

Vampir Lord: Erotic RPG Chapter 17

Lucian slumped his tired body into a purple chair in the room's corner. His clothes and room filled with his own blood and discarded organs. He felt intense fatigue as his thoughts blurred, wondering why he'd been in such a rush over the past two days.

"I really could have taken my time, avoiding all this needless stress and nonsense." He said. His elegant voice echoing around the room.

His eyes looked towards the large moon, several times that of the one on his former planet. Its shimmering silver light made him feel a great comfort. Just as he was falling into a light slumber. There was a slight fumbling, and then a figure snuck into his room from the window next to him.

The moon illuminated her hair as her dazzling golden eyes locked onto his. Carmilla stood like a child caught doing naughty things by her parent. She looked towards Lucian with her eyes affixed onto his body. He could see the remnants of tears in her tired and blushed eyes. His arm rose, beckoning her towards him.

She timidly walked towards him, now merely a few centimetres away. Lucian grabbed her arm and pulled her onto his lap. Now sitting like a kitten with her head against his chest in his gentle embrace. The moon cloaked him in darkness, but his scent would always remain the same as her fingers clutched his loose bath robe.

Carmilla felt the frustration and anguish of losing her parents build up. Her tears once again fell silently down her cheeks. She rubbed her face against his chest, desperately seeking his warmth and affection.

She filled her mind with insecurities, "Does he still want me?" "Why did he suddenly surround himself with so many beautiful women?" "Now that I've lost everyone, will Lucian also leave me?"

Just as it filled her with insecurities and fear. She felt his long, delicate fingers gently running through her hair. Her body shuddered momentarily. His warm embrace and gentle touch caused her last walls to break down as the tears continued to cascade down her pale cheeks.

"Mother and father are gone Lucian! I'm all alone."

She continued to cry within his chest as he gently comforted and stroked her hair. "I know, don't worry. I will never leave you. Carmilla." Her body shuddered with a mix of joy at his statement and the sorrow of losing her parents. For several minutes, he continued to calm her down.

His movements were like handling a precious treasure. She felt like he could see through her completely. As her eyes looked up filled with glistening tear drops. The

moon's silver glow illuminated his face. Carmilla felt shock. "Why has he become even more charming?" "Won't other women try to steal him away now!?"

"Carmilla. Am I still the Lucian you adore, even now?"

Lucian spoke her name as she looked at his current look. His ears long like an elf, the beautiful blonde hair now pale like snow. The eyes she remembered to be a light red were now a deep dark hue filled with an evil charm. Carmilla felt words couldn't convey her feelings correctly as her trembling hands reached out, grasping his cheeks as if she feared he was but an illusion.

Carmilla moved her face up closer to him as she gave him a slight nod, placing her lips faintly on his. Her actions lacked anything like lust as she desperately tried to convey her affection with a gentle, fleeting kiss filled with her boundless affection towards him. Their lips making a soft smacking noise as she pulled away. Her eyes shone brilliantly in the darkness as she felt his fingers gently tracing along her damp peach lips.

"Mmmm, thank you Carmilla. You always give me the motivation to move forward."

He once again pulled her into a gentle embrace. Lucian knew she must have just heard of her parents' death and will have to spend the next months' training to take over everything with Rosa. Yet the first thing she did was to visit his room to seek comfort. "The way I treated her wasn't right.." His deep crimson eyes looked down to her, happily burying her face into his chest. Her little fingers were twirling his long silky white hair in circles, trying to hide her look of glee and relaxation.

"Always remember Carmilla. No matter how I may act in the future. I will never abandon you."

Carmilla felt him embrace her waist tightly. She was now more clear minded after expelling a small amount of her grief. Her eyes could finally view the state of the room.

His discarded organs and stale blood filled the room with a horrid stench. She felt his desperate embrace, seeking any form of warmth and support, just like she had moments before. Her eyes looked upwards, only to see a cold, emotionless face devoid of even a hint of humanity.

