

Erotic RPG 73

Chapter 73

-- Meanwhile, at the Main Arena!

"It's a shame our beloved vampire hunk is gone!"

Luca's image showed on all the monitors as her cute tail swung with her every spin. She felt sorrow her husband escaped, but her job wasn't over!

"However! Don't leave your seats because our next fight will be amazing!"

She threw some cat punches toward the camera as her breasts bounced with each fist. The males in the crowd grew excited despite the displeased women beside some of them.

"We get to see our own maiden of bravery. Our beloved centaur! Elda Sylphir!"

Her legs imitated a horse galloping. Luca was full of smiles as her feline teeth seemed to sparkle in the sunlight.

"Her opponent, you say?"

Luca opened her arms high above her head like a V shape as she spoke with a more drawn out and dramatic tone.

"The Human Kingdoms Hero of Justice! Will he trample our maiden and rob her purity!?"

The next moment her head dropped with a sneer on her pretty face. She was clearly no fan of this male and his way of fighting.

"Or fail like his simp face suggests? A man completely inferior to our own Blood Prince!"

Tap Tap Tap!

She bounced on the spot before her fingers pointed to a male walking onto the stage.

He was moderately handsome and had some charm. Yet the crowd couldn't help compare him to the vibrant male who stunned them all since his first fight.

"Welcome to the ring! Lance Armstrong!"

Elda stood a distance away. She liked these events and Luca was a friend from her childhood who liked to make trouble. Her ears twitched whenever she heard someone speak about Lucian. She looked into the crowd but couldn't find his figure. Only emptiness filled her chest as she took a deep breath to prepare.

'I hope to show you my answer... You are the one I wish to get approval from!'

Lance looked annoyed. They compared him to another man and mocked twice. He was glad nobody mentioned his manhood, though. It was far smaller than his previous life and it caused him a complex each time he used the bathroom. Sometimes he would hide in the stall just for a piss, not wanting to be mocked.

"Lance Armstrong Versus Elda Sylphir! Are you both ready?"

Sebastian walked over to check on the pair. He looked much older since the past few days and just wished to retire and see his cute grandchild in the human kingdom.

"3"

"2"

"1"

Zeth and Sofia were sitting in the crowd with a different girl today. She was a short dwarf with dark orange hair, her goggles covered her face, blocking the view. Her body was dynamite; thick thighs, muscular back and oversized melons on her short 5ft frame. Many men wanted to throw her down and teach her how to meow.

"Sofia, I don't think that Lucian will need my weapons that much. But I will meet him just for you and to inspect those perfectly crafted muscles! I want to know his training methods!"

Zeth gave a wry smile. He and Sofia knew this girl, Anya, was a nerd for machines and worshipped muscle. She could beat him in raw power despite never fighting monsters. Sofia showed an all-knowing smile, the kind where a friend sets you up with someone behind your back.

'She's going to feed my best friend to this raptor... Forgive me Lucian! I cannot beat Sofia. Don't mention with this violent dwarf added into the mix!'

"Battle Start!"

Lance held his breath to concentrate his entire mana on the holy light that surrounded his body. He would win most fights with a holy explosion, just like this. He had no way of knowing that Elda was no ordinary woman as her lance pointed towards his lower abdomen.

'The same as every other battle! Learn to change your style, idiot!'

Her body rose in the air as a sexy snort came from her mouth. Centaurs would imitate their horse cousins. She endured the strange feel of the different use of mana in her lower body and slowly spread the wind and earth elements around key parts. Elda drew back her spear as her body fell down to the ground and shot out like a bullet towards her enemy.

With her current power, she could reach almost great speeds. Her charge was more deadly and durable thanks to her change of mana usage.

Her large body moved at Lance with a rapid gallop.

Lance had enough time to charge his attack. He wanted to win a top 3 place, then retire before meeting Lucian. Her body was several metres away when she galloped. The moment Lance sneered at her naivety, a glint of silver flashed in his eyes that bewildered him.

'Why is a knight as proud as her throwing a lance!?'

Thud!

The long silver lance pierced through lance's unprepared thigh, which knocked him down to one knee as he slid along the white stone floor. It filled his eyes with pain and disbelief.

He tore the lance out and threw it to the ground with a jangle. His mind stopped working as he panicked and forgot the training of his past few weeks.

"She should not act like this!? That spear is a gift from her mother and never leaves her gufa!"

Elda never stopped her charge after she launched the ranged attack. She ran in a curved line to build momentum before she charged at him. Her horse's body filled with powerful tight muscles that drove Anya the dwarf girl crazy with joy at finding a comrade.

Several stones became dust or shattered and flung out everywhere. Many of them hit Lance as he shrieked in pain. His face showed a deep pain as one of his eyes started turning dark blue after a large stone cracked his eye socket and made him feel dizzy.

'Fuck!?'

The moment his concentration failed, the holy light fizzled as a white figure flashed in the corner of his eyes.

