

"I'm sorry, My Lord, something just broke, might I be so brazen to ask you to please repeat what you just said?" Albedo smiled gently towards the crystal clear image of Ainz Ooal Gown projecting into her room, the ground cracked at her feet and the ottoman she was near shattered to pieces.

"To better control the Re-Estize kingdom, we need to establish a foothold within the political landscape, and to do that, we need to have a connection to a noble house." He understood that he was asking a lot of his loyal follower, but when the plan was brought forth by Demiurge, it made quite some sense, even if it would make the Succubus' skin crawl. "So you are to marry Philip Dayton L'Eyre Montserrat for them to be a stepping stone. With their name, and information gathered by you, Shaltair, Aura, and Mare; You will be able to blackmail and coerce other nobles of higher standing and forge ties that we can manipulate in our attempts at peace with the Sorcerer Kingdom."

As a purple haze seeped off of Albedo, Ainz knew that if he had flesh, he'd be breaking into a cold sweat through this hologram call. The wood of the bed was being worn away as the poison she emitted made everything in the room rot and decay. Her smile was still on her face, but the rage, disgust, and hate were clear to see. Those golden eyes of hers were bugging out of her head as her body quaked.

"He is simply a puppet to control, act as his wife until our mission is complete, and I can grant you a reward that shall make you weep of joy." Now he just had to figure out what exactly could fit that bill. "I will contact you for a status update in one month, I expect to see results from you, understood?"

"*Yes... my... lord.*" Each word had to be forced out of her gritted teeth, nothing in the world had ever been so difficult for her to do, but for Ainz Ooal Gown, she would do anything.

"Farewell." And with that, his magical call ended, allowing Albedo to rip a post off of her bed frame and smash it against her nightstands, end tables, and desk. It quickly was reduced to nothing but splinters, but the black haired beauty kept attacking and destroying everything in her room to deal with everything she was feeling, and she didn't stop for a long while.

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In less than one day after telling Philip of the Master's orders, he had been able to bring to life the wedding service he drafted the very day he first met Albedo. Though everything seemed to have been a spectacular failure.

To start off, a massive thunderstorm had surged into town, the heavy winds and rain causing damage to everything that was delivered to the banquet hall to be severely

damaged. The flowers were pelted to be only stems with a sad amount of petals barely clinging to life as it drooped sadly. All of the food was now ruined and the cake had been torn apart so only chunks of it remained, varying in edibility. A few of the guests had actually been struck by lightning on their way over here, though Albedo wished one of the bolts had hit Philip instead.

The only thing that had gone "right" by any stretch of the imagination was the wedding dress that the monster girl wore. And even calling it a "dress" was giving far too much credit to something designed by Philip. The material looked high quality, but in reality was made of cheap fabric that was irritating and scratchy. Luckily, there was almost no material making up the dress. Unluckily, there was almost no material making up the dress.

The entirety of Albedo's back was exposed, her legs weren't covered whatsoever, giving that fat and gorgeous ass of hers the freedom it rightfully deserved, the very top of her cheeks visible before a criminally short stretch of cloth fell down her voluptuous backside, leaving nearly nothing covered. And with such an open dress, it was impossible to not notice that the bride was wearing no underwear.

As well, Philip didn't seem to understand the concept of gravity when designing the chest portion. The dress did cover her nipples, although barely, however, without the use of her magic, they'd fail even at doing that. With nothing wrapping around her neck or body for support, magic was required to keep herself from exposing her breasts to everyone there, but what she was forced to wear for this asinine human ritual had left almost nothing to the imagination as it hugged her curves so tight that too deep of an inhale would rip open the near skintight dress.

And to add insult to injury, the chest was open as well, leaving a massive dip all the way down to her navel. It was truly a miracle of failure that someone could design something so open, yet so restrictive, at the same time.

