

BLACK PUDDING

CHAPTER 31

Moments Earlier...

I followed Aurelia's every move with an insatiable desire, like a shooting star to the horizon. My eyes fixated on the seductive sway of her hips as she moved, a hypnotic rhythm that enraptured me completely. I yearned to feel the touch of her flawless skin once again, to indulge in the sensations of passion that consumed me.

It was a strange feeling that consumed me, for I had never been one to worry about the opinions of others. I always did what I wanted; consequences be damned. Yet, I found myself constantly lost in thought, consumed by a longing desire for Aurelia and what she thought of me.

The biggest mystery that haunted me was why she called me her beloved. I had never met her before she summoned my soul into this reality. Yet, I found myself drawn to her by some unknown force, constantly thinking about her. The way she moved, the sound of her voice, the scent of her skin – all of it called out to me, stirring up a desire that I couldn't explain.

I longed to know her thoughts, to understand why she had chosen me and what she wanted from me. But the more I tried to understand, the deeper I fell into the abyss of my desire, consumed by a longing that threatened to consume me completely. I walked a strange and dangerous path, but I couldn't help myself. The desire that burned within me was too powerful to resist, a flame that could only be quenched by Aurelia's touch.

"Lady Aurelia," the frog croaked, "they require your assistance in reactivating the dungeon core. I attempted it myself, but alas, my mana was not sufficient." My daydream was abruptly shattered by the frog's intrusion.

Aurelia let out a weary sigh, her perfect figure beckoning me closer. "It's already daybreak, Vorigan. I doubt I'll have enough mana to spare, but I'll do what I can. Is the Chieftain of the dungeon denizens present? He should have enough power to reactivate it."

"He is, but unfortunately, he's hesitant to use his magic on the core after accepting the Crone's offer. He fears being bound to it once again."

My heart raced with anticipation as Aurelia shook her head in frustration. "Very well. Gather any stragglers lurking in the ruins and bring them to the Grand Hall. And make sure scouts and guards are stationed at the portcullis."

The frog obediently complied, but my attention remained fixated on the object of my desire. Aurelia was a force to be reckoned with, and I was powerless to resist her charms. I longed to submit to her every whim, to be consumed by the flames of her passion.

As I trailed behind Aurelia once again as she made her way to the Grand Hall, my heart was pounding with lustful hunger as my eyes scanned the dimly lit corridors. All while, the stomach cramps continued on, but I ignored them. Then, in the distance, I caught sight of a figure that stirred a completely different kind of cardinal desire within me. Without a second thought, I let Aurelia continue without me, confident she wouldn't notice my absence and that I could easily catch back up. But for now, my attention was fully focused on the thrill of the hunt.

At first glance, he looked like any other man, but as my orange eyes focused on him, I saw the rabbit-like features that made him unique. Soft fur coated his body, and his farmer bibs only added to his charm. The sight of him was almost too much to bear, and I let out a soft laugh. But as he approached me with a smile on his face, my body was consumed with a different sort of lustful hunger that I couldn't ignore. The thought of sinking my body into his flesh, tasting his blood, and feeling his body dissolve around me. It was almost too much to bear. My acidic saliva flowed freely in my mouth as he drew nearer, his rabbit-like features only adding to my desire. I longed to feel his body writhing around mine, to devour him completely and revel in the sensations that consumed me. As he stood before me, I could feel the primal urges raging within me, threatening to take me completely. The rabbit-man smiled, and I wondered if he only knew what desires lurked deep within my souls.

"I beg your pardon," he said with a concerned expression, his friendly smile never faltering. "I'm searching for my little Lulu."

I struggled to contain the ravenous hunger that threatened to consume him right then and there, the urge to devour him whole almost overwhelming. "I'm afraid I haven't come across anyone by that name," I replied, my voice trembling to keep my monstrous instincts in check. "But I'll gladly help you search," I added with a weak smile, all the while plotting to lure him away from any prying eyes or ears.

"Oh, how kind of you," he replied with a beaming smile, oblivious to the cruel lustful hunger that smoldered in my gaze. "I would forever be in your debt. I'm Elijah Willowy, and it's an honor to meet you."

"Blake," I replied, my eyes raking over his body with a perverse hunger. His scent filled my being, and my primal instincts urged me to feast upon his flesh, to taste the sweet nectar of his blood as I played in his innards.

