

The Bloodline System - Chapter 7 Bloodline Acquisition

Author's note: I know a lot of you don't read the author's note, so I decided to put it here.

First, thank you all for adding this novel to your library. Special thanks to those who actually read it, commented, reviewed, and voted. Arigato!

Second, as from now on, release will be daily. If I fail to release a chapter in a day, I will make sure I release two the next day.

The votes will determine if the release rate will increase from seven chapters per week to a higher count. So, if you've not been voting, you can start now because I have decided to be serious with this novel.

Enjoy the read :)

"This is our best middle school student, Endric Oslov. He awakened an A-grade bloodline that allows him to warp space to his will!" Principal Will explained, "It's like the combination of telekinesis, gravity, and part spatial abilities... lest I forget, from the age of eight, his bloodline was already channeled through the four points making him the youngest Zulu ranked in the history of mixed blood!" Principal Will added.

The two inspectors had looks of bewilderment as they stared at the young boy battling the humanoid AI Droids.

At that moment, Endric leaped two meters up and pushed his hand downwards while descending. His curly black hair floated upwards in the process.

A strange force suddenly pushed down the Droid headed towards him from the front.

Blam!

The force caused the Droid to fall to its knees, but before the boy could attack again to finish it off, two other bots similar in appearance closed in on him from both sides.

Their arms that were currently shaped like guns shot out a laser-like beam towards Endric, making him jumped backward, dodging the beams.

"I heard that he can send his will as far as 2km, and he is also able to lift up to 800 kilograms with his mind, is that correct?" Inspector Blob questioned with an excited look as he watched.

"Even better, just watch how he will defeat those three," Principal Will seemed to be enjoying their reaction, but he didn't want them to miss Endric defeating the level three AIs.

"There's something he still hasn't used," Principal Will's statement made gave them a feeling of suspense again.

They were already satisfied with what they were seeing, yet Principal Will claimed the boy was even more awesome than they had anticipated.

The middle school male student battling the three bots did a backflip twice in the air dodging some projectiles in the process.

After landing several feet away, he slid back by a few centimeters.

The three Droids dashed towards him again.

The one in the middle shot out a net crackling with electricity.

Endric pushed out his right palm in response.

A strange force pushed the net backward, and it ended up covering the bot that shot it towards him. The Droid was trapped by the net it shot out and started thrashing around, trying to free itself.

The remaining two Droids closed in on Endric.

Their hands transformed into a two feet blue, glowing blade. They took a swing at him.

Endric waved his right hand towards the left.

His action caused the AI on the left to shift towards the right a little, which in turn made it collide with the blade of the one on the right.

Screevvv!

The arm and the blade collided.

The blade of the Droid on the right side cut seven inches deep into the arm of the Droid on the left.

The Droid tried to pull his blade out of its companion arm, but it was proving difficult.

In the process of them trying, the boy placed his right finger on his forehead and stared at the Droids.

'Structure analysis,'

His will scanned the body of the Droids from head to toe, and in the next second, a huge grin could be seen on his face, "Got it!"

Immediately those words were uttered, he stretched out both his hands in a griping format.

At this moment, the Droids had managed to get themselves freed and were headed for him. However, immediately Endric clenched his hand, the Droids had an indescribable feeling of something crawling around their insides.

Endric suddenly pulled his clenched hand back with force.

Rip! Rip!

The chests of the Droids were ripped open from the inside, and a circular-shaped object flew out of it.

Plop! Plop!

Both Droids fell with their glowing blue sockets dimming in the process.

Both objects landed on Endric's right hand. On closer look, it was a blue, glowing baby palm-sized object. Endric could sense the energy coming from it.

Ptoo! Ptoo!

All of a sudden two beams were shot towards Endric from the front.

Swerve!

Even though it was supposed to be a sneak attack from the third Droid, Endric already sensed it and dodged it on time.

The third Droid was headed towards him after tearing the net apart.

Endric pushed his hand out towards the direction of the incoming Droid, clenched his fist like he was holding onto something, and pulled back his hand.

Rip!

The same situation repeated itself. The middle of the Droid's chest ripped apart from the inside, and the same small blue object as before flew out or it landing in Endric's hand.

The light in the Droid's eyes dimmed as it also fell to the ground.

Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!

The students sitting on the spectators' seats started cheering loudly. Most of the females called out his name with admiration.

He reacted by placing his left hand on his head and rubbing his hair back in a suave manner.