The only thing keeping all the uppity nobles from talking about how perverted her dress was, were the big black wings erupting out from her lower back and unfurled to partially cover her shameful form. Everyone was gossiping about how anyone could marry a monster, so it might have been a good thing that her veil was placed in such a way to make it seem like her horns were merely a headdress.

Sitting away from those haughty nobles in their soaked and disheveled clothes were a trio of perfectly immaculate guests who would not have missed this for the world. Shal tear had an insane smile on her face that scarred away everyone who got close to her. Mare sat with his head down and toyed with the fringe of his dress while peeking up to look at Albedo and Philip at the altar every once in a while when he gained enough courage. And Aura had originally laughed at Albedo's predicament, yet seeing that it was no joke, the petite dark elf just had a look of pity.

"Aren't these dresses supposed to be white?" Mare quietly asked her twin.

"It *was* white, but then she put it on." Aura whispered back.

It was true, the flimsy dress had once been dyed white, but the sheer malevolence and malice that Albedo was generating had forced the material to quickly darken in the brief time she had it on before the service even began. It even caused the destroyed bouquet to die in her arms.

Every normal person in the church felt awkward about the situation before them. As the priest was reading off the ceremony, the bride was grinding her teeth in pure anger, the groom seemed to be unable to accept reality, and this day just seemed like a terrible nightmare. But at least it was going to be over soon.

"Do you, sir, take-"

"I do." Philip didn't even let the man finish before he answered.

"And do you take Philip Dayton L'Eyre Montserrat to be your lawfully wedded husband?" Even the priest felt a chill running through his body thanks to how terrifying it was being so close to Albedo.

"I.." She had to fight the bile coming from the back of her throat. "D-d-d-do!" She snarled out, making many guests flinch in fear and one particular vampire burst out in laughter.

"You may kiss the bride." With those words, Philip dove forth to kiss Albedo. Despite her towering presence, the woman was only 5 foot 6, and the embarrassment of a man managed to be taller than her, so he used one of his hands to push up her chin and press his lips against her.

Trying to deepen it, his tongue pushed past her lips, but found her grit teeth as a wall. Not letting something like consent bother him, Philip let his other hand move to rest on Albedo's nearly free ass, grabbing a thick handful and shocking the demon so much that their defenses weakened just enough that he could capitalize on it and force his tongue inside of her mouth.

While she fought back the urge to bite his tongue off and ruin the plan her master had given her, Albedo decided that the next best thing, that wouldn't result in bodily harm to him or anyone else in the room, would be to try and shove it out with her own, but he had far more experience than her in this form of combat.

To Philip, Albedo was just being a bit feisty as she fought against the lip lock to assert her dominance, but he wanted to be the one in charge for right now. As his other hand slid down too, the Demoness felt her skin crawl. She wanted to rip his hands off his body and beat him to death with them, but she couldn't give anyone here a proper look at her strength and ferocity. But with his fingers digging deeper into her derriere, Albedo figured that she could show off a *small* amount of her strength as she cut his fun short by forcing his hands off of her and pushing him away from the kiss.

Although she scowled with disgust, all that Philip saw was a woman who was desperate for more, but they couldn't do that with an audience.

"I now pronounce you Man and Wife." The priest started to shuffle away as soon as his words finished, and dozens of nobles stood up to leave as quickly as possible too, but none of them were as fast as Albedo.

She was moving incredibly fast despite wearing such a restrictive piece of clothing, leaving Philip in the dust as he ran to catch up to her.

As she opened the doors to thunderclaps and heavy rain, not a single hair on her body seemed affected by the storm, just like her three companions from Nazarick. However, not one of them cared enough to share their charm with Philip. The newlywed man hurrying after his bride and trying to get her to stop and board a carriage ready to take them home, but getting no responses of any kind from her, and each time he reached out to her, she was always able to get just out of reach.

He chalked it up to the storm, it was far too loud for her to hear him, and it was making him slip up. And so the husband walked with his wife the entire way back to their house in the extraordinary heavy rain.

