

CHAPTER 24

Issei had felt both Kiba and Koneko's approach long before his fiancée did.

His senses had sharpened so much lately that he could even feel *Akeno's* arrival back at the manor itself—a faint, familiar pressure brushing the edge of his awareness. It would take her a few minutes to realise they weren't in the War Room and come hunting for them.

Honestly?

He couldn't wait to see their reactions.

Rias had disappointed him a little.

She'd grown all teary and sentimental after the Purification Spring reveal, spoiling what should have been a dramatic, jaw-dropping moment.

His peerage mates, though?

They'd deliver.

His body tingled with anticipation just imagining the Midget's reaction.

It would be *glorious*.

Akeno's... less so.

She'd been weird ever since the previous evening. Clingy and lovey-dovey in a way that felt...wrong and a little gross. Akeno had gone from sadistic slut into obedient kitten in the span of a couple of hours.

That's what you get for giving it to her better than she's ever had it, dumbass.

Ah... The perils of being awesome.

Kiba emerged first from the treeline, Koneko a silent presence behind him. Both froze mid-step at the sight that greeted them.

Kiba was still in the fitted jeans, brown leather jacket and dark tee he wore when kicking his ass earlier. Koneko wore a cropped sweater that showed off her defined abs and black leggings that clung to her surprisingly powerful legs like a second skin.

Both stared.

The clearing had been transformed.

Where there had once been an open clearing, there was now a massive, natural-looking *onsen* carved out of polished stone, steam rising gently into the night air. The marble dragon statue loomed at the far end, water pouring endlessly from its open jaws.

Even in a manor built by Rias, this was... a bit extra.

At least without a ritual dramatic enough to light up half the sky to herald its formation.

They circled the lake-sized onsen slowly, their eyes taking in the incredible sight until they made it to their side.

Koneko's cheeks turned crimson the moment she registered that both Issei and Rias were naked.

Kiba, ever composed, only blinked once.

'When... did *this* happen, *Buchou*?' he asked carefully.

'About an hour ago,' Rias replied casually, leaning back against Issei's chest as if this were perfectly normal.

Normally, Kiba would have averted his gaze. He was too much of a gentleman to stare at his gorgeous King like a pervert.

He did not.

Not this time.

His eyes locked instead on the cloudy, murky water swirling around them. Issei thought it looked like a less intense version of a hypersonic cleaner doing its thing.

Equally gross though. That same reaction of "how was all that gunk in my jewellery?!" made itself known as he saw the filth get sucked out of Rias' perfect body.

Koneko's nose twitched. Then she recoiled immediately, as if struck.

Her physical senses, far sharper than the rest of theirs, had picked up what the others hadn't. Or rather, couldn't. Rias had hinted that the sludge that was being sucked out of her in a tiny, steady stream was truly vile.

He'd assumed the *onsen* had masked the smell.

Apparently not...

'What *is* that?!' she demanded, grimacing.

Kiba stared at the water a moment longer.

Then his eyes widened.

He looked at Rias, his mouth agape and his famously calm composure completely shattered.

'Impossible.'

'Apparently not.'

Rias' smile turned smug as she settled more comfortably against Issei's chest.

To be honest?

He was starting to feel even more smug.

Koneko, now pinching her nose, turned to Kiba in confusion.

'What?'

Issei nearly let out a high-pitched squeal.

She sounded so ridiculously cute with her nose-blocked voice.

'The water...' Kiba began slowly, eyes flicking between the dragon statue and the murky swirls beneath the surface.

Then...he made a decision.

Before Koneko could process it, Kiba began stripping. Without care, with no sense of shame or discomfort.

‘What the hell are you doing?!’ she snapped in her adorable, nasally voice. ‘Pervert!’

He ignored her completely.

Unlike Issei and Rias, Kiba kept his briefs on before stepping into the spring.

The moment the water touched him, he froze.

Issei remembered that sensation.

The faint, invasive tingling.

The strange pulling sensation.

The awareness of something being stripped away.

Rias had been expelling impurities for over an hour.

Issei had only needed seconds.

Kiba slowly sank deeper, eyes wide as the relic did its work.

Koneko whipped around to glare at Issei.

‘What did you do to him? Is this some kind of illusion? A trick?!’

