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Chapter 19

~ Unknown Location ~

The hidden lair of the Fallen Angels was silent, the air thick with the smell of old stone, dust, and dried blood.

Kokabiel sat on his throne, his ten black wings folded loosely behind him, casting long, feathered shadows across the ruined altar across from him. In his hand, he held a crystal glass of dark red wine, swirling the liquid with a lazy, bored elegance.

Standing before him, illuminated by the weak, flickering light of a single magic screen, was Valper Galilei. The disgraced archbishop looked like a ghost, his face pale and sunken, his eyes burning with the feverish light of a man who had sacrificed his humanity for his research.

"Tell me you have something useful, Valper," Kokabiel said, his voice a smooth, cold blade. "I am losing my patience with this town. The devils are boring, the exorcists are predictable, and if I have to wait much longer for something interesting to happen, I might just burn the school down myself."

"I have the findings, my lord," Valper said, his voice trembling slightly as he held up an ancient, leather-bound folder. "Regarding... the Gremory's Rook. The one they call Taurus."

Kokabiel's eyes flickered, a spark of interest breaking through his ancient boredom.

He set his glass down.

"The Bronze Bull. Have you traced his lineage? Who are his parents? Which minor house did he mutate from?"

Valper swallowed hard, adjusting his glasses. "That is the thing, my lord. There are no records."

Kokabiel frowned. "No records? The Gremory are meticulous. Every servant, every half-breed, every stray they reincarnate is logged in the Underworld registry. Everyone assumes Sirzechs' bureaucracy is flawless."

"Not for him," Valper said, his fingers shaking as he opened the folder. "I have searched every available record. The Gremory household archives, the Bael clan registry, the civilian registries of

Greece and the Mediterranean sectors. There is nothing. No parents are listed. No birthplace. No official records of his existence prior to Rias Gremory bringing him to the Underworld years ago."

Kokabiel leaned forward, his interest fully piqued now. "Explain. He did not simply materialize out of the ether."

"It is almost as if the Bronze Bull appeared out of nowhere," Valper whispered, his eyes wide. "But... I did not stop at the modern registries, my lord. I dug deeper. I accessed the forbidden archives, the texts that were sealed after the Great War, the scrolls that date back to the era before the Biblical factions even drew their borders."

He pulled out a single, yellowed sheet of parchment, the text written in an archaic, forgotten dialect of ancient Greek.

"I found a reference," Valper said, his voice dropping to a fanatical whisper. "A mention of a creature from an ancient era. Not a mutation of a Devil. Not a magical experiment. A remnant."

"A remnant?" Kokabiel repeated, his ten wings shifting behind him.

"A being that survived from an older age," Valper explained, pointing to the ancient text. "Before the Great War. Before the creation of the Sacred Gears. The texts speak of an entity, a descendant of the original, mythological Minotaur of Crete—not the beast of the labyrinth, but something that came after it. A being of pure, unadulterated dominance and durability. A remnant of the age of Greek gods. From what I can theorize, after generations of dilution, the reincarnation of Taurus into a devil might have triggered a potential reawakening of his lineage."

Kokabiel sat perfectly still.

For the first time in years, something had genuinely captured his interest. His blood, cold and stagnant from centuries of peace thanks to Azazel, began to hum with a renewed, restless vitality.

Taurus was not simply an unusually strong devil. He was not a lucky mutation.

He was something that should not exist. A living fossil of a forgotten age of war, carrying the blood of a monster that had challenged the heavens before the Biblical God had even brought them into existence.

"How interesting..." Kokabiel whispered, a slow, sinister smile spreading across his face, his teeth gleaming in the dim light. "A relic of the old world... serving a pampered Gremory princess. How deliciously vulgar."

He stood up, his ten wings unfurling to their full, majestic span, the sheer pressure of his dark aura making the walls groan under its weight.

"Make sure he is there, Valper," Kokabiel commanded, his voice ringing with a manic, bloodthirsty

joy. "When the battle begins, make sure the Bronze Bull is on the field. I want to see if the blood of the old gods can withstand the light of the new world."

~ Taurus ~

Night had fallen completely over Kuoh Town.

The city lay quiet beneath a blanket of dark clouds, the streetlights twinkling like distant stars in the valley.

