

## **Erotic RPG 86**

### **Chapter 86**

— Mid-Afternoon, Elven Royal Estate.

Velaria knelt before a large bloody bowl. Her body shuddered and spasmed. Someone had poisoned her as the vile liquid spread through her body and attacked her from inside. Her face filled with sweat as it formed a wet patch below her mixed with blood.

"Grreh!"

More blood ejected from her former pretty lips, now covered in drool. Tears filled her face despite her will to not release them. The pain was like countless daggers slid through her veins and tore them apart. She knew this pain was temporary, but the agony right now was too powerful to withstand.

'Damn traitors! I treat you all so well... Why!?''

Altair and Mira ran into the room with a bang as the door slammed into the wall. Their sister missed a breakfast appointment and sent away the maids. She wanted to hide her condition from people who may be spies.

The cute Elven sisters dashed towards Velaria and took care of her.

'It was neither of these two. None of them have left my side since coming here. Especially Altair.'

She then remembered a rare visitor that came to see her before the tournament started. Her third sister and second princess. The girl came to wish Velaria good health and then announced she would support a human male named Lance.

Velaria then watched this boy and felt he was only above average. Despite their clashes, Astara was her beloved sister.

'It was probably that damn Astara! I knew the church of Mara was not to be trusted!'

Altair looked more mature, her caramel skin now with a sexy glow. Her eyes looked softer since she spent time with her sisters. Now gentle and filled with affection as she stroked her eldest sister's back.

She wanted to meet her beloved more than anything, but now that her sister was so weak could only hope Lucian would forgive her.

'I hope this goes how my darling said. My sister will never die, as long as I am here!' Altair thought as she watches Mira fetch an elixir from the locked cupboard.

Mira looked towards her sisters with a bitter smile. She then moved towards the door. Her target was the Arena to find her husband for some advice and affection.

— Grendel Arena, Main stage

Lucian entered the arena with a relaxed look. His spell would slowly torture those Elven idiots before they bled out in agony. Zeth was happy that his friend stood up for him and felt sorrow that his idols were such horrible people in reality.

The pair entered the arena, but someone cut their chat short, as staff rushed to collect Lucian and dragged him onto the main stage in a hurry. He stood on the stage opposite A'dalia in silence. He admired her perfect body. Her tight muscles, chiselled abs, and erotic clothes.

'She looks really nice.'

'Almost as good as the Elf Queen...' (Lust)

'Ah... Orc girls have some kind of charm you cannot hate.'

All three were in sync for the first time as A'dalia stared back at him and felt even more appreciation than last week. Her body filled with passion, arousal, and the desire to fight.

'Mother! I will become a true warrior and you shall welcome home your new son-in-law!'

'I want to make her squeal in pleasure,'

'Is my boy Lucifer awake at last? Yes, kick your stupid pride to the dirt! Fall into degeneration! Haha!' (Lust)

'(You know it's not a good thing when he attunes to you lust... I don't want you to go so soon.)' (Chaos)

Luca jumped on stage from the second tier of the crowd as large fireworks exploded in various colours. Her outfit today was a black maid outfit with a custom short frilled skirt and Alice shoes.

"Yo! How are my beloved friends!? Give me your best greeting!"

She span in a circle and pointed to the air with finger guns as several massive balls exploded into bright fireworks. Her lips moved towards the tips as she pretended to blow them out.

'This girl... She could be a top idol in my old world. What a talent the crowd is so hyped.'

The crowd was so excited it was like the entire arena shook from the noise and movement of some of the more enthusiastic fans. She shuffled to the side close to Lucian and walked past and flicked up her skirt. Her huge plump ass was now on display, covered with her white stockings, that enticed him further.

\*Pah!\*

Lucian taught the lioness a lesson and spanked her big bubble ass. He enjoyed the sensation of his hand sinking into her fleshy softness. A light groan followed by a moan sounded into her mic as she quickly darted away with pink flushed cheeks.

"Ahn~"

Roar!

Many males in the stands roared even further! They didn't care anymore as she would fangirl over the handsome vampire noble at even they found attractive. He made her moan so loud and gave them some spice to remember when with their wives later tonight.

"Naughty! Oh, my!"

Luca recovered after a few moments, faint pink still dyed her neck and cheeks. She fluttered around the ring like a fairy thanks to her upgrades. This time with her own wind magic to propel her forward. Her tail no longer fluffed up from his spank.

