

BLACK PUDDING

CHAPTER 30

Yua slumped against the portcullis of the ruins, her body stiff with tension. She could feel the weight of impending doom settling on her shoulders, a heavy burden that threatened to crush her spirit. Every instinct told her they should've kept running, flee this place of death and despair. Nevertheless, they had sought refuge in a fortress that had already been sieged once before. She couldn't help but wonder if they had come here to simply die.

The rising sun taunted them, casting a ghastly light on the twisted architecture and the tortured souls that lingered in the shadows. It was like the gates of hell had been flung open, and they were staring directly into the abyss. Yua half-expected a demonic clown to pop out from behind the rubble, but instead, they had Jason and, worst of all, Blake and Ava.

Thinking back on the last portion of the battle, Yua could not help but think of how Aurelia's power was awe-inspiring and terrifying. Yua couldn't believe that the necromancers had ever been defeated, especially not after witnessing that vampire single-handedly decimate an entire army. But as they scurried away like rats into the night, it became clear to Yua that many creatures among them had a significant weakness, the sun.

Yua knew they were in deep trouble. It was now morning, and the light seemed to close around them. She doubted they could hold out once the army caught up to them. Yua wished she could grab Heather and make a run for it. Still, the newly appointed Crone's Priestess radiated in both confidence and beauty as she entered her new role. Yua couldn't help but wonder if they would all end up dead, but at least she had Heather... The only thing was, Yua couldn't be sure if Heather felt the same.

Yua's heart sank as she spotted a speck on the horizon to the southeast. At first, it seemed like nothing, but as she squinted, she realized that the speck was growing. More and more shapes appeared in the sky until it became clear that hundreds of airships were heading straight for them. Yua felt a cold knot of fear twist in her gut as she looked around. The frog-faced man had been working on a magical barrier. Still, to Yua's horror, there was no sign of any protection around the ruins. They were completely exposed and vulnerable, with nowhere to hide except within the dark, foreboding depths of the dungeon below. *Oh, joy.*



A little girl's voice was trembling with fear as she approached the Priestess, her bunny ears twitching anxiously. "Have you seen my papa?" she asked, her eyes wide with worry.

Heather's response was soft and gentle, her kind smiles a beacon of hope in the girl's troubled world. "I'm afraid not," she said, "but we can look for him."

She grasped the child's hand, leading her deeper into the ruins. The corridors were crowded with gaggles of refugees scattered about, dungeon folk, and even a few necromancers and vampires thrown in for good measure. Everywhere they looked, faces were gaunt and haunted eyes as if they had witnessed unspeakable horrors. Tattered clothing hung off their emaciated bodies, and it was clear that they had seen better days. Heather couldn't help but wonder if they were all just waiting for death to claim them.

Heather was overcome with a sense of duty to these impoverished people. She didn't know why, but she felt it was her duty to bring them hope, to carry them to a brighter future. And for that, her nervousness had disappeared. Glancing down at the little girl's hand clutching her own, pale skin standing out in contrast against her grayish purple. The thought of them suffering any more than they had was almost unbearable to the dark elf from another world.

Heather had been nothing more than a meek and unremarkable presence in her previous life, destined for a mundane existence of loneliness with an apartment filled with cats. But fate had other plans, as she found herself thrust into a new realm and forced to compete in a battle for the title of Dark Champion. Heather was too kind and gentle to take pleasure in hurting others. Still, even she couldn't deny the satisfaction of imagining the end of the loathsome Jason. And in the end, it was Blake who struck both her and Jason down, but Heather found herself admiring the woman who had taken her life. Now, she had been reborn as a Dark Priestess to the Crone, a twisted thing that Heather could never have imagined in her wildest nightmares. But the strangest thing of it all, she was ever so grateful for it.

The little bunny girl's voice quivered with fear and uncertainty as she spoke to Heather, her eyes brimming with tears. "Do you think my papa is okay?"

Heather felt a pang of sympathy as she caught her own reflection in the girl's glistening gaze. "Don't worry," Heather reassured her, "we'll go find out. What's your name?"

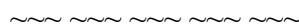
The little girl sniffed softly before introducing herself as "Lulu Willowy."

"Well, Lulu, it's nice to meet you. I'm—"

But Lulu interrupted with an exclamation of awe, "The Priestess!"

A gentle smile graced Heather's face as she observed the change in Lulu's expression, relief washing over her as she saw the pain dissipate from the bunny girl's eyes. "I am the Priestess," she confirmed, her voice warm and comforting.