Issei rolled his eyes. He really should have seen this coming. Instead of answering however, he acted.

He called on his magic. It came to him instantly. Like an eager little puppy, desperate and eager for its master's attention.

Huh...is this the result of the Draconic Will thing Rias had me buy? It barely feels like I need to fight against the Aether's natural state anymore...

All it took was a flexing of his will. A moment for his desire to become reality.

And then, almost like a dismissive whipcrack, his magic leapt to obey.

Koneko's eyes widened.

She didn't even have time to dodge.

The world tilted beneath her feet. Sideways became downwards, and she was sent sailing out over the water, her arms flailing uselessly, until Issei cancelled the spell and the natural order reasserted itself. Koneko actually *yowled* as she fell into the restorative spring, arms and legs sailing *hilariously*.

Issei burst out laughing as Koneko erupted from the water flailing and hissing like an *actual* cat, steam and cloudy ripples exploding outward as pure *murder* shone in her golden eyes.

Rias buried her face in her hand and let out a tired sigh.

Before the diminutive *Nekoushou* could enact immediate vengeance and reduce Issei's face to pink mist...she froze, mid-hiss, her fists clenched and ready to *smash*.

Her slitted eyes widened in realisation, her plans for revenge forgotten as Koneko finally noticed what had taken Kiba mere moments.

Because she finally felt it too.

Her face pale and eyes almost bugging out of her head, she turned a furious glare on Issei and barked out an incredulous demand.

‘What is this?!’ she demanded, teeth grinding. ‘What are you doing to me?!’

Issei waved lazily, completely unconcerned with the Midget’s posturing. After sparring with Kiba for over an hour, the cat-girl didn’t scare him. Sure, if she caught him, she’d do some serious damage, but not only was he far more comfortable with his slipperiness... all he’d have to do was flash his dick and she’d freeze like the innocent little virgin she was.

‘It’s not me,’ he replied with a cheshire-cat style grin. ‘It’s the spring.’

She stared at him like he’d just grown a second head.

He sighed and elaborated. Carefully. He had absolutely no idea how this thing actually worked, and he wasn’t about to overexplain and expose that fact.

‘It’s called the Draconic Spring of Purification. Bathing in it will, over time, get rid of all the gunk in your bodies and core.’

Issei grumbled under his breath as both Kiba and Koneko immediately turned to Rias for confirmation.

Why ask me to explain if you’re not gonna listen to what I say...

Rias let out an amused little laugh and nodded.

‘It’s as he says. And yes, the *gunk* Issei is referring to are your *impurities*.’

‘That’s... impossible.’

Kiba's protest lacked conviction this time. It was difficult to argue when the water was quite literally pulling visible impurities from his body as they spoke.

Koneko chose a different angle.

'What do you mean *draconic*?' she demanded. 'You don't expect me to believe *you're* responsible for this? Stop taking credit for *Buchou's*—'

'Issei *is* responsible for this treasure,' Rias cut in smoothly, her mirth dying as her man was disrespected in front of her. Again.

It made Issei feel all warm and tingly on the inside.

Koneko froze mid-sentence.

'It has to do with the mechanics of his Sacred Gear,' Rias continued, as if that explained anything. 'If you want to understand more, you'll have to ask him. Just as I won't tell him about how your powers work, I afford my fiancé the same courtesy.'

Both Kiba and Koneko stared at Issei with naked incredulity.

Rias slowly nodded, her expression turning serious.

'I am fully aware of the implications. This is not merely a boon for our peerage. It is a paradigm shift for the entirety of the Underworld, Devilkind and...anyone that cultivates to gain power...'

That fact landed with the seriousness of a heart attack.

The air grew heavy as both Kiba and Koneko finally understood how *serious* this was.

Thankfully, you could always trust the resident turbo-slut to lift the mood.

'Ufufufu... how unkind of you all to begin discussing revolution without waiting for me.'

Akeno hovered above the spring, one feathered wing and one glossy black wing extended behind her.

Issei did a double take.

She wasn't in her miko outfit. She wasn't dressed provocatively either.

Instead, she wore a tight black turtleneck and skintight jeans—pretty low-key for her, but still doing absolutely nothing to hide her figure.

She looked... *good*.

Really good.

