

## **Erotic RPG 50**

### **Chapter 50**

(Rosa POV)

'I guess Vladimira won't be attending this year, probably because of the oncoming war. A shame she's the only one that enjoys betting.'

My gaze shifted to the side, watching the countless nobles prancing around. Carmilla stood silently beside me, watching the events pass by.

We were here to take care of our duty as nobles. I could see the royal family of each race present in the distance.

Since I am well known I luckily greeted many of them earlier and saved time.

"The Elven ministers and human nobles seem quite close. How strange, why is Velaria sitting alone with only one girl in the corner? "

I could see her frowning as the cute elf girl beside her tried calming her down. She seemed to watch her shitty racist sisters that desired the throne.

'She is a muscle freak like always though, haha. Who is that cute blonde girl beside her? Is that our cute little Altamira? I should greet her properly once the fights start!'

An obese woman approached us. Her scent made my nose hurt.

"Countess Scarlet. Is this pretty young girl your daughter?"

My eyes looked up and saw a strange flabby creature speaking to me.

Each breath she took was loud, irritating me. She was probably a merchant's wife or something. Should I just kill her?

"Of course not. This is Carmilla Van Scarlet. She is the heiress of the Van Scarlet family and my granddaughter."

My voice was so sweet I felt sick to my stomach. However, I can't make trouble here. This moment is important for Carmilla's future. She should learn this world's horrible truth.

'I am certain some of them were involved with my useless daughter's death! Filthy cunts!'

So I pushed her forward, letting her deal with greetings fuck it! As I began searching for Lucian.

The fact I sounded like that violent, greedy snake woman made my skin crawl.

I spent several hours socialising with the various nobles before the event started and now couldn't stand it anymore as I was about to sneak away. I saw a strange girl.

She stood in the corner like a statue. She wore an eastern kimono with two eastern Katana on her waist. 'Is she some kind of guard or knight?'

Four arms grew from her shoulders. Two were normal arms. However, the other two were longer and seemed able to bend in all directions as long, thin, curved blades sprouted from above her elbow.

'What a strange race! Is she some kind of insect? She seems very strong. Her strength is far greater than Carmilla. How interesting will she enter this competition? Let's bet on her!'

Loud trumpets sounded with loud bangs going off in the distances.

It honestly hurt my ears a little. I seemed to feel my old age.

The nobles looked down at the large stone arenas inside the stadium from the one-way glass windows.

"It's beginning huh... I couldn't even wish him good luck or give him this present." My hands grasped a small charm that wished great luck.

I looked down as the female Lion beastman spoke.

His figure appeared on the edge of my vision. Which caused all my displeasure to fade in an instant.

'He's improved so much since we met. I'm impressed! However, don't think I have forgotten our promise!'

I could feel my smile and anticipation growing each moment my eyes continued watching him.

(Rosa POV end)

Lucian sat in the south tier of the stadium, watching the massive screen. The lion beastman was currently going over the rules as he sat with his class.

Zeth was to his left with countless food items, with Ludris sitting on his lap.

She had defeated Alice once again, leaving her hanging from the stadium roof above Lucian's head feeling sorry for herself.

Altair sat beside him with a small box of various packed foods on her lap.

This reminded Lucian of this manga where the heroine makes a lunch for the dense protagonist.

"Are you hungry?" She spoke in a soft voice. Her head tilted as she pursed her lips adorably.

Lucian leaned over towards her and gently placed his lips against hers with a slight smacking noise as he nibbled on her lip. His head moved closer to her ears as his breath caused her to shudder.

"I'm full now. Let me enjoy your desert tonight."

Altair blushed, giving a small nod. She then punched him lightly, noticing everyone's gaze before leaning against his shoulder. The many males in the class could only feel deep jealousy!

They also had maids to serve them. However, their maids were stone faced or ugly!

Zeth watched him with sparkling eyes, as if watching a god. 'I hope to be this close to my girlfriend soon.'

Thanks to some advice from Lucian, he was now dating Sofia. However, they were yet to hold hands. Or even date a second time. She was a full-time receptionist and was very busy.

A blonde lioness frolicked in the centre of the main stage. They elevated the main stage higher than the others and would use that for the final.

This was also another ploy to increase the price of seats closer to the main stage for more money. Esther had her hands in all the academies business.

"Hello everybody!"

"Now I shall go over the rules of competition before we start!"

Her thin body danced and twirled her skirt, almost showing her exposed ass. It seemed the person who designed this outfit accounted for high movement.

"First! You cannot use any items apart from weapons and shields! Should you break this rule? We will expel you immediately! Tehe!"

