

The night was filled with a quiet unease. From the nobles in their ivory towers to the beggars scrounging in the streets, everyone could feel it. The winds of change were blowing, and what they brought with them were terrifying unknowns. There were only a handful who didn't seem bothered by the weight of such change, and it was the monsters who set this all in motion.

While Shalltear would have preferred to slaughter and purge everyone in power the first day they arrived. Simply implant Lord Ainz as the true ruler of the Re-Estize Kingdom and be done with it, Albedo knew better. She was equally disgusted in needing to play to the humans to make them feel complacent, but if they weren't, then riots and revolts would play out far and wide, birthing a revolution against such a violent takeover. The humans needed a legitimacy for what happened to welcome a new ruler with open arms, and that's exactly what the last month had been planned for.

All the intelligence gathered, misinformation spread, strategic 'accidents' that befell staunch defenders of the current king alongside those who held a claim to the throne. It was honestly easier than she'd ever expected. The nation was already so unstable that the masses yearned for a new ruler to deal with the struggles and pain they experienced from a government that did nothing to truly help its citizens.

The knife would strike tonight, swiftly and quietly as their coup commenced in earnest. With only a few pieces moved, the most difficult pieces would be taken off the table. The Vampire and Dark Elves were each leading their own assault against the most important elements, letting the humans who joined their side remove the lesser pawns from the table. And in the center of it all, Albedo listened and gave orders through dozens of verbal message scrolls, an Angel of Death watching the city below her with hauntingly beautiful golden eyes and billowing black hair.

No warning was given, no final words allowed, and nothing was held back. Every move was made solely to kill. In under thirty minutes, Albedo's month of tireless, and in the end mind breaking, work had been brought to fruition. With only a handful of losses due to human ineptitude, she had done it.

Taking off glasses she put on to grant telescopic vision, Albedo let the reality of her victory sink in. Everything was finished, false documents planted to tie the Montserrat household to the royal bloodline, legitimate heirs slaughtered and bodies already being prepared to be given to Lord Ainz in case of any corpse puppeting being required to smooth over the transition from unforeseen factors, all she had left to do was to bring forth a procession to bring in the new rulers. She felt this joy well up inside of her as she descended from the night sky and entered her home through the open balcony.

Philip has been sitting nearby, a bottle of wine open with two glasses. Never doing anything correctly, he had already drunk prematurely and was a touch tipsy. Yet, the man had actually read the room correctly for once as he stood up to hand Albedo her glass, her beautiful face etched with a brilliant smile.

Moving past his extended arm, Albedo gripped the collar of his ensemble and pulled him into a kiss. Her tongue delving into his mouth and working harmoniously with his. After her acceptance of his feelings for her and her own growing emotions for him, Albedo seemed to fill her roles as a succubus well. Now instead of Philip catching her in situations where she couldn't say no, she was nearly jumping him to get more and more pleasure.

Letting the glasses shatter on the floor, Philip moved his hands to fall on her ass. For this night, Philip had left a kimono in Albedo's wardrobe for her to wear, a collage of red spider lilies painting the black fabric that loosely fit on Albedo's body, with a hole over her lower back to allow for her gothic wings to freely move and show themselves. Said wings now curling around the two of them as they embraced.

Pulling back for breath, Albedo looked her husband longingly in his eyes. Philip smiled back at her while his hands reached beneath her kimono and kneaded her doughy ass, stoking his wife's desires something fierce. "Well, if things went so nicely, why don't we try and celebrate?"

Even without his tone of voice or matching look of lust, Albedo already knew what he meant and finally felt the same way he did. While she was thinking about whether to fuck him on the bear rug in front of the fireplace, to just drop to her knees here and start working, or to actually do it on the bed for the first time in the last few days, Philip had a very fun suggestion.

"You know, you've only flown me once before, I wonder how it'd feel to be so high. The two of us all alone together with our bodies the only thing to help keep those cold winds away."