After a brief stroll Albedo walked into Philip's house without a single drop of rain on her figure, while the blond man was struggling to remove his soaked clothing.

As the monster walked to her destroyed room to draft plans and organize her information, her, ugh, *husband* called out to her. "I'll go bathe and change, then we can have some more fun, sweetie." His eyes were glued to her ass, somehow able to ignore the sound of the stone crushing beneath his wife's feet as he focused on how her derriere quaked and rippled.

Finally alone in her mess of a room, Albedo breathed a sigh of relief before she sat down on a new desk one of the help had brought in. Lord Ainz had expected a report from her in one month, but she was going to bring this kingdom to her heel before then. The faster she had this done, the faster she could rid herself of Philip and find herself back with her one and true master.

Her hand was a blur as she wrote down and organized her information. Finding out which nobles she could bend to their whim, which to kill outright, or which she had to blackmail to bring her mission to completion. She splayed her papers out on the table to better connect this web as she tried to deeply understand each and every piece on the board.

"Here you are." A voice interrupted her thoughts as her door swung open. "Why are you in your old room when we just tied the knot? You've not even stripped off your wedding dress." Philip walked around the debris covered room in his bathrobe as he let his finger play with his messy blond hair. "Oh, I understand, you're nervous."

As he spoke, Albedo just tuned him out while she was writing down instructions for Aura and Mare to follow in making a hunting "accident" take out a noble who always went out every Saturday for his hunt.

"Well, you don't have to feel so shy with me, my love." He put his hands on her shoulders to massage away her stress, giving himself a reward by looking down at her quite sizable twin. Only stopping as the two obsidian wings flapped up to push him away, creating a sort of dome around her head and the desk.

"Seeing as this is our wedding day, I was thinking that we might continue what was happening back in the church, now that the prying eyes are no longer an issue." Philip undid the sash keeping his bathrobe closed.

Choosing to ignore the world's dumbest man standing just two feet from her, Albedo continued writing different reports and instructions with seals and traps to keep those that weren't meant to open them from discovering anything more than a gruesome death.

"Aw, just look at how cute you are, so coy that you can't even pop out of your shell for your husband. Well, I'm sure we'll have all the time in the world to work on that." A hand of his went to masturbate. "So for right now, I'll be generous enough to let you stay in your comfort zone."

Letting his eyes take in every inch of her godlike form in such a slutty dress, he grew to full mast in no time at all. Her soft and pale skin contrasting greatly against the black fabric. The material was digging against Albedo's curves as it desperately tried to hide what little it could.

Her long and toned back showed off all of the muscles she had just beneath the surface, as well as the muscles for her wings that he could see staying taut as she hid herself away in prudishness. But the real treasure was just slightly lower.

Those wide, motherly hips and world class ass were clear to see. Her butt was so big that it was spilling off of the side of the down-stuffed stool she sat on. Just begging to be touched, to be slapped, to be grabbed, to be kissed, his head was spinning at everything he could do. But for now, he would leave her be, this night he would let her stay in her shell, but afterwards, he would be a man on a warpath.

Her thick and supple thighs were so perfect that any man would feel pure elation from resting their head in her lap, but Philip was more interested in what was between them. Her untouched flower just dripping in anticipation of his cock, would she let her hair be free down there? Or maybe she shaved herself bare? Either way, he could see her legs wrapping around his waist as she came, begging him to cum inside and breed her.

He nearly came from picturing how her sweet and innocent face would disappear because he shoved his cock up her tight cunt and let her become the slut she really was, but he wasn't going to let himself cum so quickly, there was still her best asset to explore.

Circling around her, he saw her breasts moving up and down, swaying with her breath, imagining her panting for breath in a post-sex bliss, or screaming out his name as he painted her insides a pure white, or best of all, those creamy tits of hers spraying out milk as he sucked them until they were sore. He could get lost in the canyon of her breasts and die a happy man after witnessing the greatest creation god ever made.

