

## **Erotic RPG 80**

### **Chapter 80**

-- Grendel Academy Arena, Main stage.

The crowd watched in excitement as black thunder smashed into the stage. Most high grade people could feel his explosive power reach Grade B. But as nobody was from the church. They thought it was a secret technique.

'No! This isn't supposed to happen! Not him, he's only a vampire! Not a devil!'

Lance knew this power from the game as, unlike Lucian, he played the game to its ending. He could feel his body shudder in terror. His holy element ran berserk inside him.

He grasped his own arm and bit into his lips to stop his tremble. His eyes shook as they fixated on the crimson ember inside the black mist. Each moment, the thud of his heart grew faster.

'She was female! This isn't true... I don't want to die!'

His power was identical to the game's hidden boss that appeared as if during the true route. Her existence would appear and made the last boss seem pathetic.

Holy light emitted from his eyes that calmed him down and erased his fear. He felt a message from the goddess Mara. She mentioned seeking aid from the Second princess of Arrindell. Lance should then prepare for her holy crusade.

"Astara Celebrim... I hope she's as beautiful as the CG was. Her wavy blonde hair and green eyes... Although her breasts are smaller than Altamira. That girl seems in love with someone else from what my friend in the elite class said. In the game, goblins violated her. Did some lucky bastard save her? I would have forgotten her dirty past if it wasn't for my friends in Blueeit!"

Somehow, Lance felt his own changes. However, would never know the truth. When he visited the church, Mara implanted a seed in his mind that would slowly erode his mind. He should never have mentioned his past world to the bishop before she slept with him.

[No! You will not record my beloved master for that bitch! 'Esvala Met Skeleth!']

A blast of white daggers shot through Lance's head. His body shuddered before he collapsed onto the backrest. She destroyed all of his memory from today. He would remember the mission from Mara and forget his fear towards Lucian.

[Heh! What goddess of life. A little holy magic and you think you have control over life!]

The man beside Lance saw him sleep and shifted his eyes around before his hand slipped inside Lance's pocket and took his coin purse. He gave a look of pity for the boy's tiny member that brushed his fingers.

Black light exploded on the stage as the crowd covered their cover eyes. The thief escaped from the scene with swift feet.

-- Main stage

"Ah, this is a little disappointing."

'What were you expecting? It's not even 1% of your true power...' (Lust)

Lucian? Stood in the centre of the ring, his body encased with a blood red pulsing aura. He stood a full head taller than Elda as her body began to physically shake. She couldn't comprehend if it was fear, excitement, or desire. Her arm held the silver lance towards him with a slight shake.

'She looks so cute with her trembling legs and drenched in sweat!' (Chaos)

'Both of you idiots shut up, or I'll devour you both right now!' (P\*\*\*\*)

'Yes, boss!' (Both)

"Elda!"

He took a step forward; the ground below crumbled into cracked debris as his aura burned away any dirt that approached him. His body seemed almost perfect, his refined abs, tight pectorals, thick biceps. Elda swallowed a mouthful of drool and thought.

'This guy really loves showing off his body. Yet I can't deny I also love to see it!'

'He doesn't have an exhibitionist fetish, right?'

He swiped his hand across the air. A black sphere encased them as it slowed the surrounding time. Time outside the orb was normal, but several minutes behind the inside.

"Don't worry."

Lucian stretched his body with loud cracks of his bones. He immersed himself in memories, both nostalgic and familiar. Envy did a good job, but she was stupid.

[Who are you!?!]

'If it isn't my beloved Lanza, the support angel. Did you enjoy my playful self that lacked pride?'

[So are you finally going to stop being so humble, Lucifer?]

'Lucifer? Please don't call me such a boorish name. That's in the past. How about Lucian? It's pretty homely? Or my other name, Pride?'

[Fufu, you always loved to play the roles given by father! How long can you remain 'whole?']

'Father... No matter how many times. Why is he always abusive? Even as a mortal...'

"Nevermind."

'Let us forget my past lives and all the debts I had. Father is dead, after all!'

[...]

'Please protect Sylvia and accept a little of her wilfulness. She only knows this life and our past together as Step siblings.'

[You know she rammed my ass with a holy spear!]

'Shall I ram my unholy spear inside to make it better?'

[Hmph! You say that despite being a virgin until you were born as Lucian Silver and his your own mother!]

His shoulders shuddered at her comment with a wry smile.

'Giku, leave my beloved mother out of this!'

[Are you really adamant about discarding your name and living as Lucian?]

'Ah, the person who lived in this body died because of my convenience. Call it atonement, as he would have lived much longer without my sister's act.'

[She's such an idiot, you would have revived anyway!]

'Never insult either of my sisters, Lanza! Or I shall kill even you, my beloved apostle!'

[(He didn't forget! This time finally... He remembers us all!)]

His voice was cruel as he locked her out of the system. He placed a hand on his chest. Of all the reincarnations, this was his most fond. Despite losing his powers over the cardinal sins, most of his divinity.

Lucian found a genuine family in his mother and sister and would kill even his own brothers and sisters for them.

Seven feet tall with snow white hair down to his feet that seemed to reject all mortal stains. Two massive steel wrist cuffs almost 40mm in size, the twelve chains shackled to them as they wrapped around his chest. Only eight of the chains were red.

'Hmmm, eight chains in 6 months... Let's make it 10,' (P\*\*\*\*)

\*Clang!\*

Two more chains turned red

'Well, you were the one that collected them?' (Lust)

'LUST!' (Chaos)

'Don't worry Chaos, I won't do anything to him. Those are the facts. I was awake. Can't have anyone touch my women but myself, right?' (P\*\*\*\*)

'Tsk!' (Lust)

'Envy is gone.' (P\*\*\*\*)

'!?'

