

Erotic RPG 195

Chapter 195 74: Archangel Vs Werewolf

Inside the broken room, filled with countless blade marks and crushed rocks, two people panted with deep grunts, numerous scars and cuts along their flesh, one a beautiful woman with long silver hair and deep green eyes as she leaned on the wreckage of rocks, with her swords dropped on the ground below her.

"Hey, handsome, how about we go for a drink?" Amalia said, her voice deep and filled with a passionate tone.

She sat like a male spreading her legs, leaning confidently with her long hair draped over her soft tits, swaying with her deep breath as the bloody wounds on her body started healing; she wore no clothes after her beast transformation ruined them.

"Oh? That sounds like a great idea; how about you let me drink you right from the tap?" He said with a flirtatious tone, his red tongue licking his lips.

'She's so damn tough!' He thought, despite speaking to her typically.

He thought while trying desperately hard not to look at her breasts! He looked at her face instead, seeing her wide-open green irises staring back at him with intense determination in her gaze; her pale white skin glowed in contrast against her silver-furred body; her arms were muscular yet slender at the same time due to her wolf-like shape-shifting powers, her abs flexed hard in her abdomen from the exertion she put in.

"Do you like what you see? Haha," Amalia gave him a smug grin before she shifted her body, allowing him to see her slit glistening with a faint trace of translucent honey.

Lucifer wondered how she was related to Agatha and Cynthia; his tired body slowly dragged from the stone rubble, causing some of it to crumble into dust, 'Damn, my body hurts so bad,' he slowly staggered to his feet before walking towards Lulua, reaching down and grabbing one of the fallen sabres, holding it tightly.

"Oh? It's surprisingly light!" His husky voice sounded after hours of fighting together, and both needed some fluids.

swoosh

He swung the sword a few times, a gust of wind following the blades, feeling surprised by how light the weight of the weapon felt; he could tell by the feel of it that it was well-crafted, perhaps forged by a master smith.

Lulua saw this happen and smiled evilly! Maybe it was because of the runes and symbols etched into the metal, or maybe there was more to these sabres than met the eye? Whatever it was, he was grateful for it right now.

"Hmph! Handsome vampire, release my sword, or you might get violated and left for dead!"

She pointed one of her sabres forward with a wicked grin as she prepared herself for another onslaught; Lucifer was about to rush her when a woman appeared behind Lulua and struck down her back, knocking both of them away, sending them both crashing onto a large boulder, their bodies tangled together.

"Ugh!"

"Ahhn!"

Lanza pouted towards the two with her hands bathed in holy radiance; she gave a seductive smile towards Lucifer as she bit her lower lip before sticking out her tongue. 'Hehe, perverted man! Let this goddess beat you into the bedroom!'

"Why is a filthy dog trying to seduce my husband? Shall I have you neutered and sent to the dog food factory?"

Her body seemed to shudder from those words, unsure what the second part meant, but being compared to dogs made her feel a little irritated as she decided to get revenge sniffing her so-called "husband", taking in his wonderful scent.

sniff

"Such a wonderous scent. Do you want to be owned by a female wolf?" Amalia whispered in a quiet voice as her lips opened, gently blowing warm air onto his chest with flushed cheeks.

The sound of her black heels clacking with her steps resounded in the cave-like area; her eyes narrowed like a cat as she watched the dirty little dog take advantage of the situation to place her hands all over the exposed body of Lucifer; her nose began to sniff his scent trying to hide it with her long silver hair, despite this, her fluffy tail gave her away.

"Stupid dog..."

Lanza stepped on the soft, fluffy tail causing Amalia to let out a loud yelp. However, it worked against the wishes of Lanza, as this forced her lips and face to brush against Lucifer's as the pain began to become irrelevant as Amalia sniffed his cheeks and neck with deep, constant breaths like she was sampling his taste, like a fine wine.

'This damn untrained dog needs to spend time outside!' Lanza thought as her face began to twitch; she noticed the sly grin on Lucifer's face as he leaned back and enjoyed this mature, sexy werewolf seemingly addicted to his scent and body.

Lucifer stroked the soft fluffy hair, not bothered about the woman that seemed angry. He has liked cute animals since being a child, from different lives. He gave a small wave to Lanza before looking down at the wolf that pressed her nose against him, squashing it against his muscular neck.

"Hello Lanza, did you miss me? Although this artefact should have stopped you feeling the flow of time?" Lucifer said while thinking, 'she's stalking me more than ever, isn't she?'

"Hehe~ darling, you were gone for a few seconds after she dragged you into the basement, so I entered! Tehe~ are you angry? Don't worry, this perverted, horny bitch won't be allowed to leave alive after pretending to be a maid!" Lanza's voice was quite soft and affectionate when speaking to Lucifer.

Amalia took one final sniff of his scent before her body vanished, she placed all her power into her left leg, and her muscles bulged as she shot her body towards Lanza with a sabre, slashing towards her chest; however, the archangel just gave a sigh grasping the blade with her finger and thumb, looking at the poor silvan wolf with a sneer.

"Heh, useless bitch."

