

Erotic RPG 189

Chapter 189 68: Emura Training - Part 1

'I can do this!' Neru said to herself.

Emura's red hair and black horns glowed as brilliant flames burst from her body, spiralling around her before they enveloped her dual katana. As she looked towards the various girls facing her. Then and widened her stance on the stone arena. "Come on, girls. Let's fight!"

The green light pulsated, then faded away as the red glow of the lava pits replaced it. The earth trembled as the four fighters took up their stances.

"I'll start easy! But don't let that fool you into thinking I'm soft!" Emura chirped.

She held her swords high above her head and slashed downward with both hands, creating two large columns of flame.

Neru's water swirled around her in a circle, creating a wall of water that stopped the flames dead in their tracks. With a wave of her hand, she sent the fire back at Emura and struck her in the chest with a giant tidal wave. However, the person hit was merely an image; the real Emura flashed forward and slashed down towards the trunk of Sephi, who was hasted all the other women's speed.

Sephi moved out of the way just in time and cut her across the shoulder. The impact made the air tremble with the shockwave as the swords clashed against her rapier. Then Sephi kicked off the ground, her tail raised like a bat and swung towards the agile Emura, irritated her maid outfit was damaged.

In the crowd, Lucifer continued to watch like a hawk, the quiet sound of a mouth slurping as he pressed down the cute Arachne girl's head while enjoying the sight of his future maids. Fifi's face was filled with a deep blush as she continued to enjoy this thick, creamy ice cream stick.

A sharp pain shot through Sephi's leg when Emura tried to kick her off balance, but she quickly recovered and countered with a thrust of her own.

Then another flash and the wind blew Sephi's hair about, her movements becoming more and more frenzied, causing the air to shake again as she dodged a slash from Emura and sliced down her side with the edge of her sword.

The red flames rose again, spreading around Emura's body as she readied herself for a finishing blow. Yet Sephi wasn't letting her win so quickly; she blocked the next strike with her sword, then turned the momentum to her advantage to slice toward Emura's stomach with her blade.

Emura didn't try to dodge or block. Instead, she pulled back with her arms, and her katanas moved forward to meet Sephi. A blinding flash of white engulfed them both, Sephi's rapier caught in a whirlpool of blue flames.

Sephi's body shook as the flames burned with great intensity, trying to escape the intense heat. She had no choice but to use her free arm to shield her face, and even then, she could feel the burning heat on her skin; her hair was singed, and her clothes scorched.

Still, she refused to give up, using every bit of strength she could muster to keep her weapons steady. Even so, the pressure on her fingers was too great, and she nearly lost her grip.

This exchange took a mere instant, less than a few seconds, as Agalia jumped into the flames, her heavy sword slammed down overhead and smashed into Emura.

Nevertheless, the agile woman used one katana to deflect the blow with a loud clang before her second sword slashed the meaty chest of Agalia before kicking her away. However, Sephi was saved by Neru's water and began to flee to the back of the formation, protected by Zeppa with her big hammer.

Emura's red flames were gone, and she rested her katanas upon her hips. "Well, well. That went better than expected."

Sephi glanced over at the rest of the group, seeing that they were almost done with their entanglement and only suffered light wounds. Yet, their instructor was fresh, without any sweat.

"Now then," Emura said, holding her right katana in the air. A massive line of flame emerged from the blade, around three metres; her head snapped towards the orange-scaled Phala and slashed down on the girl that was dashing towards her with a martial skill ready to pounce, causing a spray of blood to fly through the air.

Phala flew backwards, landing on her back, writhing in agony. Blood poured out of her mouth, staining her training clothes red. Then she collapsed to the ground, clutching her stomach.

Neru used a gust of wind to move closer to Emura, preparing to attack from the rear. Just as she thought she would have the chance to strike, Emura readied her katanas and sent two streams of fire towards Neru; however, the water mage evaded each one by leaping sideways.

"Enough of your tricks! You're not getting the best of me!" Emura's expression darkened.

With a flick of her wrist, she drew another flaming line from her left katana and threw it directly at Neru.

Neru's eyes narrowed, knowing precisely what Emura planned to do. And she planned to move around it.

The first stream of flame came from Emura's left, and Neru's water flowed outwards to intercept the attack. The resulting spray washed away the fire, leaving smoky steam behind it.

However, the remaining lines of flame continued down the path Emura had created. They formed a ring around the water mage, forming an impenetrable barrier with her.

A moment later, Neru's water started to boil. Then, she was forced to stop the flames by raising a wall of water before her. This caused Emura's blazing sword to turn to steam and dissipate into the air.

After several more moments, the last of the blue flames also disappeared.

"Well," Emura said with a sigh, "that was easy."

Neru bowed her head. "Yes, ma'am."

Emura waved her hand dismissively. "It's over. Let us continue with the sparring."

Neru nodded, then turned to the rest of the group. "All right, everyone. It's your turn now."

As Emura approached the group, Neru followed close behind, wiping the sweat off her forehead.

"Now, you guys are going to be fighting me. Ready?" Emura asked.