

My Vampire 981

My Vampire System Chapter 981: A waste of time!

Standing by the side, Kazz knew straight away that Quinn had done something. As the last time he had fought with Cindy he had done the exact same thing. When Quinn's soul weapon was active, a faint purple glow would appear around all of the shadows Quinn used.

One of the main benefits of using the soul weapon 'Shadow Overload' was the fact that Quinn could now use the shadow as he wished without the need to worry if it would run out or not. However, this wasn't the reason Quinn had decided to use it now.

The Boneclaw's teleportation speed was far faster than before. But there were more than just one benefit of using the soul weapon. Quinn's soul weapon would also improve his casting speed with the shadow when using skills, and the general movement of his shadows.

'Not that I'm going to need it, Quinn thought as he held out both of his hands, and started to create a dome of shadow over the Boneclaw. The Boneclaw would teleport out of it the same as he did last time, but seeing where it was now, Quinn would quickly summon another dome over it again, in an instant before it could react.

'It looks like my guess was correct.' Although the Boneclaw was able to teleport out of the shadow dome, it wasn't able to attack at the same time and it didn't seem to know exactly where it was teleporting to. It seemed like it would take a few seconds before it repositioned itself and noticed where Quinn was.

While in the dome, the Boneclaw was unable to see, so it couldn't focus where to place its black teleporters. The only thing it could do was look in a certain direction in the dome, and cast a portal to the other side to escape, and soon, when it was busy coming out of one of the shadows, Quinn was appearing directly behind it through his own shadow with a large hammer strike of his own.

However, the Boneclaw was fast, as it managed to create a large portal the same size as Quinn in front of him, and sinking through it, Quinn was redirected to another place, causing his hammer strike to strike one of the buildings in the inner castle area nearby.

A loud bang was heard as his fist went through a building wall, and a couple of the ones behind it crumbled to the floor. Still, Quinn wasn't worried. Compared to last time, he had more MC points to play with. What he didn't realise was although Shadow Overload allowed him to use the shadow as much as he wished, he could still only control only slightly more than his MC points allowed at one time.

With his MC points above a thousand, Quinn was able to control a larger amount of shadow. Having created several domes, he was still able to protect himself using the shadow.

"So you seem to be quite the quick thinker, but I have a lot of tricks up my sleeve!" Quinn shouted as he fired out a blood bullet into one of his shadows in front of him, and it appeared behind the Boneclaw, going through its forearm.

This was a skill that was too quick for the Boneclaw to react to, and when it turned around, it could see several circle shadows floating in the entire area. Quinn had spread them around, hovering as if they were land mines all over the field.

"I think I've got the hang of how far you can teleport at once. Try teleporting somewhere, and you'll run into any of these," Quinn said, as he activated a disk with a razor edge, covered in the shadow.

'If I throw it into any of these shadows, I can redirect it to try to follow the Boneclaw, and I can also throw blood swipes and even escape through them as well.'

In a way, Quinn was using the shadows as a better version of the teleporting skill that the Boneclaw could use. Quinn was able to go through one shadow, and appear out of any of the shadows hovering about at any time.

Quinn was ready to throw the Shadow disk into one of the shadow portals, but stopped himself just seconds before, as he saw the Boneclaw turning into a black mist, and it was soon heading towards Quinn.

"Did I win the fight?" Quinn wondered.

'I don't think you won.' Vincent replied. 'I just think the Boneclaw has accepted you again, for now.'

Hearing this, Quinn didn't like it one bit. Was Vincent saying that he might choose to challenge him again in the future? He already had a headache with Arthur and now had to worry about the Boneclaw as well. It was also safe to say that Quinn was beyond annoyed. He had used the Shadow Overload skill, and now he also had to face the backlash of using it.

He didn't even get to use it fully or for a long time. It was as if the Boneclaw said, show me everything you had, and then decided to just go away when Quinn did.

[Your total MC points are now '1150 points']

The amount of points lost wasn't a deal-breaker, but it wasn't like Quinn could easily obtain points through using the skill Shadow Eater either. Technically at the moment each time he would use this skill his MC points would lower, so it was best not to use it for now.

The other problem was right after using the soul weapon, all of his MC points would go down to 0. Even though he didn't use much of the shadow in this fight compared to with Cindy. He would now have to wait for a period of time for them to restore. If he had used a skill like this against a demon tier beast and then ran into Hilston, he would have been a sitting duck not being able to use his shadow ability.

'Just a word of advice to you as a past leader.' Vincent said. 'Although I wasn't the best when it came to hand to hand combat, and you are currently better than me when I was your age, for a vampire your skills are quite poor. You only know the basics, something taught to the regular vampires, but you are a leader.'

"Since you use gauntlets as your weapons, it would be best for you to try and further develop your fighting skills. So far, you have done well, relying on powers such as Qi, and mixing it with your vampire powers, and also the shadow, but what if you are unable to use both of those things? Just like with the Boneclaw in the future, there may be an opponent that will need these set of skills."

Honestly, Quinn couldn't agree more, but it wasn't like he knew any grand martial artist. Leo was the closest person to one, but he was a master swordsman.

'I wonder if there's something I can do?'

'The second point.' Vincent continued, although we have already discussed this, it's about your blood abilities. It's all well improving your blood control, but just like with the shadow, you need to learn more advanced blood skills. They are currently quite simple."

'Couldn't you teach me, since you used to be a great leader and all.' Quinn said.

'I guess I could give it a go, but through words alone, it would be hard. It would be best for you to see the skills yourself. Maybe you should get friendly with one of the leaders at some point.' Vincent half jokingly said.

Still, Quinn didn't think Vincent was giving him enough credit. Quinn didn't show the Boneclaw everything he had, and there were even the new shadow skills he had yet to test.

Seeing the Boneclaw disappear like so, Kazz was relieved, but witnessing Quinn use his special power again, she truly did feel like she was looking at one of the strongest vampire leaders. Even if he was lacking in certain areas, no one could deny how strong he was.

"Well, let's forget about that little thing, shall we?" Quinn said, looking back at Kazz. "Let's get back."

The incident with Quinn's familiar wasn't something that needed to be urgently reported, since it was his own familiar and didn't involve others. No one had even seen the fight, but Kazz still reported the matter to Bryce. After all, she was loyal to him as he was her father and even more so her king.

Although, Bryce didn't think much of this, and was far more interested in the reports she had made earlier.

"You may leave now Kazz, you did a good job. Thank you." Bryce said, sitting down on the king's throne.

When Kazz left the room, out from the side as if he was almost invisible, Tempus stood.

"You heard about the wall, right?" Bryce asked. "Do you think you will be able to restore it to its former self?"

“Perhaps, we might not get the whole thing, but we should learn something, but I’m wondering what you plan to do with such a wall?” Tempus asked.

“I hate the shadow, but everyone has to admit their power, but the reason why so many people disliked the shadow in the past was because it belonged to the Punishers, a force equal to that of the king. This is something that should have never happened. It’s time the king had its set of own shadow users.” Bryce smiled. “I bet Arthur will be pleasantly surprised to see them when he returns.”

“And how do you expect to get past the doors without informing Muka?” Tempus asked.

“Oh don’t worry about that, I have more power than you think. Actually you might already know. Otherwise I doubt you would be standing by my side.”

My Vampire System Chapter 982: The strongest fighters in the world

Upon returning to the Cursed ship and hearing nothing terrible had happened at school while Quinn was away, he was in no rush to go back just yet. He had time to think about what Vincent had talked about.

One of the most critical things Quinn had to worry about was getting stronger for the future enemies ahead. One of the easiest ways was to improve something he was severely lacking, and one of those was his combat fighting skills.

He never worried about this much before but did try practising a little when he had no abilities.

‘I remember those days, Quinn started to reminisce. ‘I thought watching a few martial arts movies and copying them would make me some skilled master, and then I would just get blasted with a green energy blast. Yeah, no karate-chopping skills are going to stop that.’ Quinn thought.

However, things were different now. Quinn had a body that could put fighting skills to good use, just like the other leaders did.

Checking his system, Quinn could see the tutorial zone that displayed Vincent's lessons in the system.

'Do you have any more of these?' Quinn asked.

'I mean, I don't, but honestly, I think you're beyond anything that I could teach you through a video. At the moment, you have a body that would be good in any martial art. However, what you need is something that would actually be good in fighting against ability users. This I'm not the best at.'

Hearing these words while on the Cursed ship, Quinn went looking for Leo. Although he was a swordsman, he did know the martial art taught by the military quite well, and perhaps there was someone he could recommend.

While searching high and low around the ship, Quinn couldn't find him anywhere and eventually ran into Sam, walking through one of the hallways.

"Quinn, you still haven't returned. You know the students will miss you?" Sam said.

"It's fine. They have a good teacher. I was actually looking for Leo. Have you seen him anywhere?" Quinn asked.

