57 Chapter 8

Elda stood basking inside the moon's silver glow through her window. She lived on the ground floor because of her body stature. Centaurs were much smaller, with thicker legs that could bend and support the enormous weight compared to normal horses.

"Who is the real Lucian?"

Her bed was part hay, which would support her horse's body and harness to support her human body. She spent most of her earnings to have dwarves create a custom type. They filled its hay with a flower that induced relaxation and her harness used a soft Grade-B monster fur.

"I wonder why he is so vulnerable despite his overwhelming strength?" Elda said as she gazed towards the moon, her face painted with melancholy.

She began remembering back to her small chat with Lucian after he finished training.

He sat beside her as they basked in the moonlight. His body still shimmered with a glossy shine, despite her towel drying him. She watched his gaze focused upon the stars as if in deep thought.

'What drives him to practise an art so far? I want to know his secrets!'

Elda took a step forward. She felt this could be her chance to understand another person.

Although they met on the wrong foot. She believed he wasn't that bad a person and wanted to give him a chance.

"Why did you learn how to fight?"

However, before she continued, she noticed a deep sorrow in his eyes that flickered away like loose sand. He looked towards the moon as its silver rays illuminated his handsome face.

His face changed when the moonlight passed over him. She watched his eyes become emerald, his hair now silky blonde, and his handsome appearance improved further.

'Eh?'

He now looked feminine, delicate, filled with grace and charm. The clouds covering the moon seemed to revert to his change.

'What's going on? Who is that beautiful man?'

"I wanted to run away… It was my place to escape the daily hell."

'His voice became so pretty…'

He seemed to have entered deep into his memories. She watched his face fill with rare emotions after he spoke. Rage, regret and despair. She could feel them all as she sat and listened to him quietly, her eyes glued to his animated face.

'But I don't understand, what hell could he face?'

"Those days, I had no power or anything other than my sister. She would always help and protect me. I lied to myself, saying I trained to protect her and stop those things."

'He was an only child, right?'

He could only speak words of derision as he became pessimistic. He was not the bright sunny boy before. She watched both versions of Lucian dance together under the moonlight.

'Is he really the same playboy?'

However, Elda never met the baron before, so stopped caring. She only knew that when beside him she could relax, free from the proud knight leader or noble daughter act.

His hand reached out toward the distant stars.

"I dreamt that one day I would become so strong that we could be free."

Elda watched as his hand fell the boys emerald eyes continued to dim before finally becoming red as his last words reached her ears.

"But I failed."

They said their goodbyes and parted moments later. His final parting smile caused her heart to squeeze and beat faster. He successfully ignited her desire to know him better. She did not wish to see his defeated appearance again.

Elda snapped out of her daze as she trotted towards her bed. She removed one of her white gloves to reveal a small black sigil embedded on her skin. Her body sat down into the soft hay as her human body snapped into the comfortable harness with pillowed head rests.

"So I have met my lord. With time, I shall become obsessed with him. Whoever he is… Please treasure me and never let go…"

(Lucian Third Person POV)

Lucian slammed his body down on the bed with a bounce, using Alice as a soft, hugging pillow. He didn't need to worry because she was impossible to wake up.

He was glad that Altair could understand his feelings as she left a meal prepared for him before going to sleep herself. His thoughts thought back to what happened the moment after Elda's affection for him rose.

'I don't understand what happened tonight… My mind and body felt out of sync when bathing under the moon.'

[…]

'It was like someone stole control of my body and began speaking my deepest secrets.'

[…]

However, no matter how many times I spoke, Siesta would not answer me. I thought that maybe something bad was happening, yet she still didn't answer.

"Forget it… I have to fight tomorrow."

He was just about to sleep when he remembered the vial of blood he purchased earlier. He wanted to try it for many weeks.

However, he never had the excess Seduction Points earlier. Now the system is special as he could get points just by doing simple things like when he hugged Alice he gained 100 points.

'Should I move to the bathroom or drink here?'

Lucian thought back to reading cultivation novels where they would suddenly eat a pill, then smell like shit and become filthy. He really didn't want to dirty his own sleeping area.

'Let's go while I remember.'

He pried himself from Alice's death grip as her drool covered his entire chest. His feet slowly walked towards his own bathroom. Dark clouds now enveloped the moon.

'Am I a werewolf, haha!'

(Lucian POV)

The vial was around 10 centimetres as the drop of blood filled it to the brim. I estimated over 10 millilitres of the stuff.

"It's a good I'm a vampire, huh?"

[…]

My joke seemed to fall on death ears. I was hoping to coax her into a conversation with my terrible humour and failed.

'Well… Here goes!'

I popped the cork as a pungent smell filled my nose. This was nothing like the blood I've drunk since coming here.

However, there was an addictive factor to the scent, like perfectly cooked bacon. My hand brought the vial towards my mouth as it touched my lips. The clear crystal vial was warm to the touch. I tossed the blood into the back of my throat without delay.

A succulent taste filled my mouth as I swirled the blood around before swallowing. I had never tasted such divine blood. It was more addictive than either trifle or cheesecake. I was thinking of a flavour similar to this blood.

But the taste of the blood would match my thoughts each time. This blood was definitely special.

