

Hello to all readers, this chapter was made possible by my patrons who voted for Albedo to get some love, and also allows me to tell anyone who's curious what happened to the proper chapter 3. I had written the entire thing out to 12k words, and then the commissioner never responded when I asked to be paid for my work before I sent him the document. So it's stuck on patreon until someone pays for it, and has been like that for over half a year I believe?

But you can vote for smut stories if you join the patreon, and even suggest ideas, or join the discord I have for any updates I have on stories. Links to all are in my bio.

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Walking in the darkened back alleys, her footsteps were almost nonexistent. Her black attire fit well with the task at hand, but she believed herself to be more than capable enough to do this even if she had been wearing the most garish and eye-catching colors imaginable.

The shop was closed, everything was at this time of night, leaving everything that much easier for Albedo to deal with. The magical protections were nothing she couldn't get around, she had barely even taken note of their presence before casually making her way through and using a consumable item Lord Ainz had supplied her with to pick the lock and open the door without so much as a creak.

Had someone been just outside the door, even they wouldn't hear her heels click as she walked, even the buzzing of live alchemical insects had stopped. Her magic prevented even a single sound from escaping the room.

Albedo had the exact look of a thief, despite the fact that she was only here to slip an extra ingredient to a potion her target had commissioned. Removing the retired guard captain from the board would leave her that much more free in her upcoming coup.

She chose from the cacophonous closet a catsuit that hugged every single curve on her body, leaving only her neck uncovered and a deep 'v' on her chest. Not from the suit being made that way, but from the fact that Albedo's chest was too large for the zipper to close. Her winged-back could only slide in thanks to her ability to seal them within tattoos. Even as she looked in the mirror and could see how the latex material outlined even her bare breasts with shocking detail, she shivered in thinking how this was the best option she had before her.

Moving past the countertop and into the back rooms, Albedo quickly found exactly what she was looking for in the low light from the shining moon. Unzipping her front, the succubus had to find a different way to safely carry the herb she required, and with no pockets or bag, she had to make do with placing the small black box beneath her breast. The latex left her body sweating with how terribly it dealt with heat, but the box kept the plant safe as she opened it and poured the ground substance inside the bottle. Corking it and stirring the mixture, there was no visual change, good, nobody would question anything.

Just as quickly and just as quietly, Albedo made her way back to the Montserrat estate, never once making anyone aware of her existence. She had awoken before dawn to ensure the best chance to achieve her goal, and here she went, back to bed, returning to her newly refurbished room without Philip moving a peep or the help realizing she had left the house.

Now all she had to do was wait, and by later today, the news would spread of her target's death. For the first time in a while, Albedo had a decent rest...

That was, until the sun rose and a clatter came from outside, Albedo held the pillow around her head while Philip saw his wife's discomfort and valiantly ordered the help to check what that was.

Waking up with bleary eyes, Albedo saw the blonde man returning to the room with a box in one hand, identical to what she had used last night, and two envelopes in the other. Still unaccustomed to the human need for sleep, Albedo's brain was attempting to find the words to ask while Philip spoke up.

"There was some man at the gate, apparently he came to 'reimburse your purchase?'" Philip read what was written on his wife's letter and was unsure what exactly she had bought.

The seal on the box and the letter was of a local herbalist, the same one whose product she had used last night. "Reimburse?"

"The delivery boy came around and said something about a bad shipment. The gatekeeper couldn't even ask what he meant before they sprinted away to fix their other deliveries." By the time he finished, Albedo rubbed the sleep from her eyes and covered her body with a sheet.

"Give me that." Albedo reached her hand out and Philip handed over the box, the simple palm sized container having an identical crushed herb to what she had used last night.

Opening the note fully, Philip read aloud. "We at Apothecaring would like to apologize, a contamination occurred recently that made our ingredients inert, and anything purchased in the last two days shall be replaced."

Sitting on the bed, Albedo wondered if God had some twisted sense of humor. This time she had controlled every possible variable, *including Philip*, so she would not be duped by some weird and bizarre action he took. Yet here she was, thwarted by something she had no means of possibly knowing about. Her life truly felt as though she was just a toy for any grand creator out there who enjoyed her suffering.

