

Erotic RPG 118

Chapter 118

"Retreat! Quick, fall back to the walls. To the west we must get word to her majest... Guha!" (R.I.P)

A massive bolt from a heavy crossbow penetrated the male elf through his throat and tore his body apart. The bolt contained a fireball than burst on his death and barraged the warriors in leather armour beside him, who fell into panic when their leader died and they burst into flames.

"W-what is that weapon! It must be the work of the dark gods!" (Elf Swordsman)

"I'm scared! Let us flee! We cannot hold this wall against such a powerful foe!"

Bang!

"Flee! How can we flee? Have you forgotten what stands behind us? LOOK BEHIND!" (Cool Elven beauty)

Griselda, an elven warrior talented in fire and wind magic, took arms and tried to rally her brothers and sisters in arms.

Her voice resounded through the damaged stone wall that protected the outer city. She was a tall and resolute warrior with blonde hair tied back and a dirt that could not hide her perfect face. This woman was only a mere cog in the grand scheme of things.

But inside the outer city was her cute little sister and mother. She took up her Elven longsword and tower shield with floral patterns made from a mixture of various magic metals.

"Stand up! Do not falter. Help will come! We must hold until that time arrives!" (Griselda)

"But what can we do!? They outnumber us four to one! What about my harem? Arghh!" (Pathetic Beta male MC)

She booted his chin swiftly as he fell from the wall onto a raised spear. He died instantly as her fierce green eyes looked back at the rest of the men and women on the walls. There were no commanders or captains left. Only these normal troops used to guard the walls from horned rabbits on a blue moon.

"Do not give up! Raise your swords. We may die. But we can still save those that stand behind us! Never forget the reason you took up the sword in the first place! Archers fire whatever you can! Don't let up! Even if your fingers bleed and your shoulder breaks! We must buy even a single second!"

The many warriors behind her looked over the wall to see countless thousands of human and beast warriors and archers. Huge siege machines that hurled rocks towards their city. Then... their eyes turned back to see countless commoners and shivering people who were too slow to escape.

"M...mother!? Why is she still here!" (Slick blonde male elf A)

His body shook as he, like Griselda, restored part of his will to fight. The mother that raised him sat on the porch of their house like normal. Her eyes watched the wall as she did every day. He believed her to be senile, as she no longer remembered his name in old age.

Memories of her taking him to the market, helping him with practise and his study. Her aged face with slight silver hair watched the wall each day. He realised she watched the wall for him. The only remaining semblance of his mother was to keep her eyes on him like she did when he was young.

"Slick... Remember no matter what, mother is always watching over you!" (Slick's mother)

"Y-yes... We must fight! Come on brothers! Sister's. Let us follow Griselda! We will fight to the last breath!"

Slick was the eldest of the low rank troops but also the mood maker. He helped them when low and stayed back when they needed help. His burst of fervour was infectious as all the elves let out shouts of vigour and grasped their weapons and huge shields.

"Remember! Our goal is not victory! We must hold this wall until our breath ends!" (Griselda)

"Follow me! It's an honour to fight beside you all to the end!" (Griselda)

"Yeah!"

"OOH!"

The elves stood on the tall stone wall with their bows, swords and spirits and threw everything they had just to remain standing against the vast army of ten thousand men that came from the south.

"For Our Queen, For Our Dear Families!" (Slick)

Woosh!

All the remaining 100 Elven archers loosed their arrows and aimed for the unarmoured siege units to stop the ballista and catapults. Huge bolts shot from an enormous range as the shield-bearers stood before the archers and took the massive impacts.

Thunk!

One male died after the arrow pierced his tower shield and penetrated his chest. The spell that released was a wind type spell. [Air cutter] and tore his body apart and stained the elves with fresh blood of their former brother.

"Eeek!"

"Aah!"

However, although scared. No elves gave up, their shields risen and backs straight. They stood, 498 Elves against 10,000 humans.

The last stand of the elves from Meridor forest.

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"Commander Claire! We have word that Meridor burns!" (Cool busty Elven Heavy cavalry knight)

"Go on, explain more!" (Claire)

The Elven captain was one of the heavy knights that protected the Elven seers who could send messages over a long distance. See brief visions of other places in the Elven territory. Which was why they valued them more than other troops.

"Yes, my lady! The seer mentioned a fierce battle. All commanders have perished. The walls are under heavy assault from 10,000 humans with cruel weapons. Here is the image globe!"

The captain handed a small green ball. That showed the previous situation. Her lips curved into a smile at the gallant man and woman. She looked at the captain with a pensive eye.

"How long? This image, what is the delay! How much time did we force our brethren to endure?"

The beautiful human woman named Claire was no longer armed in her normal maid outfit. Instead, she wore a heavy black plate that covered her chest, waist, and legs. Her arms used beautiful Elven gauntlets.

"Half an hour, my lady..."

Claire looked up at the sky. She had little hope as a small tear dripped from her eye. Her mind thought back to her close friend Zen and thought about what she would do. As she thought, a white eagle flew past her eyes.

'Ah, that's right... You would charge right in despite being a damn archer! No matter what... We must save them. Or at least, get vengeance!'

Her brown hair tied in a tight bun as the winged helmet's visor was closed. She took a moment to think. The distance from her to Meridor was less than 20 minutes if they were at a full sprint. Some healing mages could keep the horses healthy.

She took a deep breath of air.

"ALL UNITS!"

Claire's deep voice resounded across the entire plains as she burst with a huge aura of green flames. Her eyes glowed with a beautiful emerald light. Her troops all stood at attention and saluted her. Ready to follow her every command.

All the women here knew how hard this human served the queen. She was the person who saved them from slavery in the human countries. Gave them a reason to fight when they lost all light. She was the one to light the beacons to guide them in the dark.

"Full Sprint to Meridor! Our brethren are under a vile assault. We must rescue them!"

"If anyone falls behind, I will kill you myself!"

"March on!"

"Yah!"

Thousands of Elven Cavalry, both light and heavy, thundered down the grassy plains of Velumba which connected the capital cities and the outer forests like Meridor. This was to avoid the same tragedy as the past. When the Elven kingdom almost perished in a massive forest fire.

Clatter! Thud!

The loud noise of horses galloping filled the entire plains.

The knights of Arrindell were on the hunt!

Claire prayed not to any god or goddess. Her prayers went to her beloved Queen and Zen, her sister. Her cavalry might not be enough to stop that massive army. Still, she must go! For the life that was saved by the Queen. Her heart became filled with a blazing green fire of determination.

'I must save those who live in Meridor! Please... Grant me the strength to save my people!'