

## 51: Demonstration

“Wait, what do you mean?” Beatrice took her eyes off her apples for a moment when she heard Olivia say something disturbing.

Olivia sat down on the opposite side of the room from Ember, while Tabitha and Beatrice still stood at the table.

“Well, who would want to have their son or daughter running around in a place like this? I mean... My sister...” Olivia dropped her half-eaten apple and covered her mouth with a whimper.

Ember rolled her eyes and said, “Her imaginary sister aside—”

“FUCK YOU!” Olivia screamed. Tears rolled down her left eye. Olivia’s right eye was always concealed by the bangs of her bleached hair.

*Why are you antagonizing her?* Beatrice wanted to ask her bodyguard. She couldn’t help but wonder if Ember somehow drew pleasure from putting everyone else on edge.

“Whatever,” Ember didn’t even bother looking at Olivia. “The point is that this city is basically cut off from the rest of the world apart from the infrequent supply deliveries.”

“Food,” Beatrice realized.

“Correct! Too many additional mouths would make things even worse in an already starving city. So, as one of the perks of participating in the S.E.C.R.E.T. guild, they provide mandatory sterilization potions for all their members.”

“S-sterilization?” Beatrice stuttered.

“Well, it’s supposed to be temporary, but we’ll see about that.”

“A distraction and population control all in one,” Beatrice concluded.

Ember nodded.

*That would explain why everyone so far seemed so carefree about cumming inside.* Beatrice recalled a few of her sexual encounters and blushed from the sweet memories. *Wait! Didn’t I...*

Beatrice was sure she saw something about this already. While finishing up her fourth apple, she went through descriptions of her current Skills and found what she was looking for.

**Skill Name: Futanari Succubus's Semen**

Rank: E

Type: Eros Craft / Toggle

Cost: -

Cooldown: 60s

Description: The Sperm of a Futanari Succubus cannot impregnate unless the Succubus chooses to do so. Self-impregnation not possible no matter how much a sex-crazed Futanari Succubus may wish to do so.

Upon ejaculation can release up to 50ml of semen at high velocity. The amounts of semen decrease rapidly with each consecutive climax.

*Ah, of course—a “Toggle” skill. Just like my Claws, the skill isn’t active unless I choose to.*

Beatrice glanced at Tabitha’s naked belly. The thought of impregnating this young mage stirred something within her. Beatrice swallowed hard. *What would win? The S.E.C.R.E.T. guild’s sterilization potion or succubus’s powers?*

As Beatrice filled her own stomach with one apple after another, her hunger for food lessened, and a deeper, greater need rose to the surface, previously concealed by her body’s primal need for sustenance. *Has it been that long?* Beatrice wondered. But she soon realized that it didn’t matter.

She double-checked her main stats. There was only one stat that mattered to her now.

<b>Stamina Points</b>	70/70 (+0.17/sec)
-----------------------	-------------------

*Seventy points... Good, more than enough.*

“Do you actually have a plan on how to rescue my sister?” Olivia asked Beatrice, disturbing the succubus from her thoughts, much to her annoyance.

“Do you?” Ember asked in response, literally guessing Beatrice’s question.

“I did,” Olivia answered. “By bringing your heads to Julius and earning my sister’s ransom.”

“And how did that work out for you?”

Olivia didn’t answer that. She just glared at Ember with her one eye that wasn’t covered by her hair. Beatrice tried to recall if she always found this type of hairstyle sexy.

Beatrice cleared her throat and said, “As long as I can take care of Belmont’s lackeys a couple at a time, it should be relatively straightforward.”

“Few in Belmont’s forces are as weak as those four back in the Shadow Woods,” Olivia said. “And I hope those were not the limits of your abilities, because that would mean you’re much slower than me.”

“Speed isn’t everything,” Beatrice said. “Yes, you’re probably faster than I am... For now...” Beatrice walked closer to the sitting ninja while staring her down. “If you take your dagger and attack me right now, you might even be able to kill me—”

“NO!” Tabitha screamed and rushed between the succubus and the ninja girl.

Ember shifted in her chair.

Beatrice was happy with this small test. Tabitha again proved loyal to a fault, and Ember wasn't about to let her get killed either.

"I have powers that you can't even dream of," Beatrice said to Olivia.

"Like what?" Olivia asked.

*Oh, you want a demonstration?* Beatrice almost said that aloud. *Well, if my speeches are no longer working on her, then why not?*

"I guess I have no choice," Beatrice shook her head. "I'll have to give a demonstration of my powers by using them on you. That should put it to rest once and for all, right?"

"If you can beat me," Olivia added.

"By the way, how old are you?"

"Twenty-one, why?" Olivia raised an eyebrow.

"No reason."