'Well, that's the devil's blood for you…'

I thought that Siesta might have ripped me off when nothing happened. My arm was about to toss the crystal vial against the wall in anger when suddenly my body fell to the ground with a thud.

'Wha…'

My thoughts no longer worked properly as a burning pain fill every ounce of my flesh and soul. I reached out for any kind of release as my fingers clawed deep into the stone floor, causing massive gashes. The pain caused me to scream out.

However, there was no sound from my lips. It sounded like someone wheezing in pain. The view from my eyes spun and flashed disrupting colours, almost giving me a seizure.

I tried to close my eyes.

But this didn't stop it and only made my entire body feel like it was spinning out of control. My skin fizzled and filled with bloody spots as they popped and bleed down my entire flesh, dying the skin pitch black as it cracked apart.

Blood pushed its way out of my body and throat as I vomited and bled from all of my orifices. I felt a pain in my head. I felt like someone was smashing my temples with hammers.

'Please! Make it stop!'

I couldn't withstand the pain just like the day that man ruined the relationship between me and mother.

When I thought of my mother suddenly, I found myself in a hellish place. The moon above was black as the red skies rained blood. There was fire and bloody flesh everywhere. My lungs found it hard to breathe as I gasped for air.

Two figures were fighting in the distance, surrounded by bones, dead creatures and bloody flesh.

My mind became fractured as two versions of myself were fighting each other. One was human, the other a Vampir with large wings and teeth. They were tearing each other apart limb by limb, then devouring the other.

A dark figure stood watching this happen. That figure also looked identical to me, yet I couldn't understand who that was as the scene became blurred.

Memories, thoughts, feelings flooded into my mind. These weren't me! I am not that person! I tried to deny everything, not accepting anything.

However, the dark figure stepped on my back, forcing my eyes to watch several scenes over and over. I felt like this was hell as the scene eroded my sanity.

'This cannot be true!'

I felt the feelings of the person the vampire devoured.

"Why couldn't I be more powerful?"

"Mother would not have to cry if I had fought harder."

"Mother would never have to hurt me!"

But I couldn't accept this! It wasn't the truth I wanted to see! My mind tried everything possible to escape both the pain from the blood and these scenes of near torture by my mother. I saw my gentle mother shedding her tears and removing her clothes in order to stop that man from beating me.

"Don't look away, coward!"

The devil above my head pushed me deeper into the ground. His evil aura caused me to feel intense terror and obey his every word.

"You did your best."

He spoke words of encouragement, which made me confused.

"Don't give up!"

'Didn't he just want to torture me?'

"Keep fighting!"

However, the devil forced me to watch those images while encouraging me. After what seemed like several years, they stopped. In the end I felt exhausted with a breaking mind.

He looked towards me with his cold emerald eyes. That's when I realised.

He was the being that appeared during the moonlight. His hollow dead eyes, a face filled with despair and hopelessness.

But when he looked at me, I could see hope and desire for the future!

"There, see, you can do it!"

The devil slowly tore out his own heart and placed it inside of mine. I looked down to see I had a fractured heart. When I fused with the devils, it was still only around half completed.

I tried to look for the other vampiric version of myself everywhere.

However, he was nowhere to be found as the dark bloody hellscape fluctuated. The floor vanished and then I fell to the ground.

(Lucian POV end)

[Emotions now dulled to 50%, Memories restored 35%]

Lucian was lying in a dark black pool of his vomited blood, organs, and mangled limbs. Halfway through the ascension, he clawed away at his own body, even tearing off his own limbs. He was lucky as the limbs regrew and formed an even more perfect form afterward.

His hair was now a silvery blonde colour, seeming to have mixed with the moonlight image of him. One of his eyes was emerald green, whilst the other was now crimson with a violet-coloured pupil.

Two beautiful horns rose from his head that slowly retracted back into his skull. One was black with a white ring around the middle. Several strange sigils and symbols carved into it. The other horn was White with a black ring covered in the same symbols reversed.

"Ugh…"

"Cough!"

Lucian gave one last cough as a mangled heart filled with holes fell from his large fanged mouth. His teeth were now all sharp with the vampire fangs now slightly longer.

[Lucian…]

[I'm sorry… My power wasn't enough to avoid their punishment]

[I thought they would only seal your memories… But they did something so cruel and destroyed most of your happy memories!]

Siesta's ghost body was sitting beside him all night, stroking his back and hair. She only hoped to help him cope with what he was dealing with. The item he took would normally only give someone a power boost and stat increase.

[However, because they messed with you! Adding that vile blood into your body to prevent you from ever becoming a god!]

[You filthy bastards! Why punish Lucian when I was the one that broke the rules…]

[My Lucian…]

Her hand stroked his forehead before she gently clicked her fingers, disposing of all the dirt beside him. She didn't want her brother to worry too much about his changes. He had suffered more than enough, as far as she was concerned.

[My dear Lucian, don't worry, big sister will fix everything… Just you wait, okay?]

Her ghostly image vanished completely as the system seemed to switch back to the automated mode.

[I'll be right back!]

Lucian continued to sleep, unaware, feeling solace at remembering more about his mother.