

CHAPTER 32

TAGS: CUCKOLDING, VOYEURISM, HUGE DICK, CUM EATING, HUMILIATION

The silence that followed the storm was always the heaviest, but as Rias stepped out onto her bedroom's balcony and inhaled the crisp, mountaintop air, she allowed herself a small, self-satisfied smile.

Years of scheming—of careful planning and preparation—and she was now one step closer to her ultimate goal.

Independence.

True independence.

She let the feeling of pride and satisfaction settle before turning her mind to her conspicuously absent fiancé.

Issei had made himself scarce almost immediately once they'd begun their counter-offensive. She hadn't bothered chasing him down or forcing him to drag his feet through the tedious procedural cleanup. As proud as she was of his annoyingly mysterious ascension, he simply hadn't been needed to hunt down the rest of the vermin still festering in *her* city.

He'd *more* than earned some alone-time. And, she suspected, he very much needed time to process after everything that had happened.

Besides, they wouldn't have stood their ground anyway. With the *Genius Loci* now very conspicuously established and humming through the bedrock of Kuoh, the remaining scattered cells of exorcists and Fallen had taken one collective sniff of the changing wind and fled like rats from a sinking ship.

She hadn't even had the energy to confer with Sona yet. The day's events had left a hollow, leaden ache in her bones, prompting her to push *that* particular can of worms—along with the lingering, bloody question of what to do about the Fallen who had murdered Issei—off onto a later date. Right now, administrative squabbling and geopolitical headaches could wait.

With her newly forged connection to the city resting as an ever-present, pulsing boon in the back of her mind, it had taken negligible effort to track her errant fiancé within its borders.

All she really wanted was to crawl into their oversized bed, wrap herself around the man she loved, and let the remaining adrenaline bleed out of her system. But she knew, with an unwelcome spike of dread, that the decompression would have to wait.

First, they needed to have an awkward conversation.

Issei wasn't far. She'd been keeping track of him all day with her new awareness as he attended classes and worked as normal.

Kuoh now whispered to her that he was right at the base of the mountain, perched on a weathered outcrop on the shore of the lake directly across from the silhouetted spires of Kuoh University. The motorcycle she'd bought him sat parked beside him on its stand, its sleek black panelling catching the fractured moonlight. It was a silent, grounded reminder that despite his newly awakened ability to casually dominate the laws of gravity and space, he still deliberately chose to use a machine of steel and gasoline just to get around.

He really loves that bike...

The thought brought a small, private smile to her lips, softening the regal, analytical mask she usually wore day-to-day.

Landing with a whisper on the rock behind him, she stood silently, watching the quiet rise and fall of his shoulders against the backdrop of the glassy water.

For Issei, life as a Devil had been all fun and—almost literal—games. Last night was a wake-up call to the harsh realities of a world governed by *Might Makes Right*.

Rias didn't want to make the mistake of brushing off his reservations—he had simply been brought up in a different world than her own. Yet, she didn't want to sugarcoat it either. This would be his new reality, and if he were to survive and prosper, he would need to adapt.

Before she could get a word out, Issei spoke, without turning.

'Is this the part where you tell me I need to get used to murder because life as a Devil isn't all Sunshine and Rainbows?'

She couldn't help it. The snort of amusement came out before she could think better of it.

Her fiancé *did* turn at that, his eyebrow raised.

'I'm sorry,' she apologized, looking properly contrite. 'I'm not laughing at you, only that you read my intentions almost exactly.'

Shaking his head, he turned back to the lake, a smooth pebble bouncing in the palm of his hand. With a casual flick of his wrist, Rias watched as the stone cut through the air, skipping effortlessly all the way to the opposite bank of the lake before finally crashing into a muddy wall.

'Didn't know you were so good at skipping rocks...'

'I've been here a while,' he joked, already reaching down to throw another with identical, physics-defying results. 'And I'm told I'm a quick learner.'

Rias approached slowly, counting it as a quiet win when Issei didn't flinch away at the feeling of her arms wrapping snugly around his waist, or at her pulling his back against her chest.

'I get it,' Issei said, confusing Rias momentarily before he continued. 'Kiba already filled me in. A bunch of inexplicably dead *Churchies* all over the place would be... hard to explain. Tenuous truce and all that. I'm not upset about the killing—they tried to kill me, for fuck's sake, I'm not stupid. I just can't stop seeing her terrified face, y'know?'

