

Erotic RPG 161

Chapter 161 40: Broken Pride - Fallen [Part 1]

Lucifer smashed Almeria against the stone wall. A massive boom sounded before cracks like a spiderweb formed through the stone. Several large pieces of rock crumbled on her bloody body. He gripped onto her ankle so tight, the fluid and blood built up in her calf.

"What the fuck!?" (Gwendovan Knight B)

"Goddess! We have to save her!" (coomer A)

"Fuck that! She's stronger than us by several grades... Let's fucking bolt it!" (Smart Knight C)

He slowly paced towards the knights that seemed to feel dread. Before they could even blink, his body and the half-dead angel vanished, like a phantom. His lips forming a faint smile, although most of his damage healed. Lucifer still showed traces of fatigue and injury. His body appeared a few metres away from the knights.

"Hello friends, our blood banks are running low on human trash positive blood. Please consider donating!"

"Wha..!?"

Instantly, a woman's face swung towards their heads. A woman had approached them. The ugly men hadn't experienced it before. But a horrific shame that her head was so tough as it smashed towards their heads, roaring through the wind. Then slammed into them with an enormous bang. Her forehead popped all three skulls like a melon dropped from a mountaintop.

A swirl of blood entered his body like a vortex, his hair became more pristine. However, each time, his feathery wings began to rot and erode. He was oblivious to this change in his body, only feeling the thick grey skin became more muscular before condensing tightly.

"..."

"Your blood tastes like shit..."

Lucifer gagged, swearing to find another way to drain these bastards. He would only drink the blood of beautiful women who were not his enemies. The discovery that women like this Almeria tasted bad to him was a good early discovery.

"P...pleashe.... Shtop....."

Almeria tried to speak but now missed most of her teeth as her lips and tongue spluttered to make the right sounds. Lucifer felt irritated that she spoke like a retard and stomped on her again. A loud screech and a stream of liquid from the skanky angel's lower body flowed down her body after this.

— |Almeria: 'Scary.... Help me.... I'm afraid... Why is he so crazy.... Where is his ethics and honour.... Fuck... Why do I have to suffer this!? He just crushed my bladder... I'm dying! Please... Michael.... I sucked your little cock... Why won't you save me!?'

Her mind filled with a swirl of emotions, from fear of burning rage. She felt helpless. No matter how hard she tried as an angel. With her limited ability and connections, doomed her to remain a 3rd class angel never to rise. She once heard of an angel that pleased the former Archangel Samael. Rumours say she spread her legs and allowed him to do anything to her. Thus she luckily became a 2nd class angel recently.

—|Almeria: 'I hate you who hurts me so deeply, the Archangels that sit around doing nothing! I despise you, Lucifer, who threw away everything that I could never have! I hate...I hate....I loathe you!'

A black sludge filled her dirty white wings, filled with blood and her own urine. Neither of them noticed as her wings fluttered with a black shade times the sludge seeped into them. Nor did Lucifer noticed that her broken wings slowly healed from the insides as pure black wings.

Meanwhile, he swung her around like a nun chuck, crushing dozens of human knights into meat paste. His lips quivering from the nausea and the urge to vomit. If Marina was a smooth red wine aged for several years, with fruity and dry taste. These men were prison toilet moonshine.

—|Lucifer: 'These... damn.... Someone save me!'

Force —> 205

Although he broke through, there was something missing. He once heard the women speaking about how it felt to breakthrough to S grade. Esther said her physical power exploded despite being weak before. She became able to grapple with the vampire hero and elven queen.

"Why....?"

Angrily, he smashed the now silent angel into the wall, crushing it into dust, the shards shooting out and piercing the necks of several human slaves. His eyes were deep red, shining with irritation. He couldn't accept that he, the devil, could not reach that starting grade.

A pinnacle to normal people, but to the true powerhouses of this world. S Grade was a mere starting line...

"Why!?"

Lucifer crushed the ankle of this woman, lifting her over his head and throwing her into the small group of humans that attempted to flee out of the wall. He grasped a longsword that was half snapped off a broke elven corpse. His feet dragged along the grown, looking slightly crazed and filled with rage.

His eyes saw no battle, nothing about the elves. Arachne, he only felt anger at himself. "Why can I not reach that mere step? What am I lacking!?" Frustrated and filled with irritation, his sword slashed at the fleeing backs of the humans. They tried to fight back with everything they had left.

A man dashed forward, lunging with a sword that pierced Lucifer's neck, causing blood to spurt into the air. He felt a moment of joy. He killed the vile monster! Only to feel a tearing pain in his chest, blood shooting from his lips. A pair of black claws grasped his own heart, still warm to the touch. "W...wait.....!" Before crushing it into a jam like paste before ripping his hand back out. This poor man crumbled to the ground, only asking himself why monsters like this existed.

The men shuddered, watching the blood from Lucifer's neck suck back into himself like a bad dream.

