

## Erotic RPG 170

### Chapter 170 49: Breaking False Fetters!

Lucifer walked towards the north gate in the scorching morning sun. The cute Marina and her sisters cleaned his black suit for him to wear, with a small red handkerchief in the front pocket. He wondered where Esther was during yesterday's battle and pondered.

His steps were slow as his thoughts continued to brew. He watched the elven knights, and other people rushed around temporarily to repair the camp. In his hand were letters to several women; Carmilla, A'dalia, Rosa, Luca, Altair and Mira. He had one of the robust girls carry them.

— | Lucifer: 'I don't believe that woman is a coward; she would never avoid a good fight. Not that I am complaining about my ass getting kicked; by Lanza or that bitch angel. Nope, never would I do that.'

— | Lanza: 'Master, you know I can hear you so clearly now, right?'

— | Lucifer: 'Yes, you are the most beautiful as always, not a violent thug. Don't worry.'

— | Lanza: 'Hehe~ The video from last night was too erotic... I want to try an insemination play!'

— | Lucifer: 'How about we just pop your cherry first normally, ok!?'

The north of this city was in ruins, which seemed stupid because nobody attacked the north. He was sure they only reached the central area at most. He was about to ask Lanza when she giggled and appeared beside him, her wings and soft blonde hair still wet from a morning bath.

"Darling, you know, they couldn't see what happened between us or the loud squeals of that Chaos Goddess as you ploughed her fields. You wouldn't know when true powerhouses collide... Last night, that woman you fought wasn't the only angel; you just lacked the power to sense the true powerhouse that came."

"..."

Lucifer didn't want to reply because that would hurt his growing pride. He then stopped this thought process and shook his head. The pride he wanted wasn't something so brittle! His ideal would bend and expand, adapting to any blows to his mental state.

"Really? Then are you saying she somehow fought against a stronger guy than me and couldn't aid us during the battle?"

Lanza smiled. Happily, he didn't get all sullen before she kissed his cheek with a slight peck. As a detailed animation played, her eyes narrowed as she flicked her wrist. It was not a video of him fucking other women for a change. He watched with narrow eyes as Esther, with sharp, black scales filling her purple and black body, fought a fierce battle against three angels, two males and one female.

They all had six wings and bright golden halos and lances. This meant they were born pure angels, not converted; a bright halo told them they were future Archangel candidates should one fall or Michael, the current head angel, decide they deserved it.

He watched the brutal battle as they would assault Esther with rapid and violent attacks. They ripped off her arm and then tore apart her tail because of their savage tactics. She survived thanks to her demon blood, allowing her fast regeneration to beat them down.

Her battle became more manageable once she slapped one angel out of the air with her thick black tail; the sound of the collision was so disgusting as you could hear his bones snap and organs pop before he fell to the ground with blood pouring from his orifices.

Lucifer felt amazed by Esther, as no matter how much damage she took, this woman never flinched or looked unsure. She never stopped as she watched for that vital moment and struck fast when it came. Since her counterattack killed one angel, the other two lost their advantage and suffered her onslaught.

She coiled her body and shot towards them like an arrow. Her attacks on the female angel were horrific as she penetrated and broke her hymen with her colossal tail. Then used her like a weapon to crush the other angel into the ground.

"Wow, I almost lost all faith in her, and she fought such a brutal battle alone with no support. How is she now?"

"Well, they damaged most of her scales; abusing her regeneration ability has left her a little weakened. But after drinking some of our divine milk, she improved quite a lot."

Lucifer's eyes twitched at that sound; he felt something twang in the back of his mind. He thought back to how his brothers tampered with his powers; the fact his rebirth allowed them to do so also led him to doubt the system that Sylvia could give him with such ease.

"They would know who she was for sure; there could never be such a coincidence! Michael is too smart for that kind of mistake...!?"

He closed his eyes and searched within himself; luckily, he found nothing wrong with himself. The moment before, he sighed, thinking it was just him being slightly overreactive. He checked the bonds between him and his women; the bonds of fate were an elusive thing discovered by a pagan goddess; however, they existed in red string-like tethers that bonded people who felt deep affection.

Countless purple radiating tethers appeared before his eyes. He looked at them and felt a twang of pain inside his chest. The standard colour for the string was red and would range from a pale red to a radiant red. These were when both people's love bordered on obsessive and intense.

This purple colour meant somebody used charming magic to twist their wills. Lucifer closed his eyes and lifted his hand into the air. All the strings within his grasp, one even attached to Lanza, shone brilliantly yet still contained a faint purple hue. He could not risk this magic activating during a battle, and the women lost control of themselves because of this emotion.

"Are you sure? What if suddenly, the entire world changes and they never return to you? Can we satisfy you with only me and Marina?"

"It's OK; I would instead them love me for who I am than some vague sense of control caused by magic or other things. Should they no longer seek to love me after this, I will do everything possible to charm them. Without the help of this damn charm magic and a mental polluting curse."

Lucifer's face looked resolute as he snapped his fingers. A ripple filled the air, followed by a wave of solid force that manifested like a fierce windstorm.

Countless women in many places on the continent felt something inside them break. They felt the obsessive and false love break into pieces and the hundreds of strings that fluttered into the air, now leaving his body.

He would win the love and affection of all his women once more without the system and bending their will. This was never just about his brother's being able to control them. His pride would never allow his women to love him because of magic. Whether it was his own choice or not. He wished to have his women love him alone, not because of some twisted magic that bent their will.

"It is done!"

Lucifer closed his eyes, taking a deep breath and no longer willing to rely on things like fate or these damn strings. He would forge a strong relationship with all his women and let them know the real him, no longer willing to act like a clown on his brother's board game.

Lanza looked at him strangely as she watched those formerly purple strings mutate and burn brightly once cut. They all turned a radiant red with a slightly throbbing pink hue and forced themselves around his finger, almost fighting each other for the place closest to the base.

She looked down and noticed that she'd burned the brightest of them all, radiating a slightly pink colour, which signified deep obsession and passionate love.

—|Lanza: 'Sorry darling, I hope you can continue to think this way.'

With a swipe of her hand, all the strings became transparent and no longer visible to him. He would now believe he needed to make those efforts to appeal to his women. Unknown to him, every woman who loved or spent time with him could hear his heartfelt words, oath, and feelings.

The once-distorted sound from his mind became crystal clear as each woman could hear most of his general studies and how much he cared for them all.

Thus, Lucifer thought he had cut their ties; instead, it only caused them to become more intense and passionate.

—|Lucifer: 'I will do my best to make all of them fall for me again! No matter how long it takes!'

In the distant elven capital, a woman with beautiful hair was quiet as she listened to a knight reporting the situation in the south. Beside her was the queen of the elves, who looked forlorn at the information.

"What do you think, Altair? Is this only their advance force?" Said Velaria. Her voice was quiet; she wanted to test the knowledge of her cute little sister.

The moment Altair was going to respond, her body shuddered, as did the queen and the cute little blond girl who was eating some cookies beside them.

For a moment, they felt the sensation of losing something significant before; moments later, a mans clear, passionate voice entered their minds.

