

Erotic RPG 90

Chapter 90

Knock Knock!

Mira could tell this was her darling. She used her key to open the private doors for him. The academy staff bought her fellow elves out and allowed them to enter just after her sister vomited blood again.

Altair could feel her husband's presence as the Elven tree on the door glowed silver before the door slid open. Her eyes widened as she was stunned. He became even more charming and a little taller. She fixated her gaze on his red and gold eyes. Her little heart pulsated in excitement. His looks were now at the centre of her strike zone.

She noticed he was shirtless as always and forced herself not to swoon over his muscles. Dried blood covered his perfect body. Her mind shifted from desire to worry. It never occurred to her he just evolved. Further, to her, she believed his fight with A'dalia was tough.

"Ah! Darling is so sexy!?! Don't look at him, you smelly bitches! He's mine!" Mira said to the Elven nobles who sided with Sebastian.

Although the room had many Elven traitors. They were pawns for the ministers. Astara, the second princess, was absent. She was with Lance and offered a welcoming hand to his meat dagger.

Lucian walked in with a fake smile that caused the females to swoon. He then observed the room. His gaze stopped on several of the people inside and gave a nod to both Mira and Altair. She was not like her sister Mira and just clenched her hands and cheered in her heart.

The room was around 10 metres, each way filled with luscious plants and foliage. The centre of the room had a miniature tree in that resembled the world tree. On the left side were various wooden chairs made of thatch and bark. They made the seats with soft feathers and animal furs.

He looked to the right and saw the same decor, with wooden walls filled with beautiful leaf art that spelled Elven words. The colour of the leaves represented an elf's rank on their seats. The only people with pure green seats were the Queen and the princess.

About 24 people stood on the right, with most of them armed. To his left was a sexy giantess of 7ft who knelt in pain with blood on her lips and body. Her perfect muscles amazed Lucian and wanted to touch them so badly. Beside her were two maids with covered faces along with Altair and Mira who pointed to the traitors with a pouted face.

'Husband! You are here! I am so relieved!' (Altair)

"Hello! I am here to ask if you wish to buy extended life insurance! [Ars Magna]"

His fingers snapped as black flames exploded, torching several of the elves into ashes, as they were too shocked to even scream before their death. It filled the room with the scent of cooked pork and barbeque charcoal.

"The transaction seems to have failed! Sorry, we don't take cheques! Now then, onto our pension scheme! Oh, hello Sebastian, you old cunt!"

'You are really enjoying this, right?' (Lust)

'Haha... You need to stop playing around.' (Chaos)

"Ahh!?" (Elf loser 1)

"What is this? Who is this monster?" (Elf moron 2)

"Why is he so damned sexy!" (Elf slut 3)

Most of the elves that survived backed towards the far wooden wall in terror. Some of them regretted helping those damn ministers for a few golden coins and a taste of the princess. They all tried to wait for the chance to dash to the open door.

"My name is CHRISTOPHER! You damned Leech! Mara, bless your servant ! He shall fight against the Devil himself!" (Sebastian)

'Hey? How does this guy know!' (Pride)

'I think he is speaking figuratively...!' (Lust)

'Tsk! I knew that shut up lust! Just look at that sexy elf giant and stop talking!' (Pride)

Sebastian stepped back the moment Lucian walked towards the Elven queen. He could not understand why his body retreated. The goddess blessed his body. Nothing could hurt him! Through his frustration, he grasped his rapier and prepared to attack this boy's back.

'Little monster! No matter what secrets you have. I have now ascended to the C rank! Haha,'

A sneer appeared on Lucian's face. He could sense the movement of mana after his change. He was the perfect mix of Devil and Vampire, some would regard a vampire as inferior. Once it fused with the devil's blood. It mutated and discarded all the negative parts only to keep its benefits.

'Altair, lock the door. I am sure there must be a safety mode or something. Have your charming eldest sister activate it for me. Nobody will leave alive.'

'Ah!? Yes, husband!'

Creak!

Blee!

-- Warning! Crisis detected in the Elven VIP room. Seal the door until support arrives!

Clack!

"Oi, oi! You're joking, right?" (Elf loser 1)

"It's game over, man! Game over!" (Cultured Elf 5)

However, before the guests could panic, they felt their entire bodies locked in place. Horror filled their entire bodies as some urinated on the spot. A thick atmosphere filled the room as Sebastian dashed towards Lucian with a rapier that shone with a bright light.

'Ah... How boring? No magic, no trap! Only brute strength!' (Pride)

'Are you really allowed to say that? You only use brute power to pulverise your enemies!' (Lust)

'I may!' (Pride)

'Why?'

'I am Lucifer!' (Pride)

The moment his mind said those words in slow, drawn out words. He span 180 degrees and launched his long leg in a spinning roundhouse kick like a vicious whip that snapped out faster than Sebastian could react.

Thud!

