinn having roughly seen where the two had landed was trying to decide who to go to first. There was Logan who could possibly be in huge danger at the moment, but knowing him, he might be smart enough to live for longer. Then there was Peter, who would likely get into all sorts of trouble.

In the end, Quinn was in a predicament but had made a choice. "If I go to Peter then I can get his soul weapon and maybe we can sneak into the castle to save Logan."

By the time he would even get to the castle, Logan would have been caught or not caught; it didn't make a difference, so he thought it would be best to try and find Peter first.

Briefly looking around on the part of the beach he was on, he was trying to see if there were any signs of human life, but he could see nothing had been built, and the only thing large enough to see was the stone tablet, and the castle peeking around the side of it. He could only see this if he walked around the side of the beach.

Looking back at the sea, Quinn shuddered once again thinking about the beast. It was a shame that in his panic and fear he wasn't able to use his inspect skill to truly see what level the beast was at. Not that he had any ideas of fighting it in the first place.

Stepping into the jungle like area, Quinn decided to head into the general direction where he saw Peter fall, but it was only after a few moments that he realised maybe he couldn't be as bullish as he originally thought. His ears picked up the sound of something coming towards him, and it did so at great speed.

The sound of something panting while breaking the tree branches and leaves were coming his way.

'It's so fast' turning around Quinn could see almost a black blur coming at him, and he was only able to use his inspect skill at the last moment.

[King tier beast – Black two jawed cat]

On the island his first encounter would be with a king tier beast. Not holding back, Quinn prepared his shadow and he was ready for it. It had speed but the only reason he wasn't able to keep track of it too

well was due to it moving in between the trees and changing direction at a fast rate. When it came at him he would be ready for it.

Then, as expected, the large black cat pounced towards him, it opened its mouth wide, and it had one jaw of razor sharp teeth on top of another.

Preparing his leg, Quinn was ready to kick it when it came in range.

“Don’t hurt my brother’s friends!” A small voice shouted, and right out from the side, something small had punched the Jaguar in the face, and caused it to go flying and crashing into the set of trees.

When the small object landed, two spikes could be seen out on its back. It was a miniature Dalki, one that Quinn was acquainted with.

“Borden!” Quinn said, surprised.

“I’ve been waiting for you,” Borden replied with a smile.

My Vampire System Chapter 643: Little Borden’s will!

If Quinn was to place a bet on the first human he would have run into on this island, it would have never been little Borden. Although human wouldn’t have been the right word to refer to him. Especially after witnessing something completely inhuman.

Something the size of a puppy had just knocked aside a huge black cat that was bigger than a tiger with a single punch! At the moment Borden didn’t really look human either, he was in a form that they had seen him in only twice. Once, when Quinn had first met him as a single Spiked Dalki, and later on when he tried protecting his brother as a two spiked Dalki.

Judging by the blow he had delivered to the King tier beast just now, it seemed like even in his small size, with the two spikes sticking out of his back, he was just as strong. The only difference was his size which might be an advantage in some situations.

After the initial hit, Borden went in again, the beast was hurt, but it wasn't dead, and Quinn decided to help join in as well. Although he didn't do this to help Borden, for he could have easily taken out the beast himself. He had an ulterior motive. After scanning the beast, his inspect skill had levelled up once again, it had been a long time, but it was by far his most used skill. This time when levelling up it came with a handy feature.

While using his inspect skill on the beast, it would tell him the current state of the beast's condition. After being hit, by Borden, it had gone from Very good, which was a healthy green colour, to weak and had turned an orange colour. After a few hits from both Borden and him. The condition went to very weak becoming an even darker orange, and eventually, it became critical and was now red.

That was when Quinn knew to act, and put his Qi with a blood crescent kick right towards its neck, finishing the beast off. The reasons for stealing the kill here was because he could do with the exp.

There wasn't a first person ever to kill this beast bonus, but there was a first time Quinn had killed the beast bonus. It didn't matter to Borden if he got the kill or not so Quinn saw no harm done in this one.

Even with killing a king tier now though, with his current level it barely made a dent into him moving onto the next one. He could grind king tier beast all day, and he still wouldn't level up.

[23,400/13,107,200 Exp]

This was a number he never wanted to look at again.

The exp required to level up each time doubled, and this usually reset so far with every ten levels, but this time the jump from Noble to lord was twenty levels. Luckily Quinn had gotten enough instant level up quests from fighting strong opponents that he was able to get stronger at a quick pace.

The two started to extract the crystal and got to talking.

"Thank you Borden," Quinn said. "If you're here then I guess that means Vorden is too then?"

“Your right,” Borden replied, but he seemed to be a little weak. His scales were retracting into his body, and most of his Dalki like features were reverting.

“Do we need to move, have we made too much noise?” Quinn asked.

“Don’t worry about that, the only thing that this thing will attract is more beasts. There aren’t any humans in this half of the island.” Borden replied, still breathing quite heavily.

Seeing how hard it was for Borden to speak, Quinn asked no further questions for now. The crystal was extracted, and Borden had asked Quinn to follow him. Eventually, he had led him to a strange little hideout of his. It was a thin crack between two cliffs. Borden was able to get in quite easy, but for Quinn, it was a bit of a squeeze.

Soon though, the crack opened up into a nice open space, but if one was to look up, it thinned out again. There weren’t many things that would be able to fall into a crack that thin.

The place was quite nice, it looked as if Borden had built everything he needed to live here for the rest of his days, a nice little tree looking house made of twigs and leaves, a large log being used as a chair and sofa of sorts.

And plenty of meat from the beasts that he had killed.

‘I guess it’s not poisonous to the Dalki?’ Quinn thought.

Most of the beasts meat the human body had trouble digesting but not all. Because of this, one would only try eating beast meat if they were truly desperate, but ever since food pills became a thing for humans there was no longer any need for people to get to such dire situations.

What impresses him most about everything though, was there was a large pile of beast crystals in the corner, they were not ordinary crystals either. Every single one of them were king tier crystals. In total there looked to be about thirteen of them.

Even Quinn himself only had one piece of equipment at the king tier level, and one at the emperor tier, and here they were just sitting here.

“Did you get all those yourself?” Quinn asked.

Borden seemed to have recovered well now that he was no longer in his Dalki form. His heavy breathing stopped, and he was no longer sweating.

“Yeah, this island is full of king tier beasts and higher. I’ve been fighting a couple of them every day.” Borden replied. “I’m guessing Vorden eventually called out to you then.”

Quinn nodded with a firm look in his eyes. “That’s why we’re here. It’s not just me, but two more of us came to bring Vorden back.”

Borden, had paused for a second and the look in his eyes, looked as if he had lost a little hope.

“Do you know much about my brother’s family?” Borden asked.

“Recently I have come to learn some things, but honestly I can’t say I know much as they are a complete mystery,” Quinn replied.

“Let me tell you something. Half of this island is filled with king tier and emperor tier beast, yet for some reason, they never go to the other half of the island. That’s where my brother’s family lives. Such strong beasts have chosen not to go to the other side.

