

## **Erotic RPG 46**

### **Chapter 46**

Esther's tail began slamming onto the floor as she let out a guttural laugh. She was pleased nobody had complained or asked idiotic questions. However, she continued to scout the hopeful few in the class for this terms tournament.

She took a small device from her pocket like a monocle as she looked towards an average looking human with black hair and green eyes. He looked quite refreshing and someone who lived a decent life.

"Toby Ramhorn!"

"Yes, M'am!"

The boy desperately stood up to attention like he would do for his father's training drills. Some of his classmates scoffed. However, Esther gave a pleased nod as she tapped her glasses twice. A large burst of light filled the slate board behind her as several details were now etched onto it.

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[STATUS]

Name: Toby Ramhorn

Alignment: Lawful Good

Grade: F

Age: 21

Level: 1

Race: Human

Height: 5ft 6 inches

Talent: Axe specialisation.

[Strength: 9 / Agility: 4 / Stamina: 7 / Wisdom: 4 / Intellect: 3 / Charisma: 6]

[Abilities: Heavy Blow (Common—Rank:2), Charge (Common—Rank: 3)]

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"Now you weak kittens, can you see these words and numbers? This reveals that our talented student Toby has worked hard on his abilities! Give him an applause."

\*Clap clap\*

A round of applause and cheering came from the students, who were easy to follow the mood.

"Okay, that's enough don't get carried away. His hard work means fuck all because of his pathetic status."

Her eyes scanned over the class before she continued with a more passionate voice.

"The only way we can improve ourselves is through a harsh battle with monsters and other races! Other shitty teachers won't tell you the truth, worried you might kill each other or some mundane crap. But fuck it, right?"

Esther seemed to speak from concern as she spoke, looking at each student before she continued.

"What will you do when someone tries to kill you? And you hesitate because of those retards? Then that person not only kills you but violates your lover as you slowly bleed out? Would being kind still be your priority, then?"

Her tail slammed on the ground, causing everyone to focus further.

"You'll die! Fuck! Nobody could answer that? Yet you all clap like clowns?"

Toby felt she was humiliating him with her words and was about to refute her. However, she seemed to have great foresight as her fierce eyes narrowed on him.

"However! Despite him having a weak status and not improving his level. He has trained two skills beyond second rank! That amount of dedication is truly admirable having only trained with your father. I honestly admire your father Bruce very much. He's trained a solid sprout."

Toby couldn't believe that she knew his father by name. He felt grateful that his effort over the many years was finally acknowledged and held back his tears of joy. Esther urged him to calm down with a crooked smile and wink. She then moved on and analysed each of her students.

Most people had an average of 8 in their main stat and the rest were between 5-6. Lucian found something that worried him. This power system wasn't in the game and he felt a minor panic.

'What's going on here? Why is the world suddenly different?' Lucian pondered.

"Lance Armstrong!"

'He's still going to be a half angel and hero, right? I don't want to follow the plot. But what if it's a new world completely... What the hell will I do in the future?' Lucian thought in panic.

Esther called out a strange name as Lance moved forward with great confidence.

He had been reflecting on himself after being embarrassed twice. His bearing was refined, now focused on becoming powerful, before looking for women to join his harem.

"Here!"

Lucian felt confused until he remembered this wasn't the game. Lance was just like him, a transmigrator.

'He is using a pseudonym to avoid attention. Strange, from the guy who is the protagonist. However, maybe he is now discovering this world isn't just the game we know... it had mixed Strange things inside.'

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AN: (The people cannot see the Fake name that's only there for you guys to read and know he's using a fake name!)

[STATUS]

Name: Lance Armstrong (Fake Name)

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Grade: F

Age: 22

Level: 3

Race: Human (60%), Angel (40%)

Height: 5ft 8 inches

Talent: All weapon specialisation, Hero's blessing.

[Strength: 16 / Agility: 11 / Stamina: 9 / Wisdom: 7 / Intellect: 9 / Charisma: 9]

[Abilities: Hero strike (Epic—Rank:1), Charge (Common—Rank: 2), Blade Flurry (Rare—Rank:2)]

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"Oh! That's not bad. Your strength is almost reaching the next rank. I look forward to your results over the weekend!"