Taurus stood on the high rooftop of Kuoh Academy, his massive frame silhouetted against the dark sky. His arms were crossed over his chest, his long hair whipping in the wind. Beside him, the young Hydra, Zeref, sat alert, its three heads scanning the dark horizon.

Suddenly, Zeref let out a low, vibrating growl.

The middle head hissed, its golden eyes locking onto a specific point in the empty sky above the school courtyard. The left head tensed, its scales bristling, while the right head let out a puff of acidic smoke.

Taurus felt it.

A presence.

But it did not carry any hostility nor did it carry a signature that felt known to him.

Yet, it felt powerful beyond anything he had ever felt.

The presence simply watched him.

Taurus stood his ground, his golden eyes narrowing, his muscles coiling like high-tension springs. He didn't summon his aura; he knew it would be useless against a force of this scale without alerting every supernatural being in the area. He simply met the unseen gaze, a silent, defiant challenge that showed no fear.

For a few moments, the air was entirely still. The wind stopped. The rustling of the leaves died.

Then, as quickly as it had arrived, the presence vanished. It slid away into the dark, leaving no trace, as if it had never existed at all.

Taurus let out a slow, deep breath, his muscles relaxing. "What was that...?"

"What are you thinking about?"

The voice was soft, warm, and entirely familiar.

Taurus didn't need to turn. He felt the soft, slender arms wrap around his waist from behind.

Rias Gremory pressed her front against his broad back, her crimson hair a warm, silken blanket against his skin. She had slipped onto the roof unnoticed, her scent of lavender and expensive soap chasing away the cold of the mysterious presence.

"Nothing," Taurus rumbled, his large hand coming back to cover her hands where they rested on his stomach. "Just... the wind."

Rias let out a soft hum, snuggling closer. "You're always so quiet when the night falls, Taurus. You carry the weight of the world on those broad shoulders. I don't like it when you're so far away from me."

She pulled back slightly, guiding him to turn around. She looked up at him, her turquoise eyes reflecting the moonlight, her face filled with a deep, possessive affection.

"The situation with Kiba... the Church... it's stressful, isn't it?" she asked softly.

"It is a nuisance," Taurus grunted, his hand sliding up to cup her jaw. "But we will handle it."

Rias smiled, a slow, sultry curve of her lips. She reached up, her fingers tracing the hard line of his collarbone, then sliding down his chest. "I know you will. You always do, my lovely Rook."

She stepped back, her eyes never leaving his. With a slow, deliberate movement, she sank to her knees on the cold concrete of the rooftop.

"Rias?" Taurus raised an eyebrow.

"I know something that will help you relax," Rias whispered, her voice dropping to a husky, decadent register that made his blood instantly run hot. "You've been so tense, Taurus. Let your King take care of you."

She reached for the waistband of his training trousers. Her hands were steady, her fingers nimble as she pulled the fabric down, freeing his erection. It sprang out in the cool night air, thick, dark, and already pulsing with a heavy, demanding life.

Rias gasped softly, her eyes wide as she stared at the sheer size of him. No matter how many times she took him, the sight of his virility always stole her breath. She didn't hesitate. She leaned forward, her red hair pooling over his thighs as her lips parted.

Slurp.

She took the head of his cock into her mouth, her tongue instantly swirling around the sensitive glans.

"Mmm..." Rias let out a low moan of satisfaction, her eyes rolling back as she tasted him.

She began to bob her head, her movements practiced and eager. The wet, obscene sounds of her throat working around his girth filled the quiet of the rooftop.

Gawk. Slop. Gawk.

Taurus let out a low, gravelly groan, his hands tangling in her crimson hair, guiding her rhythm. He bucked his hips slightly, driving deeper into her throat, forcing her to swallow him. Rias gagged slightly, her chest heaving, but she didn't pull away. She loved the dominance, loved the feeling of being completely filled by him.

"Good girl," Taurus rumbled, his golden eyes narrowing in pleasure.

He pulled her up by her hair, breaking the suction with a loud, wet *pop*. Rias panted, a string of saliva connecting her lips to his glistening shaft.

"I want you inside me," she gasped, her hands clawing at her own uniform, her magic tearing the fabric away until she stood completely naked in the moonlight. Her pale, voluptuous body was a masterpiece, her heavy breasts swaying as she climbed onto his lap.

Taurus sat back against the raised ledge of the roof, lifting her easily by her hips.

