

Erotic RPG 166

Chapter 166 45: Aftermath | Slick Gets A Girlfriend!

Lucifer walked across the silent battlefield. His eyes observed the chaos of war. The stone walls that protected the elves looked tragic, now half destroyed, with countless elven corpses trapped under the fallen rocks. He watched the elven knights execute any humans that still lived, only taking higher-ranked troops as prisoners. They would not have such a peaceful end to their lives.

— |Lanza: 'I love this smell tehe! These elves are useless and lost too many troops to the human's advance force.'

— |Lucifer: 'You cannot blame them; this betrayal came swiftly and caught them off guard. I also thought it would take a little longer for them to act.'

Lanza fluttered her wings as the gust pushed all the blood and dirt out of her beloved master's path. She still respected him more than ever; her wings seemed too dangerous to reveal, and thus only used one pair currently.

To their left and right, corpses littered the ground, either filled with arrows or burned by magic. In their escape, they tragically trampled their allies to death. He looked pleased as Lanza wrapped herself around his arm, pressing her breasts against his sturdy arm and snorting his scent with a captivated face.

"Why did they escape knowing it would mean death? If they fought, to live!" Lanza said under her breath towards the corpses purified by her golden flames and Lucifer's silver aura.

"Lanza, unlike you, who only fears splitting your asshole. Humans fear myriad things, from bugs the size of a coin to their reflection in the mirror. This intense fear stops all of their complex thoughts and presents two choices, fight to the death and conquer the fear, or flee and survive another day."

Lanza tilted her head, then remembered all the lives she watched him as a mere human. "Is that why you scream in the shower? Because you feared those tiny spiders?"

"Those things are pure evil and could destroy the entire universe if given enough time!" Lucifer said with an adamant voice.

"You fear those tiny things, yet your cock gets erect, and you have no problem mating with a huge Arachne like Marina? Strange... Why are you so strange despite being an angel? Is this why you wouldn't let me look at your D-drive?"

"Ahem, Lanza... Every man has his secrets that must never be told, especially to a woman...."

"Tehe! I already saw your doujins! Hehe, a Masochistic female angel forced to endure endless clim....Mmmph!"

Lucifer's hand shot across the room and sealed her loud voice, placing his palm across her soft lips. He was a young angel, and Lanza matured as a woman; how could he not be interested? It was a coincidence that some angels featured looked identical to some of his fellow angels.

"Mmmmp!"

"I won't let go!"

—| Lanza: 'You might think you were smart, but I, Lanza, have outsmarted you! How can you stop words that enter directly into your brain!'

—| Lucifer: '...'

He refused to release her and dragged her with his arm; neither of them was mad. Honestly, this bickering they used to do through the system helped ease his heart. Although Lanza recited the names of female angels who seemed to be drawn in those books, he could only whistle and play the fool.

—| Lanza: 'What shall we do about this? My husband enjoys rough genres and tags. If only a dirty little archangel would let him try all those thoughts in his mind any time he wished! What a shame indeed!'

"Shut up, or I'll shove my fist inside you!"

Lucifer walked past the half-destroyed gate. He found it a shame how much damage occurred. Then, a few metres from the entrance and collapsed buildings, they came to a large white tent filled with a solemn feeling. He found the atmosphere changed instantly.

—| Lanza: 'We can try it... But you have to kiss it better afterwards....'

He heard wounded elves who called for family members and help. Poor doctors and nurses were so tired, sweat dripping down their faces as they tended to the critical patients.

"I hope that commander Claire is alright, her chest took one of those bright spears of light directly to save our unit..." (Bandaged Female elf)

"She was so amazing, though, putting her body on the line for us. It's a shame our captain fled to another wall in fear once that woman launched them." (One-Eyed female elf)

"Heh, I cannot believe that chicken shit is my husband; maybe I should go look for a good man in the demon or vampire kingdoms." (Angry Elf)

The wails of the bereaved entered his ears as people lamented the loss of their loved ones and family. Some rejoiced after taking back their city. He just wanted to find his women and those two humans that he formed bonds with.

"Mother, we did it! Your son survived again... Although now it filled his chest and face with wounds, so what woman would marry me?" (Slick)

Slick stood beside a temporary medical bed, a girl with her face half bandaged, looking at him with watery eyes. She initially felt her heart pound towards the hunky vampire Lucifer. Yet when things came down to it, this weak-looking boy saved her life with his own body.

Molin could not deny that she fell in love with this man and how he carried her through the flames and raining spears. She smiled and moved her hand towards his chest, caressing him with a light touch. " Since you saved me, I will take responsibility and marry you."