"Actually, Leo wanted to catch up with you about something, but it looks like one of the planets that Pure has members on is close by, so they have decided to go there. Don't worry, they took Nate along as well, just in case there is any trouble."

There was no time frame for when Quinn needed to get things done, so there wasn't an urgency in him, but at the same time, there was the constant worry that the Dalki, a vampire force or even Pure, could attack them at any point.

Although Quinn was happy they had taken a shadow user along like he asked, he felt a bit unlucky that they had taken Nate. If he couldn't get an answer from Leo, he would have asked Nate, a great martial artist, what to do next.

'I guess I could just teleport there and then travel back, but they might be in the middle of something.'

“Go on. I can see you have something on your mind. What do you want?” Sam asked.

Quinn explained what he wished to do. How he wanted to improve his martial arts skills. Thinking about it for a while, Sam eventually gave an answer.

“Do you remember how the two of you first met through the Power fighters game? Well, there was a reason why Nate would constantly play it. Even for him, there were plenty of strong people there.

“You have to remember not everyone likes the limelight. Some people have strong abilities or are just strong that they choose to hide their powers when they join a faction. Before the civil war, although it was normal for others to fight and such, strong people didn’t often fight each other due to fear of how much destruction and death it would cause.

“Do you think the Graylash family ever fought against the Bree family, or the Sun Shields without people getting hurt?”

Hearing this, Quinn thought it would be quite interesting. He hadn’t played the game in a while. When he first started out, he used the game often to test out his blood abilities that could be used with no restrictions inside the game.

‘I suppose if I play again, I can just not use my blood abilities. Before, I was obsessed with the exp, not that it would do anything for me now. But now I can just fight against ability users, just using my fists. If I lose, it won’t really be a problem.’

Quinn thought it was a great suggestion and thanked Sam before leaving off to play the game. There were quite a lot of pods on board the Cursed faction, as the game had always been popular with people, including the Cursed faction.

However, there was one person he thought he should meet before playing the game, asking if he could work out some personal request for Quinn, and that was none other than Logan.

He was inside his usual research room, a room that was given just to Logan dedicated to him to work on whatever he needed. It didn't take long for Logan to turn it into his own personal room, as it was filled with what Quinn could only describe as useful junk all around the room.

He was careful to use the word 'Useful' because often, things that looked strange and that he didn't understand would be quite helpful. A lot of the stuff in the room was brought over from the many locations the Green family owned, the projects his family were working on before they had passed.

"Quinn, that's you right? No one else has as light footsteps as you do. Also, I heard from Sam that you have just returned from the vampire world. Did he tell you about my request?" Logan said, as he was wearing some strange goggles and using his robotic arm, but soon the goggles started to deform into the tiny spiders and created some shoulder pads instead.

"Request, I didn't know you had one? I was actually coming to you to ask about something. What did you want to ask?" Quinn wondered.

Logan looked at Quinn for a few seconds and didn't say anything.

"Logan, please, you already helped me a lot. Remember, even with the current situation, anything you need that I can help with, I will do it." Quinn said.

Then, as if Logan was waiting for Quinn to say these words, he gave a reply.

"Great, then I wish to go to the vampire world and go to the lab out in the mountains. I will take my leave tomorrow and make sure to take one of the shadow users with me. I will also take Borden along for protection, so you can't complain. A leader wouldn't go back on their word, right?"

For some reason, Quinn felt like he had just been tricked.

'This is what happens when you have people smarter than you helping you out.' Quinn thought.

"What do you want to do there anyway?" Quinn asked.

"I plan to visit the lab so I can clone myself a new arm. The lab had the ability to create a clone of Vorden, that's how I accidentally made Borden, so I should be able to create a hand for myself if I study the equipment myself." Logan replied as if it was no big deal.

"Wait! What happens if you make another, like a Logan Dalki? I know Borden turned out to be okay, but we can't guarantee that another one will be, can we?" Quinn said worryingly.

"Don't worry about that. There isn't enough energy to create another Dalki. That was the problem in the first place and part of the reason why Borden is so unstable. Leave the thinking to me. If I tried to explain anything to you, then it would just be pointless. Fighting is your strong point. This is mine so leave that to me."

Although Quinn didn't like it, visiting the vampire world last time, it seemed like everything had calmed down quite a bit, and as long as someone like Linda who knew the shadow went along with them, then Quinn could be there if there was any trouble, as for Borden. He was as strong as a leader, so no one would mess with him.

"Talking about fighting, there were a few things I wanted to ask you about..." Quinn discussed his plan and how he would like to join power fighters one more time, but he had some special requests.

"Sure, I can do that for you. As you know, the game ranks you based on your Traveller Rank. So you want me to put you as an A rank traveller, correct? That shouldn't be a problem. As long as you keep winning fights, the system will naturally put you against the higher Travellers and then you will enter the ranking system."

"Ranking System?"

"Each time you win, you get Elo points, which will rank you up and down, putting you in the top hundred of the power fighters game. This is only available to Travellers Rank B and upwards. Win enough times in a row, and you will eventually get put in the top hundred."

It sounded like Sam's suggestion was turning into a good idea, and there was even a goal to aim towards now.

“Wow, an online ranking, who’s at the top, is it someone I know?” Quinn wondered. Being in the position he was in now, surely the top would be filled with people he had seen or at least heard off.

“Not really, at least I don’t know who they are,” Logan replied. “You have to remember a few things. Fighting in the game, although meant to simulate real combat, isn’t the same. There are differences. Also, one can not use their soul weapon in the game either. And sometimes soul weapons are a big differentiator when one is fighting in the real world.” Logan explained.

It made sense, and now for some reason, Quinn was itching to go into the power fighters game. However, there were a couple more requests Quinn had made.

“And about my other request?” Quinn asked.

“That’s fine,” Logan said. “I can put in a limiter just for you, so you will be limited to fifty percent of your body’s strength. You can increase this in the game as you wish. As for your other request, usually, only one person can be linked with one I.D., but it’s me after all, so I can do what I like. We will create a new I.D. for you.”

The name Bloodevolver was too famous, and Quinn wasn’t going to be using the blood skills this time around. He was going to be testing his fighting skills, so he wanted a new I.D.

“Do you want me to come up with the name for you?” Logan asked.

“No, no, please!” Quinn quickly said. “It’s okay. I can pick my own.” Quinn said, fearing he would be known as Buinn.

My Vampire System Chapter 983: Noob fighter

The VR game Powerfighters also could copy one’s beast armour and weapon. Even though it was capable of doing that, Quinn really didn’t want any advantages when fighting. He thought the quickest way to improve was through failure and learning through one’s mistakes.

Luckily, there were no consequences for making mistakes in the VR game since it was just a game. However, even if he wanted to use his beast weapon, he really couldn't. Taking his gauntlets out of his shadow equip, Quinn looked at his gauntlets, and they were in a sorry state.

Several dents in places, gashes of torn metal. Quinn imagined that if he didn't have the shadow equip skill and he had to force the gauntlets on his arms, they would become a bloody mess from all the broken pieces hanging on it.

The durability was around that of ten percent, and all the boosted stats were ineffective.

'The Boneclaw's attacks were really strong, stronger than any beast I've faced. I wonder if he would be considered a demon tier beast or something similar if he was one?' Quinn started to think.

There was a feeling that the Boneclaw didn't really show everything it had either during the fight.

Because of this, before entering the game, Quinn decided to go with Alex for a visit.

"Nooo!" Alex screamed with the gauntlets laid out on the table. "What did you do? Did you chuck these things into a blender! Do you know how long it took to make these for you!"

Whenever Alex would work on a piece of equipment, he worked extra hard personally on Quinn's. It wasn't that he didn't equally put effort into everything he did make for the Cursed faction. It was just that Quinn would always be the first of its kind when making things, so it would take more time.

It was the first time he had to use fairy blood and the first time he had used king tier crystals with the gauntlets. He was already devastated when he had heard that his Emperor tier armour set was destroyed. Still, at least that had gone to good use, protecting Quinn's life from the Demon tier crab.

"I told you, it was unexpected. You know me, I wouldn't have let them get hurt on purpose." Quinn said. "Anyway, can you fix them?"

“Fix them,” Alex said, slapping his head and still looking at the gauntlets on the table. “First, your gauntlets were made with specific beast crystals to give it the best active skill I could get. It would be quite hard to find those again, and honestly, creating a new pair would be easier than repairing the old ones.”

Quinn thought about it for a while. It was time for him to have an upgrade in the first place.

“Do we have crystals to make a new weapon?” Quinn asked.

“Oh, I thought you said you talked to Logan before, didn’t he tell you?” Alex replied. “It turns out that the original planet that the Crows occupied is filled with strong beasts in the new land. So strong that Logan was unable to place his device to check out if there were demon tier beasts in the area.

