

BLAKE PUDDING

CHAPTER 6

VAMPIRIC COURT

Led hand in hand by my stunning vampiress, we halted before towering gates, which dwarfed any set of doors I had ever seen, including those within the dungeon. Flanked by six vampires in dark plate armor, imposing on each side, the gates were crafted from a dark, metallic substance. This material resembled metal but gleamed with an icy or obsidian sheen, lending them a sculptural aura. Adorned with exquisitely detailed skulls and bones, the decorations seemed integral to the gate, not mere adornments.

In the reflective sheen, Aurelia and I were momentarily captured, our images intertwined. The mirror-like surface inadvertently highlighted my own unconventional appearance, a spontaneous creation of my latent whims. Though I possess the skill to mimic a perfect human exterior, I favored my unique “creepy-cute” style at that moment, marked by a mysteriously attractive, almost extraterrestrial look, with finely sculpted features, oversized glowing orange eyes, and black hair that seamlessly transitioned into sleek, backward-flowing tentacles.

Aurelia’s gaze upon me was soothing, yet as her eyes shifted towards the gate, they adopted a chilling intensity. This stark transformation, from warmth to an icy, steely expression, stirred within me a complex blend of affection and yearning.

Ugh, why can’t we just go back to bed? I need to taste her again.

No arguments here!

The six armored guardians moved with synchronized precision, channeling their collective strength to draw the colossal gates apart. As they opened, a grand hall was revealed, filled with a vast assembly of vampires greater than I could have ever imagined. Each figure stood silently, their gazes vigilant, reminiscent of serpents ready to strike. Amidst this quiet tension, a smile formed on my face. Aurelia and I, with our heads held high, crossed the threshold into the heart of the vampire’s court. She radiated an aura of regal command, while I, in contrast, embraced my inner bitch, exuding a sense of self-assured defiance.

What’s the difference between our inner and outer bitch, really?

...Is there even one?

So, we’re just a bitch, then?

Seems like it. But hey, let’s keep that between us.

Bit late for discretion, isn't it? I'm pretty sure everyone knows we're a bitch.

Nah, I sure some of them think we're a cunt.

The vast assembly of vampires in the grand space I've termed the throne room receded before us, creating a path reminiscent of an aisle. Aurelia and I proceeded with the poise of a bridal duo. We became the center of attention, exuding unmistakable authority amidst an ocean of piercing vampiric gazes. This continued until one vampire, arching his back and arms, leaned forward as though he might spit in my face, but to my astonishment, a hiss cut through the air, sparking a wave of hushed whispers and snickering.

I couldn't help but laugh, my amusement ringing out clear and resonant. In a swift, fluid motion, my hand transformed, extending a tentacle that ensnared the insolent vampire's head, silencing the crowd as his hisses turned to agonized screams. My grip, acidic and unyielding, left no doubt about my dominance, quelling any whispers of dissent and restoring a heavy, awed silence to the throne room.

The tension shattered with audible gasps as the headless corpse disintegrated under my grasp, turning to ash before it hit the ground. My tentacle reverted back into an arm, revealing a fanged skull in my palm. Driven by a desire for a trophy, I had skillfully utilized my Disintegration skill—without the system's aid, too. It felt instinctual, similar to skills I'd previously mastered, rendering it one of the more manageable skills to adapt to, akin to Web of Whispers. Mastering Astral Graviton and Phantasmal Mist, however, might demand considerably more effort. Oh, and there's that Weak Fire Ward I need to tackle. But back to the skull!

My meticulous control was unexpectedly perfect, leaving me with a new ashtray. Why didn't it turn to ash? Um, maybe magic? Honestly, I have no idea, but as long as I look badass holding the skull of someone who just insulted me, that's all that matters. Wait, that was an insult, right? I seriously hope it wasn't some kind of friendly vampire greeting; that would be embarrassing.

The swarm of vampires parted, granting Aurelia and me ample space as we approached what could only be described as a pitiful excuse for a throne. Really, does Aurelia actually grace that unworthy seat with her exquisite ass? Unacceptable. She's entitled to something far more magnificent. With a gentle squeeze of her hand, signaling yet another upcoming stunt—perhaps as audacious as decapitating a vampire just for his skull—out from my dress formed a tentacle. It shot out, seized the sorry excuse of a throne, and hurled it across the massive chamber, reducing it to splinters of useless wood against the wall. Aurelia's response was a subtle lift of her eyebrow, yet the hint of a smirk playing on her lips told me she was amused by my antics. Fuck, she's perfect.