She moved from each side to greet the crowd in between each rule. Her interaction grabbed the attention of many passionate fans, causing the stadium to be full of positive energy and noise.

"Second! This isn't a deathmatch so please try to avoid killing your opponent! Even if they are your sworn enemy. Although accidents can happen!"

Lucian zoned out. He knew the rules were basically no cheating, don't kill. In the game, you couldn't use any bonus items inside the Arena. He also knew that they frowned at poison upon, unless it was part of your race.

'The game's punishment was a fine and losing credits. It may be more serious in this world. I'm glad Sumire was already in sword form when we entered.'

"Now then, I am sure I bored you with all these rules!"

She clapped her hand three times with massive explosions of fire and ice surrounding the stages each time, causing the crowd to chant loudly.

"Let's begin with a soft match! to introduce this year's talents! Hehe!"

The lioness moved towards the judge's side as the judge called out the exhibition match participants.

"Class F - Kalis Vander vs Class E - Simon Walker!"

Lucian recalled how this fight went in the game. Simon would use his powerful hammer to crush Kalis.

Kalis, an average height boy with brown hair, stood on the west of the main stage. His thin body and dual curved daggers were already inside his hands.

He didn't speak and just nodded to the judge and lioness. His eyes then faced forward, gazing at the man, who jumped onto the stage with fanfare.

His body was close to 6ft. It was tall for a man in this world. Simon stood holding a two handed mace, showboating to the fans with loud roars and calls.

Lucian could see the mockery towards Kalis in his eyes thanks to his enhanced eyesight.

'I wonder if the match will be the same as the game. Simon will defeat him in a single hit. He will crush his chest, killing him by accident.'

The judge walked forward. He had grey hair and wore a tuxedo. He seemed to suit the name Sebastian.

"Are you both ready?"

Kalis lowered his body and once again simply gave a nod as his eyes glowed silver.

"Ah, let's quickly destroy this trash F Class member!" Simon said with his gruff voice.

"Then,"

"3"

"2"

"1"

"Fight!"

\*Woosh!\*

Kalis moved like the wind. His body was only visible to people like Lucian. The engineer controlling the magic screen slowed down the time on the second screen to show his movements.

His footsteps were graceful, like a gazelle escaping a lion's assault. However, Kalis was using them to attack. He galloped over 4 metres in the time most people blinked twice.

"Dirty fucker! Speed is for pussies! Hah!"

Simon slammed down his hammer towards the area where Kalis was standing.

'See, just like the game...'

Lucian became bored with this farce and started playing with Ludris's hair, as she didn't care about these low-level fights.

"What!?" Lucian heard Altair's gasp once again, raising his head.

"Eh?"

Kalis stood on the head of Simon's heavy hammer. He held one dagger in reverse, now covered in blood.

Lucian watched a replay of Kalis waiting for Simon's hammer to hit him. The wind pressure from it caused a clear cut to form on the face of Kalis.

However, His body bent to the side as if he was elastic. He used the momentum to flip sideways twice before his right foot landed on the mace the moment before it clashed with the stage, absorbing his impact.

The camera barely caught it, but during his second rotation, Kalis flipped the dagger and amputated several of Simon's fingers with little effort.

Lucian moved his face back to the main stage, feeling quite shocked. This world wouldn't follow the game's footsteps.

Now he needed to pay attention, as any minor detail could mean the death of himself or any of his surrounding women.

He should have felt fear or worry. However, only one emotion currently filled his body and mind.

Excitement!

'Ah! I feel alive. This is so exciting! Trash, like Kalis, can turn his life around. Maybe there is still hope for human garbage like me!' Lucian thought.

However, these thoughts weren't from his conscious but seemed to stem from the depths of his soul as they screamed out subconsciously, finally seeing possible salvation.

Lucian stood up, leaving Ludris on the bench. His eyes moved to look at Lance, who was equally shocked. But, unlike Lucian, he seemed filled with fear and dread.

'I guess we are different...'

"OH GOD!"

The beast girl screamed behind him. Lucian didn't turn around. However, his desire to fight was lit. He needed to warm up quickly. The weakest of his opponents could pull a Kalis on him.

"Kalis has pulled out the upset victory!" said the lioness with a shout.

"Victor Kalis Vander!" The judge called out,.

On the screen was a thin Kalis, still showing his humble and honest face walking away from Simon, who was grasping at his own throat, trying to stem the bleeding.

Kalis had slit his throat and tore off one of his ears.

A vicious and calculated victory.

"Healing mages! Hurry, he's bleeding out!" Lucian was no longer seen when the voice called.

However, it wasn't only Lucian that left. The strongest people in classes A and S had left the crowd.

All were preparing for their own battles, hoping to avoid being the next Simon.