Now she would have to rework her plan, deal with the target in an alternative way, search for some alternative method, but she wasn't sure how she'd keep on track to finish setting up the

coup before Lord Ainz checked in by the month's end. The panic of failing her great Master began to set in, her breathing grew heavy, her hands gripped her scalp, the world was-

"How fun! I've been invited by Lord Galahadrian du lac Pendraken to his men's party." Philip had read the second letter, completely blind to the raven haired beauty stumbling into a panic attack.

Blinking once, twice, Albedo scrambled forward from the bed and let the sheets fall off her body just so she could grab the paper from his hands. She didn't want a repeat of the last time he had gotten a letter. The mages and contractors had only just finished repairs.

"... You actually are..." She couldn't believe that *Philip* of all people would ever receive an invitation, especially from a man who, by all accounts, would hate everything about the pampered and imbecilic man. "*You* have a connection to Lord Pendraken?"

"Well, my father did, he told me that they were the ones who started this monthly men's night party, but only fellow gentlemen were ever invited. I guess he heard of our marriage and has chosen now to bring me into the fold." He was so wrapped up in his own head at the thought of what it might be like inside of a place he'd dreamed of entering since childhood, that the perverse man didn't even oggle his wife's naked body.

"Perfect, and the letter says it's tonight, so we can-"

"I don't mean to cut you off." He interjected. "However, the invitation is exclusively given to men, women aren't allowed to partake. The only women allowed have been hired to service the men there."

Albedo felt frustration rush through her body. "Philip, you can't be serious this is-"

"I know you're upset." The airhead didn't bother to look at the pale beauty or her bristling black wings, instead moving over to his closet. "But don't you worry, I'm not even going to look at another woman while I'm there. Why would I when I have the best woman in the world already married to me?"

"I'm trying to tell you that-" Her brow twitched and she felt her anger grow.

"Yes my darling, I know that if I go I'll miss our usual nightly activities, but I'll be sure to make up for that." He was oblivious to Albedo's emotions.

"I'm going to murder-!"

"No! No! No! None of these will do." Grabbing a suit from the closet, Philip began walking away, leaving Albedo naked in the room with a look of burning hate in her eyes. "I'm off to see the tailor, I must purchase something grand for tonight."

The door closed and left Albedo alone in the quiet room, where all she could do was breathe and try to prevent herself from destroying the room all over again.

If the dinner was such short notice and women could only be the help, then there was a simple way for her to make her way inside, even if she loathed the plan coming to mind. Yet, if it prevented her failure, then she would swallow her pride and do it. She'd swallowed far worse already, Philip made sure of that.

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Finding out the services Pendraken was using took little time and effort. The gossip surging from the upper crust socialites also helped her discover exactly what was expected of the girls, and what they would be wearing. All people in attendance were given domino masks, so she'd be able to hide in plain sight among aristocracy and escorts, and Philip's terrible assortment of clothing left her unmoved by what the uniforms consisted of, they were still all better than anything she had access to. Before lunch had ended Albedo had her plan set up. Leaving her to spend most of the day mentally preparing herself.

While the men began to come in and the women were being dolled up at the backside of the estate, Albedo had simply hidden her wings after using them to stealthily enter the home and joined the hustling and fast paced back rooms that were lined with mirrors and make up and costumes racks.

Her state of provocative dress from the closet today did catch a few eyes, but barely anyone really cared about some assumed new girl.

Just as she predicted, the uniform was far more covering than most of her clothes. A dark pair of leggings hugged her curves, in heavy contrast with the white leotard that wrapped over and under her torso to her back. Even after picking the one with the biggest sizes, Albedo's curves really were beyond human, with how the bottom of her outfit sunk into her ass and stretched the pantyhose to their limits, alongside her breasts threatening to spill out of the cotton costume. Capping off the outfit was a set of white gloves, and a simple white tie that dipped into her heavy cleavage. With the black mask that hid her identity, Albedo knew that she also had to deal with her horns. The outfit had come with one last item to place on her head, but it'd arouse less suspicion this way.

Moving out of the room to obtain a moment of privacy, Albedo used a consumable item that Lord Ainz had gifted her, allowing her to alter her appearance for a brief time. So now her disguise was complete, and her devilish horns became a pair of fluffy white bunny ears.

Ready to search for her target, the demon followed the line of women grabbing server trays and was given near entirely free reign to explore. The party wasn't anything as organized or scheduled as the upper-class ones she had taken part of, it was more a free for all of rich men

socializing and eyeing up the hired help, all of the men seemingly emboldened by their own masks that hid their identity.