Her face looked pale from lack of blood, but she was gorgeous, although her age was close to 400 years old and close to her prime. Slick stood with his cheeks bright red. His life was void of romance as he saw images of a quiet life. His mother would live in their home, and he would knit and cook the meals, waiting for this girl to come home from a long shift at work.

Slick looked at her, his face still red and lips trembling. "I-I cannot say anything now, but it would honour me to date you on the premise of marriage if you have me!"

Elves were a strange race; they didn't marry after long periods together but would jump into a love half-blind. Then use their long lives to learn about that person slowly, every little detail over hundreds, maybe thousands of years. If compared to each other, human courtship was like a burning ember that was passionate, quick, and vibrant. The elves were a slow, smouldering flame built after a long preparation and care.

"I wonder how many people died," Lanza asked as he released her mouth, now with a hand filled with her drool and lip gloss marks.

"To be honest, I don't care; from what I can feel, none of our Arachne girls died. Zen hurt her arm protecting someone, but that's healed fully now. Claire seems to have gained another scar on her chest from what the doctors were whispering on our way past. I guess we will find out."

He shook his head and moved away from the elven area with haste; Lucifer would no longer stay here. This was more than enough to play his part. Lucifer achieved his primary goal in coming here; now it was time to head to the capital, pick up his wives, and take them home to his territory.

"There is no way they will attack the elves right now. If It were me, I would send my actual force towards Arullvana or, more accurately, my territory Adelvania and try to break through it. They confirmed he was here and only needed to send the word for confirmation. They will, for sure, attack swiftly with great numbers."

—| Lanza: 'Then what about the elves? You cannot help them; if this happens, won't you struggle to conquer Velaria? You always had a thing for her, right?'

"Lanza... Why can't I enjoy what I have now? I have all the time in the world, and seducing that feisty queen can wait. You, my city and, of course, my women are more important, not to mention the damn humans, and Lance will attack the worst parts. Don't forget that he knows more about this world than me or you combined."

The pair soon arrived at the Arachne encampment; he asked Marina to keep them separate from the elves as they were not his troops and could backstab them at any moment.

Marina stood with two black armoured arms hanging feebly; a burning rage boiled inside Lucifer's body. However, instead of having an outburst, he held it down, condensed it, and allowed it to burn, smothering it with his black flames of destruction.

—| Lucifer: 'Keep calm.... Don't kill.... Zavida, Marina... They are both my lovers; one is from the past, and the other girls are present! Smile at her.... Marina is there too.... Hold her tight!'

He took a deep breath and eased his anger. Then released Lanza's arm and rushed forward with quick steps before he pulled Marina into a gentle embrace, his body glowing with a beautiful white radiance.

However, he could not heal this wound fully. He could relieve her pain and ensure he adjusted her bones to recover sooner. Lucifer nuzzled her face with his cheeks and lifted her head. Lucifer pressed his nose against hers, concern and worry filling his eyes.

"I told you not to face her... You have no protection against such holy magic.... Please don't make me worry so much!"

Zavida took over from Marina, who collapsed due to fatigue and now rested in her mind, although she knew these feelings weren't for her. The chaos goddess from before time even began felt her heart palpitate because she knew he realised it was her after he froze.

— |Zavida: 'He still treats us so lovingly... My dear Lucifer....'

"Don't worry; It will be different this time."

His gentle words sounded, bringing the entire Arachne council inside Marina's mind to a halt. Although they spend countless years, rebirths and lives fighting. The undeniable fact was that they were crazy about him, yet he would never accept them, leading to conflict.

— |Zavida: 'Is it finally time to bury the hatchet?'

"Marina, Zavida and all the other perverts listening to this conversation. I am going back home and want you to come with me, leave a few girls good at spying and information gathering and half the mercenaries back north head back to Grendel and relay the message to A'dalia and Rosa for her to send some of the C-rank werewolves to my territory, use my account to pay whatever fee she asks."

"What about A'dalia? Should I tell her to travel along with my sisters?"

"If you could, that would help."

Thankfully, Lanza was an intelligent girl who ushered away the prying eyes and covered them with a barrier. She didn't want to be unfair and have all the love in private.

While they were talking, she surveyed the area in the sky and enjoyed how efficient her new wings were. She only used one pair, equal to two teams of her old powers.

— |Lanza: 'I hope he doesn't end up fucking her... I didn't come all this way and beat him so much that my bones shattered just to get cuckolded by a spider again!'