

Erotic RPG 193

Chapter 193 72: Old Man Morning Star?

The vampire Kingdoms of Arullvana. A small kingdom with less than 2,000 vampires, and the majority were, in fact, humans or demi-humans.

This kingdom lies to the north of the human kingdom of Gwendova, which seeks to destroy the vampires; you are the Vampire baron Lucifer Von Sanguinis with the southernmost territory a massive black wall to protect you with huge mountains on either side, yet war beckons...

Only your power as a vampire and your maid knights as the troops to fight back, how will you fight on?

Lucifer sat upon the bank of a small river; behind him, the beautiful archangel Lanza who betrayed the heavens to be beside him, softly stroked his hair. She wondered what was wrong with him currently; his eyes were melancholy and focused on the lake.

"Lanza, can you hold this city for a full day?" He asked with a deep but solemn voice.

She turned from her task of tending to his hair, looking up at him with a sad expression. "What do you mean?"

"I need you to hold the city until I return."

Her mouth dropped open in shock, then quickly closed again; she could see his true feelings in those words.

Aww, poor guy...

She smiled at him, giving him a quick peck on the cheek before turning away to continue her tasks; she didn't want him to think she was upset by such a request.

He sat there for quite some time, looking out over the lake until it became dark outside, after which he stood and walked into the castle, his mood sombre and very gloomy.

As soon as he stepped inside the hall, all the women stopped what they were doing and looked up at him with awe; he wasn't one to command respect, but he did have a very commanding presence.

His eyes roamed the room, his gaze finally stopping on the woman standing against the far wall.

She had long, straight blonde hair and piercing golden eyes; a small smile played on her lips as he caught sight of her; she had a wry look about her like she'd been waiting for him to show up.

She wore a white dress that showed off her fantastic figure well and a pair of red high heels that only added to her allure.

She was wearing a corset underneath the dress, which clung to her body perfectly, making her breasts stand out more than usual; they were large and round.

What he liked the most were her legs; they were toned and tanned, with a light dusting of freckles and powerful muscles across them.

She noticed him staring at her, blushing slightly as she giggled nervously; it was a cute sound and made his heart flutter.

"Well, hello there! I'm Lulua; we've met once before, haven't we?" She said, smiling at him.

He nodded slowly, stepping forward and taking her hand in his own, kissing it gently and letting go.

"I don't remember you... Why are you here?" He asked, gazing down at her.

"I'm your maid; my job is to serve and help you with anything you require."

This woman was the warrior that beat down the redhead with a spear earlier today, his eyes constantly drawn to her, unable to remember where she came from, although he didn't take part in buying the female slaves who became his maids. They all shared a scent of despair, loss, and utter defeat.

'She's not my maid, but there is no malice or threat from her, only curiosity and a slight affection, like a man would feel seeing a lovely girl. This woman acted as his maid for some purpose and felt strongly attracted to him, but no actual feelings yet. He felt this girl would be helpful for his purpose, remembering her power, and he could feel the waves of energy from her body deep within were on par with an S-Grade warrior.'

The maid Lulua then walked over to him, placing a hand on his shoulder and pulling him closer so she could whisper something in his ear.

"You know what to do..." She said with a hint of seduction in her voice.

He shivered, leaning into her and whispering, "Yes, I know."

She took his arm and led him towards the door, leaving the room; the other women watched as they went, their eyes glowing bright red with desire.

Lucifer walked ahead of her, heading for the stairs and pushing open the wooden doors leading down into the basement.

It was dark and dank down here, with dim lights illuminating the dungeon-like room beyond. In the centre of the room was a strange portal-like vortex; this was something that Lanza helped create using his ring that could alter the flow of time.

Sadly, it wasn't quite finished and required his presence to activate; Lucifer did act as he fell for her seduction however that was not what they came to the basement for; this portal would give him 20 days in the span one would pass outside, he planned to use this portal once every two days for the rest of the year until the humans became serious about their attacks.

'Even though I want to enter every day and train myself to the limits, even I will fall apart using this thing too much right now!'

His voice entered the various women's heads, no longer sealing his thoughts; he wanted to transmit to each of them just how harsh the situation was; although he won two victories, this meant nothing. Humans may be the weaker race at the start, but their wisdom and ability to adapt and grow were far beyond any other, especially when they stood to gain something.