Rias privately reminded herself to thank Kiba later for taking it upon himself to handle the heavier parts of Issei's integration. Her chest also bloomed with a sudden warmth at how close two of the most important men in her life were becoming.

We really are like a big family... now if only Koneko could stop trying to murder him...

'That's understandable,' she finally whispered, tightening her hold to anchor him. 'For what it's worth, I didn't enjoy what I did. It was simply... necessary.'

'Because of the spring, right?'

Rias tried to hide the sudden wince. She failed. Thankfully, Issei didn't spiral or plummet into a deep well of self-pity and loathing.

'I'm not blaming myself,' he said with a rolling of his eyes, as if perfectly sensing her exact thoughts. 'It's just the reality of the situation, right? We need to get stronger. It's absolute bullshit that we have to hide something so awesome.'

'I know,' she whispered in understanding and agreement, leaning in to plant a soft, lingering kiss on the warm skin on the back of his neck.

'How strong do I need to be before we can big-dick our way through shit like this? Not having to worry about schemers backstabbing us or trying to take what's ours?'

Rias couldn't stifle the sudden giggle at her fiancé's adorably crude, yet entirely apt way of wording things.

She offered him the courtesy of thinking about his question seriously for several silent moments before answering.

'We'd have to ascend to the sixth tier, at least,' she replied, her tone turning a fraction more serious. 'At that point, mercy becomes imminently affordable and the risks of confronting us begin to outweigh any possible benefit.'

Rias knew she was being conservative. As much as she wanted to dig into the minutiae of Issei's ascension and go over everything he'd done and achieved that, too, could wait. But she'd *felt* his presence when he'd let loose, and could still feel Gravity's subtle pull even now.

She had no reasonable way to gauge Issei's strength, and how his strange core would grow with time.

Issei grunted in response, and Rias found herself desperate to know exactly what was running through that mind of his.

Thankfully, he wasn't the type to stay brooding for long.

'It's a good thing you're such a kinky little slut then...'

This time, a familiar, heavy heat pooled in an entirely different part of her body. A reminder of how utterly *broken* the Codex was, and how they'd be using it to accelerate their growth—and what, exactly, that meant for *them*...

Instead of planting another soft, gentle kiss on the nape of his exposed neck, she reached around, her teeth gently catching and nibbling on his earlobe.

'It is,' she whispered back, feeling her fiancé give a delicious shiver as her hot, ragged breath washed over his skin.

They stood in a companionable silence, the surface of the glassy lake stretched out before them like a glittering sea of diamonds. Rias buried her face into the firm expanse of Issei's back, snuggling tighter as they rocked as one to the rhythm of a silent song.

Not that long until this will be us... on our wedding day. That reminds me, I need to get back to Kaa-san regarding the flowers...

Finally, just as her mind was drifting off into the pleasant distraction of their upcoming nuptials, Issei hummed in thought beneath her touch.

'Speaking of getting stronger...'

Rias snorted against his shoulder blades, the heavy mood evaporating. 'You just ascended and you're already so eager to get back to training...?'

Issei wrapped his warm hands over hers where they were clasped across his stomach, giving a casual shrug. 'Like you just said, I got a long way to go, remember?'

'We have a long way to go,' she corrected gently.

'Sure, whatever. So I was wondering. That old Exorcist dude, he had way less Aether than I did, but he was still physically stronger than me. How does that even work? With cultivation and all that.'

Rias blinked against his jacket.

What...? Surely we covered this... right?

Honestly, she had been trying to cram such a staggering amount of history, politics, and theory into Issei's head over such a short span of time that it wouldn't have surprised her if there were several glaring gaps left in his knowledge.

Sensing her prolonged silence, he spun slowly within her grip, his dark eyes looking down at her with an eyebrow raised in genuine confusion.

Shaking her head to clear the cobwebs, Rias offered him a contrite smile.

'Sorry, I thought I already told you. It's the same as everyone else, basically. You... work out.'

'That doesn't even make sense,' Issei replied, his face scrunching up as he tried to reconcile the logic. 'Cultivating floods our bodies with Aether, and we grow stronger as our cells absorb it—that's what *you* told me—how does working out help more than that?'

