

## **Erotic RPG 120**

### **Chapter 120**

Ba-dum!

A dark light penetrated her body. It seeped deep into her very core and shattered them with violent fury. Her body transformed into something new. This power lengthened her ears, once a mere half elf. Now became as wonderful as her beloved pure elves.

Griselda grew over 10 centimetres and reached a height of 6 feet and 4 inches. Closer to the height of her Queen that all Elven women idolised. A deep, aching pain surged through her veins as the evil light forcibly corrupted the mura inside her.

The intense pain stole her ability to breathe, tears of blood flowed down her eyes like a river that broke its banks. Her insides burned the wind inside her body became raging and fierce, no longer calm and soft. Scars and wounds healed, replaced with an alluring tanned body and muscular finish.

Anima devoured her Mura as fuel.

Wind replaced with fire.

She became the aspect of wrath and flame. Pinnacle of the Elven lineage.

Emerald flames like a twisted abomination of wind and flame converged around her body as they exploded with power. Her eyes are deep green like the leaves of the world tree. Filled with anger, sorrow, and determination.

[Good! Good! You are one of the best!]

[Feel your changes!]

[Know you are not invincible yet! Never forget your plight as a mere hybrid elf.]

[Griselda, champion of wrath.]

[It is time to awaken and protect your beloved city, with that accursed green flame.]

"My thanks, to the saviour with black wings! This Griselda shall cast away her name."

"From now on, in awe of your beautiful black wings, I greet you as Griselda Ravenwing!"

The woman stepped forward.

Her time to enjoy this peace ended as she looked towards the horde of Gwendovan and rebel soldiers. She shook her head and chose the most important thing was still her fellow warriors.

Her emerald flame swirled with a crisp whistle and surrounded her body. Her hand grasped the warped and blunted sword which was now reborn as if it were brand new and awaited its masters' call.

"Hah... Hah... Never forget, Griselda, you fight for the ones behind you. No matter how powerful, I shall not abandon my creed!"

— Slick POV

An arrow that exploded into a huge flame struck Griselda. Slick and the remaining warriors trembled in terror. The person who held them together vanished and morale plummeted. No! He refused to give up and fade into the nether!

"s...stand up..."

"We must fight..."

"Stand up!"

"In her honour we must fight!"

He continued to speak, his small voice growing with each attempt. The last words said with a loud shout that caused the rattled half elves to once again hold their shaking weapons, filling with damage from battle. Slick once again watched, he could keep his fear hidden from mothers. But could never suppress the terror within his own heart.

'We will die, my mother also... She died once when she became sick. She will die this time because I failed her.'

"Hold your weapons!"

His body filled with a second wind. Could it still be called that? It was the tenth wind in reality. All his allies, tired and weary from battle, stood one after the other. Tears of resignation and acceptance of death filled their faces.

Each one smiled. They would die as heroes. Why were they worried? Their plight could go down in history. Would their last moments of struggle allow their loved ones the time to escape?

"I wanted to visit Grendel one more time..." (Cute Elven Girl)

"My wife used to love the pastries from Vendrik in Arullvana... After this, maybe we can visit again in the next life!" (Bitter, but loyal old elf)

"Let's fight to the end! We came this far... What does one arm missing even mean? Haha! What about a date after this miss beautiful Elven archer?" (One armed, Handsome elf uncle.)

"Mmmm!" (Shy Green haired Elven girl with Old man fetish)

She blushed and nodded to the handsome old man's charisma.

"Let's go. We will join Griselda! Fight to the last elf!"

Slick's voice resounded as they drew their bows, raised their battered shields and swords. The oncoming Gwendovan knights sneered as they rode closer on the huge siege towers filled with countless warriors and knights.

'I'm scared.... I'm scared... Please... someone! Anyone save me! I don't want to die.' (Slick)

His sword shuddered and rattled as he stood at the front. Uncertain eyes darted to the mass of flames that devoured the strongest women he ever met. He noticed a strange green from deep inside the flame and gave a wry smile.

'Despite her body so ruined... She still fought to the end as she burned alive... How can I stand her like a coward!'

Thud!

The siege tower landed only a metre away from the damaged wall, a vast structure made of wood and black metal. They churned and creaked as they drew within range. The men below who pulled the ropes released them. Which dropped the massive steel door that protected them from arrows.

"Oh....My....Goddess....!?" (Cute Elven Girl)

Countless towers along the empty wall deployed with a huge metal bridge that allowed the heavy armoured knights to pass onto the walls.

Clank!

Woosh!

Flunk!

The Elven archers loosed their arrows with weakened power. Bent bows, filled with slight warps from all the combat and damage. Filled with despair as they bounced from the steel plated armour and flicked into the distance.

"All units! Charge forth!"

Boom!

The moment Slick shouted with the last ounce of his courage, now dwindled. A tremendous explosion stirred from his left. He thought they attacked again only for his eyes to widen!

'She's like a hero!'

A woman covered in a mantle of emerald flame, like the embodiment of the world tree's anger. She too there pristine, without wound or scarring.

"G...Griselda!? What happened! You were dead... Battered and, eh?"

Her green flame, like a beautiful forest, burst out like a summer squall, the flames seared the flesh of any Gwendovan it touched and gently embrace her fellow warriors. Each one could feel their wounds, fatigue and fear vanished to the visible eye!

"My arm!? It's back...! This old man can fight again. That girl... Could she be..." (Handsome elf uncle.)

The wounded elves stood up and looked up at the green flame in awe. They prayed to their goddess Galadriel and filled with righteous fervour. This was her message! Do not falter. In the end, her beloved elves will stand at the top!

"All my beloved elves stand together. Hold your backs close, protect thy brethren, until the world tree falls. We stand tall!"

Griselda spoke with a gentle, beautiful tone as her red lips curved into a smile and felt the familiar sensation of her spells activate.

[Enhance Speed] [Double strike] [Counter attack]

"Those who can't fight go down. We are not gods and will not magically win. My life can only buy us enough time until help arrives! For our beloved queen, fight on! Help will come!"

A burst of three lights shone around the bodies of all 97 elves. The ones too injured to fight, now at least able to survive, retreated once her chant started.

[Enhanced Speed: increases agility by 10 points for 15 minutes]

Not a massive increase in the higher grades. But against these C and B class knights? It levelled the distance between them.

[Double strike: allows all attacks to hit twice. A ghostly shadow will strike after each attack to deal magical damage to the opponent. Ignores all defence and spells.]

[Counter attack: If struck by an enemy, the body will strike out with a magical attack which ignores armour and defensive skills. 5 second cooldown.]

Griselda took back her flames as once again she wore a brilliant emerald mantle and stood facing the knights of Gwendova. They felt the same fear instil their bodies as the elves moments before..

These men were slaves or cannon fodder. Not even treated as real members of the Gwendovan army. Their morale was weaker than the real army back in the capital.

"You... What are you?!" (Lead Knight Of Gwendova)

"I am Justice!" She said in a husky voice.

Smoke and dirt rose into the sky. Her distance view stopped a huge Elven cavalry that was now to the rear of the Gwendovan primary force that was still focused upon taking this wall. She gave a deep smirk and knew; they fulfilled their task.

Griselda raised her sword and dashed into the siege tower. Green flashes of light whistled and scream with each movement of her blade.

She slaughtered the poor humans like cattle inside a box.