

Chapter 9: The World Now Belongs to Me

Nazarick - Morning

With one leg draped over the armrest of my throne, I casually flipped through a hovering projection—Cortana’s latest upgrade. A detailed dossier on the adventuring team Blue Rose floated before me, each file glowing faintly with runic highlights.

Lakyus—petty noble, emotionally unstable, and bearer of the cursed Demonic Sword Kilineyram. Gagaran—brute-force enthusiast who thought muscle could compensate for strategy. Tia and Tina—twin assassins who confused stealth with cleverness. And finally, Evileye... oh, how the little vampire amused me. A relic clinging to significance in a kingdom already crumbling to dust.

They were prey pretending to be predators.

“Demiurge,” I said, my voice slicing through the silence like a blade through silk.

The arch-devil stepped forward and bowed deeply at the foot of my throne. “Yes, Lucan-sama?”

“Initiate Operation: Capture My Remaining Toys. I want them alive. Intact. Unspoiled. Psychological trauma is acceptable. No mind breaks... unless you absolutely must.”

Finally. I thought, satisfaction blooming beneath my calm expression. My days of sitting in the background are nearly over.

This mission—this irritating, slow-burning game—had nearly driven me mad. I was never accepting another job that forced me to sit on the sidelines.

If it had gone on even a day longer, I might have torn through the nearest continent just to alleviate the boredom.

There’s only so much sex and mind games with low-level worms a being like me can tolerate.

Next world? I’m not waiting. I’ll break it myself if no one else does.

Watch out, world. You’re about to experience the pleasure—and terror—of a bored god with unimaginable power. I fought back the smirk threatening to curl across my lips.

Demiurge’s glasses glinted with a familiar gleam of amusement. “As you command. Shalltear is already in position. We will proceed immediately.”

“And the Dragon Queen?”

“Aura and Rubedo are advancing. Reports indicate Draudillon Oriculus has not fled.”

“Good,” I murmured, reclining further into the throne. “Make sure she watches her kingdom fall before she’s brought to me.”

Demiurge bowed once more and vanished in a swirl of blue flame. Not a moment later, a gentle knock echoed through the throne room doors.

“Enter.”

The grand obsidian doors opened with the grace of silk parting. Two familiar figures stepped through.

Tuareninya Veyron—Tuare—walked with quiet poise, her maid uniform perfectly fitted, the Nazarick crest subtly embroidered near her collar. Her silver-blond hair, tied into a neat braid, swayed gently as she moved. Composed as always, yet her fingers clutched her sister’s hand tightly.

Beside her stood Ninya—no longer hidden beneath the guise of a boy. Her delicate features were no longer obscured by illusion. Brown hair framed her soft face, and her wide blue eyes peeked from beneath her lashes, flickering with nervous energy. The simple blue dress she wore complemented her natural beauty, unadorned and unpretentious.

“You summoned us, Lucan-sama?” Tuare asked, voice calm and respectful.

I rose from my throne with a rare smile. “Come with me. I wish to spend the day with you both.”

A flush of soft pink bloomed on their cheeks.

“Of course,” Tuare said with a bow. Ninya mirrored her sister, though her glance lingered on me just a heartbeat longer.

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Nazarick Gardens - Later That Day

The gardens were awash with tranquil magic.

Cortana had surpassed even my expectations this time. A Spirit Realm replica, softly glowing cherry blossoms drifted through the enchanted air. Petals shimmered mid-fall, dancing on conjured breezes. Birds woven from light chirped songs that resonated in the soul.

Here, in the heart of an undead citadel, bloomed a cradle of life.

Tuare and Ninya sat with me at the edge of an enchanted fountain. The water within glowed with subtle bioluminescence, shifting in color like moonlight through glass.

I poured the tea myself, a simple act that drew soft gasps from the sisters.

“You shouldn’t serve us, Lucan-sama,” Tuare said gently.

I smirked as I handed her the porcelain cup. “I do what I want. And right now? I want to enjoy your company.”

Ninya held her cup with both hands. “We’re... grateful. After everything that happened to our village... we never expected to feel like people again.”

“You deserve more than survival,” I said, letting my voice soften. “You deserve peace. Joy. And if you’ll let me... I’ll give it to you.”

