

## Erotic RPG 155

### Chapter 155 34: The Devil's Daughter Goes To War!

Inside the quiet Veria forest, void of all life. A thundering roar of hooves, drudging the dirt with heavy steps, filled the forest. Elven knights darted through their once precious, destroyed forest. Now a mere silent ruin. Hearts filled with anger, sorrow and burning rage.

Claire, sitting on her mount with a valiant silver plate of mail armour with matching gauntlets and high boots. Her walking posture since this morning was strange, rather between her legs seemed injured. Many elves gave a wry smile, having to endure the sounds of her loud squeals that spread from the male camp towards the female.

Her look seemed forlorn. She felt something was wrong. How could the human empire lead by that man, allow his forward encampment to be so easily overrun? The only sense of comfort for her fearful heart was the warmth inside her womb filled with his love and her sensation of pain each time she moved. Which reminded her their connection wasn't a dream.

—|Claire: 'To think I spread my legs so easily, that man is dangerous! What an incubus, my purity scattered... I planned to make him longer before becoming his. Haha, I too became powerless to my desire... But I'm happy. My head feels light, unburdened, all my burdens lightened. Because he is with me!'

In the distance, the damaged city walls were finally in sight. Veria, the only elven city apart from the capital, having stone walls, defensive battlements and buildings. Her eyes widened, looking at this horrid sight. A pile of burning elven corpses; women, children and men all mixed. She felt a burning rage, but pushed it down.

"War isn't the time for excess emotions. I am not a mere soldier. But their commander!" she said in a whisper. As if reminding herself, her night with Lucifer filled her confidence. No longer would she be misguided.

"All Troops, slow approach, prepare for remnant resistance!"

"Slow approach! prepare for resistance!" (Knight Captains)

Countless yells of the lower troops yelled out, their speed dropping from a gallop to a canter slowly, trotting several metres outside crossbow range. Zen and her light units in thick cloaks, light leather armour and masks split off from the group towards a small hill that overlooked the city to scout.

Lucifer swayed comfortably, sitting on Elda's back. His eyes scanning the surroundings, something strange attacked his senses. A nostalgic, hated scent and tingling, however unable to understand; was it the thrill of battle? Or something more sinister?

—|Lilim: 'Brother... Be careful! Lilim, cheer you on!'

Somehow, Lucifer could imagine her cute blue skin in a dark black cheerleading outfit and red pompoms. Tilting her head because she cannot understand why they make such strange movements. Her arms waving like an excited kitten.

— | Lucifer(Pride): 'Lilim is the best! Brother will reward you when you come visit!'

He cut the link, not wanting his sisters to disturb him in the heat of battle, earlier trying to contact Lanza failed, which made him a little down. His eyes looked back. The only importance for him were his women, the Centaur and Arachne girls.

"Claire and Zen too, let's work hard to impress them. Although I'm glad Zen could turn her hair black again... It's too soon for her troops to accept me as their lord. Too many things require time." He said with a whisper, which Elda heard listening to his soft sigh, as if helpless. Her face became indifferent. Like she flipped her emotions off.

— | Elda: 'Don't worry master, I will find all Centaur girls on the continent for you to enslave with your perfect beauty and enormous cock! This slutty knight shall buy you as much time as her mortal body can get!'

She only returned a smile whenever his name or body popped up into her mind.

— | Lilim(Lust): 'Permission... Granted?'

— | Belial (Gluttony): 'Ah Lilim you bitch! Your damn fake speech problem! What's that victorious look! Don't give me the middle finger! Oi! Don't fly away, fight like an actual demon! Don't spit on me!'

The two demons in a distant plane began a pointless battle where neither side won. Now both girls filled with bruises and cuts after Belial got bored and Lilim kicked her in the ass and flew away. Her hidden side was always violent, like a thug. Only showing her brother a loving kitten.

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Inside the damaged city, less than one hundred troops remained. Almost all of them slave troops from the conquered lands, their hopes to gain honour and rise to the next rank of slave. Then able to sleep with women, have their own rented apartment.

However, reality was cruel as a male with shaggy hair and beard walked up to the watchtower. They thought the sound of hooves was their reinforcements.

"Well, I already promised Moana that when I returned, we could be together. I don't care how many men she sleeps with as a brothel whore! We cannot help being slaves."

"How is sh.....ughk!"

An arrow shot through the misty morning and tore through his throat.

One hundred metres away, a beautiful woman with glinting red eyes. Her accuracy and combat power improved thanks to her new master's gift. She would never miss a target closer than two hundred metres now.

Zen watched the male fall down, his body slamming into the defensive walls, smashing opened like a watermelon, oozing his red insides. Her first thoughts were that vampires craved blood and wanted to test that theory.

However, she found that only his blood caused her body to shudder, make her soaking wet at the mere thought of that delicious ambrosia. His image in her heart constantly growing like a god, husband and father all at once.

"I dedicate this massacre to the blood, father! In the name of Dusk, let my enemies fall!"

Some of her archers were not sure who this was. However, there were many gods and beliefs in this world. Once she revealed this name and the word Dusk, they became curious.

Later, a human scholar critical of Lucifer would quote: "Oh woeful elves, you fall into the pit of hell willingly, once beautiful and serene. Now merely the devil's filthy, sex crazed harlots!"

—|Zen: 'Blood for the Blood father!'

— Sure Aim

A gust of wind filled her entire unit's bodies, their hoods shaken off as the arrows nocked onto their bows vibrated with sheer force. It shocked some elves as their Captains' new power was immense.

— Penetrating Winds!

The wind condensed again, forming a narrow green spike on the tip of her arrow. Which spun extremely fast, causing a low whirring sound.

"My dear sisters! Release your arrows, leave none alive. Let us slaughter these bastards that scarred our bodies and hearts and find solace in his loving embrace!"

"Every damned one of them!"