**Xx Xx Xx Xx**

Heels clicking against the wet and grimy alley floor, Albedo arrived to meet up with a few less than legal magicians and assassins. Standing in silent thought as she was honestly just happy to get a proper change of clothes for the first time in this sham of a marriage with the world’s most dumbest and egotistical noble. It was honestly shocking to discover that he wasn’t made that way through generations of inbreeding, that asinine narcissistic personality was all just, as he put it: “grade A, one hundred percent Philip”.

With her plan underway to place herself on the throne as Queen, the succubus had to deal with those she couldn’t easily bribe or coerce into joining her gentle coup for the rule of this nation. That’s where her contacts would come into play and either kill or blackmail those that were too big of a thorn to ignore. Lest that thorn cause a greater injury later on.

Waiting for the underworld veterans to arrive for the meeting, she only had the drippings of the gutters to the floor to occupy her mind as terrible and horrific thoughts were constantly seeping into her mind. With nothing to drown them out, Albedo’s mind went wandering, picturing all the positions and situations that Philip and her had… She still had a hard time admitting to the fact that it happened over a dozen times in the past few days. How the pleasure that coursed through her body was something godlike, yet absolutely deplorable. The way he made her heart flutter and stomach sink. His proclamations of love towards her, and the absolute hatred that she wanted to feel towards him. A rage that was losing its brightness and luster as the month continued and he wore down her negative feelings. It was becoming so hard to just loath and disgust the man.

Pushing the thoughts of just this morning’s round of sex, the dark winged woman realized that the people she had hired were already late. And strangely enough, the area was dead silent. While they were meeting here due to the lack of people that passed by, it was too quiet.

Feeling her hair start to stand on end, her body anticipated the “attack” before she mentally did as she found a very familiar pair of hands reaching around from behind her and sinking his hands deep into her breasts.

“My sweet and precious wife,” the voice purred into her ear. “It’s just my luck to find you. I was even just starting to feel a little pent up after having breakfast with some riff raff.” The whole time, his hands were still massaging those tits he was absolutely entranced by.

“How did you manage to end up finding me this time?” She knew well enough by now that the man seemed to have a cruel and twisted god on his side, how else could he always end up horny and in her proximity every time he wanted to use her body. It was so common that she had given up on trying to say no. It wasn’t like the pervert would listen to her anyways, so why waste the oxygen. Or at least, that’s the reason she had made up to avoid trying to accept that she was actually starting to grow accustomed to his touch, even possibly enjoying it.

“Funny enough, I didn’t even use my ring. I was riding the carriage back home when the horses somehow broke free.” He started to tweak her hardening nipples. “Since we were uphill, me and the driver ended up wheeling backwards and all the way down to this scrap heap of the city. Accidentally crashed into another stagecoach, for some reason they were wearing these weird black robes. Anyway, me and the driver got out without a scratch and he’s walking back up to find a proper mode of transport.” He kissed the back of her neck. “And then I found you when I was looking for some place to get away from any beggars or bandits.”

*‘There was a crash?’* The succubus wondered as she felt her body start to grow hotter and hotter. *‘I didn’t hear a thing. Was I that absorbed into my own deviant thoughts?’*

“And those in the black robes. Did they have a tattoo on their left arms?” She could feel the punchline the world was setting up before he even answered.

“They might have, I didn’t check. When I saw them with head injuries, I left them be. No one could press charges if they don’t end up waking up.”

Letting out a groan of annoyance and vile, it certainly didn’t sound like one after all the work Philip was doing to play with her body.

Pulling back, he spun his wife around to see her full body in all its glory once again, wings and all.

A black jacket hung loosely off her body as the shirt beneath it was held up by spaghetti straps, leaving ample space for her cleavage to be shown off. But rather than cutting off just beneath her breasts, or being cut full of holes, this shirt went down past her hips and down to her upper thighs. The black pants she wore were also completely normal as they went all the way down to her ankles without some sick and twisted method of annoying her. The only things she wasn’t a fan of were the large hoop earrings and black choker that Philip had told her to put on with the rest of the outfit. Well, that and the lack of underwear, but considering how fetish fueled the last few were, it was honestly a strong possibility that wearing nothing underneath those clothes would be better than putting those on.

Enjoying looking at the gorgeous woman before him, Philip dove in for a kiss as he wrapped his arms around their slim waist and grabbed hold of her glorious ass. While his tongue was diving into her mouth and wrapping around her own, his hands were toying with her butt, making the proud succubus moan into their shared embrace when he gave it a light slap.

Loving all the parts of her body, he made sure to give her lower back some attention as well as he massaged the gothic tattoos that her wings had been compacted into. To Philip, she always seemed somewhat self conscious of her wings, even while he would never be bothered by her leaving them out for the world to see. While to Albedo, she just had to keep them sealed behind a spell to allow her to wear the clothing he gave her without ending up with all of it bunching at the small of her back.

Releasing her lips and letting her moans echo into the deserted alley, the immoral noble kissed his way down her neck and breasts. Placing gentle kisses and small nibbles along her collarbone and bosom while his hands went to the hem of his wife’s pants. Undoing her button and zipper while getting ready to make her experience the world of pleasure. Philip had been doing that over thrice daily, it actually had Albedo question if he had any non-human ancestry from just how much libido and stamina seemed to be bottled up in this six foot one man.

When his fingers traced along her lower lips, the long haired woman bit her lip as her face flushed and she tried to stifle her sounds, not wanting to give her forced husband more satisfaction than he already got. But it grew more and more difficult as the blond man knew exactly how to work her up after studying her body for the nearly half a month they had been together. Despite her attempts to stay as firm and tall as Cocytus, her knees were quivering and her cheeks burned red, her breath was uneven and wetness was starting to trail down her thighs.

Choosing not to finger bang that model wife of his, Philip licked off the arousal that had gone down his fingers before giving Albedo another kiss. As she tasted herself on his invading tongue, he had left just as quickly as he came. Once more being turned around, Albedo found herself facing away from her husband, now with her pants drooped around her knees and her cunt dripping and ready for his cock.

As a hand pushed her forwards, the brutal fighter for Ainz Ooal Gown found herself leaning on a crate for support. A chin pressed against the side of her neck, one hand was groping one of her dangling udders, and the other was lining up the only dick she had ever taken. Feeling his intense heat sliding against her pussy, Albedo had to force her baser instincts down as otherwise she’d be drooling over herself in want and need.

