

## Vampir Lord: Erotic RPG Chapter 13

My blade swiftly slit the throat of the final goblin. Since levelling a few hours ago. Me and Miumiu had been hunting goblins all afternoon. It was difficult to figure out the time inside the forest. Only the scorching heat dying off informed me it was getting closer to nightfall.

[Vampire Lord Levelled Up!]

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[Level: 5 +1] [73/350 EXP]

[Strength +1] [Agility +1] [Wisdom +1]

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“Miumiu. We should go home and eat.”

I found my katars were filled with chinks and were slightly blunted. “This weapon is cool, but really annoying to use. I wish my dagger speciality was instead blade speciality. Then I could use any weapon.” I transmitted my thoughts to my soulmate Siesta, hoping she’d catch my hint.

[Do you wish to replace dagger mastery with blade mastery? You will drop to rank 1 and lose all dagger prowess.]

[Will Use remaining SP completely! Y/N?]

“Lucian +30 Affection.”

“Task completed,”

“System gained +10 Lucian Points.”

[Hmph! What good are your stupid points? Don’t imitate the system! I’ll punish you]

“Please, don’t fight! Siesta darling, of course I wish to replace them!”

[Who’s your darling!]

[Be careful Lucian. I can feel a large amount of powerful entities approaching you at a high speed.]

My mind raced. I thought we had moved away from them, but in our constant hunting monsters, we seemed to have moved closer to the north by accident. What could I do to

deal with this situation? Will they kill me on the spot or maybe they will be merciful as we're in vampire territory?

"Miumiu, there are humans approaching, so act like a dead ferret! Be good and I'll give you a treat." I said, pulling on her alluring golden tail with its cute white tip.

"Wuu wuu!" (This Queen is not clothing! Stop pulling my tail. I don't want your stinky treat. Foul cockroach!)

The sound of footsteps increased in volume. My heart increased its pace. The stress was killing me. "Do vampires get bald from stress?" Mundane thoughts filled my mind as I tried to deal with the pain forming inside my head. I hope this world has ibuprofen.

"Woah! All stop."

"Form a line, raise your spears."

I heard the old man yelling orders. The knights began forming a wall to block my escape despite being heavily wounded. I don't recognise this old man. His CG art didn't appear in the game. My eyes traced over the several people before I saw him.

He was less handsome than I had created. I was honestly worried he'd look exactly like me after I created him, but it seems this world's Lance is the base model who is a moderate 6/10 and has a youthful charm filled with determination. His black hair reminded me of all those Japanese protagonists.

"It's strange that he's so short. With his intense training, the game described it as making him grow taller and more fierce. This kid is literally a bean sprout with a few abs. What's going on?"

Beads of sweat formed on my head as the leading super handsome old man approached me with his sword drawn. He spoke to me for the first time.

"May I ask what is a high levelled aristocrat vampire doing in the third layer of Silverpine forest? With no escort troops?" (Old man)

His words confused me at first. What high-level vampire? I'm just a baron with mixed blood. Then remembered the class that my dear sexy grandmother Rosa gave me. "Did that change my constitution?" My thoughts were rapid, wanting to avoid pissing off this cool old man.

"I wanted to gain combat experience before attending the college in several months."

"May I ask thee? What are human knights doing in vampire territory fully armed? By chance, are you from the hunter's guild?"

The knights gripped onto their weapons tighter. My enhanced vision could see the sweat increasing. But the calm old man nodded. He seemed to believe my explanation completely, then thought to himself for a moment. He spoke after nodding.

“We are currently hunting a great evil demon. However, she has eluded our pursuit. If she is not killed now, countless innocent will die.” His arms spread out and moved dramatically. “Was he trying to get my sympathy or something?” (Old man)

“Therefore. Hand over that vile creature clinging to your neck and we shall depart!” (Old man)

The old mans cool face turned extremely fierce. His pressure held my body down like. It felt like my body was being pinned down by a 500KG weight.

“Hand over Miumiu? My newest pet! How laughable. She can spit fire, but she’s no evil being that you said. How can such a silky smooth ferret be evil!”