Rias nodded slowly, stepping back just enough to gesture to his physique. 'That's mostly true, but the typical biological science behind muscle growth still applies. You lift weight until the microscopic fibers destroy themselves, and they grow back stronger. How else do you think we have varying body types and muscle densities among Devils?'

Issei frowned, looking thoroughly perplexed. 'Honestly, I just figured it was all genetics, an illusion or some magic bullshit.'

Rias giggled, the sound light against the quiet of the shore. 'No, people still work out. And it has a highly meaningful impact on one's functional strength, as you see with Koneko, or the man you fought.'

Issei's frown only deepened. 'The midget? She's tiny...'

'Muscles can grow *denser* as well as larger, and if you were to properly see her naked, you would see just how shredded she truly is,' Rias corrected gently. She reached up, placing a soft hand against Issei's sharp jawline to tilt his face down so he'd look at her directly. 'The mutated Rook piece inside her heavily boosts her physical output, but most of her dense baseline strength comes from years of dedicated, grueling exercise.'

If anything, this revelation only seemed to complicate things further in Issei's brain.

'None of that makes any sense. If that's how it worked, how do you even train your muscles? Given the sheer, ridiculous power gap between me and someone like your brother, what? Are there just a *billion* progressive intervals of weight sitting around at your Super Devil Gyms?'

Rias' eyes widened, and she actively struggled not to slap her own forehead at discovering yet another critical, entirely blank space in her fiancé's understanding of the supernatural world.

Instead of trying to explain the magic, she reached into her cleavage's dimensional storage and pulled out a small, sleek band of matte-black material. It was wide enough to wrap comfortably around a wrist or bicep, its inner lining inlaid with intricately carved, glowing silver runes.

Issei eyed it warily. 'Wuzzat?'

'The missing piece,' Rias explained, her tone apologetic for having omitted its existence for so long. 'If we are interested in building muscle, we do it similarly to humans. However, rather than relying on massive, impractical physical weights, this artefact is smart enough to detect exactly which muscle group you're working. The runes apply localized resistance commensurate with the power you put into it, allowing you to lift and tear the fibers as normal.'

Issei stared at the black band, a sudden, burning hunger lighting up his brown eyes.

Rias looked at him, genuinely surprised by the sudden shift in his demeanor.

'I never took you for the *gym* type. I thought you wanted to be a pure mage...?'

Issei looked at her as if she were the one who had completely lost her mind.

'Who *doesn't* want to get shredded?' he asked, utterly bewildered by the question. Then, that intense focus cracked, shifting instantly into a look of sly, wicked amusement as his hand darted around her waist to firmly pinch her meaty behind. 'Besides, I saw the way you looked at Matsuda's muscles during your little fuck-fest the other day. I might not be able to control the size of my dick, but *that*? That I can handle.'

Rias bit her lip sensually, a sudden, heavy spike of heat pooling in her lower stomach at the vivid memory of Issei's best friend, and the absolute debauchery of the night they'd spent together.

'But I *like* your little dick,' Rias teased, her hand slithering down to his groin and cupping his hardness.

All it took was a brief flicker of her will, and the magical contract they'd signed worked its magic, rendering Issei's manhood a tiny, shrivelled spec of its former self.

'Ooooooh,' Issei groaned, his knees buckling at the sensation. 'It's totally *average*, you wicked succubus.'

Rias giggled at her fiancé's reaction, enjoying the rush of having complete and utter control of his manhood.

She hadn't thought much about his loud-mouthed best friend since that night, but after the sheer, suffocating stress of the previous evening's battle? And now, standing here with Issei's desperate desire to go right back to "grinding," she couldn't stop her overstimulated mind from wandering down very kinky, dangerous paths.

'Oioi, I know that look you little slut,' Issei teased, his voice a low, raspy growl as he caught her expression. 'Behave!'

Instead of answering him with words, Rias stepped up onto her tippy-toes, leaned into his space, and delivered a sharp, needy nip directly to her fiancé's chin.

'Why don't we go take that resistance band for a test drive? Didn't you say Matsuda was a personal trainer...?'

Rias giggled again as she watched Issei's eyes widen, before narrowing as they smouldered with desire.