“I know what you’re thinking. If you want a new weapon, then you at least want it to be at the legendary tier this time. Well, if you’re looking for plenty of high-level beasts with certain attributes, then that’s going to be your best bet.”

Thinking about it, Quinn wanted another active elemental skill. The first advanced tier crystal gifted by Leo had the lightning elemental power, which gave him a great active skill, and the fire crystals after. It seemed like the elemental crystals gave him the best option in the end.

“I’ll think about what to get. I’ll ask Sam to send a team to the Crow’s planet, and when they find something, they can contact me.” Quinn replied.

This way, he could be optimal with his time. Quinn wanted to fight the beasts himself. For one, legendary beasts were quite up the tier ladder, and there weren’t many in the Cursed faction that could deal with them. The other reason was Quinn wanted to see what skills the beast had, to see if it was suitable for making his weapon.

With his shadow skill, they just needed a shadow user.

‘Maybe Wevil would be good to search the area.’ Quinn thought.

With the request sent off to Sam, it was finally time for Quinn to play the game. Entering his personal training room, he could see a pod there waiting for him. He had made this request so the others onboard also wouldn't know what Quinn was doing.

Besides, his fame in the Cursed faction itself was growing and just walking around, he would get stopped several times, and his journey would be twice as long. Quinn didn't want to be one of those people that didn't reply back, and it was nice to get to know the people in the faction.

Although this Pod looked like any other VR pod, Quinn knew there was a difference. This one had been modded, added with the features that Quinn had requested from Logan.

'I remember entering the shop with Vorden and looking at the price tag of one of these things. I never thought I would own my own one. Now, there are several on the ships, and I even have a personal one made for me by the game's creator. When I think about it, there have been some amazing things in my life.' Quinn thought as he started to climb into the VR pod.

Just like when he had entered the other VR pods, the welcome screen appeared in front of him. Before though, after figuring out who the person was, the system would then log in Quinn to his user ID automatically and also use his traveller information, but not this time.

[Please enter your User ID]

'Ah, I really don't care about it this time too much. Last time I tried to write something cool, and that's never got me far,' Quinn thought as he just typed in some words that he didn't really give much thought to.

[User ID has been created]

[Welcome Noob Fighter]

It had been a while, but after selecting his name, his body was chucked into the white space.

'I guess I can't use the Bloodevolver appearance, can I?' Quinn thought and started decorating and altering his avatar. Giving himself spiky green hair, and a plain gold and black tracksuit.

He looked like he was dressed as someone a 1000 years past his time, but he thought it suited him. In a world of no abilities, back in the past when people his age would have fought with their fists.

Checking out the game system, he could see that now there was also a limiter that had been set to fifty., Quinn could even lower this, so he could use more of his strength or increase it.

Before going into a match, he tested out the limiter for a while, practising what martial arts moves he knew, and it looked like it worked.

'You never fail to impress me, Logan.'

Finally, he was ready to start his first matchmaking session. As an A rank Traveller, Quinn would get matched up with those at a similar level to him, but for now, he would be put against some Rank B's while the system was working out his correct ranking level, so the matchmaking would be fairer.

When Quinn's body appeared, he could see himself standing opposite a man who was dressed entirely in black armour from head to toe and had a pair of small axes on his back.

"Noob fighter?" Chan read. "Is this my lucky day? I was on a losing streak."

Checking his opponent's stats, he could see that Noob fighter hadn't been in any fights, so he wasn't quite sure if he was lucky or not.

'I guess it's his first time playing, and I can take advantage of that.'

The match had begun, and Chan immediately threw out the small axe on his back towards Quinn.

Seeing it, Quinn decided to dodge the first axe as he was still trying to figure out what ability the person in front of him had. The next second another axe came towards him, and then several more were flying towards Quinn.

'Crap!' Quinn thought as he started to run around the place and head towards his opponent.

"Hey, this noob is quite fast," Chan said, continuing to throw multiple axes from his back. Although he only had two on him, his ability allowed him to copy and produce the same beast weapon he last touched.

He continued to throw them towards his opponents, and when the two got close, Quinn managed to duck a wild swing from Chun and hit him in the stomach.

The blow had done damage, but while falling, Chun picked up one of the axes that were stuck to the ground and dug it into Quinn's foot. If he wanted to get out of this, he would have to forcefully rip his foot from the axe.

Picking up another Axe, Chun went to swing it towards his ribs again, but an elbow hit the side of the axe with such force, making it fall to the ground. While Chun was slightly stunned, Quinn went to punch him in the head again, but Chun quickly rolled, avoiding the hit and threw out an axe hitting Quinn's other leg.

"I'm a rank B Traveller for a reason, don't underestimate me!" Chun shouted. After a minute of intense fighting back and forth, a winner was eventually announced.

"Phew, that guy was tough for a noob. I'm surprised I won, his blows were so strong, and he was fast. I guess it had something to do with his ability? Wait, did he even use an ability?" Chun said, thinking about the fight.

Meanwhile, Quinn was back in the lobby and looking at his game screen.

"So my first fight was a loss, huh? Well, I guess setting it to thirty percent was too much to start with." Quinn said.

My Vampire System Chapter 984: The Dalki growth

After getting the go ahead from Quinn that he was now allowed to travel to the vampire world, Logan wasted no time making preparations. In fact, he actually already had everything he needed with him packed away in a special robotic backpack. He would 'Carry' this on his back with the support of his little spiders, making it pretty much weightless.

It was as if he always knew Quinn would say yes, but he was not to go on his travels alone. In a room placed away from the others, which needed a special pin to enter, was the new type of teleporter that would take one to the vampire world.

If someone was to stumble and open it, it would be quite troublesome for them, finding themselves in a strange place. Not that they could go through the teleporter anyway. This new teleporter was based on the vampire's teleporters. On Logan's side, a code needed to be input that would then activate the teleporter, and it was the same on Paul's side.

Communication needed to be made before Logan could come across. However, this time, unlike when Quinn had gone, they did not inform the king or ask for persimmon. Quinn felt like he needed to last time due to entering the fourteenth castle, which was a big deal.

However, Logan was going to a place that he wasn't even sure they were aware of or cared about. It also wasn't like what he was planning to do, had anything to do with them in the first place.

Standing by his side were the two that would be coming with him for this short journey,

"Hopefully, you can make some more of that green serum for me," Borden said as he hopped onto the right side of Logan's shoulder.

"I can try, but I wouldn't count on it," Logan replied. Knowing that there was hardly any energy left in the large tubes.

As for the other one, she seemed a bit nervous to be coming along.

"I kind of understand why you brought Borden along with you, but why did you choose me and not one of the others?" Linda asked.

Logan looked Linda up and down as if it was a pain to explain to her, but letting out a sigh, he did so anyway.

"Have you and I ever talked before?" Logan asked.

"A few times on occasion, but I don't; think we have ever had a full conversation," Linda replied, trying to figure out what his point was.

"And that is exactly the reason why I have brought you. Me and you haven't talked before, so we have nothing to talk about. Which means I can get on my task with peace." Said Logan.

Linda didn't know why, but she felt a little hurt by that comment, but Logan was just upfront and honest from what she had heard from the others. Speaking what he thought, sometimes it was better to have a person like this, rather than someone you didn't know what they were thinking, like Kazz.

Thinking of the vampire world made Linda think of her. She still held a grudge against her for what she had done.

With the preparations done and the very small chitchat made, all three of them went through the teleporter, finding themselves at the tenth castle. Unlike last time, Paul wasn't there to greet them, but Ashley stood in the throne room instead.

He was only there to make sure they had arrived safely and also to turn off the teleporter so it wouldn't be linked to the Cursed ship while they were away.

There were no words spoken, and Logan just continued to walk past Ashley as if it was something he did every single day.

'Well, I can't say the boy isn't efficient.' Linda thought as she was quite enjoying his style.

A few sprays of the special scent were placed onto Borden and Logan. Now they had no worry as they walked through the vampire settlement. Compared to before, the dark streets were full of market stalls, vampires talking and eating irregular meals at their restaurants.

It seemed like an old city in the human world, and Linda found it relatively peaceful.

“If we had seen this and experienced this when we first came, then maybe our opinion would have been a little different.” She said.

What was most impressive was how quick they were able to recover as well. Soon though, leaving the settlement, they would walk through the forest, and from there, it was time to head to the mountain where the lab was found.

While walking through the forest, there was a single incident that occurred. It was when a snake-like beast came dangling from one of the trees. It swooped down on them.

Linda was ready to get in the way, but when the snake reached a certain distance. A claw-like machine came out from the top of Logan’s back and held it in place, then a blaster formed around Logan’s arm, and he fired it a few times, eventually killing the snake on the spot.

‘Even though the kid isn’t like us, he seems to be quite powerful with all his little gadgets. I guess he isn’t just the inventor of the ship.’ Linda thought.

