

Erotic RPG 182

Chapter 182 61: Silly Lanza....

Lanza shot into the castle, relying on her sense of smell to find Lucifer. When he heard her voice, he began waiting for her to crash into the window. Her eyes narrowed into crescents upon seeing him saw with arms wide open.

"Aha!"

"Welcome home, Lan!"

'Ah!? I am so happy!!' it's the first time you've ever welcomed me home~ What do I do?

Her body flew as the fluttering wings folded into her, using sheer momentum to crash into his body. She wrapped around him like a snake and hugged him tightly. She nuzzled his chest and pushed her face deep inside his shirt, sniffing his thick, musky scent.

"Hah~ Darling! I killed lots of humans; praise me! They all cried and begged me to stop! Hehe!"

Lucifer felt a little shock before the giant, a soft ass that rubbed against his thigh, stopped these thoughts. Now they forced him to only focus on this erotic angel's body. He could feel her body's warmth from the soft pink flesh before his fangs extended and then pierced into her delicate neck.

'Ah, Lanza, you are too beautiful. I cannot resist your delicious-smelling blood!'

'!!!!'

'He's going to drink my blood for the first time?! Will he take me here in the throne room? Or make me wait?' So happy.

His hands slid into her loose clothes and slid along her soft flesh. He noticed her little cherries were erect and sought his attention as he pulled and twisted them, causing her to turn her body on his lap and pant quietly.

"So, where and how many did you kill?"

"I've been having the best time fighting against those humans! You should have seen it; it was epic! I shot down holy spears that burned like the sun and turned an army of over five thousand humans into blood mist. The explosion illuminated my hair and eyes, and I almost wished I could create a pool of their blood for you to bathe in."

'This girl, so violent despite being a submissive cuck!'

Lucifer smiled and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close as he kissed her deeply. "I am glad to have you by my side, my cute little seductive archangel," he said, his voice full of tenderness. "You are the light of my life, and I will always cherish you."

'Hehe~ don't be so sweet... between my thighs is already a mess!'

Lanza snuggled closer to him, a contented sigh escaping her lips as she rested her head on his chest. "I love you, Lucifer," she said, her voice full of happiness. "And I will always be by your side, no matter how many bitches you seduce! Hehe~ suck my blood more!"

'Wait just a minute; the report said there were only a few thousand at most!?'

"Tell me, Lanza, why did you fight against so many humans?" Lucifer said with a deep voice filled with a stern tone. His face became serious, no longer caressing her, and he only pulled harshly on her cherries. Her body shuddered from his harsh and strange tone as the pleasure of his pulling on her sensitive nipples caused shocks to shoot through her.

"Ah~ Wait... Master...."

"Lanza!"

"Well.... You were busy flirting with dragon girl, so... I went for a flight. It's strange; the vampire queen watched the humans approach but just drank tea on the stone pillar."

Lucifer sweats a little; usually, during a scene in the prologue, the Vampire queen would kill thousands of humans in a delightful massacre. This caused many players to love and hate her. He looked at his innocent angel, that seemed to writhe in pleasure from his fingers twisting her little cherries.

"You didn't let her know who you were or my identity, right?"

'If she knows I am capable, that woman who loves messing with people will surely come. No, Lanza would never be that stupid. Let's hope that woman Amalia doesn't come... She's obsessed with white-haired, powerful men... should I dye my hair?'

Lucifer wondered why they let the designer for this werewolf woman choose her taste in men. He was an older man with white hair. Luckily, the others made him change the old balding part to sexy and handsome. Otherwise, that woman's fate would be too sad.

'I wonder if she's still into that kind of thing in this world....'

"..."

'...'

Lanza's body froze, no longer fidgeting and rubbing her ass against his thighs. Her mouth opened like a shocked cat. She jumped from his lap, kneeled, and began prostrating herself to him.

"Daddy, sorry... Daddy, sorry...."

"What did you do?" He asked with a quiet voice leaning on the right arm of his throne.

"Ahah!"

Lucifer didn't fall for her cute look or the shaking ass that tried to entice him. No longer would his lust blind him when things were important. He tapped the throne several times with his fingernail. His eyes narrowed before he spoke once again.