"Now, Taurus," she begged, her legs wrapping around his waist. "Make me forget the Church. Make me forget everything."

He lined himself up and thrust upward.

SCHLICK.

He buried his entire length inside her in one fluid, powerful motion. Rias screamed, her head throwing back, her crimson hair whipping wild in the wind.

"AHHH! TAURUS!"

The tightness of her walls was incredible, a perfect, burning sleeve that gripped him like a vice. Taurus let out a guttural roar, his hands locking onto her hips, and began to rail her.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

The sound of their pelvises colliding echoed dirtily off the rooftop.

He didn't hold back his strength. He used her body like a tool for his own pleasure, his hips pistoning with a relentless, hydraulic force that made Rias' vision blur.

"Yes! Yes! Harder!" Rias wailed, her hands gripping his shoulders as he drove his thick, heavy length into her with the relentless, unyielding rhythm of a pile driver. The cold concrete of the rooftop scraped against her knees, a harsh, abrasive contrast to the boiling, overwhelming heat of his bronze body pinning her down from behind. The night wind whipped across her bare back, raising goosebumps on her skin, but the moment his pelvis collided with her plush ass, a wave of heat shot straight up her spine, turning her thoughts to absolute ash.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Taurus's hands, massive and calloused, clamped onto her hips like vice grips. He anchored her, his thick fingers digging into the soft flesh of her waist, leaving dark, possessive bruises that Rias knew she would wear with pride in the morning.

"You like that, don't you, Rias?" Taurus rumbled, his voice a low, vibrating directly against her shoulder blades. He leaned his massive weight down over her, his sweat-slicked chest pressing against her bare, trembling back. His long, black mane of hair fell forward, a dark silk curtain that enveloped them, shutting out the rest of the world. "You wanted to forget. You wanted to let your mind go blank. Tell me, King... do you remember the Church right now?"

Rias let out a ragged, panting gasp, her fingers clawing desperately at the rough stone of the roof as another deep, heavy thrust hit her deepest spot. Her red hair was a chaotic mess, wild and tangled, whipping across her face in the wind.

"No... *ah!*... no, Taurus!" she cried out, her voice breaking, completely stripped of her usual regal composure. "I don't... *oh, Satan, yes!*... I don't remember anything! Just you! Just your cock! It's too big... it's filling me up so much..."

"Good," Taurus grunted, his golden eyes narrowing in the darkness as he pulled back almost fully, the wet, sliding friction of his shaft making her inner walls flutter in desperate protest. He held himself at her entrance for a agonizing heartbeat, letting her feel the massive, throbbing girth of his erection, before slamming back in with a heavy force that bottomed out completely.

SCHLICK.

Rias' head threw back, a choked, breathless scream of pure, unadulterated pleasure tearing from her throat. Her body convulsed around him, her tight, wet walls clamping down on his thick shaft, trying to squeeze the very life out of him. The sheer size of him was daunting, stretching her to her absolute limits, but her body had adapted to him, welcoming the invasion with a flood of her own copious

arousal.

Deep inside her mind, the noise of the world—the threat of the Fallen Angels, the stolen Excalibur fragments, Kiba's dangerous, self-destructive disappearance—was completely silenced. She was a Gremory, the sister of a Satan, a King who had to carry the weight of her peerage and the expectations of her noble house on her shoulders.

But right here, pinned beneath the massive, bronze-skinned giant who served as her Rook, she didn't have to be a King.

She didn't have to be strong.

She could surrender. She could be completely dominated, owned, and used by a force that cared nothing for noble politics or divine laws.

Taurus was her Rook. Her weapon. But when intertwined together like this, he was the one who owned her.

"Look at him," Taurus rumbled, his hand sliding up from her hip to grab her by her jaw, gently forcing her head to turn so she could see the Hydra. He didn't slow his pace, his hips continuing to piston into her with relentless, bone-shaking force. "Even the beast knows who you belong to, Rias. He's watching his master claim his territory. He's learning."

Rias let out a soft, whimpering moan, her tongue darting out to wet her dry lips as she stared at the Hydra, then back up at the shadowed face of her Rook.

"Taurus... *ahhh*... please..." she begged, her voice dropping to a husky, desperate whisper. "Don't... don't talk... just fuck me. Fuck me harder. I want to feel your strength. I want to feel how heavy you are."

