

Chapter 7: Playing With Toys

"Hmhmhmhm. Excellent!"

I clapped my hands, a grin spreading across my face as Demiurge and the others utterly obliterated the Black Scripture. It was less of a battle and more of a demonstration—flawless, brutal, elegant in its efficiency.

Beside me, Albedo and Narberal clapped enthusiastically, offering their praises. I didn't respond. My gaze remained fixed on the unfolding scene, one hand rising to my chin in contemplation.

"Only one threat remains in this world that could possibly challenge us now..." I murmured, more to myself than to anyone else. "The remaining Dragon Lords. Specifically—the Platinum Dragon Lord."

"Lucan-sama."

Aura's voice echoed through the link of Conjunction, pulling me from my thoughts like a gentle tug on silk.

"What is it, Aura?"

"I've captured the filthy humans you told me about!" she replied cheerfully, her voice practically bouncing with pride.

"Well done, Aura. Return to Nazarick."

Looking down at my lap, I gently patted Lumiere's head—a silent signal that she could stop. She obeyed instantly, slowing her movements with a satisfied little hum. Her soft breasts, still wrapped around me, bounced slightly as she gave one final bob of her head, taking in what her chest could not.

A moment later, I rewarded her devotion.

Lumiere swallowed eagerly, treating my essence as if it were the rarest delicacy. Then, with quiet reverence, she tucked me back into my pants and rose gracefully to her feet, a faint blush on her cheeks and pride gleaming in her eyes.

With a bow, the homunculus maid excused herself and went back to whatever maids do here.

I caught the subtle, jealous glance Albedo sent the maid's way—but this time, there was no fury behind it. No angry shouting or venomous reprimand. Just a restrained twitch of her brow. My talk with her had clearly made a lasting impression.

Good.

"Hmm... That just leaves the Royal Family. Once Solution and Sebas finish their task, Re-Estize will fall into chaos."

"If you wish it, Lucan-sama," Narberal spoke from my right, her voice respectful, eyes sharp. "I—or any of the Pleiades—would be honored to capture them for you."

I turned to her, letting my gaze linger. She shifted slightly, a rare flicker of nervousness crossing her otherwise stoic expression. Then, a smile spread across my lips.

"Haha. Very well. Let it be so. Take two of your sisters and see to it. Should you succeed... I will grant you all a wish."

Narberal's cheeks flushed faintly as she dropped to one knee in solemn devotion. "There is no need for reward, My Lord. Merely serving you is more than enough."

I waved a hand, brushing her words aside. "Nonsense. You serve me well—I reward loyalty. That is how it shall be. No more arguments. Now go. Fulfill your task."

Narberal bowed low, her gray eyes shining with determination. "At once, Lucan-sama."

Without another word, she stood and departed with purposeful grace, her footsteps vanishing into the dark corridor.

As the door closed behind her, a tense silence filled the room.

Albedo had barely waited a heartbeat before stepping forward, her golden eyes smoldering with restrained hunger. Her lust was no longer a quiet, smothered thing. Now that we were alone, she let it rise—curling around her like an aura of heat.

"You've been quite generous today, my love," she murmured, her voice a velvety purr. "Lumiere with her mouth... Narberal with a wish..."

I leaned back in my throne, watching her with amused interest. "Are you feeling left out, Albedo?"

She gave a soft, dark chuckle and knelt between my legs without hesitation, her wings folding neatly behind her. “I would never presume to ask for more than you choose to give me, my Lord.”

Her fingers, delicate and trembling with restrained anticipation, reached for my belt.

I said nothing—just watched her, my silence its own kind of permission.

With reverence, she undid my pants and freed me, her eyes half-lidded, lips parted in awe, as if beholding something sacred. She leaned in, her breath hot against me.

But instead of taking me into her mouth, she pressed her cheek against my length and moaned softly, nuzzling as if in worship.

“You’ve let the others serve you,” she whispered. “Now... let me love you.”

I reached out, fingers tangling in her silky black hair, and gently tugged her head back to look into her eyes.

“Then show me,” I commanded.

And Albedo did not hesitate.

She leaned in and finally took me into her mouth, slow and deliberate—like she was savoring something that was hers. Her tongue moved with practiced finesse, tracing along the underside before swirling around the tip, a pleased moan vibrating through her throat.

She wasn’t tentative. She knew what I liked—and she enjoyed every moment of giving it.

‘That’s a succubus for you.’

I sighed in satisfaction, threading my fingers through her hair, guiding her rhythm—not because she needed it, but because I enjoyed the control.

Her wings twitched behind her, the soft rustle of feathers filling the air between wet, slick sounds. She quickened her pace—intentional, knowing I was close—and a moment later, I came.

She drank every drop without breaking eye contact, swallowing with a blissful smile before licking her lips clean.

Albedo pulled back and rested her cheek against my thigh for a moment, catching her breath. Then she looked up at me, lips curled in an eager smile.

“If you willed it, I would spend my entire day worshipping you, my Lord.”

I chuckled softly, brushing my thumb along her cheek. “If I let you do that, we’d never get anything done.”

