

BLACK PUDDING

CHAPTER 25

The proclaimed Dark Champion, a title that was nothing but a cruel insult. Jason remained haunted by the nightmare of that psycho sludge girl's tentacle ramming its way down his throat and throughout his body. The memory caused him to clench his ass cheeks. It had violated him in the most grotesque manners before tossing him like damaged goods to suffer a slow and painful death. He shuddered thinking about it, but still, he stealthily followed her, remaining unseen to all. Life was a sick joke, and Jason was the punchline! Trapped in a never-ending dance with death in the form of a Black Pudding. It was already dawning on him that he was merely an errand boy, a lackey for a goddess who favored the very monster who had taken his life.

The monster's arrogance was almost as lethal as her abilities. She had carelessly blown her cover, drawing the attention of no less than nine soldiers. Nine! Worst of all, she was completely oblivious to all of it! Thankfully Jason had trailed after her. Only through his quick and deadly precision did she avoid alerting the entire encampment.

Despite Jason's success in eliminating the soldiers who had spotted her, he couldn't help but curse himself for not allowing them to deal with her. The haunting whispers of the Crone crypt in his mind were a constant reminder of his twisted fate. Those dark voices had forced him to follow the very monster who once had taken his life. He wasn't a champion. No, he was a damn bodyguard! He was a guardian sent to protect the homicidal psycho that had killed him. It was a cruel irony!

Amidst his covert assassinations, like a deadly ninja or a rockstar, as Jason saw himself, he had collected a few delicious hearts. He took great pleasure in savoring them as he sat in the shadow of a chimney stack overlooking the building that housed the sludge bitch. When it came to hiding the bodies, he stored them away within his new storage spell. But his brief respite was cut short as the monster that Jason loathed so much emerged, accompanied by some new savory friends. Jason longed to rip their hearts out, but the cruel dark whispers of what would come if he acted upon his impulses prevented him from doing so.

With a twisted twist of mother fucking fate, Jason's title as the Crone's little bitch brought some hidden blessings in disguise, including new skills and a complete overhaul of his Abilities and Spells. The cherry on top was a sudden surge in his level, now proudly reaching level sixty-nine! However, the inner workings of the leveling system left him with more questions than answers. He couldn't see any real gains apart from the new racial skills and immunities.

He started to speculate that levels simply measured his overall lethality and capabilities, with each level unlocking more potential for destruction. It might explain the lack of experience points. His health, magic, and stamina bars seemed more of an estimate than a tangible stat. He even noticed the numbers were often off. Jason's best guess, besides more capabilities and magic, there wasn't

much of a big difference between a level one and a level one hundred if caught off guard. Still, a higher level was something to fear if allowed to use their full capabilities.

However, the system didn't concern Jason in the slightest, nor did all its flaws. Jason only cared about the Spells and Abilities he had earned. With them, he had become a terror to be feared, a shadow of death more deadly than even Yua, the so-called assassin. At least, that's what Jason hoped was the case.

With his stealthy grace and the power to slip into the shadows, Jason was a force that couldn't be contained. And with his spells, allowing him to teleport behind his foes and strike with deadly precision, he was a harbinger of death, a true Grim Reaper. It was almost comical how the system had accurately labeled his race as such after respawning. Jason couldn't help but wonder if his gaunt appearance resulted from those changes. He seriously hoped he wasn't being turned into a skeleton! Thankfully, none of the others had noticed it, or they would have surely said something, even mockingly.

Jason glared at the sludge girl he was stuck watching after. He found himself feeling jealous as the girl interlaced her fingers with a seductively gorgeous woman. "Why does she always get the good stuff?" he muttered in frustration.

A portion of the ragtag group split, with eleven led by Vorigan, the frog-faced freak who had summoned him, slinking off to the west, apparently back to the dungeon. Jason couldn't decide whether to call the sniveling coward his summoner or the ritualist who gave him his body, but one thing was for sure, he couldn't stand the sight of him. Something about Vorigan's very existence made Jason's blood boil. The frog's presence incited a desire within Jason to peel back the bastard's flesh and extract every last drop of blood as he dined on Vorigan's still-beating heart.

