

Chapter 8: Let Chaos Reign the World

(Lemon)

Upon appearing in my bedroom, I walked towards my bed before sitting on the edge and looking at the former Princess with a raised eyebrow in a clear signal for her to get on with it.

Nodding her head submissively, Renner slowly started removing her dress trying to act a bit seductive but since she clearly had no experience in the act, her actions appeared clumsy instead.

A moment later, her blue dress pooled around her feet, showing me that the kinky girl wasn't wearing any undergarments making me smirk as I ran my eyes down her form.

"Naughty, naughty. What would your father say if he knew his precious darling daughter got off on being taken by a stranger?" I teased looking down at her small puffy lips to see that she was already dripping wet and some of her juices were running down her leg.

"Fufufu~ As if I care what that old fool had to say. The only one I care about what he thinks about me is you, Master~" Renner said shamelessly presenting herself to me for a moment before slowly making her way towards me before kneeling on the ground.

"Good answer~" My smirk grew bigger as the petite princess confidently undid my pants before blinking in shock when my junk sprang out and hit her in the cheek.

"...So big." She said a bit nervously now looking at the thing that would soon be going inside her.

"Here let me help ya." Impatient at her taking so long, I brought my hand up to her head and forced her to take me into her mouth in one go.

"Mmnh!" Widening her eyes at the abrupt action, Renner panicked as she choked on my dick trying her best to keep herself from passing out with a few tears appearing in the corner of her eyes.

Keeping true to my earlier words of using her as I wished, I ignored her struggles and grabbed her head before roughly started shoving myself down her throat.

"Gggh! Gggh!"

"That's a nice little throat you have here, Renner. Better get used to this as your duty from today onwards will be to wake me up with a blowjob." I said with a grunt looking down at the mess that was Renner who had her eyes rolled to the back of her head and was only awake now thanks to me channeling magic to her brain to keep her awake.

It took a few minutes but eventually the little princess actually started doing something other than just kneeling there like a doll as she started using her tongue.

"Hmhm I knew it, you're a masochistic slut aren't you?" I asked with a smirk giving her hair a particularly harsh pull and watching as her eyes rolled to the back of her head again and going slightly limp.

"Mmmm~"

"You're not making a very good impression, my little pet. Seems I will have to train you up so you learn that you're not supposed to cum before your Master." A moment later I let myself cum down her throat and watched gleefully as she suddenly came to again and desperately started swallowing.

Unfortunately, she was not able to fully take all my load and some spilled down her mouth before my release came to a stop.

"Haah, yeah. You're lucky you're the only one present here otherwise my servants would have literally killed you for wasting my seed." I said with a shake of my head.

"M-'cough' My-'cough'-apologies Master -cough'. It won't happen again haah." Renner said catching her breath and hastily cleaning the rest of my cum from her chin and breasts and quickly swallowing it.

"See that it does."

Standing up I nonchalantly pulled the little princess to her feet before throwing her face down on the bed with her small but supple ass facing my direction.

Kneeling behind her I smiled as I was presented proof of how much of a slut this little princess was as I ran my finger down her tiny pussy.

"You masochistic slut. You liked that didn't you?" I asked slapping her right cheek getting a moan from her.

"Y-Yes Master~ How could I not be excited at being given attention from such a magnificent being as you~" Renner answered back as she shook her ass with her head turning over her shoulder showing me her flushed face.

“Hmhm then let me give you a reward then~” Grabbing her hips, I lined up my dick with her tiny opening before taking her virginity in one go and sheathing myself entirely on her.

“AAAH~”

“Cummed first again, huh?” I muttered with a slight frown feeling how her insides were trying to milk me dry before shrugging and started thrusting as fast and hard as her little body could handle it.

“Gghha M-Masteeeeer~ Y-Yeees! H-Hardeer! Please ruiiiin meeee!” Apparently gaining a second wind, the little bitch started finally responding and thrusting her hips back against me while moaning so loud, CZ could hear everything.

