

Fate: Charm of the Devil Fae

Story Starts

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Ch. 5.2 The Unfitting Piece [Part 2 of 3]

After the passionate morning with Yuki—later joined by Yui—and the predicament of my own making, well, disappointing only on my side as I overdid it, overstimulating both Yuki and Yui as they passed out before I could achieve my release.

Well, they didn't pass out for long; they came to in just a few minutes as we cuddled instead. I didn't ask for anything more; I didn't want to tire them out like I did with Ayako.

Though I might need to apologise to Sakura later. The pair asked me who had given me the idea for that particular application of my magecraft—they were always curious about it, as even if they were eventually converted to being devils or fae, their experience with magic would be different.

Even my relationship with magic and magecraft is unique, given my constitution—especially as a being even more connected to a particular element than elementals themselves.

I tried deflecting at first, but they knew me. Ever since middle school, when Yuki approached me to start the volunteer club, apparently, despite my charm and the amount of sex I get daily, I, according to them, wasn't the type to think of sex and how to reach higher planes of pleasure—at least not regularly.

According to Yui and Yuki, those types of thoughts mainly belong to the perverts within our group, like Sakura, which gave me away as I flinched at the sudden mention of her.

Of course, after our cuddle session, we had to clean ourselves. Still, fortunately, most of the beds, mattresses, futons around the estate—even the enchanted one in our bathroom—have formal craft circles under them. You can activate these to restore everything to a clean state, including whatever or whoever's on top of them.

It also has a dual function, where any leakage of prana is diverted to gems situated in a small storage hidden within the floor. Obviously, this feature was implemented by Rin, pervert number two, according to Yui.

So after being cleaned, I joined the pair for a quick breakfast, after which they had to leave for classes. Currently, I'm at my desk, booting up my PC and unlocking my phone, as I send Sakura a quick 'I love you 💖' —a preemptive measure, as I'm sure she'll learn about me dropping the ball this morning.

I entered my sign-in password, and my phone flashed with an alert from Sakura, which simply displayed a question mark. I texted back that I just wanted to say it for no reason. Facing the phone down, hoping she doesn't push it, I clicked on my email and my calendar.

I noticed Hiratsuka-sensei added two blocks to my calendar: one for a meeting with Yui and Yuki about the new college volunteer organisation. I also see Yumiko, Hina, Saki, and even Kaori Orimoto and a name I don't recognise, Chika Nakamichi.

Hiratsuka even added an addendum to invite people who might be interested in joining the org. The schedule was for after classes, again after my Math 17 class—where the professor was the pretty teacher we met during that debauched train ride to school, the one with the foot cast.

Serendipitously, as I checked my email on the left window of my screen, the other two teachers I met on that train ride were also my professors for two of my general and elective courses I've taken—English and Korean literature. My

constitution as a devil fae already grants me the ability to communicate in any language. However, I still took this because, for some reason, Hiratsuka, as my course advisor, recommended it to me.

Anyway, both professors just emailed the syllabus and cancelled today's class. They said that they'll entertain any questions about the syllabus at the beginning of the next class, before starting their first lecture of the semester.

Looking back, I clicked accept on our meeting this afternoon and scrolled down to the schedule she requested for next week's Friday evening. She asked that I work at Copenhagen Bar on that particular evening, where they had reserved the place for a welcome celebration for the new hires.

Begrudgingly accepting the invite, as I knew what kind of night that was going to be—having experienced a similar event last year—I texted Runeas requesting those wand-wizard stamina potions.

Suddenly hearing a ringtone to my left, I saw the very same woman I just texted leaning against the frame of the fusuma, as she read my message.

"Hmm... Trouble's in bed?" Runeas teased. In reply, I just tilted my screen towards her and zoomed in on the scheduled celebration. "Oh... Maybe, Vivian and I will drop by."

I just rested my forehead on the desk and said, "Please don't. We can have a date night this weekend, if you want." I counter-offered.

Runeas just approached me and ruffled my hair, "Awww, that's sweet, but I'm going to be busy for the foreseeable future, between the university, the inquiry on the ICW on the wand-wizards that joined the fallen, and I've been hearing about certain pantheons in the Middle East going no contact or vanishing, I'm swamped. Makes me we wish for the good old days of languid sleep, but I won't say no if you visit me regularly in my office to give me the goods."