Growing wet from the idea, Albedo quickly pulled her wings away from their embrace and flapped them back. Portraits and books and papers were knocked around from the gust of wind, but soon the two were outside of the mansion and gently keeping a stable height in the air. Throughout the entire time, their hands continued exploring the other's body. Albedo unbuttoned Philip's shirt and pants to feel his bare chest and insatiable cock press against her.

Philip was in a touch more of a precarious situation as he asked for flying sex without any means to fly himself, but with his hands wrapped around Albedo and her legs locked around his waist, he didn't have anything to fear. Just removing the gray band wrapped around her waist that was tied into a beautiful bow let her mountainous melons swell forth and expose her dripping sex.

Dying to get things started, the two didn't care to build up to it. They were both starving for more and they both would be happy to please.

Rocketing his hips against hers, Albedo's operatic voice rang out freely as she felt his shaft pump inside her. She pulled his body closer, her brain was going fuzzy, her wings beating harder, her heart going faster.

While Albedo was being stuffed and fucked without a care in the world, Philip couldn't stop thinking of the looming danger of fucking in the middle of it sky, and it only made the pervert more aroused. His hands spanked and slapped Albedo's ass while he nibbled and pushed his way to bury his face in his wife's bosom.

Her wings grew more erratic as things kicked into high gear. Philip's teeth leave bites and marks against her perfect pale skin. Even if the marks faded quickly, it just made leaving them all the more worthwhile. But it was when his lips wrapped around her dripping nipples that Albedo felt her head go blank. Ever since she began to lactate, the sensitivity of her breasts skyrocketed, a fact that Philip loved reminding her of every time he could.

While his mouth filled with milk that he avariciously swallowed, the noble's tongue teased Albedo every second it could. With both peaks being sucked by his mouth, the brainless blond sent shocks up the genius tactician's spine with every slow drag she felt.

Growing more unhinged as she was putty in Philip's grasp, Albedo's thrusts grew uneven and sloppy. Her strong arms and legs pulling her beloved closer and feeling him deeper inside her. She wasn't able to focus on anyone beyond the climbing rapture she was feeling building to a beautifully crescendo.

Smothering Philip between her milk jugs, Albedo's toes curled as she felt his cock splitting her in two. How his shaft seemed perfectly matched with her cunt. How she knew deep inside her that she *had* to drain him of every drop she could get and not let anything go to waste. She was his and he was hers, now and forever. She had to do this until the end of time, to stay here and experience Philip's unending love.

Feeling her walls tightening around him, Philip pulled up from his glimpse of heaven to roughly kiss his true love. Her milk still rolling down his cheeks and the taste coating his tongue, giving Albedo a taste of her own shockingly addictive milk. His hips bucking and grinding to help take her over the edge, to make her screams of jubilation soar across the darkened sky.

Overwhelmed by the sensations, Albedo's eyes grew hazy and her wings were beating as fast as her heart. Literally reaching cloud nine as she moaned into the kiss. Giving into the current of pleasure, the warmth of their animalistic fucking feeling all the hotter against the cold winds.

Tearing one hand away from her godly ass, Philip grabbed at Albedo's cascading hair to break their kiss by yanking her back. Her moans now being tinged with her masochistic cry made Philip all the closer to his own climax. Leaning in closer, their hearts pounding in their chests and euphoria climbing higher and higher, Philip bit down on Albedo's neck.

Fire flooded her veins. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth. Her curves quaked and clapped as her wingbeat kept them aloft. Albedo couldn't hear her own melodious torrent of moans as their synchronous heartbeat was all she understood. The heat pumping inside her core sent her mind spiraling as Albedo saw fireworks.

Throughout the mind-bending orgasm, Philip was still as insatiable as ever. Thrusting and groping and biting and licking every spot he could reach and leaving Albedo's powerful body feeling like she could barely stay together by the end of it.