“In my head, it sounds crazy, but after seeing Vorden lose that day to that man, and knowing the strength I saw that day, then it doesn’t sound so crazy after all. It’s like all these beasts know if they cross over to the other side, they will be killed in an instant. Do you understand what I’m saying, Quinn?”

“Those people, Vorden’s family, they aren’t his family, they are monsters.”

Borden went on to tell Quinn of the events with Vorden that day, how he had planned to escape but an old looking man had managed to stop him, how it wasn't even a fight between the two of them. There was no contest and a clear winner.

"It looks like he really does need help then," Quinn said. "Is the old man still here?"

Borden was surprised that Quinn had asked this, was it all planned for Quinn to arrive when he left.

"No he went out, and I have no idea when he will return," Borden replied.

"So we still have a chance, we can still get Vorden then."

"Let me stop you there Quinn because I thought the same thing. Do you know why I'm fighting these beasts every day? Even with my power as a full Dalki I realise I'm no match for them, at least in my current state.

"If we can't beat the king tier and emperor tier beasts on this part of the island that refuses to go to the other, then there is no point of us trying.

"Quinn, when I saw that old man leave. I thought it was my chance to do something to save Vorden, but his eyes looked dead. He refused to go with me, at the time I didn't understand why. I thought maybe he was afraid of those that were left behind.

"I decided to wait for you guys to come by, but one day I ran into him, a man named Duncan. Chasing a king tier beast that had gone to the other side, it headed to a certain village and that was when he came. Seeing me, the two of us fought and I had no choice but to use my Dalki form. At that point, the two of us were completely even.

"Still at most, I could keep up my form for three minutes, and in the end, I had to retreat. Every day since then, I have been fighting beast to get stronger. Now at most I can keep my dalki form for ten minutes, but I know it's not enough."

It was hard to say how strong the person Borden had run into, after all, there was a special trait the Dalki had that Borden wasn't able to use in his current state. The more injured he got, the stronger they became.

"If the people outside of the castle are this strong, then the people on the inside must be true monsters."

It was strange for Quinn to see Borden like this. He had Dalki blood on him, and they loved to fight any enemy that they saw as strong, never backing down. It wasn't like Borden was backing down, but Quinn could tell he was greatly affected.

The only good news was that it seemed like the stronger of the Blade's had left the island.

"Quinn, if you want to save Vorden then before doing that, you will need to beat me. Fight me. If you can beat me in a fight, then I will come with you to the castle."

My Vampire System Chapter 644: I'm a Green!

Brock continually shook his head as he watched the lone female master Vicky, face off against Logan. He was starting to wish that her Brother Pai was the one to have known about Logan. He was even considering informing him about this matter, in hopes he could calm his sister down. The two of them had been fighting for a while now, and there was a clear difference between the two in terms of skill.

Logan, barely standing had a busted up lip, lumps across his legs and arms where they had swollen to the size of balloons, unsure if they were broken or not. The pain was starting to settle in as the fight calmed down for a second, and his body now was informing him of how much punishment he had been dealt. He was starting to wonder what he had done to deserve something like this happening to him.

He didn't say anything confrontational and thought it would only be a light spar, yet she seemed to make him go through some type of torture. When the fight first started, he had used his speed suit.

He was hoping this would give him the advantage after seeing a regular human in front of him. He was sure that these Balde's and Vorden were the same and it didn't look like she had copied any abilities.

His fighting skills might have been below hers, but with extra speed he should have been able to do something. When the fight had started, his mind was quickly changed. She had matched her speed with his, and the fight had quickly become all about fighting skills.

Multiple sets of different kicks had come at him each time changing their paths and attack patterns. Logan tried to find something that made sense, a reason for her to choosing to attack a certain area or a pattern to the kicks but he couldn't.

He managed to block a few of them, but a few kicks got in here and there, and then that's when he noticed it. Slowly she was ramping up the speed and power of her kicks. She still wasn't fighting at a hundred percent.

'How, how is this possible for a normal human being?' Logan thought. He looked at her to check whether she was a vampire, but Vorden had never mentioned such things. She didn't have a ring on her, and Quinn would have been able to sense that Vorden was different if that was the case.

What he was seeing in front of his eyes was something he didn't understand.

During the fight, even if he wanted to change his suit, it was something that was not possible. She would clearly finish him, but the speed suit offered very little protection.

Even though he was getting beat and hurt badly, every so often Logan would be able to do something he never expected. His body didn't want to take any more punishment, and without thinking about things, he would manage to block attacks that he couldn't before.

"The human body is an amazing thing isn't it? You have improved so much already." Vicky said with a smile, but once again she had bumped it up a notch.

When a kick was delivered towards his face, out of reaction, not wanting to get hit, not wanting to die, Logan managed to raise his arm, but the kick was too strong breaking the bone in his forearm and making his own arm bang into his own face.

"ARGHHH!" Logan screamed in pain.

“Brock, bring up a healer and two other chained with high levels,” Vicky ordered.

Bowing, Brock didn't question her and did as she asked.

The two of them were now having a break, but Logan could barely even move his body. He looked at his arm that was bent and had doubled in size.

‘Why did I come here?’ Logan thought. ‘I’m not a fighter like Quinn, and I can’t heal like Peter. I could have just given them support, told them about the submarine. If I did that, then I wouldn’t be going through this hell right now.’

Thinking about this, the images of his parents’ dead bodies lying on the floor appeared in his head. When he thought about this, a wave of strange anger rose in him, and the promise he had made.

Not only did he want to help Vorden, but what drove him to come here in person was the possible clue of finding Richard Eno, in turn maybe finding out who killed his parents.

But he didn't want Quinn or Peter or anyone else to find him. Logan wanted to do it himself, he needed to do it himself, which was why he chose to come to the island as well.

Finally, Brock had returned with three chained, and Vicky went up to touch each one of them.

“May I remind you that Mr Green is a guest,” Brock said. “He is only a guest.”

“I have been holding back, haven't I?” Vicky replied. “Besides, even you should be able to tell, I’m trying to help him not hurt him since he will be an ally of ours.”

This was what Brock actually was afraid of. It still hadn't been confirmed whether or not Logan would be part of their group as an ally. What she was doing now, she could as well be making a future enemy of theirs stronger.

After touching the three chained, Vicky went up to Logan, and placed her hands slightly above his wounds. A soft, warm glow was felt from her hands and nearly instantly, all of his wounds started to heal.

It was at an amazing rate, something he had never seen before. This was because she was using the MC levels of the others to put into the healing ability. Which meant that her healing abilities were beyond that of a level eight at the moment.

It only took a few minutes, but Logan felt like he was just as good as before. She smiled at him, and he smiled back as he was about to say thank you, but before he knew it, a kick landed across his face sending him skidding across the room.

“Be thankful,” Vicky said, walking towards Logan. “You are getting a personal lesson from the Balde family Castle style. Our training since we were younger was all about pushing our bodies to its very limits. Surely you have heard stories of things like this happening before.