When he finally pushed his shaft inside her, his moan was like music to her ea- NO! It was nails on a chalkboard!! There was no way that Philip feeling good would make her feel good. Even if her fingers were breaking into the wooden box beneath her as he split her open. It wasn’t because of the pleasure, no, there was no way. She refused to accept that.

And while his wife was having another internal crisis that he was completely and utterly blind to, Philip put more force behind his thrusts. Molesting her big tits with one hand while the other stayed low and toyed with her clit; Philip was treating Albedo’s body like an orchestra as his motions made her symphonic moans break out from behind her mask of denial.

Even his mouth was busy, kissing the nape of her neck and whispering in her ears just how great her body was. Her hands, her pussy, her hair, her tits, her eyes, her mouth, everything and anything that was part of Albedo was absolutely godly in his eyes. And she seemed to be enjoying all the sweet nothings he gave her as her body felt like it was trying to milk his cock for all it could give.

Philip knew that he wasn’t going to be able to hold back. He could feel his own orgasm surging forth, helped by the thought of his gorgeous wife asking for even more as his cum was dripping out of her sweet, sweet, sweet honeypot. But he didn’t want to be a selfish lover and leave the love of his life unsatisfied, so he did the one thing that seemed to always make her climax.

“I love you.” The moment he spoke into her ears, he could feel how her body locked up and her cunt tightened around him. She was blasting off to cloud nine, making the wood in her hands turn to nothing but splinters and dust. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head and her voice rose to a fever pitch and bounced off the grimy and dirty stone walls surrounding them.

Being pumped full of burning hot cum, Albedo was a twitching quivering mess, not helped when Philip pulled out and let his spunk ooze down her leg and against her black pants. Pulling her pants back up, Albedo was still on wobbly knees as she stood up. Walking around his delirious wife, Philip gave her a peck on the lips.

“I’m going to go back to the driver, he should have found some method of transport by now and returned.” He straightened up his suit jacket before checking his pants to make sure they were presentable. “Do you want to come back with me, or are you going to stay waiting for those people you said you were going to meet up with?” It was rare for Philip to genuinely ask what it was that the succubus wanted, every other time he’d always assume her answer.

Her lips opened and closed, trying to come up with a choice. If she left, she’d be subject to all his fantasies and desires for likely the next few hours. Her contacts were injured, possibly dead if they had remained unresponsive for so long, so staying here wouldn’t progress her plans in the slightest, yet it would give her an excuse to stay away from Philip.

So why the hell was she unable to state a proper answer? It was like her mind was at two ends. Taking a breath, Albedo closed her eyes for a moment before she gave her answer.

**Xx Xx Xx Xx**

The night sky was quite beautiful as the moon cast a dazzling glow onto the sprawling city. Granting a greater mystique to it all as many nobles socialized and fraternized on the large expansive balcony, however there was one person that absolutely everyone was talking about. Albedo had looked through each and every dress within her limited closet dozens of times, but it seemed Philip was continually adding to it. Possibly even giving her better and more covering clothing as their relationship was, in Philip’s eyes, growing more deep and close.

Her dress was held up by a collar around her neck that held up two wide cloths that draped down her chest before meeting just beneath her breasts. Her vast expanse of cleavage being held behind a sheer fabric, however that did nothing to keep her boobs from spilling out from the sides, letting everyone know that she wasn’t wearing a bra. The dress continued down, covering her stomach remarkably well, even leaving her ass fully covered. The biggest attraction to this design was her legs being completely exposed, massive slits in the dress showing her upper thighs down to her golden stilettoed feet in all their glory. And with the extra freedom this outfit held, Albedo was able to let her glorious wings breath and draw the attention from absolutely everyone in the crowd.

And that was including a very special someone she needed to talk to. Someone that she had to do major damage control with thanks to her stupid husband’s antics.

“Count Lytton, I must say that it’s a pleasure to meet an influential man like yourself. This venue, the selection of dishes and drinks, it’s all absolutely superb.” While Albedo’s golden eyes were alluring, she also kept a smile on her face. Although, internally, the artificial monster was rolling her eyes, playing at a human’s sense of self importance was always an easy way to get closer.

Swirling his wine as he unabashedly let his eyes wander of her magnificent body, the nobleman spoke. “I don’t believe I’ve had the pleasure to meet a woman as… striking as you. Tell me, what’s your name.” He didn’t state that as a question.

Giving a fake chuckle, Albedo tucked some of her hair behind her ear. “I’m Albedo Montserrat. My husband, Philip, he came to speak with you over a week ago.”

“Ah yes, he was one of the worst speakers I had ever heard.” The count didn’t bother to sugarcoat his words. “I thought I took the Montserrat house out of my invitation ledger though.” He turned towards the city, but kept the monster woman in his gaze at the corner of his eye.

“I can’t speak for that.” That was a bold faced lie, bribing a servant was all it took. “However, I did seek to… reforge a bond of sorts.” She leaned against the ornate wooden railings beside them, pushing her chest out more with her arms crossed beneath them. “I’ve heard how your views aren’t exactly commonplace amongst your peers.”

Lytton narrowed his eyes as he placed his glass of wine on the banister. “They might be, now what does that have to do with the Lytton house and Montserrat house?”

“Philip is a dullard.” Albedo’s bluntness made the brown haired man look at her with widened eyes. “He may have a want to do things, however he most certainly lacks the ability. Yet I do not.” The succubus turned her head to look the man in the eye. “Support house Montserrat in the coming days, and you will be protected and able to continue living your extravagant life.”

“Oh, and what makes you think that I’m not able to do that while treating you and your husband as ants on the side of the road? What is it that you are planning, or at least...” He placed a hand on her shoulder that crawled down her back as he groped her rear. “Give me something worth my support. I’ve never met a creature such as you before, I wonder how your body would compare to those trained at a brothel.”

“You will die.” Albedo said simply as her faux smile was gone. “That is the only option available to you if you do not comply.”

While Lytton tried to laugh at, what he thought was, a pathetic bluff. He then saw Albedo gently tap her finger on the railing and a hole was bored clean through. Instantly realizing the danger of the situation he was in, Lytton removed his hand and tried to back away from her, but a wing encircled him from behind. There was no escape, not unless he could somehow survive a three story fall onto stone paved floors.

