

Erotic RPG 148

Chapter 148 27: Blood Magic?

"Now then, this dance. I dedicate this waltz to a woman and her beautiful black legs!"

— Blade Dance; Flare Waltz

A combination skill that combined two original attacks.

He took a single step backwards, giving a slight bow to the knights that shifted closer, grasping their weapons. Lucifer's eyes narrowed before his left leg pushed against the ground. His power cracked the floor and forming a deep imprint.

"And those pesky spiders hiding within her soul. I am waiting for you all to revive."

A black glint of light flashed with his every step. Lucifer pranced forward, his movements graceful like a swan. His blade held along his side, following along his body like a serpent in a beautiful swaying motion. A stream of purple and black flames which created a path of flames behind him.

— | Lucifer: 'Marina, your legs more beautiful than wondrous gems.'

His words reached her ears, deep in his shadow. She felt delighted. He would still play with her during combat. Inside her mind, countless voices rang out, some delighted, others angry, but still clutching their chests and swaying their hips.

Zavida stood in silence. He knew her hidden desire, still welcomed her. How could he know she only now hoped to make him her spouse?

— | Zavida: 'Would he accept even us? Those that attacked him like crazed bitches? How is he so confident?'

Marina shook her head, watching as his body flashed another step, tapping the ground with his right foot. Which caused him to soar into the air, flapping his wings to gain extra height as his body span on its side. He dragged his heavy sword beside him and smashed it down towards the group with his rapid rotation.

— | Marina: 'He probably doesn't even care about that anymore. To him, as long as you are faithful and love him. Lucifer will try to match your feelings.'

The knights saw his rapid approach. Once he vanished into the air, several dropped their swords and trembled, trying to escape. Their actions doomed everyone as it disrupted the crowd, only able to watch in despair as the shield bearers lost their morale and could do nothing.

"Stay strong!" (Eastly - Gwedovan East Captain)

"Don't drop, he is coming! Brace for impact!" (Eastly - Gwedovan East Captain)

Eastly tried his best to rally his troops. Some regained their wits, seeing the black flames and feather wings now less than a metre from them in the air. Countless swords and small shields pointed upwards to stop his spinning slash.

A sense of courage flickered in their hearts. In the centre of their army. Eastly, wearing a large silver helmet and green tuft of fur, stood ready to fight. His longsword and tower shield held high to brace against the rapid strike.

"Idiots. As if I would let you block a strike dedicated to my wife!"

Lucifer's body faced upward to the sky with a sneer. His blade held in his right hand stretched across his body as it gained momentum and orbited down with his spinning body.

All they saw was a flash of black flame. What followed were the screams and wails from their brother in arms.

Blood

Guts

Limbs

-

Lucifer span too quickly, his force exploded. So when it crashed into the ground, it caused a shockwave that vaporised all the men in the centre. Those who dodged to the side only felt a momentary pain as their organs exploded and limbs severed.

He knelt on the ground deep inside a crater. His sword embedded into the stone, large deep cracks formed as chunks of stone surrounded him like a prison up to his waist.

A blue glint flashed in his eyes.

—|Marina: 'Ah, he's so cool! Look at their guts and dismembered limbs!'

Quickly, the surviving men looked at the crushed helmet, green feathers scattered into the air. As fear gripped their very souls as they tried to run away towards the enclosing units.

White mist flowed along the ground, covering over one hundred metres. Thus, the fleeing cowards ignored it. As they abandoned their so-called brothers in a pile of blood, guts and mush.

"Please, give a standing ovation to the east unit captain!"

Lucifer tapped his sword with his little finger. His white aura flowed out rapidly down the blade into the ground.

Suddenly, there was a rapid shake of the earth. The ground trembled and shuddered as many knights almost fell to the ground. All the stone floors cracked and split apart. Under every man that ran away, beautiful spikes of ice pierced their bodies and hoisted all of them into the air.

An instant death as it devoured their body's heat.

Westman, the West Captain, Northbay, the North Captain and Southey, the South Captain, stopped their troops in advance.