'I wanted to spend more time with my cute red dragon and little angel; sadly, I must become stronger... Lust and romance, they can wait.'

'Let's hope they will wait for me, just a little longer...'

"Lulua, I order you as my maid. Help me become stronger!" Lulua's body shuddered as the collar around her neck forced her to obey his will.

'What? He's going to fuck me here! Ah, don't be so cheap! You may be handsome, but this Amalia won't bend her will or spread her thighs; this collar has been tampered with! I can stop if you make me do something I don't want!'

Her thoughts moved a mile a minute. However, he never tried to approach her body. Instead, he stepped slowly towards a small weapon rack filled with expensive weapons that Emura and Lanza prepared for any situation; his hands traced over the weapons filled with special Mura produced to work with magic weapons, causing them to create their elemental mana.

'These are supposed to be akin to those soul weapons that cultivators used in those novels...' Lucifer thought before a small, silver dagger with an emerald green gem inlaid in its hilt and guard that covered the entire hand, long a straight like a military sabre.

"Here, take this." He threw the rapier at Lulua, who twisted her body before grasping the handle quickly and thrusting with masterful, piercing lunges and swift swipes.

"Good rapier!" She exclaimed.

Lucifer ignored her, holding the cracked red orbs that hadn't left him since Sumire travelled. 'Which of you will become my weapon? Serving me until we both become the strongest existence or crash and burn, being destroyed into a thousand pieces of garbage?' His words were spoken slowly in his head as the broken red crystals vibrated with a slight ruby glow pulsing from them, slowly turning them into a liquid.

Lulua stared at the crimson rubies in shock; she had never seen such a magical object before and was amazed at how powerful these jewels were.

She held the blade lightly in her hand, feeling it cut through the air with ease and watched as Lucifer walked to another rack; his hands seemed to gravitate to a beautiful black and silver handle that stood out from the others, its ornate handle long, around 40cm filled with flowers and the words 'Morning Star' written in Elvish.

He could feel a sense of his heart beating before the red liquid oozed into the sword's handle, slithering down and fusing with the strange hilt, with a series of "L's" at different angles.

Slowly, Lucifer pulled the blade from its sheath, filled with a similar rose pattern drawn with silver and red etchings.

The blade was clear blue, like a shard of ice, with an ocean that seemed to flow through the edge, each time he moved the blade, it waned as if the waves themselves, before he grasped the sword with his left hand, suddenly the black flames from his hands burst forth, as the sword became a fiery volcano, black

flames burst out into the room and melted several of the other "Magic Swords" into merely wasted ores and steel goop.

"Awaken, Morning Star!"

Suddenly, after his deep voice, crackles of black lightning began to enshroud the blade whilst the flames and ocean battled each other, causing the thin, sharp edge to become a mixture of blue, black and red.

Lucifer began to shudder; he felt like a kid who tried to unlock his death guy ability to fight the empty ones; he wished to achieve the sacred realm that many death guys aimed for, the so-called "release" form of his sword.

However, he then realised this wasn't that exciting manga. Instead, it was a dull world, and all this was caused by his black and white flames, causing him to feel sad and lethargic.

'I wanted to speak to old man Morning Star....' Lucifer mused to himself; only Lanza and Luca got his reference and wanted to beat her stupid otaku husband to death, if not for his order to train the girls with Emura twice as hard, promising to rewards all the ones who accepted this optional task considerably.

'That looks like a katana; it's so beautiful!' Her eyes widened as he lifted the sword above his head, extending it like a lance and striking the ground.

It broke through with ease, carving a massive trench in the floor, exposing bedrock; he repeated this process repeatedly, cutting through the earth like it was butter.

'Why is this happening? Is this the power of this sword? It feels so light yet has incredible strength like it's made of glass....'

Lucifer looked at the weapon, surprised at the change in the way it was moving on its own accord. He felt something new, like electricity but without the annoying buzzing sound. Instead, it was almost soothing; he felt a sort of calmness come over him as the sword glowed brighter and brighter.

'Ah? Is that red crystal going to emulate my desires!? What a cute little orb... I must take care of this cute sword...' He thought before he spun around and walked towards the portal again. His voice sounded just as emotionless as before. "Come, follow me; it's an order."