Now he was pulled in close by her wing and had her chest pressing against his, but all he could feel was terror and dread as he looked into dead eyes. “I won’t bother with hollow compliments or the like anymore, I’m going to be signing myself in as the new Queen of the Re-Estize Kingdom by the month’s end.” Philip was wide eyed. “Now you can either pledge your support to our cause, or it will seem that you tripped and fell off the building, or maybe I can crush your windpipe and everyone thinks that you’re only passed out drunk, you have built quite a habit of that from what I’ve heard.” Albedo put her face inches away from his sweat dripping visage and pressed her hand on his chest, directly above his heart. “Oh, I know just what it should be. I take you away from this party, and I can torture your putrid human flesh. After I have my fun with you, I can tear out your heart, just for the fun of it. And with the best clean up teams in the entire world at my back, no one will be able to try me for a single thing.”

Lytyon’s mouth was open and jittering as Albedo’s presence and gaze made him feel like nothing more than a maggot she could crush without a second thought. He tried to speak out any words to save his skin, but he couldn’t, his throat was dry and head was pounding. All he could do was nod in affirmation, selling his soul to this devil.

“You’re one of the only humans to know the proper agenda I have. So while your house is now backing me, I need to make sure you don’t tell anyone until the time is right.” She leaned into his ear as words Lytton couldn’t understand were spoken, a magical enchantment was being performed. When her chant finished, the brown haired man couldn’t see a purple snake like construct form, he could only gasp in pain as it bit him before disappearing.

Pulling herself away from the disgusting cretin, Albedo spoke one last time. “If you attempt to speak to anyone of this conversation before I remove that seal, it will sever your carotid artery without so much as breaking the skin. And any attempts of removal by other mages will result in your death as well.”

Being freed of the all consuming aura of the Floor Guardian, Count Lytton had to brace himself against the banister to keep his legs from failing him. Grabbing his wine that was still at the side, the disturbed man downed the rest of the glass in one gulp. Desperately in need of more alcohol to forget what he just experienced.

Sashaying her way across the floor, Albedo could hear the gossip already starting amongst the putrid humans. Did they really have nothing better to do than to create stories and rumors based on a single encounter that lasted no more than five minutes. You really would have to be one of the dumbest life forms to actually-

Albedo was caught off guard as a hand gripped hers and dragged her inside the Lytton estate. Through glass doors and down halls, the raven haired woman wasn’t sure what to do as Philip was taking her away to somewhere else. It seemed as though he wanted to bring her anywhere without the guests or the help to see them. Passing by rooms that he glanced to even hold one person within.

Finally, the blonde man had stopped as he brought them into a dark sitting room and closed the doors behind them. Inside was an unlit chandelier, armchairs, a wooden coffee table, and a long couch with decorative pillows strewn about. The only source of light was the moon shining in from the giant glass windows that gave a view of the town beneath them.

Having been dragged to the other side of the mansion where they couldn’t hear even a whisper from the high society gossips anymore, Philip turned to face his wife. It was instantly recognizable, even in the dull light, there was a blush on his face. He’d gotten drunk in the less than an hour they’d been at this part. He wasn’t so inebriated that he was unable to stand up properly or see doubles, but it seemed that he was less confident in himself when filled with ‘liquid courage’.

“I saw what chu were doing thear” His words slurred. “An’ I hafta say that im not happy wit that.” He put his hand forwards towards her, pointing his finger as he tried to come up with how to voice his unsteady thoughts. He didn’t have a look of anger or snark like he did when he came back to fuck her after her verbal onslaught. This was more sad, as if he felt betrayed.

“I am… not a…” His mouth stayed open for a few seconds. “Perfect man. But, I like tothink that I treat you wit the love and… apreciacian- aprepria- apropria- kindness you deserve.” He swallowed as he tried to keep speaking.

“You have it all wrong.” Albedo tried to defend her actions, but a part of her wondered why she bothered or cared about how he felt. “I was just-”

“Schmoozing up to a pal of mine.” The demoness had to close her eyes and take a breath to hold her tongue from telling the drunk man how Count Lytton actually despised him. “I get chu're not happy all the time. An im tryin’a show that i do care for you. I don wan you to go an cheat when-”

“I would never cheat!” Albedo shocked herself more than she did Philip at that interruption. Not even realizing the words came from her until it echoed back from the high ceilings. “I mean that…” *‘We have a mission to do.’* She couldn’t voice it, but that was the reason she gave herself for being so forcefully and powerfully against the idea. She didn’t want to actually accept the gnawing thoughts and emotions that existed out on the fringes of her psyche.

“I was just trying to get his support, he put his hands on me, and I threatened to torture him. That’s all, I never suggested anything about my body, and I never offered anything sexual.” Her words were passionate as she walked closer to the man and gently grabbed his outstretched hand. “He forced himself onto me… I swear that I would never cheat on you.”

Albedo looked so beautiful in the moonlight. Her golden eyes had a hypnotic glow to them. Hell, even the way her hair was pushed behind her ear made her seem gorgeous. The woman opened her mouth to say something else, but she was silenced as Philip closed the distance. This kiss felt different than the ones they had had before. The noble didn’t seem to be trying to dominate it and shove his tongue inside her mouth. This was sweeter as he placed his hands on Albedo’s hips and tried to get her to take the lead. Without even thinking, she did; tasting his tongue and the bourbon he had taken to get so buzzed.

As the kiss grew deeper, Philip lowered his hands to her completely free thighs and picked her up. It made the boss monster flap her wings slightly at her unpreparedness, but she hooked her arms around his neck for support.

Walking in the darkened room, Albedo’s wings served as a good marker for just where things were as they shoved against things and helped push them aside without any discomfort. The biggest difficulty was managing to get around the coffee table with an unbelievably beautiful woman deeply kissing and embracing him, but Philip somehow managed to get them to the couch.

Putting her down on the couch while he got on his knees, the blond drunk kept kissing his wife and letting her take the lead as she kept her hands digging deeply into his hair. With one of his fumbling hands, he unzipped his pants and pulled down his underwear. But he still needed more before he’d be at full mast. However, instead of molesting those huge tits pressing against his chest, or that ass that didn’t quit, he just trailed a hand along her body and frame. Feeling her taut stomach, the surprising musculature of her arms and legs, even pulling one of her hands out of his hair and breaking the kiss to let her see him kiss down her wrist to her fingers. He wanted to show her that he really did care about every single part of her.

