

Erotic RPG 51

51 Chapter 2

Lucian could still hear the excited crowd's roar at the event's true start. He smirked as he felt familiar with this feeling of competing.

'Oh, is this the training room? Not bad, they've done an excellent job.'

The large room was as large as one wing of the arena. To his sides were various sized combat dummies. Some would retaliate to train response.

The emotions he felt from this tournament enshrouded him.

His eyes watched people training hard, covered in sweat. He moved toward a dummy near the west wall. His eyes admired everyone who trained so hard.

'There is a strange feeling I cannot quite grasp inside me. Maybe training will help clear my mind?'

Thud

However, he didn't have a set style of combat. At first he was just throwing punches, trying to set a rhythm. As he got more into his own pace, his focus increased.

His every punch caused the surroundings to vanish from his mind and senses. He forgot the tournament, forgot the girls, even forgot himself as the vampire baron.

He felt strange, hazy memories seep into his mind. The dummy created with strange metal morphed into an old leather bag as the walls became old with parts of them covered in mould.

The surrounding scene changed. He alternated between various martial art styles. His fierce, lightning fast kicks and knee blows inspired by Muay Thai. Delicate well timed punches akin to Aikido. Lucian fought as if dancing.

[It's like his body is a blade! He emulates his graceful blade dance without a sword.]

He became engrossed in his memories.

He hit the dummy with a barrage of fiercely calculated blows. This was his natural reaction as his focus only grew further. Sweat flung from his muscles like bullets with his every attack.

His surroundings transformed into a dirty gym. He recalled the feel of living in his poor city of Fairfax.

However, this feeling slowly faded as he remembered how the trainers would charge high costs for low tier training. He gained more when training solo.

This strange world felt real to Lucian. Being a vampire baron was a dream.

He could smell the freshly brewed coffee and half-smoked cigarettes stubbed inside the ashtray.

Outside the window, cars were beeping loudly because of the traffic jam. Some drivers even quarrelled verbally.

He heard the nostalgic sound of the broken air conditioner, which tried its best to cool the sports centre.

The receptionist peeked into the room. Watching all the sexy men. Her gaze licked all the men's abs as she wore a low cut dress to amplify her cleavage. She was a notorious slut who had slept with every trainer.

Lucian remembered he loved to fight with a bare upper body. He could feel the temperature and movement of his muscles more clearly.

His muscular body with ripped muscles shimmered from his sweat. He began to breathe heavily from the extended bout of training.

'Strange. I feel like this is all familiar?'

Images of him competing in tournaments flashed through her mind. He would see that black hair woman with the vibrant green eyes cheering from him inside the crowd.

Her appearance drove his chest crazy. He forced himself into performing better to see her brilliant smile.

They would go for ice cream and burgers when he won and the two times he came second, they would eat pizza. Since they were poor. They paid for this treat completely from his sister's pocket.

'So, I had an older sister, not a younger one? She was always supporting me...'

(Elda, 3rd person POV)

"Phew!"

Elda finished her warmup as her brow filled with a light sweat. Her tight muscles were visible from her shirt, causing many males to sneak glances.

However, she showed no interest in anybody that was until she saw a man. This was a man she should hate after he beat her publicly yet as she watched his training. Her scorn transformed into admiration.

He displayed his pure focus and perfect rhythm with his torrent of savage blows, like a tide constantly slamming into the dummy. He was like a rose trapped in a storm, dancing against the furious wind as his hair flowed with his every movement.

'How beautiful...' She thought.

She could see his mana flow around his body in sync with his every movement. He was like a conductor, guiding his orchestra to play his own melody.

His strange combat art absorbed her attention. The actions he made impressed her greatly. He proved he wasn't just a pretty face that seduced women into his bed.

'I look forward to seeing your fights. Lucian, next time I won't lose so easily!'

However, when she was about to call out to him, she heard the judges call out her name for a fight. She blew out a huff of air from her nose in dismay. His passion and focus had made her see him as a training partner.

'Mmmm a shame! Until next time, I want to learn those movements!'

(Elda, 3rd person POV end)

Lucian suddenly snapped out of his focus, unaware of how long had passed. He felt a strange damp feeling coming from his eyes. His eyes rained with tears secretly hidden by his sweat inside the half empty training room.

He felt a sense of frustration, dread, and depression.

'I cannot remember her name. Her face continues to elude me.'

'His childish promise now ate away at his soul.'

Negative feelings submerged his body in self hatred. His tightly clenched fists turned his knuckles white with the force.

Lucian looked upwards, covering his eyes with one hand. The tears continued to fill his hands as the tear drops cascaded onto the wooden floor.