Tuare’s lips parted slightly, her eyes wide with disbelief.

Ninya looked up. “Why us?”

“Because you didn’t beg. You didn’t grovel. You didn’t try to buy your place with flattery or fear. You were simply yourselves. Genuine. That’s rare in this world.”

A breeze swept through the garden. A few glowing petals drifted between us. Ninya reached to catch one—only for it to pass through her fingers, an illusion.

“I don’t want illusions,” I murmured. “I want sincerity. Stay by my side—not as servants. But as women.”

They said nothing. But both leaned closer, as if drawn to the gravity of my words.

(Lemon Begins)

My chambers glowed with the warmth of golden candlelight. The flickering flames danced across velvet curtains and obsidian stone. The scent of jasmine and lavender wafted gently from a magical incense burner in the corner.

I led them to the bed with no force, no command—just an unspoken promise.

Tuare was the first to break the silence. “We... don’t know what to do.”

“Then I’ll show you.”

I took Tuare’s hand and lifted her chin gently, brushing my lips over hers in a soft, exploring kiss. She gasped faintly, her hands resting against my chest. I could feel her heart racing.

Ninya watched, eyes wide and cheeks crimson. I turned to her next, pressing a tender kiss to her lips—slower, coaxing her to respond. She did, timidly at first, then with growing confidence.

I undressed them slowly, reverently. Each button, each strap, was unfastened like a treasured gift. Ninya’s breath hitched as her dress slipped down her shoulders, revealing smooth, pale skin kissed by the soft glow of candlelight. Tuare hesitated only for a moment before letting her dress fall, cheeks flushed but eyes steady.

“You’re both breathtaking,” I whispered.

Tuare lay back against the sheets, her body trembling as I settled above her. I guided myself into her slowly, carefully. She gasped, hands gripping the sheets, her voice a breathless moan.

“L-Lucan-sama... it’s... warm... it feels so strange...”

“You’re perfect,” I murmured, kissing along her neck. I moved gently, letting her adjust to the sensation, coaxing soft cries of pleasure from her lips.

Ninya sat beside us, watching with parted lips and flushed cheeks. One hand drifted between her thighs, trembling with arousal. Her eyes glistened.

When it was her turn, she straddled me with shy determination. I held her hips, guiding her down onto me. Her gasp was sharp—then breathless—as she took me in.

“It’s... so full...” she whispered.

I helped her move, coaxing her body to relax and take pleasure in the rhythm. Her arms wrapped around me as we moved together, her moans growing louder, more desperate.

Tuare lay beside us, brushing strands of hair from her sister's face, whispering encouragements. The moment was strange... intimate... sacred.

We became a tangle of limbs and lips, of moans and cries, sweat and bliss. I took them both again and again, in different positions, worshipping their bodies until they collapsed—exhausted, glowing, and mine.

When I finally released deep inside them, they clung to me like dreamers afraid to wake.

(Lemon Ends)

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Re-Estize - Operation Capture My Remaining Toys

Lakyus awakened to softness—and dread.

Silken sheets cradled her body, but her arms were bound at the wrists by velvet cuffs, elegant yet unmistakably firm. Her armor was gone. So was her sword.

Beside her, Evileye lay similarly restrained. Though her iconic mask remained intact, her posture was tense, like a coiled spring. The others—Tia, Tina, Gagaran—were gone. The only trace of them was the faint, cloying scent of perfume that hung in the air, unnaturally sweet.

A voice shattered the silence.

“Oh, good. You're awake. How lovely.”

Shalltear Bloodfallen stood just beyond the gilded bars of the room, her parasol propped against one shoulder. Her crimson eyes gleamed with amusement, and her lips curled into a foxlike smirk.

“Where—where are my friends?” Lakyus demanded, struggling against her bonds.

“They’re being... educated,” Shalltear replied lightly. “You’ll be joining them soon. Lucan-sama is quite interested in your potential.”

Evileye growled, magical energy flickering across her restraints. “Monster! I swear—I’ll kill him myself.”

Shalltear laughed, a sound as smooth and sharp as a dagger wrapped in velvet. “Oh my. You really don’t understand your place yet. You’ll be lucky if Lucan-sama even lets you worship him.”

Her heels clicked sharply as she turned and began walking away.