Back at his lower hand, he was ready and beyond willing to please his wife and help her forget all about Lytton’s unwanted touch. Pushing the part of her dress that draped in front of her crotch out of the way, Philip pulled at the c-string panties she had on, popping them off with no effort as he laid his burning dick against her quivering cunt.

Philip looked into the succubus’ eyes as they were in this compromising position. Or at least, he attempted to as she couldn’t maintain eye contact.

Gently grabbing her by the chin, he pulled her face towards his and made her golden globes look into his blue ones. This seemed to be the greatest clarity Philip had ever attained, as this one moment had him understand that there was something beneath the surface that was tearing away at Albedo. “I love you. Whateva yur scared of, tell me. I am your husband, and I never wan for ya to be so scared.”

Her eyes widened at his declaration, even if he was drunk, it made her heart flutter. It seems that it also did something to her wings as they wrapped themselves around him and engulfed the two of them in near darkness. Only the faint streaks of light could break through the embrace.

Their kiss began again, however both parties would claim that the other reignited their fiery lip lock. The moans they shared only grew as Philip pushed onwards and had sex with his wife. His hips were grinding against hers, mashing and slapping as it made the couch scrape back and forth against the floor.

This time, it wasn’t Philip’s hand exploring Albedo’s. The pale lover had her hands digging beneath his jacket and tearing open his buttons to feel the body of flesh atop her. It was something so powerless and frais compared to her own, the muscles and bone not being even a hundredth as strong as her own… Yet it could make her feel so weak. Even worse, there was a part of her that didn’t detest that. Rather, it was something that made this all feel even better.

They lost themselves to the embrace of the other, neither one truly knowing how long they had been going. The only thing they knew was that they didn’t want it to stop. Even as his breath was growing uneven and his thrusts more erratic, he didn’t want to blow his load just yet, but he couldn’t stop himself. Moaning into the kiss as shot after shot painted Albedo’s pussy a pristine white. Beyond the wings holding him close, he could feel Albedo’s high heels digging into his back too. But while Philip was groaning in pleasure, his wife was teetering on the edge, but not quite able to properly reach a climax.

As Philip had to pull back to catch his breath, their bodies dripped with sweat from the heat trapped inside their wing-made hold. When her husband put his head down on her chest to more easily breath, Albedo pulled her wings apart and gave them fresh, chilly air from the room.

It was the most bizarre feeling, despite not having come, Albedo still felt a sense of peace and enjoyment from all of this. But Philip wasn’t one to leave things as they were.

Pulling Albedo up, she stumbled to her feet as he quickly made his way behind her before pulling her right back down. Planting himself behind her as his dick was pressing between her asscheeks. He wanted to try something new, and figured that this was the absolute best time to do so.

Letting himself grind against her pale cheeks for a moment, Philip eventually picked up Albedo by her rear. Trying to balance herself, she pushed her arms back against the couch and her wings unconsciously rose. As he picked up his blushing bride, he lowered her down onto his shaft, however, this time he did something new. Pressing his slick cockhead against her untouched asshole.

Albedo’s body shivered as goosebumps ran over her porcelain skin. This might have been the first time in her life she had ever properly been consumed by fear. But beyond that was a sense of excitement. With her battling, contradictory mind, she wasn’t able to give any response but a low moan as she was being sunk down onto his dick. Her fingers tore their way through the leather hide of the couch and held tightly against the wooden frame that was covered with down and padding. And as her wings fluttered and twitched, Philip took one of his hands to massage the small of her back and the base of her wings. It seemed to work well enough as her wings calmed down and fell nicely across the furniture they were fucking on.

Falling deeper and deeper on his shaft, the succubus found herself starting to lose it as this sent similar, yet completely different sensations rocketing throughout her body. She wasn’t able to keep herself from drooling this time around as her mouth couldn’t seem to close. It’d be either her moans or her tongue, but this new experience was leaving her slack jawed in pleasure.

She didn’t even know when she finally had taken it all inside of her, but it really didn’t matter to her. Her hips were digging down further and grinding against his lap to try and get even more stimulation.

Granting her wish, Philip leaned over her shoulder and gave his wife another kiss while his hands split up. Mirroring what had happened in the alley not long ago, one went up to her chest, and the other down to her crotch.

“I think your boobs are getting bigger.” Albedo would have rolled her eyes at *that* being the one line he said without a slur to his voice, but she was too busy having them roll to the back of her skull. One hand of his was twitching her nipples and fondling her breasts while the other dove into her cum filled cunt with two fingers as his thumb toyed with her clit.

And while Philip tried to thrust in and out of Albedo, it wasn’t really possible to do when trapped between her and a couch. So Albedo decided to properly take part for once. Raising and lowering her hips unsteadily on and off his cock without much certainty. She was only led by the feelings that coursed through her and it seemed to be a great indicator.

It didn’t take much time for the winged demon to cum. She was already close to the edge from their previous position, and now she was on cloud nine. Her hands completely destroyed the couch beneath them as she couldn’t control her grip in her throes of passion. And as her ass was shot full of even more burning cum than her pussy had, it made her toes curl and voice escape as she let out a long low moan.

They didn’t move much, just the rise and fall of their panting chests. Even within the afterglow of their climaxes, they stayed connected. Philip’s hands wound their way around the succubus’ stomach as he held her close. Albedo’s mind drifted away as she felt calm and safe in his grasp, and fell asleep peacefully.

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After waking up nearly an hour later and putting her panties back on, Albedo had to shuffle around the party with cum still painting her insides as she still had a few people to talk to. It was what she had planned to do after speaking with Count Lytton, but a jealous drunk had pulled her away from that. But she was eventually free of those sensations as she completed her task and quickly left from the aristocratic gala of idiots and imbeciles trying to impress one another through their wealth.

It was a good thing that Philip became tired after losing track of time and watching his resting spouse for the entirety of her nap. Also, something Albedo enjoyed was that he removed himself from her rear and let her lay down on the torn up sofa while sitting across on an armchair. But now that he wanted sleep, the raven winged woman could easily convince him to not screw up the relations she had just spent this night building.