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The low, rhythmic thud of a distant bassline pulsed through the rubber-tiled floor, keeping time with the harsh clanking of iron stacks. It was close to midnight, and the small, independent gym near Matsuda's was practically deserted. The air was thick and heavy, smelling strongly of old sweat, industrial cleaning spray, and the distinct, bitter tang of vulcanized rubber mats.

Issei grunted, his fingers white-knuckled around the stirrup handles of the cable crossover machine. His chest was on fire. Every line of his upper body was rigid with strain, his muscles swelling tightly against his sleeveless tee as he pulled his hands together in front of his torso, fighting the unnatural, magically powered resistance of the band fastened to his wrist.

Why is this so hard? I'm using the amount Rias told me to... is Gravity Essence turbo-charging this thing?

'Squeeze it! Hold it at the apex, man, don't just let the weights pull you back!'

Matsuda leaned into his space, clapping a heavy, calloused hand against Issei's shoulder to enforce the posture. His best friend was in his element, barking "inspirational" gymisms at him as he struggled against the supernatural weight.

'Control the negative! Slow it down on the way out... yeah, exactly like that!'

Across the narrow aisle, leaning casually against a row of dumbbell racks, Rias watched the display with her arms crossed right beneath her heavy breasts. She had swapped her usual elegant attire for a pair of form-fitting yoga pants and a cropped tank top, her long crimson hair tied up into a high, swaying ponytail.

Despite her original claims to the contrary, his lovely fiancée wasn't just there to watch him exert himself.

Her blue-green eyes were heavily lidded, tracking the rhythmic, pulsing tension of Issei's bicep veins, before sliding deliberately over to Matsuda's wide, shifting shoulders. A tiny, secret smile tugged at the corner of her lips every time the bigger man shifted just right and gave her a clear view of his prominent bulge.

Issei caught her look through the mirrored wall in front of him, and the way his buddy kept sending her shy glances every time he thought he wasn't looking.

It took a supreme act of will to act oblivious and focus on his form while his fiancée and best friend eye-fucked each other, and his muscles screamed at him. But despite the burn, Issei could *feel* his muscles tearing, and the energy flowing through his body rushing to repair the damage. It was like a drug, even more distracting than what was happening around him.

With every surge of power, it felt as if his fatigue was washed away. He wasn't sure this was how it was supposed to work based on what Rias had told him, but Issei chalked it off to his new, unique body and cultivation rather than looking a gift horse in the mouth.

'Focus, Issei!' Matsuda barked, unable to hide his smirk when it became obvious just *what* was distracting him. 'Don't get distracted by our girl now. Two more reps! Let's go!'

'The fuck you mean,' he began, grunting through another rep, '*our* girl?' One more. '*Bastard!*'

'I mean with your scrawny muscles and little dick? Figured that if I'm doing most of the work, I should at *least* get half.'

He finished the last rep with a roar before controlling the negative and turning to side-eye his smug friend and grinning fiancée.

'Just kidding,' Matsuda apologized, making an artform of his insincerity, a shit-eating grin on his lips as he crossed his arms and angled his hips—and the hard-on that his shorts did a horrible job of hiding—towards Rias. 'Sorry Rias... slip of the *tongue*.'

Rias snorted in amusement and rolled her eyes before turning to Issei and motioning to the bench press. 'Go on, my love. It's getting late.'

'Yeah, go on Issei,' Matsuda teased, stepping behind Rias and motioning to the bench press. 'Or do you need me to spot you?'

In reality, Issei could probably bench press his idiot best friend *and* his giant... *ego*, but Issei kept his mouth shut.

Especially when his fiancée's inhaled deeply in response to whatever Matsuda had done to her, out of Issei's sight.

Rias was doing an amazing job at keeping up her poker face, but the traitorous nipples poking bullets through her tank-top belied her stoicism.

Thank fuck she's controlling my dick, dunno if I could live down pitching a tent while this dumbass is talking shit...

Then again, was there any doubt that he was a cuck at this point?

Or that he *enjoyed* it?

Doesn't matter! It's the principal!

Stepping out from behind Rias, Matsuda *really* loaded on the weight.