“Hmhm I plan to~”

(End of Lemon)

I stepped out of my chambers the next morning, leaving the form of Renner passed out on my bed with all her holes filled to the brim and leaking. She had proven her loyalty plenty through the night and morning—little nymphomaniac that she was.

Waiting just outside, CZ stood dutifully at her post. It was her shift to guard my door, and as always, she carried herself with stoic precision. That didn’t stop me from leaning in and placing a kiss on her cheek.

“Morning, CZ~” I said with a playful grin.

A faint blush spread across her usually impassive face. “M-Morning, Lucan-sama,” she replied in a whisper, trying—adorably—to maintain her composure.

“Fufufu, stop flustering the poor girl,” came Cortana’s voice from down the hall, liting with amusement. “She’s much cuter when she plays the doll.”

I chuckled. “Can you blame me? CZ is just too cute when she tries to act unaffected.”

The gentle squeak that escaped CZ’s lips would’ve gone unnoticed by anyone else. But not me.

Cortana approached, her steps graceful and confident, her smirk ever-present. “Still, I can’t say I disagree.”

She pulled me close, kissing me with the ease of a woman who knew exactly where she stood in my world. I returned the gesture, lips curving against hers.

"Shall we begin the day, love?" I asked after we parted.

Her eyes glinted. "Only if it includes a bit more chaos than yesterday."

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Once again seated upon my throne, I looked out across the grand hall where every floor guardian and key servant had gathered. The air was thick with reverence, tension, and quiet anticipation.

I let the silence stretch for a moment before speaking in a grave, steady tone.

"Everyone... I'm going to be honest."

Every kneeling head lifted just slightly, posture sharpening. They were ready—eager—to absorb my every word, as if their very lives depended on it.

A beat passed.

"...I'm bored."

The tension shattered like glass on stone.

An awkward silence followed, until—

"We deeply apologize for our failings, Lucan-sama!" a chorus of desperate voices rang out, their loyalty as absolute as it was dramatic.

Suppressing a chuckle, I raised a hand lazily, silencing them at once.

"As I was saying," I continued, tone slipping into one of amusement. "This world—it's beginning to lose its flavor. Normally, I'd go out and stir up some delightful chaos myself, but since I've given you all specific missions and objectives, I'll refrain."

A wicked smile curled my lips.

“So, here’s my new order: Go wild. Cause mayhem. Let chaos reign. Shake the foundations of this world if you must—as long as you don’t break the rules I gave you, I don’t care how you do it.”

I leaned forward on my throne, eyes gleaming.

“Surprise me. Impress me. Entertain me, my precious denizens of Nazarick.”

A beat.

And then—thunderous applause, declarations of loyalty, cheers, and fanatical cries of,

“As you command, Lucan-sama!”

“Good, good~ Now everyone, with the exception of Narberal, Solution, and Lupusregina, you’re dismissed,” I said with a lazy wave of my hand. One by one, the others filed out, with Cortana giving me a wink before vanishing to continue her tinkering in the Demiplane.

The throne room fell quiet once only the three Pleiades remained, each of them straightening under my gaze.

“I promised you a reward for your exceptional work,” I began, my tone turning more serious. “You fulfilled your duties beyond expectations. So now, speak. What is it that you desire?”

As expected, they hesitated, exchanging glances.

“We are content just to serve—” Narberal began, but I raised a hand, cutting her off.

“Don’t make me go back on my word,” I said with a slight smirk. “You know I dislike empty humility when a promise is involved.”

That did it. The three immediately bowed.

“We would never, Lucan-sama,” they replied in near-perfect unison.

“Then speak.”

A moment of shared silence passed between them, and finally, Narberal stepped forward, clearly nervous.

"If... if I may be so bold," she said, her voice softer than usual. "I wish to stand beside you—not just as your subordinate, but as someone... closer. As your woman!"

I chuckled lightly, genuinely amused. "Narberal, you've always been my woman. But if what you seek is a place by my bedside, then so be it."