Though to do so, she had to fly him home. That was something she would naturally be against, however, the less she moved her legs until she reached a shower, the better. As she grabbed the underside of his arms, Albedo lifted Philip up as easily as a child would a stuffed toy. Flying fast and just above the rooftops as the blond man beneath her was crying out in enjoyment. His cries attracting eyes that found nothing, as by the time they looked up, the couple were already blocks away.

And as they touched down on a wide, open-roofed balcony on the west side of the estate, Philip was wide eyed and heavily disheveled from the high speed flight he just experienced.

“I’ve got to ask you for more of those.” Philip said as he felt the rush he got from such a new and bizarre experience start to die down from the exhaustion he felt. It was likely near two AM, at earliest. “Thank you for that, my dear.” He leaned in to kiss Albedo, but she brushed past him and marched her way on towards the bathroom. Silently opening and closing the clear glass door to the inside.

Laughing to himself, Philip just watched her walk down the corridors through the glass paned door. “I wonder when she’ll stop being so shy. Maybe a drink could get her to loosen her guard a bit.” He scratched his chin as he spoke, walking inside of his home and stripping himself bare as he got to his room.

Though on his way there, he had witnessed many lapses of cleanliness. All of his help had quit just a few days prior and he couldn’t find anyone willing to replace them. But as he was drifting off to sleep, there was a stray thought that came to his head and he knew exactly what to do about that.

**Xx Xx Xx Xx**

It had been quite some time since Albedo looked into the closet with such a slack jawed and shocked expression that covered her face. Her outfits had slowly been growing more and more covering, or in other words; Normal. But what was before her couldn’t be worn in any place but a brothel, and even then, it was something a professional whore would be hesitant to wear.

Just like always, when she tried to find any other solution to her issue, Philip had somehow managed to remove all the other articles of clothing from the house. Even when she went to search through his closet to wear his clothing, they all were nowhere within the premises.

It honestly might have been better to wear nothing and throw these scraps of cloth into a fire, but her eyes finally blinked back to reality and she saw a note on the bottom of the dresser’s built-in closet. It read: *‘I can’t wait to see my darling wife wearing this!! Come talk to me when you get it on.’*

She hated how even just his written word could make something inside her tug. Last night had just been a moment of weakness and nothing else…

…

And that excuse was still running through her mind as she put on the clothing that made her feel more naked while wearing it than she did while actually nude.

It wasn’t hard to find Philip, his presence was the only one remaining in the house. Perhaps it was a good thing that her torturing and murder of the pesants who serviced this home drove the others away in fear. As they didn’t want to disappear like the others, she was now able to walk without anyone else possibly seeing her in such a fetishized outfit.

Down in the kitchen, with black smoke pooling on the ceiling and many dirty dishes around the sink and counters, Albedo found her appointed husband attempting to cook for the two of them.

She stood behind him, not speaking, with her footprints and breathing even quieter than a mouse’s. Her mind knew she should just avoid him the entire day and hope for there to be a better option for her clothing lottery tomorrow, but a part of her wanted him to see her. To have him look at her magnificent body that he seemed completely obsessed with.

Her hand was twitching as she didn’t know whether or not to reach out, but it didn’t matter, as Philip turned around with a pan in hand. The charred black food splattering to the floor as he dropped the pan in shock as he found his wife standing behind him wearing almost completely nothing.

Her ‘clothing’ was entirely white with golden highlights along the metal surfaces, the colors matching incredibly well with her pale skin and golden eyes, but even more so as a counter to the night black hair and ebony wings that were meekly tucked in behind her body.

Around her neck was a collar that had a tag of the Monseratte family crest. Connected to the collar was a simple sheet that was pressed tightly against her neck to just before her shoulders, being held by straps that went down her body and split the cloth from its flat half to a ruffled outer section. As his eyeline went lower, Philip saw her two massive breasts with barely any cover and just begging for freedom. Around her breasts were powerful strands of cloth that completely circled them, three straps coming from them and connecting to a frilly triangular patch that could only just cover her nipples and areola. Not that that mattered as there was a zipper on both that could be pulled down to show them to the world.

Her stomach was held within a corset that hugged her each and every curve, the white material was segmented in strips of clothing and strings, granting a tantalizing view of her stomach. Though perhaps it hugged her a bit too tightly, while the man was too busy ogling his wife to notice, it seemed to be more restrictive around her belly than it should have been.

As the corset fell lower on her body, it grew more and more narrow as it went between the demon’s legs, another zipper covering her core that went from above her cunt to the top of her ass cheeks. And just below that were belts on her upper thighs, squishing lightly as Albedo put them on slightly too tight to better show off her sensual body. With a few thin straps left, they went down a few inches before clipping to a pair of stockings that were pulled translucent all the way down her mile long legs.

Philip didn’t even notice the long white gloves that went halfway past her upper arm until he snapped back to see her wavering hand, extended just a few inches in front of her. He moved his own hand to close the distance, entirely forgetting the food that had fallen to the floor and pulling his wife close to embrace her. His hands went up the silky fabric covering her arms to trail over her bare shoulders before finally coming to her covered neck and gently holding her face in his hands as he stared her in the eyes.

Albedo was trying to say something, her mind halfheartedly coming up with insults and vile to fling towards him, but she couldn’t feel a want to say them, no matter how much she tried. And with a kiss, she felt herself melting as his tongue worked with hers to once again explore her mouth.

When it finally ended, it was Philip who had pulled back from their lip lock. Albedo only stiffly pushed herself back after he’d already finished it, finding it hard to keep the blond man’s intense gaze.

“I’m so happy to see you.” Those simple words and the smile on his face made Albedo’s heart flutter and face blush. “As much as I would love to ravage this majestic body over every inch of this mansion, I have to ask you something.” His words made her focus and see a seriousness to him that she almost never witnessed. “I need you to clean the building, all of the help is gone and I’ve never so much as held a broom in my life.”

And like that, Albedo felt like a bucket of ice water drenched her and she was snapped out of her delusion of Philip actually being suave and fun. Remembering in vivid details about how this man was an absolute idiot and someone likely unable to find their way out of a room with an unlocked door.

“Are you seriously asking a Floor Guardian of Nazarick, one of the strongest and most loyal servants of his Excellency, Lord Ainz Ooal Gown… to clean up your unattended mansion?” Her eyebrows were raised as she felt an incredible urge to rub her temples in frustration.