Although the two of them didn’t talk much, in fact, not at all during the walk, even Borden was just sleeping on top of Logan’s shoulder. She quite enjoyed learning more and more about Logan.

Finally, after entering a series of caves, they had reached the lab that Logan was looking for. He had been here a few times, and every time he visited it, it felt less foreign to him. Maybe it was because of the lab’s layout, where certain machinery was placed. All of it was suited to his liking.

‘It looks like I have a similar taste to my parents.’ Logan thought and soon got to work.

Linda and Borden were placed in the central room. They waited there patiently. They explored the place at first together, apart from one room that Logan told them not to enter, but soon found that not knowing what anything was, it was quite boring after a while.

So they remained in the main terminal room while watching Logan get to work. The backpack that he had on him turned itself into a workbench. The technical robotic arms that had stopped the beast from earlier, four of them were being used as legs popping it up like a table. Then the bag opened itself up and was able to supply Logan with every single tool that he needed.

After seeing him going back and forth in and out of rooms, Logan eventually asked Borden for a favour. Using a small syringe, he had taken some of Borden's blood.

"Do you need that again for me?" Borden asked.

On the table was a flask and a syringe red in colour, then using the small amount of blood he had gotten from Borden, he slowly dropped it into the red liquid. Soon, the green liquid started to take over, and made a dark green colour as they both mixed together.

Another larger normal-sized syringe was on the side, and Logan used that to bring up some of the liquid from the flask.

"No, this is for me," Logan replied. His right robotic arm disconnected and fell to the floor. He injected the syringe directly into where the stump of his arm was.

"Logan what are you doing!" Borden said, worried, now realising what he might have been doing all along.

Logan fell to the floor as if he was in pain. The plan was to create. Clone of his arm, like they did so with Vorden and Borden, but why didn't Borden realise it sooner.

The clone that was made was a Dalki, not another human, which meant that Logan couldn't make human parts with the things inside the room.

The pain counted, and sweat was running down Logan's face, but soon the pain would end, and when he stood up, he could feel something heavy where his right side was.

"I won't be useless anymore," Logan said.

Standing there, Logan's arm had fully regrown, but it wasn't what it once was. Hard scales ran all the way up it, and the fingertips were shaped like a claw. Logan had successfully created himself a Dalki arm.

My Vampire System Chapter 985: The martial art god

['Noob fighter' losses]

How many times had Quinn seen this screen now? He had lost count. Due to him being a vampire, there wasn't much sleep needed on his end, and the matches were ending relatively fast as well.

However, using no abilities, including that of the shadow and blood, limiting his physical abilities and having no beast gear proved to be a little too much of a disadvantage for Quinn.

However, it was safe to say it was working. Due to him not being able to rely on these things, he had to improve on the spot if he wanted to win. The only thing was. It was happening at a far slower pace than he had initially planned.

Quinn was losing matches using 30 percent of his strength. He thought the first few matches, his opponent might have been just strong, and eventually, he would find a way to beat them, but he never did and was getting tired of it.

In the next few games, Quinn decided that he would increase the limit by five percent each time until he eventually would win. At 35 percent his first match had hardly lasted longer than the others. He had, unfortunately, run into a speed user who was faster than him.

With Quinn's current set of fighting skills, Quinn felt useless and was just frustrated. Soon after, he raised his stats to 40 percent. In his first match at this stage, he had lasted longer. His opponent had a

growth ability, allowing them to grow the size of any part of their body and what they were touching at any point and time.

At this stage, Quinn was able to time his Flash Step perfectly to avoid the more vital attacks and had hit his opponents with well timed hammer strikes and kicks, damaging the body well and eventually got a win.

It seemed at 40 percent the increase in strength had significantly helped, but this wasn't what Quinn was hoping for. He stayed at the forty percent range, and eventually won a few fights, but after winning a few fights in a row, the matching system had put him against some tougher opponents, and Quinn ended up losing again.

When he had reached a stalemate, Quinn raised his stats once more to forty-five percent, thinking maybe it would change the outcome. Which it did, but not for the right reasons, going back to his old ways of relying on speed and strength.

It seemed like the same pattern was occurring. Whenever Quinn would get stuck, he would just raise his limiter to beat his opponents and eventually, he had raised it to fifty percent. Winning nine fights in a row.

"No, this isn't what I wanted," Quinn said while waiting in the white room, pausing, trying to reflect back on the fight that had just happened. "I haven't really learnt any new fighting techniques, have I?"

"I would say so, but at the same time, I can't blame you for raising your stats," Vincent replied. "It hasn't been all for a lost cause. While forcing yourself to just use your body at that level, you used whatever you had to the max. I have never seen you have a better sense of timing, of when to attack and when to defend against your opponents.

"Which was why, whenever you raised your stats and went onto more difficult opponents, your fights seemed to be a lot easier. You are definitely improving, Quinn, but I would suggest you stop at fifty. From what I have gathered so far, at this point and stage, you should be able to defeat your opponents with this level of strength and speed."

Quinn agreed with Vincent, but it didn't mean he was any less frustrated. Losing all the time wasn't fun. He had a total of 32 wins while above three hundred losses on his record. As he got higher in the ranks, he was hoping that there would be those that fought better.

Instead, it was just those that were stronger with their abilities. There wasn't much he could learn from them, other than timing and when to attack. He learned how to analyse patterns better and read certain movements, but there was only so much he could do.

Quinn wanted to improve his own combat skills but had no knowledge or anyone to teach him.

Most of Quinn's current wins had happened while using fifty percent of his strength. Wanting to see how much he improved, Quinn decided that for the next fight, he would use no limiter at all. Even if he didn't learn anything, he just wanted a break from the neck and neck fights.

At that moment, his opponent appeared in front of him. It was Chun once again, with the black armour and Dual axes.

'Hey, wait, it's this guy again? Why am I fighting him?' Chun thought.

After beating the Noob fighter last time, Chun had been on a winning streak. He had been doing so well, he even thought that he might make it into the top 100 anytime soon. Once again, Chun decided to have a look at Quinn's stats.

'How many matches did this guy have after me, and look at how many losses he had. How bad is he?' Chun thought. Still, having beaten him once, he felt he could do so again, and it would just be a free win for himself. If Quinn was facing him now, it also meant his opponent must have gotten several wins in a row as well.

When this happened, the system would deem the player too strong for the opponents it was matching them up against, and Quinn had won nine fights in a row at his current level.

On Quinn's end, however, Quinn didn't recognise the person. After all, he had fought so many people in a row and was hardly paying attention to what his opponent looked like. In the game, many people had similar avatars.

When the match started, Chun went to grab his axe, but looking up, he couldn't see the person in front of him, and the next second he felt a punch hitting him right in the side of his face.

[Congratulations' Noob Fighter' is the winner]

"It looks like hundred percent of my strength is way too much, and I'm surprised the system was able to replicate my power. Still, it felt good to do that just once. I was starting to feel a little weak." Quinn said with an almost devilish smile on his face.

'What just happened?' Chun thought. 'Did the game bug out.'

Instantly, Chun decided to rewatch the gameplay repeatedly, and he could see from the footage that his opponent had moved so fast and had hit him before he could do anything.

'That guy! I knew he was hiding an ability!'

[You have now entered the rankings]

[You have now taken the 100th spot]

This was indeed quite surprising to Quinn, that using fifty percent of his strength with no abilities, he could take one of the top hundred spots. Although he was a bad fighter, he had enough skills to beat most strong opponents through what he knew.

'But still, I'm going to be fighting the strongest of the strongest, there properly even stronger than any rank 1 on this game. I should at least be able to get this far.' Quinn thought.

After reaching rank 100, Quinn was planning to take a small break, but then, there were quite a few requests for fights that had been sent his way.

'What is all this?' Quinn thought as he was reading all the messages coming towards him. Soon he realised it was due to the public leaderboards. Now that Quinn was ranked a 100, anyone could see his name, select him and send him an invite.

'I guess one more fight won't hurt.' Quinn thought.

Looking through the messages, Quinn noticed that some of them had their rankings in brackets next to their name. The numbers close to him had asked for a match, but Quinn went through and looked for the highest number that had requested him to fight as he could and could see one of them stand out above the rest.

A person who was ranked fifty, and also had the name Martial Art God.

'Now, someone with a User ID has to be good at fighting, right? Why don't we have a little go.'

Quinn thought as he sent his request out.

Due to Chun, having just lost his fight seconds ago, he was frustrated and had looked up to the Noob fighter he had lost to. Then when he saw the hundred ranking by his name, he felt like he could feel blood pouring from his ears.

'Wait, what! why is the martial art's god, and this guy fighting against each other? Who accepts a match from someone fifty ranks above you!'