The blade snapped in half before dropping from her hand; her expression changed from anger to disappointment before turning back to normal and returning her attention to Lucifer; stepping past Amalia like she didn't exist.

Her soft thighs pressed against Lucifer's face as she grasped his silky white hair and pushed her lower body against his nose, "Honey, you need to remove the dirty scent of a foul dog, enjoy my scent all you like!" Her eyes glowed pink before she felt his breath tickling against her exposed slit.

Lucifer closed his eyes as his mind screamed, his body shuddered involuntarily, his breathing becoming more rapid as his desire grew more intense by the second. His body trembled with pleasure as her warm, sweet aroma assaulted his mouth as she whispered something close-to-whisper:

"...Mm, lick!"

Lucifer's body reacted instantly as his head lowered his head, pressing it gently between her legs as he inhaled deeply; it was like an electric shock ran through him; his senses went wild as his nostrils detected every single drop of blood in the air, making him dizzy from such intense stimulation; her scent was like ambrosia; her smell was like a drug as his long tongue began to slide over her soft lips, the squishy texture pressing against his tongue.

A faint moan escaped her parted lips before she pressed her hips closer against him; she wasn't wearing any underwear; his tongue was now buried inside her, his saliva mixing with her thick honey; it was a strange yet pleasant sensation, a taste like no other while the stunned Amalia stood shocked, this woman began to emit a dense, thick scent of arousal that filled the cave in moments.

'Wow! He's licking her pussy while I'm standing here!? These two people are so strange! Ah, I wish that was mine.... look at how agile his tongue is.'

Lanza moaned louder, pushing her pelvis into his face with more force, her hands gripping his head while her nails dug into his scalp, pulling his hair as her soft slit began to squelch with the overflowing honey and saliva from his lips. 'Darling~ this lovely tongue is making me go crazy!'

"Mmmn~ such a naughty vampire. Do you want to drink blood from my thighs?" Lanza said with a seductive voice, her red lips blowing him a kiss as she gyrated her hips against his face.

Lucifer lapped up everything with his tongue, savouring the taste of her feminine essence; his tongue became wetter and wetter until it was soaked, dripping with her slippery honey, which made it easier for her to rub herself on his face as she leaned her upper body backwards and used her hands to push her ass onto his face harder and faster, moaning and panting heavily, her voice filling the cave.

"Hey..."

"Are you going to sit on his face and enjoy his Cunnilingus after breaking my sword?" Amalia felt shocked; this woman broke her sword, and they began to violate the handsome guy's face with her filthy cunt. 'This woman ruined my chance to learn more about him for Vladimira! Tsk.'

"Aaan~ fufu! Are you jealous? His tongue is teasing the inside of my pussy, hehe~ Mmmn! Yeah, that's the spot, darling!" She pulled back and looked at him, smiling seductively before leaning back and spreading her legs wider, her smooth, pale thighs parting to reveal her soft, slippery slit and her inner lips glistening with her juices.

Lucifer could only watch as she rubbed her wet folds around his tongue, 'this girl is changing!'

Lanza could feel the growing aura of power from the silvan wolf; with a deep sigh, she pulled herself away from his divine tongue, and a long sticky trail of her saliva drooped down from her wet lips, instantly snapping out her left leg with a whip-like kick that smashed into Amalia's chest, sending her flying into the distance and crashing against the wall coughing up blood.

"Ah, well, I don't mind women approaching my husband, but you are sneaky and not here to seduce him, silly wolf. Why not change your master and serve his huge rod? I can offer you a place in the church of dusk, fufu!"

Lanza giggled, her tone light-hearted as she walked towards the unconscious woman, her black heels clacking in the cave-like area.

"Hmph... this perverted dog will be dealt with later after I get my revenge! Aaaah, let's see if this stupid dog will give surrender and become a cute little pet for my husband, hehe!" Lanza smirked, grabbing her clothes from a nearby shelf while she walked towards the fallen wolf.

Amalia coughed up more blood as she slowly regained consciousness, rubbing her bruised cheek. 'Why did she do that? That was way too fast!'

The sylvans were a tribe of werewolves known for their intelligence and skill in combat using weapons; however, there was a problem, they were also very perverted creatures that loved sex, especially when it came to men; Amalia was an exception, being a female warrior who had little interest in males.

'She wants me to become a cute little pet for Lucifer?'

Amalia got to her feet with some effort, rubbing her bruised ribs; she began to walk out of the room after recovering from her injury.

'That bitch, I'll kill her!' Amalia thought with her teeth gritting.

However, before she could leave, someone grabbed her tail and yanked her back down as her face smashed against the solid ground, causing her head to become dazed before Lanza's grasped her neck and dragged the dog into a door that appeared out of nowhere before she left she looked back towards Lucifer who managed to stagger to his feet once again, brushing off his dirt.

"Darling, I will teach this little bitch to be a good dog and then come see you tonight; let's finish what you started earlier, fufu! Mwah!" Lanza blew him a kiss as she vanished into the door before it slammed shut and disappeared.

'That woman using those tricks to punish a werewolf... Poor Amalia, she's going to be so sad.'

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