“Well, you are my wife, and one of a wife’s duties is to take care of the home. That means you need to clean.” Philip looked behind himself, on top of the wreckage he left on the oven was more inedible slag. “Also cook.”

“I will not-” Albedo started with her usual fire.

“I wonder where the crystal to contact Ainz is.” And Philip put out her fire like it was a match in a thunderstorm.

“The closet with cleaning supplies is over in that corner.” He vaguely gestured. But Albedo didn’t react or respond as she just looked down at her ridiculously oversexual outfit with a look of disgust, self hatred, and embarrassment for everything that went through her head and the way she felt. She should have known better than to give Philip the benefit of the doubt and think he was better than she thought. That was just a fluke last night for himself as well.

His voice turned into a blur as she zoned out to internally berate herself, nothing he said being anything of actual importance. Soon enough he left the room while grabbing a fruit on the way out. No doubt she’d need to clean up after that snack as well.

Despite wanting to destroy something to relieve the frustration that was building in her body, it would only increase the work she was ordered to do. So with a sigh and aura of anger and malicious intent washing over her, the new maid of the house got to work.

Being alone with her thoughts was absolutely miserable for Albedo as her rational brain was touting the superiority of Lord Ainz and everyone who was part of the Nazarick. Slamming herself because of the disgusting infatuation she held with an insignificant gnat of a mortal. It was pathetic and something that she had to soon forget. All these humiliating and perverse emotions, she had to find something to help her be rid of them, something to blame them on. And in only a few minutes, she had a proper scapegoat.

It was the ring, or more specifically, it’s absence. The simple golden band she always wore while dutifully serving her guild and her masters, but it was only now, after it had been taken from her and she was stripped of her creator’s blessings and gifts was she going through such abhorrent trials and tribulations with Philip. Perhaps it was that she was starting to become more like them, more… *human*. The very concept made her feel revolted.

Philip said that he had one of the help get rid of it, but the day had just begun and she had started secretly mutilating them before then. Maybe there was a chance she killed the one who held her ring before they disposed of it.

By all accounts it was an effort that was completely done in a vain attempt to scramble for some hope, but she clung tightly to that delusion. Cleaning each and every speck of dirt she could find while her eyes were hyper focused, searching for any trace of her ring anywhere within this giant palace. However, with her ludicrous speed and strength, alongside her wings that she used to make gusts to sweep and dust, she was done with almost the entire estate after only three hours. Yet in that entire time, she didn’t find a single trace of her ring staying within the premises.

Cleaning her way through the bedroom she had been forced to share with Philip, she easily picked up furniture weighing hundreds of pounds to check and clean beneath and behind them, nearly completing the room before stumbling upon something.

Underneath a decorative table and heavy rug, Albedo found a safe. And with it, one more ridiculous conspiracy, that Philip had held the ring in his possession the entire time. That had to be it, it was her last hope as this was the last room to be cleaned.

Simply closing her hand around the handle and pulling up was all she had to do, the metal with some pitiful magic defense was worthless in the face of her overwhelming power. And with baited breath, she kneeled on the floor to look inside. Pulling things out with reckless abandon as she only cared about her old ring.

In mere moments, she had removed everything from within and had it all spread beside her. There was no loose ring within the surprisingly big safe, but there were other boxes and papers, perhaps it was within those?

Starting with the boxes, she found gaudy jewelry with too many gems and harshly contrasting colors. While there were rings, not a single one was the one she wanted. The papers seemed to be deeds of ownership to different houses, lots, and animals. She only properly gave any attention when she picked one up and saw a surprisingly beautiful artistic rendition of herself. It was how she looked before all this nonsense began and had been made this dullard’s wife.

Looking to the next few pages, she saw similar portraits, some focusing on her eyes, her wings, her hair, her horns, her smile that she would wear when speaking of Lord Ainz. At the bottom corner of the pages were dates, while some were as recent as three days ago, others went back to weeks before the marriage. The eldest one had her drawn to look like a goddess; her black wings open at her sides and turning upwards to flank her, her ruby red lips were flat as she had no expression, but her golden eyes seemed to be shining like the sun, and her horns were drawn to be like a halo. At the bottom corner was the date, the very first day that Philip had ever met Albedo.

She didn’t know who he had commissioned for these paintings and drawings, or if he even made them himself, but they were, as much as she didn’t want to admit it, not terrible. Capturing her elegance and strength in vivid detail, though she felt annoyed at the works of her in some of the more…. revealing and whorish outfits Philip had made her put up with.

And as she worked through the art, Albedo found a simple notebook. Taking a peak within, she saw more drawings, however these were not as refined or even colored like some of the others were. What’s more, the sketches weren’t all of her, no, they were just all *about* her. There were pictures of the rudimentary stages of some of her outfits, but between those were notes.

‘Likes chocolates and coffee.’ That was completely false, Albedo quite disliked the taste of the sugar supplied from this city, and coffee was just a source of caffeine to keep her up and going. She only ate and drank them in such abundance because she now had to keep up with her non-tiring monsters without her ring.

There were more stray thoughts and listed observations littering the pages. ‘Likes books and writing. Buy an atlas as a present?’ ‘Prefers steak to chicken, need to find a high quality ranch to buy.’ ‘How do I give her so much jewelry without seeming desperate? May have bought too much and need to space them out.’ The last one made a ghost of a smile across her lips.

Then she realized that she was starting to smile because of this ridiculous man once again. Wiping the smile off of her face, Albedo groaned in self loathing before forcing herself to just look through everything again to find her ring. But she knew what this vain struggle wouldn’t amount to anything. Even after forcing herself to try and hate the idiot noble, there was a part inside of her that just wouldn’t let go, no matter how hard she tried to stomp it down.

She didn’t want to accept it, she was a higher being, one created by Lord Ainz Ooal Gown and the flawless guild he had taken his name after. They were all perfect masters and gods, and to be any less would tarnish their image and legacy… So why the hell couldn’t she just force herself to naturally think of Philip as nothing more than a tick! He was just a stupid, arrogant, simple minded, lust driven, jealous man!

Wanting to tear her horns out in frustration, Albedo saw a wine bottle she had left to the side of the safe. Hoping that drowning her emotions with alcohol could finally let one side of her come out and deal with all these terrible feelings in her soul.