With a gut-wrenching groan, his climax shot forth, rope after rope of his hot goop landing on Albedo's body. Leaving stains of white on her wing, thigh, and somehow even managing to hit the underside of her breasts and stomach.

Shocked and confused by the hot sensation hitting her body coupled with that peculiar noise, Albedo lifted up her wing to see what was happening. Doing so, she could see Philip's hands vigorously pumping back and forth on his penis, his body having countless red marks littering it, the injuries from walking in the rain so long with no protection. But her observations were stopped as a wad of white shot from his member and landed squarely on her face, a trail from above her left eyebrow to her nose and down to her mouth, the heavy cream even dripping from her chin to her cleavage.

It took a few seconds for her to register what happened, giving ample time for even more semen to paint her body. Finally having everything click, Albedo had a look of murder upon her face, she shook with anger and opened her mouth to scream. In doing so, she let his final shot land cleanly in her mouth, the salty and disgusting taste making her instantly recoil. Trying her damndest to rub off her tongue with her gloved hands, Albedo stood up from her chair so quickly that she knocked it to the floor. Her body was still quaking from a tempest of emotions, but for now, all Albedo could say to Philip Dayton L'Eyre Montserrat, was that she was going to go take a shower.

Watching her rush away, Philip just admired his handiwork as he felt the soreness of the rain finally wash over him. "I'll see you tomorrow sweetheart, I can see that the wedding has really tired you out. While you're already a goddess, I understand that women need beauty sleep as well." She was long gone by the time he finished, but he still flashed his smile as he left for the master bedroom.

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Having scrubbed herself clean for several hours, including using a vast assortment of toiletries on her tongue, Albedo finally felt well enough to leave the shower. She ordered one of the servants to dispose of her wedding dress, preferably with fire, and changed back into her usual attire of a long white dress that covered infinitely more than the one Philip made.

Finally feeling comfortable in her own skin, if even for a brief period, the floor guardian had got back to work and continued to make more plans to deal with more pieces of the puzzle. Thanks to a ring in her possession, neither sleep nor hunger afflicted her body, meaning that she could work at every second of the day, every day of the week, and deal with the mission Lord Ainz left her at ludicrous speeds.

She would calculate that her preliminary steps were about 60% completed before the nuisance came back.

"Hello my love," Albedo cringed at his words. "I noticed that you never came to our bed last night, what's wrong?" The blonde man put his hands on her shoulders once again and tried to give her a massage.

"I have been doing what Lord Ainz instructed and am planning the beginning stages of a political insurrection to create a power vacuum that we can easily take control of and appear as heroes to gain public support in our wish for peaceful communication with the Sorcerer Kingdom." Albedo didn't stop writing as she held back her temper, gaining goosebumps from his touches.

"You say that, but you've been ignoring one of his orders." Philip chided as he leaned over her and smiled. "And don't you pride yourself on doing everything he asks?"

His words made her brow furrow as she stopped writing, he could see the succubus trying her hardest to think and thought it was adorable. "From my recollection, I am doing precisely what Lord Ainz ordered. I ma-" She nearly threw up. "I ma...ri...ed you." That word was nearly impossible to say. "And with your name I can use it as-"

"No, no, no, not that." He interrupted her. "Asides from being my jaw dropping and adorably shy, our boss said that you need to be my wife."

She finally looked at him in his light blue eyes. "I am." She could feel her soul dying when she said that.

"Yes, but you have yet to perform a single wifely duty." He tapped her nose with his finger. "We should be on our honeymoon right now, but you have been holed up in this room for ages. While you're excelling in one of his requests, you're failing spectacularly in his other."

She wasn't even trying to hide her scowl. "And so what, pray tell, would be considered my 'wifely duty'?"

Looking upside down at his wife's smile, Philip moved his hands from her shoulders to slip underneath her dress and molest her tits. "You haven't once gotten me off."