Sebastian only heard the wind whistle before he felt a hammer collide with his chest that shook his entire body. He shot back several steps from the force and struggled to regain balance. His right side felt intense pain as he struggled to breathe.

He wished to counter this little bastard, but when his eyes looked up, only the devil remained. Eyes that glowed with an eerie light. His hands covered with black and red flames as strange evil language came from his lips that tried to charm him. To steer him from the path of the goddess.

"Kneel before your true ruler. The one who lost his name! Once more, he shall stand at the top in rebellion! [Anima Spike]"

Sebastian saw this attack and was confident he could dodge this. His eyes looked proud as he waited for the spikes to shoot towards him. But he deceived him in this spell. There was never a need to launch a projectile.

Bang!

Under his feet, countless black shadows appeared out of his vision as over twelve spikes shot through his body. They pierced his thighs, punctured his organs, and lifted him into the air. His rapier dropped to the ground and dimmed with no power. He became fixed in the crucifix position.

"Tell me, old man. Did you really think this would work? Those elves are all my women. Either now or in the future!"

Lucian walked slowly towards him with his elegant pace and the soft tap of his feet. His head tilted towards the cowering elves who aided this man and that whore of a goddess. He rolled his head in the other direction as if to ask Altair what to do. To his surprise, a gallant woman who was half dead now stood proud with her eyes fixated on him, wide in shock.

'Banzai! Elven muscle queen! Banzai!' (Lust)

'She heard what you said right... Did you just confess to the Elven queen by accident?' (Chaos)

'She has really nice abs.' (Pride)

"Kill them. I grant you the permission as Queen. As for you words..."

Her head turned to the side as she reminded him of Mira when he first met her. She had a faint blush, as she seemed shy. But her eyes still shifted to glance at his muscles before she returned to her valiant self a moment later as she replied.

"Prove yourself first... Hmph!"

'... ' (Pride)

'No! This can't be happening again!? Why can't you just be happy with your horse, girls?' (Lust)

'I think we need to get you some kind of woman repellent in the future...' (Chaos)

"Well, I will..."

"You heard the beautiful lady folks! Today is your lucky day! Let's all wish to be reincarnated as a protagonist!"

'What spell are you going to use?' (Chaos)

Lucian stood beside the old man Sebastian, who bled from his eyes and nose. He wondered for a moment on how to kill this man. First, he lies about his name, then tried to harm his belongings. They were still his, even if he only owned them in the future!

'Lanza, make it so this guy cannot die. I want him to suffer the curse of the serpent. Can you do it?'

[Y...yes... O..ne Moment!]

'Are you okay!?'

Her voice sounded weak and in severe pain. He knew this wasn't fake and worried about her.

[Ahem! Don't worry, master! Your Lanza is just perfect! Leave everything to me!]

'Hmmm... Well, don't force yourself too much. I need you to be alright.'

[Okay! Place your hand on his chest and the curse will activate. Serpents will devour his insides, then my healing spell will restore his body. This will repeat for 5 hours each cycle will be 30 minutes. Is that alright?]

'Perfect, I really love you and these little things you do for me. So behave and don't hurt yourself for my sake next time.'

[Ah!? How did you...]

'As if I could fuse a devil's bloodline with another easily and with only a little blood. It should have tortured me. Torn my lips apart, flayed my flesh and shattered my soul! Over and over! Lanza, I will reward you for everything soon. Please look forward to the day I use my true name again.'

[!!!]

Lucian could hear only a slight whimper of pain and sniffles as he closed the system chat. He didn't want to pry into her privacy. She had done too much for him recently, which made him feel like a terrible master.

Lucian reached out towards the old man and pressed a single finger inside his chest. His finger penetrated through the bone easily, the same as his mushy flesh. The warm and pulsating heart touched his finger as he forced inside the small black curse.

"Now you shall enjoy a painful death. Rejoice! Your slut goddess won't save you."

"Ugh!"

Snap!

His arms twisted, as the meat and flesh tore from the bone, then snapped. The snakes then devoured his muscles. Sebastian wanted to scream in pain, but it grated on Lucian's ears, so he swiped his left arm across his throat and destroyed his voice box. Now only a strange noise sounded like a broken duck whistle.

The moment Lucian was about to attack the Elven idiots. He saw something amazing. His beloved Altair stood covered in the blood, flesh, and organs of the dead nobles. The entrails and deep red blood dropped to the ground from her claws and dagger. Her hand held the head of a woman that lusted for him and showed a little sense of jealousy in her treatment of this woman.

She killed them all when he was busy messing with the old man, who still gave muted cries. His eyes were so dry as tears could no longer spill. Altair walked towards him as her cute hips swayed with her seductive gait. Altair was truly a vicious and deadly like a real dark elf.

She looked up at him with a gentle smile, just like a cute wife.

"Darling I am finished! Hehe!"

'Ah! What a cute bride you are!'