She stood slowly, letting her dress fall away with practiced grace, revealing smooth, pale skin and a body sculpted to tempt even gods.

She climbed into my lap, easing onto me with a soft gasp as I filled her.

“Still perfect,” I muttered.

She leaned in close, her lips brushing my ear. “Then let me remind you why I’m your favorite.”

I mentally rolled my eyes but didn’t say anything—better not to ruin the mood. Albedo had a high opinion of herself... but considering she was a succubus, she believed she was the only one truly capable of handling my carnal desires.

Her hips rolled against mine with effortless grace, drawing groans from both of us as we found the rhythm we knew so well.

Our bodies moved in harmony—like a ritual we’d performed countless times, but one that never lost its fire.

“Albedo...” I whispered, gripping her waist tightly.

“I know,” she breathed, biting her lip as her pace quickened. “Let me take care of you... just like always...”

She rode me harder, wings spread behind her like a dark angel claiming her god, her moans rising in pitch, whispered declarations of love and need falling from her lips in a steady stream.

When she came, she clung to me, trembling, her voice breaking into a soft sob of bliss. I followed soon after, releasing deep inside her as she cried out my name like a prayer.

Then she collapsed against me, both of us breathing heavily, her head resting on my shoulder as her fingers traced lazy circles across my chest.

“I hate when you let others service you,” she murmured.

I kissed her temple. “Everyone deserves a turn, Albedo.”

She hummed quietly, saying nothing more, and just nestled deeper into my chest.

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Hours later, I stood at the edge of a chamber, watching the battered remnants of the Black Scripture with a cold gaze. Most of their group had already been dealt with—revived, bound, and sold like the pawns they were. Only three remained.

The Divine Chant, the Thousand Leagues Astrologer, and the Infinite Magic.

The so-called elite of the Slane Theocracy. What a joke.

Their arrogant titles now sounded more like pitiful echoes of a bygone pride. They sat shackled near the center of the floor, bruised and bound, their pride in tatters. I didn’t bother suppressing my aura—let them feel the crushing weight of what they were now beneath.

I took a step forward, and all three flinched.

Good.

“Do you know why you’re here?” My voice was calm, steady—more terrifying than rage could ever be.

They hesitated, their eyes flicking between me and Aura, who stood off to the side with a coil of her whip resting at her hip like a predator ready to strike.

When silence followed, I gave a slight signal.

Crack!

The sharp snap of Aura's whip echoed off the stone walls. It didn't strike them—but it didn't need to. All three flinched violently, the Divine Chant gasping aloud.

"Well?" I raised an eyebrow.

"W-what do you want, m-monster?" The blonde finally found her voice, though it trembled like a leaf in a storm.

I tilted my head, smiling faintly. "Monster, huh?" I let out a low chuckle that echoed unnervingly through the chamber. Aura shifted slightly, her expression darkening, and I lifted my hand to silently still her.

"I suppose from your perspective, that's fair," I said, taking another step forward, the smile never leaving my face. "But that makes you what, exactly? Defeated by a monster. Owned by one."

The color drained from their faces.

I crouched, resting my forearm on my knee so I could meet the Divine Chant's eyes. "You're alive because I *let* you live. Your powers, your titles—they mean nothing here. Your worth will now be judged by what you can offer me."

Her lips parted, but no words came out.

I stood again, my eyes cold. "You'll have your chance to prove yourselves. Or you'll be discarded like the rest."

Without warning I stretched my hand and ripped their shirts open, or bra in the case of Infinite Magic. Then I began roughly fondling their breasts, smirking at their uncomfortable looks before stepping back and nodding my head.

"You'll put those bodies of yours to good use soon enough but I think I should teach you a lesson first." I declared with a dark smirk that only widened when I saw their pale faces.

"Y-you won't get away with this." Infinite Magic muttered in despair—tears at the corner of her eyes and covering her chest with her hands.

"But I already have~" I said in return.

"Aura, I believe a week under Kyouhukou and his family should teach them their new place in life." I turned to Aura, noticing a flicker of discomfort in her eyes before they lit up with sudden realization.

“Umm! Lucan-sama! May I have Mare take them there?” Aura asked, her voice hesitant yet filled with an eager urgency. She clearly wasn’t fond of dealing with Kyouhukou personally—especially given that he was a monster cockroach.

I couldn’t help but find a small amount of amusement in her request. I could understand why she’d feel that way, especially since she was female and, unlike the others, likely found dealing with the creature somewhat off-putting.

I gave a slight nod of approval, my lips curling into a subtle smile. “That would be fine. Let Mare handle it.”

Aura’s face lit up with relief, her tension easing as she quickly excused herself. I could practically see the weight lifting off her shoulders as she rushed off to find her sister, who would surely be in for an uncomfortable but necessary task.

Turning back to the three defeated figures, I cheerily waved at them before making my way out the door. “Enjoy your stay being eaten alive by cockroaches girls~”

“Aah, I love being me~”

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“Hello, Princess Renner,” I greeted with a smile that was all teeth.

