

CHAPTER 20

TAGS: CUCKOLDING, HUGE DICK, CREAMPIE, FILMING

A dull, throbbing warmth pulsed behind Issei's eyes. Not a pleasant warmth. The kind that came from excessive use—like a muscle pulled past its limits and giving way to strain.

He groaned, shut his eyes to try and dull the ache, but when that failed, he sighed and let them drift open again.

Every nerve in his lower body felt raw, frayed, scraped open from the inside. Even his cock, typically numb to most sensations lately, throbbed painfully behind the button cage in time with his ravaged, bound balls. His thighs were trembling from overstimulation. His abs cramped from how many times he'd clenched through stolen orgasms. His tongue was tired and sore. His jaw hurt. His arms were numb and tingling from being bound behind him for so long he wasn't sure he could move them even if the ropes suddenly vanished.

He was wrecked.

Completely, utterly demolished.

And Akeno wasn't even in the room right now. She had the nerve to saunter away to take a *break* all while she left him, trembling and exhausted.

He lay there in the aftermath, body slick with sweat that had long since cooled uncomfortably on his skin. The sheets beneath him were damp from hours of mischief and their combined bodily fluids. His hair stuck to his forehead. Every breath shuddered out of him like his lungs struggled to pull in air.

He tilted his head back against the pillow and exhaled a defeated, shaky sigh.

Fuck... I'm gonna die before Rias even gets home...this turboslut, this Succubus is going to suck me dry before I ever get out of this fucking cage!

The ropes creaked faintly when he tugged—reflexively, futilely. The magical knots didn't even loosen. All they did was bite deeper into his wrists and make his body flare with another round of sensory overload.

Akeno's laughter floated from the bathroom. Apparently she could sense every time he struggled—she hadn't explained the bond between her and the rope, but she *loved* flaunting her mastery over it.

He let his head fall sideways onto the mattress, staring at the ceiling through a veil of exhausted, teary vision. His body buzzed with frustrated need. He was beyond horny. Beyond desperate. Past the point of dignity entirely. His entire being felt like it had been hollowed out and filled with molten, unspent lust.

And in the quiet, with no tormentor straddling his face and no new video playing, his mind drifted—unwelcome and unsteady—back to the message.

The message Akeno had sent to Rias, pretending to be him.

Fuck him, my kinky little slut.

He winced. *Hard.*

I don't really talk like that, do I? Right? She knows that wasn't me. She has to. Right?

The silence that followed Rias' last update stretched on, long enough to feel...ominous. Long enough to make something uneasy squirm in his gut. Long enough for heat to creep up the back of his neck as a terrible possibility occurred to him.

What if she thinks it was me?

What if she wasn't replying because she was... doing what he'd "told" her to do?

His breath hitched. His heart slammed painfully against his ribs. His face burned hot enough to light the bed on fire.

That had always been an eventuality that he'd long accepted with his new kink, but *knowing* something, he was coming to find, was completely different to having it shoved down your throat while you were bound and helpless.

Akeno's cackle rang from the bathroom again.

Issei pulled at the ropes a second time—harder, angrier, his muscles bunching despite the exhaustion. The bindings didn't even twitch. All he managed was another sharp jingle from the cage locked around his helpless cock.

A cock much smaller and far less impressive than his best friend's...

He collapsed back onto the mattress and squeezed his eyes shut, humiliated.

I swear... once I get out of this...

His pulse pounded in his ears.

Rias... what are you doing right now...?

The silence offered no answer.

Only heat, burning his cheeks.

Only a twisting, gnawing dread in his gut.

Only a spiraling, terrifying, intoxicating void for his imagination to fill.

He almost pulled at his bindings again.

Almost.

The moment Akeno's laughter drifted from the bathroom—taunting, musical, smug—his muscles tensed instinctively against the shibari bindings. But at the last second, he froze.

No. Not again. I'm not giving her that satisfaction.

Issei forced himself back down, spine sinking into the mattress as he dragged in several long, deliberate breaths.

Think, idiot. She's got you tied up like a pig, but that doesn't mean your brain gets to take the night off.

He screwed his eyes shut, his brow creasing in thought.