Her shoulders relaxed, and her eyes shone faintly with happiness. "Solution? Lupusregina? Your turns."

Narberal bowed deeply, gratitude radiating from her expression, before stepping back. I turned my gaze to the next.

Solution stepped forward, her ever-present smirk nowhere to be seen. "If Narberal gets to make such a bold wish... then I won't fall behind," she said silkily. "I wish for the same, Lucan-sama. To stand beside you—not only as a servant, but as a woman."

I raised an eyebrow, amused at the way she phrased it. "And here I thought you were the type to enjoy tormenting others, not playing coy."

Her smirk finally showed. "Only on those undeserving of your love. But for you Luca-sama... I'd rather be something cherished."

A light chuckle escaped me. "Then you may take your place beside me as well, Solution. Don't disappoint."

She stepped back, a rare look of satisfaction crossing her features.

Finally, Lupusregina approached, ears twitching with nervous energy. "Uhh... well, if those two are asking, then I wanna ask too!" she said with her usual energetic tone—though the tremble in her voice betrayed deeper emotions. "I don't just wanna fight for you, Lucan-sama. I wanna *belong* to you. For real. Not just orders... but everything."

I blinked once, surprised by the earnestness behind her words.

Then I grinned.

"Good girl," I said softly, ruffling her hair. "You already do."

She beamed, her usual playful cheer returning, though now tinged with something more genuine.

Looking at the three of them, I nodded in approval. “From this day onward, you’re no longer just my weapons. You are mine, fully. Serve me, stay loyal, and I’ll give you more than purpose—I’ll give you meaning.”

The three bowed deeply again, this time not out of formality, but devotion.

Satisfied for now I decided to play a visit to my other *visitors*. Unaware of the chaos I had unleashed upon the world.

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Minutes later, I stood in front of a door nestled in the servant’s quarters. I knocked politely—soft enough to be respectful, yet firm enough to command attention.

The door creaked open, revealing a cheerful red-haired girl whose face instantly lit up the moment she saw me.

“Lucan-sama!” Nemu chirped, beaming as she threw her arms around my waist with the unrestrained joy only a child could manage. “Nee-sama! It’s Lucan-sama! He came to visit us!”

I chuckled lightly, placing a gentle hand on her head and ruffling her hair. “Hello, Nemu. You seem well.”

“I am~! Your home is amazing, Lucan-sama. It’s like something from a dream,” she said with sparkling eyes.

“I’m glad to hear that,” I replied smoothly, eyes flicking up as the sound of approaching footsteps reached my ears.

Enri appeared from around the corner, her damp hair clinging slightly to her face—a sign she’d just come from the bath. She paused when she saw me, brushing a lock behind her ear with a slightly flustered smile.

“Lucan-sama! Good morning. Is there something we can do for you?” she asked, her tone polite and warm, though still laced with a hint of awe—perhaps of the status she believed I held.

“Good morning, Enri. I simply wished to check in and see how you and Nemu are adjusting,” I said, offering a smile that felt warm on the surface—but always carried undertones even I didn’t bother hiding anymore.

“We’re doing wonderfully. Truly,” Enri said earnestly, her blush deepening. “This place... it’s more than we could’ve hoped for. You saved us.”

I waved it off with a casual motion. “Only did what anyone in my position should. But I’m glad you’re comfortable.” I glanced between the sisters. “How about I give you two a tour? I’m sure there are still corners of my home you haven’t seen.”

Nemu's eyes lit up like stars. "Yes, please!"

Enri hesitated only briefly before nodding, her smile softening. "We'd be honored, Lucan-sama."

As we walked down the corridor, their laughter echoing beside me, I allowed myself a quiet smirk.

After all, comfort bred trust—and trust always led to opportunity.

'Hehe, now I can add grooming to my checklist.'

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Leaving the happy sisters in their room again after our tour, I made my way to the cell dungeons wanting to change up things up for a bit. I had my share of being good for the day.