Jason cast a sideways glance back at the group that remained behind but only saw three of them. The other four had vanished into thin air, like phantoms in the night. Then he felt them, the razor-sharp claws that had encircled his throat, pressing snugly against his flesh, a silent promise of death if he so much as twitched.

"Well, well, well," a warm breath whispered in his ear, "What do we have here?"

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Due to his broken neck, Olin was forced to hold his head upright, but he managed to make it appear as if he were deep in contemplation as he gripped his chin. However, his ruse would easily be exposed to anyone who got too close. Nevertheless, he was with his mistress. With enough death and destruction, she was sure to conquer the entire army, her power growing stronger with each corpse she claimed. The night was their ally, but it was also their enemy, as they only had this night to accomplish their task. Their tasks were straightforward. Retrieving the Dungeon Core. Liberating as many refugees as possible to increase his mistress's political power. That part wasn't said aloud, but the reasoning seemed obvious enough. And lastly, opening a portal to the western covens. Simple, right?

With a twisted sense of fate, Olin found himself in the body of the army's leader, General Ezad, towering over his mistress and her reclaimed lover. The Black Pudding, with her sadistic smile and thirst for torment, was a truly frightening sight to behold. One glance from her piercing orange gaze and Olin knew their cover would be blown. Though his mistress was a powerful force to be reckoned with under cover of night, she was not fit for the art of subtlety. Aurelia was too beautiful of a sight to go unnoticed. No, navigating them through the heart of the enemy camp fell solely upon Olin's shoulders.

"My mistress," Olin spoke with a touch of trepidation. "We must find a way to keep the two of you concealed. Our task will be cut short if you're seen with me, especially with your companion's unique eyes." He silently prayed to the Crone that Lady Aurelia had a firm grip on her heart's obsession, this Blake.

The sinister monster in human form leaned in close to his mistress, resting her head on her shoulder as she gazed up, giving off a pathetic innocent look. Olin found the display revolting. However, Lady Aurelia seemed to be smiling as her eyes traced the woman's lips.

"If I'm too revealing," the monster cooed, "you could always wear me."

Olin thought he was going to be sick. He couldn't help but roll his eyes as he watched Lady Aurelia's eyes light up excitedly. Her red irises shined with a sinister gleam. He couldn't help but wish for these two to find a secluded corner to get it over with so they could focus on the task at hand.

"Well, my beloved," Aurelia purred, "what will happen to the clothes I'm already wearing?"

The black pudding creature replied with a sly grin, "Don't worry, I'll store them safely within us. Nothing will get in the way – I mean, ruined." Then, she removed her head from Aurelia's shoulder to gaze into her eyes, "May we ask why you keep calling me beloved?"

With a sense of resignation, Olin watched as his mistress, Lady Aurelia, caressed the cheek of the monster in the human form beside her. Her eyes lit up with a fiery passion, and her voice dripped with desire as she spoke. "That's a conversation for another time, my beloved. For now, do what you must to hide. If you can disguise yourself as my clothing, even better."

Olin gave up, dropping his hand holding his chin and letting his head fall back into the most unnatural of positions. He stood there, his head facing upwards towards the darkness of the night filled with the stars and countless other moons shining above.



Aurelia was filled with such elation as her beloved wrapped her arms around her. She basked in the blissful embrace of her beloved. Aurelia finally gave in to her desires and pressed his lips against Blake's. Her dark heart fluttered with delight as Blake's tongue slithered into her mouth like a tentacle monster, eliciting shudders of pleasure. A hunger that had been buried deep within her for nearly two centuries. Sure, she had a few unsatisfying conquests in that time, but they were all meaningless. This was the moment she had yearned for what felt like an eternity. And as Blake's hand possessed her flesh, gripping her ass with a force that threatened to tear her asunder, she was

lost to the world, consumed by the fiery passion that burned within her. She reached up, grasping Blake's breast. Her other hand slid down into Blake's dress, finding her thighs with a voracious hunger. Aurelia's finger slid into a putty-like substance that leaked between her fingers.