Finally coming down from her orgasm minutes later, with her husband's ministrations still not ending, only now did she consciously realize how high she brought them both. The vast city was but a mere splotch on the ground as she held her lover in her arms. Everything else in the world was so small and insignificant in comparison to the undying fire that Philip helped grow within her.

Seeing the sun beginning to rise out on the horizon, Albedo knew they had to get back down and make sure to seize control themselves so no power hungry human would try anything. Though feeling Philip's cock still grinding against her insides, maybe she could stay up here for a few more minutes.

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"And that concludes my briefing, Lord Ainz." Albedo's nodding head was projecting through a crystal ball to communicate to her all powerful ruler within his royal throne room. A strange choice in Ainz's mind for her to wish to communicate in such a way, but he didn't question it further.

"I gave you one month to insert yourself and gather information and allies, yet you managed to go above and beyond the tasks asked of you and insert yourself as the new Highness of the Re-Estize Kingdom... I don't have the words to praise your devotion and drive to the Sorcerer Kingdom," though internally, Momonga was reeling at Albedo being so great that she could honestly give him a run for his money at organization and planning for their future success.

"Think nothing of it, my Lord..." Albedo seemed to hesitate. After giving a fine tooth comb of details and information in concise and eloquent ways, she struggled to say something more.

"Albedo," his voice alone made her snap back to her normally dutiful self. "You have conquered a nation with a handful of helpers and quicker than I could ever have expected. You still have yet to tell me something. Is it a request I can fulfill? It would be the least I could do to reward your triumph."

"Lord Ainz..." her eyes stared at him with wonder and piety. Taking a breath to steady herself, she made her selfish desires known. "I wish to stay here and continue ruling, if you would be so gracious to accept my request."

"I see..." Ainz Ooal Gown had a contemplative look on his skeletal face.

... Though in reality, Momonga was feeling quite different. *'That's it? I needed someone there to keep Philip from ruining everything and to play the role of the ruler anyways to help keep peace and make proper trade deals to help legitimize the Sorcerer Kingdom in the eyes of the masses. That's not really much of a reward, but if that's what she wants I guess she can have it.'*

"Very well. I dislike losing such a close companion and invaluable general, but you may enjoy your time within your role as the Queen of the kingdom. However, know that I still shall call upon you for assistance if the time requires such. But for now, I wish you good tidings with your reign. Demiurge and I need to draft out a peace treaty between our two lands. It would be best for the sake of publicity if we take the first move rather than you."

"I thank you for your generosity and leniency in my selfishness, my Great Lord." Albedo would have been bowing and groveling at his feet had she been there in person.

Feeling awkward beneath Albedo's continued praises, Momonga tried to think up some way to quickly end the call. "The treaty should be finished before long, I will bring a show of wealth and kindness. I will personally appear there to march within and meet the populace to show goodwill. Unless anything should occur in the meantime, we will be meeting each other face to face once again very shortly."

Cutting communications, Momonga sank into his chair with a breath of relief. *'Well, better go and tell Demiurge the news. Maybe Cocytus could help with the military discussions and sharing borders.'*

While the world's strongest skeleton called forth others to help his command. His loyal succubus felt a weight fall from her shoulders as her perfect ruler deemed her worthy enough to stay.

Though Albedo now felt a horrible fear at Lord Ainz harboring a jealousy towards Philip once he discovered that the human had managed to steal away the heart of his one true love and most devoted servant.

Elsewhere, Shalltear felt her mood sour for no explicable reason.

But despite that fear, Albedo knew her king was wise and true. She simply needed to get her thoughts in order to best explain how she felt and what happened between them. Though revealing her pregnancy would either make him fly into a horrible rage or grant them his blessing. She couldn't quite determine which.

Succubi pregnancy only took roughly two months to fully come to term, perhaps she could delay any meetings until post birth and never need to tell the whole truth? But if she did so, then she'd need to hide the child's aging to maturity over 3 years. That would definitely fall to pieces, she had no choice but to come clean sooner rather than later.