Esther gave Lance a compliment. Most of the class also gave him quite a lot of attention. Honestly, Lucian also gave him credit in a few months he went from pathetic to reaching this level.

'It seems I wasn't the only one who improved myself. This weekend fight seem's interesting now. Lance is the only one who can withstand my full power at the same level, after all,' Lucian mused to himself in delight.

However, what impressed Lucian more was that Lance looked focused. He didn't look at any women like a pervert. His mind was all on the words of Esther and reading his booklets after returning to his seat. He could feel the desire to fight Lance earnestly growing within him.

"Well, most of you are done. Sorry, but this step is very important. The people beside you will be your classmates, comrades, or maybe enemies in the next three years. I always make it a point to have my new troops know each other's details inside and out to increase competition. However, the one who achieves the highest rank in this weekends tournament will get a special prize from me!"

"What?"

"Really?"

Several people spoke up in excitement, only to be slammed into the back of the room by a long black tail that whipped them faster than most eyes could see.

'She's really strong... I think she broke some bones,' Lucian thought.

"Elda Veram Sylphir!"

"Here!"

The centaur spoke with a booming voice. Her ability to train centaur was extraordinary as her subordinates had 9 for all attributes. Lucian tapped Ludris on her thigh as the pair nodded to each other and paid close attention to her.

[STATUS]

Name: Elda Veram Sylphir

Alignment: Lawful Good

Grade: E

Age: 19

Level: 5

Race: Human (30%), Centaur (70%)

Height 6ft 6 inches, horse height (3ft 2 inches)

Talent: Command, Knight's vow, Spear mastery, Swift charge

[Strength: 18 / Agility: 27 / Stamina: 19 / Wisdom: 10 / Intellect: 11 / Charisma: 13]

[Abilities: Swift Charge (Unique—Rank:5), Lancer Charge (Rare—Rank:3), Rally (Epic—Rank:4)

\*Clap Clap Clap\*

The class applauded them with loud cheers. She showed not only combat experience but also her own solid daily training. Even Esther felt a good deal of respect for this girl, despite being crushed by her own family she still fights on.

She gave a modest bow to her classmates before trotting to the back, giving a victorious glance to Lucian. Her rivalry towards him had started since he overpowered her.

"Hah... Truly, I admire the bitch born from a whore actually surpassed the future heir of the Sylphir barony." Said a blonde noble with blue eyes. His name was Clarice Herval.

\*Boom!\*

Lucian's foot smashed the noble who spoke ill of her mother into the wall, crushing it into dust.

"Geffuun!"

His blow left the noble rolling along the floor with this violent dashing kick. Blood poured from the noble's nose and mouth as he wheezed in pain, like a piglet.

"Hrrrk..... Grrrp... Arghh!"

He only saw red as his mind filled with anger at the noble's words. Memories long forgotten of his mother dressing up to work as his step father berated her for being a slut yet not allowing her to quit as they needed her wages.

\*BANG\*

His fist smashed down into the boy's face. Lucian was blind with rage. He struck seven times before Esther's long tail wrapped around his waist and flung him away.

He flung towards the opposite side of the room like a toy. His body made a booming noise from the wind pressure forcing against him.

Altair leapt in the air to catch him using her massive chest to break his fall. Despite feeling slight pain, she only gave him a smirk as she squeezed his ass like a middle-aged pervert.

'I could only feel endless anger and frustration from him the moment he attacked... What triggered it? Was it the girl... Or maybe the words themselves?'

Altair shook her head. She now knew if he felt extreme emotions, it would only transmit them as feelings and not words she could understand.

The moment the noble spoke, his link only screamed in anger towards a man. The image she saw was someone who was middle-aged and looked decrepit.

"You two fuckers! What the hell are you doing in my damn class? Let's see your fucking status. If it's not E grade, at least you can get leave!"

Her finger pointed to the noble, who was bleeding from his nose and mouth severely on the verge of death.