The heated look she sent him made certain parts of his anatomy stir traitorously. Akeno knew very well the kind of effect she had on him, even if he tried to hide it, and she was relishing that fact.

Down, boy.

Though he wondered if she'd be so lascivious and jovial if she knew the reason for Kiba and Koneko's stunned state.

Her smile faltered and her descent stalled mid-hover.

She finally noticed the water. The murk that seeped out of Rias, Kiba and Koneko.

There it is...

Issei couldn't help but feel his excitement grow. Kiba and Koneko hadn't disappointed. He suspected Akeno wouldn't either...

She descended slowly, violet eyes wide as she studied the visible residue drifting away from her peerage mates and King.

'What in the...?'

'Buchou was just informing us of the properties of this miraculous treasure,' Kiba supplied evenly. 'The Draconic Spring of Purification, it's called. We apparently have Issei-san to thank for it...'

Akeno didn't look to Rias for assurance or confirmation.

She looked to *him*.

The question in her eyes was silent but spoke volumes.

He gave a small nod.

And nodding was all that was needed to confirm.

Yes, this *was* a purchase from his Sacred Gear's Relic Exchange.

In a flash of light, her clothes vanished.

Koneko sputtered.

'*Pervert!*'

Akeno blinked slowly, violet eyes sliding toward the still-clothed and sodden Rook.

‘My, my... this, coming from the *child* who’s bathing in her *clothes*?’

She paused to regard the sputtering *Nekoushou* with dark amusement glittering in her eyes, completely unconcerned with her nakedness and how her huge tits hung heavy and unsupported on her chest, her bared womanhood glistening with her excitement—no doubt getting off on exposing herself.

‘How... *unhygienic*.’

‘I can *smell* your arousal, pervert!’

‘And?’ Akeno tilted her head sweetly. ‘*You’re* the one looking, *little kitten*. This is a rather large spring, feel free to turn around or...bathe somewhere more...*private*.’

Kiba coughed into his fist to hide his amusement.

Rias didn’t help either, burying her face in his chest to hide her amused grin..

Issei, meanwhile, was fighting for his life trying not to laugh directly into the blushing Nekoushou’s face.

Akeno proceeded to ignore her entirely after that and slipped into the water beside Issei, moulding herself to his other side as the spring’s effect immediately took hold.

She froze, just like the others.

Her breath hitched as the spring did its thing.

‘Oh... Oh *Hells*...’

Her voice dropped to something sensual and reverent as she snuggled against his side. Issei genuinely believed she was doing it subconsciously at this point. No way she had the presence of mind in that moment to try and flirt with him deliberately.

'This... this changes *everything*...'

Kiba and Koneko both glanced at Rias.

Not to hear her opinion on what Akeno had implied, but to see their King's reaction to her proximity to Issei. At the fact that Akeno was now very naked and grinding against his side, the Queen's enviable assets thoroughly trapping one of his arms.

Rias' expression did not change. At all. She didn't look the least bit bothered. For Kiba and Koneko, who knew their King to have a constant, healthy rivalry with her best friend, this was arguably more shocking than the spring.

Well...not really, but still.

Koneko's glare returned, laser-focused on Issei. As if his girl and her best friend rubbing their glorious, naked bodies over him was *his* fault.

He winked at her.

'My lap's still free, *Midget*.'

That earned him an angry hiss, and just when he thought she might launch herself at him in a fit of anger and vengeance, they all froze when the stoic, pretty boy himself let out a snort.

Koneko's head snapped to Kiba, her eyes wide and mouth open at the betrayal.

'Calm down, Koneko-chan. We have more important things to discuss right now, don't you think?'

Koneko was breathing heavily through her nose at this point. The illusion normally hiding her feline features had dispelled under her stress and she sat there, sodden, her cat ears flattened against her head while glaring hate at Issei.

Oh yeah, she definitely wants a go.

Oddly, that thought wasn't so terrifying as it had been before he sparred with Kiba.

Not only did he not think she could turn him into pink-mist with one punch—especially if he made use of the promotion power Rias kept hinting at—but he genuinely thought he could stay out of her reach long enough for the adorable Murder-Kitty to lose interest.