Feeling hands rub at her shoulders to try and help her remove stress, Albedo moved into the touch as she felt Philip kiss his way down her head and towards her ear. "So the man up top let you stay. Well that's good, otherwise I'd have given him a piece of my mind."

That was exactly what she was afraid of. "Philip, why don't we focus on something else now that that matter is settled?"

Kissing his way down her neck and groping her breasts in this white mini-tube dress, Albedo moaned and bit her lip. They had just finished the coronation hours ago, and while she wore a grand cloak alongside Philip, underneath, she had worn this. A simple pink one piece that could barely contain her curves as her tits threatened to spill out if she bent over a few degrees, and at the bottom, her ass was entirely too big for the outfit to even begin to cover. Had she not been wearing a regal cloak like was tradition, everyone in attendance would have seen the new queen's salacious states of dress and the purple panties she had on with a flower embroidery. Her wings were forced to stay hidden, lest she had opened the cloak and revealed her lurid self to everyone.

Though as Philip pulled her top down to let her breasts free, Albedo couldn't say that she wasn't aroused by the thought.

"I had a thought you'll enjoy." Philip said, nuzzling against her body and biting gently against her ear. "I know exactly what the first thing we should do as King and Queen of Re-Estize."

"And that is?" Albedo mewled as one hand rubbed against her covered cunt, a wetness staining through.

"Follow me and you'll see." Pulling away and holding her hand in his, the oaf of a husband led his goddess of a wife out of the study and personal. The two smiling and giddy as children as they snuck through their own palace to make it to the royal bedchambers.

Closing the door behind them, Albedo's knees were rubbing together in anticipation while her breasts began leaking milk. She really did gain some of Philip's worse tendencies, or perhaps, she simply awoke to what was already there?

Standing before the mattress that was used by the previous king, covered in linens and sheets and blankets that cost more than most of the populus would make their whole lives, Philip felt the world telling him he was completely right.

"Get on the bed."

Practically buzzing in excitement, Albedo followed his command, crawling over the bed while giving a perfectly clear view of her mountainous ass and the drenched panties she had on. Turning her head back to him, her tongue wet her lips as she waited for what was next.

“On your back, and grab your legs.”

Her wicked smile only growing more, Albedo did such. With her legs raised up, the panties dug against her slit and hid absolutely nothing.

Walking up to the end of the bed, Philip undid his pants and let his erection rest against her dripping cunt and gave one last order. “Beg.”

“What?” Albedo was so shocked at Philip not just instantly fucking her, she didn’t think before she spoke and got a swat to her exposed ass in response.

“I want the Queen of all Re-Estize to beg to her King.” His grin grew while he slowly, agonizingly, slid his monolith against his beloved’s eager quim.

She’d only begged before when she still absolutely hated the man that knew her body better than even her divine creator. With the two of them now finally at an understanding of their emotions, why would he have her beg now?

It seemed she was stuck in her head for too long as another swat struck at her and she felt her body was on pins and needles from the teasing.

“You told me that you want to handle all the politics and drama. I relented because I found that spying and warfare wasn’t to my strengths,” Philip reached a hand forward and tweaked one of Albedo’s dribbling nipples, sending her head flying back and her juices dripping down onto the world’s most expensive bedspread. “My strength is you. I know everything that you want and I’m being the greatest partner in the world by giving it to you. So while you rule the kingdom, I rule you, and you want me to. ”

To prove his point, he ran a finger across her hands that still held up her legs. “I’m not as strong as you, but you’ve been staying perfectly still and obedient, waiting for me to put it in. You *could* turn the tables and fuck me until the bed breaks, but that’s not what you want,” he kissed his way up her chest and onto her lips. “So I want you to beg. To tell me exactly what you want your ruler to do, and I’ll decide whether or not you deserve such a reward.”

