

Erotic RPG 160

Chapter 160 [Bonus] 39: The Fallen [Part 3]

Lucifer slammed into a huge rock, causing a bang. Which shattered into dust when he slammed into it. He felt dazed, his body struggled to stand. The bitch appeared to point her hand towards the walls with holy magic.

"What are you waiting for! Destroy their pathetic walls, burn this forest to the ground, you useless trash!"

Her arm hurled forward, the lance smashed into the western wall. Zen pulled back earlier, now shooting from the city rooftops. Her troops had a few wounded, but no deaths. Claire moved between the eastern and southern walls, her powerful flaming lance tearing the humans into pieces or charring their remains.

"Ugk!"

A human stabbed an elven knight through the heart with his sword. Moments before he could pull the blade, an Arachne's spider leg smashed his head into paste against the wall. Claire shuddered for a moment before she dashed onwards, wishing thanks to that Arachne.

"Damn... Another one dead!"

"All troops, form walls, protect your brethren! Survive this large push. We are not alone!"

"Look! Their so-called goddess is being pounded by our sexy vampire noble!"

Claire screamed this to anyone that would listen. She hoped to bolster some hope. She knew the Queen planned to aid them, however gave no accurate time. Her only reliance was the Arachne and Lucifer, who was currently fighting a close fight with that bird-like slut.

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Slick fell from the wall, a human blade piercing his chest. "Mother... This time your son died fighting for his country.... Forgive me. All those years you cared for me and I leave you alone first!"

"Aghk!?"

Moments before he hit the ground, a white sticky web wrapped around him, instantly causing his wounds to heal. Slick felt ashamed. He cried and wailed as his eyes looked up towards the beautiful maiden that saved him. She was an Arachne of medium build, however despite this he didn't shudder or look disgusted. "Maybe the other races aren't so bad... Let's do my best to find a non-elven wife in the future!"

"Don't look gross elf with piss stains. My husband is that man!" Her spider legs pointed to the small distant image of a male and female smashing each other in the face. The sheer waves of power from the blows destroying the rocks beside them.

"Haha, forgive me. I didn't mean to be rude... However..."

No matter how you saw it, Slick could feel it. The man she called husband... Was losing and he would soon die.

— |Slick: 'Everything will be over if he falls! I must help rally the troops! I cannot become Griselda, but let me support that man who fights their horrifying leader!'

He looked towards the cute spider girl and took a deep breath. "Can you please take me back to the battlefield? Even if I die, I need to fight. I wish to support the man who fights alone."

Nemra was going to kick this stupid elf into the medical station until his last words. She thought to herself that if he wants to support her husband. Why wouldn't she aid him? Her sticky webbing stole a high grade sword dropped by a human knight and pushed it into Slick's hand.

"Fight hard! Elves are not so bad, Hmph!"

Before Slick could respond, his body shot into the air and landed close to the southern wall. His body shuddered, before a human knight came towards him. He ducked on instinct, then thrust the black sword forward and barely caught the knight's neck, slitting his throat.

Slick watched as the man grasped his throat, despair filling his eyes before he fell down the steps and crashed to the ground.

Dead.

"My brethren! Feel thy call! In the name of Slick! Fight to aid that wondrous man!"

— Inspire Morale!

"Fight, raise thy sword. Never give up. The elven pride will crush all beneath its feet!"

— Strength Boost!

He could only do this much. The 100 knights around his body stopped wavering and filled with passion. They forgot how much their beloved families awaited their return. With muscles bulging, they all dashed back to the battle, chopping down the surprised human knights like corn in the harvest.

"Please... Fight on! Our silent defender! Lucifer!" Slick said with a whisper to himself. A blessing to his silent hero. Before jumping into the fight with tremendous passion.

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Lucifer rolled along the ground, his right arm shattered. However, in his hand was a second wing that began to erode and rot in his hands. He sneered at the woman, who knelt. Not a speck of her beauty remained, two missing teeth, a broken nose and her smashed lip.

Crack!

A loud noise sounded as he pushed the arm back in place, ignoring the pain as his Sanguine form healed the damage quickly. He was weaker; the difference was slight. But also huge, this woman was likely equal to an S ranked fighter. He was a mere high ranked A class at his best.

"Hah... Hah...."

"This fucking betrayer... How can he fight so hard!? Michael said he lost all power! You fucking liars!"

"Hey, woman, what's your name?"

Lucifer dragged his tired body towards her. The loud cries of battle sounding. He could hear all the Arachne communicating and panic inside his mind. His heart ached, unable to do anything but barely hold this woman here.

— | Lucifer: 'So many of the elven knights died... Their captain wounded Claire... Fuck...'

He needed to stall. His body was screaming. The fight taught him something. But he refused to listen to that message. There was no way in hell a mere angel was stronger than him... His pride screamed, rage filled his body. Yet the flames were both almost empty...

"Almeria 3rd Class Angel"

"Lucifer, former Arch angel and Former Devil. You fight well despite losing all connection to heaven. Tell me, how did you do it? Those idiots believe you to be worthless... However, I am different! You right now are far more dangerous. I can feel you sapping the power from me as we fight!"

— | Lucifer: 'Fuck... She's doing the same!?'

A flash of light blinded him before a spear of light pierced his chest. His vampire body could resist all mortal holy magic. This was an angel's holy lance! His skin charred, blood boiled and regeneration stopped. Luckily, she missed his heart by several inches and only damaged his right lung. Before the spear shot into a distant mountain with a loud scream. Followed by a reverberating blast, crushing it into pieces with a massive explosion.

"Haa...Hah... Fuck..."

Lucifer fell to one knee, the burning pain filling his body. The superior blood slowly healing the damage. Should he have been a regular vampire? His ashes would remain in his place.

However, there was good news too! Across from him, the angel staggered after losing two wings. Her power left her. Which caused her endless frustration and anger.

An angel stored their magic power in their wings, each one boosting not only their power but the total amount. She lost two, which almost halved her amount that was already drained from trying to kill the spiders and this useless fallen.

Many humans fled past them. They were the slaves forced to fight, but this meant nothing to him. Lucifer swiped his arm across their direction horizontally. A silence followed before their heads slid off while their bodies continued to run along for a few moments.

Suddenly, all of their blood entered the body of Lucifer as he felt the familiar increase of power and sensation of healing.

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He was almost an S grade, too. He needed to massacre more troops to enter that domain.

With renewed vigour he looked to the distant wall. He felt awe at how hard the elves fought, outnumbered and still fighting strong, with over two thousand men fighting on the walls. Although the southern wall now cracked with a large breach that allowed the humans to pour inside slowly.

Thus, he chose this to be his target.

He pivoted his waist and swung his leg across the dirt, booting the kneeling angel in her face. His power smashing even more teeth from the lady's mouth as she vomited blood and the contents of her stomach. Before, he stomped on her over and over until she trembled on the ground.

"Urgh..... Uehh... Ughh...."

So he grabbed her hair and dragged her along the ground. Her face peeled away from the sharp rocks and discarded iron scraps. She couldn't even cry tears as her body entered a state of shock from this treatment.

"Right now I cannot deal a fatal blow... Damn angels...!"

"So let's swing her at those humans as a living weapon!"

—|Almeria: 'What happened to him being kind to beautiful women!? Or him being lustful!? Who wrote those damn reports!'

In the far skies, Lanza gave a loud sneeze as she approached the elven territories.