'I promised to protect you..'

'Yet I failed her.'

(Siesta, 3rd person POV)

A ghostly image stood before Lucian. She had curled black hair and vibrant green eyes. Her beautifully tanned skin that came from her Latin heritage.

'No matter how hard I try to comfort you. It's impossible, right?'

Her outstretched hands tried to grasp at Lucian. However, they passed through his tear-stained cheeks.

The scene changed through various moments of Lucian's journey to date.

His first meeting with Carmilla. She stood beside him with a gentle smile. Her foot kicked the stone he later tripped on so they could connect.

Now it showed the moment Ludris stabbed him in the stomach with her horn.

Ludris was going to attack him with magic that would have killed him. However, Siesta broke the rules and used her magic to lower her hostility. This slowed her thoughts until he could perform the blood pact.

However, she wasn't always able to help him.

She stood in dismay as he bled profusely after his incomplete transformation.

Her body was almost visible as she knelt beside him. She bowed her head against the ground towards Chiharu. This moment her feelings were so intense that Chiharu could sense her presence and helped him through the moment.

'Haha, how embarrassing... A goddess bowing to a mere demon.'

The scene changed once again as she stood behind him, cheering him on as he fought against the horde of goblins to protect Mira.

'I wish I could have helped him. Should something go wrong, I would have lost him again...'

This proved he was never alone in all the moments he spent in this world and his past as she struggled beside him. She was beside him, watching.

Siesta became lost in her memories of those days. She was now back in the days when her brother would fight in national competitions and they would walk home holding hands.

Her brother loved to fight and become stronger, and she loved to watch him fight.

He was like a supernova who illuminated her entire world. She didn't care when he lost because of points. She still felt he was the brightest star, despite losing to someone years older.

They were together every moment they struggled and succeeded.

Siesta watched his crying face as it overlapped with the day he came second place as a teenager. Her hands tried to catch his tears, only to flinch when she passed through his body.

She felt deeply frustrated.

Then the scene morphed to the day she wished to forget forever. The moment she realised she had failed her little brother.

Siesta came home from work early carrying a cake for Lucian's birthday as he would have just won his fourth gold medal. She excitedly opened the door to his room to find a scene she never wanted to see.

Her father stood with a video camera filming. Her step mother swayed her hips as she violated Lucian. He closed his eyes tight, with tears staining his pillow.

She remembered the first thing that happened was her father's shout for her mother to keep going after noticing Siesta.

'That day, they destroyed our family beyond repair. I learned of the truth of my naivety to think that the violence had ended. No... It just changed form.'

The spirit image of Siesta faded before appearing behind Lucian, wrapping her arms around him.

'Later, when I heard your reason for not resisting... I felt helpless.'

A complex mix of anguish, sorrow, and rage filled her face.

'To think they would threaten you with sending me away to become a whore! How dare they do this to you?'

From that moment, Siesta changed. She was no longer the calm, cheerful sister and became a dotting, clingy sister who seemed to edge further towards the extreme with each passing day.

'I couldn't accept what they did to you. Each time I left the house the thoughts of what they might do tormented me.'

Siesta was now working however made several mistakes because of her worry. She couldn't help but think about her brother left alone with those beasts.

'Their actions were unacceptable.'

She must stop them from hurting her brother.

Her knife slammed down and twisted inside their stomachs. A twisted smile painted on her face as she enjoyed their screams while gutting them.

However, she saw his agonised gaze watching. His face filled with tears, looking towards his mother.

'I could feel fear towards me... No, It couldn't be like this! I won't hurt you! Don't go away Lucian! Don't run!'

Lucian fled the scene like a rabbit. His agile body, much fitter than hers, disappeared into the distance.

She stood in a bloodstained apartment as her knife once again carved the two up. Siesta watched her fragmented memories wishing for them to once again vanish into the depths of her mind.

Never to surface again. However, reality was so kind to her.

"IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!" She said enraged towards the pair. Her knife continuing to gouge them apart.

"DIE!"

Siesta lost track of time completely.

When she came too, the police were outside trying to force their way inside. The thought of going to prison and never seeing her brother again filled her mind, followed by his fearful face.

'Don't worry... Sister won't scare you again!'

In her dying moments, she saw one last memory. The day after, he lost his will to fight, worried everyone would leave him.

She patted his head gently before smiling towards him.

"Don't worry Lucian! Even if you lose, I'll never leave your side. I promise."

His mood cheered up. He gave a cute smile and dived into her embrace.

Yet now, in her dying moments, she realised her failure.

'Ah... I failed him.'