I'm not brute forcing my way out of this. Okay. Fine. The rope's magic, dumbass... so work with that.

He inhaled again, deeper, calmer, reaching inward instead of outward.

Aether was *everywhere* in Rias' manor—thick as humidity in a rainforest, heavy as gravity. He'd grown used to the feel of it over the past week. But trying to isolate a single thread of it inside all that ambient noise felt impossible.

Like trying to hear a whisper in the middle of a rock concert.

He nearly gave up right there.

Stop being a bitch!

He grit his teeth, steadied his pulse, and forced his awareness outward. At first it was just chaos—a wall of sensation, indistinct and overwhelming. His jaw tightened and as he increased his effort, sharpened his will. He felt pinpricks of sweat beading against his temples.

He pushed harder.

Focused.

He *refused* to let the cacophony overwhelm him. He wouldn't allow for stupid *magic* to beat *him*. Unseen and unknown, his Soul Sigil flared, and reality *bent* to his will.

Little by little...different signatures became more distinct, threads of Aether peeling away like string cheese. It felt like sorting through individual grains of sand that flowed through his fingers, and just as he started to feel disheartened, just as he felt his will start to falter, a surge of pure *rage* kept him going, kept his mind fresh.

There!

Something refined. Structured. A lattice of fire essence woven with enchantments more advanced than he could understand or comprehend. He felt a dozen floating around him, like planets orbiting around the sun. He sucked in an excited breath when he realized what they were.

The candles!

He could feel the fire essence in each, track their movements with his eyes closed and...with a further application of will, he extended this new *awareness* further out until his consciousness enveloped one of the satellites.

Then he *cultivated*.

His palms tingled.

The air in the bedroom appreciably cooled.

He cracked an eye open and grinned when he noticed one of the violet-azure magical candles had winked out above him. It still levitated, still drifted in a lazy orbit with the other candles. Only the fire was missing.

It had been *absorbed*.

Into his body through draconic cultivation.

Not only had he consumed the fire essence, he'd managed to do so with enough precision to avoid damaging his fiancée's complex enchantments that kept the candle afloat.

And the refined bit of essence now thrumming in his system? It tingled through his nerves like a warm drink, taking a sliver of the ache from his muscles. Just enough to rejuvenate him, to make him feel a little less *shit*.

Perfect.

He was still grinning like an idiot when Akeno drifted back into the room, skin dewy from the shower and her damp hair done up in a loose, effortless bun.

His anger came back instantly... but so did the arousal.

Her breasts bounced lightly with each unhurried step, nipples soft and pink and still bruised from his earlier attention. His throat tightened and desire flared despite himself.

He *hated* it.

Hated it even more that she noticed—and giggled.

‘Why were you smiling, Issei?’ she purred, hips swaying as she approached the bed then ran her fingers along his leg. ‘Maybe I wasn’t hard enough on you... maybe you’re ready to keep going?’

His glare sharpened to blades.

‘Fuck. You.’

Akeno laughed, delighted, and crawled onto him—slow and wicked. She climbed until her thighs framed his face, until her core hovered just above his lips, until he was staring up past the soft swell of her breasts into those bright violet eyes overflowing with mischief.

‘I think you’ll find,’ she began, lowering her hips and pressing her slick pussy to his mouth and moaning low, ‘it’s your *fiancée* that’s getting fucked, *I-sei-kun*.’

He growled into her, the sound half-muffled and fully enraged, but he didn’t stop working.

Not his tongue.

Not his mind either.

While she writhed above him, eyes closed, lost in the rhythm of his reluctant cunnilingus, Issei spread out his awareness again, sharpened his senses, toward the rope specifically.

And this time, he found it.

At least he thought he had.

A signature unlike any other in the room.

Old. Heavy. Coiled with dangerous, predatory authority—like the spiritual echo of a colossal constrictor waiting to crush anything foolish enough to resist.

Fitting...

Akeno didn't see the grin stretch across his face, teeth flashing beneath her as she pressed down and moaned.

She felt only his hot breath and his overworked tongue.

Not the devious, vengeful man behind it.

Soon...

Rias still hadn't replied. That single, looming silence gnawed at him. Made everything sharper. Darker. More desperate.