Maintaining cover and following calls for her to come over at calls of “bunny girl” and “fat tits”, Albedo nearly broke one man’s arm when he casually groped her ass as a means of saying ‘thank you’. She’d deal with them after she became queen, with the man’s height, build, and bushy mustache, it was obvious that he was one of the wretches who allied with Lyton to gain more power. Did he think a mask alone would be able to hide such an obvious clue to who he was? Humans really were dumber than she gave them credit.

Letting the more bubbly girls look for deeper tips and to swindle the partygoers out of their money, Albedo searched around elsewhere. The house was even grander than Philip’s and took a shocking amount of time to traverse, and with enough drunken guests taking advantage of the opportunity before them, beyond getting some touches and writing down more people to kill off after she’d ascended, the succubus also turned corners and opened doors to see the costumed women being given far more than just the tip.

Despite her hatred of it all, the experiences she had been put through with Philip lead to all those touches leaving the stoic guardian far more frazzled and rushed to end this all.

Following a trail outside of the house, Albedo stood on a private garden with tall hedges hiding this pocket of space within the large yard. Her target finally in sight, the old man sitting on the rim of a fountain with women practically throwing themselves on him. The ex-captain had apparently helped deal with multiple riots and preserved the status quo of the empire and made many high class friends when doing so, such were the other elderly men that were swapping stories and casually groping women while laughing at the jokes and stories they shared.

Feeling her skin crawl, Albedo knew she’d have to go into the middle of that to slip her reagent into his drink. The potion she had attempted to slip in before would have a terrible reaction with the new ingredient added, the special order had been a stamina potion. While Albedo now realized what that potion was for, she certainly didn’t want to be on the receiving end of it.

She’d get in quick, deal with the disgust, and go. She would not accept failu-

Before she could close the gap, a pair of arms wrapped around her back and dug heavily into her chest, grasping at massive handfuls of her tits and nearly making her breasts fly free of the cloth covering of her leotard. Her blank expression transformed into a snarl in an instant, and she turned to face the man stupid enough to do this, only to be kissed on the lips.

“Oh darling, you didn’t think I wouldn’t recognize the only beautiful woman here? That dazzling ebony hair, those white tufts on your head, or at the very least your gorgeous heaving breasts?” And of course, it was the one man she couldn’t kill.

“Philip, what are you doing?” She did her best to not shout, and her mask helped hide the sheer rage within her eyes and creasing brow.

“Shouldn’t I be asking that question to *you*?” She couldn’t see his eyes through the mask, but knew he had his eyebrow raised like he always did when he asked a question. “I knew that some men got a little wild at these events, but I think I might now know the truth.”

Albedo simply sighed in defeat. “And that is.” Her voice was dead and she knew that while she couldn’t predict his next words, they’d be unavoidably lacking of any logic.

“All the girls here aren’t escorts.” He sounded completely sure of himself as he spoke. “They’re disguised wives.”

“... Sure.” She had found out long ago that just letting the dolt think he was right saved her from a greater headache down the line.

But she still had the headache of right now to deal with. He grabbed at her nipples through the fabric and began playing with them, pulling her breasts back and forth like he was attempting to milk her.

“You know, if you’d have told me about this before we came, I’d have told you a cow would fit you far better.” He laughed at his comment while grinding his growing erection against her rear.

Biting her lips to hold back the moans building up in her throat, Albedo tried to will herself to be as unyielding as iron. “Philip, I-”

“Ah, ah, ah, we’re all anonymous here.” God she wanted to punch his head clean off. “From here on, I’ll call you...” One of his hands let go of her udders and drifted down her leotard and press against her crotch. “Slut, while my name is...” He quickly unzipped his pants and let the familiar heat press against her legging covered ass. “Master.”

“Philip, I-” If they hadn’t drawn any attention now, they certainly did when his hand smacked against her ass and let a thunderous clap be heard throughout the garden.

“I said to call me ‘Master’.” His chiding tone made her bite her tongue, less she revealed herself before everyone else now. “Understood?”

Taking a deep breath, Albedo knew it was time to once more be humiliated. “Yes... *Master*.” She felt like retching at the word. But she had to maintain her cover that Philip had so annoyingly blown.

Seeing the eyes that had gathered on them, it seemed Philip wanted to make it a show and kick it off with a bang. Instead of his usually asked blowjob, he pulled her leotard and underwear to the side while ripping a hole in her stockings before sliding his erect shaft against her slit.

