

## **Erotic RPG 53**

### **53 Chapter 4**

The crowd wasn't expecting such a fierce opening from the battle of the notorious playboy baron and the elite human noble Blake Wood as the lioness began gliding above their stage.

"WOW! Look at how brutal the clash between these two hunks is! There are blood stains everywhere!"

Her nimble body was using a high tier wind spell to walk on the air. Her chief judge, who sat in the VIP box, cast this spell as she watched this event with joy.

The lioness watched both men intently with a blush on her face. Fierce males easily attracted female feline type beastmen.

These two seemed to trigger her switch as her service kicked up a gear.

"The hot vampire baron fighting shirtless seems to have earned the love from all the ladies! Back off! I'm first in line."

She then span around and gave Blake some appeal.

"But let's hear it for the cool, handsome blond swordsman! Who fights on with only one eye!"

They could hear chants for both men as the fans went wild.

However, most females focused only toward the hunky Lucian as they cheered for him. Their husband's jealous looks could never stop them. This man was just too attractive!

Rosa was sitting in her comfortable countess seat in the VIP box as she drank high tier bloodwine.

She was waiting for her granddaughter's battle. Her source of amusement was watching the other ants fight and betting on the loser with one Agatha.

'Oh my, Lucian! Why are you topless? Are you trying to seduce this young lady?'

The moment she saw Lucian, her entire atmosphere changed as she stopped being slovenly and straightened herself up before cheering him on.

'Mmmmn, the way he fights is strange. However, it's very efficient in a one versus one environment.'

His brutal attacks designed to cause injury or kill made her feel a deep excitement as their affection towards each other now reached the upper limits of mere liking.

Zeth was sitting with two enormous flags, waving them about in the stands. One of them had Lucian's name and victory sewn onto it. There was a portrait of him sewn!

He did not know who the Arachne maid was that sold them. However, thanks to Alice, he was now used to them and didn't find them any different from himself.

The Elven Queen was sitting in the back quietly. Her beautiful blue eyes that sometimes seemed green watched Lucian's every movement. She fixated her eyes on his muscular body that could match hers.

'Hmmm, this lover of my dear sister is the perfect example of what muscle should be...'

She looked at Mira, who was like a little fangirl screaming his name on her small handheld screen.

Velaria felt her sister was becoming more retarded each day that passed.

However, the desire to have this boy as her subordinate, disciple or even lover crossed her mind.

He needed to be accessible to her so she could further mould him into perfection. Him being a vampire meant nothing to her. She didn't want to ally with the humans anyway, since her sister was fond of him.

'Let's marry her off to him. Those fucking ministers can't use her as bait then.'

Her eyes looked back at her sister. Mira was currently drooling, which was far too embarrassing to watch. Maybe she made a mistake saving this girl.

'She needs to be trained again, so she wakes up. This lazy little cat even used the privilege of royals to avoid fighting in this tournament.'

Mira turned to Velaria and chirped like a bird. She would comment on how amazing he was and how strong his body felt.

Sometimes it bordered on the obscene, yet Velaria still listened with a warm smile. Her smirk at how this boy took advantage of those dirty ministers and their false goddesses plot.

'Is he really that good...?'

(Back to fight)

Lucian and Blake had more collisions during the brief moments.

Blake learned how to deal with this strange stance, having landed several strikes with his sword. Most of the layer of rock was now damaged, as Lucian had several bloody cuts on his body.

However, just as Blake was learning how to deal with Lucian. He, too, was honing himself.

His body became more fluid, strikes more fierce. Lucian now felt the sensation he had inside his memories.

The feel that his body began transforming into a weapon.

Blake's sword clashed with Lucian's rock claws, leaving sparks to fill the arena as both panted in excitement from a first round clash they never could have imagined.

'He's amazing! How did they slander him with the term useless or trash before?' Blake thought.

'I wonder why I thought all humans were trash. This man is powerful! He's getting stronger with every exchange. How Exciting!'

Lucian fell into his focus as his body dealt with Blake. He felt an emotion that was lost months ago.

His joy was increasing. The enjoyment of battle, his joy of strong opponents, and the delight of remembering his sister.

The fourth chain turned red inside his soul as it filled with his fiery blood.

He felt that time was slowing down.

His eyes closed as distant images passed through his mind. He remembered the battle with Chuchu how he could have countered her blow.

Thus, in his imagination, he fought her, easily grasping her horn and subduing her.

'Heh, she wasn't so tough!'

The battle with the goblins was a way to fight with his transformation began. His claws cleaved through the goblins. He crushed their skulls with his knees and elbows.

Lucian reflected upon every battle he ever took until he was in darkness.

A room lit up filled with countless empty energy drinks and a large VR chamber and computer.

Sat in a chair was a pale-skinned male. He was extremely beautiful. It was a feminine type of beauty. It resembled the pretty mother in his vague memories.

