

Erotic RPG 194

Chapter 194 73: Baphomet

He opened the portal and walked through the first area, a small white room with nothing inside but a few broken parts of the ground. Lucifer nodded, before slotting the newly found sword into his left hand just below his waist, before lowering his body, right-hand inches from the handle.

"I order you to fight me with all you have, without using magic, just pure swordsmanship and physical combat."

The sword responded to his command, glowing brightly as it vibrated in a deep hum.

Lucifer closed his eyes and concentrated; it was like having a small part of his mind removed, replaced with vibrations; slowly, he felt something flowing through his body, changing everything about his movements and speed.

Then, he roared, forcing the vibrations to flow into his vocal cords, opening his mouth wide and roaring like an animal.

"GO!"

A wave of energy rushed forth from his voice, filling the room, causing him to let out a roar; his heart raced as he felt the sword responding to his commands, his fingers quickly becoming nimble, his muscles bulged as he leapt forward and landed in front of his opponent, swinging his blade with a mighty swing.

BOOOM!! The steel clashing against one another echoed through the room, sending shards of metal flying everywhere.

Without skill or finesse, his one attack destroyed her reserve blade in a single strike; as the shards burst around, one slashed her cheek, and deep red blood dripped down. Lucifer pressed her back with his strength, leaning his face close to her cheek and licking up her blood before slowly slapping his tongue around and giving a satisfied nod.

"Ah, a werewolf of very high quality yet not of the type I know. Only one tribe exists in this world except for the Sura and Arua, the Baphomet family, that hones their body with a single weapon from birth, never changing, shunned and despised by the other two as inferior, yet that's not true."

"What gave it away?" his voice stopped as he looked at the stunned woman who spoke out; her image and figure began to change; she was shocked because there was no mockery or fake praise in his words. She felt delighted; despite the anger and shock, her cover was broken so easily over one hundred years of stealth missions; she even injured her dear sister to gain his attention...

Her words seemed to think he planned to kill her, so he released the power from his blade, almost tearing her in half from his sneak attack. "Understand me; you are Lulua, my maid. I do not care which queen sent you for amusement, nor that your real name is Amalia. Just remain Lulua and help me become stronger with your wonderful swordsmanship!"

"Eh?"

"Are you sane!? A normal person would never ask this, wait?! How do you know my name and who I serve? Even the Highest Earls and dukes don't know that! A-Are... you my s-stalker?" The woman stuttered as he continued to attack her, leaving her defenceless, until she drew her sword and blocked his attacks, hoping to strike him down in confusion. Her skill and speed were far more remarkable, slowly carving slight wounds in his cheeks and chest from her silver sword.

She hadn't expected this; there was no mocking tone to his words, nor sarcasm; his voice was grave and cold as if he was in a deep trance, and she couldn't tell if he was insane or stupid; however, he did know she was Amalia, the eldest daughter of the Baphomets, their strongest warrior.

"You're lying; what are you doing here? What is this 'Morning Star?' Why do you want to become strong!?"

She growled and swung her blade with a powerful blow; Lucifer caught the edge with the handle of his katana and pushed with his full strength, lifting her into the air with a single arm before slamming the blade into the ground, cutting a large chunk from the earth and leaving behind a deep trench filled with water and mud.

He used no skill, only sheer power; his eyes glowed with a deep, luminescent light as her sword began to pierce the air rapidly, thousands of times over, forced to use the flat of his blade to block the blows, loud clanging and sparks flowing from his beautiful ocean blade, Lucifer reinforced his edge holding his left palm against the flat of the blade to manoeuvre and block her rapid stabs that began to fill him with wounds.

'Ah, this is it! Something none of my women can give! This woman wants to kill me, not a play or act!'

"I want to become strong!" He screamed out, parrying her swipe before bringing his sword towards her head and striking the ground, creating an explosion; he then grabbed her wrist and threw her back towards the wall.

"This world is too dull and boring; I need excitement!"

Lucifer took hold of both her wrists and held them tightly; his arms burned like fire, and sweat poured off his forehead as he moved her around like a puppet and slammed her into the floor, crushing it; he then lifted her again, then punched her stomach and knocked the wind out of her; finally, he grabbed her neck and squeezed, forcing the breath out of her lungs and making her eyes widen before he put a foot between hers and lifted her again; now, she was utterly pinned and helpless under his grip.

"I will become the strongest man in this world!" He roared, letting go of her throat and striking at her head with a lightning-fast motion before jumping back

"I will start by becoming the king!"

Lulua knelt on the ground, coughing before his blow could hit him. Her body filled with a flash of fierce white lightning as she vanished from his view, instantly after Lucifer shot out in the opposite direction, "Ugk...!" his right arm severed before smashing into the wall, blood spraying everywhere.

She transformed into a beautiful woman with long silver hair like a glinting full moon; her fur was silky and smooth, only covering her hands and legs up to her elbows, and her knee's covering her tight muscles. Cute silver wolf eyes twitched while her iridescent emerald eyes watched him, her tight eight-

pack abs twitching as she took an offensive stance, ready to pounce him, a strange flush on her cheeks as her breath became rough and shallow.