His large horns curved backwards, now parallel to his shoulder blades, the white horn now adorned with two black rings and the black horn with two white rings.

He seemed to have two sharp bones that were pressing against his shoulders. Those were most probably his future wings as his black scaled tail over a metre long swayed in his amusement.

'When? She was the one in control, right? Even before those seeds awoke us both!' (Lust)

Chaos inside Lucian's mind was worried as he heard the anger and frustration in Lust's voice. He knew the truth, unlike lust.

'Lust... Do you not remember how feminine our body was in our last life? In order to save our core from destruction, she became the temporary core.' (Chaos)

He was always the one in control, but lacked the most important piece of his personality that caused him to spiral into depression, denial, and insanity.

'Without pride, I am nothing but a feathered clown in denial.'

Lucian walked towards the frozen Elda.

She asked him to show his best and her desire and prayers reached his heart. Her eyes shrank as the world in her eyes moved at normal speed, but her body refused to budge.

Even the powerful former S grades Rosa and Esther saw him walk towards her like normal a few minutes after he actually moved. He never even transformed as they only saw regular Lucian and the black ball seemed to force Elda to kneel.

Time slowed only for her and him.

"Kneel"

His words were bitter, yet filled with affection, pride, and a sense of dominance.

Elda felt her body shudder. She tried to resist as the bones in her body creaked. Her front fell to her knees, her face now on a par with his lower body.

This should have made her feel disgrace and shame, but there was only a feeling of acceptance, like this moment was fate.

'I wanted to fight you! Use all of my power and then submit! This... this is!?'

"Too much?"

"Nah!?"

His blood-red eye iris with black sclera peered into her pure eyes. He could see the shake and dilation as she felt fear from his great powers.

Although this form looked impressive, it was weaker than his Vampir form. His status was even lower than normal form because of his damaged soul and only owning his cardinal sins of envy, lust and Pride.

"I am sorry Elda, originally we would have fought with my other form. But the moment I awoke today, something changed. I remembered something important about myself."

"A c-change?"

His large hand, bigger than her face, stroked her long silky hair. He no longer emitted the terror from before or ferocity. She could only feel a warmth inside her body as it tempered her from the inside. Elda knew he was changing her, improving her.

"After countless years, the shackles on my pride loosened. I found a chance to be whole again!"

He rubbed her soft lips like pudding as she opened her lips with hot breath, warming his hand. She could no longer fight the devilish charm he emitted, like something inside her grew each moment she touched, smelt or heard his words.

"Thus, I will give you a gift. So that one day you can fight me on equal footing. Will you accept?"

Her gentle eyes closed, and before a moment passed, she answered him

"I accept!"

She no longer knelt from his pressure as her body stopped resisting him completely.

"Even though it may come with shackles and a cost?"

"Anything!"

\*Slice\*

He cut his palm as blood pooled in his upturned hand. His wound healed in seconds as he sucked up the remaining blood. Elda felt her chest thud in anticipation as her body drew closer to her, the blood still within his mouth.

'My first kiss is with my true lord! Mother, an evil devil, charmed your daughter. Forgive me. I cannot resist nor do I wish to anymore.'

She felt his stiff lips cover her mouth as she extended her tongue inside his mouth. His blood tasted like her mother's homemade apple juice as her throat swallowed and gulp it down. All the while, her lips devoured his and entangled his tongue with hers.

'Well, this is rather surprising... She tastes like summer berries' (Pride)

'I am being cuckolded...!' (Chaos)

'But you are the same person...!' (Lust)

The moment his blood entered her body, she felt the world lose all colour, as the only thing she felt was his sweet kiss, the taste of his lingering blood and her powerful heartbeat that transformed inside her chest.

-- VIP seats in Esther and Rosa's room

"Did he just make a centaur his Dhampir, or is she a blood slave?" Esther asked Rosa with a pipe in her mouth.

Rosa sat with a calm look. Since this morning he showed the signs of an actual vampire. His actions here solidified her plans for him.

'But I feel jealous so he must fight 8 girls tomorrow!'

"She became his kin a Dhampir. It seems she also recognises him as her lord. Her mark is glowing crimson."

"Fuck, this year's tournament is so weird! He is treating it like a dating platform... Let's give him more homework to do!"

-- Arena

The pair kissed for over 10 minutes as a string of blood and saliva formed between them. His form returned to the regular Lucian, but his eyes remained proud and filled with a determined glint rather than his slightly dreamy look before.

"Hehe... My mark completed!"

"From this moment on, and for all eternity, you are mine, even in death! Elda, I won't ever let you go. I am very jealous! Only I can ride you. Not an even woman may sit on your back!"

She gave a small blush at his words.

To her, these words are the polar opposite of what she learned about her mother's Knight ceremony with her father. The glistening eyes that were now golden with horizontally split pupils stared towards him, filled with pure happiness.

Elda grew small fangs in her former herbivore mouth and now craved blood and meat rather than carrots and vegetables.

A centaur woman who stood in the crowd in the demi-human section gave a gentle smile as her G cup breasts shook when she left with a deep joy for her beloved daughter.

"My dear little girl, you are so lucky... He accepted you in front of his fiancée and all the nobles of his kingdom. I wish you all the luck and happiness I never received!"

Her mother's whispers flew into her daughter's ears with a wind type spell named [Message]