“When humans are in dire situations, they are able to accomplish superhuman feats not usually capable. The Blades have always tried to push the body beyond these limits constantly until our body gets used to that. Then we push them even further each time dealing and breaking it down to create a stronger Blade.

“Even the process we go through the temple is like that. Getting rid of all the ones that can’t push themselves.”

Logan had a little idea of what she meant but had no clue what she was talking about when she mentioned the word “Temple”. All he did know, was that it wasn’t the end of his little spar, and he would have to suffer for this longer.

If what she was saying was true. She would keep beating him, and healing him in a loop until his natural human survival instincts power him to improve.

For a second, Logan thought that this was torture having to go through all this, but he wiped the blood from his mouth and stood up with a determined look in his eyes. This was an opportunity for him. An opportunity to no longer rely on others and get stronger himself.

Logan couldn't see it for himself, but even now his eyes were slightly glowing green, similar to when he would use the peak of his power.

"The look in your eyes. That's exactly the look you need to survive as a Blade in the castle." Vicky said.

Getting the spiders to form over him one more time, creating a mismatch and a strange altered version of his usual suits, he ran forward.

"I'm not a Blade, I'm a Green!"

My Vampire System Chapter 645: Vorden a villain?

The reason all the workers had been called into the Temple that day, was because Pam wanted to delegate the tasks that the workers would have. Most of them were to become teachers, a few just simple guards to keep an eye on the kids.

Since this wasn't their original role on the island, there was no one specialised in these types of areas, or at least they hadn't been trained by anyone how to do so properly. However, everyone saw this as a temporary position before having to go back to the village later on.

Names would be called one by one, and people were elected on a volunteer basis. Peter wasn't really paying attention and was too busy trying to think where Vorden would be. According to Jazz, a big type of event happened, and during it, Vorden as a worker of the Temple had caused quite the stir.

'Did he get put away, locked up for trying to free these kids? Do these kids really need saving?' Peter thought.

He didn't get the full details from Jazz, only a short run down that Vorden had gone against the "Event" for the kids and in the process killed the former teachers. Which was why they were here replacing them.

Still Peter no clue what the event was or why he had done such a thing.

Although Peter at times did seem to notice that every once in a while, Vorden seemed to have a snappy side. He wasn't as calm and collected as he let others see him.

"You." Pam pointed at Peter. "Since you haven't volunteered for anything yet, I guess you can go for the counselling position with the kids. Not that there is really any point of it at the moment."

Without doing anything or showing any interest, Peter was selected for the counselling position. It was a task nobody wanted to do.

Now that all the tasks had been handed out, the schedule was given to each of them. It detailed when they would need to do work, and how they were to live the rest of their days at the Temple, fulfilling their roles.

"Tough luck, man." Jazz said. "You should have volunteered for something else. Nobody wants to talk and get to know these kids, and then watch them kill each other."

"Kill each other?" Peter repeated back. It was such a shock that he blurted it out, it seemed unbelievable as well.

"Did you lose a screw or something when you fell over?" Jazz asked. "Now that I think about it, maybe that's what happened to Vorden. I think he was a counsellor to these kids before. It would be hard for anyone after talking to them and becoming someone they rely on to just stand by and do nothing when they have to kill each other. I just hope you don't turn out like that too, man. I would hate to have to try to beat you to the ground myself."

Since the kids would first have their regular lessons followed by counselling sessions during free periods, Peter was actually able to freely roam around the Temple as he wished. He watched some classes and also tried to gather information about what had happened to Vorden.

He didn't ask anyone in particular because it would have been suspicious and there were two reasons for this. The first being that it seemed like everyone already knew what happened so it would be strange for him to ask, the second was why he knew about this reason in the first place. Everyone was talking about it.

From hearing bits here and there, he had learnt that Vorden was one of the Blades that lived in the Castle. Judging by the way they talked about them, perhaps they were the royalty of the island.

He had become a teacher at the school and had stopped the kids from participating in the Event, which from what he found from Jazz was something to do with the kids killing each other.

But rather than treating him as a saviour, many of the words spoken about him were negative. Demming him a traitor, a mad man and someone who they should get rid of.

After finding out this information, his first counselling session with a child was interesting, to say the least. The child barely spoke and looked like he was nervous, looking to his left and right ready for something to happen at any point.

Peter tried to ask questions, but the child didn't reply. The next child that came in had looked almost beaten. Apparently, it was because the kids had formed groups, and he was found on his own splitting from his group.

But the one that interested him most was the child he had seen who came in full of tears. Peter didn't even need to ask him any question because he had just blurted everything out.

"I hate it, I hate how this place has become!" He cried. "We were all friends, we used to share and play together, and now everyone is just thinking about how to kill each other."

Peter felt the need to calm him down, but at the same time, he wanted to find out more.

"I wish..w-wish... Vorden was here. I wish he could save us."

Looking at this child, Peter was shocked at how honest and upfront he was. Back when Peter was struggling with life at school, he kept everything inside, he wanted others to help but never asked to. Quinn and Vorden both helped him without being asked, but here a kid was asking for help openly.

"You want him to save you?" Peter asked.

The kid wiped away his tears and nodded before asking...

“What the other teachers are saying about Vorden isn’t true, he isn’t a cruel monster. He just wanted to save us, and now, I don’t even know what’s going to happen to him...or us.”

Peter, not knowing really how to deal with the situation, just walked up to him and made a shushing sound.

“Don’t worry, why don’t you tell me everything that happened from your point of view, and where exactly you think Vorden would be right now?”

On the other half of the island, Quinn was currently following Borden to a certain area. They had currently scaled one of the smaller mountains, and started to walk around some type of side path.

Quinn had decided to agree to what Borden was saying, he knew Borden wasn’t one to lie or downplay the situation. He cared about Vorden more than anyone, and they could all see that.

If inside there were monsters as strong as the vampire leaders or stronger, then Quinn would definitely need to rely on Vorden’s strength once again. There was a nagging worry at the back of his mind about Logan however.

But if Logan had been caught, how was he meant to save two of them when he couldn’t even save one?

Eventually, they had reached what looked like a remnant of an old large bird’s nest. There were many large tree branches that had been placed to the side, but a lot of the centre of the nest had been destroyed.

“This was the territory of a king tier beast that used to live here. Don’t worry, it’s been dealt with now so it won’t be coming back. I think it will be a good place for me and you to fight.” Borden said.

Now the question was could Quinn beat Borden in a fight. Since they had first met and during their time away, Quinn had gotten stronger by leaps and bounds. In his mind, in terms of power and ability there shouldn't be a doubt in his mind.

The two of them stood opposite each other, and Quinn shadow equipped all of his equipment, including the Emperor tier mask. Although since he hadn't had a fight, he wasn't able to activate its skill.

Before the fight started, as usual Quinn used his inspect skill, but no Quest had come up giving him an instant level up reward. In the past, this indicated that according to the system, based on the two of them in terms of power, Quinn should come out as the clear victor.