“Welcome to Nazarick~ I’m sure both of you will love it here in no time~”

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Dragon Kingdom - Fall of the Queen

The once-proud palace of the Dragon Kingdom was ablaze.

Ash rained gently like snow through broken stained-glass windows. Smoke coiled in the rafters. The throne room—where Draudillon Oriculus had ruled with quiet dignity—was now little more than scorched marble and bloodstained banners.

Draudillon stood alone.

Her dress, once ceremonial and pristine, was tattered. Her face bore soot and exhaustion. Around her lay the corpses of her royal guard—charred, shattered, or dissolved beyond recognition.

Aura Bella Fiora entered without haste, boots crunching over broken glass. Her whip hung lazily from her hip, and her expression was unreadable.

Behind her came Rubedo—silent, radiant, terrifying. The air around her shimmered with lethal pressure.

“I am Draudillon Oriculus,” the queen said, voice trembling but composed. “I surrender. Please... spare my people. Let the destruction end with me.”

Aura tilted her head, eyes gleaming like a predator’s. “Whether your people survive or not depends on Lucan-sama’s mercy. Your fate, like theirs, belongs to him now.”

Rubedo stepped forward and, without a word, produced a collar—obsidian black, etched with glowing crimson runes. As it clicked into place around Draudillon’s neck, a magical pulse swept through her body. Her legs gave out.

“What... what is this...?” she gasped.

“Obedience,” Rubedo replied in a tone devoid of inflection.

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Nazarick War Room - Night

The central table of Nazarick’s War Room was no ordinary tactical map—it was a living continent.

The arcane projection pulsed with magic, each region glowing faintly with glyphs of conquest. Cities burned in illusionary detail. Kingdoms fell under shifting banners of black and gold.

I stood at its edge, watching with quiet satisfaction.

“Demiurge,” I said.

The demon appeared in a flash of red light, bowing low, hands folded respectfully. “Lucan-sama.”

“Status.”

“The Kingdom is shattered. The Dragon Queen has been collared. Blue Rose is undergoing reconditioning. One obstacle remains.”

“The Platinum Dragon Lord,” I said, voice cool. A slow smile crept across my face.

Cortana materialized beside me, a floating HUD dancing above her hand. “He’s stirring,” she said with a smirk. “I imagine he’s having a terrible month—watching the world burn from his little hideout, unable to locate the spark.”

“Good,” I murmured. “Let him come. The sooner he shows his face, the sooner we crush it.”

I turned to where Albedo, Rubedo and Shalltear stood, their eyes glittering with anticipation.

“No subtlety this time. No games. Overwhelm him.”

They bowed in perfect unison.

“As you command, Lucan-sama.”

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Platinum Dragon Lord – Fall of the Final Piece

Far above the shattered remnants of the continent—beyond mortal reach and divine sight—a lone floating fortress drifted through cloud and ash. Once, it had been a sanctuary: an impregnable bastion inherited from a forgotten Yggdrasil guild. Now, it was little more than a tomb in waiting.

Inside its hollowed throne room, the Platinum Dragon Lord—Tsaindorcus Vaision—stood in contemplative silence. His silver armor gleamed faintly with divine light, while his original draconic body loomed behind him on a raised dais—eyes closed, breath shallow, watching through their shared mind.

He had borne witness as the world unraveled.

The Slane Theocracy reduced to whispers and ghosts. The Re-Estize Kingdom obliterated—its puppet queen dancing to an alien tune. The Roble Holy Kingdom devoured by demi-human tides, its monarch collared like livestock. Even the distant Dragon Kingdom—collapsed beneath quiet boots and a whip-crack of power.

And all the while, the true enemy had hidden from him—taunting his ancient foresight.

Not anymore.

He felt them before he saw them: the twist in the air, the thickening of reality, the weight of inevitability. Pressure, not of temperature, but of purpose.

Then, they arrived.

A figure in obsidian black armor descended first—a blur of brilliance sheathed in void, two dark wings trailing behind her like the edges of a dying star. Even cloaked, her presence crashed into the fortress like a divine calamity.

Another followed—this one in crimson armor, white wings unfurling in slow, disdainful majesty. Her lance spun idly in her fingers, like a conductor awaiting her cue.

There were no pleasantries.

