

Erotic RPG 145

Chapter 145

Lucifer seemed to be in a slight daze tonight. He remembered his mother in the past life because Claire resembled her. With soft tanned skin, emerald eyes and wavy brown hair. She could pull off a younger version if he ignored the tight muscles. His mother didn't like to exercise after all.

After several moments, he entered another woman's tent.

Lucifer was sure this was his little lover's tent. Because inside, a woman's nasty sounds filled the tent. She stroked herself with passionate moans and called his name. He could hear as her fingers buried deep inside her honeypot with a wet squelch sounding in the room.

Suddenly, he entered the room and found quite the shock. She didn't find him yet and continued to push two fingers inside her sticky, wet hole. Her palm and thumb rubbed against her clit in alternating revolutions and strength, as she shuddered and spasmed, panting aloud.

He stood in the pitch black, observing this beautiful woman, her lightly tanned pale skin. She lay with her legs spread wide, showing a sticky, soaking pussy with thick black hair and thighs with deep scars and wounds.

Lucifer watched her in silence. His pupils dilated, then contracted into thin slits with surprise. Crimson light lingered in the darkness. She continued to pleasure herself in pure bliss. Her mind focused on a certain man. The girl was unaware he stood in the shadows, watching her lewd actions.

—|Lucifer: 'It seems I made a critical error. But damn, she has a beautiful slit, neat and well maintained.'

Another reason for his mistake was her words.

"Ah~ Yes...Penetrate this dirty body! Mmmm~ Lucifer, fuck me deeply! Accept my used, defiled body! Ohh~ Mmmmph!"

Zen rocked her hips against her fingers. Now calling his name over and over, repeating his name in distress as she began to spasm and buckle like a wild bull.

This wasn't her normal action. She tried her best to avoid contact with males. Her own self hatred and feelings were the cause. She just caught a sight that caused her to become jealous today.

Earlier, she saw him holding Claire like a princess. Zen felt curious about what he would do to her sleeping friend. So she followed for a while. Only to find he did nothing. He stroked her hair, wiped out an entire unit of human warriors on his own, and then took her back to her room in silence.

Zen wished to switch places with Claire as she watched his soft, affection eyes tucking her into bed. She imagined him doing those sweet and romantic things for her. Which lead to her high sexual desire to explode, despite her attempt to keep it controlled.

The curse placed on her body once ignited was almost impossible to quell.

Lucifer inspected her beautiful body as he stepped forward. He almost became enveloped in lust and wanted to push her down, however he saw her pain. A past she probably wished to forget, maybe seek revenge.

Suddenly, moonlight entered through the small window above the pair, her small mobile bed with soft black sheets thrown under her ass. Zen's skin, that should be soft, beautiful and pristine like most eastern girls, was not.

Deep, vicious wounds, purple jagged scars traced all around her pale white skin. He always wondered why an archer wore so many layers, despite needing to remain agile.

Immediately, his mind ached.

Images of a sweet woman who loved him despite not being his true mother. She tried her best to give him a good life, but that man ruined it. His fists and leather belt would leave wounds hidden by her thick jumpers or woollen coats.

Somehow, both Claire and Zen triggered memories from his past. Once he abandoned the devil's power because of the cunts he called brothers playing with the divine tools that could control and warp souls. He lost almost all his deep memories from past lives, only bits and pieces remained.

Despite this.

His life as Lucian Silva remained clear. He could call it his own. Not having another soul that tried to alter his path.

He felt the image of Claire represented the happy moments with his mother and the times they spent together. His early years before life became complicated. They played in the snow, watched movies, and slept in the living room.

—|Lucifer: 'To think the devil would choose these memories over fantastical lives and feats. Haha, I wonder if she truly exists out there somewhere. Sylvia said she would show up in the future.'

—|Lucifer: 'That reminds me... Sister is being kept in that prison. I hope they release her soon. A divine invading a world is a serious crime.'

Vaguely, Zen seemed to resemble his mother during her harsh times. Her scars told the story of years of suffering that she endured. She also acts to protect the people she cares about, like the elven archers or Claire.

—|Lucifer: 'Why do you feel so conflicted about purity. I am Lucifer, the betrayer, fallen... Why would I care about a piece of flesh, when I can change you into my shape.'

His crimson eyes glinted with a strange flash.

In that moment, a light boom sounded as Zen orgasmed. She could no longer control the squirting honey as it sprayed over her bed. Because the seal of lust increased her sensitivity and desire for lewd activities.

Lucifer stood beside her, his gentle touch causing her body to convulse in intense pleasure that almost caused her to faint. She felt terror as if a male tried to force himself on her. With this curse activated, her body would never resist but accept him.

—|Zen: 'Lucifer! Save me...!'

The thought it was another male, a sneaking human enemy troop, or an elf, caused her to despair.

"Lucifer!"

His body vanished and moved several metres forward. He became stunned at this ability and wondered how it activated. He wanted to comfort this woman and heal her curse. Before considering this nonsense, his arms wrapped around her and stroked her shuddering back.

Zen still endured the constant climax from the male's touch. She avoided males since they were free from captivity. They tried to break the curse placed on her by the Gwendovan bastards. This has taken more than several years.

All for nothing.

Tonight she failed because of her own jealousy.

She fought off constant waves of pleasure and the command to present herself. Which echoed inside her mind. She looked upward at the man who broke her vow. A sense of dead and terror filling her body.