'Right,' his fiancée finally interjected, apparently her amusement at their antics having its limits, 'you're right, Kiba. We obviously have a lot to talk about—'

'Wait,' Issei interrupted Rias just as she was about to get all... King-y. He ignored the petulant glare she sent his way at his cheek and instead craned his neck to gaze into the treeline behind them.

Issei didn't know if his senses were just that much sharper than everyone else's now, or if the others were deliberately ignoring the secret voyeur hiding in the trees.

Either way, subtlety had never really been his thing.

And he was getting a little tired of the super-mysterious peerage member who only ever seemed to show up via his shadow-constructs.

'Oi, Creepula,' he called lazily into the treeline. 'You gonna join us, or just keep perving from the trees like a weirdo?'

The clearing went still.

Kiba and Koneko spun instantly toward the forest. Akeno's eyes sharpened and, while everyone was distracted, she used the moment to also slip a delicate hand into his lap, her fingers squeezing and gently fondling his balls while she pretended, like the others, to care about what Issei was talking about..

Issei did his best to not let the pleasure show on his face, especially when Rias slowly turned to him, apparently unaware of what was happening below the waterline.

Or not caring.

'Really?' she asked flatly, amusement glittering in her blue-green eyes. '*Creepula?*'

Issei shrugged, grunting in approval as Akeno got into a pleasurable rhythm.

'It's either that or Vampoyeur. I'm getting tired of this guy sneaking around all the time. You're not helping him by babying him either.'

Rias arched a brow at him, one that promised *trouble*.

Honestly? These days? He wasn't entirely sure he would hate whatever her idea of a *punishment* would be...

You really are a pervert. The Midget has you pegged.

He paused, the mentally cringed at his own wording.

Not her too. I'd never live it down.

'And *you*'re an expert on these matters since when?'

She leaned in close, lips hovering just shy of his ear.

‘...Made any other Relic purchases I should know about?’

Issei let out a shuddering breath. He wondered if Rias thought it was because of her sensual, thinly veiled threat, or if she knew Akeno had slowly started to pump his cock with her other hand...while still fondling his balls.

If nothing else, the ripples from her movements would likely give them away eventually.

‘I don’t need to be an expert. I just know that hiding in his NEET cave forever isn’t healthy. And you enabling him won’t fix anything.’

‘How very wise,’ she replied, voice dry. ‘Any other nuggets of *sage wisdom* you’d like to impart, my love?’

Before he could fire back, something moved in the treeline.

The underbrush parted, and out slithered a shadow.

...Not a small one either.

A fifty-foot anaconda as thick as Issei’s thigh emerged from the darkness, its body composed entirely of oily, inky shadow essence that seemed to absorb the moonlight rather than reflect it.

It moved silently across the clearing.

Issei blinked once.

‘...Okay. That’s a *little* cool.’

The peerage watched the construct approach. It ignored them entirely, gliding straight toward the spring. Its massive head lowered until its snout hovered just inches above the water's surface, the summon staring deeply into the depths as if looking for a deeper meaning.

A slick, black tongue flicked out and tasted the air.

Then the water.

The serpent jerked back violently, as if shocked.

Its boulder-sized head snapped toward Rias, eerily-glowing eyes wide.

Rias giggled.

Issei yelped as she pinched his nipple beneath the water in punishment for his cheek. *Hard.*

The sting was sharp—but given what Akeno's hand had been idly doing under the surface this entire time, the sensation was a surprisingly grounding contrast.

These girls, man...

The shadow serpent slowly turned its head toward him.

He didn't shy away from the staredown, didn't cede any ground. Issei returned the stare, a lazy grin on his lips helped by Akeno's ministrations. Somewhere within the serpent's inky depths—Issei could feel a presence staring back.

He winked.

'This time, I'll allow it,' Issei called. 'But either you attend the next meeting in person, or I'm personally coming to drag you kicking and screaming out of your NEET cave. *Capiche?*'

The reaction was immediate.

The enormous shadow serpent recoiled as if physically struck.

Its massive body writhed in silent protest, tail thrashing indignantly across the grass. If a fifty-foot nightmare snake could throw a temper tantrum, this was it.

Issei snorted.

‘Yeah, that’s what I thought.’

Shaking his head, he turned back to Rias and tilted his chin toward her.

‘Go on, babe. What were you saying?’

Rias let out a long, suffering sigh. The kind that let them all know she was questioning her life choices.