No final warnings.

No opportunity to surrender.

The Platinum Dragon Lord raised every barrier, summoned every contingency. Dimensional locks. Time freezes. Layered resurrection fields. His fortress—reinforced by Yggdrasil tech—should have bought him precious seconds, at the very least.

It shattered under a petite girl with blonde hair and multiple white wing's pressure like thin crystal.

Tier-10 spells vanished before they could be invoked. World-level enchantments were peeled away as if scraped off by divine fingers.

Tsaindorcus roared in draconic fury—unleashing claws of silver flame and wings of antimagic might.

It didn't matter.

His power was great.

Theirs was *absolute*.

In minutes, he lay defeated—crushed to his knees, bloodied and gasping. His ethereal armor flickered with disarray, sputtering like a dying star. Even his last-resort World Item, hidden in subspace for centuries, was forcibly ripped from existence—neutralized by Shalltear's mirrored artifact.

He looked up with defiant clarity, chest heaving.

“...Who... are you people...?”

A shadow fell across the shattered throne as a massive projection bloomed into the air—an image of a white-haired teen bathed in golden-black flame, smirking like a god peering into his petri dish.

“Who am I?” The voice was soaked in smug amusement and contempt.

“I’m the one who broke your gods, enslaved your heroes, and burned your kingdoms. The answer to the question you were too afraid to ask.”

The projection leaned closer, eyes gleaming like dying suns.

“And the end of your little fairytale.”

As the image vanished, the petite blonde stepped forward and pressed one foot upon the dragon’s fallen body—power radiating from her like a living apocalypse.

Tsaindorcus, the last guardian of the old world, was defeated.

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Nazarick War Room – Minutes Before

With every Guardian mobilized, the battle had become theater—symphony and chaos in equal measure.

Cortana stood beside me, arms folded across her chest as she watched the feed play across the floating screens. Each display shimmered with magic, recording the downfall of one of this world’s most elusive legends.

“Well,” she said, watching Shalltear shatter an arcane barrier with a bored flick of her lance, “that didn’t take long.”

I sipped my wine, savoring its rich flavor. “No, it didn’t. Honestly, I expected a bit more resistance.”

“They say he’s watched from the shadows for centuries,” Cortana added with a tilt of her head, smirking. “All that time... and this was the best he could do?”

“Poor dragon,” I muttered, placing the crystal glass down with a soft clink.

I leaned in, brushing a brief kiss across her lips—warm, possessive.

“I’ll be back in a moment,” I said, stretching with lazy confidence. “I’ve got a legendary beast to collar and sell.”

With a snap of my fingers, I vanished.

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I arrived just as Shalltear stepped away from the defeated dragon’s armored shell. His plate mail lay in pieces, cracked and discarded. His wings were limp. Rubedo stood beside his true draconic body—her aqua eyes pulsing with controlled devastation.

“Lucan-sama,” Shalltear greeted, bowing gracefully. “We’ve secured the target. As ordered.”

I gave her a nod and stepped past, boots echoing faintly against the crumbling stone.

Tsaindorcus still held onto consciousness. His dragon body, though battered, stirred faintly. He looked up at me—not with hope or fear, but a final defiance. The kind I’d seen before. The kind that melted quickly.

“You were the last holdout,” I said quietly, crouching beside him. “The last so-called protector of this fading world.”

From my back, **the Burial Shroud** began to unfurl—ethereal cloth that pulsed with entropy and death. Space itself distorted, bending subtly as it expanded into the air. The moment its aura reached him, Tsaindorcus flinched, ancient instincts howling in dread.

“This world belongs to me now~”

With a mere thought, the shroud split into hundreds of threads—wrapping around his body like ritual bindings, suffused with compulsion.

He struggled.

For a few moments.

Then... silence.

Exactly one hour later, a system ping chimed softly in my mind.

Tsaindorcus Vaision – Captured

“Not bad,” I muttered, stretching. “I got some nice credits out of him.”

I opened a Gate back to Nazarick, the swirling vortex humming with eldritch energy.

“And with that,” I said, stepping through, “the last thorn in our side is gone.”

I paused.

“So close...” I murmured, a wicked grin curling my lips. “Just a few more creatures, and I’ll complete this world’s Pokédex.”