

Erotic RPG 147

Chapter 147 26: O'Dusk!

They formed a small camp just north of the human primary base. Lucifer hovered in the air, his wings slowly flapping to keep him level. His body covered with the icy chilling winds, yet his body only felt a burning heat that drove him further.

"Little ants, did you know? I am watching you?"

—|Lucifer: 'Hey, Lilim... Would you hate your brother if he became a mass murderer?'

—|Lilim: 'Nnnn! Love... Always! Tehe!'

He honestly couldn't care less, only acting like the past. Where she would chat with him, but after returning his soul. She no longer bantered and because his cute little purple succubus.

Lucifer looked upwards at two silver moons shining with a beautiful gleam. It filled him with peace of mind. He tilted his head, counting all the humans. There was a cool function with his new power. Where he could see mana with his eyes and a person's body would emit mana waves. He could then use the contact lens to convert it into a rough force level.

Gwendovan Knights

— Force levels: 45 — 95

— Amount: 1,406

— Threat: None

"Marina, don't come out of my shadow. Only block the blows and counter people who strike my back. Let's make them believe the Lord of Dusk is a complete monster. If those damned churches and humans focus on my existence even a little. Wouldn't I ease the pressure on Velaria and Carmilla?"

His voice was gentle, followed by a quiet silence, only the blowing win his company.

Marina failed to respond. She remained within his shadow. Truth be told, she became addicted to the feeling of being close to him. Her nose filled with his scent, ears listened to his heart. She was the closest existence to him in the universe right now.

—|Marina: 'Ah, master, his body smells so good! He has yet to shower. Fufu! This scent is mine alone.'

—|Zavida: 'Did I make a mistake choosing an heir? What a pervert! Sniff! Mmm! What a wonderful scent. His Anima became thicker and so pure! No wonder she's so addicted!'

They were too far away to hear his cracking bones. Even those stood near small flames preparing to guard.

"Hey, do you think those damn slaves shook up those elves?" (Gwendovan Scout A)

"Well, even if they didn't. Let's hope those female elves surrender to seeing our reinforcements. I want to taste the body of an elf so bad. Maybe we can taste that traitor, too. The human knight with brown hair? She used to be a slave, right? Heh heh!" (Gwendovan Scout B)

Two men sat beside a flickering flame. Both drank a small cup of coffee. Steam swayed and rose into the sky before fading.

Lucifer listened with his vampiric sense to countless conversations like this. He didn't feel any righteous indignation. If those elves lost and got gangbanged, it's nothing to do with him. But... Those idiots mentioned one woman that entered his heart with her tiptoe.

He cared about the archers of Zen. She seemed to love those girls. So he would also turn them into Dhampirs, eventually. She could never remain alone. There was no choice, he already decided.

—|Vincent: 'How to do this... Sneak like a loser? Blow the fuckers up and dive in?'

—|Belial: 'Bomb those fuckers! Like Kadoom! Then use your thick, long, hard weapon to smash them to pieces!'

—|Lilim: 'Brother! Fight on!'

—|Uriel: 'Massacre?'

"Come to think of it, can I use the white aura to kill? It's probably best to practise both of them in offensive and defensive roles... Ice? Earth? Mmmm. I kind of miss Carmilla, let's imitate her!"

Immediately, his wings spread out flapping slowly but with powerful motions as his arms raised up in a crucifix like position.

"Ah! Dear father, forgive my sins! Your child shall commit massacre and accept a tainted name!"

He felt black ice form around his body. Lucifer controlled it to create several spears of ice now able to rain death upon the four guard towers. His breath became erratic as he desired the spears to explode on impact. Thus, inside the ice, several tiny spiked shards glittered inside. The spears were so cold the surrounding air dropped below freezing temperatures.

Lucifer found half of his white aura remained after he made fifteen spears.

"Obliterate them!"

He regained all of his breath and swung his arms down. The force pushed his body higher into the sky.

A quiet sound increased in volume as they rained down onto the various entrances of the camp. He watched as they became smaller and crashed into the ground. The guards never stood a chance as most of the spears penetrated their bodies instantly. Many choked on their own blood, before the ice cracked, exploding with thousands of smaller ice blades that tore apart any guards or humans stood close.

Lucifer nodded. This spell looked very gruesome.

Blood

Death

Screams!

He watched the humans running around like headless chickens in terror. They did not find his body as they ran around looking for the assailant, loud bells ringing as the 300 remaining humans gathered in full armour and sleepy faces.

These were the true troops of Gwendova, not the slaves used as fodder.

"Oi! What the hell is going on!" (Gwendovan Commander)

A man with bloody arms and his eye bandaged gave a salute, then kneeled on one knee to report. His body shaking with wild tremors.