Blake's body began to liquefy at that moment and spread out over Aurelia's body. At first, it was like watching a tsunami coming crashing down, but there was no malice or anger within that dark wave, only love, and tenderness. The tar-like form ran over Aurelia's body, coating her skin and clothes. Aurelia felt a spell activated from her beloved and noticed that her robe and undergarments had vanished. Everything had been replaced with the Black Pudding that seemed to find its way into every nook and cavity.

Aurelia was swathed in darkness as her beloved reformed around her, unable to contain the malevolent lust-filled desires seething within. Before an outfit could fully be formed, Blake erupted into a tangled, writhing mass of silk threads. A sensual and sinister silk dance embraced Aurelia, obscuring all but the gleam of her gorgeous face as they wove together. The pure white headdress and outfit that settled upon her was a cruel parody of the priestess garments that Ava had spotted within the encampment, a mocking whisper of their supposed purity. But the true horrors of Aurelia's new attire lay hidden beneath the shimmering cloth, a forbidden secret of squirming tendrils and pulsating tentacles.

“Oh... Oh! Mmmm...”

Aurelia struggled to contain her passion and keep her ecstatic screams from reverberating across the land. She was a vampire elder, a regal princess of a once powerful coven, and she would not let such a trivial thing as pleasure break her focus. Aurelia would submit to her lover's carnal desires, for this was what she had wanted for so very, very long. She surrendered her body over to her dark lover's embrace, for Aurelia knew she could still decimate her enemies with her orifices filled. She was a vampiric necromancer with so few equals, an unstoppable force of the night, and nothing would stand in her way. It didn't matter that her beloved had just found the spot that sent shutters through her stomach. No one could stop her and her beloved now!

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Oh, gods, her body is so tight and amazing! Holy shit, she's got fucking abs! And not the overly masculine kind either, the cute sexy ones!

She's built like an Olympic pole vaulter!

You go high, I'll go low! Oh, my gods, she tastes so good!

I was vaguely aware of our progress, moving beyond the confines of the village and into the enemy encampment, with only occasional interruptions as someone dared approach Olin. But with a flick of his hand, he sent them scurrying away, the benefits of putting his soul inside the General's body. And, if he had any wise ideas of running away, I still had his phylactery.

Speaking about putting things in someone's body, I return to my depraved delights. As I basked in the blissful sensations of Aurelia's tight body and firm ass, the outside world was a distant, meaningless place. The tremors in Aurelia's thighs were a symphony of pleasure. I was awed by

her mastery of self-control, hiding our sexual acts from prying eyes. Her delicate fingers occasionally wandered down, offering a tantalizing touch. I was impressed her expression remained serene, a mask hiding the storm of pleasure within, but her gorgeous eyes could not lie. I was lost in the twisted, erotic world of her ecstasy, and nothing else mattered.

Sadly, all good things must come to an end. I withdrew from Aurelia's innermost places as we approached the carnival size tent. I spotted all the cages along the outside of the tent, and that little bunny kid. I couldn't help but feel a sense of dread settle into me.

It would be so much easier if we could ditch them. Or even better yet, we were allowed to eat them!

BLAKE?!

What? When did you get a conscience?

Ugh! You're horrible at trying to hide yours!

The hulking tent loomed over us, its entrance guarded by stern soldiers, half in armor and half mostly naked. Despite Ava's theory that more flesh is good for ambient mana manipulation, fighting nearly naked still seemed like a dumb idea to me. Each soldier stood at attention, their eyes fixed straight ahead. The sight of their behemoth General, Olin as it were, elicited a salute from the guards – fists pounded against their chests in unison. But Olin ignored them, focusing solely on the task as we entered the tent. I couldn't help but wonder if the guards suspected anything when their salute wasn't returned. *Whatever!* It wasn't like Olin could return the salute. Not with his hand gripping his chin to keep his head from hanging unnaturally from his shoulders.

Perhaps it wasn't the best idea to snap his neck.

Yeah...

The tent appeared large from the outside, yet as we entered its gaping hole, I saw a sight that defied all logic. It was a cavernous interior that seemed to defy the laws of physics, stretching out in every direction like a grotesque mockery of a sports arena. But there was no evidence of military might, no trace of magical weaponry. This was not where they kept their Dungeon Core or their instruments of war. No, this was something far better. This was where they kept their fallen!