Taurus let out a low, pleased growl, the sound vibrating in his chest. "You want the beast, Rias? You want to see how much this body can handle?"

He didn't wait for her answer. With a sudden, explosive surge of power, Taurus grabbed her by her waist and hoisted her off the concrete.

Rias gasped, her heart leaping into her throat as her feet left the ground. For a terrifying, exhilarating second, she was completely suspended in the air. Her legs, acting on pure, desperate instinct, wrapped tightly around his massive waist, her thighs locking behind his back to keep from falling. Her arms flew around his thick neck, her fingers tangling in the wild, black silk of his hair.

Taurus stood fully upright, his legs spread wide to balance his colossal frame against the wind. He supported her weight effortlessly with his hands cupped beneath her plump, round ass, holding her flush against his chest.

And he was still buried deep inside her.

The shift in gravity changed everything. Her body slid down his thick, vertical shaft, the sheer weight of her torso driving him even deeper into her core than before. Rias let out a high-pitched, choked cry, her forehead pressing against his warm shoulder as she felt the blunt head of his cock bottoming out against her cervix.

"Oh, Satan... Taurus..." she sobbed, her breath hot against his neck. "It's too deep... I can't... I can't take it like this..."

"You can," Taurus rumbled, his golden eyes burning down at her. "You're a Gremory. Your body was made to take a bull."

He began to move. Standing on the edge of the high school roof, with the city of Kuoh spread out below them like a silent valley of twinkling lights, he began to rail her. He bucked his hips upward, driving his cock up into her with a short, brutal rhythm, while his hands on her ass pulled her down onto him with every stroke.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Rias was completely at his mercy, dangling over the abyss of his strength. Every time he thrust, her breasts, heavy and pale, bounced wildly against his chest, her nipples rubbing against his hard pectorals, sending jolts of static electricity through her nerves.

The pleasure was a physical assault. It was too intense, too raw. She felt her inner walls spasming, contracting, flooding around his thick length in tight, desperate waves. Her clitoris, swollen and dripping, rubbed against his pubic bone with every collision, building a fire in her pelvis that was rapidly spinning out of control.

"I'm coming... *ah!*... Taurus, I'm coming!" she screamed into the night wind, her voice echoing off the school buildings. She tightened her legs around his waist, her head throwing back, her neck arching in a beautiful, desperate line.

"Not yet," Taurus growled.

He didn't let her go. He kept his pace relentless, his muscles coiling and uncoiling like steel springs, driving through her climax. He wanted her to feel every single thrust, wanted her mind to be completely shattered by the intensity of the pleasure.

Rias' vision blurred. The stars above her began to spin, turning into streaks of white light. She was entirely undone, her mind empty of anything but the thick, hot length of his cock stretching her, conquering her, ruling her.

Then, Taurus felt it. The deep, familiar heat gathering in his loins.

His demonic energy flared, a faint, golden-bronze aura shimmering around his skin, fighting off the cool night air.

His muscles locked up, his veins popping along his arms and chest like thick pythons.

"Rias," he growled, his voice thick, strained with the effort of holding back the flood.

"Inside!" Rias wailed, her hands clawing at his back, her nails drawing thin, red lines of blood across his shoulders. "Give it to me, Taurus! Fill me up! Breed me! Breed your King!"

Taurus let out a guttural, roaring cry—a sound that was entirely animal, a declaration of absolute dominance that shook the very air on the rooftop.

He delivered one final, spine-shattering thrust, burying his cock to the absolute hilt, pinning her hips against his pelvis with crushing force.

And he erupted.

Rias' eyes rolled back into her head as she felt the first hot, thick rope of his seed hit her cervix. It was a torrential flood of thick, hot cum pumping into her in heavy, pulsating waves.

"Ahhh! AHHHH!"

Rias shrieked, her body convulsing in a catastrophic, mind-melting orgasm that seemed to go on forever. Her inner walls clamped down on his pulsing shaft, milking him, desperate to absorb every single drop of his essence. She felt her womb swelling with the heat of his seed, a deep, burning warmth that spread through her lower abdomen, anchoring her to him on a biological, spiritual level.

He kept pumping, his body twitching with the force of his release, until his balls were completely empty, having poured a staggering amount of his baby batter deep inside her.

For several minutes, the only sound on the rooftop was the ragged, desperate panting of the two lovers.

