

## **Erotic RPG 54**

### **54 Chapter**

(Several Moments before)

Carmilla stood on the stage with a blank look. She wore a beautiful white dress filled with blue butterflies. Lucian once claimed she looked nice in something similar, so she chose this to wear.

'I wonder if I can win...'

The enemy she would fight this time was also a vampire count. She watched him silently from the other side of the arena. Her eyes glanced over at him and moved towards Lucian's stage.

A smile came to her face as she watched him fight.

'Hehe, what is that? It's so different and more fierce than I imagined.'

His name was Mikel Bavvel.

He stood wearing a black noble attire, his face was strangely pale, looking sick. She didn't want to see this creep. His eyes always looked at her like a piece of meat.

"It's a pleasure to meet with you this way. My lady Carmilla."

Mikel gave a bow towards her, trying to impress her with his grace. However, she was too busy watching Lucian beat his opponent with his bare hands.

'Who is she watching? Why is she smiling like that?'

He looked down towards the lower stage to see a man filled with cuts and blood fighting like a barbarian. Mikel had never felt this much irritation since he was born.

'I gave this slut a chance to become my primary wife.'

His eyes closed while he shook visibly with anger. This woman must be the most idiotic noble ever to exist. He couldn't understand how she couldn't see how great he was.

'However, she chooses some low grade commoner trash?'

Mikel couldn't tell who it was because of Lucian's vast changes. He hadn't seen Lucian for over a year could never believe this was the same man.

'She needs punishment! Then she will see the true path! All sluts need a little coercing!'

He clenched his fists so tight blood stained his white gloves. His left hand grasped his rapier's handle, preparing for combat.

The judge for this fight was actually Esther herself. She stood several steps away, yawning to herself.

Esther slithered forward her long tail coiled behind, seeing that both parties seemed ready. She, too, had been watching Lucian with a great impression.

'This boy really is changing. I feel he is worth watching. Lucian eh...'

Her focus moved back to the two 'elite' on stage. She had seen just what was so special about them both.

Rosa's little girl couldn't be useless, right? The future countess, she better have some power.

"Are you two kids ready to fight? Don't kill each other blah blah..."

"Fight when you feel like it."

The moment the fight began, Carmilla set up an ice barrier covering her arms and legs. She wanted to avoid losing her mobility as her right hand grasped a long metal staff.

Her body flung towards Mikel, swinging the staff with her full power. The pressure from the wind causing a booming noise as it approached his face.

'She's just as fierce as Lucian haha!' Esther thought.

Mikel didn't respect how fast she was seeing her staff approach his face. He took the blow and thrust his sharp silver rapier towards her chest.

The two collided in under a second as both bodies flew back. One with silvery blue mana light and the other with a green colour.

"Hah... Hah... You bitch!"

He stroked his slightly swollen eye, that bled deeply. The staff had impacted him on the cheek and torn the flesh all the way to his eye socket. She didn't get away unharmed as her chest bled, staining her pure white dress rapidly.

"Mmm..." Carmilla felt little pain.

She only felt regret about letting him mark her body. Her eyes narrowed, looking at this man like trash. His attack had not only tried to kill her but also tear her dress, revealing her breasts to the crowd.

'These are only his! You must pay for this.'

Mikel used a special skill in his anger. He transformed into four copies of himself, although this would lower his power. His attack pattern would be impossible to defend against. She tried to block as much as possible.

But the speed of his clones was still far superior to hers. They rained countless attacks on her as her pure white skin and dress became tattered and filled with blood marks.

'Bastard! He's trying to embarrass me!' Carmilla bit her lips in anger.

"Nph!"

However, Carmilla never once let out a cry of pain or gave him the chance to view any skin. She used her ice to block as much of the blow as possible before hiding her body.

He was the second strongest in the elite class. Somehow, he had a lingering affection towards her. She felt frustrated fighting this man. But she had no choice but to follow her grandmother's wishes.

"I don't want to lose! Not while he's here!"

'Lucian... I hope you can accept the future me. I love you,'

She stood still, dropping her staff to the ground. Mikel seemed to think she gave up and back off.

However, her mouth opened, speaking in a strange northern accent.

"Arla, Kemra, Sivash, Bramah Heed my call! Answer the call of thy winter queen!"

Carmilla called out to the void. Clouds and icy winds soared around the main stage. Her body, that was filled with countless wounds, now started freezing over, stemming the blood flow.

Millions of ice shards circled the main arena like a winter dance. The display was beautiful, like a Christmas play made by water mages.

Many of the crowd thought it was the academies doing and cheered louder.

The ice merged with loud snaps and crackles. It formed countless images from forests made of silver, vast mountains filled with snow and drakes. Then finally, in the distance, a vague grand castle started forming.

The ice began gathering around Carmilla, slowly forming around her body which now donned a robe of pure white completely made of snow.

It glistened in the sun like a gemstone dress. She gave a twirl, hoping that he would find her pretty.