One problem at a time...

Right now?

Right now he had a battle of his own to fight. One Rias couldn't help him with.

One he wouldn't even want her to.

Because how could Akeno respect him, shit, how could Issei respect *himself* if he let this *cunt* walk all over him?

He was going to drag this infuriatingly beautiful, psychotic succubus of a woman off her smug pedestal and show her exactly why poking the dragon was *never* a good idea.

His grin turned predatory when he felt his awareness slip *into* the rope, his will slowly and subtly supplanting Akeno's without her notice...

Soon...

-

Rias straddled Matsuda's hips, her bare skin pressed to his. Their bodies met with that warm, tacky cling that only deep arousal could create—skin gripping skin, heat pooling wherever they touched. Every slow grind of her hips made their flesh catch and slide again, a sensual friction that grew more pronounced the longer she delayed.

Her palms skimmed his chest, and even that simple contact felt different now—his skin had that dewy, almost sticky sheen of desire, and hers matched it. When she leaned in to kiss him, their bodies practically adhered, pulling apart with the faintest, breathy tug as she shifted her weight and tried to make herself comfortable.

Her fingers worked his length in slow, deliberate strokes, and each movement made her thighs grip a little tighter around him, the warmth between them growing slicker, and noticeably stickier too. It made her breath hitch, made her hesitate—not from doubt, but from the sheer intensity of the sensation building between them.

She kissed him again, deeper, letting that clingy heat swell until it felt like it wrapped around both of their bodies and everywhere she touched.

This wasn't just an intense make-out session, it was a stall. A delay. A way to psyche herself up while pretending she was simply taking her time and getting into the foreplay.

Honestly, she was so turned on and impatient, foreplay was the furthest thing from her mind—even with Matsuda's ridiculous endowment.

She knew a man's worth in bed wasn't limited to what dangled between his legs—Issei had proved that more than once, even if Akeno had been armed with a toy that could put minotaurs to shame.

But knowing that didn't stop the intimidation coiling low in her stomach, or the tinge of excitement and curiosity that joined with it.

Matsuda was *big*.

Bigger than anything she'd ever taken.

Bigger than anything she'd ever *imagined* taking.

She pulled back with a gasp, lips flushed, chest heaving.

Matsuda lay beneath her dazed and glassy-eyed, mouth slightly open, looking like someone who'd lost all higher brain function.

She favoured him with a contemplative frown as she licked her swollen lips. He wasn't a *terrible* kisser—just passive. Startled and overwhelmed, Matsuda let Rias lead completely. Almost as if he didn't want to offend her and spoil the mood.

Understandable.

She didn't hold his lack of technique against him like she did Motohama and his lack of grooming. Matsuda was inexperienced. Painfully so. Even adorably.

But Motohama had no such excuse.

She whipped around and hurled the nearest cushion at his face.

'You're supposed to be filming! I told you what would happen if you missed any of this!'

Her nerves were sharpening into irritation, and Motohama was the easiest target. Her hands—needing something to do, something to burn off that nervous tension—returned to Matsuda's huge cock, stroking in a slow corkscrew motion while she glared at his idiot friend.

Motohama jolted like she'd hit him with a taser, fumbling her phone so badly she nearly watched it arc across the room before he caught it at the last possible second.

She didn't stop glaring until he had it pointed at them and recording. Rias felt a thrill of exhibitionist excitement at the taboo sensation, and wondered if she and Issei would upload this video to the internet later...

I wonder how many more points the Codex will give when it's real...

Rias turned back to Matsuda.

He was still blinking slowly, dazed, almost as if his very brain was buffering.

He wasn't drunk. He wasn't even tired. He was just... overwhelmed. By her. By *everything*. By the fact that a seemingly untouchable, noble, elegant *lady* was straddling him completely nude, just about ready to fuck his brains out.

'Are you ready?' she asked softly, her hands gripping his considerable length tighter to get his attention.

It took him several seconds for the fog to clear enough for him to answer.

His gaze flicked down to where her hands stroked him... then up to her eyes before offering a shaky, disbelieving nod.