Albedo’s mouth hung open in shock as she processed what Philip said. She had come to terms with how her heart vied for Philip while her mind insisted on Lord Ainz –a perfect man who was so obviously obsessed with her– and finally gave into the temptation left before her after being forced to satiate Philip again and again. With how their relationship was built on him forcing himself on her, the Succubus with no context of how a proper relationship should work had assumed this was normal and now presumed that such submission must also be normal.

Learning so much about the way relationships worked, Albedo took an unsteady breath through the shocks of pleasure her body felt from his minor touches.

"I want you to use this dick that's speared me countless times before to reshape my insides yet again. To pound into my slutty pussy so hard and for so long that I pass out drowning in heat and passion," the words she spoke weren't in the tone Philip expected. Rather than fervent and needy, Albedo spoke the same way she had when talking to Ainz. She wasn't begging to see her own pleasure sated, she was pleading her fealty before him and seeking his graciousness to fulfill it. And realizing that his woman was treating him just like that bag of bones she once said he'd never hold a candle to, it made him harder than diamond as he pulled her drenched purple underwear to the side and bottomed out inside her with one powerfully thrust.

Loving how her moans reverberated across the room, how her perfect skin was so soft and smooth to the touch, how her cunt wrapped around him perfectly. Just everything about the woman of his dreams went above and beyond. Even after having done this so many times, he hadn't stopped being so impressed and fixated with her.

Gripping one of her horns in his hand as he looked down on Albedo from above, Philip couldn't describe the beauty before him. Her gasping chest dribbling milk over herself, the slightly frazzled hair that framed her angelic face, those rich eyes rolling up her head until she was surprised at Philip's grip on her horn, her stomach where her pink dress bundled up and how she was carrying his child. It was all just beyond godly.

Stroking her cheek with his other hand, he let his thumb drift over her lips and without hesitation Albedo parted her rosy red lips to suck on it. The simple image of seeing his wife doing so burned itself into Philip's head.

Not holding a single iota of strength back, Philip pounded his bitch breaker inside of his true love all while keeping one hand on a horn and his thumb in her mouth.

Unable to keep herself from turning into a moaning mess against Philip's unending barrage of pleasure, Albedo felt his thumb brush over her teeth and she simply followed the feel of the world in this moment as she gently let her shining white teeth trace across his finger until he pulled down to make her jaw open.

Even while her powerful mind was awash with pleasure, Albedo intuitively understood exactly what was wanted of her. Letting her long tongue loll out of her mouth and give Philip the show he was dying for.

Her lewder acts and expressions drove Philip to be an unstoppable berserker. Power neither knew he possessed surged forth as his cock arched and pressed against never before felt parts of Albedo. Had she not already been pregnant, then Philip wouldn't have stopped this mating press until she was.

Pulling his hand down, Philip's fingers wrapped around Albedo's slender pale neck. Once more he made her eyes wide in excitement as he pushed further and further in shows of power. When



the pressure grew Albedo's hips began to grind harder against his while she wore the lewdest expression she could.

Albedo knew she was in no danger, even as Philip's grip grew tighter. Her lightheadedness was solely from how much submission turned her on. With her history, Albedo only understood sex as a transaction, it took her heart slowly being chipped down to awaken the emotional climax that came with it, but now? Willingly subjugating herself to the man who barged his way into her heart unlocked a whole new aspect of reality. One that she would experience again and again this day alone.

Putting her hands on the ruffled clothes over his chest, Albedo could only pull Philip closer as she couldn't hold on much longer. "I want you," her eyes struggled to focus on him while the words gasped from her mouth, "to ruin me. I want to come feeling husband's perfect cock flooding my cunt."

Her words weren't shouted from the top of her lungs, but once more a humble request. Seeing her sweat dripping body that was quaking in pleasure while her dulcet tones spoke with such reverence and desire, Philip leaned in for a kiss as he came.

The bed shook and creaked while Albedo's own cry of pleasure was muted by her lover's deep kiss. Feeling his heat shooting inside her, her body trembled, euphoria sweeping over her. The urge to act on her own and wrap her legs around Philip flashing in her mind, but she stayed servile and in position. Her orgasm felt all the sweeter as she relented control.