After a moment to gather her thoughts, she addressed the group.

‘As I’m sure you’re all aware... this *spring* changes everything for us. Both good and bad.’

Kiba’s brow furrowed, and he interjected before Rias could summarise everything herself.

‘If the Devil nobility discovered you possessed such a treasure...’ His jaw tightened. ‘I doubt even your brother could dissuade them from taking it.’

Something dark twisted in Issei’s chest.

Something hot, violent and *murderous*.

I'll kill anyone who comes for Rias. For what's ours.

The thought came unbidden. Immediate and without hesitation.

The rage felt...strange. Foreign...but also, paradoxically, sympathetic.

The complete lack of remorse or mercy in his thinking towards anyone that would harm a hair on Rias' beautiful head?

That was less concerning.

Rias' fingers tightened around his arm.

It was a silent assuaging of his rage, the mere reminder of her presence calming him more than Akeno's continued ministrations.

Issei exhaled slowly.

He let the boiling rage cool into a gentle simmer. His dark eyes were still narrowed, but the look in them had shifted from homicidal to just...angry.

This all happened so quickly that he thought only Rias had noticed his reaction.

He was wrong.

His gaze flicked toward Koneko and he caught the sodden *Nekoushou* staring at him.

Not with irritation, or contempt like usual. No, the look in the adorable cat-girl's golden eyes was completely different. So different it made him feel a little uncomfortable.

He was pretty sure in her surprisingly intense stare, he saw... *approval*.

Or maybe he was just crazy and looking too much into the lack of disgust he normally saw there.

Whatever. Progress!

'Quite,' Rias agreed. 'Which means *no one* can learn of this treasure until we are strong enough to defend it. Also, now that I will no longer need to divert our wealth toward purification elixirs, every coin can now go toward cultivation aids and artefacts. This will be incredibly beneficial in terms of growing our collective strength. More than I think any of you even realise.'

Akeno had dialed back the eagerness of her ministrations beneath the water...*marginally*. The seriousness of the conversation demanded some restraint.

Not that she'd stopped. But strangely, Issei didn't feel the least bit close to cumming despite a decent amount of time being jerked off by the turboslut, and being surrounded with two of the best pairs of tits he'd *ever* seen.

His stamina had truly become legendary.

Issei turned his gaze to his fiancé, his eyes narrowed with suspicion. He mentally went over the tooltip of his new *cock-ring* and secretly wondered if Rias was subtly controlling him in that moment without him even noticing.

She wasn't looking at him, not that he'd ever be able to tell what was going on in that mind of hers if she didn't want him to know...

But he called bullshit. Something was *off*.

He felt the pleasure, but none of the rising euphoria that came with a prolonged exposure to it.

Weird...

‘This is enormous,’ Akeno murmured thoughtfully—unfortunately, not in reference to his junk. ‘I have never even *heard* of perfect ascensions. Without impurities limiting our breakthroughs...how powerful can we become?’

Rias turned to Issei with a knowing smile.

‘And how powerful would someone become if *every one* of their ascensions was perfect? All the way from *core formation*?’

The attention shifted to Issei as all eyes landed on him.

He leaned back against the stone, smirk widening.

‘That’s right, plebs. Bask in my awesomeness.’

His proclamation was met with soft giggles, snorts and eyerolls.

Koneko—who he’d only *just* shared a silent moment with—muttered a faint, annoyed ‘idiot’ under her breath.

But he *swore* he caught the corners of her lips twitching upward.

Definitely progress!

Rias continued.

‘To add to this, I am finally prepared to perform my Grand Ritual tomorrow night. This may be both a blessing and a curse.’

Kiba hummed thoughtfully, looking down and pinching his chin in thought like the famous statue.

‘Blessing, in that the ritual grants complete dominion over your domain. Curse, in that you would be the first to develop a Genius Loci in the human world.’ His expression grew more serious.

‘Scrutiny would follow. Scrutiny that could lead to the discovery of the spring.’

Rias nodded, pride evident in her gaze.

‘You took the words right out of my mouth, Kiba. That is precisely our dilemma.’

Akeno’s was apparently growing excited with the promise of insane growth, because it showed with increased enthusiasm beneath the water.

