

82: Electrifying Jade Beauty

“WAAAAAA!” all the children screamed and jumped away from the boy that was struck by electric magic and collapsed where he stood.

“YOU RUINED EVERYTHING!!” The pink-haired teen shrieked as she shot electricity out of her hand at the poor boy. “You were supposed to say ‘Who is this jade beauty?’!!!!”

“GHUAAAAAAAA~!” the poor boy screamed in agony and lost all motor functions as electricity tore through his body, making him spasm uncontrollably.

“KYAAAA~” all the kids screamed in horror and huddled together, away from the poor boy and the girl that tortured him.

“H-H-HEUUUEAAAAAAAAAAAAALP!” the boy screamed in a broken, throaty voice as smoke spread from his mouth and skin while he thrashed on the ground uncontrollably. The electric attack used the liquid inside the boy’s body as a conductor, boiling and frying his inner organs, turning them to mush.

“M-my lady!” One of the guards rushed to the stage, his purple cape flowing behind him.

“One more step and I’ll fry you with him!” the pink-haired girl shouted at the guard before focusing her attention back on the source of her uncontrollable fury and intensifying her electric attack with both her hands.

“Run! Summon lord Belmont!” one of the guys at the entrance to the theater urged the other. The guard opened the big door and rushed off through the impressive, decorated, high-ceiling, arch-shaped corridor. The other guard remained to guard the entrance to the pink-haired monster’s playground.

“UAAUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAA~!” the dying boy wailed in agony. A stench of burnt meat spread from the dying boy as his skin turned black, the ghastly smoke intensified, and the boy’s shirt set on fire. He stopped making noise after his eyeballs started boiling and exploded out of their sockets.

The other kids bawled and covered. A few of them hugged each other, hoping the other would somehow spare them of this horrific scene. Several girls and boys fell on the floor in a fetal position, several more of them fell on their knees and threw up. However, not a single one of the children dared to run away. Despite the horror, they stayed. They knew what fate awaited those that dared to run.

When the pink-haired teenager finally ceased her electric attack, the boy was hardly anything more than smoldering charcoal in human form with burning clothes, spreading the stomach-churning, putrid stench of burnt meat, hair, and leather.

The pink-haired teenager stood there, breathing hard as if she had just run a marathon. Her fury seemingly passed. But then the teen took in a deep breath and shouted at the top of her lungs, “DAAAAAAAAADYYYYYYYY!!!!”

“Coming, my sweetie!” An older man’s worried voice echoed through the auditorium, coming from the entrance.

An overweight lord ran through the doors and between the rows of seats, hurrying to his daughter. He had pink, puffed cheeks, a thin, curled, gray mustache, and a thin, swirling, gray goatee. His hairline was

severely receding, to the point that most of the top of his head was bald, and only on the sides the man still possessed a fair layer of short, but curvy hair.

His clothes were mostly different shades of purple, with several pieces of jewelry decorating them. On his fingers, he had three rings with different colored gems. A golden chain hung around his neck and reached all the way to his bloated belly. The belly, in turn, hung over a tightly strapped belt, for there was no belt that could secure such belly at the belly button.

The man's legs were disproportionally skinny, and as he ran, he scurried, hurrying to place the next step before his top-heavy body fell over. and a golden chain hanging from his neck, reaching to his bloated belly.

By the time the old man reached the stage, he was already bright red from exhaustion and looked like he could pass out at any moment. The guards ran to his sides to make sure he did not fall over.

"I-I'm here—haah—my princess," the pink-haired teen's father gasped, half-bent over, bracing against his knees with both arms.

The maids jumped up and hurried to bring cups of water to their lord. The man grabbed a cup and quenched his thirst. But just as he was done with the cup, he suddenly dropped it and grimaced in revulsion.

"U-ugh!?" the bloated man closed his nose his hand to try to block the stench and looked at the body on the stage, finally realizing what had happened. "N-not again!"