My Vampire System Chapter 986: Noob fighter vs God fighter

After accepting the request, Quinn was transported to the area where the two of them would be fighting. Stood opposite him was a man who had no top on, having his full chiselled six-pack out on display.

The man had what looked like a piece of red string around his arm and wore nothing but a pair of green shorts. The man wasn't even wearing any shoes and walked barefoot.

'I know this isn't the real world, but we still have a sense of feeling here.' Quinn thought.

It was true that the VR made one feel as if they were really there and they even felt slight pain. Although the pain sensor was set at an extremely low value and the pain felt was nothing like one would experience in real life. Instead, the computer would sometimes have to just guess how one's body would react when taking a hit.

Quinn also noticed that the stages for spectating that would often be empty were now full of spectators, something that hadn't happened until this fight.

'I haven't seen this many people since I was the Bloodevolver.' Quinn thought, looking around.

There were many people who would often watch those that were top-ranked. People liked watching battles between two strong opponents, that's just how it was, but in particular, more people seemed interested than usual.

The Martial art god gave a wave to the crowd of people. They all cheered in response as if it was something that he had done a thousand times. It was routine for him.

'Even if that Noob fighter was able to surprise me and got the upper hand, he won't be able to deal with the Gatekeeper.' Chun said as he watched from the sidelines.

This was another name that was given to the martial art god. The reason why he was called the Gatekeeper was due to his rank, being placed at fifty. All those above the rank of fifty constantly faced each other and the ranking remained unchanged for a long time.

Where as many would fall when meeting with the Gatekeeper, staying above rank fifty.

"It's been a while since I have seen a new person enter the hundred rankings, so I thought it was best to introduce myself to you first. See if you are worthy." The martial art god said.

'Is this guy role playing? I mean, I can't really make fun of him. I used to do the same thing when I was younger, except I had no friends to Roleplay with.' Quinn thought.

'And that is why the internet is a great thing, bringing all these strangers together who have similar interests. There is no need for others to judge you.' Vincent replied.

Towards the upper top ranks, closer to a hundred, they would change quite often with people coming in and out, but the martial art god had already faced them all, which was why when he saw someone new, he was quite interested in this said person.

Before the fight began, Quinn checked two things, that his limiter was now set at fifty again, which was all good, and as for the second thing. He bowed down, out of respect.

"If you are truly a martial art god like your name suggests, then it will be an honour to learn from you." Quinn replied, getting a little bit into the role-playing himself.

"It looks like at least this one knows how to show respect." The martial art god said, as he raised one of his knees and then slammed his foot on the ground.

He had simply gotten in a fighting stance, but even Quinn could tell something was different. For his last fight, he thought he might be able to take it easy, but it didn't look like he could do that at all.

The fight had begun, but the martial art god stayed in the same position, with his left leg slightly in front and both arms raised by his face.

'Is this Muay Thai?' Vincent said. Although Vincent wasn't much of a fighter, he did know a few things about fighting. During his greater years when he was younger, this fighting style was quite popular among young ones.

Since it didn't look like the martial art god was going to attack first, Quinn was going to be the one to instigate the fight.

'I'll figure out what his ability is first, and then flash step out of the way and reposition myself when I get the chance.' Quinn thought.

When Quinn was finally in range of the martial arts god, everyone thought the fight would be over in that second, just like all the others.

Suddenly, Quinn felt a throbbing pain in his thigh, making him stop in his tracks and soon, he fell to his knees.

'What happened, my leg? I didn't see him.' But Quinn saw the next one coming towards him. A lightning-fast kick that had hit his thigh was now coming at his head. Seeing how the kick had affected his thigh like so, he thought lifting his arm to block the attack would do nothing.

He would still lose the fight, and even if his body was great at recovering, his legs weren't good enough yet to use the flash step, so he did the only thing he could.

Twisting his body, swinging out his arm, he attempted to punch the leg coming towards him.

"A mistake, my legs have been conditioned to take out tree trunks, and you think your fist is going to stop my legs!" Martial arts god shouted.

However, Quinn's fist was no ordinary fist. How many times had he punched until his fist broke, how many times had he broken his arms from fighting to the death? His body wasn't human, and his bones had significantly strengthened.

When the two collided, surprisingly to him and the others, the martial art god's thigh kick had been stopped. By now, Quinn had recovered and used his flash step to get behind his opponent and was ready. Learning his lesson from last time, Quinn attempted a kick instead of a punch, not wanting to get too close. Still, suddenly, a pivot from the martial arts god, and he was facing him once again.

He had ducked under Quinn's fast moving leg and then grabbed the back of his neck with both of his arms locking him in. Pulling his head down, Quinn's face was met with a knee, but it didn't stop there. The knees continued one after another.

Quinn tried his best to pull away, but the man had him locked in, and when he finally let go, Quinn's force of pulling away swung his head back and caused him to stumble, while the martial arts god spun around and hit the side of his head with an elbow.

[Winner 'Martial arts god.']

[You are no longer ranked]

As quick as Quinn had entered the rankings, he had left them too. Although Quinn wasn't helpless, the fight was clearly one sided.

The people who had watched the match were a little disappointed. Those that failed to reach the rankings, and even those that had wished to see someone for the first time, surpass and went through to the upper ranks, but it looked like this person would not be the one.

'What did you guys expect?' Chun thought. 'One was called Noob fighter, and the other martial arts god. I'm just glad that the guy that beat me got beat, and Martial art's god didn't even move from his position.'

After the fight, Quinn was back in the white room. Rather than upset by his loss, instead, he was pleased. Finally, he had found what he was looking for. A person who excelled at fighting that could teach him.

'Now, how do I convince him to teach me?' Quinn thought.

Just then, he had received a party invite. This was where people could enter the same white room together and use it as a training room, or one could search matches while others watched.

However, the invite was from the martial god himself.

'Looks like I might not have to contact him first after all.'

Accepting the invite, the man in the green shorts appeared in front of him and turned to look at Quinn.

“I wanted to ask you a question, during our fight, why didn’t you use your ability against me? Did you think you could win without it?”

“That’s how I fight, is there a problem? I don’t believe you used an ability either?” Quinn asked.

“Yes, there is a problem. Fight me again, and use everything you have this time.” The man said.

“Wai-“

“Fight me!”

“Just istn-“

“Fight me!”

Quinn was a little frustrated with how this man was acting. He wouldn’t let him get a word in.

‘Should I just beat him and then ask him to teach me? Maybe he will respect me this way?’ Quinn thought as he was getting ready to turn the limiter off.

‘No, I have a better idea.’

[The Noob fighter is now offline.]

My Vampire System Chapter 987: Deadly kick

There was a difference in the VR game compared to the real world. When Quinn just didn't want to deal with people, he could simply just log off. In the first place, Quinn had been playing the game non-stop for a while now. Although he was the type of person who could repeat the same task over and over again and not get sick of it, this session had gone on for a bit too long.

'Quinn, I'm a little confused. Why did you suddenly log off like that?' Vincent asked as Quinn was getting out of the pod and giving his body a few stretches here and there. 'Wasn't your whole goal to find someone good at martial arts to teach you. He was right there?'

'Don't worry.' Quinn replied as he exited the room and decided to head off to his own living quarters. 'I've already figured out what type of person the martial arts god is. That person won't stop chasing me now until he gets what he wants. Even more so after what I just did, and I have an idea that just might rile him up even more.'

Once Quinn had entered his own room, he went to the desk that was placed in the corner. It looked plain as if there was nothing on it, but once he sat down, a holographic keyboard lit up in front of him, and a widescreen appeared in front of his eyes.

The first thing he did was search up videos about Muay Thai fighters. Quinn started to watch video after video on the subject. There were plenty of tutorials online, but it was safe to say that the martial arts god was leaps and bounds ahead of all of them.

It was a shame, but old traditional martial arts skills had diminished, especially since the introduction of abilities. Still, it had a bit of a resurgence based on other abilities, but new forms of martial arts were created to suit the beast weapons and take advantage of that power.

Very few people used their fists to fight. After watching some videos for some time, Quinn took what he wanted from them. Downloading them onto his little wristwatch, heading off to his own personal training room.

The videos that he had saved he played a few times while in the training room and slowly started to copy the moves bit by bit.

'Maybe there's a method to his madness.' Vincent thought as he watched him.

The fighting style was undoubtedly different from what Quinn was used to, and there were many points. The striking part wasn't so hard. Throwing out punches, he did this enough, and he was also quite good with his kicks due to the military-style of fighting.

However, there was something different about the kicks in the video. The amount of weight and power was like that of a gigantic whip. The main movement he decided to focus on was the thigh kick. Having experienced it himself, he knew how effective it was.

The other points of fighting style, such as using the elbows, knees and grappling, were a little harder for him to grasp, without a fighting power, and just through a video, he couldn't get the right feeling, as Fex would say.