"It's the time you've all been waiting for!"

"Let me hear your excitement! Anticipation! Give me a Hell yeah!"

Her accent became something that reminded Lucian of a certain wrestler who liked to drink cans of beer. He was from Texas or something.

"HELL YEAH!"

Woah!

An electrifying feeling filled the arena as both Lucian and A'dalia felt the energy and enthusiasm of the crowd.

"Well then! Shall we get started?"

Luca twirled, then pointed towards A'dalia with a smile that showed her cute fangs.

"You've seen her destroy all opponents! The big green machine! A woman with more power than the strongest males. On a mission to steal home a powerful husband! A'dalia 'The Brute' Hammerfist!"

Roar!

Many males in the crowd went berserk. They were unsure about this orc. At first she was beautiful, but her thick muscles and tall height made them worry. Men were told how an orc woman would not stop slamming down her hips even if you climaxed! Horror stories about how orc females made boys impotent were popular in all kingdoms.

— In the southern stand

An English football style chant began. To honour the heroic male who stands against the female orc.

—Oh champion! Who fights of the orc~

—We salute you~

—We Salute you~

—OH Lucian!

— Sweet Blood prince of broken hips~

—We salute you~

—We Salute you~

—Ah Lucian!

Lucian's face twitched as he remembered those stupid football chants in the premier league that sometimes made fun of terrible managers or enemy teams. He felt this supported him, but what does the sweet prince of broken hips mean!?

'Hahahahaha! These guys are so damn good!' (Lust)

'Hey... Sweet prince, do you need some help walking?' (Chaos)

'...'

[Ah, this is so funny! Hahahaha If the orc doesn't crush your hips I can, tehe!]

Lanza was now back as she got past his temporary block. Her eyes sparkled with the sense of a challenge. She would get revenge against her cheap boss and make him submit to her pleasure!

'I'm going to sleep with all the girls you ever find attractive fuckers. Don't get me started on you! My little cuck angel.'

A'dalia also seemed to enjoy the chants and gave him an alluring wink. Her olive skin shimmered in the afternoon sun. He thought his lust was dead for the day after the amount times he slept with Elda. His lust was growing, and he knew what that meant.

'I don't want this so soon...'

A moment of melancholy appeared on his face, followed by determination. The thought of Lust is me and I am him, soothed him and allow him to focus on the coming fight.

'Maybe I can find a way...'

"And!"

Luca's loud voice allowed people to know it was time for her daily husband's appeal!

"The man who stole our hearts!"

"Eloped with that stiff centaur knight and made her like putty in his hands!"

"Our king of charm and beauty!"

"Lucian Von silver!"

"The premier husband for all single ladies who love hot, sexy vampires!"

"He is so good. I will share him!"

Yah!

The sudden yell of thousands of women, no matter if they were married, widowed, or single, shocked Lucian. Screams filled his ears and stroked his masculine pride. He felt since this was the last time he would give them some service.

Everyone became silent as they saw him approach one of the small devices that filmed the stage. He gave a faint smile and looked directly at all the crowd and VIPs.

"Thank you for all the support, my lovely maidens. Have a token of my thanks." Lucian said with a charming voice filled with a seductive tone.

He gave them a polite, noble bow with no errors, his left leg half bent and right hand over his chest. As the white hair dropped from behind his ear. Some women swallowed their saliva as his muscular chest was visible from the opened shirt.

With the left arm now behind his back, he placed the right palm to his lips and kissed it. The smooch sound was audible to the crowd as he clutched his hand and threw it into the crowd.

"Take a little piece of my heart!"

Once again, the crowd went wild, mostly the women, but some males also made the action to catch his kiss. A strange world indeed.

Luca was more sly than the reserved girls in the crowd as she appeared beside him with a gust of wind then vanished back to her previous stop at twice the speed.

A pink kiss mark now placed upon the soft pale cheek of Lucian as she pecked him off guard.

[Just a thought, master. This girl is wearing a bracelet like the elite class.]

'What does that mean?'

[It means she hides up to 40% of her true power.]

'What is this!? Are they like the demon king Pickleman who wears weighted training clothes!? I don't know how to dodge!'

[I don't know why? It seems something the academy asks the powerful students to wear. Maybe to avoid the weaker ones from feeling despair?]