"Good, you're not holding back," Borden said. "Because you won't be able to against those guys!" Jumping off a single foot, Little Borden was able to leap from one half of the area right to where Quinn was.

Lifting the shadow, Quinn was ready to block the attack.

"Quinn, you're going to want to save your shadow for a lot more than blocking against me!" The two spikes came out of Borden's back, and scale-like features on his face and down the side of his neck started to become more visible.

Not slowing down, he slammed his fist right into the shadow. His fist had slowed down, and it looked like it had no impact and had not affected Quinn at all, as the shadow usually did when blocking an attack.

However, the story on Quinn's face said a completely different story.

[MC 120/140]

Blocking a single punch from Little Borden had taken twenty MC points away, at most he could block six more punches like that.

This wasn't going to be as easy as he first thought.

My Vampire System Chapter 646: Shadow's weakness

Branches from the nest had fallen off the mountainside, some had gone halfway up the mountain, and others were destroyed. The place no longer looked like its former self. No one would believe that only ten minutes had passed.

The spikes on Borden's back started to retract into himself, and he was now gasping for air harder than ever. He fell to the floor with both hands onto the ground, and it would take a while before he was his former self.

Quinn, on the other hand, looked to be fine. He wasn't injured in any particular areas, however, he did have a disappointed look on his face.

"I lost," He said.

If one was to look at both of them now, it was hard to tell what Quinn exactly meant by lost. He wasn't injured or hurt, so why claim the fight as his loss?

The first reason was quite simple, Quinn was unable to beat Borden within ten minutes. This was as long as Borden could hold his true powers for, so even though Quinn could beat him now, it wasn't a victory in his mind, and he was guessing Borden wouldn't accept it as one either.

There were a few things he had learnt fighting with Borden. One of them was how skilful Borden actually was in combat. He was clever when fighting, using many feints, being careful when coming in, watching the way Quinn's shadow worked and adapting to it on the go.

Because of the ten-minute time limit, he thought maybe Borden wouldn't bother to do these things, but he was wrong. His fighting style would remind him of watching Vorden fight, which would make sense since the two of them were clones.

But that wasn't the only reason, during his time on the island. Borden had learnt a lot from fighting the different king tier beasts here. If one was to rush in then that would be the death of them, and that very same feeling was one that he got off Quinn.

That if he was to slip up or make a mistake, Quinn would make him pay for it.

"You are a lot stronger than I thought you would be." Borden finally said, now he wasn't breathing as hard, but his energy was still low, and he wouldn't be fighting anytime soon.

"I don't know how you got to be so strong so fast, in terms of strength speed there all better than mine."

"And I still couldn't beat you," Quinn replied.

There was another major flaw for Quinn when fighting, it was how he used the shadow. When he first discovered the ability and had little skills, due to the shadows' unique properties, he thought it was best to use it as a shield. Something that could block nearly any type of attack as long the shadow was able to touch it.

This worked well when fighting students, and low level beasts, because each time it would block an attack little MC points would be used. The problem was Quinn was facing stronger opponents and beasts day by day.

The stronger his opponent's attack power was, the more MC points would be taken up blocking the attack, and this certainly was the case in his fight with Borden just now. There were two things he could do to solve this problem, stop using the shadow as a defence measure. Although he felt like this would be hard to do, on instinct sometimes Quinn would use the shadow to block an attack.

And who knows if that said attack would have been fatal.

The other way to solve the problem was to increase his MC points. With each level, he would obtain 20 more MC points. Being a level 7 that would only be forty MC points more, but he needed more than that.

Thinking about it, an image of Arthur popped into his head of how large the shadow wings on his back. Another way to increase his MC points was by using shadow eaters on vampires.

Someone like Arthur, must have a large amount of MC points to control the shadow Quinn thought. Which also meant he must have used a shadow eater on a number of vampires.

“I’m conflicted.” Borden said now sitting down on the ground resting. “I first suggested you beat me as a way for you to improve, but you are far stronger than I thought Quinn. However, I still feel like I myself have room to grow, but we might be able to save Vorden the way we are just the two of us, but I’m not sure.”

“Did you have any plans if I was to badly lose against you?” Quinn asked.

“I wanted you to train by fighting the beasts here. There are many in here that will teach you the ways of survival.”

“Then let’s do that, I agree with you. I too don’t think I’m strong enough and technically I didn’t beat you. Let’s not start breaking promises and do everything we can to save them.”

After resting long enough, it was time for them to do some training. Borden would try to find king tier beasts that were on their own, and Quinn would have to face them without his help.

Quinn was fairing very well but had limited himself when fighting. One way, he tried to use the shadow as a shield as little as possible. Utilising his other skills a lot more frequently. At the same time, he tried not to use too many blood skills unless necessary as well.

His blood bank was full, and he had the flask that could store another additional hundred millilitres but not knowing when he would see the others he decided to use it as little as possible.

Eventually, he would defeat king tier beasts on his own; it was something he should have been able to do at this point. When Quinn was done, it was Borden’s turns, and Quinn learnt a lot just from observing him.

How Borden tested to see if the king tier had an elemental ability. If it did how he would try to use that to his advantage in the fight, and finally, his raw strength. How he utilised it well against different sizes and shapes of beasts.

Nightfall had come for the day, and the two of them proceeded back to Borden's hideout and placed the king tier crystals with the pile.

"Hey, do you mind if I look after these?" Quinn asked.

"Sure, I have no use for them anyway, I was planning to give them to you to turn into equipment, but just make sure I get something out of that as well," Borden replied.

"Of course." Placing all the crystals inside of Quinn's system he was ready for a mighty haul of weapons and armour that would improve his main force,

After a night's rest they proceeded to do the same thing again, and now after learning a few things from watching Borden, Quinn was finding it easier to kill king tiers than before. He still couldn't believe that these creatures were at the same level as the one underground that had caused them all so much trouble.

'Are these king tiers just weak on the island?' Quinn thought.

It wasn't that all. The king tiers were the same strength as those on the island. Everything was due to how much Quinn had improved without him realising it.

After defeating their first king tier each for the day, Borden looked like he was ready to say something.

"You're a quick learner Quinn. I guess it's time we move up. There was an emperor tier beast I discovered inside one of the mountains. Maybe mouton isn't the right word to use, it felt more like a dormant volcano.

“I was a little worried that with my time limits, that if I didn’t defeat the beast in time and hurt it, I would end up dead. With the king tiers, I was still confident in getting away but not with this one, but now I have you.”

Quinn nodded and was up for the challenge. Another emperor tier beast before the main course was much needed from him.

They went off in each for the emperor’s tier beast, a place quite close to the large tablet.

My Vampire System Chapter 647: Pushing to the limi

Badly beaten and standing absolutely still, Logan was deep in thought. His body was still hurting with lumps over his body just as bad as the first few times he had fought with Vicky. Perhaps his bones were even broken, but he didn’t care about any of that. His facial expression told a different story to the situation he was in.

“How did I do that?” Logan asked, turning around.

