

Erotic RPG 55

55 Chapter 6

The chaos of Carmilla's fight ended quickly. Rosa took her away swiftly in order to set up meetings with the various nobles from the north, now eager to meet her.

Lucian wanted to check on her. However, Rosa asked him to be patient, saying she would visit him when the tournament ended. He felt it was fair enough avoiding a scene as he left running into Zeth and another ginger boy on the way back.

So he was going to visit the town for a bit after his second opponent was from the F class and surrendered, which was disappointing.

This seemed the perfect chance to do so as Alice and Altair still had fights so he left with Zeth and some random guy who befriended Zeth somehow.

He considered learning more about this world in the coming future since he was at a school. This led to Zeth introducing a place that bakes apples and deserts.

Thus, they headed to meet this Aunt Bezzie

(Elda Third Person POV)

Today Elda wasn't with her fellow knights. She even removed her Sylphir knight armour and wore a soft yellow dress with daisies on. Her body moved at a slow trot as she enjoyed the sights around her as a regular girl for once.

Elda enjoyed the pleasant feeling of cobbled stone beneath her hooves. Her eyes were like crescents as she ate a candied apple with joy.

She won her first fight with ease, because her opponent surrendered. This outcome made her frustrated, so she bought a bag of candied apples. Her idea of a few was almost a dozen as the poor vendor lost his current batch in a flash. Elda was kind though and paid extra as the queue behind seemed unpleased.

Most of the townspeople loved Elda dearly, as she would always treat them well. She never looked down upon them, despite being a noble. Her dazzling eyes were something the male merchants had adored since she was a young pony.

"Hehe! I got some candied apples! Should I share them with the girls? Hmmm Nope! All mine!"

Sometimes she would revert to a less mature state when not acting like a knight. As if it forced her to remain serious whenever wearing that cursed plated armour.

Her excited head analysed the stages and stands of the arena. She loved weird things and how people created them.

"Dwarven craftsmanship is really amazing."

She quickly became bored with the low-class fights that were pure one sided fights. Her last enjoyment was from Lucian's fight. She became so enamoured with the style he used to fight. Elda almost missed the spectacle on Carmilla's stage.

"Hmmm... I don't really know much about the lost queen of the north. My mother used to tell a children's story about her but I forgot... Ah well, I don't like magical fights much..."

'I'm jealous of them honestly...'

They used innovative mana forging techniques that were created by the dwarves. Only used in the past to make weapons and armour.

"Mmmm! This apple is so good. ' *crunch*"

Her mouth crushed the entire apple and swallowed it whole. Elda liked to lick off the sweet candy layer and then eat the apple whole since being a child. She thought about all the things her mother spoke about during story time.

Mana forging used to be very primitive until a dwarf named Baril appeared. He once dropped a piece of wood into his forge while creating a weapon. This led him to find, not only the wood didn't burn but now contained the wind element he infused was also inside the wood.

He then tested out various elements to prove his theory, which took ten years to complete. Baril successfully created a new method on how they could use mana forging. Now they could build homes resistant to the wind or heat for warm countries and cold resistant homes for the north, saving countless lives.

This technique was called the Baril Forging Technique.

Elda was an avid studier of the dwarves and their technology. Her first teacher was a female dwarf named Mandy. She taught her many things and even designed her Sylphir armour to not affect their centaur speeds.

She admired the large structures made of blackwood. It took ten years for Blackwood to mature. The end products had a beautiful smoked black finish with various distinct patterns that varied from each tree, not to mention blackwood was stronger than regular iron.

Not only was it beautiful, the wood was highly resistant to flames, perfect for anti magic buildings like this arena.

"The headmistress probably wanted to cut costs. She did well for a change since blackwood is better than most metals below myhril. It smells like a wonderful forest." Elda said in a soft voice. Which varied her usual valiant tone.

Her eyes traced over the VIP box filled with nobles. They created this with actual metal, otherwise they would complain. Esther allowed the dwarves to use moonsteel to forge the VIP box. This gave it a beautiful white twinkle, creating natural lighting when night fell.

"She could also claim it was expensive to the academy board and nobles to get more donations. What a crafty woman. No wonder my mother disliked her."

Trot

Elda pranced in a daze as she passed the various markets and stalls near the doors, which vendors paid good coin for. Grendel only accepted one type of coin and it was the human currency with the head of the emperor grafted onto it.

Emperor Gladius Villus Thane IV. He was a man who lived countless years ago. However, all future kings and emperors lived in his shadow. The emperor felt compelled to start a war against demons.

'He doesn't know how horrible those monsters are.'

She considered the idea of a war against the vampires. Her mind became dominated by that handsome male face again.

Now it wasn't the thoughts of him beating her on the stone ramparts surrounded by countless gazes. She now saw him shirtless, punching the dummy with a focused, fierce, and divine face. Her mind seemed to beautify him greatly as his muscles shone from the beads of sweat dripping down his perfect body.

'No! Why is it I'm thinking about that naked man?'

"Maybe he cast a charming spell on me... Or maybe it's the fact he has a rare class?"

Her mind thought back to when Esther revealed everyone's status page. It surprised her that the rumoured playboy was as strong as her.

"How did he attain that class? Which god or goddess granted him that gift?"

Normally, someone would have to perform tasks for a long period before a deity granted them a class.

However, this could give you a poor job like a farmer or villager. Sometimes rich people could purchase job orbs created by people who passed away, leaving all their previous skills as a successor.

This practice was very common with nobles and knights. However, sometimes it wouldn't work and leave a person with a poor job and ruin their futures.