Besides, I felt I had ignored Clementine long enough at this point.

Reaching the cells, I caught sight of her sleeping with her hands bound my magical chains against the wall and quietly made my way inside.

"Damn, despite being a psychotic bitch, you have a nice body." I muttered quietly with a chuckle.

Then not caring if I was being rough, I tore her shirt open exposing her breasts and snapping her awake. "Wakey wakey, my new little pet~"

"H-huh? W-what the hell! What are you doing, you bastard!?! Do you even know who you're messing with?" Clementine yelled at me as soon as she discovered her situation.

"Yeah yeah, blah blah blah you're some bigshot or belong to a powerful organization." I rolled my eyes not really caring and instead pinched her nipples hard making the woman slightly wince.

"I don't care about any of that. And you shouldn't either as a matter of fact." I offered the woman a smile, my hands busy playing with her breasts that thanks to Sticky Fingers, she was enjoying even with the murderous glare she was sending me.

“What you should care about is how you’re going to use that body of yours to satisfy me in the next few minutes if you don’t want to end up being eaten alive from the inside my monster cockroaches.” I casually said with a happy smile enjoying the way her eyes, so defiant and angry just before, suddenly shrunk in fear and she stopped struggling.

“W-who the hell are you? What do you want?” Clementine asked much more subdued now.

“Didn’t I already tell you?” I asked with a tilted head. “Seriously, prisoners always ask redundant questions. Here I’ll make it simple for you.”

Stopping from molesting her breasts, I stood up and pulled my junk out, with it slapping her in the face. “Start licking.” I ordered with narrowed eyes before I let my presence slip for a moment killing any defiance from the woman.

“And be aware that if your teeth come anywhere near it, they’re coming out and you will take a little trip to Cockroach land.”

With a glare on her face, Clementine looked at me with both hatred and fear in equal measure but nonetheless did as asked.

“Good pet~” I praised patting her head like a dog with a smirk on my face.

Hours later, I walked out of the cell adjusting my pants and leaving the former member of the Black Scripture slumped against the wall with a fucked stupid look on her face. It hadn’t taken long to break the girl with all my cheat perks and powers.

“Hmhmhm I think I’ll pay a visit to Tuare and her sister next~” I chirped to myself with a skip in my step.

While I was enjoying myself though, things in the world were not looking so bright.

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Days Later

In the northern reaches of the Baharuth Empire, cities once teeming with life now stood as smoldering ruins. The sky itself wept crimson as Sebas Tian walked silently through the charred remains of a fortress, his silver hair untouched by the soot and blood that coated everything else. Behind him, silent columns of undead fell into perfect formation, the only sound the crackle of flames and the distant screams of those still hiding.

Above, a massive skeletal dragon wheeled through the smoke-choked sky—Pandora’s Actor, in the guise of Shalltear, directing the siege with meticulous efficiency and theatrical flair. His laughter echoed across the desolation like a macabre symphony.

"Dance, you little worms! Struggle! Make this entertaining for my creator! For Lucan-sama!"

Meanwhile, Cocytus led a frozen tide southward. Entire armies shattered before his advance, their weapons frozen to their hands, their blood turned to ice within their veins. Villages vanished beneath glaciers overnight, monuments to the unwavering command of the Supreme Being.

"We conquer in His name," Cocytus rumbled as he drove his halberd through a resisting warlord, hoisting the man high before impaling him on a rising spire of ice. "Glory to Lucan-sama."

Elsewhere, Albedo soared over the capital of a once-proud nation, clad in black armor that shone with unnatural luster. She needed no army. Her presence alone was ruin. Each building she passed collapsed as if bowing to her, and resistance melted in terror before the wrath of the Overseer of the Guardians.

"Your gods have failed you," she declared, her golden eyes alight with devotion and madness. "But we bring you a new one. Kneel before Lucan-sama... or perish."

As the world trembled under their boots, Nazarick's Guardians unleashed themselves upon every corner of the continent, not for conquest alone—but to entertain the god who had given them purpose.