She blinked, shackled to the wall like the others—but unlike them, her expression wasn’t frightened or confused. No, she looked... expectant. As if we were just continuing a conversation we hadn’t started yet.

“Hello, dear captor,” she replied sweetly. “I’m afraid you have me at a disadvantage. I’m Renner Theiere Chardelon Ryle Vaiself, Third Princess of the Re-Estize Kingdom. May I have the pleasure of knowing your name?”

I chuckled, tilting my head. “Still pretending to be the golden flower, are we?” I stepped closer, letting my aura press against her—subtle, suffocating, inescapable. “There’s no need to act here, Renner. I already know the truth.”

Her eyes glinted like a blade in moonlight. “What truth, Stranger-sama?”

I gave a mock gasp, hand to my chest. “Oh my, how rude of me.” I offered a graceful bow with a smirk tugging at my lips. “Lucan. Lord of Nazarick. Monster, conqueror, tyrant... take your pick. But from today onward, you may simply call me *Master*.”

Her smile curled like a vine around my name. “Of course... Master.”

"I like how that sounds coming from you," I murmured, pacing lazily in front of her. "The benevolent princess routine always bored me. But the calculating, obsessive little psychopath beneath? Now *that's* interesting."

Renner gave a delicate laugh, the kind noble ladies use at banquets—if banquets had blood running down the tablecloths.

"So... you killed them all?" she asked, voice almost dreamy. "My father, my brothers...?"

"Slaughtered. Re-Estize is in shambles." I grinned down at her. "Your crown is nothing but ash now, *Former Princess*."

She exhaled like I'd just recited poetry. "How wonderful..."

I raised an eyebrow. "Not even a moment of grief?"

"For people who never saw me as anything but a puppet?" Her eyes narrowed, and I saw the fire beneath the honey. "Why would I mourn cattle?"

Delightful.

"You're not even pretending anymore," I said, savoring every word.

"Why would I?" she asked, voice dipping into something dark and sultry. "You've already peeled the mask off. There's no use playing coy with someone like you." Her head tilted slightly. "And if I'm going to belong to someone... I'd rather it be a monster who *knows* what I am."

I leaned in close, hand resting on the wall beside her head. "Then you understand what that means. I don't want obedience. I want *devotion*. Worship. Loyalty... the kind only someone beautifully broken can give."

Renner shivered, eyes half-lidded with something that looked suspiciously like reverence. "Then let me serve you, Lucan-sama. Let me be your favorite pet. Use me, command me, ruin me. So long as I belong to you, I'll smile every time you pull the leash."

My smile deepened, cold and pleased. "You've already earned your collar, Princess. The others? They'll need breaking. But you..."

I reached down, brushing a finger along her cheek.

"You're already perfect."

The room was silent save for the soft clinking of chains as I released them from her wrists. Renner stood gracefully, stretching her limbs as if awakening from a nap rather than imprisonment.

"I assume you're ready to prove your loyalty," I said, folding my arms behind my back.

She looked at me, blue eyes gleaming. "Of course, Lucan-sama. How may I serve?"

I gestured to the side, and the doors opened with a low groan. Mare stepped in, guiding a dazed man into the chamber. His armor was dull, scraped, but intact. His eyes were confused, vacant. Lost.

Renner froze—only for a heartbeat.

"Climb," she breathed.

But he didn't react to the name. Didn't look toward her with affection or concern. Just stood there, like a puppet whose strings had been loosened.

I smiled. "He doesn't remember you. Not your face. Not your voice. Not even your name. I made sure of it. To him, you're a stranger—just another prisoner in this tomb."

Renner's hands clenched, trembling slightly before stilling. She took a step forward.

"No memories?" she asked softly.

"None," I confirmed. "He's... pure. Untainted. Free of all the obsession you planted in him."

She let out a shaky laugh, low and sweet. "Then he's nothing more than a shadow of my past."

"Precisely." I waved a hand, and Climb was pushed to his knees by Mare. "Now, let's see if your heart still belongs to the past... or to me."

Renner stepped forward slowly. Her fingers brushed Climb's cheek. He looked up, blankly. Confused. "Do I... know you?" he asked in a faint voice.

She smiled. "No, Climb. You don't know me at all."

Then, in one fluid motion, she grabbed the knife I handed to her and drove it into his heart.

Climb choked, eyes wide—but not from recognition. Only the shock of death. He collapsed without grace.

Renner stared down at his still form, a small smile playing on her lips.

“I once said I loved him,” she murmured. “But I love *you* more.”

I clapped, slow and deliberate. “Now *that* is loyalty.”

She turned to me, blood staining her fingers, eyes aglow. “Will you reward me, Master?”

I stepped closer, brushing a lock of her golden hair behind her ear. “You’ve proven your place, Renner. You’re not just mine... you’re worthy of being used.”

She shivered, eyes fluttering closed at my touch.

“Then please,” she whispered, “use me however you see fit.”

‘Hahahaha. Whoever said to never stick your dick in crazy, was clearly a fucking loser.’ With a smirk on my face, I took her up on her offer and teleported us to my bedroom.

It was time for her to learn her new duties.