Aurelia had asked against me devouring the dead bodies that littered the ruins, for the necromancers would need them to bolster their numbers. However, she had said nothing about the refugees, an oversight on her part. So, with my incisional hunger growing stronger by the moment, I was left with no choice but to seek out my own meals. And it appeared that rabbit was on the menu.

At this moment, nothing else mattered except my hunger. The desire to consume and devour until my belly was full, a feat that could never be fully attained, for the hunger always lingered. Still, Elijah was merely a means to a short respite, a fleeting moment of satisfaction in an endless cycle of craving and desire. And so, I continued to allow myself to imagine the taste of his flesh, the feel

of his bones dissolving against my skin, all the while knowing that he would soon become just another victim of my insatiable hunger.

“Are you a fighter or mage of any kind?” I asked, my voice cold and calculating.

“Oh, gods no,” he replied, his voice tinged with sadness. “I’m just a simple farmer trying to make my way in this cruel realm.”

When he spoke of the Kingdom of Slaethia taking his lands and killing his wife, I felt a surge of pleasure mixed with contempt. My heart stirred with a perverse delight, knowing he was a perfect victim of my desires. His loss only served to make him more vulnerable, and I longed to take advantage of his weakness.

“I see,” I replied with a false note of sympathy. “I’m so sorry for your loss.”

But in reality, I felt no remorse for his suffering. Instead, my mind was consumed by dark, twisted thoughts of taking him as my own, savoring him as I ate him slowly. The thought of his pain and terror only served to heighten my desire, and I longed to claim him for myself with every fiber of my being.

As we strolled down the corridor, Elijah prattled on about his Lulu. He was oblivious to the dark and twisted hunger that churned within me like a hurricane in a teacup. My eyes darted around, searching for the perfect alcove to indulge my darkest desires. And then, a piercing scream shattered the silence like a thousand fingernails on a chalkboard. It was like a woman was being ripped apart, her flesh torn to shreds and devoured by some unseen force. I could almost taste the metallic tang of blood in the air, like the scent of a rare delicacy.

Elijah trembled with fear, his scent like a tantalizing aroma that only served to whet my appetite. It was like the smell of freshly baked bread or a succulent roast dinner that you just couldn’t resist. My hunger grew with each passing second, like a flame that threatened to consume me completely. My primal instincts urged me to sink my corrosive flesh into him and taste his intestines as I crawled inside him until my hunger was sated. The darkness within me grew stronger with each passing millisecond, like a weed that choked out all other emotions. At that moment, I was consumed by my lustful craving. With a powerful shove, I flung the rabbit into one of the chambers we were passing and slammed the door behind me, trapping the two of us.

His fear was palpable, thick in the air like baked cookies in the breeze, as he stammered out the question that hung on his lips. “W-What are you doing?”

I could feel a grin spreading across my lips, relishing in the terror that radiated off him like heat from a flame. “What do you think I am, rabbit?” I taunted, knowing fully that my true nature was far more monstrous than he could ever imagine.

“R-Rabbit?!” he exclaimed, his voice trembling with fear and indignation. “Now you insult me. I don’t know what you are, but you appear human or even elf-like to me.”

I laughed cruelly at his ignorance, my amusement growing as I revealed a glimpse of my true form. “No, no, you poor rabbit,” I sneered. “I’m a Black Pudding.”

His next words were cut off by the sudden movement of the embroidery on my dress, the tendrils coming to life and writhing in anticipation. Poor Elijah let out a fearful cry as both my legs and the bottom of my dress morphed into countless tentacles. He scurried backward in a futile attempt to distance himself from me. But it was too late. I was upon him, my twisted hunger driving me forward, and there was nothing he could do to escape my grasp. The scent of his fear was like an alluring perfume, drawing me in and urging me forward. I inhaled it longingly, savoring the moment of his soon-to-be demise.

My tentacles wrapped around his limbs as he desperately tried to fight against them. Still, to my delight, he was so much weaker than I had anticipated. I leaned close to his face, running a finger down his forehead to his lips, leaving an acid burn mark down his face. His cries reverberated throughout the chamber, but the door to the stone chamber was thick, and I highly doubted anyone could hear his cries. This was a meal I was going to take my time with.

I toyed with his lips, reveling in the sensation of their flesh melting away beneath my corrosive fingertip. His screams only fueled my insatiable hunger, driving me to consume him whole. Still, I fought to hold back, deciding to play with my food instead. He thrashed and fought against me, but my tentacles easily restrained him, leaving him helpless and vulnerable to my twisted desires. I reveled in his pain and terror, relishing every moment of his agony as I feasted upon his flesh. A cruel sadness crept into my heart as his eyes clenched shut in terror.