However, now she accepted this calling. They may stand on the opposite sides. Once the ice raiment formed, there was a rumbling in the sky.

Four large glacial entities assembled behind her. One adorned in a robe and staff, one wielded a greatsword, the third carried a large shield and mace, while the last was an old man who stood in front of the others.

He held a simple book and felt more alive than the others. He looked towards Carmilla with reverence before turning his head towards Mikel.

The man scowled, pointing his arm forward, and chanted in a strange language.

—Thy lands of eternal winter kingdom of frost.

—Alas!

—Thy beautiful landscapes destroyed by fire.

—O'queen

—Lead us into the forgotten lands!

—Thine guardians shall fulfil thy dream!

—Build her White Palace!

(Words spoken in the Northern language)

A massive illusory Palace covered the entire arena, making the view slightly blurred. Her opponent was stunned as thousands of ice lances formed below his feet. He wanted to call out surrender, yet Esther was nowhere to be found.

The three ice figures stood in front of Carmilla, bowing deeply. Bramah stepped forward to introduce them.

—Arla priestess of the winter solace swears her fealty to the Snow Queen.

—Kemra knight of the white tower shall use this body to protect our kind ruler!

—Sivash executioner of the eternal frost shall slaughter Her majesty's enemies!

Most people couldn't understand the significance of this massive mystical spell.

However, those that could now understood soon the north will grow powerful with their future queen finally being reborn.

The Van Scarlet family was originally from the north and fled during the time after the queen's death. In harsh times, they served the vampire queen.

5,000 years.

That's how long they have been trying to activate the only keepsake of the former Snow Queen and finally Carmilla granted their wish.

Rosa knew Carmilla could do it after seeing her play with the gemstone as a child. She caused the Van Scarlet mansion to be covered in snow, even to this day.

'My dear granddaughter. I shall protect you until my life ends! Let's take back what they stole from our family back then! No matter who your enemy is! I shall kill them all.'

Only she could one day take the throne in the far north. The true Queen of the North. She felt bad for Vladimira. However, this is the legacy her mother and grandmother fled south to protect.

Carmilla's face was serene, however, her thoughts filled with worry.

'I can feel my emotions and love for Lucian becoming nothing but images in a play!'

Her mind insisted on keeping them as other things slowly faded.

[I shall help you]

The moment Carmilla almost fell into despair, a strange voice entered her ears as she felt intense heat burn inside her womb.

It filled her mind with nothing but Lucian from the moment she met him as a child. She saw every memory for countless years in the blink of an eye.

'Even if you are no longer the same... I cannot help loving you!'

Her mind stopped being eroded by the Snow Queen's will. The Snow Queen seemed to accept this one feeling that blazed in her frozen wasteland.

All her memories with Lucian before he changed became blurry and dissipated.

However, she could remember her feelings towards him clearly. The most vivid memory was her first night with him, which caused her pale blue cheeks to blush a purple colour.

"One day I will have to fight, me beloved. That was the oracle I accepted upon taking this role."

Carmilla became solemn as she stood alone in the ice palace. She looked down at the arena where Lucian was fighting with a gentle look. Her face filled with a faint smile before turning back to her opponent.

'Lucian, should we fight? I shall let your crimson blade take my life. Just as the vision entailed,'

'Then at least I can die by your hand!'

Her three Ice generals moved towards him with a menacing atmosphere. A giant ice sword and mace slammed inches from the shivering boy. Mikel feared this strange phenomenon as he fell to the ground and urinated himself.

—Bow before the Snow Queen!

—Knaves! Lower your eyes from our kind ruler!

—Wretched man! My sword shall rend your flesh and serve thy heart for her majesty!

The boy quivered in fear before the old man Bramah holding then book tapped his shoulder.

His blood froze instantly, cutting off his consciousness. Carmilla ordered them not to kill him. Thus, he released the ice moments after to avoid death.

However, Bramah refused to accept this man who sullied his queen. He would lose his ability as a male, no longer able to sleep with women. They had damaged his brain during, so he could no longer use mana either.

Several of the northern diplomats and nobles saw the sight feeling their hearts race. They knew who those four people were.

"The ancestors! "

"Oh god! Praise be to the gods!"

"Finally, we can rid ourselves of the northern barbarians!"

All four of the ice sculptures turned towards the diplomats with a stern gaze. This caused them to kneel subconsciously. They had all seen the pictures, sculptures and artwork drawn from the great era before the barbarians ruled the north.

The era of the Snow Queen Beilurah.

Our ancestors have returned! The four people were the ancestors of the four Duke families of the North. After losing their Queen, the north collapsed to the invading barbarians that killed their worshiped beast Gruul. The land then transformed into a place of peril, turmoil, and endless death.

Four statues remain in the forgotten capital with the epitaph.

—Forever awaiting their Queen's return. Thus, the four guardians sleep.

"So it wasn't just a myth..."

"..."