Shortly after gaining control over my polymorphic abilities, I tap into my mysterious reserve of excess “pudding”—seriously, where do I hide it all? With all that extra, I should be the size

of three elephants, yet here I am, a tall, slim, yet curvaceous girl. It's a mystery; maybe it's stashed in Stellar Void? Seriously, I'm genuinely curious. Anyway, I digress. Initially, I utilized this surplus to craft an intimidating throne during my first real fight with those dimwits—Jeremy, Jason, and the rest of those sorry fuckers. I bet Aurelia would look stunning, perched atop a throne I morph into, made of writhing tentacles and the stuff of nightmares, reigning over the vampires with an air of unassailable majesty. And let's be clear, my motivation is in no way remotely related to the fantasy of her sitting on my face in full view of the court. Nope. Nope. Not at all. Okay, yes, it's a hundred percent that!

However, my grand scheme was unexpectedly foiled by an adorably terrifying entity that resided within me. Phantasia oozed out from my dress, a cascade of writhing tentacles that seamlessly transformed into a grand throne, spacious enough for both Aurelia and me. I couldn't hide my disappointment, particularly upon catching the amusement twinkling in Aurelia's gorgeous red eyes.

Aurelia softly pulled me, guiding me to her side on the throne, where we both faced the aghast expressions of the vampires below. Contrary to what one might assume, the idea of reigning over a coven of vampires didn't thrill me. Despite my previously antisocial goth persona—and let's be real, I wasn't completely antisocial, having had my fair share of charm with the ladies—I generally find socializing tedious. The thought of devouring the entire coven was rather appealing. Yet, with Aurelia by my side, a sense of calm assurance washed over me. She was born to rule, and I? I was ready to devour any dissenters who dared defy her sovereignty.

Leaning forward, my gaze swept over the assembly, and with authoritative simplicity, I commanded, "Kneel." They appeared surprisingly confused.

Don't they kneel here?

We should shake our new ashtray for emphasis.

One vampire seemed inclined to argue, but a quick glance at the skull in my hand made him drop to his knee, followed swiftly by the others. Soon, the entire throne room was kneeling before my Aurelia. I smiled, sitting back within Phantasia's cushy tentacles, and presented to lean my head on Aurelia's shoulder.

What ensued was essentially a lot of blah blah blah. I completely tuned them out; as long as they addressed Aurelia while kneeling, I wasn't particularly interested in the details of their conversation. I vaguely caught mentions of new refugees, a kitty queen, a priestess, a missing duke, and an elf champion, but honestly, nothing that seemed important. My attention was instead captivated by my new ashtray, the skull demanding my focus. An intriguing idea began to whisper a web of ideas into my mind. Given that my current arms were occupied—one cradling the skull and the other tenderly encircling my vampire

goddess—it became essential to conjure a new arm, perfectly suited for the idea I was weaving.

With an open palm, I begin to harness the familiarity of using Web of Whispers, slowly initiating the weaving process. The first creation is a short rod, resembling a wand. It isn't one, of course, but I am intrigued to observe the weaving intricacies up close, without the pressure of combat or imminent danger. Yes, I've experimented with my old Silk Webbing skill and continue to use it to maintain this gorgeously creepy-cute face I wear. However, Web of Whispers diverges significantly from it; it lacks the elasticity inherent in my other silk skill. Once shaped, it solidifies into a hard, unyielding form, which, if I had to guess, is harder than steel, maybe even myhril—though that's just a wishful guess. Still, it's a quality I find particularly useful for crafting these sharp teeth. And, oh, how I now relish the sound of crunching on bones, especially fingers.

My attention shifted from what I was doing to some random balding vampire who started talking, his tone sounding a bit snippy. With a snap of my wrist, I hurled my newly crafted rod, impaling the dumbass right through the eye. His screams filled the chamber. I would like to say that was intentional, but honestly, I was aiming for his forehead. Whoops!

Rolling my eyes at his continued screaming, I held out my third hand, staring at the back of it as if examining my nails. I stayed like that, unmoving, for quite a while; how long, I'm not sure. I was in the zone. Eventually, I heard Aurelia whisper into my ear, "What are you doing, my love?"

I blinked a few times, pulling my head from her shoulder, and noticed the entire throne room had gone silent, all eyes fixated on me. I smiled at them as the pudding flesh on my third hand retracted, revealing the fresh set of bones I had just woven within. I waved at them with the newly formed hand. Granted, I had to keep a few pudding fibers attached to it so it wouldn't fall apart, but the stunned gasps achieved the desired effect.

Now, you may wonder, if I can regenerate from nearly anything—minus holy and fire damage, and worse, holy fire—then why bother with giving myself bones? Well, consider this: would you prefer the healing abilities of that big red dildo comic book character, or the adamantium-endowed healing of that gruff, clawed mutant? Oh! Maybe I should add some claws to my repertoire while I'm at it! Either way, it's not permanent; it's more like skeletal clothing. Will it be beneficial? Probably not, but with enough nooks and crannies within these new bones, I'm confident I could enhance my resilience against a holy shit onslaught. And that's all I need—a fighting chance. Besides, I'm bored.