I raised my head as she plopped down on my lap, giving me a wink and a kiss on my forehead. She repositioned as she teasingly scooped closer, her firm behind resting against my blue-balled member. She then added another entry on my calendar.

A meeting directly after my organisation's meeting, as stated, receiving of the Evil Pieces and the Sacred Wyldes System. "So we're finally getting our own Evil Pieces, and you've finally given your shogi-based fae equivalent a name."

"Yeah, Vivian got obsessed with the game when Raiga and Kiritsugu introduced it to her." Runeas replied, shrugging, "Though we haven't developed the bridging ritual, I think it'll also take the cooperation of Heaven for us to develop that particular system."

"Has anyone talked to the Angels yet?" I asked Runeas, wrapping my arms around her stomach as I lay my chin atop her head, our height difference making it possible.

"Talks have begun between Serafall, Azazel, and Gabriel, but Azazel has been keeping things close to the chest as he hasn't finished developing the Brave Saint System and the fallen angel's equivalent."

I reached over the keyboard. Since most of my classes were cancelled, except for college algebra and trigonometry, I blocked out a schedule just after lunch to meet Rias.

"Do you know if they'll be available during that time?" As I asked Runeas. I could see a faint reflection from the screen as her face morphed into a frown.

"Argh, that child." She said as she ruffled her hair in frustration.

"You do know that we're around the same age, right?"

“Hmph—” She said, crossing her arms, her feet not quite reaching the floor as she’s still sitting on my lap, as her heel accidentally hit my shins as she kicked her feet, “I’ll call a child a child if they act like one.”

“You don’t need to help them if you want. She even got a piece that cost her eight pawns, one of which was a mutated piece.”

“I like to keep my promises. I also want to make sure that Ritsuka is treated fairly. If I go back on my word, I’m not sure what will happen to Ritsuka.”

I heard her grumbling something unintelligible. “Fine, but if she asks for something unreasonable, you can come to me. I can’t believe I’ve been asking you to help her for a while, and this is how she asks you, stupid brat. Hmph”

“But don’t worry about Ritsuka, despite the brat being a bratty kid, Rias treats all of her servants well, and deep down, she’s a kind kid. It’s just that she’s stuck between her pride, her parents’ ambitions, and her brother’s impartiality,” she said the last word while doing air quotes with her hand.

She furrowed her brow for a bit and said, “Okay, I just sent a familiar to Rias asking her to meet you at that time. Do you know where the Occult Research Club building is?”

“Hmm.” Was all I replied as silence enveloped us.

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“So, how are you feeling?” The inevitable question was asked, making sure not to sigh again as I’ve done enough of that today. Yuki’s voice, still in my head as she chastised me this morning about it.

“I’ve talked briefly about it with Yukino Yukinoshita. I wasn’t affected by the fallen; it unfortunately triggered memories of that night. Looks like I still have not moved on from that nightmare of an evening.”

“Do you want to talk about it?” Runeas offered as she tilted her head up, locking eyes with me.

I shook my head and gave her a reassuring smile. “I think I’m good.”

Runeas stood up, plopping down to the floor, bouncing a bit, then she pulled at both her ribbons, loosening her twin-tails, which cascaded down to join the rest of her hair. She then turned around as she loosened three of her blouse’s buttons, exposing her massive cleavage as she sultrily moved towards me.

Placing a knee between my thighs as she mounted my left leg, kneeling up, her head now looking down at me, as she smirked at me.

“I heard that someone got blue balled this morning.” She said in a teasingly mocking voice.

She probably had one of her familiars inside the room, the per—

“Oh, are you now labelling me pervert number two, or maybe Rin is number two, and I’m number three?”

Trying not to drop the ball the second time today, as I made sure to keep a stoic face as she intercepted my thoughts, confirming my theory that she watched today’s morning activities through a familiar.

Instead, I just closed the distance, pulling her waist towards me as our lips met.

Glossary:

Fusuma - Sliding doors/partitions with wooden frames, Shoji uses white paper in between the wooden lattice, while Fusuma uses thick paper or cloth.

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