Quinn went through each of the movements of the thigh kick slowly and made sure he was standing in the same stance as the person before him. He also remembered well the viewpoint of the martial arts god.

'Alright, let's do this!' Quinn said as he practised the kick over and over again.

— —

While Sam was busy with his daily duties, he had heard about a complaint while being on board the ship. That there was a loud continuous bang. Worried that there might be some damage or something wrong with the ship, Sam had decided to go check out where the noise was coming from.

"Is there a reason you have brought me along?" Dennis asked as they walked towards the loud banging sound, which was getting louder, and had a standard beat to it.

"Haven't you seen those alien movies?" Sam chuckled nervously. "Maybe a beast snuck on board the ship and slowly is starting to turn everyone or is running through the vents."

Although Dennis would have liked to poke fun at this, it seemed like Sam was genuinely scared, and everyone had their fears. Finally, they had located the noise of the bang, which had led them to outside a locked door.

“Isn’t this?” When opening up the door, another loud bang was heard, and a breeze was felt on both Sam’s and Dennis’ faces pulling their hair back a bit.

What they could see was Quinn drenched in sweat, so much so that there was a pool of water behind him, but he seemed incredibly focused, and his back right leg was all tensed up, that the veins were showing running up his calf like a root of a plant.

His leg was a foreign part of his body. Lifting it up, Quinn threw his leg and twisted his hips as hard as he could and once again, the loud bang was heard.

Quinn was throwing out his leg so fast, with such force it sounded like when one would swing a real whip. Imagining what would happen to someone’s leg at the end of that, Sam gulped.

“I think I’m ready,” Quinn said with a smile, only noticing the two of them now.

“Why do I feel like something like his has happened before?” Sam said and left the room so Quinn could continue doing his own thing. An announcement was made so no one would worry about the banging noise anymore. He would also request Logan to attempt to make the room more soundproof in the future.

‘You keep getting stronger, Quinn.’

—

The next day, when Quinn logged into the game again, he didn’t get a request from the martial arts god. When checking his status, it seemed like he was in his own fights, which was to be expected since the top rankings fought all the time. Still, Quinn wanted to get his attention another way.

Searching for a game after having come out of the hundred rankings, for the third time, he was matched up with someone familiar.

'This guy again!' Chun thought as he saw who his opponent was. He had been having a good day. Since he was on a winning streak again, and from his calculations, he only needed to win one or two more games before entering the top hundred rankings.

'Okay, whatever. This time I'm going to be prepared for you.' Chun thought

When the match started, Quinn decided to stay in position and just waited for Chun to make his move. He threw a few axes his way, but Quinn would avoid them.

'I know you have an ability, so I'm not going to do what I did the first time.' Chun thought as he took out both axes from his back and held them in his hands.

'I'm quite skillful at using these bad boys in my hand!' Chun thought, running forward, seeing that the Noob fighter was just staying in the same position.

With the first downward strike, Quinn flash stepped behind him, and the kick that he had been practising a thousand times was ready. He wasn't at full strength due to the limiter set on his body, but everything felt the same. Coming out like a whip, his leg had hit the back of Chun's thigh.

If it wasn't a game, he felt like his bones would have been crushed, and the system deemed it so as well since he could no longer move. With him on his knees, as soon as Quinn's leg was back in position, he let it fly out again, this time hitting Chun's head.

[Winner 'Noob Fighter']

After that kick, the match was over in an instant.

'Again! What the hell is wrong with that guy? He beat me twice now and two different ways!' Chun screamed. 'He's a curse, that guy is a curse, he shouldn't be called a noob fighter, he should be called a Curse fighter or something!' Chun continued to scream, but it was pointless.

'And what was that kick?'

Hoping to rub off some of his bad luck on the player, he decided to follow his matches, and what he proceeded to see next was a massacre.

The Noob fighter won his next four matches, only using mainly three moves. A flash step to avoid his opponent's blow, a kick, and sometimes a punch or two, but they were used primarily for blocking.

Soon, Quinn found himself rising the ranks, reaching rank ninety, and had once again caught the attention of the martial arts god.

Vincent had been watching Quinn throughout the fights and was just wondering how quick he was able to progress. 'Quinn, I'll say this again, even though you think you have no talent, I believe you always did. It's just that you never had the body to quite show that talent.

'You have created a deadly kick without even realising it. Once you have finished and learnt these skills to their most potential, I can't imagine how powerful they will be adding in the vampire aura and the Qi you have learnt as well.' Vincent thought.

Finally, it was time for Quinn's and the martial arts god's rematch. At the same time, the name of the Noob fighter was starting to spread.

Inside his Office, Oscar was sitting down waiting for his daily reports.

"Hmm, what's this? A report from Sergeant Chun?" Oscar said.

"Yes," Jade replied, standing by his side. "You know he likes to play the game of power fighters a lot to look for new recruits, and he says he has found a gem that goes by the name of Noob fighter."

My Vampire System Chapter 988: Surpassing the Teacher

Quinn's little plan turned out to work more than he could have ever imagined. Videos would constantly circulate of those in the top one hundred rankings, of them fighting. Many players watched these using

them as research. Thinking that they could emulate or learn from the best, perhaps one day, they too could join the rankings.

That's when Quinn's videos started to gain attention, not because of the difficult opponents he defeated but because of the style in how he defeated them. It was a reminder of how a certain someone named, Martial arts god rose to the top.

These videos also had caught the eye of the Martial arts god himself, and he felt like he had no choice but to send Quinn another request for a duel. He felt like he was being taunted.

In his mind, first, Quinn didn't use any abilities at all in their fight. Now, after a single match with him, he has risen the ranks again using the very attack he had used.

For the outsiders, they just saw another rising of a martial arts god. Now that the two of them were facing each other again, the spectators had increased significantly.

In the crowd watching from the sidelines, a lot of the onlookers weren't currently looking at the two that were about to have a fight, but those that had come to watch the match. The most famous among them was a rank ten.

He was quite the large male with red hair and had several scars on his body. To the audience, he was known as the Red Reaper, but in reality, on the outside world, his true name and position carried a lot more weight.

'Two fighters who don't use abilities and are in the top hundred rankings. Perhaps one of them is the Qi user that 'he' is looking for.' The man who was thinking this.. was named Chris. Although he held a rank ten position in the game, he held the number one position in the organisation known as Pure.

"I don't understand your actions?" The Martial arts god said. "You refused to fight me, and then you copied my technique like so. Even your stance right now is just a poor imitation of mine. Did you just want to get humiliated in front of all these people?"

"No," Quinn replied. "I just want to see how far I can go."

The response wasn't what the martial art's god expected. He shifted his feet and was ready.

The fight had started, but neither one of them ran towards each other. Instead, they inched closer and closer. Each of them waiting to be within range. The two of them were also of similar height and reach, so one didn't have an advantage over the other.

When they finally reached each other's range, in an instant, both of them went ahead with the same move, delivering the intense thigh kick.

'There both are just as fast as each other, and they both look just as strong.' Chris thought.

Due to them both using the same move, it meant that a certain part of their body would collide with each other, and that was their shins. Neither one of them was wearing armour, and when they both hit.

The crowd winced in pain. Hitting one's shin on something alone hurt greatly. They couldn't imagine such strong hits banging into one another. A bang was heard, and at the same time, their foot went back to the position it was in previously. Still, the second they landed on the floor, they both went at it again, throwing their legs out hitting each other's shins.

Each time their legs would hit, the crowd wanted to look away but at the same time couldn't keep their eyes off the scene in front of them. Neither person was backing down with each kick.

'What is this guy's leg made off!' Quinn thought as he continued. Even though his stamina wasn't taking a toll, he could see his game health was decreasing, and because of that, his strength was slightly suffering as well.

Knowing that he would eventually lose this battle, Quinn decided to use the flash step, to move behind.

'Even if you pivot now, you will be off-balance. With the kick, I practised thousands of times. It will reach him!' Quinn thought.

“Your kick is good. You must have practised a lot, but I have practised far more than you, and more than just one thing.” The martial arts god said, moving back and causing Quinn’s strike to hit nothing but the air.

Soon after, Quinn felt another kick hitting his back leg, the only thing holding up. He was off-balance, and his body had been swept off the floor, soon he saw the white ceiling.

Rolling off the floor, Quinn was ready for a close confrontation, as he knew the martial arts god was going to use this opportunity to clinch or do something else, and Quinn was right. As he got up, he could see him upon him and desperately threw out a punch, which was grabbed by the martial arts god.

Pulling Quinn towards him, he elbowed him in the face, then pulled his arm out, slamming down at the joint, popping it and breaking it. Right after a kick to the knee caused his leg to come out, and standing on top of that leg, the martial arts god lifted both of his elbows and slammed them down on top of Quinn’s head.

[Winner ‘Martial arts god’]

For the second time, Quinn had lost, and the crowd cheered in response.