“Slut, why don’t you tell everyone here what you want me to do?” He was enjoying this far too much.

“Phi... *Master*, must I do so? Why don’t you just-” Again she was cut off by a slap against her rear.

“A slut mustn’t disobey their master. Now, I order you, say what you want me to do.” She glared at him from behind her mask, but beyond despising him, also hated how her unsteadiness only grew from his touch. The way he touched her tits, the heaviness of his hand against her ass, his cock grinding against her cunt, it all made her more and more wet.

“I... I want you to... to fuck me.” She choked out the words, it was all just for the mission, she’d not disappoint Lord Ainz.

Another smack of her ass made her hair stand on end. “Come now, I said to tell everyone. A whisper won’t do.”

“I want...” Her voice was louder now, not shouted out, but projected. “My Master to fuck me.” She fought back the blush on her face from having to broadcast her forced depravity. Philip had fucked her countless times when they were alone, however, it felt entirely different to have it be done directly in front of over a dozen people.

“Then I say the slut gets what she wants.” He pulled back, and Albedo’s breath hitched when she felt his cockhead press against her. Biting her lip, she kept her voice hidden as Philip pushed forward and began to fuck his wife before everyone present.

She could barely keep her footing in her white high heels, she’d been forced to a sea of handsy disgusting nobles, and now her husband’s dick touched every spot that made her head go blank. Standing in the middle of everyone with nothing to support her, Albedo could feel her knees growing weaker and weaker. If Philip had learned any skill in his annoying life, it was how to pleasure his one true love.

But Albedo didn’t have to worry about falling onto the dark green grass, not when she got her hair pulled back. Philip grabbed her long flowing locks and forced her chest forward, jutting out the beautiful breasts he so enjoyed that were so close to being spilled forth, the faintest views of her darkened areola peeking past the costume.

Gritting her teeth, while she strangled her moans, more and more began to slip through the cracks. A heavy red blush covered her embarrassed looking face and drool escaped past her parted lips and dripped down her chin to drip over her deep and expansive cleavage. Everything only made worse for the humiliated succubus by her lover’s other hand continuing its assault on her breasts.

Philip was intoxicated by everything Albedo had, the smell of her hair, the softness of her body, her demure nature that he was slowly exposing a true sex-goddess beneath such an adorable front. He'd never be able to get enough of her, leaning in closer, he kissed and nibbled at the back of her neck and earlobe, showing a side of gentleness while his hips pistoned back and forth without hesitation, and his hands held her body. One dug deeper into her hair and made her chest bounce, he knew all the eyes were glued to his one of a kind woman, and the fact that he was the only one who could have her made his cock harder than ever. The other gripped at her top, it had been barely able to keep her last shred of modesty hidden, but with a quick yank, Philip showed off her massive melons to his fellow aristocrats. He would swear that they've gotten bigger, god, if they were already bigger than his head, he couldn't help but buck his hips at the thought of how much larger they could become.

Feeling her knees attempt to give up, every thrust of her husband's dick sent electric shocks coursing through her body and leaving her jolting to attention despite her weakening stance. It was only a matter of time until she could take no more.

Finally unable to hide her voice, Albedo's moaning cry was heard through the yard, the metaphorical mask being shattered, while her real one only made the sight of her intense fucking even more entertaining and mesmerising for her audience. The thought of being found out, of having her social standing tarnished, made her absolutely terrified, but filled with an unbelievable thrill at the same time. While she came and her head was pulled back even harder by Philip, Albedo never felt such a conflict within her body and could only revel in the pleasure until her rational mind came down from its ungodly high.

Not that that would happen any time soon, as she felt a familiar warmth flood her cunt and make her legs finally give out. Now her body was entirely reliant on Philip's thrusting cock and his hold on her hair to keep her from falling face down ass up on the grass with his cum dripping out of her pussy.

She wasn't even aware of her surroundings until she felt herself be pressed against something cold. Somehow in the middle of her stupor, Philip maneuvered her body to the side to press it against the glass table top. Albedo wasn't even able to realize that there were other men at the table getting a perfect view of her sordid expression and breasts pressing against the glass, not when Philip seemed just as affected as her by their audience. The young noble was putting on his own show to reveal his stamina and power.