Lucifer looked around, seeing a pile of rubble and dirt blown into the room earlier; he turned around to see that Lulua was standing tall again before running towards him to attack again.

He jumped backwards as she charged at him, dodging her slash before spinning around to strike at her chest; she raised her hand and deflected it, throwing herself against the wall and kicking him hard in the face; he rolled with the impact, his face and body burning with pain, and stood back up before turning to face her with his sword still in hand, his eyes glowing with a bright blue light.

"I have a feeling you'll be the one to kill me..." He whispered to himself before he struck her with his sword, but she dodged the attack, leaping back to avoid his next swing and knocking his sword to the side with an elbow strike, causing Lucifer to fall into a pit of broken stone from where he was thrown away.

At some point, this woman pulled another rapier-like sabre from somewhere despite being naked and now dual-wielded them, both with more skill than Lucifer could dream of having right now.

"Hahaha, you fool, you have yet to understand how strong I am! I won't let you win; I will crush you and make sure your soul never reaches the Afterlife!" She laughed out loud as he rose to his feet, looking at her with an amused expression; she was now completely naked, like a natural wolf girl with a thick amount of silver pubic hair, yet neither of them thought of sex or lust.

Only battle and the desire to win filled them both; for the first time, Lucifer felt his willingness to fight to surpass his lust!

The two continued to circle each other; Lulua attacked with her twin swords while Lucifer defended; their blades clashed against one another for countless rounds until Lulua fell, breathing heavily; blood trickled from her mouth, and she began to slow down. She looked at him with bloodshot eyes; "You've got some power, but I'm not going down so easily."

"Not even close; I will kill you here today!" His voice boomed through the arena as he lunged forward; Lulua blocked the attack with one sword and pushed off with the other to kick Lucifer away from herself, sending him crashing onto the ground and rolling several meters away until he stopped.

Lucifer slowly rose to his feet; Lulua's body was covered in cuts; her skin was red from his attacks, yet she didn't seem tired or wounded by any of this.

He tried his best not to think about her beauty or nudity; his mind was clear for this match and nothing else; his entire focus needed to remain on defeating her; his eyes narrowed in anger; his lips curled upwards in an evil smile.

"Do your worst; I don't care if your swordsmanship is better; I'll end you in one blow and take your power for myself, my dear maid; I don't care if you die fighting me! I don't care if I break every bone and tear each organ! I don't care if I destroy everything inside of you! You are mine! You shall grant me power! Now get up and fight me already!" He shouted, pointing his finger and clicking it as if commanding a dog to attack.

Her ears perked as if listening closely, as if waiting for this moment, and she smiled, "So brave; I love it when a man shouts his intent; it makes it easier to deal with," she said, raising her swords above her head as if preparing to attack, as she spoke she made a deep, low growl. Her fangs extended and sharpened as she focused, her silver aura filling with black.

She readied her weapons; the runes carved into the blade gleamed with purple, then the hilt itself seemed to glow with a deep green hue before the whole weapon lit with the same deep colour, almost like a storm cloud that suddenly darkened, the energy swirling around it, the air rippling around it.

It pulsed with power; it reminded Lucifer of something from a fairy tale, a great warrior wielding the blade with the ability to turn the tide, or a legendary hero who would defeat the demon lord; the sword shimmered with the power within her own body, her eyes shining brightly, as her teeth grew longer, sharper, and darker, her tongue licking across her upper lip.

"Now then, Master Lucifer Von Sanguinis... Prepare yourself; prepare to meet the Silvan Reaper!" The sword sang its final notes as Lulua leapt at him with an incredible speed and ferocity that was unlike anything he'd ever seen from her!

Lucifer barely managed to block the first swipe of her sword as her second swung past his head without him noticing her. He stumbled backwards as her third strike hit him square between his shoulder blades and sent him flying through the air.

Lucifer landed flat-out upon the ground, his body wracked by pain as his body was forced open and blood gushed out of him from a wound to his left lung, which caused him to cough uncontrollably before getting back on his feet again; it was like having a bullet lodged into an internal organ had happened again, only worse; it was like someone stabbed a knife into his heart and twisted it repeatedly; he couldn't breathe properly, nor did he want to; it was like he was choking on a fishbone stuck between his lungs; he was coughing up a lot more blood and mucus than before.

His right arm was numb, and his fingers were tingling; sheer willpower was the only thing keeping him standing.

Lulua's strikes came faster and more powerful; Lucifer was now struggling to defend himself, his strength failing fast; his movements slowed; the world became blurry; dizziness threatened to overcome his senses, but the only thought in his head was, 'I can do this!'

'This is so much fun!'

'I want to keep fighting this man!'

Their hearts shouted as, once again, Lucifer stumbled to his feet and took an offensive stance, abandoning all defence. All the women able to hear Lucifer's voice felt stunned; this was the first time they heard him sound so genuinely happy, with no sense of acting. His thoughts filled with nothing but delight and glee.