'What a beautiful white horse!' were his last thoughts before it flung him like a bag of rocks into the arena wall with a loud crash. The wall behind him was now filled with cracks and dust.

He wanted to get up, but his legs and feet could only tremble as he watched Elda pick up the fallen lance. She moved with a slow canter, her hooves made an enchanting melody with the slow controlled three beat clatter.

'I need to fight back... I am the hero! How can I lose to a fucking horse!'

Holy light blasted from his body as the world spun for him.

Lance bit his lips with all his power, which caused blood to pour from his chin to fight the sense of loss that engulfed him. A deep red trail followed both his leg and eye, which blocked half his vision.

A bright white sword appeared in his right hand as he stumbled to his feet, emboldened with power.

"I'm sick of this world! Nothing goes how I expect... I tried so hard to improve, yet this bitch and Lucian could easily become ridiculous! Fuck!"

Lance entered a state of denial and refused to accept reality. His body charged towards her rapidly. His movements were slower than normal. He used no fairs or special techniques. He simply lifted his sword and aimed to crush her existence with its overwhelming power.

'What!? That's really dangerous!' Elda thought as the massive white sword almost locked her in a position with its aura and heavy presence.

She felt a mass of pressure before her mind seemed to enter a dream. Although she could sense the real world, her vision showed scenes of that night with Lucian under the moon.

His rough hands softly rubbed against both her horse and human bodies to fix her posture and how to avoid attacks, even with her large quadruped body.

Her mind was full of sexual desire. But also took in his words. She no longer listened to the crown and closed her eyes. Elda aimed to sense the movement of Lance's holy mana as an outline approached her.

'I see... This is what you meant? Is this my first step, Lucian?'

Lance thought she gave up and sneered at her. His hidden discrimination against demi-humans with non-human parts on full display because of the pain she caused him and his current anger.

"A filthy horse in a world with small cocks. Suck's being a disgusting mutant like you!"

Elda once thought to give this boy a gentle defeat. Yet his words caused more pain than the deepest blade. She faltered as the serene memory of her own prince charming played before her eyes.

"Elda, you have one of the most beautiful bodies I've ever seen... Be more proud of it!" Lucian said in her flashback.

She thought Lucian was talking about her human body with large breasts and rump ass. Her mind filled with sorrow as yet again her other half treated as unwanted.

"Truly perfect!"

However, the next moment, she felt his hand stroke her white body with both gentle devotion and passion. His eyes never once looked at her upper body and simply admired her powerful muscles and legs that differed from the horses he spoke about.

'I've never felt such delightful embarrassment... That night I felt joy for my horse's body for the first time in my life! He didn't judge me for two halves... To him, both my parts were one person...'

The dream like state ended as Lance's blade was only a few inches from her body. The holy mana singed some of her hair and created a slight cut on her cheek.

"Ah... that same man and so different!"

Woosh!

Elda could feel his movements, the intention and feelings Lance felt towards her. His disgust, anger and irritation, along with the flow of his mana and how he planned to use it.

Her talent took these instincts a level higher than even Lucian, as the world became more like a dance she could set her own rhythm to.

She tilted her human body to the side as he missed his strike and slammed into the ground. Her legs bulged as wind mana boosted only her legs, and earth mana empowered her bones.

Once more, she rose from her body with a loud snort and called out her chant. The silver lance filled with a blood red light.

"Please Bless My Lance, My Sweet Blood Prince, This Dance I Dedicate To You Alone!"

Her body shot in a straight line of three metres with a blast of dust and debris as she tore through Lance's shoulder with the red glowing lance. She rose into the air and pivoted on the spot, a trait impossible for a horse's body.

'What!'

Lance couldn't see what happened as his special attack that failed, which weakened him. The crowd, however, was going crazy. Her speed made their eyes unable to follow for a moment, but the slow-motion camera from above showed her movements.

She was painting a star with her rapid charges that left dark brown indentations on the stone floor.

Her muscles tightened, bones trembled before another boom sounded. Elda was now three metres away from her previous spot and her lance carved another chunk of Lance's thigh.

She assaulted him like a comet with her constant charges. Each one seemed to remove her anger and displeasure from life.

Told she was a monster

Told she wasn't a real woman

Told she was merely a tool for war

Told she was beautiful!

He showed her how to move

He taught her movements of horses dancing!

She could reach even the moon with him beside her!

With one last crash, she leapt into the air almost two metres above ground. The air force and gravity pulled on her body. She pulled back the silver-red spear with her right arm and tossed it with all her remaining power towards Lance as her body descended from what felt like flying to the moon.

Clang!

A blue barrier appeared, which stopped her lance before it killed the maimed lance full of blood and missing flesh. Sebastian gave her a polite nod. He signalled for Luca to announce the winner as the proud, elegant centaur dropped onto all four hooves with deep exaggerated breaths.

'Hahahaha'

"I did it!"

"Victor, our shooting star of the Sylphir knight unit! Elda Sylphir!"