In the distance, standing on an elven rooftop wearing a man's black robe, hiding her wings. Lanze stood watching his movements and actions. She bit her lips, clenching her fists as golden blood seeped from her small hands. Sorrow and anger filled her eyes. Now unable to move until the right moment.

"You brought this upon yourself, Lucifer... My dear master... You need to learn this bitter lesson to grow."
"

"Master... Those women, you cannot save them all! Don't forget and lose those who you truly wish to save and cherish for some twisted sense of purpose!"

Several minutes passed as the two hundred men trying to sneak around the elven defence to flank them failed. Lucifer walked along the dirty floor, dark red mud churned under his feet. He looked for his sword now, forgetting all about the angel he brutalised, wondering more about the safety of his women.

Suddenly, the air crackled as an unholy and vile energy burst from the pile of unused corpses and bones. A hand filled with scars and thick, pulsing veins. The woman pulled herself from the corpse pile with a dark shade of skin due to lack of blood.

Her beautiful silver blood, now dark purple filled with small creatures with countless eyes. The skin of her body bubbled as strange eyes formed on her shoulders and body. Black, rotting wings burst from her back, six in total. Those dirty, putrid feathers giving off the scent of death.

—|Almeria: 'Who am I?'

—|Almeria: 'That doesn't matter! All I have is anger and hatred! Towards that man! He must die! I will crush his bones, rend his flesh, and devour his organs. Those whores that flock to him, I will tear them in two from their crotch as he watches helplessly!'

"Hahahahahahaha!"

A strange shriek like laugh sounded from the abomination's mouth. Her beautiful face was now decrepit and hideous. She snapped her head with a loud crack as her bones split apart, before fusing and becoming more flexible.

"Found him!"

Her wings flapped once, the power causing the corpse pile to vaporise as her body blasted towards him like a shooting star. Lucifer only felt a slight change in the wind before a hand grabbed onto the side of his head, before it smashed him into the hard stone, crushing his cheek bones as they snapped.

"Wha!?"

They dragged him for hundreds of metres along the ground, smashing and grinding the stone into dust using his face. The moment it stopped, they flung him into the air, his body spinning backwards as the intense g-force caused him to feel dazed. A stream of blood and saliva from his stomach spraying from his mouth.

A hoarse and strange voice sounded in his ears. "How does it feel? To get the same? Are you ready to watch your women violated and slaughtered? Heh!" He finally stopped spinning, ready to counter the voice and beat this fucker.

"Falle....Gaahaa!"

His words stopped from finishing. As the spiked foot with bone spurs sticking from her thighs shot into his jaw like a cannon ball, crushing some of his bones into powder and shattering half his teeth. Once again sending his body shooting out of the city with a loud crash, exploding into a crater as the dirt and debris shot into the air.

"Hahaha! How does it feel to be dragged along the walls? You arrogant bastard!"

"Tsk... Peh! Just because you became a fallen abomination! You think you are special!"

Almeria stopped him from standing up, her foot pressing down on his chest. She used so much force his organs ruptured as they rattled inside his body. A deep boom sounding as the ground under him grew cracked and split apart, blood gushing from his body and lips.

Lucifer couldn't see straight. His vision was fading, nor could he feel. The sensation of his body became distant, followed by his sense of smell. He desperately tried to focus on this woman as the blood-red eyes bled out, turning to regular white sclera and dull crimson iris. His grey skin faded back into the slightly tanned skin. Before he felt a tearing pain as a freakish tail ripped off his left arm as her black flames burned it into ashes.

His red blood sprayed like a garden sprinkler. He looked in shock, unable to understand what happened... He lost to a mere fallen? Him, the devil? To A low-class angel that fell moments ago? She defeated him? Only shock and disbelief filled his heart, that screamed in anger as he refused to accept it.

Lucifer filled his mind with denial and self deceit.

— |Lucifer: 'You filthy wretch! How dare you attack the devil in that form!? Such a dirty sneak attack at my weakest moment! What a depraved angel!'

Suddenly, a low woman's voice sounded out of nowhere.

"You were on the right track. He needed a wake up call. Sadly, you went off topic... Please rest, Almeria!"

"Lan..?! Gaah!"

A radiant white sword pierced through the fallen angel's heart, instantly burning and purifying her. Now she could enter the circle of reincarnation as a pure spirit and she would take the putrid feelings of her hate as her own, the former radiant wings of the woman floating in the air now pure black, six jet black wings and long blonde hair swayed in the evening sun as it set. Her soft ocean blue eyes staring at the man lay in a crater like a pathetic B-Warrior that died to a cabbage man.

— |Lucifer: 'Lanza.... What is that look!? Why do you look at me with such pity and disgust! I am your master!'

"It's been a long time. How long do you plan to grasp onto those putrid wings? Can't you see they are rotting and decrepit?"

Behind his back, what used to look like beautiful raven feather wings were, in fact, just like Almeria, rotting wings filled with pus and filthy clotted blood with sparse feathers. The ones remaining tattered and ravaged by time.