

Erotic RPG 158

Chapter 158 37: The Fallen! [Part 1]

Claire stood upon the wall tapping the white stone. Beside her were countless elves standing beside her. She watched along both sides, guarded heavily with two hundred knights. Despite looking, she couldn't find lucifer.

—|Claire: 'I don't understand. My gut tells me something terrible shall happen today. Goddess Galadriel, are we going to lose?'

—|On the other side of Veria City|—

Lucifer stood wearing his flexible armour. He tapped his gigantic sword against several rocks, shattering them into pieces to kill off his boredom. Marina wanted to protect his back. But because of the situation, he refused and forced her to stay back.

"Ceram, you know today's plans, right? You will mostly use archery to support the southern and eastern walls. I leave the girls in your care."

A fierce Arachne, with long red hair, sharp narrow eyes like a yakuza and thick spiked legs, a small skull just above her human pubic area. She gave a small bow before she vanished into the air, using her web to fling across to the eastern wall.

"All done. Now is all about the battle. A mere angel, thinks he can defeat the devil, haha."

—|Several minutes later|—

A massive sound filled the city, countless marching feet stomping on the ground, almost causing the ground to quake as their loud chorus of steel death resounded. Many elves looked towards the south, filled with despair.

Claire looked down, her eyes narrowed. "Where is this a mere reinforcement? They are clearly coming to destroy us with sheer force!" She said with a quiet voice, biting her lip in irritation. How could her mere two thousand troops stand against ten thousand?

—|Claire: 'Was my feeling true? Has the goddess abandoned us for losing faith? Also... That hooded figure, why does my heart feel a sense of grave danger. I feel certain death should I confront that woman!'

"Troops, prepare for combat. All archers, check your bows, arrows and sub weapons quickly! Spearmen managed your spears and take swords for emergencies. My elven knights, please prepare for a long battle, don't waste all your strength in the opening moments! They will merely test our capabilities with slave troops!"

—|Claire: 'Why didn't we bring a magic troop just in case? I am so stupid, to think he will also fight this hopeless battle...'

Suddenly, as she felt grief and despair. A warm hand pressed against her shoulder. His thumb stroking along her back. "Don't worry, lighten up and fight to your best. Velaria and the goddess would never abandon you. If you cannot trust in them... Then believe in me." Said Lucifer, his face close to her neck, his breath tickling her little ear, causing her to let out a chuckle which shocked the nearby troops.

However, seeing their commander with such a face. She could smile and laugh at the enemy. Were they all cowards unable to fight a few more enemies to protect their forest. Nay, they too would fight! Many survivors from the young men and women that protected the Meridor forest felt a sense of vigour fill them. They wanted to see Griselda, but they took her to the capital.

"That's right, we survived that hell! We can do this!" (Cool Elven beauty)

"Yes! This time we will fight and never break our will!" (Slick)

"We still have another date right honey?" (Handsome, elf uncle.)

"Hehe, of course, so let's fight on!" (Girl who liked older men.)

Thanks to the random act of Claire and Lucifer, the elves gained a little morale back. As they watched the tight block formation of the human army. A sea of iron and steel, long pikes and sharp swords standing over two hundred metres away in silence.

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Thud!

Abruptly, the humans slammed their pikes against the ground. As a thunderous clang filled the entire forest, with a witch build up into a fearsome melody. The elves, with superior hearing, needed to cover their ears. The pain caused them to scrunch up their faces. Claire grit her teeth, enduring the deafening noise.

Zen stood in the centre of the south wall with her bow fully drawn. These men violated, killed and destroyed their forest, why let them build momentum. Three hundred archers in light plated armour copied her posture. Ready to fire as a green and silver radiance flowed from her feet, covering all arrows and knights within 100 metres.

She applied Sure Aim and Penetrating Winds to all around her. Her spell included the Arachne archers which stood on the tower roof and walls. A sense of weakness filled as she almost fell. Suddenly, powerful energy poured into her from the connection of her dear blood father.

—|Zen: 'He supports me! Let's go all out!'

"All knights armed with a bow, show your elven pride. These bastards want to burn our forest, sleep with your women. Take aim and pierce their necks, where that poor iron armour is weak!"

As if to counter the loud slamming of the pikes. One thousand elves drew their elven bowstrings to the limit. Which caused the chorus of twanging bows followed by a Myriad arrows lit with green and silver luminescence shone from the wall. None of the humans realised what this was. In fact, even the proudly

cloaked woman was clueless. Such inferior magic was below her, thus never thought it would do any harm.

Zen smirked to herself and no longer felt worried. These humans underestimated elven archery too much. She took a deep breath to calm her nerves. Her crimson eyes glowing, under the mid-evening sun.

"Aim for the second row, where the knights stand, ignore the front line. We can mince them into nothing with our weapons. These arrows shall kill those vermin. Who are currently discussing how they will group together and use us to relieve themselves from the frustration of entering our disgusting, barbaric forest."

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Lucifer sat beside his Arachne troops. He dangled his feet over the watchtower's roof, nodding at both Zen and Claire's choices. Both girls were different, one chaotic and selfish, the other an organised martyr. His eyes narrowed, looking towards the figure in the distance. She wasn't an angel he knew personally. However, that didn't change the fact he needed to kill her.

Suddenly, countless bows twanged as more than a thousand green lights shot into the air. Lucifer felt it was like a fireworks display, tearing through the air at tremendous speed. Then followed by a resounding howl of wind as the elven arrows rained down upon the unprepared knights.

"How!?"

"This isn't possible!"

"What is this ran....ughk!"

Like a steel wire through butter, her elven brothers' and sisters' aim was true. Most shots pierced through the unprepared human knights. All arrows aimed for either the soft throat where the armour was thin, or the human's eyes. Lucifer found these elves were quite sinister. As he watched, a poor young knight pierced through the eye as he tried to raise his shield.

"The commanders are faltering. They never expected the docile elves to strike first, not with their mighty display."

— | Lucifer: 'Zen, keep firing. I will halt their advance for a little while as a warmup.'

The humans panicked, drawing their swords and pushing the large siege towers. Coin, not loyalty, brought these men to fight for Gwendova. Of course, the slaves in the front were even worse. Unable to flee and risk their families dying, or wives being fucked by a group of fat and ugly nobles, until they broke.

Sadly, this was already happening and they would never know...

Lucifer stood tall, holding a huge black sword over his shoulder. A black flame coiled around his body. His legs muscles tightened. The pressure on the stone bricks, causing them to crack. He then launched into the air. His body leaning forward, before it began spinning like a circular saw. His body crashing towards the centre column where the knights were least damaged.