"Sir! We don't know! A loud bang sounded, followed by ice that tore through all the scouts and night guards!"

Suddenly, the commander kicked the man to the ground. His boot pressed upon the male's face. The knight couldn't even make a sound as the pressure cracked his jaw, blood bursting from his damaged nose and eye splattering on the floor as he convulsed.

"Useless trash! How can a mage cast a spell within our enchantment? Is he some kind of invisible fairy!?"

Several kicks slammed into the man's body as he coughed, thick globs of blood and felt his own consciousness fade. He believed everything would end.

A voice sounded.

The voice was gentle, filled with a beautiful tone, and curious.

"Hey, is kicking him that fun? Can I try it on you? It's okay right? Old man!"

Something dropped, causing the ground to shake. A gust of wind swirled between the bloody knight on the ground and the commander. Two huge wings unfurled to reveal an enchanting monster appeared.

Long white hair, almost silver in the moonlight it swayed along his body flowing to his waist.

Two beautiful wings made of black, raven like feathers.

Deep crimson eyes that seemed to peer through their very souls.

Lucifer adjusted his own stance. He swung his right arm as a giant great sword appeared. A black flame swirled around the blade as it blasted a surge of wind. As he flicked down, crushing the fallen knight's body into a bloody mush of meat and bones. The old commander was about to retaliate his senses returned.

A boot slammed into his chest and sent the old man to the ground. He dropped to the ground, slamming his ass on the ground with a loud thud. He tried to protect himself by raising his arms.

However, Lucifer stomped on him, pushing his arms into his face. The exact repeat of the situation a moment ago. His face became distorted with each step. The soldiers and knights around felt deep fear at this monster before drawing their weapons, ready to strike.

After the fourth stomp, the old man pulled himself away and looked up, his lips quivering as half of them torn apart and oozed with dark blood.

"W...who are you! What is this about! We are Gwendovan knights!"

Immediately, another stomp landed on his ankle, snapping his fragile bones. He was a figurehead, rich and from a noble family. Thus, his combat power was weak and could be close to pathetic.

"Gaaaah!?"

"Me?"

"I am the Lord of Dusk! Here to kill all Gwendovan males and copulate with their females!"

— Sword of Rebellion, First stance activated.

Lucifer placed the sword down by his side. He waited for the first knight to gain the courage to strike him. Many shuddering swords approached him as he smiled at them with an eerie smile. His heart was no longer dull and bleak but filled with excitement! Unable to control his joy about this strange situation.

— | Lucifer: 'Since father is dead, why don't I just replace him!?'

A glint of black steel flashed moments before the knights swung down on his back. Countless spiked arms filled with black plate shot forth from his back.

They sliced through the air like tofu, cutting several unprepared men's throats, causing blood to squirt around and saint the ground. Lucifer flicked his wings and sent the knights behind him flying into the air, blood oozing from their throats and necks.

Some blocked the strikes with bright sparks flickering before their own swords bent and shatter.

"What is this freak!?" (Judgmental Dude C)

"M...Monster! He has arms from his back.... Mother Save me!" (Mommi's boy C)

As the men fell down, a thin white string seemed to hold them in place before a black flame flashed in the corners of their eyes. The next moment, their heads popped like grapes being chewed. A slight crunch sounded as the heavy blade cleaved through the men.

Almost made of soft meat, they exploded into blood and flesh that shot in all directions, staining the walls, houses and other men with their bloody stains.

staining the light ground with deep red stains.

"Oh... There are still more of you so! Let's dance?"

Lucifer's eyes glowed a deeper red, his mouth filled with an enormous smile. Eight black arms moving from behind him like a creepy spider. He dropped the sword back down to his waist and placed the tip on the ground, sinking into the dirt slightly from its heavy weight.

— Killed 20 Humans, devoured their essence of life.

Force: 115 → 128

"Ah! Another reason to massacre these insects! What a wonderful world this is!"

"Come! Welcome to the Dusk!"

A massive black flame as a mantle wrapped around his shoulders, covering him in an eerie atmosphere, like a reaper of death. Or for the humans of Gwendova.

"Devil!" (Gwendovan Knight G)

"He's a devil!" (Gwendovan Knight H)

"Attack!?" (Gwendovan Knight Captain B)

"Quickly!" (Gwendovan Knight Captain A)

Several of the humans remained sane, forming four small units of troops to his east, west, north, and south. He felt impressed by these several captains and should kill them quickly. Snapping his neck, he chose the east group to his right, as they seemed weaker and filled with more fear than the others.

"It's been a while. How about we dance together, gentlemen?"

It was time to restore the glorious Blade dance that helped him since the beginning.