She lost track of time as Philip continued, obeying every order that he gave and soon finding herself blacking out, her King giving her exactly what she wanted. Afterward, she couldn't remember anything of her first night as Queen of Re-Estize, just an overwhelming sense of satisfaction and arousal that she would then beg Philip to sate.

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Putting down a scroll reporting on the harvest of this season, the Queen quickly did calculations for the rations required in her trade agreements with the dwarf kingdom, the military, and her citizens to keep them docile. It would be tight, but so long as water magic was used still in the areas suffering from drought and the new pesticides proved effective, then she had nothing to worry about.

Just thinking about all the troubles being a ruler brought her made the monster woman close her eyes and rub her head for a moment.

"Solis, do you know where your siblings are? I want to make sure they're not about to cause any trouble. Or your father, for that matter."

At the other side of her study, sitting on a couch with a book as big as his head, the little blonde boy didn't look up as he spoke. "Cloud should be feeding the pigeons and Angela is with dad in the greenhouse."

"I see, so the usual. Thank you, Solis." Getting up from her desk, Albedo walked over to her son and ruffled his hair. While the boy didn't change his expression or say anything, his black wings fluttered as he enjoyed the head pats.

Giving him a kiss on his head, Albedo left through the balcony and flew up to the bird nests that had settled on the top of the castle. "Cloud, how long has it been today?"

The boy with his mother's black hair and wings was flying in a far more lax manner while he gave the birds bread and leftovers. "I think I started flying at eight? And what's it now?"

"Five."

"So that would be..." he started to count up on his fingers. "That's nine, but when I tried to have lunch, Angela grabbed at me and yanked me down so I wouldn't cheat at jump rope. So I guess it's more like four hours of non-stop flight?"

"You love being up here so much that one of these days I swear I'll find you flying in your sleep." Albedo smiled before pulling her youngest son close and tickling his belly. Cloud laughing and wings flapping all the while. When she pulled back and let their little fun end, she left him with one last note before moving on. "Just remember to wash yourself properly after coming in contact with animals." Albedo used a cleansing spell as she spoke. With all her family being at least part human, they didn't have the resistances she had as a pure monster.

"Got it, see you at dinner mom!" The boy eagerly waved off his mother and his pigeons mimicked his actions.

Going from one of the highest places to one of the lowest, Albedo flew down to the greenhouse near the back end of the castle. Hearing the sounds of laughter echo off the glass paneling. Opening the door as gently as she could, the Queen watched as her King was sketching out their baby girl. The blonde girl with her golden wings laughing her little head off as she played with the living plant Mare had gifted Albedo after she could no longer hide her pregnancy from the others. It might have taken close to a year to grow, but the toddler couldn't get enough of it. Enjoying the plant's curious pokes and how it helped her fly around when she still struggled to do so herself. All the while, Philip was just a few feet away and drawing his daughter having the time of her life.

"You've gotten better at that." Albedo draped her arms around his shoulders and took in the sketches of her little angel. "I still remember finding the ones you did of me."

“Still can’t believe you busted open my safe like that, I felt like I was going to die of embarrassment from you seeing all my work before it was completed.”

“As if you could focus on one long enough to complete it.”

Philip dramatically gripped at his heart and swooned. “I can’t believe you’ve so easily killed me. Struck me right through my heart.”

Hearing her parents snickering from their banter, Angela turned to look at them and toddled over. “Mama!” She raised her arms up and used her wings to keep her unsteady steps from falling over.

“How have you been today, my little sweetheart?” Albedo moved swiftly and swept her child off the ground, peppering her face with kisses as she spun her around. “Did you listen to Dada?”

“Uh-huh.” she nodded her head along.

“And did you have fun?”

