

## **Erotic RPG 184**

### **Chapter 184 63: The True Lanza**

Lucifer paced down the grey stone hallway with a soft red carpet. However, his tasks still needed to be completed. Thus, he palmed them off to those two maids with black hair instead.

The sound of his black boots walking on the stone floor resounded around the room. He thought his life had become dull because of fighting and war.

'I don't know why I feel this way. It's rather frustrating.'

"They were excited about being given a task, despite being a messenger."

His hand pressed against the large black doors, which creaked as he pushed them open slowly. The grand bedroom seemed a little too much when he looked inside.

Then he saw the centre bed; a beautiful blonde woman wearing a clear white camisole sat waiting for him. She looked towards him with her ocean blue eyes and long lashes fluttering. A slight red rouge smeared onto her thick lips as she blushed with red cheeks.

"Hello, Lucifer; I wanted to see you tonight," Lanza said, her voice neutral with a faint tremble.

'She's so beautiful...'

His thoughts caused her to blush deeper, twiddling her fingers together while looking down.

"It's nice to see you so pretty, Lanza. You know I cannot let you leave here if you show up in an alluring outfit like this, right?"

She knew this was just a joke, because sometimes Lanza would hover around him naked, or in light clothes to entice him into ravaging her.

"Mn... I want my reward tonight, if possible."

'Oh, how I've waited for this day!'

Lanza thought back to all the times she wanted him to just throw her down, push himself inside her and make her his; nobody came close to his existence for her.

He saved her from being trapped in the darkness.

He guided her lost soul and gave her a future.

He loved her when she was filthy and broken.

Lucifer was her everything.

"Lanza, I will not sleep with you because you are wearing such attractive clothes."

His words seemed to contain a sense of rejection as she shuddered. Her eyes lifted from her fingers, slightly filled with tears. 'after all this time, am I still not good enough?' Lanza placed both hands on the soft white bedding and clutched it between her fingers.

Before she could speak or question his words. His brawny arms wrapped around her, pulling the straps from her shoulders. Her white camisole with a few tearstains dropped to the bed, revealing her soft breasts that wobbled and flopped out. She blushed from the slight sound of flesh rubbing against cotton and her boobs slapping her chest.

"Lanza, do not cry."

'What a cute girl. Why are you crying?'

He stroked her soft chin, now a little damp with her tears, as she sniffled with slightly reddened eyes. She peered into his gaze with a confused look. Her enormous eyes were wide open and shuddered from him being so close.

'Why is he being so cruel? I tried to appeal and be the best girl possible?'

Lanza was an insecure and introverted girl, pessimistic and fearing he would vanish one day. Although she felt his heart deep down and his thoughts. She still lacked confidence, creating a new persona that enjoyed being cuckolded.

"Is it possible that I would be so shallow? This night isn't simple."

There was a burst of tears that pooled down her cheeks. She tried not to look bad in his eyes for so long and blew it tonight. When he seemed to reject her once, her plans to act superior and accept his other women collapsed.

"Lanza..."

His big, rough hands moved faster than she could lift her hands to wipe the tears and wet nose. A soft white flame burned away her tears, redness and swelling from her eye. He placed his left hand against her chin, placing his fingers along her face. Then rubbed her soft gummy lips with his thumb as the black flame caused the wet nose to clear up.

'I feel so ticklish! His power made my snot disappear.'

"Nnn!"

She could feel pleasure shoot through her body. The tingle from Lucifer's fingers caused her to blush before his white flame filled her with delight. No longer able to cry. As she watched his face move closer, her eyes filled with a dreamy look. A fantasy was playing in her mind.

Lucifer could feel the anxious feelings of this girl. How could he not know her after so many years together? He was the master of denial and deception. How could she become an ordinary girl then? It was foolish to think so. Tenderly, his fingers stroked her tender cheeks with slow movements. Her little lips kissed his thumb, sucking to the tip with a quiet smack.

He stared at her for several moments in silence, just caressing her face. Her eyes closed slowly; the girl was now drowned in her fantasies. 'He will kiss me when my face rises, for sure! He has loved me all this time....'

Her body trembled as an archangel. The cold could never harm her; this was pure nerves. She waited for him as her eyes closed tight, lifting her chin along with his hand that guided her. Inside her chest, a thick, powerful beating heart resounded in her ears. 'Will he reject me after all?'

The moment her thoughts drifted, a warm sensation pressed against her lips. Lucifer's soft, sultry lips covered hers, nothing like when he slept with other women, a slow, calm and endearing peck that escalated with each smack. He grabbed her back with a tight hug, ignoring her breasts pressed against his chest.

Lucifer only cared for this girl's lips as he sucked on her gently.

He knew what she wanted; his lips pulled away after dragging her lower lip, stretching it before he released, ending the kiss. No matter how often this girl acted perverted, he watched her like she did him.

Her arms grasped around his head, worried this was the end, as she pushed her face against his. She kissed him full of passion, unlike his tempered and calm kiss; hers filled with love, searing heat as her cute tongue slid into his mouth. Too shy to entangle with his tongue as she brushed against his gums and teeth, covering his mouth with her mark.

'Lanza, I love you.'

His thoughts were clear and concise, only thinking of Lanza and their times together. He broadcast his feelings only to her. The many women who listened in up to this point suddenly felt shunned and a little annoyed. Yet, for the girl in question, it gave her the confidence boost to break the limits in her mind; all those worries and things like morals, ethics and values vanished.

She was jealous of the women who could quickly kiss him, love him, and embrace him. All she cared about was Lucifer and receiving his love as her tongue pushed deep into his mouth and coiled around his.

'I love you! I love you!' These words repeated in her mind over and over as she kissed him with more passion and confidence. Lanza was trying to overwrite all the other women that tasted him.

"Mmph!"

Her heart pounded as she felt his powerful arms lifting her into a princess carry, then nuzzled her while placing her head down onto the pillow. Her breasts wiggled to each side, and he covered her with his immense body.