Rias inhaled deeply, drawing courage into her lungs before she shuffled forward over his powerful thighs. Her fingers slipped away from his length—and she shivered with delight as the formidable organ dragged over her soaked folds on its way past.

She let out a shaky breath, then a moan as his cock sprung free and slapped against her ass with a meaty *thwack*, resting between her cheeks and nestling like it belonged there. Then she giggled as Matsuda shivered and yelped at the silky touch of her hair against his tip.

It was honestly a little adorable, this huge man shuddering under her like a little *boy*.

Hells... why am I so nervous?

She paused, just long enough to take stock.

This was huge. Not just Matsuda's manhood...*everything*.

This was a step she'd never even dreamed she would take.

She had always imagined she'd be monogamous—Devil or not. She'd assumed whoever she married, Issei or someone else, would have her and only her. She never let the more debauched tendencies of her kind sink into her bones. Even if she personally didn't have a moral objection to Akeno or anyone else who chose to live their lives like that.

And then the Codex arrived, and the foundation of her world... *shifted*.

Now she was about to have sex with a man she barely knew, and not only was she not as against it as she'd suspected she'd be...she was *excited* to do it.

Was part of that a result of not having had sex with her fiancé in almost a fortnight? Maybe. But as she felt Matsuda's huge cock gliding in the valley of her arse, she found herself almost *giddy*, her spine tingling with raw *desire* that wasn't as easily explained away by her period of enforced celibacy.

Because it wasn't just the thought of sex that was titillating, it was the thought of having sex with *Matsuda*, her fiancé's *best friend*.

I guess I wasn't as successful in suppressing my sinful nature as I'd thought...

Her pulse thundered as Matsuda leaned up without warning and latched his mouth around her nipple.

She gasped, breath leaving her in a shaky exhale.

Her hand slid behind his head, holding him there, encouraging him. Silently begging him to take more of her large breast into his mouth...

Her other hand reached back back behind her, her fingers dancing up his obscenely thick, veiny shaft...

Then she remembered Motohama.

She glanced over her shoulder.

And froze.

Her phone's camera lens stared back at her, a stunned and petrified degenerate behind it.

Motohama's hands were trembling. His face was flushed. The device was, mercifully, pointed correctly, even if Issei's other friend looked more likely to drop it than anything...

Rias swallowed hard as she stared into the lens—but in her mind, she stared directly into Issei's eyes.

Into the moment she knew he would one day watch, breath caught, heart pounding, torn between mind-numbing jealousy, and perverse awe.

That thought alone made her thighs tremble.

She shifted her weight, guiding Matsuda's length with careful fingers. Even slick as she was—soaked so bad she was leaving a mess on his couch—the blunt, oversized head pressed against her with a firm, undeniable resistance as her lips struggled to spread wide enough around his girth.

Hells, he feels so huge...

Her breath hitched.

And still, she didn't look away from the camera.

In her mind, her phone's lens might as well have been Issei's eyes, watching her, willing her on, proud and excited for her even as she prepared to impale herself on someone other than him for the first time.

Slowly—inch by inch—she lowered herself.

The sensation of that first stretch shot through her like lightning—her pussy splitting impossibly wide, stinging and intense. She winced, her mouth falling open in a silent scream, her body instinctively tried to tense, to flinch away from the overwhelming sensation, but she forced herself down, guided by a mix of feral hunger and an almost demented desire.

The resistance as she slowly sank down on the giant cock was *exquisite*. The way he spread and filled her, overwhelming.

Her body strained, her pelvic muscles fluttering as she desperately adjusted to his impossible girth.

Her eyes watered.

Her back arched.

Her breathing turned ragged.

And the whole time...she never broke eye contact with the camera.

With Issei.

Even as she slowly impaled herself on the biggest dick she'd ever seen, her legs spread wide around Matsuda's powerful thighs, she never looked away. She didn't pay any heed to Matsuda's gurgling groans, or Motohama's shocked gasp, all she could think about was how Issei would react to the sight of her pussy spreading obscenely around his best friend's cock...

Another inch.

Another tremble.

Another shock of pleasure mixed with stinging pain that made her body shake as she forced her way down with grit and determination.

