

Erotic RPG 60

60 Chapter 11

—Meanwhile, near Grendel Academy.

There was a hidden room. This room held a large round table made of thick oak and leaf pattern with black walls with red curtains to cover the windows. A group of nobles sat within the room, smoking with sullen faces. The men mourned the death of Auris.

Many luxury goods filled the round table as naked girls would serve the men wine with their bodies. The drunken males often molested the girls. Some girls knelt under the table with opened mouths as their heads bobbed along small fleshy items with closed eyes.

These were the girls that became maids for the noble families. They used the girls as sexual objects to pleasure the males of each family. Some of them even hid the fact from their 'master.'

"I am deeply sorry for your loss, Earl Regalius. Please allow this beautiful princess to help you soothe your sorrow!" The male who spoke was an Elven minister who gave the Earl a half bow.

Behind him stood a beautiful Elven girl with green eyes and C-cup breasts. Her golden wavy hair swayed with her every movement. This was the second princess of Arrindell.

"Good evening, honourable Earl."

Her beauty topped all the human girls in the room. These nobles could not stand those filthy half breeds and only dealt in purity. They craved humans, and pure elves were the only things they dealt with. "May this Astara Celebrim serve you well."

She slid her delicate hands along his chubby thigh as he pretended to be filled with grief. The death of Auris didn't matter as he had sired many other sons.

"Oh, beautiful Elven princess, second only to the queen! Please soothe this poor human soul!"

He acted along with her. His fingers groped at her body as she moaned in delight. They held a secret meeting between the human and Elven alliance.

"So, what shall we do about that bitch, Rosalia Van Scarlet? She could ruin our plans this time!"

One of the baron ranked nobles asked in fervour. His lower body was being devoured by a young girl with blue hair. Her eyes were blank as she wanted to die. When the girls lost their virginity, the men then imprinted slave crests on their wombs.

"Hmph, why are you so concerned? Do not worry, that obscene vampire will receive her punishment!"

A man with a crooked nose said this as his body shuddered. He climaxed inside the pink-haired girl's mouth as his right hand gripped her face, forcing her to swallow. He wore a ring that signified he was a human Marquis.

Rope marks filled her body from her sexual torture. The Marquis enjoyed it when she squealed and would beg for mercy. She wished to escape with her kind master. However, he idolised his own father and so she accepts his nasty acts as she cries in silence.

"You should pay more attention to that monster. The abomination that murdered Auris. He needs to die soon before he becomes stronger. Maybe Mara would seek judgement?"

A male wearing bishop vestments turned left. His hands were touching a young boy as his free hand stroked his grey beard. He nodded and looked at the men. He gave a chuckle before turning to the Marquis.

"Yes, maybe the goddess will send down an oracle to purge the next devil. Hehehe come, little Simon, let us go to my chambers. I shall teach you the brilliance of god."

Finally, the Elven male from earlier gave a cough as to remind the men about their initial reason for meeting.

"All the work has been done. She has already ingested the poison for over a month. After tomorrow, her grade will plummet below C."

"Oh! Wonderful. We should taste that muscular whore. I bet she's tighter than these worn out used goods!"

The Earl said as his excitement grew. His hand moved to show the second princess how to serve with her mouth. It filled him with the thoughts of taking the Elven Queen's virginity. She was more talented than he imagined and caused doubt. However, the minister Toral promised she was an untouched virgin.

"We make our move after the tournament ends. I have men ready to go. They won't be able to link them with us."

—Elven Queen's residence

Inside, an elegant room filled with various woods and flowers. There sat two Elven maidens as they braided each other's hair in a joyful mood.

"Did you see how wonderful my darling is? Eldest sister, you must approve of him!"

'Oh, little Mira, I approve of him more than you could know. He is just a little dangerous right now and I worry about your safety!'

"Nn."

Velaria gave a gentle sound as she nodded to the young elf. She valued that boy more than her sister could imagine. She felt he was a double-sided coin and could cause danger to her cute sister, which stopped her rash actions.

'There is a void inside his heart that no amount of magic could fix. He reminds me of Vladimira back in her early years.'

She broke off her sister's betrothment this morning. Her sister was not a virgin, so no male elves would accept her now.

Elven males have the smallest sized manhood of all races. So they value purity more than any other race. The fact her sister has fucked so many times would cause them to become impotent should they find out.

'This girl is so stupid sometimes. She says how big or thick things were. The poor maids have to make do with little finger sized husbands!'