When looking at Vicky, she had a mark on her right shoulder. And she was holding it. She was in no way badly hurt or had been delivered a fatal wound, but they’re certainly were a few marks, showing she had been injured.

“I told you, didn’t I? When the human body is in a desperate situation, it can do some crazy things.” Vicky replied, she too looked happy, as if she was looking at a successful student of hers. “Although I never thought this would be the result and this quickly.”

Logan wanted to fight again, get the same feeling back, attempt to improve himself with it, and learn how to use it. But when he tried right now, there was no result at all. For a short amount of time, somehow Logan had done something he had never done before.

“You look like you don’t quite understand, what you just did was use your soul weapon,” Vicky replied. “I can tell because when I touched you before, I know what your ability is capable of. How do you think

the first person discovered their soul weapon, by trying to connect with their inner chest and tuning off their mind? No. Rather through extreme circumstances that I have put you through like this one.”

Going over to Logan, she started to heal him up again, she had already done this a few times for him. Logan’s initial thoughts of Vicky were completely different from what he thought now.

He initially felt like she was someone who just enjoyed fighting and wanted to use him as a ragdoll, but from all of this, he had gained a lot and in such a short amount of time.

“Can we fight again?” Logan asked.

“And I thought you said you weren’t a fighter?” She replied back. “We should rest, for now. If I pushed you to the extreme where you had to use your soul weapon, it might not be good to push you further, maybe your whole body will shut down, and you stop moving, forever.”

“That can happen?” Logan replied. To him, what she was saying and what he was learning was a whole new world he knew nothing about. Everything that was happening just seemed illogical in how it worked, and he couldn’t comprehend it.

“We can fight again tomorrow. I’m kind of jealous you know, you should treasure your soul weapon. That’s proof that your not a Blade unlike us, we don’t have soul weapons. Maybe it’s something to do with our ability or something else, but no one in our family has ever received one before.”

It was an interesting thing to note, and now Logan was wondering if they could copy soul weapons as well, but that just seemed impossible to him. Even without a soul weapon, the Blades were plenty strong anyway.

Brock was happy that the fighting had finally stopped, because now he was able to do what he was originally meant to do, and inform Pam about Green’s collaboration.

At the temple, Peter had learned the full details of what Vorden had done, and it seemed like the island or family ideals, and Vorden’s didn’t quite match up, but Vorden was more of a sane person than all these crazy people here that seemed to be fine with what was going on.

But then he thought about Jazz's words, "No one would want a job like the one he was doing." It showed the people who did live on the island did have emotion, so then why was everyone willing to comply and go along, when Vorden was the only one that had gone against them?

The answer was simple. Deal, the child he was speaking to had said it all. The old man had stopped him with no trouble, the leader or the person at the top. He was the crazy one and was too strong for anyone to go against his word.

Even if the whole island tried to stage a coup, it seemed like he would be able to beat them. Right now, Peter was just happy that this person was off the island.

The good news was, he knew where Vorden was, locked up in the castle somewhere, and judging by the story, he would be willing to leave with them. Unlike others, who missed their family, he probably was happy to get away from his crazy family. So there would be no need to convince him.

Peter couldn't just disappear from the temple and head to the castle. If he disappeared, they would probably know something was up. There weren't many who lived on the island in the first place, so out of no choice, he decided that it was best to ask someone, and the only person he could was Jazz.

"You want to head to the castle?" Jazz asked. "You know, no one but the servants and the Blade family is allowed in the castle. What do you want to go in there for? Do you really hate it in the village that much?"

This was what Peter was afraid of, that Jazz would just ask too many questions.

"If you really want to go that bad, then I'll come with you." Jazz suddenly said. This was completely out of Peter's calculations. Just what was wrong with this guy?

"The best person to ask would be Pam. If we were still at the village, we could ask Duncan, but Pam should have a connection with Brock, who is in charge of the servants, maybe get us a transfer or something. Your right, life in the village is a little boring, maybe it will be good to see how those guys in the castle live that we work under."

If there was one thing that Peter did have to be thankful off with Jazz, was that he wasn't shy. At least with him, he was happy to do all the talking, and the less tasking Peter did, the less likely they were to be caught.

The two of them went to the main temple office, which was where Pam would be. It was where all the reports of the students would go, and where Peter was to head at the end of the day, but he had never spoken to Pam, only handed her the reports.

With a few knocks, they entered, and Jazz was his normally cheery self.

"I hope you two haven't come with me with any problems or complaints," Pam said without directly looking at them. She seemed to be sorting through the files on a floating digital screen and was doing about four or five tasks at once.

When looking at her, Peter thought one thing, efficient. She was someone who didn't waste any time and was always doing something.

"It should only be a little longer before Hilston, and the others get back. It seems that they are getting closer and closer to Burnie. Did he really think he could run away? I wonder if he will give in, in the end. His father looks like he doesn't have many years to live, and if he dies, it will weaken the Hilston's power. He won't like that." Pam started to mumble and talk to herself as if she was thinking out loud.

"I changed my mind. They will take longer than I originally thought. Hilston will know this, so he will do what he can to bring back Burnie alive, and even if Burnie is an idiot for running away, he is one of the big three and is strong. Unlike that, Jack Truedream."

If they didn't interrupt her soon, both of them could see her rambling on, until the two of them left and it would be as if they had never come.

Finally, Jazz saw the break he needed.

"We were thinking if it was possible we could get a transfer to the castle." Jazz asked.

“The castle, trust me, you two don’t want to work there. The village, being a front line fighter on the Blade island, is probably the safest place for you to keep your lives. I would have said the temple, but recently because of what happened, that has greatly skewed those numbers. But most deaths happen in the castle.”

“We’re not afraid!” Jazz said sternly, placing his hand on the table. “You don’t think we thought about this for a while before asking.”

‘Didn’t you decide on a whim after I asked?’ Peter thought.

For the first time, Pam stopped what she was doing and looked at the two of them. In particular, she looked at Peter and was staring for longer than usual.

‘Did she notice something, my disguise should be near perfect enough.’

“I can only do a transfer after the event is over. I can put in a word to Brock, and when a position is open recommend you two, but I don’t know why you would want to work in the castle directly.”

At that moment, a message had been received, and the two boys were starting to leave the room. After reading the message, Pam called out to them.

“Wait, it looks like you boys are in luck,” Pam said. “I have been requested to head to the castle to meet with a guest. If you really want to see what life is like at the castle. I will bring you two along with me.”

It would only be for one day, but Peter would be in the castle. He didn’t know where Quinn or Logan was, but this was his chance to save him and act.

My Vampire System Chapter 648: The village elder

Taking a break from the fighting, Logan was allowed to be placed in one of the many servant rooms in the castle. It was chosen by Brock for him to stay here, they still couldn’t trust him a hundred percent,

and at the end of the day, there was the chance that they would have to silence him. Although he wished there would be no need for that outcome.

If Logan did try to escape while resting for whatever reason, he was confident the servants could deal with him. Brock was sure he had seen the extent of Logan's power when fighting Vicky, but there was something else nagging on the back of his mind.