“Yeah!” She lifted a little hand up, listing off what they did today on her cute tiny fingers. Getting some fresh bread from the cooks this morning, walking with ‘the shiny men’ to see the park, and every little thing she saw and did along her day. And her mother listened to every word.

“She still has some trouble understanding what the guards are for.” Philip walked over and ran his hand over her head.

“I don’t know, maybe I should change their name to ‘Shiny Men’.” Albedo joked to her husband.

“Angela, deary, do you want to go and play with Solis?” Her father asked and she nodded.

“Then let’s go get him.” Philip smiled at her and the three walked back to where Albedo’s little check-up run began.

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Closing the door and saying good night to her last child, Albedo walked her way to the master chambers, but at the door Philip stood waiting.

“You know, midnight tonight will be the one year anniversary of our rule.” She already knew he had something in mind when she saw his smile.

Swallowing the anticipation in her throat, Albedo played coy. “Oh yes, there are celebrations planned and speeches to be made,” putting her arms beneath her chest, Albedo made her massive tits seem even larger as she pushed them up. The copy of her original dress showed

just how much her body had grown from having three children. Her boobs pressing against the golden spiderweb, the metallic threads holding them back as they squished against the binding in attempts to be freed. The openings beside her heavenly thighs had been filled out far more to the extent that she had a small struggle when walking and couldn't possibly bend over. It was a testament to Albedo's stubbornness that she refused to even extend the measurements from what her Lord Tabula created.

"I think I know just the way we can truly celebrate it."

Wrapping her arm around his, Albedo's golden eyes twinkled in the low light. "By all means, lead the way."

The two had gotten so much busier with ruling and caring for their children that these activities couldn't happen nearly as often, but that didn't mean both of them had gotten bored. How could they when their partner was a ravenous beast that brought them to the edge of pleasure countless times.

Walking into the throne room, Albedo already knew what Philip was implying, and she used a simple spell to lock and mute the room. They had tried to keep things less public due to the impact it'd have on their rule, but every once in a while the two could indulge in their fantasies.

Letting Philip walk ahead, Albedo pulled up her dress. She'd prefer not needing to send this replica to the tailor for repair yet again, but it seemed that Philip couldn't help ripping this outfit off of her. After all, it reminded him of when they first met and how he fell in love at first sight.

Somehow managing to bundle up the bottom her dress above the stupendous ass she had gained, Albedo's wet core was exposed and uncovered as she saw Philip sitting on his throne, his shaft hard as iron. Both of their eyes were staring enraptured at the other, and both could feel the gaze in the low light room.

Stepping her way to the throne, Albedo didn't entirely remove her dress, simply keeping the lower half above her hips as she knew exactly what she was going to do and that her legs were going to be spread doing it.

"My King, it has been too long since we last joined, and for that I must apologize," the last time they had sex was a week ago, which meant it was ungodly long for the two fiends. "Please let me make amends for such transgressions."

"But of course, a King should not say no to such..." he caught the reflection of her golden eyes in the moonlight. "An enchanting offer."

Standing before his throne, Albedo sat herself on Philip's lap, their breaths hot on the other's lips. Her thighs seemed to struggle to fit between the armrests, but the two were far more focused on Albedo's slick slit grinding against his obelisk. "May I?"

While Albedo was only trying to stay in her bounds as her love's submissive, to Philip, he thought his wife just enjoyed being the world's greatest cock-tease. "Anything and everything." he spoke, voice laced with lust.

Albedo grit her teeth as she dragged her core against his, sparks flying before she even put it in. Philip gripped at the arms of the throne as he saw his plump wife line up her soaked pussy before seating herself down.

A moaning hum came from Albedo's mouth, her hair falling over her face as her head drooped in pleasure. Her hips moved in a slow and powerful rhythm, each motion she'd take everything down the the base and grind her hips to eke out that much more pleasure before pulling herself back up until just the tip remained, her heavy ass clapping as she shifted about.