He started walking towards the northwestern corner as the three objects floated above his palm.

"How did he do that? His will pulled out their core from the depths of the Droids internal!" Inspector Dylan questioned with a disbelieving look.

"His telekinesis can pass through solid objects?" Inspector Blob also looked in disbelief as he stared at Endric walking in their direction from above.

"Hehe, Remember when I mentioned his telekinetic also had a spatial effect? This is what I meant," Principal Will stated with a delightful look.

Endric reached the end of the training ground and stared upwards, where the four were sitting.

"I believe this belongs to you," Endric raised his right hand upwards slightly.

The core of the Droids floated upwards towards the four.

-Class 3c (Highschool area)

Miss Aimee just finished checking the second to the last student in the class, who was male and with a bulky build.

Surprisingly he failed to channel his bloodline to the third point and was being booed by the class. He had a D-grade bloodline, yet the class didn't spare him.

-"Tom Boa is trash!"

-"So useless! He couldn't even reach the third point!"

-"I'm breaking up with this loser."

He timidly walked back to his seat amidst the insults. He heard a female on the middle row say she was going to break up with him, which made him feel disheartened.

His appearance and current behavior contradicted one another. He looked strong, but the insults made him shrink in embarrassment.

"Quiet!" Miss Aimee voiced with authority.

The class quieted down upon hearing her speak.

"The last person on the list," She continued speaking, "Gustav Oslov!"

She stared at the back corner where a teenage boy sporting blond hair, looking like a shrimp, could be seen seated.

Chatter! Chatter! Chatter!

The class became noisier when his name was mentioned.

"M-Me?" Gustav was surprised that he would also be inspected since, unlike the others, he didn't have a proper bloodline. His useless bloodline was not even enough to connect to the first point, so he couldn't channel it like the rest of them.

"Aren't you a part of this class?" Miss Aimee questioned with a straight face.

"Y-Ye..." Before Gustav could answer, a male student sitting on the first row stood up and interrupted, "Miss Aimee, it would be a waste of time to inspect this trash!" He shouted out.

"Yes, it would be a waste of time. Miss Aimee should just move on to the next thing for today!"

"His bloodline is considered below F-grade. Miss Aimee, don't waste your time with the trash that has no future!"

"He can't even channel his bloodline past the first point."

The rest of the students agreed with the male student who spoke the first time, calling Gustav all sorts of names.

Gustav was used to this kind of scenario, but he still sighed internally.

"Silence!" Miss Aimee shouted in a slightly annoyed tone.

"Don't tell me how to teach my class brats! Know your place!" Miss Aimee voiced out.

The students immediately kept quiet. They knew just how Miss Aimee could be if she got mad. She could decide to deduct all their points assessed from the start of the term,

which would, in turn, affect their graduation. Since most of them had plans of schooling in a Mixedblood College or University, this subject was very important.

"Gustav, I am waiting!" Miss Aimee called out again after noticing that Gustav just sat down looking like a moron.

Gustav immediately stood up upon hearing her call for him the second time and started walking towards the front of the class.

His classmates gave him weird stares, but they couldn't say anything since miss Aimee asked them to keep quiet.

Gustav got to the front and stood in front of miss Aimee, he stared at her with a timid look, but her stare was that of aloofness as she spoke, "Stop acting like an idiot and stretch out your hand!" Miss Aimee stated.

"Oh, so-rry," Gustav realized that this was supposed to be his action upon arriving here.

He stretched out his right hand towards miss Aimee.

Just like others, she placed her index and thumb finger on his wrist.

Immediately her fingers made contact with his arm, notifications appeared in Gustav's line of sight.

[Host has made contact with a mixedblood]

[Mixedblood has sent bloodline energy into the bloodstream of host]

Gustav's eyes narrowed on the message, but before he could read it completely, more notifications appeared in his line of sight.

[Requirement for Bloodline acquisition has been met]

[Analysing Host compatibility with 'creation bloodline' 0%/100%...]

[Analysis complete - 75%/100%]

Gustav's head was hurting from the multiple notifications, and he nearly fell because of that. Still, Miss Aimee's grip on his wrist had gotten tighter. Unlike the rest, where she only took a second to inspect their Bloodline channeling, she was taking longer to inspect his.

[Host compatibility with 'creation bloodline' is 75%]

[Does host desire to steal this bloodline - Yes/No]

Gustav's eyes widened as he read the last notification.

'Steal Miss Aimee's bloodline?'

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