'I got a pretty good judge of your strength bro, you're stronger than you look,' Matsuda praised, genuinely impressed. 'Give me five with this, I'll spot you, but you got this no problem.'

Issei grunted in affirmation and, with essence flowing into the resistance band, bench-pressed as Matsuda counted out the reps.

'Good!' he praised, loading on more weight. 'Again! You got this!'

He gripped the knurling of the bar, the steel biting into his palms as he braced his shoulders against the bench. This would probably be his last set. Matsuda had pushed him pretty hard for his first real workout—if he showed off too much endurance, his very-human friend might start getting suspicious.

Just push.

He unracked the barbell, and the moment the iron settled over his sternum, Issei stopped looking at the mirror. He stopped looking at Matsuda's smug face. He even stopped looking at Rias. The dingy walls of the gym, the smell of sweat and rubber, the soft, illicit murmurs passing between his fiancée and his best friend—all of it faded into static.

He closed his eyes and focused—his indomitable will aided by countless artefacts at this point.

With the first descent of the bar, he didn't just push a little further... he opened the floodgates. He began shoving raw, unfiltered Essence straight into the resistance band. The response from the artifact was instantaneous and violent. The weight didn't just grow heavier, it felt

catastrophic. The localized gravity warped around his upper body, turning the standard iron into what felt like a crushing, planetary mass that threatened to flatten him like a pancake.

He shoved the bar back up with a guttural roar, his biceps bulging so tightly the skin looked ready to split.

More!

Down came the bar again. He felt the microscopic fibers in his muscles tearing apart like old, worn leather. It should have been agonizing. Issei *felt* every bit of his body destroying itself as he kept pushing. But the moment the damage registered, the dense, well of power within him surged like a tide, rushing to the fractures and fusing the tissue back together before the bar could even touch his chest again.

Rep two. Rep three.

He completely lost track of Matsuda's counting. He lost track of time. His whole universe narrowed down to a simple reality—destruction and reconstruction.

The weight he was physically benching didn't actually matter, not really. The iron slabs were just a physical coordinate—a convenient anchor to target specific muscle groups while the runic band acted as an immense force amplifier.

This was how Devils built muscle. It wasn't about progressive overload through ever increasing weight stacking. It was a grueling cycle of self-mutilation and magical regeneration.

By rep twenty—or was it thirty?—Issei's vision began to swim with dark purple spots. If it was a matter of energy, he could do this all night, but ignoring the pain and maintaining his focus and concentration had drained his mental batteries to near-zero—and while pain was nothing new to him, he clearly still had his limits.

His lungs burned, his throat tasted like copper, and his forearms shook so violently the barbell vibrated in his grip. He was a machine running on pure willpower at this point, his body screaming at him to give up.

One more. Just one more.

He drove his heels into the rubber mat, arched his spine, and forced the bar through the thick, molasses-heavy resistance of the final negative, his muscles screaming in a synchronized chorus of pain and ecstatic growth.

He lay there, eyes glassy as he stared blankly at the ceiling, his energy already repairing his destroyed muscles as he caught his breath.

He wasn't snapped out of his fugue until a strange sound pierced through post-workout daze.

It was a sharp, desperate little gasp—the unmistakable, high-pitched catch in the throat that Rias only ever made when she was in the middle of fucking.

Blinking away the salt and sweat blinding his eyes, Issei slammed the barbell back into the uprights with a deafening, metallic crash.

Looking around, he saw no sign of Matsuda, of Rias, of *anyone*.

Another gasp, and his head snapped in the direction of the sound.

Over the far side of the room, tiled walls led to what was unmistakably a changing room.

His shorts grew tight as reality settled in.

No way. Right here? Right now?!

Standing on surprisingly steady feet, Issei made his way towards the changing rooms, following the sounds of his slutty girlfriend's mewls and moans of pleasure.

It was one thing to suspect, it was another thing entirely to have it gloriously confirmed before his very eyes.

Right in the centre of the wide-open changing room, laid out completely naked on the wooden bench, Rias and Matsuda were unrepentantly entwined in a sixty-nine. Matsuda's huge cock was sandwiched between Rias' generous cleavage while his best friend had his face buried in her naked womanhood, his hands gripping her soft ass so hard the flesh seeped out in between splayed fingers.