The taste was closer to cherries than it was to grapes, but she gulped all the contents down. Even if it was half empty and left there for who knows how long, she wanted to get drunk, and she wanted it now. After drinking all of it in moments, she dropped the bottle and let it roll away as she got to her feet and walked towards the cellars. While she figured it would take three caskets of 100% alcohol before she even felt a buzz, Albedo was caught off guard when a heat surged through her body and she found herself unable to walk in a straight line when she had only made it 10 steps. And 15 steps in, she found herself falling to the floor with her body burning in desire and want.

She couldn’t keep herself from moaning, her hands moving down to cover her crotch, as she felt more sexually charged than any other point in her life. With shaking hands, she managed to somehow grab the zipper on her outfit and pull it down. In the next moment, her covered fingers dove into her snatch as she had to get this all consuming feeling.

Time was meaningless to Albedo, as she writhed on the floor in sexual frustration and yearning. Her fingers had been pumping in and out for what felt like hours, but she was too lost in her madness to know how long it had truly been. She had never masturbated before, and this was a hell of a first time to do so. Trying to think of something to help her release, Albedo thought of power and strength, projecting the idea of Lord Ainz being the one to do this to her.

But it did nothing as she only saw bones, his power was unrivaled and he was a paramount genius and tactician. But he had no warmth with which to hold her, no softness to embrace her, not even a penis for her to ride endlessly. Despite how terribly she wanted to try and climax at her awe inspiring, mastermind of a lord, she felt absolutely empty at the thought of him having sex with her.

Despite those dampening thoughts, it didn’t kill the burning desire coursing through her body. Groaning as she rolled onto her back, Albedo was bucking her hips up into the air as she was fervently finger fucking her dripping cunt. She *needed* to cum, her body was completely begging for it.

Through her mired thoughts, the only other person that the raven winged succubus could think of at the moment was the one person who had made her cum dozens of times in the past two weeks. She envisioned Philips hands caressing her tits as her free hand groped them. His heat as he pressed his body against her. The way his fingers would touch every weak spot they could reach and break down her defenses, readying her to experience a world rocking climax from his dick that filled her to the brim and never ran out of burning hot cum to spray her insides white.

But even remembering how he fucked her pussy time after time, leaving a puddle on the floor beneath her and staining the white outfit she wore wherever her arousal touched it, she still couldn’t cum. It was growing infuriatingly close, but nothing she tried could push her over that final edge. She needed something else. She needed the real Philip. She needed his thick, throbbing, cock.

With this goal in mind, Albedo found herself fighting her spasming legs and twitching wings as she forced herself up to go to Philip. She had seen him earlier while she was cleaning, it was just on the other side of the mansion sunbathing… the large mansion that had taken her over a minute to calmly walk from one side to the other.

There was a wet trail that went down her legs and onto the floor as she was slowly, agonizingly, making her way across. The naturally proud Floor Guardian was now forced to use the walls as support while her breaths were heavy and unsteady. Once again, time was meaningless as Albedo had no idea the days she spent walking were, in reality, just shy of a quarter of an hour. When she had reached the large balcony, there was an insane look on her face of hunger and madness blended with a deranged smile. Though Philip was completely blind to this, for once it wasn’t due to rampant incompetency, or being painfully unaware of his surroundings, he had merely fallen asleep while trying to tan in a pair of shorts.

The crazed succubus didn’t care though as she just lunged for her prize. Tearing off his shorts and wrapping her lips around his limp member. Licking the unhardened shaft did just what she wanted as she could feel it start to grow. Trailing her tongue along his slit and glands, Albedo found herself deep throating the cock before long, and as much as the taste of his pre-cum made her even hotter with desire, she was too impatient to let him blow a load down her throat and get drunk off of his hot spunk.

Her mouth had drool and spit dripping down her chin as she serviced his cock with her glorious mouth. And now, she lined herself up with the glistening rod, the part of her head that usually screamed in indignation and resentment was silent as she slammed her hips down. Spearing herself on his dick, Albedo found herself collapsing against Philip’s hot chest as she let out a low moan of satisfaction. This sensation was mind numbing, how it was splitting her in two, reaching her deepest parts, it was like they were made for each other to love and to fuck endlessly.

Twerking her white clad ass on his cock, Albedo hugged Philip tight as her mind started to spiral and the burning heat ravaging her body was finally being placated. The blond man beneath her wasn’t even awake, but he was still able to send her body rocketing with pleasure. Each time she slammed her hips down against his, she felt the tip of his dick knocking against her womb. It was too good, she needed release so badly, it was just a hair's breadth away.

“FUCK ME!” She screamed, her command echoing throughout the crowded city streets. “FUCK YOUR WIFE LIKE A WHORE!”

Philip woke up to this situation rather well, all things considered. Having fallen asleep in the heat of the sun’s rays and now waking up by his wife screaming for sex as she had stripped him and was riding his cock like her life depended on it. Rather than being caught up in shock, Philip pulled Albedo’s head up from his chest and kissed her, diving his tongue into her lewd and drool spilling mouth. With one hand pulling her up, the other went down her long back and grabbed heavy handfuls of that incredible ass, molesting and slapping it to his heart’s content.

It didn’t take any more time for the couple’s embrace to send them over the edge. Philip’s twitching dick pumping burning cum inside of Albedo, while Albedo’s tight cunt milked Philip for everything that she could get. By the end of it, after thrusting and grinding into the other for as long as they could to drag their climaxes out, Philip pulled back from their kiss to find his wife with tears streaming down her face, her mouth open and tongue lolled out, drool dribbling on her chin, and a massive smile threatening to split her face in two.

“I have absolutely no idea what’s gotten into you...” Philip started, as he was slightly winded from such an intense wake-up. “But it’s sweet that you called yourself my wife.” He smiled.

Albedo’s mind was completely vacant at the moment, she didn’t try to sneer at him or play off her momentary weakness under the guise of her bizarre, alcohol induced state, instead, she just giggled before laying her head against his chest and hearing his heartbeat. “Heh, I guess I just got used to the way it sounds.” A finger traced random nonsense on Philip’s pectoral as she could still feel that burning desire inside her. It didn’t die away with the climax she was so desperate for, it had just momentarily subsided, but she could feel it starting to grow once more.