‘That fight, although the Noob fighter isn’t using any type of ability, I could be wrong, but I think the martial arts god was. He would have never won this unfair fight unless he had Qi, of course.’ Chris thought, smiling to himself, wanting to seek out this Noob fighter.

After the fight, Quinn once again received an invitation from the martial arts god. This time, he was prepared for his stubbornness, and he was hoping their conversation would go the right way.

After accepting, he had been transported to the same room as Quinn.

“So, will you listen to me now?” Quinn asked.

Ignoring everything he said, he asked his own questions.

“Are you really dedicated to not using an ability?’ He asked.

“For this game, yes, I want to only use my fighting techniques. I saw your skills and was hoping to learn them myself.” Quinn admitted, hoping it was enough. “I hope I impressed you today with my skills.” Quinn smiled.

Hearing this, The martial arts god smiled back.

“Maybe you’re the one. Let’s see how you will progress.”

Quinn’s plan had worked. Knowing his character and how he was into role-playing, Quinn just had to imagine him as some grandmaster. Even his user ID, meant that this man wanted to escape reality, so as long as Quinn did something extravagant to get his attention, he thought he would be pleased, and it managed to work out in the end.

The martial arts god explained to Quinn that his fighting style wasn’t called Muay Thai like Vincent had expected but was something similar. Instead, his fighting style was something called Muay Baron. A very ancient fighting style used in war in the past.

It was a title given to those that were to protect the king, and a fighting style used to kill its opponents as quickly as possible. Later on in life, the sport was banned, so not many people chose to learn it, but the skills were continued to be passed on, and the Martial arts god believed he was the only person who still knew all the skills of Muay Baron.

The teaching process, as usual for Quinn, was something he was able to catch onto quickly. The martial arts god, didn’t say much, so Quinn didn’t realise how much he had progressed until he had joined the rankings once more.

He fought using the techniques he had learnt, rising up through the rankings, and people wanted to know who he was if anyone had an idea about him.

But no one knew.

The more Quinn won his matches, exclusively using the martial arts gods skills, the more the person took a liking to him and eventually, after reaching rank sixty, the inevitable had happened.

For the third time, Quinn had been matched up with the martial arts god, who had been his teacher for the last couple of days.

It was unknown to those in the game that the martial arts master had become Quinn's teacher. They just suspected that the 'Noob fighter' Was some genius who had picked up the same fighting style.

So what happened next came as a surprise to everyone

"I forfeit the match." The martial arts god said. "I know when someone has surpassed me, and I know when someone has decided to limit themselves when fighting."

Although Quinn didn't know, during the first fight, the martial arts master realised something that Quinn didn't himself. His movements were slightly awkward. It was as if he wasn't used to the speed he was fighting at.

He didn't know why, and he didn't know how, but the 'Noob fighter' Was never fighting at full strength against him. It was because of this, and after seeing him learn the thigh kick so well, he wanted to see how far this person could go, whether they could go past the wall, he had hit.

"I have taught you everything now. My wish is for you to keep going up the ranks and reach the number one spot using what I have taught you. For me, this will be the biggest achievement." The man said, and soon the whole gaming area disappeared.

Exiting out of the pod, Quinn had quite the experience over the last few days playing the game, and he had achieved his goal.

"Thank you, martial arts god. I will help you achieve your dream...one day." Quinn said. "For now, I have some students that need looking after."

Little did Quinn know, how right he was.

My Vampire System Chapter 989: The fear of him

Before leaving the cursed ship, Quinn did his usual, getting an update status from Sam on things that were happening with the Cursed faction. After all, he was already on the ship to talk to them in person rather than through communication devices.

It also seemed like quite a few of the core team were busy doing other things, so it was good to know how they were doing.

In the command centre, Sam was a bit distracted. He was looking at files on the holographic display but at the same time seemingly doing nothing. Even when Quinn walked in, his face would have been seen through the files since they were slightly transparent, but Sam continued to stare at the screen blankly.

“Is everything okay, Sam?” Quinn asked, approaching him slowly. There were a few times he had seen him like this, but now Quinn was starting to wonder what could’ve happened that made him this way.

“Oh Quinn, yeah, everything is fine...I think anyway.” Sam replied, gulping as well. He was a complete nervous wreck, and he had sweat running down his face. “It’s just, I think it’s too hard to explain. Why don’t you just go see Logan? It seems he has come back from his little trip. Just don’t attack him.”

Now Quinn was really intrigued because Sam was simply making no sense. With the way he was, he wouldn’t have been able to get a clear answer from him anyway.

‘Don’t attack him. Why would I ever attack Logan?’ Quinn thought, walking ahead to the research lab. When entering, he could see Logan busy working away as usual, and at the same time, he had his robotic arm covering most of his right arm, although it did seem a little bulkier than usual.

‘Didn’t he want to get that fixed?’ Quinn thought.

The next second, Logan found himself dropping several items due to his larger clumsy right robotic arm. Before it could fall to the floor, Quinn whisked to his side and caught several small parts, placing them back on his workbench.

“It seems you keep getting faster every time I see you,” Logan said. “This arm is a little difficult to control.”

“About that.” Said Quinn. “Why did you make a bigger arm? Weren’t you going to replace it?”

A few seconds later, small little parts of steam were seen escaping from the robotic arm. It split apart in half and fell to the ground, revealing what could be seen underneath. A dark black arm with several scales all over. His fingers were larger than that of a human with fingernails that acted and looked more like dragon claws, although they seemed to have been shaven down for easier use.

“Logan, what the hell did you do! You said you had it all under control, and you would be fine. Are you now a Dalki!? Why would you do that to yourself?!” Quinn couldn’t understand at all. Surely Logan would have been better with a robotic arm, and if he could recreate a Dalki arm, why couldn’t he recreate a human arm.

“Quinn, I do have everything under control. I did this to myself on purpose, as to your question of why. Everyone has sacrificed so much. How many people have you turned due to them wanting power? Isn’t this the same? This way, I can finally be of help. I haven’t lost my ability either. They have made their sacrifice, and I have made mine.”

In a way, Quinn understood what Logan felt, but he just didn’t realise Logan felt this way. He never thought Logan wanted power, and he was always a big asset to the Cursed group, that he had failed to realise how much Logan felt like he wasn’t a part of it.

“Besides, I am plenty human. I have put in measures that make it so the Dalki blood can’t spread to my body. It also seems to be less contagious as your vampire blood, which rapidly changes one’s body.” Logan explained.

Looking at his arm, Quinn could see that halfway up past his elbow, there was what looked like a small little metal brace that was almost a part of Logan’s arm. Below it, the arm was all Dalki, while above was the rest of Logan’s body.

"I thought about it for a while, but perhaps if my parents didn't just rely on their brains all the time, they would have been alive today. I need something to at least protect myself."

Quinn couldn't argue with that. Although he wanted to protect everyone, there would definitely be times that he couldn't.

"So, how is the arm?" Quinn asked out of curiosity.

"Why, don't you see for yourself?" Logan said with a smile, and the next second, Quinn could see a fist coming towards him. His reaction was good, and he had blocked the hit holding his fist in place, but Quinn's hand was shaking from the sheer power.

'It's strong. It's been a while since I have taken a Dalki's power head on, but just how strong is the Dalki blood running through Logan, and does he still have the same effect as other Dalki?' Quinn wondered.

"I know what questions you want to ask, but I still haven't figured out everything myself yet. I need to get used to the arm first, and then I will be able to provide you with your answers."

Letting go of the punch, Quinn looked at the arm one more time.

"Your one crazy guy." Said Quinn.

"I believe that I am not as crazy as a certain vampire boy," Logan replied and got back to work.

Meanwhile, back on earth, inside the beast weapons class, Quinn's students had just entered and were a little depressed. The energy was low. Of course, they would be as their substitute teacher Aden had constantly been telling them every day how horrible they were. How they had weak abilities, and they were even useless at fighting.

Aden had his own methods, and he thought constantly telling them how bad they were would make them work harder to improve and surpass the others. Although that worked on some kids, that was slightly stronger. For most of those in the class, they were already feeling bad about themselves.

They saw the beast class as their one opportunity to still be seen as an asset to the outside world, but now they were being told they were horrible at this as well.

Aden, was in charge of two beast classes and was in charge of the Earthborn classes, so for today he decided to bring in five students from his main class.

“The reason I have brought these guys in today is to show you all just how far apart you are from them. You guys need to work harder, remember you will be fighting soon for points for your house. In return, these points will be used to upgrade your dorm facilities, and those who contribute the most points for their houses will be gifted with high-level beast crystals.”

Just as he had finished his speech, it looked as if Aden had gotten a call.

“What happened!” He shouted over the receiver.

He quickly walked over to the five students that he had brought with him.