He was like a beast, showing his machismo to everyone else around by dominating the woman that nobody knew was his wife. With her front now pressed against the cool glass, Philip didn't have a way to toy with her tits, so he went to the next best thing. The cascade of claps against her rear sent heavy quakes through her ass, the black fabric of her leggings stretching to contain her curves was quickly dealt with as Philip tore at them to get a far more delicious view before him.

Between the tears in her dark leggings that revealed her vast and pale derriere, there was a growing redness from the constant swats her ass was submitted to. The sight charged Philip, digging his hands deeply into the ass of the moaning mess of a woman. He wasn't going to give either of them a single moment's rest.

Albedo's hands gripped at the outer metal frame, the thin strips of iron bending like putty beneath her inhuman strength, but everyone was too focused on the performance before them to notice. Even she had no idea she was doing this, her body was just drowning in so much stimulation, so much pleasure, she couldn't keep herself sane in these moments.

Despite putting on a powerful front, Philip couldn't hold back his orgasm, not with how tight Albedo's cunt tried to milk him, and certainly not with the disheveled look of his soulmate crying out in euphoria. Thrusting with as much power as he could manage, another load of his essence flooded the succubus. His hands digging deep against her cheeks and his head going light in a mirror of his wife's own reaction.

"FUCK!~~" Albedo finally spoke a proper word for the first time since this all began, and couldn't hold back the volume, screaming it loud enough for even the people inside the building were able to hear the shriek of ecstasy. Her shoes scraped against the dirt while her body was brought over the edge once more, Philip really was the only man who could make her feel this way.

But rather than feeling herself be filled to the brim, Philip pulled out before he was done. His hands still buried in her ass, he used her fat cheeks to stroke him off. The last few ropes of spunk falling over the sea of black hair cascading down Albedo's back.

Her bunny ears were left twitching and flopped over the table while drool and sweat pooled beneath Albedo and onto the glass table, she wasn't sure if she'd be able to walk for weeks. Just introducing onlookers made such a drastic change?

While her thoughts finally began to return to her, she had little time to focus on them. Philip pulled Albedo up by her waist, leaving the woman standing unsteadily on her feet and leaning heavily on the man who repeatedly interrupted her mission.

Remembering her mission, Albedo tried to move forward and ignore all the hooting and hollering of the vile men around her, but Philip's rough hand on her ass sent a shock through her system.

"Slut, I think it's time we left the party and enjoyed ourselves at my home." Even as he spoke soft enough that only she could hear, he still kept that damnable name.

"Master, I can't, I have to-" She didn't realize that she called him by the same stupid name, she was too busy trying to not climax again when his fingers ran against her clit.

“Let’s go home, my love, I want this night to end in personal comfort.” He pulled her leotard back over her crotch, plugging up her dripping pussy with his burning seed.

Feeling her body shiver at how he called her ‘love’, Albedo nearly lost control of the magic hiding her wings. Swallowing, her throat felt like it was a desert all of a sudden, Albedo could only nod while gripping Philip’s shirt in a vice.

It was good luck for both that the party had private drivers to return the partygoers back home, that way Albedo didn’t need to explain the pearl necklace she managed to receive while in the stagecoach.

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Peeling herself out of bed and stripping off the cum laden and sweat drenched bunny suit she had been fucked in all night. Albedo had already had it with today. She’d just have to deal with Pendraken violently when the time came, and to leave her rise to queen under a far less stable foundation.

Stretching out her wings and beating them to get some coolness over her burning body, she was little more than a zombie as she dressed herself in whatever was before her and went downstairs to eat. Philip being left to snore away.

Grabbing a meal from the servants and taking the paper alongside it, her eyes were dead while she absorbed information and threw food down her throat.

Blinking once, twice, Albedo shook her head before rereading the headline. “Lord Pendraken found dead.” She looked at the article itself. “Hero to the community, Lord Galahadrian du lac Pendraken, was announced dead last night during his own party. Guardsmen say his heart gave out from strenuous activities, while some claim a history of performance enhancers are to blame, an official magical examination has yet to take place. So the...” The page went on with more and more information, but Albedo didn’t absorb any of it.

All of her planning, all of her failure, all of her struggles, all in service of removing a roadblock from her path towards the future... all pointless. Had she sat back and done nothing, the result would have been the same without any of this trial.

Despite winning in the end, this certainly didn’t feel like a victory.