Slane Theocracy

In the heart of the collapsing Slane Theocracy stronghold, dusk fell hard and fast—like a curtain of blood. Rubble lined the courtyards. The once-proud banners of the Six Great Gods now lay in tatters, singed and soaked in ash.

Hovering above the battlefield in regal, gothic elegance was Shalltear Bloodfallen, clad in crimson armor with a pair of white wings at her back. Her red eyes glowed with anticipation, her lance at the ready. The scent of blood filled the air like perfume.

Across from her stood the rumored strongest warrior of the Theocracy—Zesshi Zetsumei. Her expression was cold, her mismatched eyes narrowed with focus. Adorned in enchanted black and white vestments, her divine-class gear glimmered faintly under the twilight.

"You've done well to kill so many of our soldiers," Shalltear said, floating gently down to the cracked earth. "A shame it ends here."

Zesshi didn't respond with words. She dashed forward—faster than most eyes could follow—her scythe cleaving through the air with the intent to kill. But Shalltear was faster. A whisper of mist, a flicker of movement, and the blow passed through empty space.

Steel clashed with fingernails like diamond. Zesshi gritted her teeth, forced back by sheer monstrous strength as Shalltear caught her weapon one-handed.

"Strong," Shalltear murmured with a smile. "But not *that* strong."

Zesshi screamed and released a burst of holy energy—enough to purify a battalion. The explosion blasted the courtyard apart, shaking stone and sky alike.

When the dust settled, Shalltear stood untouched, licking blood from a cut on her lip. Her smile deepened.

"That hurt... I like you."

With a shriek of power, Shalltear struck back—piercing through Zesshi's armor with a lance of blood. The half-elf fell to one knee, breathing raggedly. Her weapon was knocked from her hands, impaled to the wall.

Still, she glared up. "If you're going to kill me, do it."

Shalltear tilted her head. "Kill you? Oh no. *You're a gift.*"

In chains imbued with binding magic, Zesshi was bound—unbreakable, sapping her strength and suppressing her heritage. The vampire's voice became a purr as she leaned down beside her defeated foe.

"You'll be quite the trophy for Lucan-sama. He's going to *love* unwrapping you."

Roble Holy Kingdom

The sky over the Roble Holy Kingdom burned crimson, smoke rising from the once-proud capital as Demiurge stood at the highest spire of the Grand Cathedral, his golden eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

Behind him, a chorus of screams and the clash of steel echoed through the streets. Nazarick's forces had descended like a storm, crushing resistance with terrifying efficiency. Angels summoned in desperation were swatted aside like insects. Knights who once prided themselves on honor now fled in terror from monstrous abominations crafted by the devil himself.

At his side stood several captured nobles, their hands bound and their eyes wide with disbelief. Among them: the Queen of Roble, Calca Bessarez, still in her ceremonial armor; the High Priestess, Kelart Custodio, her white robes stained with ash; her big sister, Remedios Custodio, clutching her broken sword and glaring murder at the demon; and Neia Baraja, squire and would-be future cult leader, whose scary eyes looked hollow, helpless at their situation.

"You stand on holy ground," the Queen said through gritted teeth, refusing to bow. "Your blasphemy will not go unanswered."

Demiurge smiled politely, hidden cruelty underneath. "My dear Queen, I commend your spirit. It's not often I meet one who dares to speak so boldly after witnessing what I've wrought. But let me clarify one thing—this is no longer holy ground. It is now part of Lucan-sama's domain."

With a snap of his fingers, the remnants of the clergy were dragged into the cathedral, where magic circles lit up beneath their feet. He turned to the women, tilting his head like a teacher to misbehaving students.

"You will all serve a greater purpose now," he said smoothly. "Fear not. In time, you'll learn the glory of submission to our Supreme Being."

The Queen shook her head defiant. Remedios tried to leap forward, only to be held in place by an unseen force.

And Demiurge... simply laughed.