"Spirit of light, heal this useless cunt so he doesn't die inside my academy! [Holy Light]"

A burst of golden light covered Clarice, healing most of his wounds slightly. She didn't stop the bleeding and only stopped him from dying, as she said. Then checked his attributes.

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[STATUS]

Name: Clarice Herval

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Grade: G

Age: 23

Level: 1

Race: Human (90%), Imp (10%)

Height 5ft 5 inches

Talent: Basic sword talent, Noble etiquette

[Strength: 6 / Agility: 4 / Stamina: 4 / Wisdom: 2 / Intellect: 4 / Charisma: 5]

[Abilities: Slash (Common—Rank:1)

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"..."

"..."

It filled the entire class with silence. His grade was only G, which meant he was a non-combatant.

This meant someone in his family had bribed the entrance examiner to allow his entrance. Some people gloated at this guy's misfortune.

Esther was one of the few tutors who used this method. If he was not in her class, he could have been fine.

"So, tell me the name of the examiner and how much you bribed him. Otherwise, the Herval house will vanish overnight. How about I use the excuse you're part Imp and are a spy of the Demon army to His Majesty the King?"

"No, no! please no! I didn't tell my father, please! 300 Gold! His name was Verdant! That's all I know, please!"

She waved her hand as a large black box appeared and swallowed the noble hole before he was sent far away to the academy dungeon where they kept thieves or criminals.

Her face was irritated and hoped to get the money for her own pocket.

'There was a nice bottle of vintage wine for 250 gold in the merchant's quarter... I can get that haha! profit! Verdant, eh... That old bastard is pretty rich, time to loot his savings haha!' Esther thought whilst looking very serious outside.

"Sigh,"

Esther then looked at the boy who Rosa had mentioned before. Aside from being extremely handsome, she really saw nothing special.

He was muscular but untrained in any form of combat. He lacks the poise of a swordsman, the ferocity of an axe user, and the grace of a spearman.

'This guy is probably just her damn boy toy, right? Look at that talented dark elf? Well, she looks like one. She is probably one of his sugar mommies.'

"Lucian Von Silver."

Lucian had recovered and moved away from Altair, giving her a grateful smile. He was now mostly recovered from the deep anguish and anger he felt.

It was too strong for him to withstand. However, he discovered one thing from those vague memories: the things he saw may not have been glorious, but remembering made him feel warm inside his chest.

'My mother was actually a prostitute... So that's why his words caused my anger. Elda seem's to think otherwise, please don't look at me with your grateful eyes. I just couldn't stand the prick!'

"Here!"

His body still felt the pain from her tail, almost crushing his chest plate using an arm to stay standing tall as she checked his status.

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[STATUS]

Name: Lucian Von Silver

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Grade: E

Age: 19

Class: Vampir Lord

Level: 6

Race: Primul Vampir 3rd Stage (99%), Primul Devil (1%)

Height 6ft 3 inches

Talent: Vampiric boon, Vampiric resistance, Vampir form, Blade mastery

[Strength: 19 / Agility: 10 / Stamina: 25 / Wisdom: 7 / Intellect: 11 / Charisma: 23]

[Abilities: Earth Spikes (Uncommon—Rank:2), Blade dance (Unique Rank:1), Fireball (Common Rank:2)]

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Esther was the most shocked when she saw his information. Originally, Lucian wanted to hide a portion however was convinced by Siesta that only second-rate men do that.

He needed to get as many resources as possible, and this was the only way to do so.

"Well, strip me naked and fuck me crazy. I never expected you to be a rough gemstone equal or even greater than the Sylphir girl... Looks like the Siver couple can rest easy in their graves. Finally, the wastrel son has hatched from his cocoon."

She still had several students to check and didn't want to boost this Loverboy's ego, so she shooed him away with her hands like he was an annoying cat or something.

'Haha! this tool is so much simpler. Siesta, why are you so inefficient?'

[...]

Karma seemed to watch him as Ludris was the next one to be called up. However, when Lucian saw her status, it left him gobsmacked, almost falling from his seat in shock.