Suddenly a piercing scream added to the symphony of spent tears and shattered spirits. It was as if a woman was violently torn apart, limb by limb. The mere sound of it was enough to fill the chambers of refugees and dungeon folk with the smell of urine and excrement.



With a twisted grin, Jason watched his prey from the shadows, relishing the moment he had been waiting for. The unsuspecting fool was wandering the halls alone, begging to be caught. But Jason

didn't mind – he would savor every moment of skinning the frog who had summoned him into this twisted reality and feast on his heart.

As he moved through the darkness, Vorigan seemed almost still. Jason waited for the perfect moment to strike. Suddenly, he emerged from the shadows behind his prey, his sword poised to strike. But the frog moved quickly, evading the deadly blade by a hair's breadth. The thrill of the hunt only fueled Jason's desire for blood. He eagerly pursued his quarry, determined not to let him slip away again.

Vorigan bolted through the ruins, his pulse racing with twisted glee. He didn't flee for safety or help. No, he fled from anyone who might dare to offer him aid, his heart singing with the thrill of being hunted by a bloodthirsty, homicidal sadist. As he ran, he gradually slowed down, unable to resist the irresistible lure of being caught by his pursuer's serrated teeth. He could already taste the sweet nectar of pain and pleasure that awaited him.

Finally, Jason was catching up to the freak, surprised the stupid frog could run as fast as he did, but it looked like he had finally cornered him. Before the frog could get away, Jason lunged and took a swing with his sword, the sound of crunching bone echoed through the corridors, shattering the silence. Vorigan's bloodcurdling scream filled the air as Jason severed his right leg below the knee. The amphibian crashed to the ground, a pool of blood quickly forming around him as he wailed.

So much pleasure coursed through Vorigan as Jason manhandled him, tossing him onto his stomach with such untamed fury. Vorigan lay there, moaning in ecstasy as Jason mercilessly continued his rampage. The frog-like man couldn't believe his luck in being caught by his sadistic champion. Despite the violating pleasures being brought upon him, Vorigan couldn't help but feel blessed that he had chosen such a worthy man. After all, he had gone to great lengths to secure a Dark Fae body to suit Jason's cruel and sadistic nature.

Oh, how Vorigan loved the feeling of those razor-sharp teeth piercing him so deeply. Jason tore chunks of flesh free from Vorigan's back with each bite, exposing his ribcage from behind. Vorigan screamed in delight as the champion, which he had picked out for his cruel and sadistic soul, repeatedly bashed at his spine. The sound of bones cracking filled the hall as Jason yanked several ribs out and dug his fist deep in search of Vorigan's heart. Jason was quite literally and metaphorically stealing his heart.

With another tough jerk, Vorigan was flipped over. Like something out of a dark and twisted scene, Vorigan lay on his back, utterly entranced by the figure looming above him. It was as if Jason was a god of lust and pain, bringing pleasure and suffering to his helpless victim. He held Vorigan's still-beating heart in one hand, a sight that would have spelled instant death for any ordinary vampire. But Vorigan's amphibian lineage meant he could survive for months without a heartbeat, a trait often used for hibernation. However, seeing Jason hold his heart only added to his twisted pleasure. Vorigan watched as Jason sank his teeth into his heart with reckless abandon. The quivering in his groin only added to the moment's ecstasy, a twisted dance of pain and pleasure that Vorigan knew he would never forget.

Jason's ascension to becoming the Dark Champion had also altered him, for he was no longer a mere Dark Fae. He was given the subrace of Grimm Reaper, an agent of the Crone, her errand boy – *whatever* – he was a harbinger of death. Below him was the vile frog who had made it all possible, his heart tasting like a perfect mango fruit, its juices dripping from his chin. Jason's only sorrow was that the freak's suffering was over... Jason glanced down, noticing the mutilated frog was reaching into his robes and was—.”

“**WHAT THE FUCK?!** Are you jerking yourself off?!” Jason yelled.

“Oh gods, don't stop! Keep going, my champion.” Vorigan moaned as he continued to enjoy himself.

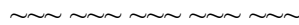
“You sick fuck!”