Quickly taking action to remove his unwanted advances, Albedo swatted his arms away as she spoke. "It has been fifteen hours since you..." She snarled. "Ejaculated on my face and body. I cannot see how I have failed at anything." The raven winged girl didn't think anything of his comments about wifely duties, but the thought of there being an even 1% chance that she was failing Lord Ainz made her heart fill with dread.

"Ah you see, therein lies the issue." He rubbed his stinging wrists as he spoke. "You didn't do anything during that. I used your body for masturbation, but, in your adorable bout of shyness, you just sat there. I let you be bathed in my seed, while you just did nothing."

"Now, unless you want me to report your failure to Master Ainz, then you need to help me deal with this *large* issue." He pulled himself up and undid his zipper, letting his dick fall over Albedo's shoulder and press against her cheek. Hearing her pants, Phillip was picturing his beloved blushing bright red and intoxicated by his musk.

In reality, Albedo could only hold herself back from impaling this proud and arrogant man because his death would impede her master's plan. Taking deep breaths to keep herself from exploding, the monster finally replied.

"Do what you wish and be on your way." She figured appeasing him this once would make him give her some time and space, as well, if he was right, then nothing would be reported to Lord Ainz of her unknown failure. But like giving a crying child the candy they wanted, if you give an inch, they take a mile.

Taking his cock off of her shoulder, the noble grabbed her stool and dragged it along the floor to make space between his wife and her desk.

When she turned to him, he was already walking around her into the opening. His semi-erect member lined up with her chest as the tip was going through her golden fishnet and pressing against her breasts.

"Now, now, this is your task to complete, and I want you to use your godlike breasts to do the job." He closed his eyes as a smug smile threatened to split his face, missing the death glare she was directing towards him.

She wanted nothing more than to rip him to shred and hear his cries of agony as she slowly and maliciously tortured him. But the fear of failure held far more resolute than her hatred of this man. Baring her fangs like a rabid animal, she pushed her breasts together as she leaned forwards and engulfed his cock in her deep cleavage.

"Ahhh~" Philip's head rolled back as he put his hands on the desk to keep himself upright. While he felt elation from Albedo's touch, the golden eyed beauty forced herself to not gag at the feeling of pre-cum spilling across her bosom.

"Come on now, you can't just keep me in suspense, jiggle them around more, really have fun with it." He gestured for her to keep going, not knowing just how close to death he was dancing.

With a thick misama pooling at their feet, she stiffly moved her breasts up and down as thousands of curses and incantations cycled through her mind, hoping to find one that would make him impotent, but nothing came to mind.

"You've got the right idea, but you need to work on your form." Putting a hand on the back of her head, he pulled his wife by her hair to reposition his dick. Now having the tip of his shaft pointing out of her boobs through another hole in her golden fabric, his pre-cum oozing head just inches away from her mouth. "Now, try again, but this time, use your pretty pink tongue." Leaning back once more, he added a comment to his words as Albedo opened her mouth. "And sweetheart, I wouldn't want to have to call Lord Ainz ahead of schedule just to tell him about how you've failed him within days."

Nearly frothing from the mouth at her seething rage, the loyal servant of Ainz Ooal Gown bent her neck down and opened her mouth and bared her fangs, despite every fiber of her being telling her to bite down, she went against all of that and gave his cockhead a slow, agonizing, lick. The disgusting salty taste of his pre-cum being just as abhorrent to her senses as the spunk she spent hours trying to scrub from her tongue, but it left an even larger dagger in her heart due to the fact that she had willingly done this.

"Keep at it, you can't expect a little lick like that to be enough, and you've still gotta move those marvelous melons of yours, it's as simple as tapping your head and rubbing your belly." He found a wonderful sense of joy in teaching his wife how to properly service him,

and this was merely the beginning of what he imagined would be a long and beautiful marriage.

Continuing her hell on earth, the monster moved her breasts alternately, up and down, as she used her tongue to work on his slit, nearly gagging from the sticky glop getting stuck to her taste buds and the repulsive heat coming from his erect cock.

