

VAMPIR LORD: EROTIC RPG

Chapter 27 Altair / Mira – Altamira

'System, will I enter that strange berserk state if I use the [Vampir Form]?' Lucian asked, his thoughts unsure.

[Do not worry Lucian, this time will be different and the form will also change slightly.]

[This will be the first time you enter the complete form.]

'Hmmm. It's good to have you back, Siesta. I'd like to chat more but you know... Might die and all!'

[No problem, take care of yourself, Lucian.]

(Mira POV)

I saw the blood that was seeping from Lucian's arms stop after a moment. He looked me in the eye. His ruby eyes were alluring. Even if now wasn't the time to be feeling these feelings. He really was beautiful, like a painting. 'I wish I could take his head and keep it by my side forever.'

The moment I started having these feelings towards him. A surge of anger and dissatisfaction flooded my mind. 'Hah! Why would a proud, Elven princess! An elven warrior needs to accept the blessing of some unknown vampire! We can use him as a meat shield!'

My head had been like two sides fighting since the moment I'd met him. One part wanted him desperately as her lover. The other treated him as an enemy and seemed to be afraid to let him close. 'She's just scared that she will fall deeply in love with him and abandon her spear. Isn't that why she rejects so fiercely yet being so excited the moment he's around or looks her way?' I thought as if a mere outsider.

"Wait... Vampire?"

I once again turned to look at Lucian, the man who had stormed into my life out of nowhere. His presence now dominated my idle thoughts in just over a

month. He looked at me with deep sorrow and pity. 'Why? Why do you look at me with such sad eyes? It makes me want to hold you, comfort you and tell you everything will be alright.'

He stood up slowly with a sway. His arm flicked with massive power, causing a burst of wind. The two arrows fell to the ground as he once again looked into my eyes and opened his luscious red lips. 'Are those fangs? Were my last thoughts.'

"Altamira, what I show you in a moment is something I've only ever shown you. You said you wanted to meet a vampire. I'm sorry I have to disappoint you."

Lucian became enshrouded with a dark red cloud of blood, almost blocking my entire sight of him. Only his crimson eyes were glowing within the clouds as they locked onto me.

"I am a Vampir. The true form a vampire should have!"

His body deformed, then grew to over 220cm tall. The red mist entered his body and fused with the red slime like a bracelet on his wrist. The slime then fused with his hands, leaving two large metallic blood red gauntlets with claws. His flesh had become even paler as a black vampiric tattoo formed on his chest. There were 12 chain like drawings leading to a heart-shaped marking on his chest, with only one chain being blood red.

"What does that marking mean? will it be complete when all 12 are red?" I muttered, watching his body continue to pulsate with pressure.

I finally saw his closed eyes open. The moment he did, I felt the surrounding area scream in fear. The bats and animals fled deeper into the forest, even if it meant death. He looked at me with a gentle look. His black eyes with golden iris stared my way.

The excess mana seeped from his body's pores. It had a sweet scent that drove my sense's wild. I could only thank my other half for keeping me from running over to him. His charm was different, if before I wanted to get to know him and maybe date him. Now I wanted to become his belonging, let him toy with me and never release me for all eternity.

Altair, that's what I shall call this strange other me. She was also affected. Her thoughts inside my mind were no longer strongly rejecting him. Her feelings

towards him were quickly changing to that of desire and respect. In fact, when I was born, my grandmother was expecting twins, but sadly my older sister passed away during the birth.

It was several years later. I had realised I differed from others. My sister had always been by my side, protecting me. The names we were going to be given were Altair and Mira. Grandma seemed to sense my sister upon our birth. So named us Altamira and combined our names.

"Grandma, you knew from the beginning, right? That my sister had become one with me?" I asked.

'Heh, of course, grandma knows everything! Even when you used to trade places with me when they served peppers!' Altair replied. Since Mira had given her a name, she could take a form inside their shared mind.

We stood opposite each other inside my mind. She was taller, with silver hair and a muscular body. I was shorter with blonde hair.

"Hehe, my breasts and butt are much bigger! I won!" My voice rang inside our mind.

'Who wants such excess flab!' Altair said with a blushing face seeming to hide her jealousy.

Time seemed to move slower in my mind. It had been less than a second since we started talking. I was about to ask my sister when she just looked at me like an idiot.

'Of course it moves slower. We have a skill called [Focused Thought] which increases the speed at which we can think by over ten times at rank one. You have no clue because you only used it only for perverted actions and daydreaming!'

"Golden eyes... Black feathered wings... Silver hair... Blood red claws. Grandma, I've found him..." My voice rang out into the quiet surroundings. The moment he took this visage, most of the goblins shuddered in fear. As if an ancient predator had appeared from their distant memories.

"Stand up, Altamira, battle maiden of the elves. Warden of the majestic tree! Show them your power!" He yelled in a sexy voice that made my thighs quiver.

"Why did he become even more attractive?"

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The moment his words sounded, I felt a thudding inside my chest. Even the other half, that always complained, seemed to look on in awe. 'He's so powerful! He wants's me to fight by his side? Not just stay at the back like a weak woman! Grandma was right, this man is my destined partner!'

Altair was so excited she almost took control of my body completely, as she desired to fight by his side. She begged me to hand over control, was erratic and even more crazed than me when I pleased myself.

"Sure, he's kind of powerful and resembles our fated man that grandmother said our future husband would take. But now you're trying to steal my husband!? Go back to hating him. How can I make him look at me when the perfect you exist?"

Lucian turned slowly to face the goblins.

His body with surrounded by a bloody mana as his face lost all traces of emotion as if staring at garbage.

He was like those silent and brooding heroes in my grandma's stories.

'Look at his perfect abs!'

"Look at that amazing ass!"

We sisters chanted in sync as we stood and prepared for a long battle.