"Stop!" (Westman)

"Don't advance!" (Northbay)

"Move and die!" (Southey)

Almost all troops stopped their charge. Only inches from the ice spikes. It filled some with anger seeing their brothers die. Unable to accept this monster, they charged forward. Now joined them impaled in the air as frozen blood formed spiked decorations to make the silver icicles more beautiful.

A silence filled the small camp.

Force: 128 → 135

His feet tapped against the floor, causing every troop to feel dread. This monster killed them like insects. His face filled with a smile and no sense of struggle or effort.

"Why?" (Despairing Knight)

This was a valid question. Who could know why this monster attacked them with such fierce destruction. What could mere men do against his reckless hatred and power?

"Don't give in! He is just a monster, we can kill them!" (Westman)

"Remember! A year ago we wiped out half the vampire nobles during their stupid banquet!" (Northbay)

"Eh? What just happened... I heard a beating heart?" (Southey)

Lucifer flashed in the centre of the men's small semi circle. His arm was inside the chest of the northern captain. He looked nonchalant, as if he just visited the store to buy some groceries.

"Heh!?! Northbay!?" (Northern Knight)

"You fucking monster bastard!" (Northern Knight)

The moment his sword pointed towards Lucifer.

Instantly, out of the void. A black claw with sharp blades appeared and tore his arm apart.

His wailing stopped before the sound left his throat. As the moment he opened that vile mouth, another black claw jammed down his throat and spread its hand wide, mincing his throat slicing it open as blood poured and gurgled down his body.

A deep, muffled, and demonic voice sounded.

"How dare you raise those filthy arms to my beloved! Have you no shame, not only killing his family. But making jokes!"

Marina shrieked louder as she ended her sentence. All the knights in the north group wore golden feathers or badges. Her eight arms shot from the void, tearing, penetrating and mincing the humans into chunks of dead, bloody flesh.

Lucifer stayed silent with dull crimson eyes. His hand still holding the captain's heart. Still, the north captain was alive. As he didn't tear it from the fragile arteries.

Although this world's Lucian meant nothing to him. That woman, she was his mother Marianne... Her actions, words and life. It was just like his mother, always to protect her son. Help him if she would one day vanish, leaving him alone.

—|Lucian: 'Mother's such a wonderful existence, they carry us, give the world we desire. Yet, they leave us so soon. How fragile and sad.'

"Let me use you for a little test. Don't worry, the pain will only last a moment."

His words sounded grim, deeper than normal, as if he came from the dark abyss. He closed his eyes. The surrounding scene became clear. Marina ripping all the men from his unit into pieces, the blue and red knights who tried to ignore the massacre and formed their own lines ready to slay him.

Suddenly, he could see it. Inside everyone's body, countless blood rivers flowed around them. He focused on the man in yellow before him. His only goal was to change the direction it flowed. Lucifer wanted to force it into his right eye.

Lucifer focused as something triggered in his mind. He could feel the flow and could control the man's blood. His own seemed easier to control as he allowed blood to flow into the black sword in his hand, forming a layer of tainted blood that was deadly for humans.

A slight shudder, followed by a spasm. Northbay felt intense pain as his blood shot towards his eye. Which turned a deep red and swelled after the small blood vessels burst, forming a red eye. He literally cried tears of blood.

Moments later.

The heart within Lucifer's hand cooled and stopped beating, unable to fight against the strange power of this monster. He gave a sigh, tearing his arm from the man's chest with a squelch and splutter of flesh dripping to the ground.

"Well, it seems my first toy broke..."

Lucifer looked towards the knights, who trembled once again. They now accepted the fact this man was a monster. Tendrils of blood that burst from all the dead members of the northern knights gathered around Lucifer. His body was now burning dark purple with crimson blood forming spears above his wings.

"Shall we begin the second song? How about a tango this time, gentlemen?"

Lucifer noticed that once his force exceeded them, a substantial amount. It took nearly double the kills to gain a point of force. He still gained power and didn't care. His body filled with the pleasure of increasing strength and durability.

Force: 135 → 141

He looked at the two groups and realised less than 90 men remained alive. It was time to wrap this up; he thought to himself.

—| Lucifer: 'Marina, you were fabulous. What a wonderful dancing partner.'