Some people were lucky, becoming blessed directly by a deity. They would then receive a job that suited them from the jobs the deity could grant. The most common blessing people could receive was from Marlua, the goddess of war. She would grant her followers a job suited for combat, like a warrior. They depict her in temples as a maiden holding a shield and spear.

Another deity who was completely different was Lunara. She was the goddess of beauty and desire. Her belief was that all creatures deserved to love! Thus, any race or creature could receive her blessing as long as their heart held love or the desire to be loved.

She was called a false god by the humans because of her nature to accept even monsters into her embrace. However, most other races found comfort in her endless love.

Her primary command was, "All things deserve to love! Judge not thy fellow believers race."

Thanks to Lunara, Elda was born into this world.

Female centaurs choose their mate by selecting a lord to serve. Males are the same, however, they dub them lady. This means that almost all centaurs choose to interbreed with other races.

Her mother was no exception. She was an avid believer of Lunara. She found her lord in the city of Grendel during her youth. He was only a young noble on the rise when they met and fell in love.

However, sadly because she wasn't purely human, she wasn't able to marry him. She was with her lord and didn't mind.

His legitimate wife didn't like this, though, plotting to trap her in a vile lie. The noble then believed Elda's mother betrayed him with a knight. Because of his small manhood, he quickly believed his wife's lie out despite the centaur's desperate plea.

Thus, her mother became a slave for her betrayal. The noble then bought several centaur females as slaves in revenge, using them to sire a throw away unit for his army.

The noble named this unit the Sylphir knight group.

Elda shook her head in dismay as her body once again began trotting towards the western exit, which was now much less busy. Some people who were late to the tournament rushed past her.

She gave a natural smile as they brushed against her body. They were polite enough to apologise and continued on. Now she was standing underneath the black metal gates, watching the green hill from her memories in the distance.

"I'm glad they didn't remove that hill... Mother used to take me here. It was her favourite spot."

Elda could never hate her mother, even if she learned the truth from another centaur. She felt despair knowing her father only viewed her as a seed of betrayal.

She grew to hate the father that she once loved dearly. Forced to watch him fill his side with human lovers slowly and treating her mother like a mere mount and nothing more.

Elda felt frustrated because her mother was happy being his mount. This caused her to believe the tradition of the centaur women was a curse and she wished to never find her lord.

She knew that reality was different, as she couldn't control her feelings. Elda only hoped that the man she chose was somebody who deeply cared for her.

'I wish he would love only me... If he cannot fulfil that, then at least I hope he can treat me as both a warrior and his lover.'

Elda didn't ask for much she wished to be pampered at home and a battlefield to prove herself. People who insulted her for being half horse and half human would see how amazing she was!

She was not half anything! She was a proud centaur warrior!

'Hmm.... In my daze, I finally arrived here.'

In her daze, she arrived at the small evergreen hill filled with small oak trees that were still growing.

To her right was a river, called 'the river of hope,' which ran into the city. This river helped the first settlers of Grendel to secure their territory. Which would then lead to building this amazing country starting from the fortress city of Grendel.

She looked down, seeing the blazing sky slowly turning red. Today's battles were almost over. She would have to fight twice tomorrow and had finished for today.

Her eyes looked forward, taking in the beautiful view of Grendel. The high white marble like walls filled with rivets and battlements for any chance of siege.

This wall surrounded the entire city in a large box, only the south being protected by a giant mountain used by the dwarves to mine for the city's resources and gold.

She looked at the fabled white tower, an homage to their human homeland's original tower that symbolised the power of man to create any miracle, with or without god.

"Hah... Mother, you loved this view, yet can no longer see it. What did you feel when you visited this place? Even now, your unworthy daughter cannot understand."

Elda looked between the two districts, one with partly paved roads, mostly dirt and garbage. The other which was neat, both pavement and road as pretty dark stones covered them.

"The human district you love is dirty, with smog everywhere and wooden homes. However, the demon district has beautiful paved roads, stone homes with various colours and clean of all sewage. It's amazing how flat their roads are when compared to human roads that are a pain to travel on."

'It hurts my hooves when I travel on human roads for long distances...'

Mist glazed over her eyes as she felt powerless.

"Why must we fight them because we are different? I desire to fight for a cause, just not this one!"

She shook her head and tried clearing her thoughts.

However, all she could see was Lucian as he practised against the dummy with fluid attacks. His beautiful face focused on the dummy, as if only the two of them existed. Elda desired to move like him.

'He moves with grace filled with nothing but his desire to win. There is no prejudice, no hatred, simply the desire to win. How admirable...'

However, she was stuck on how to achieve this state as a centaur. Her legs wouldn't bend like his and her body was cumbersome as a centaur.

'Maybe I could ask him for advice... No no no! He hates me and would never help me!'

She shook her head, feeling disheartened, wishing she met him differently.

"Oh, it's Elda! How are you doing? Did you win your fight?"

Lucian's voice sounded from behind her in his hand was a bag of candied apples, which were one of Elda's favourite snacks. Her eyes watched his hands intently, which cause him to show a bitter smile.

He looked towards her, then nodded, drifting beside her, then he offered his apples to her. The purpose was to test the difference in ingredients.

'Maybe... I could ask him after all?'

He was interested in learning more about this world. He wished to begin with their foods, how they differed with his home world, and could he recreate the dishes from his old planet to please his women?

"Excuse me... Lucian?"

He turned towards her as she complained about his stupid pretty face eating an apple that she had taken a bite from. His gentle smile caused her body to shudder.

'What is this feeling? Am I sick?'

"What's the matter Elda? Do you need something?" He said in a soothing voice that charmed her ears. Elda felt like her mind was being massaged as she quivered at the knees.