Again, he felt the pleasure, but he felt no closer to cumming than when she’d started. He was no virgin, and it’d normally take more than a hand-job these days to get him off in this time frame, but to feel *nothing* building?

Definitely sus...

Issei cleared his throat.

Loudly.

‘How long,’ he asked, and if anyone noticed the cracking of his voice, they were too polite to mention it, ‘would it take for us to grow strong enough to defend what’s ours?’

Rias considered his words carefully. Though he didn’t miss the look of affection in her gaze when he used the collective in his question.

It had taken a while to get used to the whole “what’s mine is yours” thing, but he was getting there.

'If we dedicate ourselves fully? If our wealth is reinvested entirely into power?' Her eyes softened as they rested on him, the silent implication of "And with the help of the Codex" needn't be said aloud. 'Years maybe. Instead of decades or centuries. It's hard to speak in absolutes. As Akeno mentioned, this has never been done before...' She turned to the massive dragon sculpture filtering out impurities and spewing more miraculous fluid into the lake before correcting herself. 'At least, I've never *heard* of it being done before...'

She smiled faintly, her gaze turning back to his with a wicked glint in her eyes.

'Perhaps sooner... if you continue helping us, my love.'

Issei swallowed. He knew what that meant. More help would necessitate more *points grinding*. And more points grinding...

The surge of arousal wasn't unexpected at this point. The complete lack of something building...was.

He was now certain she was fucking with him and Akeno both. He narrowed his eyes at his fiancée, and the innocent look she sent back was a little *too* innocent.

Cheeky bitch...Naughty, sexy slut!

The others glanced at him curiously—aware there was something more there, something they weren't yet privy to. But they were polite enough not to press or look a gift-dragon in the mouth.

Centuries...

Even knowing purification was a bottleneck, he hadn't truly grasped it.

Not like *this*.

Not until now, anyway.

Without impurities slowing them down...Without artificial ceilings imposed by flawed foundations or noble-gated ingredients...

He let out a slow breath.

Just how broken is this thing I bought...?

Issei stared up at the marble dragon in awe.

Now that the enormity of what he'd bought—on a whim, to impress his fiancée—had truly sunk in... it was hard not to feel a little...overwhelmed.

The meeting wound down from there with Rias confirming what the others would be up to in the near future. With the addition of the Purification Spring, a lot of his peerage mates' plans had to be adjusted to account for several hour soaks in the evening...

Not that they complained in the slightest. If anything, both Kiba and Koneko looked to be vibrating in excitement.

Akeno was...harder to read.

She was still otherwise occupied...

Gasper's shadow serpent was the first to leave, slithering silently back into the treeline. Koneko followed soon after, muttering something about 'showers' and 'idiots' before shooting him one final glare and disappearing into the forest.

Kiba excused himself next, mentioning he had promised to meet Asia. When no one teased him—when Issei, especially, remained suspiciously silent—he narrowed his eyes in clear distrust before stalking off as well.

Not before making sure Issei would be meeting him tomorrow for more training.

Great, more getting my ass kicked.

He kidded, but he vowed to put on a better show than he had earlier. While he wouldn't be flinging his sword around like a cudgel and destroying the training room again, Issei already had ideas about how rapid storing and summoning of the obscenely huge weapon could be used defensively.

Soon, only three remained.

Rias rose first.

Water cascaded down her body as she stepped from the spring and stretched languidly beneath the moonlight, utterly unashamed. If anything, she preened when both Issei and Akeno admired the way her large breasts hung heavily on her chest, and the way her ass flexed and bulged as she climbed out of the water.

It was all both Issei and Akeno could do to stop their tongues from lolling out and panting like dogs in heat.

Akeno shifted closer, no longer pretending to be subtle. The rhythmic motion of her shoulder made it painfully obvious she had abandoned any attempt at discretion now that they were alone.

The pervy inner-circle of Rias' peerage.

Restraint, it seemed, had been for the others' benefit. Not for his fiancée. Issei should have known. Why he thought Akeno would try to hide her amorous actions from her best friend, he didn't know.

In his defence, while his orgasm still proved stubborn and late in arriving, the pleasure was very much still there and he luxuriated in the feeling of the turbo-slut's skilled hand.

'I assume you two went on a spending spree?' Akeno asked lightly, motioning to the spring around them with an amused grin.