Carmilla felt her chest tightening and realised, despite going through his own troubles and pain. His first reaction upon seeing her was to throw it aside and comfort her like his princess.

"I want to be his strength, I wish to support him... Will he one day share his thoughts and worries with me?" Carmilla thought as the pair continued their affectionate embrace. Just as she felt completely comfortable within his arm's, a sharp pain struck her neck.

“His fangs have changed!?” she thought.

His lips gently pressed against her neck as he savoured her blood’s taste. This desire was a mixture of his affection and hunger. She felt his sucking force was far greater than his first time. It filled her body with a sense of euphoria beyond anything she’d felt before and a sense of dread, as if she were going to die. Her hands helplessly gripping his robes behind his back as the pleasure of having her blood sucked dominated her mind. She was so engrossed that she could not drink his blood in response. Only light moans left her little mouth during his feeding.

Drip

Her blood dropped from his chin moments later. Lucian had almost drank her dry as sanity returned to his eyes. His own lust for blood and desire to feed from this adorable woman had taken him over. “I should feel regret, but all I feel is satisfaction and the desire to never let go of this woman...” He thought to himself, trying to rationalise his changes.

Carmilla was now in a blissful sleep, her cheeks no longer filled with sorrow and eyes filled with dread. She seemed to have a pleasant dream, as she called out his name and giggled repeatedly in his embrace.

The silver moon enshrouding the pair as he continued to stroke her glossy hair like a treasure. His face stained with her vibrant blood as he whispered.

“Thank you once again, Carmilla. My dear muse.”

He stood up, carrying her in a princess hold. His footsteps echoing loudly through his quiet room. Lucian placed her upon his bed like she was the world’s most delicate treasure, slowly covering her with his quilt, his long pale finger gently wiping the drool from the corner of her mouth as his face showed the tiniest of smiles, barely a smirk. This was the closest he could get to a smile filled with affection without forcing it.

“I was going about things the wrong way. What has happened cannot be changed. In the future, I will try not to make you worry. Carmilla.”

His hand stroked her bangs behind her ears. In his excitement at being in the game world somewhere deep down, he treated these women as NPC’s and things he could throw away or ignore. He had spent many years playing games with that kind of feeling, able to just throw them away for the next game or novel that released. Lucian wouldn’t be able to change his thoughts and actions over night. He simply swore to treat them more like actual women than glorified onaholes.

“I hope that when you need to cry, you’ll always come to my side Carmilla. The thought of you crying somewhere alone causes my chest to feel tight.”

Lucian knew his feelings were finally fusing with the body completely. His affection for her might have started from the system's task and the previous Lucian. But he'd decided that he didn't want to see her cry like this again. He would do anything to keep her smiling like the first time he'd met her.

Just as his body turned to leave, as if she was aiming for this moment. Camilla's hand grasped his and pulled him into her embrace. His body fell down onto her soft chest before she wrapped around him like an octopus. She gave a victorious grin as her golden eyes light the surrounding area with a pale yellow light contesting with the moon itself.

"Hehe, I will come running whenever I am sad! Lucian! Mmmm Lucian ehehe."

Carmilla rubbed her face against his chest with delight. She didn't mean to pretend to sleep. But as she was about to open her eyes, he talked about her and she got curious. Her eyes were filled with brilliant golden hearts as she gave his chest vampiric love bites, piercing his chest several times with her fangs and nibbling on his neck affectionately.

Lucian didn't resist. There was something nostalgic about her actions. It reminded him of his first girlfriend. She too would act coy, then suddenly surprise him with like this. He thought back to that past and swore to himself not to ruin this vague sense of tranquillity this adorable woman gave him.

The pair spoke in their minds simultaneously. They both felt completely relaxed and fell into a peaceful slumber with the moon as a witness to their vows.

'Carmilla, I don't know whether I love you yet. But I will never allow you to leave my grasp. I'll never let another man take you!'

'Grandma was right! Lucian is only hiding his deep affection for me! I am number one! Hehe. I won't ever let you go, my dear, dear beloved Lucian!'