Why would he look away from something so beautiful?

I refused to let him look away! I was not one to be denied pleasure, so I dissolved his eyelids with a sickening sizzle, allowing him to witness every horrific, beautiful detail of my consumption. With each passing moment, my hunger grew stronger, driving me to indulge in my darkest and most sadistic desires. And as I devoured him bit by bit, I knew there was no turning back from this dark and twisted path I had chosen, which was fine by us.

Sadly, the rabbit died while I was eating him. I had only just finished consuming his gentles. When it finally happened, I was making my way up that cavity to his intestines. Of course, that was after devouring his four limbs of course. And yet, I was still hungry!

Ava's words cut through the silence like a sharp knife, startling me. "We still have Niamh's corpse stored away inside Stellar Void?"

I was taken aback by her sudden outburst. "Ava?" I replied, my confusion evident in my voice. "You've been unusually quiet up until now!"

"What are you talking about? I had an entire conversation with Elijah."

"No, I did," I corrected her.

Ava paused for a moment, processing my words. "No, you were too busy daydreaming about eating him."

"Are you sure?" I asked, still not believing her.

"Yes, I am."

“Huh...”

I rose to my feet as we shifted our lower body into a pair of legs and a dress, feeling a deep sense of lustful longing for our beautiful Aurelia. It was a feeling that Ava and I shared, but I couldn't help but wonder if I was the one who had slipped on Aurelia's black laced panties we had failed to return. The thought of possessing something so intimate of hers filled us with a primal craving that was almost too much to bear. We loved collecting trophies, and Aurelia was the ultimate prize. Every tendril of us yearned to possess her. To feel her soft skin against ours and to taste her once more. As we stood there, lost in our fantasies, I couldn't help but wonder if it was Ava or me who had these intense desires for Aurelia. We shared the same body, but it was getting harder and harder to differentiate myself from Ava.

My mind had been lost in a haze of thoughts, so Ava must have retrieved the succubus's corpse from the Void. I rubbed my stomach gently, still aching something fierce, but ignored it. For all I knew, it was my Black Pudding time of the month. But as I looked down at the body before us, I realized something was wrong. This wasn't Niamh's body – it was some unknown woman I had never seen before.

“Ava, did you throw some random girl into the Stellar Void without me knowing?” I asked, my voice laced with suspicion.

“It wasn't me!”

I frowned. “That's strange. So, where is Niamh's body then?”

“She's not in the Void anymore,” Ava replied, her voice filled with uncertainty. “This woman is the only one in there.”

“Well, damn,” I muttered.

Regardless of Niamh's corpse missing, Ava insisted on us trying to practice Absorb on the mystery woman. I suggested using the system to access Absorb, but she vehemently refused. Despite knowing she was right, I couldn't resist teasing her.

“What's the worst that could happen?” I asked, knowing full well the potential consequences.

“Hell no!” Ava exclaimed in frustration. “Death! Death is the worst that could happen,” she retorted.

With a heavy sigh, I relented. “Fine,” I said, realizing that caution was the better part of valor in this situation.

As we attempted to Absorb the corpse, our frustration grew with each passing moment. It was as if our once vast knowledge of magic, the system, and the world had been erased from Ava's mind. My little encyclopedia of a split personality was now a blank slate, processing only the same level of knowledge as me, which wasn't much at all.

I couldn't help but wonder if this resulted from our foster mother separating us from Circe or if it was some other mysterious force at play. Regardless, the fact remained that Ava was no longer the

source of limitless knowledge that I had come to rely on. I had hoped that she could easily Absorb the body for me. Nonetheless, our powers were diminished without the full extent of Circe's partial knowledge. Frustration and disappointment set in as we gave up on our attempts after only a few minutes.

As we trudged towards the Great Hall, a deep sigh escaped us. We then caught sight of Vorigan leading Jason by the hand, both heading in the same direction. The so-called champion appeared to be rubbing at his red eyes as if blinded by something, perhaps a sign – *no*... There was a distinct smell in the air that was unmistakable!

Oh, my gods!

Do you think they're a couple?

I don't know. Jason didn't cum off as the type to me.

I can't wait to tell the others.

Since when were we the gossip type?

Since always!

No, we're not. We're the antisocial type!