'We did,' Rias replied, her eyes flashing with thinly-veiled amusement. 'And before you start to question your technique, don't. Part of that spending spree included an evolution of the cage. It's now a cock-ring, and it grants me control over Issei's manhood.'

She let the words linger, the corner of her lips lifting as realisation dawned on the half-Fallen's features.

'*Complete* control.'

Akeno's hand stilled, her eyes narrowed and her cheeks puffed out petulantly.

'You're a cheater,' she accused, though the pout didn't quite hide her amusement.

Rias only smiled wider.

'You're acting rather *uppity* given you are so brazenly fondling someone else's fiancé.' Her tone remained airy. 'I could... *revoke access*. If I so chose.'

Issei barely had time to register the threat.

Something shifted in the air between Rias and himself. Then, before he could even register the strange sensation, his once-throbbing cock shrivelled into almost nothing, like an accordion with all the air let out. He slipped out of Akeno's grip—there just wasn't enough there to grip anymore—and they both slumped and stared up at Rias with gaping mouths.

Gone.

He sucked in a sharp breath.

The sensation simply... vanished. Like a switch had been flipped. The arousal, the pleasure cut off as if she'd turned off a spigot.

Akeno stared down at the churning waters in his lap, staring at her own hand in wonder before turning back to look up at her King.

Akeno blinked once.

Then burst into delighted laughter.

'Oh, this is so much better than the cage!'

Rias leaned down and pressed a kiss to the top of Issei's head.

'We thought so too, didn't we, my love?'

What the hell was that? It just vanished? That easily?!

The girls giggled at his stunned expression.

Rias started to walk away with an enticing sway to her wide, bared hips, a silk robe materializing around her with a flick of her wrist.

'As much as I'd love to soak all night—given I likely have more impurities than the rest of you combined—I have preparations to complete before the ritual tomorrow.'

She glanced back over her shoulder with a teasing grin on her lips, a wicked gleam in her eye.

With a casual wave of her hand, heat flooded his groin and blood started surging back to his manhood, inflating like one of those signs outside of used-car dealerships.

'Make sure you don't skip out on training. I'll find out if you do...and I'll be...*displeased*,' Rias added sweetly.

She paused at the edge of the clearing, casting one final look at the pair of them.

'Oh, and Issei? Don't come to bed until you've fucked that *whore* into *unconsciousness*.'

The robe fluttered as she disappeared into the trees.

Silence settled.

Akeno leaned closer, violet eyes sparkling with deep arousal and mischief.

'Well,' she murmured softly, tracing idle patterns across his chest. 'It seems Buchou has given us... permission. Ready to...what was it? *Fuck me into unconsciousness*?'

Issei stared after Rias for a long moment.

Then let out a slow breath.

What kind of monstrous karma did I build in a past life to deserve this?

Smart.

Beautiful.

Ruthless.

And somehow, despite the noble and elegant airs she put on, she matched his level of *freak* perfectly.

He leaned back against the stone edge of the spring, laughter bubbling up in his chest.

I am going to spend the rest of my immortal life worshiping the ground that woman walks on...

Akeno's laughter joined his as she threw a leg over his lap and impaled herself on his once-more throbbing cock.

'Show me what you did last time,' she urged as her slickness gripped him like a vice. 'Show me how you made that little thing feel so *big!*'

Issei stared up into Akeno's frenzied eyes and cupped her ass while swallowing a hard, pink nipple into his mouth.

He didn't waste his time with words, but he did refine his technique. Creating a mini-singularity at his cock with the strength he needed was child's play at this point. The magic was almost *too* eager to cater to his whims.

Everything was pulled in, as was Gravity's wont. Her walls, her lips and, most crucially for the size-obsessed turbo-slut, her cervix.

Akeno flung her head back, a delighted gasp slipping from her lips as she grew impossibly tight.

Or, as far as she could tell, he grew impossibly *huge*.

It's all relative...

Issei giggled at his sacrilege towards one of Physics' most famous laws before focusing on the gorgeous woman bouncing in his lap.

He had a feeling Rias wouldn't be letting him cum until he fulfilled his task and joined her in bed that night.

Given Akeno's enthusiasm...he had a lot of work ahead of him.