

## Erotic RPG 162

### Chapter 162 41: Broken Pride - Lanza [Part 2]

Lucifer felt powerless after his long fight. He spread out in the crater as his blurred eyes focused upon Lanza. Who fluttered her wings, dropping and landed over his body. Her judging eyes watched him with sadness. As her tender, radiant light enveloped him, healing part of his wounds.

A barrier of light surrounded them, stopping anyone from listening in or watching. The poor Elven goddess could only click her tongue. As she put away her popcorn and wine in anger.

— | Lucifer: 'When did my cute little Lanze become so powerful?'

"Lucifer, tell me, why do you cling to those tattered wings?"

He took a moment as his reaction was stiff, quivering, and unable to answer her question. His head tried to turn away, however her foot kicked his face, forcing him to look at her.

"I..." He said, his words filled with reluctance.

Lanza snorted as she watched his actions. Her fingers pressed against her temple as she watched him. Still unable to answer her question. She felt a sense of anger, reluctance, and anguish from watching his actions.

"How ugly are you right now? You are drowning in a shallow lust, filled with desperation as you try to hide that gaping chasm of void in your chest... Or should I say your soul?"

Her tone was rough as her breathing became erratic. She pressed her foot against his chest and forcing him back down as he tried to get up. No matter how much he needed this. Her heart begged for someone else to do this. He needed this before he ended up stretching himself too thin and dying for a random woman.

"Your wron..." Lucifer said with a muffled voice.

He tried to force himself up; the blood seeping from the corner of his lips. But her force was too far beyond him, pressing him back down as the veins bulged in his forehead. His anger growing as she noticed his true feelings hidden within.

"Don't tell me I'm wrong!"

Lanza shouted out with a deep, husky voice. A massive golden radiance burst from her body. Despite her black wings, it did not corrupt her in her heart and remained a genuine 2nd class angel. She looked down upon him like a judge of both holy and evil power.

— | Lanza: 'Don't look so sad... Please... This isn't the Lucifer I wish to see.'

"We have been together for seven thousand years, a mere fraction of your whole life. However, nobody was ever closer to you than me! Your sisters? Hah! They were only around whenever the time allowed, busy doing their crazy acts to garner your attention! It was me who spent every day of those years beside you! The one who helped you after the bad things happened."

His body twitched from her words. All she spoke about was true. When that person's death devastated him. Lanza stood beside him in silence, oiling and caring for his wings that began corrupted and block. She would massage his shoulders after the fierce battles.

"Lanza..."

"Shut up! I've watched you all this time. Like an obsessive stalker! Why can you not accept her death!? She won't return no matter how hard you try! You might fool the others! Even your stupid brothers still believe your lies. You're the only one to have met that person. So why call her father? You know she is a woman!"

Lucifer's eyes darted around, watching Lanza. Her words were too accurate. He felt ashamed that this girl watched him closer than anyone. Even his sisters couldn't understand him like this girl. Who he met during a random visit to a low-class planet. He took her in on a whim. Now looked in shock at how much she observed him, his feelings and mind.

— | Lucifer: 'Lanza.... All this time, you have watched me so closely? Is this how deep you adored me!?'

"No... Lanza, don't say it...!"

She pressed him down into the ground further, the bloody mud now clinging to his body with a squelch. The putrid wings on his back were now filled with dirt and disgusting stains. His eyes widened, hoping she would stop this joke now. To avoid a life filled with darkness.

"Say what? That you are a pathetic excuse for your true former self? How far you've fallen to cling to these tattered, rotting wings. Those damn lies you tell yourself to delude yourself and the people who surround you. At least when you first fell from grace and became a devil. You still held onto your pride! But look at you now...!"

He bit his lips as his body trembled. These words he never wanted to hear from her. This girl, who used to follow him around, treated him like an idol and her own god. Now scolded him and called him out for his bullshit.

— | Lanza: 'I hate this... Why do I have to berate you? How can your siblings be useless? Couldn't they see how empty and broken you are? Those girls claim to love you until becoming insane, yet don't notice how much you struggle to even stay stabilised?'

"Please... I beg you not to say it!" He said with a hoarse voice. Lucifer looked towards her, unable to move as her foot held him down, bathing in the sticky mud filled with blood. He felt disgrace but more terror at the words she might say next.

"Lucifer..."

"Your mother is dead, her soul destroyed. There is no revival, second chance and no magical fix! No matter how much you yell or scream like a child. She will never come back. Please accept her death and deal with reality!"

She dropped onto his body, her hands grasping her chest as Lanza held back the tears from her eyes. He was her hero, a passionate man filled with pride and light her dark world with his luminescent light. His

simple words could turn her days filled with abuse and rumours of being his whore vanished like the darkness after sunrise.

"No...."

— | Lucifer: 'Lanza... Don't.... Please, I will never be the same... My heart cannot accept my sins....'

"Accept it!" She said, her voice close to a shriek.

Her right fist hammered against his chest, the ground below crumbling from the wave of force. He could only groan as her golden light healed the damage moments after he suffered the massive pain from her blow.

"I beg you... As your friend, servant... daughter..."

Lanza paused for a moment, clenching her hands. She bashed his chest several times in anger. Her tears falling onto his bloody chest. A resolute glint filled her eye as she decided screamed out. She seemed like a little girl who released her frustrations after she forced herself to hold it in.

"As the woman that loves you more than anyone else! I love you more than that woman who abandoned you! As if she could die so easily without wanting to die! That woman isn't worth your pain, only me...!"

Lanza shuddered, holding her tears inside. Her soft eyes filled with a slight sense of madness. She stroked all her fingers against his chest, unable to judge the power as her nails peeled away at his flesh. However, each time, a black sludge oozed from his body, identical to the one that seeped from his eroding wings.

— | Lanza: 'Don't make me hurt you... I just want you to stop! Please... Wake up! Return to my Lucifer... The man who saved me!'

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Lucifer used to be clueless about women and their feelings. He only cared about his mother and how to impress her. Natural angels lacked any sense of sexual desire and lust. Which caused him to become this way for endless years. His fall from grace allowed him to discover those feelings.

"Ah...!?"

She could feel the acceleration of his heart beating after her words. He always pretended to flirt with her on the other side of the system. Yet she knew he didn't see her that way or ever consider her words and just acted that way. Her face leaned forward, gently closing his lips to avoid him playing dumb again.

"Mmmn!"

Lanza's first kiss tasted of iron from his bloody lips, however she didn't care about this. Her soft, luscious lips wrapped around his, sucking on them gently, her warm tears still dripping onto his cheeks. He looked at her with shocked eyes, unable to pretend or deny her feelings as she forced him to accept everything.