Despite the fact that she wanted this over quickly, Phillip dashed her hopes as he kept stopping her to chime in and layer her with more and more wads of pre-cum, his vitality being quite a nuisance as nearly thirty minutes later, she was still awkwardly licking and massaging his dick with her breasts.

With a groan of dissatisfaction, Phillip pushed Albedo's head off of his cock. "I can't believe that someone as perfect as you is incapable of figuring out such a basic skill after I've been tutoring you so diligently." As he chided her, he wagged his finger as his dick slapped the top of her breasts.

As he walked away from her, Albedo felt a strange sense of relief from finally being freed from her disgusting task. "After I get a servant to properly suck me, I'll go and report your failure to Lord Ai-

"WAIT!" A loud cry of fear rang throughout the mansion.

Philip turned in shock back to his wife, the thought of her being scared never seemed possible in his mind, but it was so powerful, that even an idiot like himself could see it clear as day. So he didn't know what to feel as an expression of horror was etched across her beautiful face.

"Rather than discussing such topics with Master Ainz, perhaps we can come to an agreement, I will-" Albedo tried to keep voice clear and level as she spoke despite the cold terror having flooded her being at failing Ainz, but she couldn't finish her sentence before she was interrupted.

"You will put more heart into you Wifely Duties." Phillip stated. "Rather than being coy and shy, I want more passion and vigor in your actions, no more half-assing it. You need to properly worship my cock." Phillip spoke plainly, as if this was a simple matter of fact.

Her scared expression instantly turned to rage as a fire burned in her eyes. "I shall do no such thi-

"Farewell then." With a wave goodbye, Phillip marched towards the door, his hardened shaft still free in the air.

As soon as one step was taken, he felt a rush of air blow through the room and arms wrap around his waist. The grip tightening as Albedo, on her knees, was hugging Phillip to push his cock back between her tits.

This time, Albedo cut off Phillip, as he opened his mouth, only moans came out as her tongue was trailing along his glands and slit with intense ferocity. As he found his footing once more, Phillip placed a hand on Albedo's head and pet her. "It seems that you are quite the dotting wife."

With her face pointing downwards to service his rod, the idiot noble couldn't see the veins protruding on her neck and forehead as her entire body was shaking in anger. Wanting to do nothing more than burn the two of them alive; Phillip to kill, and herself to cleanse her body of such foul acts.

"Come on now, you have to start moving your tits too, or should I just go and call Ainz?" He teased the woman as within less than a second, she moved her hands to her breasts and pressed them together to create a vice, putting far more effort and strength into her motions than anything she did before, making a unique routine of alternating how she moved her boobs to never repeat the same motion until she repeated the cycle.

Her new tactics seemed to be working as Phillip was placate and put his hands on her horns for a form of support. And while he was enjoying each and every second, the demoness prayed for the end to come soon.

After ten more minutes, the only ray of hope she had was that the rich man finally seemed to be at the end of his rope. His hands had a white-knuckled grip on her horns, his breathing was uneven, and... putridly enough, she could feel his dick twitching non-stop in her hold.

Her mind was so distracted by the sheer negativity and anger she felt towards Phillip that she was too slow to notice that he was on the move before it was too late. He used his grip on her horns to shove her mouth down onto his cock and take everything it could, thrusting his hips against her tits to force every inch not hugged by her breasts to be in her gullet.

It was such a shocking action that Albedo was unable to stop herself from gagging as she felt his thick head poke against the back of her throat, unwittingly giving the man she despised more drive to fuck her face as hard as he could. With her head being thrown back and forth as his stench filled her nostrils, she could feel saliva and pre-cum mix and swap in her mouth as it covered his dick in a slick coating that dripped down into her breasts and stained her outfit.