Jason kicked the frog's hand aside, revealing more of the amphibian's anatomy than he cared to see. He reached down and grasped the frog by his sensitive area, giving a sharp tug that separated the creature from what would have been any man's prized possession. To Jason's surprise, the frog's screams hadn't been of agony but rather pleasure. It was then that Jason was hit in the face with a thick fluid, getting the worst of it in his eyes. The burning sensation in his eyes was unbearable. The salty taste that leaked into his mouth made him gag as he stumbled backward, blinded and disorientated.

“Oh, gods. **OH, GODS!**” Vorigan screamed. “That was amazing!”

As several footsteps echoed down the corridor, Vorigan couldn't help but sigh in disappointment. Apparently, his screams of delight had not gone unheard. With a deep sigh, Vorigan's leg, heart, flesh, ribs, and cock began to regenerate, leaving no trace of the damage inflicted by Jason's sadistic pleasures. As the crowd drew near, Vorigan got up, already feeling the sensation of euphoria fading. Glancing at his champion, he was disappointed to see his poor Jason stumbling about, trying to wipe the frog's fluids from his eyes.

“Let me help you with that,” Vorigan said with a blissful chuckle, leaning in to lick the viscous substance from Jason's face and eyes with his still-stiff frog tongue.



In a rush to deal with the pressing issue of getting the barrier up, Aurelia joined the dungeon folk's chieftain and Hikari. Sadly, she had been separated from her beloveds, Blake and Ava, in the corridors of the ruins. Aurelia couldn't help but think of what they might be up to instead of focusing on the impending army quickly approaching. It was now daytime, and Aurelia was buried deep within the dark confines of the ruin's central hall, but she still felt weak and vulnerable. If it wasn't for the urgency of the situation, she wouldn't even consider exposing herself to outsiders during the day. Aurelia longed for her beloveds to join her and wished they would finish their indulgences soon.

A chilling scream echoed throughout the ruins. Aurelia immediately recognized it as Vorigan's, even though it came from the opposite end of the structure.

A panicked fear spread throughout the hall, and someone exclaimed, “We’re under attack!”

“Impossible,” another voice responded, “None of our lookouts have reported anything.”

A third voice chimed in, “They must have sent elite units ahead of their main force.”

Aurelia grew tired of the hysteria and calmly interjected, “Don’t worry, I recognize the scream. It’s nothing to be concerned about.” Confused murmurs filled the room, and someone demanded an explanation. Aurelia let out a sigh and replied, “We don’t have time to worry about it. If you’re concerned, go check it out with a few others. But for now, we must focus on getting the barrier up before dealing with the portal.”

Chief Hensley’s voice cut through the chaos, “She’s right. Let’s get to work on the barrier.”

As the new Priestess entered the chamber with a young bunny-eared girl in hand, Aurelia barely spared a glance in their direction. The child’s tearful expression might have moved others, but such emotions were of little concern to Aurelia as she returned to her task of activating the barrier. Unfortunately, Aurelia had to replace Vorigan in this duty, as his magic was insufficient for the next step. Aurelia wasn’t sure if she had enough magical power to reignite the dungeon core during the day, a task that was vital for their survival.

Heather’s voice cut through the tense silence, her question hanging in the air like a heavyweight. “Has anyone seen this young girl’s father?” she asked her gentle voice a stark contrast to the urgency of the situation.

It was then that Blake stepped into the room. Aurelia’s eyes lit up with joy and longing as she gazed at her two beloveds.

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I couldn’t help but exhale in exasperation. My hunger was still gnawing at me. I couldn’t believe that the succubus’s body wasn’t even there. It made me wonder who that random girl’s corpse was that we had pulled out. Worst of all, we fucked around with Absorb but couldn’t get the damn thing to work. At least the random rabbit dude we stumbled across tasted amazing.

*Ugh, we’re still hungry.*

*Hey, at least that rabbit guy tasted pretty good.*

*No kidding, we need to find another one of those.*

I noticed Heather holding the hand of a young beastkin child who looked similar to the rabbit guy we had eaten. “Hey, look at that. Heather has one that looks just like him.”

*Do you think she’ll let us babysit?*

*What happened to no kids?*

*Ugh, fine.*

The double doors to the great hall were nearly torn from their hinges as Yua burst into the room with a wild and frenzied look in her eyes. It was as though she had just seen a demon from the depths of hell itself. Her breath came in ragged gasps as she scanned the room, her eyes darting back and forth in a crazed search for something or someone, only to come to a stop upon Heather.

“Hundreds of airships are coming this way!” she announced, sending the chamber into a frenzy of fear and chaos.