"Lanza, tell me what you did. I am not angry, but I must know if that woman appears randomly."

'Don't be so scared; I am not that angry. That woman is just annoying, and I want to know if what you did would have interested her.'

This poor angel didn't notice his little face twitching the more she spoke. Once she knew he wasn't angry, she explained everything that had happened. He learned to keep essential feelings hidden, but if the other party knew, he was doing it. Then it would be much harder, especially with someone as powerful as Lanza.

"Hmmm, I see. Well, it could be worse, but also better. That woman will probably send one of her women to watch us and see if we are a "Talent" Please let her not send Amalia or the other perverted wind-type werewolves!!!!"

Emura watched from the side room, her heart heavy with longing as she saw Lucifer and Lanza conversing on the throne. She had always admired Lucifer, not for his strength and power, but his kindness and compassion. He was the one who had bought her from slavery and given her a new life as his slave. And she could not help but feel a deep gratitude towards him.

'Master, you are so amazing. However, you are not the most powerful in this world. How did you cure me when they couldn't? Why do you still care about the lesser creatures, unlike other vampire nobles? I want to know more about you...'

But she did not know Lanza well, only knowing her as the powerful archangel who fought by Lucifer's side. She was everything Emura was not - confident and fearless. And as Emura watched her sitting on Lucifer's lap, flirting with him and laughing, she couldn't help but feel jealous.

'I want to be beside him, kissing him... Have him suck on my neck, savour my blood...'

She longed to sit on Lucifer's lap and flirt with him, to feel the warmth of his embrace and the touch of his lips. But she knew it was impossible. She was his maid and slave and should never hope to be more.

Tears rose in her eyes as she watched them, her heart heavy with sadness. She knew she could never have what they had, and the thought made her heart ache with grief.

'Emura worked so hard today; let's reward her with my love. She probably thought I was joking, but that girl would be my woman. Even if she weren't the descendant of a red dragon, I would still want her beside me.'

Her eyes widened in shock and delight when she heard his inner thoughts. She grasped the handle tight before dropping and wiping her eyes clean. A sense of bliss filled her body, and although he said he wanted her many times, she didn't believe it. Yet he says it even when she's not around....'

Lanza felt a little jealous, followed by delight. She slowly stood up and bowed to Lucifer, although she wanted to cling to him. There were important things to do now, and she would deal with them! Her little lips curved into a smile as she began forming a plan for her and her first friend's happiness.

-- Inside an unknown castle

"Amalia, today I saw a rather interesting woman; she had wings like a bird and kept squawking about some vampire baron."

A beautiful woman sat like a slob on a black velvet chair with her head upside down as she kicked her feet into the air. This woman was Vladimira, the queen of all vampires. Her snow-white hair, which sometimes glistened with a silver light in the torchlight, was sprawled all over the floor like discarded fabric.

"Oh? Really...."

The other woman wore a black military suit with a long, thin sword at her waist. She looked out the window with an expressionless face and tapped on the slightly frosted glass. Her brilliant green eyes seemed to glisten in the night. This woman was a werewolf, just like those girls Rosa saved. But the others ostracised her family, driven into the shadows, and the vampire queen picked her tribe up for fun.

"Not that it matters...."

Vladimira looked towards her old friend with a cheeky glance, then narrowed her eyes. She had an annoying-looking grin on her upside-down face as she licked along her bottom lip. "Hey, Amalia...."

"No!"

"Ama..."

"No!"

"Am"

"No!"

"Chee! Such a boring doggy... He is supposed to be a super hot guy with white hair, though."

A fluffy tail rustled beneath her military skirt. Vladimira's smile grew, knowing she had already won the battle. Her lips opened one last time, and she told her the facts about Lucian since he left for Grendel. The moment she finished talking about when the church of light assaulted the elves and the recent battle of Veria forest. The werewolf with a thing for a strong and handsome man was a lost cause.

"Okay.... I will go; not like I want to see the handsome, white-haired man or anything! Don't smirk, or I'll feed you rat blood for breakfast!"

"Ehhh!?"