"Enjoy your time here and rest up," Brock said as he went ahead to close the door. "If you need anything, then just ask one of the maids, and I will personally come and collect you when we need to speak again."

The door was closed, and Brock looked to the two female servants that were standing by either side of the door.

"Let me know if you notice anything strange happening." The two nodded, and he was off.

While walking down the hallway, Brock looked at an item in his hand, it was a strange-looking mask. Usually, he would have thought nothing of it, what it did or if it was just an accessory, but after touching Logan, he had gained his ability.

Although difficult to use, he could still use it slightly. He had learned that this mask was definitely a communication device.

'Is he lying about coming here alone? Maybe there were others with him in that submarine after all?' Brock thought.

Once returning to his office, Brock looked at the mask again.

'You're a nice kid Logan, but if you're lying to us, then that means you are planning something. I hope that's not the case.'

A call was made, and on the other end, a young-looking man with blonde hair picked up. He wore armour over his body that was covered in fur by the joints. It was sleeveless, so his bulky muscular arms were on display, which happened to be covered in scars.

“Duncan, today the system picked up three identified objects that landed on the island. From one of them, there was a strange person. It’s probably nothing, but do you mind checking and looking if there is anything you can find, specifically signs of another person in the other locations?” Brock asked.

In the background, a village could be seen. It looked as if the people were practising using their abilities, fighting with each other, and joking around and playing.

“Will you guys shut up!” Duncan said in anger shouting at them. “If one of you hit me, I swear, I will flatten you like a pancake.”

The others were silent for a second while looking at Duncan, but then started to laugh and just continued.

“No one respects me around here,” Duncan mumbled.

“Sure, anything to leave these ungrateful little brats. Tell me, did you find anything about the little person I asked you about?”

“Little person?” Brock paused for a second, trying to remember.

“Yeah, remember I told you there was this strong little guy, a little bigger than my foot. He was going around the island, and I haven’t seen him since, but he is a big threat. He might be trying to take on the Blades!”

“Oh, the little person. I have asked around but other than you, no one else has seen this little person...” Brock paused and had this strange look as he said little person again. He just couldn’t believe what Duncan was talking about. “Are you sure this person exists?”

At that point, the call ended. Duncan had hung up.

Duncan looked at the information of where the other two locations were.

“Why is everyone treating me like some crazy person? Ever since I came back and started talking about that little person, they look at me like I’m some kind of alien. I’m not an alien, that thing was an alien. That little person was real!”

Looking at where the other two locations were, he noticed one of them was on the other half of the island where the beasts lived. With the anger controlling him, he felt like blowing off some steam so decided to head towards there.

“Hey where are you going boss, are you trying to find that little man again?” One of the younger village men asked who was with a group of boys.

“He was really strong. If you’re going out, you should take some abilities with you.”

It was clear the group was mocking him, but he decided to turn around and head towards the largest building in the village. If he met that little man again then it would be best if he did have some abilities, he did last time, and it was the only reason why he survived his encounter, but this time he would be ready with better abilities.

The village acted as the first contact to intruders on the island. A small force of people that rarely had to act, but recently against Truedream, they had done. Because of this, rather than heading all the way back to the castle to touch a few Chained, there were also some Chained left at the village.

Mainly, the three elemental abilities. Earth, Wind and Water. There were some others that they could practice with as well, and last time Duncan had met the little man he wasn’t using the elemental abilities. Duncan was able to hold two abilities at once and in the end, decided to take the earth and wind. Wind was his speciality, and Earth was always handy to have as a defence type.

Heading to the location on the marker, it wasn’t long until he found part of the wreckage from the submarine, but that wasn’t what he was looking for. Eventually, he found large footprints that had been placed in the mud.

Of course, this could have been made from one of the people on the island, but no one went to this part of the island unless they wanted to become beast food.

“Ah, I found it!” He shouted. Seeing something else, Duncan seemed to be more excited about this than the large footprint. Moving a leaf out of the way he could see it, what looked like two little feet walking with the larger footprints.

“I knew I wasn’t crazy, just everyone wait! When I bring the little man with me, then we will see who is laughing.” Duncan said.

Following the footsteps and tracks, it got harder to find them as time passed and Duncan wasn’t exactly an excellent tracker. However, there was something that he was coming across while following what little tracks he could find.

Dead beasts. Beasts often fought with each other on the island, but they rarely did to the death. It would happen on occasion, but the way the bodies of the beasts had been killed and how many dead beasts he was finding, it was clear it was done by someone.

‘Did the little man save whoever crashed?’ That was the only conclusion Duncan could come to. After all, the little man was strong enough to fight toe to toe against him, and there weren’t many in the world that could do that.

The chances of someone else accidentally coming onto the island and being that strong didn’t really enter his mind.

He paused for a second and thought it was best to keep Brock updated. Lifting his hand on his digital watch, he started to make a call back to the base.

“I’m near the place that you asked me to check out,” Duncan said.

“And?”

“I found the little man,” Duncan reported.

Nearly, dropping his whole upper body on his desk, Brock was starting to wonder if Duncan needed to go for a mental evaluation. Perhaps something happened to him recently.

“Just you wait, I’ll bring him back and prove to you he’s real.” With that, the call was ended, and Brock had no clue whether or not another person was discovered. He attempted to call him back, but all his calls were ignored.

“Why do I have a bad feeling that something is about to happen?” Brock said to himself.

Still searching, Duncan had eventually run out of places to look. The tracks ended, and the bodies of dead beasts seemed to stop as well, but he had no clue where they went, and footsteps were heading backwards and forwards.

“Where are you!” Duncan shouted out in anger.

Suddenly, the leaves to his right ruffled, shooting out from the leaves, something had wrapped around Duncan’s arm.

“I am not in the mood to deal with you,” Duncan shouted. Pulling with all his strength, he yanked the creature out from the leaves and the beast could be seen.

It was a strange-looking creature that was down on all fours, similar to a large dog. By the side of its mouth, it had two tentacles green in colour one of them was attached to Duncan. On its large snout nose, but from what Duncan could see, there were no eyes on the creature.

Lifting his other arm upward the ground raised and suddenly hardened around the beast’s legs. After with his hand again, with a little flick, a slice of air came out cutting the beast’s tentacle. It started to scream in pain.

But that was only for a short while, because the next second Duncan was by the beast’s side and using his two hands held its snout shut.

“Shut up. Don’t you dare make any noise. You’re giving me a headache!’ Duncan shouted.

It tried to open its snout, but when it did, Duncan used more strength pushing its upper and lower jaws together now grinding its two sets of teeth. When it stopped resisting, Duncan did as well.

“Good, now, me and you are going to make use of this big nose of yours. It should come in handy. There are people I’m looking for, and you’re going to help me find it.” Duncan said.

Riddled with fear and under its sheer strength, Duncan climbed aboard its back and was now riding it through the jungle. He had no ability to tame the beast, or to communicate with it, but through his own methods, it had chosen to listen to him.

