

## **Erotic RPG 119**

### **Chapter 119**

Clip-Clop!

The sound of over a thousand horses' gallop filled the valley. As they shot the streams and rivers, they splash and dug into the mud. Horses galloped along the dirt paths, churning the ground. A thousand knights sat forward, clutching their reins, as they snapped to follow their valiant leader into a harsh battle.

"Hah!"

Claire Zaragoza, Knight of Blazing Fury known for her peerless spear and relentless attacks.

"Run fast!"

A woman found mostly on the battlefield with her dear partner, covering her back. Zen Tal'goth, dubbed the Bow of Divine Aim. They have protected the Elven realm from both monsters and invaders for over four decades.

The area filled with the quick breaths of the knights. All women rescued from despair and the terror of invasions and slavers. Everyone knew what awaited those abandoned after the battle. Tightly, they gripped onto the black leather and some kicked their saddles for more speed, others squeezed their reins.

With countless horses panted heavily as their calls filled the valley. Which contained countless types of beautiful flora in many colours; red, blue, orange, and countless different trees came to life. Filled with vibrance as the symphony of hooves played as their background music.

They gifted both with sacred tears from the word tree, which granted prolonged life and eternal youth. This gift showed how hard they fought in the war against the crazed Vampire Hero and its Queen Vladimira.

-- 5 minutes later,

From the distance, the elves heard the loud sound of horns of battle and shouts of despair. Claire's knights were now within distance of Meridor stood upon the western mountain. She had her troops head on a detour through Rinvale's outskirts, which delayed them by 10 minutes.

'This needed to happen! Horses are no good for siege battles! I Pray to the goddess Galadriel! Please let them still fight on!'

Her eyes remained open as enormous clouds of smoke filled the sky. She clasped her reins tightly and snapped them once more. All the knights slowed to a canter so they could analyse the situation. Claire's body bobbed with the movement of the horse and saw the forest city appear in her eyes.

Destruction.

Great destruction.

The forests to the east and north burned, now felled by the monstrous humans. Despite them plotting to side with the Second princess. Now it was clear this was a mere plot to trick her. Those greedy humans wanted to take the entire country and rule over the elves.

'Something tells me that false moon goddess is on the side of Mara... I just hope Galadriel can help us! Or him...'

Claire looked down at the damaged wall. She took a breath of relief as the wall still stood. The last defenders' number less than 200 as they fought on despite exhaustion, broken morale and creeping despair.

'We have no time... They are about to collapse!'

She took out a telescope and surveyed the area and wondered if the Seers could give a good plan.

A single woman stood on the front and fought on. She encouraged the warriors, her face with a small blade scar, shield splintered and bent around her arm like a gauntlet. Now used to punch the human warriors as a fierce, deadly weapon.

-- Griselda POV

Griselda pulled her blunted greatsword from the corpse of another beastman. She felt her body scream to stop, every finger on her hand tingled, and she lost the entire sensation of her left arm. Her lips split open with cracks all over, filled with countless people's blood.

Once more, she looked back at her allies.

Less than 200, closer to 100 remained. Even she felt despair and looked down at the enemy.

"We killed over 2,000 of their fodder... I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"Men! To Arms!"

"Rally your spirits!"

Zwoosh!

Her hoarse voice rang out. Nobody remembered how many times she shouted to spur them for one more charge, one more assault from the enemy. She stumbled for a moment and looked down. An arrow pierced through her thigh as her blood oozed.

"Hah! Never give up!"

Thwack!

With a dagger, she chopped the arrow and left the tip inside, and tore part of her tunic into pieces to create a makeshift bandage.

"Hah...Aah.....Please.... Send help!" She said in a small whisper.

Her tired body shuddered as she willed herself to stand up. Griselda was out of everything; her stamina, power, and even her mana. The situation was so desperate, tears dribbled from her eyes without power, as if even they lost any will to fight.

'No! I cannot be the one to fall. Should my voice stop, should my body fall... So too will our defence.'

Griselda looked back to the town once more with a wry smile, then looked to each of her men. Tired, desperate, all of them watched her for a solution. She was no commander before this, a mere fresh warrior, but her love for this city and the people inside drove her far beyond her rank. A Grade C warrior fought to the same level as a Grade B warrior with her sheer will alone.

Unknown to her, Griselda touched upon her specialisation and domain before she even reached Grade A and above.

"Hah... Hah...." She took deep, long breaths, no matter how hard she tried. Only a slither of energy returned to her body. Her hands clutched together in frustration. Her heart screamed in despair.

'Why is it so easy for the heroes in books to survive? Defeat the odds? How can they do that... My body is breaking, my mind crushed. Please! Someone tell me how to be a hero! I want to fight on, but my body and heart fail me!'

[Do you want to win?]

[Are you willing to donate your soul to me?]

[I can give you the power to fight on!]

[Take my hand]

Griselda believed herself to be confused and out of her mind. A voice talked inside her mind during a lost battle. She believed this might be the end as her sword dropped. The enemy stopped their frontal assault a short while ago. They now whittled down her allies with crossbows and archer.

'Will I be able to save them?'

'Can I live to see another day?'

'Would I be able to become like the heroes in the books?'

[I can make you the next Elven Hero. There is only one catch, you must marry the man I choose.]

[He will never mistreat you and will honour your pride and desires]

[Do you accept? I will nurture your wrath! Make you the sword that protects the elves!]

[Bring down the hammer of revenge for your fallen sisters!]

This voice was a husky female. She seemed very serious and filled Griselda with a sense of hope. Maybe she was just speaking to herself and broke during battle. Either way, she would die, so what can she do? One last look towards the quiet town of Meridor and her comrades.

'I accept on one condition. Please tell me your name and that of the man I shall wed.'

'As long as he allows me to protect the Elven Kingdom... To keep Arrindell save I will dedicate my heart, soul and body!'

A moment of silence greeted her as the world froze.

She saw a giant black line open next to her as it opened. No! something strange tore it open from the portal came a beautiful woman dressed in black.

Her face wore a silver mask that looked like a demon, with a single black horn that protruded from her forehead. Crimson red hair down to her ankles floated in the air with a gentle sway.

This woman's eyes were black, all black, with no light in them. Griselda shuddered in terror for a moment before the woman in the sky gave a gentle smile and the pressure vanished.

"Are you a god?" Griselda asked in fear.

[Me? I am Lucifera the Dame of Wrath.]

[A bona fide Devil! The enemy of those gods!]

Lucifera walked in the air like magic. The way she seemed to ignore the world's rules caused Griselda to feel terror and excitement at the same moment.

[Stick out your tongue]

Griselda's body opened her mouth wide and pushed out her dark red tongue, which was far longer than an average person. She seemed to have the blood of a dragon mixed in her family genetics.

'Oh? Interesting you are a descendant of hers...!' Lucifera thought to herself as she looked to the four west where the black dragon slumbered in wait.

Lucifer placed her finger on the sticky tongue of the Elven woman as a bright light flashed as she etched a tattoo of flames into her tongue.

[From today onward]

[You are the Apostle of Wrath!]

[You shall marry the man named Lucifer]

[Fight him, resist his charm, never choose to submit! Show me your worth as my champion!]

'Unlike my cute brother, it won't take hours, thanks to my special domain. It is a shame Sylvia is now locked away in that damned prison. I wonder how he will react to that information in the future! Hahaha, show me your anger, your rage! Become the perfect replacement for my brother!'