Ready for another round, Albedo grinded her fat ass against Philip’s crotch with his dick still buried inside her cum filled cunt. “Your wife still has some needs, are you going to avoid fulfilling your husbandly duties, or am I going to have to call Lord Ainz?” She put her chin on his chest as she looked up to stare into his eyes and give him the exact same ‘threat’ that he had given her.

Philip could see the uncharacteristic playfulness in the golden eyed succubus’s gaze, and his smile grew into a grin as the love of his life was trying to milk his cock once again. “Please, we don’t need to involve that pile of bones. Tell me, can your all powerful lord, the ruler of your Naza-what’s-it base, and whatever else you use to describe him, fuck you like I can?”

With his question, he pushed Albedo onto her back against the outdoors lounge chair. More than that, the weak, blond human took control of the situation easily. He brought up one hand along her thigh and slid along her body to push her right leg up past her head, forcing the wide-eyed woman to do a vertical split while impaled on his cock. She tightened around him even more as both husband and wife felt incredible in this position.

He could see Albedo’s mouth open, and with how she spoke about him in comparison to her lord and master every time, he assumed she was going to praise the boring old skeleton. So before she could get a word in, Philip rocketed his hips forward and pounded his hips against Albedo’s. While the long haired woman threw her head back and let her moans and screams of pleasure freely escape out into the city streets below, Philip used his free hand to quickly pull down both of the zippers covering Albedo’s gigantic tits.

He had used his hands more than enough in their last few rounds, so the noble went with a different approach as he dipped his head down and wrapped his lips around her glorious jugs. Using his teeth to lightly apply some pressure and make her more sensitive before he used his tongue to circle and rub her nipples. This was something he’d done to her dozens of times over the course of their less than one-month marriage, so it was quite a surprise when Albedo’s tits started to drip out milk.

And it seemed the release of that build up and pressure in her tits made Albedo feel even better as her cries grew even louder. Her hands dug into Philip’s hair and pushed him even deeper against her chest. “NOBODY CAN FUCK ME LIKE YOU!” The raven winged demon shouted in euphoria. “AINZ MEANS NOTHING WHEN I HAVE YOUR MASSIVE COCK SPLITTING ME IN TWO!!” She’d normally be physically incapable of saying such things about her lord and master Ainz Ooal Gown, but her mind was far too gone at the moment for her to even consider or think about the words she was spewing forth.

However, that seemed to be the right answer as Philip’s thrusts grew rougher and faster, his hips smashing against Albedo’s and sending loud wet slaps into the air. They didn’t care who could hear or see their coital bliss, all that mattered was fucking their partner as best they could.

Using a free hand, Philip took one of Albedo’s breasts out of his mouth and started teasing it and squeezing her udders to spray milk out and send it falling back down over the succubus’s sinfully magnificent body.

“OH~ PHILIP, YES! FUCK ME!” Her pleas bounced along the building and streetways as Albedo was absolutely begging for more. Feeling her climax inching closer once again.

With one final euphoric cry that shattered more than a few windows, Albedo’s honeypot tightened around her gorgeous husband’s dick and tried to drain him dry. Unable to resist the blissful pleasures, Philip moaned into her breast and saw white as he shot another hot load inside of his one of a kind wife.

This time though, the two didn’t let it ride and keep going at it after a short breath. Pulling himself out of Albedo, his dick still twitching and dribbling cum as Albedo’s quim was leaking some, Philip grabbed his wife by the hand and made her stand on unsteady legs. They only walked a few steps before he placed her hand on the solid white granite banister that lined the balcony perimeter.

Moving behind her, the perverted blond rammed his cock down to the base of his wife’s stuffed cunt. Rather than pulling her wings or her hair or her horns in that perverse and pleasurable way Albedo loved, his hands wrapped around and started milking her chest, spraying her milk over the stone railing, making puddles on the rail and floor, and spilling down over the grassy lawn beneath them.

With her immense strength, Albedo couldn’t stop herself from losing control in this sea of pleasure as she was nearly grinding what was between her fingers to nothing more than gravel. All the while, a fucked stupid expression covered her face as pure jubilation was etched into her marble skin.

“Albedo.” Philip spoke as he railed the monster as hard and fast as he could. “Tell everyone, shout it out to the world. Say who you love more than anyone.” He pressed his chest against her back as he whispered these words into her ears.

“YOU!!” She shouted with the force of a thunderclap. “I LOVE PHILIP MONTSERRAT!! I LOVE YOU AND CAN’T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!!!” That confession to herself and the world at large made the dam burst. Albedo couldn’t feel her legs anymore as she came harder than she ever had in her life. She could feel the warmth of Philip’s seed pumping inside of her once again, but she couldn’t find the ability to even move her hips anymore to thrust against him.

As Philip pulled out, Albedo nearly fainted as she couldn’t hold onto the stone railings anymore and fell back against him, panting and sweating like she had just fought through an army of monsters with nothing but her bare hands. But to Philip, she looked as gorgeous and godly as she always did, feeling nothing but love and happiness towards the woman in his arms.

Sitting back down on the lounge chair right beside them, the couple stayed there for hours as they just basked in the pleasure they experienced together, not a care in the world for the property damage and public indecency that they exposed dozens upon dozens of civilians to. They were off in their own little world together…

...and it was perfect.

**Xx Xx Xx Xx**

“Why didn’t you tell me?!” Philip barged in to the room, shouting like a madman, but a smile drawn across his face.

“Tell you what?” Albedo simply responded as she was looking into a mirror, trying to find which of these ridiculous outfits that lined her closet properly fit her, completely comfortable with her arranged husband walking into the room and seeing her naked body. “And where in the world did you get a book?” Not everything changed when she finally admitted how she felt. The golden eyed woman still never believed Philip would go find a book and actually read it for any reason, only ever hiring someone else to do that work for him.

“Are you serious?” He asked as he locked eyes with her reflection and pulled up the tome. It was a book on monsters, and he opened the page to show off the diagram and attributes of a succubus. “You’re saying I know this before you even do? Haven’t you been wondering why you’ve been getting fuller and why you’re making milk?”

Rolling her eyes, Albedo turned around and grabbed the book, throwing another fetish outfit to the side meanwhile. As she read through the text, her eyes widened to the size of saucers, the book slipping out of her hands onto the floor. She stood there in shock, not quite sure how to process the information she was given.

“I… I’m pregnant.”

**Xx Xx Xx Xx**