'Ah...'

The boy had long blonde hair and green eyes and glossy red lips.

However, his eyes seemed dead, lacking the will to live. He only showed life when playing games.

Lucian didn't know who he was. It confused him, as this wasn't him. This wasn't how he looked in his memory.

He watched the boy walking towards the shower. His eyes peered into the only mirror in his apartment, just how Lucian remembered.

'Yeah! The broken mirror is the same, however...'

When he was about to finish his sentence, he saw it. Inside the mirror was the disgusting fat person with a deformed, ugly face and twisted, hunched back. This was the view he remembers, that was the real him.

This strange, thin version of him took up a sword and charged towards Lucian with a masterful skill. It moved exactly like Blake Wood and startled him.

'Fuck! What is going on? Focus Lucian, you're in the middle of a battle. Stop having some mental trip!'

He desperately blocked each blow using his forearm, shins and elbows, leaving his body covered in wounds the exact places as the ones in reality.

The imaginary boy began to spiral and combo several thrusts and strikes into his attacks, leaving Lucian on the defensive like a kebab, being slowly sliced down piece by piece.

'No! It can't continue like this. Whether this is real, I must fight!'

The boy's blade sliced through the air with a downward arc shooting towards Lucian's head.

His neck tilted, leaving the blade to pass by, his eyebrows cutting a single line bald. It looked rather cool since his face was already perfect.

Some women in the crowd fainted at the sight, thinking their handsome boy was gone forever.

Lucian grabbed the boy's hand. He looked sorrowful.

"Sorry, I can't afford to lose anymore."

He lowered his body into a wide guard, pulling back his left shoulder before preparing to thrust his palm into Blake's chest.

Blake desperately tried to distance himself from the blow but wasn't able to. His power wasn't enough. Lucian's eyes scared him. He wasn't looking at this world.

His empty eyes glowed with a golden light as mana surrounded his palm. He rose the arm above his head.

A sense of regality filled Lucian's figure many of the higher nobles watching him felt compelled with a sense of dread and desire to prostrate themselves.

Rosa and Velaria only felt a strong desire to protect and nurture this boy. He would become their own protégé. His current power was barely that of a baby compared to them.

However, his future glory would be almost endless.

"I shall pave a path of carnage and glory. My flesh and blood shall guide me! Not even god shall deter me!"

"ego sum oblivio aureum! [Earth Claw]"

Lucian spoke those words without emotion or tone. He was like a robot speaking to others and himself.

Golden light flashed as five claws slashed down across Blake's body, leaving deep gashes in his body, blood sprayed in all directions covering Lucian as his life or death wasn't visible.

The light exploded and sent Blake's lifeless body flying across the stage with burns, gashes and damage all over his body.

Sebastian appeared in his body's path, catching him with a single hand.

"He's still breathing!"

Sebastian's call made the others relax as they looked towards the man with a golden shine standing with his hair fluttering in the wind, almost like an actual god.

Lucian saw nothing but the dream world when he blew the boy away.

Memories and information flooded his mind. He also began his fourth change, now feeling both joy and despair at the same time.

'So all this time...'

'My disgusting figure... The reflection I saw was not real.'

'I created this pathetic image of myself? All because my actions that day disgusted me beyond belief. The day I abandoned my sister?'

He looked upwards, covering his face with a large palm. His tears fell endlessly, like a flowing lake.

'Would she still live if I didn't leave? Or I came back sooner?'

Snow fell upon his body, triggering a warm scene.

His sister worked double shifts during Christmas, so she would usually not eat enough and become sick.

Lucian once learned about how she loved honeyed apples with ice cream.

That year he spent all day alone trying to recreate the dish he saw on a web video. He scalded his hands, cut his finger tips and burnt several pans.

However, the moment he finally completed one moment before his sister came home.

'Ah... The first time I saw my sister smile and cry out of joy... Not sorrow.'

She stood eating his honeyed apples with tears and snot covering her face.

This was the first year after his mother brought the pair of them into their home and claimed she would be his sister.

This moment changed the feelings of both siblings until they separated.

**\*BOOM\***

A massive explosion awoke him from the nostalgic, pleasant memory before their parents abused and wounded them.

'I was beautiful in my past life. Maybe I should return to that figure. The true me, not the borrowed body of Lucian Silver.'

Snow plummeted, filling the entire arena after the explosion on the main stage, which became encased in a palace of frost, blocking most people's sight.

'Thanks to this snow... I could remember my actual figure... One of the few joyful memories with my sister... Honeyed apples haha maybe I should practise making them again.'

[Honeyed apples...]

'Hmmm? Do you like them, Siesta?'

[I-I love them!]

Lucian was joyful. He didn't receive many negative things. This time, he finally had something solid to connect him to his sister.

His sister liked to eat honied apples in winter.