“I can’t wait to meet you again, little man!” Duncan said with a smile, and the beast was heading straight for the foot of the volcano. Not because it wished to listen to the man, but because there was a stronger beast there. The beast wanted to make the man pay for what it had done to him, and he knew just the beast to solve his problem.

“Come on, move quicker!” Duncan said, digging his foot into its side.

The beast certainly did move quicker, hoping to see the death of this man.

My Vampire System Chapter 649: Hidden Blade

Borden and Quinn were walking through the jungle and were heading for the foot of the volcano. Only this time, they were being more cautious than before. Soon they would be fighting an Emperor tier beast, so they didn’t want to waste any extra energy fighting king tier beasts on their way there.

They had agreed that Quinn would try to face the Emperor tier alone, as a way for him to improve and to see where he was at, skill-wise. Borden would watch and come in if there was any trouble, but this was a beast Borden was even unsure he could beat.

Quinn was quite confident, but he would be lying if he didn't say he was a little nervous. He had defeated an Emperor tier before, but that was with the help of his teammates that helped distract the beast.

Quinn himself also wanted to defeat the Emperor tier beast on his own, it was a good way to gauge where he was strength-wise, and if he could defeat a beast that Borden couldn't, then there would be no need for the two of them to fight each other again, and they could both go to save Vorden together.

"Don't worry, we won't have to move this slowly for much longer," Borden said. "For some reason, the closer we get to that large tablet, the fewer beasts there are. One time, my transformation was running low, and I escaped and ran to this area. When I went past the muddy ground onto the solid ground, the beast suddenly paused. It was as if it couldn't go past a certain point. Near the tablet, the only things there are, are Emperor tier beast and possibly higher ones, but I have never seen anything higher for myself."

"Have you gone to the tablet, maybe there's something there that's stopping them?" Quinn asked, finding what Borden said indeed strange.

"No," Borden replied. "Logan specifically told me to never go to the large tablet without him. I promised, and I shall keep my promises. Although I have to ask, do you feel this strange energy coming from it?"

Quinn closed his eyes, he tried to focus, but he could feel nothing coming from the tablet, nor could he feel anything coming from around it. He tried using his inspect skill. But it was far too far for him to use.

"I feel nothing," Quinn replied.

Borden didn't say anything after that and just continued moving forward.

'Why, why the closer we get to that Tablet I can feel something, but Quinn can't? Maybe I need to ask brother Vorden once we save him.'

The room Logan had been given was quite nice and large inside. However it wasn't very modern, it looked like it hadn't been updated since the whole place was built. There was no sign of technology whatsoever inside, and if it wasn't for the sunlight from the window, then the only thing that he would have been able to use as a source of light was the candles scattered around.

Sitting on the bed, it felt so soft and comfy, Logan just wanted to lie down and rest. Take a night of good sleep. He was used to staying up all night to work on his gadgets, and he usually he would feel drained from that as well, but this time it felt different.

In his life, it was the first time that he had gone through so-called training sessions. Physical activities to get stronger and better and to improve his body. He also tinkered with objects and invented new things to get stronger.

Because of all of this, there was a new type of feeling entering his body for the first time, and it felt strange to him. He actually wanted to just rest his body for a change rather than his mind, but he knew he couldn't. Now was the perfect time for him to act.

Dispersing out a few of the small spiders it was time to search the castle and try to find out just where Vorden exactly was, and that's when they could start planning things.

For right now, he was unsure how long his little play would last, soon they would find out it was all an act. He was worried because he no longer had the mask he would use to communicate with others. He hoped that it was either destroyed or lost out in the jungle somewhere with the rest of the rubbish.

However, there was a chance someone had found it when it was on him. If they figured out what it was, it would certainly look bad for Logan. Especially since he had already stated, he was on his own.

He could have said there were others but knowing how the Blades acted, then they would have thought just keeping one alive for information was enough. This was also the first time he had been left alone since coming to the castle. It would have been impossible for Logan to update the others so they could all be telling the same story.

The second one of them said they were here for a different reason than him, they would have their own cover blown. Being chucked out of the sea by a large strange beast was not part of the plan, so Logan had never prepared for something like this.

Closing his eyes, he could sense the spiders better, and he was also trying to connect with his soul. There was a small warmth felt in his chest, but nothing else. It was certainly progressing from feeling nothing, but he still was unable to summon it.

Finally, it seemed like the spiders had discovered where Vorden was. A single floor under the first floor of the castle. Now he just needed to wait for the right time to go as well.

It wasn't long until Brock had returned and asked for Logan to come out again. Even if he did get some sleep, he would have been woken anyway. Brock then led him back into a reception room. It was a room that was a little ahead of when one would enter the castle.

"This is the boy I was talking about in the messages," Brock said entering, and Logan had followed. Sitting down on a sofa, he could see a fairly older middle-aged woman and behind her two boys.

'Logan, what the hell is he doing here!' Peter thought. 'He's already in the castle, and where is Quinn? I thought the two of them would be together by now?'

It was an unexpected surprise for Peter, but at the same time, this wouldn't be such a bad thing after all. The only problem was, Peter was under the disguise of someone else, and he needed to find out some way to tell Logan who he was without revealing himself.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Green," Pam said with her legs crossed. She didn't bother to get out of her seat as a sign of her power but at the same time wasn't being disrespectful. Brock was the one who actually placed his hand offering Logan to sit down.

"The Green family, one of the most influential families outside of the big four. It may have been a coincidence that you have arrived on this island, but I never thought there was a chance we could be working together. It would certainly make our lives a lot easier."

"Yes," Logan replied. "Although whoever was helping you out before or currently is doing a pretty good job, it was hard to find any information on the Blade family at all," Logan replied.

"Oh, so you knew about us. That's strange I didn't think the Green's did?"

“Maybe that’s one of the reasons why you need me alive,” Logan replied. ‘You were almost invisible, but not quite. If I found out about you, then maybe others can as well.”

This was a complete bluff on Logan’s part. He had actually found nothing about the Blades, the only reason why he knew what he did, was thanks to Owen and Mona revealing things.

But there were two reasons why he had chosen to say this, one, hoping that it would reveal who had helped them out before. Two giving them a reason to keep him alive and so the two could work together.

Pam had a strange smile on her face and then started to laugh,

“You are a cocky little brat at your age,” Pam replied. “Luckily I don’t mind that, but let me tell you something that will shock you. The Blades never kept themselves hidden in the first place. Sure they didn’t exactly shout about their name on the top of the lungs like the others, but we never tried to keep any of it under wraps either.”

“What do you mean?” Logan said, confused. “Then why hide your involvement in everything. Why tell the big four to not reveal your names to anyone, and why doesn’t the military know about you?”

“It certainly is a mystery, right?” Pam replied. “But what I’m telling you is the truth. We didn’t do any of that. For a while now, for some reason, someone has been trying to make it appear as if the Blades never existed in the first place.

“You understand what I’m saying right, it wasn’t us but someone else who wanted us to appear invisible to the outside world.”