His fiancée's eyes flicked up at his arrival. Biting her lip, she motioned to the nearby bench and made a gesture with her thumb and index finger, a naughty grin on her lips.

A pinching gesture. A pinching, *masturbatory* gesture.

Issei let out a shaky breath, the sight before him hitting him like a punch to the gut and shot of adrenaline both.

'This time, *nnggh*, this time you can watch *live*, my love.'

Her piece said, his fiancée opened wide and swallowed the fist-sized head of Matsuda's absurd cock whole.

His buddy let out an exultant groan at feeling the unbelievable warmth engulfing him and—having been alerted to his presence by Rias' words—he peeked out from behind her meaty ass and offered Issei a strained, shit-eating grin.

'Finally finished?' He wheezed, groaning again as Rias slid another inch down, her lips spread obscenely wide around his ridiculous girth. 'Here to see how a *real* man fucks your girl?'

Given his friend had been a serial loser-virgin until said *girl* popped his cherry, that was a bit rich, but Issei didn't have the energy to be annoyed.

He was too turned on to even bother.

Maybe later, he'd put the meathead in his place. But now... he only had one thing on his mind.

Taking the seat closest to Rias' head, he dropped his shorts and exposed his much more modest endowment to his fiancée's ravenous gaze. At seeing his leaking hardness, and how he eagerly started beating off to the sight of her cucking him, she groaned with lust.

A groan that only made her blowjob feel better, if Matsuda's matching groan was any indication.

'Oi, dumbass, if you ever want this to happen again, less groaning and more licking!'

Another groan. 'Shut up, *cuck*! What do you want me to do? She's too good at this! How many dudes is she fucking behind your back?'

Issei and Rias locked eyes and he answered while his fist kept pumping.

'Not enough...'

Rias' eyes fluttered closed and she let out another sensual, muffled moan.

Issei kept beating off, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he watched Rias worship his buddy's cock.

As much as he was secretly enjoying the experience though... something was bothering him.

Enough that it was making it hard to focus.

Standing with an annoyed growl, Issei rounded the intertwined duo and slapped Matsuda on his shaved head.

'Ow! That *hurt*!' Matsuda growled. 'The *fuck* was that for?!'

'Do you *hear* her moaning?!'

Matsuda blinked, confused while Rias stopped sucking and turned to watch them with amusement.

'What?'

'You heard me, dumbass. If you're gonna play the whole "alpha" role, at least be good at fucking. If she's not moaning, you're doing a shit job!'

Matsuda's cheeks flushed with humiliation.

'What would you—'

Rolling his eyes, Issei knelt down beside his friend. They'd long-since lost any squeamishness about being naked around each other—jack-off parties would do that.

Taking Matsuda's large, calloused hand in his own, Issei manipulated it until his index and middle fingers were in a claw shape, almost like a raptor's talon.

'Like this,' he instructed with annoyance. He could already feel his dick going soft—what's the point of having a bull if the clown didn't even know what he was doing?! 'Stick it in her pussy like that, rub the roof of her vagina. Use her moans to judge how hard. Is that easy enough, you stupid meathead?'

Eyes wide, Matsuda nodded eagerly as Rias watched them, her lips curled in a pretty smirk as she nuzzled her lover's towering cock.

'Good. While you do that, use your tongue on her clit. *Gently*, unless she says otherwise. Got it?'

As much as Matsuda clearly enjoyed the cuck stuff and playing the “Alpha,” he apparently wasn’t stupid enough to ignore any of Issei’s sage wisdom.

‘Good, just remember, there’s *always* a guy with a bigger dick. Either up your game, or we’ll find someone else. Got it?’

That got through to him because, without another word, he slipped his large fingers inside a mewling Rias while also reaching out with his tongue to flick her clit.

A delighted, sensual moan was his reward.

Before Issei could retake his seat to watch the show, Rias—now letting out a steady stream of moans—beckoned him over with the crook of her finger.

Confused, Issei approached then let out a gasp as Rias reached out to palm his hardness.

Seeing himself in one of her hands, and Matsuda’s much more massive manhood in the other, had jealousy and arousal fighting for dominance in his gut. Having all this happen while another man was making her moan so sweetly was like an extra bit of sauce he happily indulged in.