A loud knock sounded on the brown wooden door. It's detail painted a magnificent tree with countless drops of water. These resembled the birth of the elves. They would paint this in almost all important Elven rooms. They must always remember the world tree.

"My Queen!"

Her most trusted maid knocked on the door. She was called Claire and was a human child, which Velaria saved in the distant past. Now a grown woman, she helps her run the palace and also serves as a guard with her C grade strength.

"A dark elf with the name Altair Selpharis Celebrim is in the audience room!"

Crash!

Velaria dropped her crystal glass wine on the ground. It shattered into countless shards as Claire rushed to clean them up. She fell into a deep state of sorrow. No matter how old, losing a family member is traumatic to elves who have nearly limitless lives.

'No... My fifth sister, how dare those vile dark elves mock her memory!'

She was about to grasp her lance. Mira jumped up and began running to the audience room. Her face turned back towards Velaria with a gleeful grin.

"Sister is here. Finally, we will reunite at last!"

She grasped Velaria's hand and dragged her along the corridor that was changed to suit and Elven tastes. Wooden floors with tree roots entwined. They used living wood instead of killing a tree. They would use mana to change a tree's roots into a natural path.

There were various gems on the walls created by the trees. These would light up during the night. The trees would become sentient life forms because of the mana exhaled by elves.

—Inside the audience room

Altair knelt on the white tree roots. Her body shook from her nerves. She was worried that her eldest sister would never accept her.

Two Elven knights surrounded her. These two women were like Claire, saved by the queen in the past and now acted as her maids and guards.

Once they heard the reason for her visit, they felt shocked to their core. But they also felt anger as the deceased were very important to elves, sometimes even causing one to break mentally forever.

Tap Tap Tap!

Pitter Patter!

Mira's pitter patter followed the graceful steps of Velaria. They came from the left behind her throne.

Mira gave a giant smile and waved towards Altair. She finally told her eldest sister the truth about what had happened in the past. Her special power and skill that would take over her body. She remembered times when Mira was strange and used common sense.

However, Mira stated it was Lucian's cock that made the two separate, which caused her a headache. He could then give her sister a new body. She then complained it was much sexier and lewd than hers, which made Velaria almost fall down.

"We greet Her highness!"

The two girls beside Altair knelt towards the queen with an elven salute.

This was not the first time Altair met her eldest sister. But it was the first time in her own body as she tried to hold back the tears in her eyes and gave a polite bow of respect. She was not like Mira, who was mostly an airhead.

Altair idolised her sister and how she took control of the Elven country during their time of need.

'I can finally help you with my own hands, sister!'

Velaria descended onto her silver throne inlaid with twigs that fell from the world tree. Her eyes were narrow as she tried to see any deception in this familiar figure. Her mannerisms and actions were just like the sensible Mira.

'Does my lost sister really live in this world once more? Is this the guidance of Galadriel?'

Galadriel was the old goddess that elves believed in. She was the patron of war and bounty. The elves were not a race welcomed in the beginning, seen as freaks born from trees. The primitive humans and demons sought to use them as slaves.

The young queen Celebrim took belief in the tree of Galadriel, a spawn of the original world tree, and took the first Elven throne that still exists to this day. Soon the Celebrim became the royal name for elves as she took the tree that gave her the power to fight and assented to the realms above.

The Elven throne of Valeria keeps her last words eternally carved with strange magic.

— "My eyes shall forever watch and protect my beloved kin." Galadriel Mirana Altairis Celebrim

"So, tell me. How can you prove you are really my sister?"

Her legs crossed, emphasising her tight muscles which Altair knew Lucian would idolise. Altair took a moment to consider asking her guards to leave. But chose not to, as they were also present during that night.

Altair took a deep breath before she finally spoke. The Elven Queen's dark history.

"You once wet the bed and blamed it on Mira! A grown Elven princess of over a hundred years could never admit to wetting herself!"

The well made wooden arm of the throne splintered into dust as Velaria turned bright red. Her body shook in shame.

'I did not mention before this, even Mira said nothing in the past!'

Velaria looked to Mira, then realised it was true. Mira's mouth was now a massive circle as she showed a shit-eating grin. Her power of gossip knew no bounds as her eyes flicked to her three guards.

They all grabbed Mira and gagged her before dragging her out. Velaria turned towards Altair with a less hostile look..

"Let's talk for a long time..."

"Gladly!"