When his thrusts finally came to an end, the young maiden thought it might be over before coming to a harsh realization as she could feel it surging through her mouth. A flood of

semen blasted down her throat as she tried to hold it back, but she was left to quickly choke on it as it blasted out of her mouth and onto her chest. With her only options being to choke or swallow, Albedo felt betrayed as her body acted without thought to keep her breathing. His thick and gooey cum being swallowed audibly as he held her face against his cock for what felt like an eternity.

Finally pulling her head off of his dick, Phillip still had a bit left in the tank, and he wanted to leave quite a show. Now with his cockhead in her mouth, her cheeks started to bulge out in her attempts to swallow, but he kept going back, yanking her head off of his dick as he thrust into her tits to spray her face and breasts with his cum. Leaving the dark angel with far more than a pearl necklace.

As Albedo opened her mouth to spit out the spunk filling her mouth, Phillip pressed her tongue down with his thumb and hooked his index finger on her chin, letting his own essence drip down his fingers and splatter over her alabaster breasts and golden mesh. While Phillip felt so good that he could swear he was flying on cloud nine, Albedo still kept her grit and fierce hatred clear to see in her eyes, her feelings only reinforced by his actions. She so desperately wanted to bite off his thumb and make him choke on it, but as soon as it was there, it was gone.

Putting his cum covered hand on her lap, the blond man was dangerously close to her core. "This was a fantastic job, my love, I have a meeting with other nobles, so as much as I'd love to stay, I need to collect the debt they owe." Trailing his hand up to her stomach, he wiped away his seed and left behind a completely obvious stain. Blowing her a kiss goodbye, the idiot left without realizing the purple fog that had rolled over the floor, disseminating harmlessly throughout the house as he left the door open.

While in any normal circumstance Albedo would wonder what man would be dumb enough to borrow money from Philip Dayton L'Eyre Montserrat, this was quite easily not normal. Her fists were shaking at her side, her face looked so terrifying that even a mindless beast would flinch upon seeing it, she wanted to kill someone, and by a terrible turn of fate, that person was one of the only humans she was not allowed to murder.

Deciding that staying here to stew in her anger would be far more disgusting and unproductive, she chose to once again take a bath and scrub off each and every cell of her body that he touched. It's unfortunate that cleaning supplies were not available in the bathroom, she would have downed their strongest cleaning agent to clean her throat and stomach.

Finally coming out of her boiling water shower, Albedo found that her outfit she gave the servants had not been washed and delivered back to her. While she hated what Phillip had done to it, that was a near indestructible magical armor that was gifted to her by her

original creator; Lord Tabula Smaragdina. Wrapping herself in a towel, the raven haired woman walked to her room and found a maid going through her closet.

"What are you doing?" Her single question held such a chill that the female servant instantly felt every hair on their body stand up.

"I-I-I- I'm doing what Master Phillip asked of me." The short girl kept her head down as she faced her mistress, beads of sweat dripping down her face. "He said that I had to replace all of your clothes with these new ones he ordered."

"I ordered my dress to be cleaned, where is it?"

"I-that-Lord Phillip gave us specific instructions to get rid of each material of clothing that you own and stock your room with exclusively the outfits he has given you." They answered as quickly as they could, their heart trembling as Albedo stared through them.

Seeing as her servant was on the verge of a panic attack, Albedo put her finger on their chin and made them look her in the eye. The face of sheer horror became subdued as she showed them her godlike smile. She was granting the maid one final thought of hope and joy.

Before then gently tapping her finger up against the maid's chin; tearing her head from her body, leaving grey matter, skull fragments, and blood to splatter off of the roof and drip down, while blood surged out of what was left of her neck as her corpse fell to the floor.

Taking a sigh as she enjoyed the little things in life, Albedo threw her towel to the side and opened her dresser to see just what she had left. The first reaction from her was her raven wings twitching and drooping down to the floor, as her jaw dropped and eyes widened, one of the most powerful creatures in the world felt a deep and heavy pit form in her stomach.

"Fuck." Was all she could whisper out.