

48: Looting The Dead?

Skill Point? One? Beatrice wondered as she read the notification that popped up only for her to see. She hurried to check her total Skill Points. And indeed, her suspicions were confirmed.

Skill Points	
Total Skill Points	17
Unused Skill Points	2
Skill Points in Combat Craft	3
Skill Points in Mischief Craft	2
Skill Points in Eros Craft	10

Last level I had sixteen Skill Points, Beatrice sighed. Seriously, only one per level now? At least gaining levels was easy until this point. Wait... What did I...

Beatrice looked at her blood-stained hands and for a moment froze up. I really did just that? So easily? And my first worry was Skill Points?

Beatrice knew she's have to stain her hands sooner or later. But she couldn't help but be astonished at how easily she did that. And without hesitation? But what was there to hesitate about? More rapists and murderers, praying on the innocent and defenseless... More importantly...

Before deactivating her [Sharp Claws] Skill Beatrice walked back to the old greybeard that she left to bleed out. She walked past Tabitha, who laid in a puddle of the long-haired ruffian's blood with a delighted smile on her face and a distant gaze into the dimming sky above them.

Considering how easily I seduced these morons, no doubt half the city will be lusting after my appetizing body, the succubus thought, worrying that she'd be attracting a little too much unwanted attention. I better cover up myself at least a little bit.

Beatrice had no intention of removing the clothes off the gutted, bled-dry men, most of which would not fit her anyway. But one item she found perfect for her use—the old man's cloak. It was so generic and forgettable that Beatrice didn't even notice it when she first saw the four ruffians.

This should counteract my own sexiness at least a little bit while I'm in the city, Beatrice theorized while removed the cloak from the dead man's body. It was soaked in the man's blood on one edge. The succubus cut that part off with her claws and deactivated her [Sharp Claws] toggle Skill.

Item: Damaged Generic Grey Cloak

Item Class: Common

Physical Defense: +2

Effects: While covered up, lowers Speed by 1 Point.

Figured that it would have negative effects, Beatrice sighed. She put on the cloak and looked at her information tab.

Information	
Name	Beatrice
Age	18
Class	Succubus
Level	6 (12%)
Health Points	220/220 (+0.4/sec)
Arousal Points	47/95 (+0.01/sec)
Stamina Points	34/70 (+0.17/sec)
Physical Attack	8
Physical Defense	10
Magic Attack	9
Magic Defense	13
Speed	4

Speed is the same as the last level. So, it increased by one point? Beatrice brought up the information on her speed and saw a [-1] penalty originating from her cloak.

My Speed increased by about one point every two levels... Same for Physical Defense, not counting the item buffs. The largest increase has been for Magic Attack, which kept increasing by one point per level. But this tells me next to nothing!

Without a way to find out the stats of others, Beatrice couldn't even hazard a guess for how well she was progressing. And considering how nobody brought up the concept of stats or systems even once, she was left assuming that nobody else was even aware of such a mathematical representation of everyone's capabilities.

Beatrice looked to her party members. Ember and Olivia were walking toward her. Olivia looked at Tabitha with disgust as she passed the blood-covered mage and checked the bodies one by one, making sure they were dead before going through their belongings.

Ember didn't grace Tabitha with more than an uncaring glance. She stopped the mage and surveyed the bodies with her eyes from a distance before walking toward the succubus.

Beatrice reached for the greybeard's sword and took it into her hands to check the sword's statistics.

Item: Poorly Crafted Short Sword

Item Class: Common

Physical Attack: +8

Speed: -3

“Bah,” Beatrice dropped the weapon. While it would contribute to her damage, she did not feel like carrying something so heavy for such a pitiful increase in stats. She took a step toward the fox boy and reached for her dagger when Ember arrived.

“Impressive,” the redhead said with a smile. “And nice thinking on the fly to make them lower their guard. Obviously, your little story had holes, but the horny bastards were thinking with the wrong heads. Lucarad will be overjoyed to hear how quickly your powers grow.”

“One of them seemed to recognize you,” Beatrice pointed out while she inspected the furry’s dagger. “Did you know these people?”

Item: Common Steel Dagger

Item Class: Common

Physical Attack: +5

Ember shrugged, just like she did the last time, and said, “I might have encountered some of them once or twice. No matter how big this city is, with everyone stuck here, sooner or later people start recognizing each other.”

Beatrice sighed and put the dagger down next to the body. Just as she did that, Olivia crouched next to her and went through the pockets of the dead men.

An all-powerful Succubus, capable of seducing men and women with a couple of words and a single touch, carrying around a common old dagger? Beatrice felt insulted. She did not become a Succubus to burden herself with junk worthy of a commoner or an NPC in an MMORPG. I’m finding a better cloak the first chance we get.

“Not much but a few coins on them,” Olivia said as she stood up next to Ember and Beatrice. “Their payday must’ve been after they finished their business here.”

“I need better clothes,” Beatrice blurted out what she was thinking, barely paying attention to what Olivia was saying.

“... I agree,” the ninja girl said. Though the girl’s face was covered, Beatrice could tell from Olivia’s eyes alone that she was not impressed with the succubus’s latest acquisition.

Ember chuckled and said, “Leave it to me.”

“Good,” Beatrice said and cleared her throat, looking to switch the subject fast. “Is there any way to tell who these men were working with or for?”

“It’s not like bandits and assassins get signed contracts with their employers,” Olivia said.

“... Were they also part of the S.E.C.R.E.T. guild?” Beatrice asked, remembering that even Ember had the guild’s badge.

“They were,” Olivia confirmed and added, “Bottom of the barrel. I didn’t see it even worth mentioning. What do we do with the bodies?”

“Leave them—a little gift to the city guards,” Ember smiled. “No use for us to delay here, waiting for more trouble.”

“Agreed,” Beatrice said, feeling her stomach doing flips from hunger. “How far is it to that place you mentioned?”

“Not too far,” Ember said. “It’s near the edge of the forest.”

“Then let’s go,” Beatrice said but looked back, realizing that they were missing one person.

Tabitha only just now got up and started cleaning herself up by scrubbing the blood off her body with fresh moss from the ground. All the while she smiled and seem upbeat as if she just got out of a refreshing bath.