“Alright, I have to go for just a short while, but I’m going to leave you in the hands of Zhen here and the rest of them. Show them what you got.” Aden said, quickly leaving the room.

The kids stayed in their positions, waiting to see what the kids upfront would do. There were three boys and two girls. Zhen looked the most confident out of all of them, he had bushy but straight eyebrows, and his hair was neat, sticking outward slightly to the side.

He had a pair of strong shoulders on him and always had his beast sword by his left side. As for the others, one of the boys who were with them was Erlen, who was no longer his former self. His eyes looked dead and didn’t even look like he cared that he was there.

“Alright everyone, you heard what the teacher said, but let’s be honest, what can we really teach you in such a short amount of time?” Zhen said, raising his shoulders. “Let’s face it, if you choose to fight, then you will only get a beating, and the last thing we want to do is be called bullies. So I have an idea. There will be three groups, the Earthborn group, the Graylash group, and yours, at this event. So what I’m going to ask of you guys instead is to just lose convincingly to us on the day. We won’t hurt you guys when there is no need to, and you can let this just be a competition between the Earthborn and the Graylash group.

“What do you say?” He asked.

When speaking, Zhen didn’t say these words in an arrogant tone. Instead, he was talking as if he was genuinely concerned for the students and was doing them a favour by coming top with this deal. Because of this, a lot of the students were starting to think it was a good idea.

They didn’t know the strength or skills of the other students taking the beast weapons class, but due to how much Aden complained about their skills, they thought it was a lost cause.

“Are you really that strong?” A voice from the students said. “You don’t even know if we are weaker than you. You just looked at us and assumed. Besides, isn’t this military training for fighting against the Dalki? Do you think we can really just say to them it’s okay, we will let you win? No, we can’t, we fight so we can get better.” Shiro said.

The smile on Zhen’s face stayed present.

“I just wanted to help you guys.” He said, “You don’t need to take us up on our offer. And about what you said earlier. Let’s see then, why don’t we have a duel if you really think we are on the same level. Maybe you are right, and I was just being too cautious.”

As Zhen said these words, Erlen walked forward and grabbed Zhen by the sleeve.

“Don’t do it, leave that kid alone Zhen, trust me, it’s not worth it. You don’t know what will happen if you mess with these kids.”

Pulling his arm away and out of Erlen’s grasp, he whispered in his ear.

“You’ve changed Erlen. I know you were some big shot in the elemental class, and I don’t know why you decided to move into the beast weapon class, but me and you are not the same. I don’t rely on my family’s power.” Zhen said, walking away and up to Shiro.

Erlen started to shake again, not because of what he thought Zhen would do, but because of what he feared Hardy might do.

“Hey, you two girls, you saw that I took no part in this right, make sure you remember this.” Erlen said.

My Vampire System Chapter 990: Activating new power

In the beast class, Erlen and Zhen seemed to be having a disagreement about something. Shiro had confidently walked up to the walls and went ahead, grabbing a pair of dual short blades. One held in each hand and walked to the centre of the room where everyone had already spread out.

To Zhen, it was clear that he had accepted his challenge, and he too decided to ignore the warning given and walked out to the centre of the room. There was no officiator, no ref for this fight, just a match between students who were using beast weapons.

“Hey, don’t you think we should try to find a teacher or something? This could go bad. There is no one here to stop the fight if anything happens?” Venus asked.

Venus was with Swin as usual, and the two of them looked around the room to see if anyone else was going to get a teacher. At the same time, they were worried if they left, that things might just get out of hand, and backup from the two of them was needed.

“If anything happens to Shiro, we have to back him up like he did for us at that time,” Swin replied.

Pulling out his own sword from his sheath. Zhen held it in his hand. It was made with good quality materials. The hilt’s beast parts showed that it was most likely an intermediate weapon. Compared to all

the basic tier weapons that had been placed on the wall, this was quite an achievement, as it meant that this was Zhen's own proposal weapon he had brought in.

The swords were something between that of a short sword and a longsword. Not too heavy, but still carried decent range ready to be held in both hands for extra power, or a single hadn't for more options and flexibility.

Activating the beast weapon, new energy was felt moving into his body. He was now stronger than before. Activating a beast weapon to be used to its full potential and gain its stats didn't always show a sign.

However, some weapons would light up when active. They even had beast training balls that would change colour once they sensed the person had activated them already.

Seeing the weapon in Zhen's hand, Shiro's confidence swayed a little, but he gripped both of his swords tightly and knew he had to have confidence in himself.

After meeting with Quinn and Sil, Shiro's opinion did change a little. He no longer worried about which weapon would suit the ability he would get, and just tried using the best weapons or weapons he could at the time, and that's when he had found the dual swords.

Activating two of them gave a slightly better boost compared to other weapons, and although the strength given when using them wasn't much, the speed made up for it.

The fight had begun, and Zhen was seen walking up confidently to Shiro as if he didn't have to worry about a single thing.

"Let me show you the difference between our class and yours. There is a big difference between us. We know how to use the active skills in our weapons. This alone gives us a huge advantage." Zhen said, using his top speed to dash towards Shiro.

To the students watching, this was impressive, and it was the first time those from Quinn's class had seen a beast weapon fully active.

'This is how much speed one can gain from beast weapons?' A student asked but was more amazed at the same.

However, when Zhen got close and swung his sword, sharp fast and confidently, what he didn't expect was it to be blocked by one; of shirts swords, and before Zhen knew it, the other hand that was free and had a sword, was swung at his side hitting him against his armour.

Even though he was wearing armour, the strength of the strike hurt him, and Zhen couldn't help placing his hand over where he had been hit.

"You lied. You already know how to activate your best weapon." Zhen complained, still holding onto his side.

"I never said that we didn't know how to activate the power of the beast weapon."

Hearing Shiro's reply, they had an idea of what had happened. Although Zhen had activated his, and he should have had more power and strength, so did Shiro, allowing him to block the attack and hold it.

"You," Zhen said, placing his other hand free forward. "Do you know why I only hold my weapon in one hand? It's so I can still use my ability.

Before Shiro could move, he felt something wrapping around his arms and legs. Soon he couldn't move at all. The vines wrapped around his arms tightened until he eventually dropped both swords, no longer being able to use them.

"I'm really going to enjoy this," Zhen said, with the same smile he always had. Throwing out his fist, he had the sword guard covering his knuckles and hit Shiro right in the face giving him a bloody nose.

Then, he continued to punch Shiro on his sides and went back to the head again, as if he was a boxing bag.

"Hey, stop, what are you doing!" Venus ran out, and so did Swin straight behind him.

He ignored their words and didn't even care if they were about to interrupt. Shiro looked almost unresponsive, but when Zhen threw another fist until it was eventually stopped by Erlen himself. Holding onto his arm, it started to freeze quite quickly.

"You need to stop!" Erlen said.

"What the hell are you doing?" Zhen asked.

"I'm protecting you. I'm protecting all of us. Please just stop hitting these students." Erlen pleaded.

Zhen looked into his eyes for a few seconds, and he could see worry. This person who is this strong was worried about something, but what were they worried about?' He thought.

Because of this, Zhen decided to stop, letting his ability go and dropping Shiro to the floor.

"I guess there is no need for us to show you anything," Zhen said, walking back to the others. "You already have someone that knows how to activate beast weapons, so why don't you ask him?"

Soon, all five of them had left the room, and Shiro was left there on the floor. A busted lip, probably a broken nose and a few ribs, with only Venus and Swin by his side.

The students didn't really know what to do or what to say to Shiro, but they actually thought for a brief second when Shiro had gotten the first strike in, they had a chance, but it all quickly vanished.

"Come on, we have to take him to the medical room," Venus said, lifting him up on his back.

"Let's go," Swin replied.

Just as the two of them, along with Shiro on their backs, were about to exit the room, the door had opened, and the first teacher to walk in was teacher Aden, but the one that followed him was general Hardy.

“Hardy, your back!” Venus said with a smile.

For Quinn, he couldn't; keep his eyes off the injured person who was on Venus's back. The main thing was the smell that was coming off his body. Even a single drop, he knew the student was bleeding.

What shocked him was seeing that it was Shiro who had been beaten once again, but he was in a worse condition than before.

“Venus, take him to the doctor's office and have Hayley heal his wounds,” Quinn ordered. “As for the rest of you, I want you to tell me what happened now.”

Hearing everything, Quinn wasn't angry. He was more upset with himself due to allowing things to happen while he was away. He wondered what to do. There was a big event coming up, and his class was at the bottom of the barrel.

However, what he was most concerned about, was that Shiro had been beaten up a second time.

‘Didn't everything end with that last event? I guess there is more than one rotten apple.’

‘I can't do what I did last time and get too involved like that. Clearly, it hasn't helped Shiro as he is still being bullied. I need to come up with something, so none of those in my class gets hurt.’ Quinn thought.