Taurus slowly lowered his hips, letting Rias' feet touch the cold concrete of the roof. His knees were slightly shaky, a rare testament to the intensity of the release, but his grip on her waist remained firm.

Rias slumped against his chest, her head resting on his shoulder. Her legs were like jelly, unable to support her weight, and she would have collapsed if he wasn't holding her. A thick, pearly slurry of his white seed and her own clear arousal began to leak from her stretched entrance, trickling down her thigh in a slow, decadent stream, glistening in the moonlight.

Taurus gently guided her down, sitting back against the raised stone ledge of the roof. He pulled her into his lap, wrapping his massive arms around her, drawing her close to his chest.

Zeref, the Hydra, slithered over, his three heads lowering. The middle head nuzzled against Rias's damp shoulder, let out a soft, sympathetic purr, and then curled up next to Taurus's thigh, its golden eyes slowly closing as it drifted into a light sleep.

Rias let out a long, shuddering sigh, her body still twitching occasionally with the aftershocks of the orgasm. She closed her eyes, listening to the steady, powerful thud of Taurus's heart beneath her ear.

The heat radiating from his skin was immense, a comforting furnace that chased away the chill of the night.

"You really are a beast," Rias whispered, her voice husky and completely devoid of its usual regal weight. She reached up, her small, pale hand tracing the hard line of his collarbone. "I feel like I've been run over by a carriage."

Taurus let out a low, amused chuckle, the sound rumbling through his chest. He reached down, his large hand gently stroking her long, red hair, sorting through the tangles with surprising tenderness.

"You asked for the beast, King," Taurus rumbled. "I only gave you what you demanded."

Rias smiled, a slow, sleepy curve of her lips. She snuggled closer into his chest, inhaling the scent of him—the sweat, the musk, the scent of their sex, and the faint smell of the storm that was gathering over the city.

"I did," she admitted softly. "And I don't regret a single second of it."

They lay in silence for a while, watching the moon slowly descend behind the distant mountains. The quiet of the night was peaceful, but it was a fragile peace, one that they both knew was ticking away.

"What did you feel earlier?" Rias asked, her voice dropping to a serious, quiet register. She lifted her head, looking up at his strong, shadowed face. "Before I came out. You said... you sensed the wind, but I know you were lying."

Taurus's expression hardened, the pleasant post-coital warmth in his golden eyes fading, replaced by the sharp, focused glare of the warrior. He looked out over the dark canopy of the forest surrounding the school.

"A presence," Taurus said, his voice dropping to a subterranean register. "Ancient. Powerful. It was watching me from the shadows of the sky. It wasn't a Fallen Angel. It wasn't a Devil. It carried the weight of something... much older."

Rias' brow furrowed, a chill running down her spine that had nothing to do with the wind. "An ancient presence? In Kuoh? Are you sure it wasn't an Angel?"

"I don't know," Taurus shook his head, his horns cutting through the dim light. "But it didn't feel

hostile. Not yet. It was simply... assessing. Measuring my strength."

He looked down at the young Hydra sleeping beside his leg.

Rias reached down, her fingers gently stroking the middle neck of the sleeping Hydra. The scales were cool and smooth. "Lady Serafall and Sona had a conversation. Azazel has no idea what is going on, only that Kokabiel is missing. She was, reasonably, not happy with the answer. She has told us to watch our back while she and my brother help arrange back-up for us."

Taurus rumbled, his fist clenching. "The air in this town is growing foul. Kokabiel is playing a game, and the Church is marching in force. Kiba is out there somewhere, running toward his own grave. We are being surrounded, Rias."

Rias' jaw tightened, the Gremory resolve returning to her features. She sat up, the sheet draping over her shoulders, her turquoise eyes reflecting the cold light of the moon.

"We will not run," Rias stated, her voice carrying the absolute, unquestionable authority of a King. "This is our territory. This is our home. We fought for our freedom against Riser, and we will fight to protect it against anyone who tries to burn it down. We have you, Taurus. We have Akeno, Kiba, Koneko, Issei, Asia... and the Fallen Trio. We are not weak."

Taurus nodded at her words, taking in the words of his King.

Her resolve was set.

The world could turn on them, but Rias now had people in her corner that would always be there for her. And she would destroy the world before she let any harm come to them.