While licking the tip of Matsuda’s cock like an ice-cream, she gently stroked Issei and looked up at him with her gorgeous, heavily-lidded, blue-green eyes.

‘I love it when you, *nnggh*, when you take charge of your own, *ooh*, cucking...’

Issei’s eyes widened and he inhaled sharply, his cock throbbing in her palm.

Seeing the effect her words had on him, Rias grinned impishly before opening wide and taking Matsuda in her mouth once more.

Issei attempted to walk back to his nearby seat, but Rias refused to let him go. She also made cute, muffled whiney noises when he looked anywhere else but directly into her eyes.

His cheeks warmed at the passion he saw there, at how much she was *also* getting off on cucking him, on how pathetic he must look standing there with his much smaller cock.

We really are perfect for each other.

Then, before he could object—or before Matsuda could realise what was happening—Rias pulled him close.

Dangerously close.

So close that the tip of his cock was only millimetres away from Matsuda's when Rias pulled off it with another gasp, his dick looking like a pathetic little remora suckling on a monstrous great white in comparison.

She admired both dicks with raw hunger burning in her wicked eyes and, before he could even think to pull away, she pressed the head of his and Matsuda's cocks together, and licked them at the same time.

Issei groaned, closing his eyes in an attempt to separate himself from what was happening. As if by doing so, he could pretend it wasn't happening.

But now that he'd seen it, it was hard to ignore the fleshy, spongy appendage swiping over the head of his own cock.

That part of a man's body was already hyper-sensitive, *anything* brushing against it would feel good.

'Don't you *dare* fucking tell him,' he whispered in a shaky voice, biting his lip to stifle the moan that threatened to slip out.

Rias only giggled, her eyes twinkling mischievously as she tried to fit both heads in her mouth.

Impossible, obviously. She was a Devil, not a snake. But still, watching her lick both of them at the same time, and having her emasculate him by using his smaller dick to pleasure her bull's... he hated to even think it...

But it was *hot*.

Rias came first, but that didn't stop her from pleasuring Matsuda with both her tongue and Issei.

Issei suspected he would have been next, but his erection was holding for a suspiciously long time, his climax nowhere in sight.

She's cock-blocking me!

Given the situation... he chose to see it as a blessing. He didn't think he'd ever live it down if Matsuda found out what Rias was doing...

Matsuda let out a grunt, like he was forcing out one more painful rep.

'Cumming!'

'Give it to us.'

'Wha-oooooh shiiit!'

Before he could question Rias' strange wording, he came. Like a firehose.

Rias yanked him close as he was about to erupt, wrapped an arm around the back of Issei's neck, and pulled his head down until it hovered over Matsuda's purple, throbbing crown.

'Open up,' she whispered, an impish, breathy quality to her voice Issei had rarely heard before. 'Think of the points...'

She was turned on.

Massively.

It's no different to eating it from her pussy...

And... she was probably right about the points. Despite the situation, Issei found himself giddy at the potential future windfall...

Screwing his eyes shut, Issei did as his fiancée clearly wished and opened wide.

He trusted Rias to make sure Matsuda's cum got to where she intended it.

The first shit hit the roof of his mouth like a shotgun blast.

Then, it was all Issei could do to swallow before he choked on his best friend's cum.

When he was finished, he'd swallowed most of Matsuda's release and his face was *still* covered in cum.

'Oooh, come here baby,' Rias groaned, sitting up on Matsuda's shins and pulling Issei down into a kiss.

Or rather, Issei stood there in mute shock as Rias licked and swallowed all the cum that marred his face. When cleaned, Rias slipped her tongue into his mouth and they kissed for real, their hands eagerly exploring each other's bodies as desperation and desire threatened to take over.

A clearing of a throat pumped the brakes on their passion and they both turned to look at Matsuda, who was watching them while slowly pumping his oversized manhood.

'You wanna keep kissing the cuck, or you wanna fuck?'

Rias bit her lip, offered Issei a cheeky, sultry smile before turning back to her bull.

‘Why not both...?’

As an elated smile made its way onto Matsuda’s rugged features and he wiggled his way out from under Rias, Issei found himself trembling with wicked arousal.

After everything that had happened the previous night, it felt like a lifetime ago since they’d... *indulged*.

I can’t believe how much I missed this...