My Vampire System Chapter 650: A beast’s revenge

The two of them had finally gotten out of the heavy jungle area, and now there were fewer trees and more large rocks could be seen. The ground underneath them had also slightly changed. There was no longer soft mud underneath their feet, but it was solid and black.

It was a sign that Borden and Quinn were getting close to the foot of the volcano now. Just like Borden had said, they could see fewer beasts, or next to no beast at all in this area. They no longer needed to creep and bend around corners and were just walking normally.

“Can you tell me a bit more about this beast, if you know where it is, I’m guessing you fought with it before?” Quinn asked.

“Of course,” Borden replied. “I want you to improve. I don’t want you dead. The beast is large in size around four meters tall and wide. I imagine it weighs a couple of tons as well, judging by its size. Its skin is black in colour, it has hooves on its feet but claws as hands.”

“A humanoid beast?” Quinn asked, a bit concerned now. If it was a humanoid beast, then it would be a lot more difficult to deal with than a regular Emperor tier beast.

“No, its body is too beast-like for that, and it wasn’t clever enough,” Borden replied. “On its head, it has too many eyes to count going along either side. They glow a bright yellow color, and it also has a thick golden mane going around its neck and then following a single line down its back.”

“However, now comes the most important part, it’s tail. It has three tails in total, each one has the head of a serpent creature. From their mouths, they have the ability to shoot fire. When fighting it, I was doing quite well against it, until it started to use its tails. I knew from then on, I could no longer win the fight, not while I was on a time limit.”

If the beast could use fire, that meant it was an elemental Emperor tier beast. The one Quinn had fought before was just a regular Emperor tier, this would be a tough opponent for Quinn. That was unless one had an ability that was better suited to going against these elements.

If Quinn remembered correctly, Leo had gifted him three advanced tier crystals that all contained the lighting ability, which was why his gauntlets had such an impressive active skill. Now Quinn was starting to imagine what the crystal from the beast could be used to make, before even beating it.

“Stop smiling, you fool,” Borden said, jumping up and hitting him on the back of the head.

“If you look too far ahead and not at the tasks in front of you, then you will end up dying. Do you want to die?”

Quinn shook his head quickly and was rubbing his head. He didn’t want to get hit by the heavy-handed little Borden.

Eventually, they had reached the bottom of the volcano. Walking around, they were now looking for an entrance. The beast didn’t scale or live up the volcano but instead lived inside.

Finally, they had found a large cavern entrance and when they entered the first thing that hit Quinn was the extreme heat inside. The heatwaves in the air in front of him could be seen, and he was starting to sweat in an instant.

“Is this an active volcano?” Quinn said, seeing that there were pits of lava in certain places. Whole lakes that flowed. The view looked quite nice with the hot lava all-around lighting up the place, giving it a glow.

“Come on, the beast is in here somewhere. Let’s just be careful. If we fight against it, it would be best on one of these larger platforms that aren’t surrounded by lava that can kill us.” Borden commented.

They walked for a little while, and Quinn was starting to wonder how much longer he could bear the heat. He was having similar effects to when he was out in the sun as a vampire. Although checking his status, everything seemed to be normal, his stamina was down by a couple of points, but it was nothing drastic.

In a way, seeing that his system said he wasn’t being affected by everything too much just made him seem and feel like a big crybaby, who was complaining about it being a little too hot inside.

“There it is!” Borden said, pointing at the beast, but he quickly hid to the side behind a red rock and pulled Quinn as well. The two of them peeked over the rock and could see the beast. It was exactly how Borden had described it. However, there was one thing that was in their favour, the beast was asleep.

The two of them looked at where the beast was, as it didn't seem to be in a favourable position. Where they stood was a large platform, surrounded by nothing but the walls and the way back out of the volcano.

As for the beast, in order to reach it, one would have to walk across a thick large wide bridge that eventually led to a larger platform on the other side where the beast slept.

The bridge was wide enough to fit three or four trucks on it, so they weren't scared it would break or anything, and it looked to be very sturdy, having large support underneath. What they were concerned about was either side of the bridge, there were pools of lava underneath.

If they fought with the beast and it knocked them over, it would be the end of them, super healing or no healing.

"What should we do?" Quinn asked.

"I know this was meant to be part of your training," Borden replied. "But I feel like the fact that it's asleep we can't just waste this chance. The crystal will be a great help, and if we can get out of this without getting any big injuries, that will be great."

It looked as if Borden was suggesting that Quinn attack the beast while it was asleep. He looked at where they stood, and where the beast was.

'It shouldn't be a problem. The platform on the other end is large enough to fight on and is just like this one. It isn't surrounded by lava or anything. As long as the beast doesn't wake up while I'm walking across the bridge. Then everything should be okay.' Quinn thought.

"Alright let's go, but you're coming with me," Quin said, as he moved and dragged Borden by the wrist.

Walking across the bridge was fine, and when they had reached the quarter waypoint, they released that it was unlikely the beast would wake up. There was already far too much noise going on from underneath. The lava was consistently spewing out hisses, crackles pops, and more and the beast seemed to be sleeping through all of that fine.

Their footsteps would do nothing to add to that small amount of noise, and now they had finally reached the halfway point.

At that exact moment. A strange voice was heard.

“Ha, ha, ha, ha!” A man could be heard laughing. Quinn quickly turned around along with Borden to see who it was.

“I finally found you, little man. Did you think you could get away after our last fight? Oh, and it looks like you brought a friend.” Immediately, Borden had recognized the man. This was the one who he had fought with before. Now of all times, this was the worst.

With Duncan behind them and the emperor tier beast in front, they had nowhere to go.

Quinn, on the other hand, was more concerned with the beast. He turned his head back to take a peak.

‘Phew, the beast is still sleeping away, I guess it won’t wake up just from someone shouting then.’ Quinn thought.

“When I take you back to the castle, I’m going to hang you up little man, that way everyone can see how I wasn’t lying. Because of you, everyone thinks I have gone mad!” Duncan shouted and started to laugh out loud again.

“I’m thinking that you have gone mad,” Borden said.

“Quinn, you deal with the Emperor tier beast. I’ve fought with this guy before, I won’t be able to beat him, but I can hold him. You do whatever you can to kill that beast as quickly as possible while it’s asleep.”

“You got it,” Quinn replied.

Suddenly, the beast that Duncan was riding upon, started to run about in circles, then it lifted up its front two legs to get Duncan to eventually fall off it.

The others thought the poor beast must have been tortured to work for him and would simply run away, but that was never its plan.

It ran around until it found what it was looking for. Using the tentacle that was uninjured, it wrapped it around a small rock. Then it looked in the direction of Quinn, not Duncan.

“Don’t tell me it’s planning to...”

Before Quinn could finish his sentence, he could see the rock flying over his head. It went far and wide and eventually plopped on top of the large beast’s head.

“Is there any chance that didn’t wake up the beast?” Quinn thought, looking away and not wanting to see.

“ROARGHHGHH!” A loud growl was heard throughout the volcano, and it felt like the whole room was shaking.

“I guess not.”