I heard several of the men calling me an idiot. This was clearly a fox. But what do they know? I am certain she is a ferret. Before I could understand the change in dynamic. There was a flash in my eyes. His sword was aiming towards Miumiu.

“System, please give me a storage space to keep Miumiu safe. I’ll pay any premium! I beg you. There is no way I can protect both myself and her at once!” my voice whispered as I tried to block the monstrous old man’s slash.

When I tried to view his level, it just showed skulls. This told me he was at least 10 levels above me.

[Lucian... You could just hand him.]

“Sietsa!! I will not abandon something I’ve taken care of. Pets aren’t just for Christmas.”

[Christmas? Nostalgic... But okay, you owe me 500 SP]

His slash came swinging down. He mainly aimed it towards killing Miumiu instantly. However, his blades stopped it for a moment.

\*Clang\*

I felt my knees buckle, my body began sinking into the ground. My daggers were chipped now. I saw them crumbling before my very eyes. Before I could react, I felt a searing pain in my left arm. I watched as my arm flew in an arc. It began burning into countless ashes. The old man’s sword had passed straight through the ghostly form of Miumiu, who’d vanished.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

No matter how dampened or how inhuman I had become. I couldn't stop myself from screaming out in pain. My right hand desperately grasping my left shoulder. It was now spraying blood everywhere, slowly healing.

"Strange" (Old man)

The man scowled. His hand still holding his sheathed sword. He took a step towards me. Honestly, I hoped they would fall for my trick, using my arm as bait, creating the illusion she had died. The old man's eyes shone with silver light.

"It was a nice try, using an illusion and sacrificing your own arm. But young vampire, you will not trick me. Hand her over, or I will end your life. Even if Vladimira herself was your mother, I would still kill you!" (Old man)

"Heh! Want me to hand over my dear ferret! You're having a stroke, old man."

My shaking right hand released my shoulder holding the half destroyed katar. I couldn't even hold my body solid without rocking. Maybe this was that thing called shock? Was I going to die for some random ferret?

Honestly, I was being stupid. Why didn't I just hand her over... Then again, I remembered a vague face of a little girl who looked just like me. Memories I had hidden deeply flooded my mind at the moments of death. "Ah... I didn't want to fail you again. To let you die because of my cowardice was my greatest regret. Lilian."

The old man's sword once again swept toward me. His pressure stopping me from even using the tiniest bit of mana. My sister's last moments being stabbed to death by a home invader's knife as she confronted him replayed in my mind. I pathetically hid inside a closet watching her being murdered. All I could do was cry. Until something snapped. When I became aware, the intruder's head was now smashed into mush with and I was clutching my sister's corpse.

"If I could relive that moment. I would never have let you die. Is this retribution for me weakness and fear?"

[No! I forgave you a long time ago. It wasn't your fault... We were only children! I've been watching you punish yourself daily to the point of self harm... Brother, please... Just run!]

Lucian couldn't hear the voice of the system because a higher power caused her words to sound like static. Whenever either of them mentioned things from his original world or life. It would sound static to other humans. Or be changed to fit their understanding.

"What are you muttering about during combat, little boy?"

\*Thud\*

His slash caused a deep gash in my chest my right arm was also half destroyed. His foot slammed into my side, flinging me into a tree like a rag doll almost three metres thick. My body collided with it, causing a loud bang to sound within the nearby forest, scaring away any close by creatures.

The knights deemed Miumiu had escaped. They turned their back's to me. I felt my vision fading. My mind only filled with frustration, anger, despair and the will to live. But sadly, with half my chest and arm missing, even a vampire's regeneration wasn't enough. As my consciousness fell into darkness. Siesta's voice kept shouting to get my attention, but it failed.

"Carmilla..."

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The knight was concerned about the future. He had killed a pureblooded vampire. His innate ability could see through most magical things and identify high-level creatures. Just as he was about to order them to move away, a colossal mana and bloodlust burst forth from the direction the boy had died.

He turned his head and saw something horrible. He has been a seasoned knight for 40 years. Yet at this moment, he felt deep terror.

"I cannot see through this creature..."