Leaving one hand on Philip's shoulder to steady herself, Albedo used the other to go behind her neck and unzip her collar. With nothing strapping them down, her cantankerous cans burst forward, leaving the golden thread to droop and fall over her stomach. Her pink peaks still overflowing with milk as white beads dripped forth. Digging her free hand against her tantalizing teat, Albedo played with herself and made sure Philip got a show to remember.

Her giant jugs shook alongside her skillful twerking, sinking her hand into her breast, Albedo knew just how little she could hold and how much it drove Philip crazy to watch. Her fingers sank into her chest, her hands beyond full. She was just as slow and methodical as she was with her thrusts. Her hand dug as deep as it could, raking fingers across her pale skin in a trail of beautiful red, milk spilling between her fingers and trailing down her body.

Pulling and twisting one nipple as slow as she could get away with, Albedo's cunt grew tighter at the stimulation, her golden eyes peeking through her dark hair and barring all her emotions. Moments like these were the only times Albedo would admit anything was even greater than her own Creators, when she felt as close to Philip as she possibly could.

Knowing exactly what he wanted as his eyes bore into her chest, Albedo leaned herself back. Giving herself a bigger distance from her husband while making his shaft hook and press against her from an even deeper angle. While her toes curled, the succubus didn't let it distract her from her objective. Gripping her milk-filled tit, Albedo hefted one up and dragged her tongue along until she reached the tip and wrapped her luscious red lips around her peak.

Drinking her own milk, Albedo flicked and slid her tongue against her sensitive tip. Pleasure surged through her body and as she felt Philip's cock twitching inside her as he pumped to meet her thrusts, she knew that he loved it just as much as her.

Letting her breast down, Albedo leaned her head back and exposed her neck as she swallowed every last mouth watering drop. When she looked back down, a blush was clear across her face and her mouth was parted as she panted like a bitch in heat.

Happy with the work she put forward, Philip took his hands off of the armrests. He had been struggling to hold himself back, but after such a wondrous display, it would be rude to let her do everything. Slamming a hand down against her thick thighs, Albedo's body shivered from his spank. Taking a page from her book, the usually incessant man didn't go as fast as possible. While he still put all that he could into his swats and thrusts, he doled them out when the time was right. Smacking Albedo's expansive ass when she reached the apex of her squat before digging his cock as deep as it could go right before she bottomed out. Turning his already beautiful wife into a drooling mess.

Time didn't matter to the lovers. They could only focus on the other, every movement, every touch, every breath. It was more than their wildest dreams. Teasing bites and kisses criss crossed their bodies, each and every part revered and loved to the fullest.

Her climax coming in, Albedo's breathing got heavier, her eyelids fluttered, her grip strengthened. It was so tempting after all this time that her hips got faster, rocking the throne as she rode her husband like a woman possessed.

With Albedo sitting on his lap, Philip could do little more than take what his wife was giving. Her moans grew louder and the clapping of her curves hastening with her pace. The succubus showed just how much a level 100 monster could do, her hips turning into a blur and leaving the throne to groan under the strain of her lust-fueled motions.

Watching her body move beyond all human capability to experience her first orgasm of the night all while coaxing his own to fill her inviting cunt, Philip spoke the words that filled his mind. "I love you."

Pulling him into a kiss, Albedo's eyes were rolling as she felt her dam burst. She tried to keep her legs going, but one slipping off the chair stopped that. Instead she and her husband could only grind and hump as they both were overwhelmed by love.

Feeling his burning seed flood her womb once again, Albedo didn't know if she was pregnant again, but she would be after this was finished.

Breaking away from the kiss with a heaving chest, Albedo rested her head against Philip's shoulder before dreamily turning to look at him. "I love you too," her hand brushed against his cheek.

Turning to catch her gaze, he grabbed her hand and ran his thumb across her digits. "I love you more," he smiled teasingly in return.

Enjoying simply holding and being with their other half, the two stayed in their picturesque state for a while longer. Hands entwined and hearts beating in sync. Content, at least for now, in the afterglow of their love.