Her voice finally broke free—a cracked gasp that melted into a guttural groan as her hips sank the rest of the way in a final, frenzied rush, bottoming out around him in one breathless, world-stopping moment.

Her whole body spasmed.

Her vision blurred.

Then she *came* with a shocked squeal, her body shaking uncontrollably as she rode the waves of euphoria.

But still, even as the pleasure threatened to overwhelm her, even as her body trembled and weakened with her release, she didn't break eye-contact, didn't look away from *Issei*.

They would share this moment from across space and time.

The moment she first cuckolded him, *truly*.

Unfortunately, she wasn't allowed to bask in the moment like she wanted.

Because it *wasn't* just her and Issei in that room—and while she didn't have any real way to confirm this without embarrassing the man she was fucking, Rias was almost positive she had just taken Matsuda's virginity.

Her gasp stuttered mid-groan when Matsuda suddenly seized two handfuls of her ass, fingers sinking deep into soft flesh, and—without a shred of hesitation—he lifted her and brought her crashing back down onto him with the reckless enthusiasm of a man who had no idea what strength he truly possessed.

Or what it truly meant to be as well-endowed as he was.

Rias' breath punched out of her in a startled squeal.

Of *course* he didn't know better.

Of course no one had ever taught him anything.

And she certainly hadn't taken the time to explain proper technique, control, rhythm—*anything*.

Not that she could blame herself.

It was rather difficult to be educational when Matsuda was bouncing her on his lap like she weighed nothing, his massive cock spearing through her tight, stinging lips and butting up against her cervix with unrestrained force, over and over, until the room blurred and she was seeing bursts of light dancing at the corners of her vision.

Until she was already tumbling toward her second orgasm.

Oh Hells, the idiot is actually going to force himself into my womb...

She thanked whatever higher power was responsible that she was a Devil. Her supernatural body was durable enough to handle his...enthusiasm and lack of common sense.

Her ego, however?

That took a beating.

She was the one who told him not to disappoint.

She was the one who'd expected to be the experienced one, to control the situation, to be able to instil some restraint in her lover.

And here she was—coming undone a second time before he'd even fully regained his wits.

Hells... if Akeno sees this, I'll never hear the end of it...

Then the air rushed out of her when Matsuda forced her down even harder. Forced her down until her soft behind crashed brutally against his thighs and the entirety of Matsuda's huge cock was buried in her womanhood. The idiot had actually ploughed recklessly deeper than she thought possible, smashing into her deepest depths without any concern for her pleasure or well-being—not even Akeno with her oversized toys had managed such a feat.

She screamed, though not entirely in pain like she'd expected. The noise she made was one of shock, a long, drawn out wail, followed by a guttural groan as she settled and quickly grew used to the sensation. It hadn't been as bad as she was expecting, if anything, other than initially feeling like she'd been punched in the gut, the way her body flooded with warmth as she swivelled her hips and adjusted felt...good.

Astonishingly so.

Why had no one told her of this?

She'd figured Akeno, who couldn't shut up about her fiancé's meagre endowment, would have brought up this all-encompassing warmth, this overwhelming heat.

Maybe I'm just different? Maybe we're not the same...?

She had her hands on her own thighs for support, her eyes screwed shut as she grew accustomed to Matsuda being so deep. When her eyes fluttered open and she looked down at her lover, she grinned at the look on his face as she let out another encouraging moan.

Matsuda had apparently frozen after her...vociferous exclamation. Frozen and snapped out of his trance-like state. His eyes were no longer glazed, his body no longer hammering away like a machine.

'Don't stop,' she urged with a strained smile, another moan slipping from her lips. 'This is your moment, *big boy*, show Issei how well you can fuck his girl...'

His eyes flew wide and gaped at her in shock. Rias genuinely didn't think his reaction would have been as severe had she just slapped him across the face.

But it was the response she was looking for. She felt her stinging nethers tingle with delight when he grabbed hold of her hips and thrust up so hard he almost launched her off the couch.

Rias moaned deep, then let out a shaky laugh as she held on for dear life when he repeated the motion.

On instinct, she turned to look over her shoulder, at *Issei*. She wondered what he'd be seeing, how he'd feel at the sight of Matsuda's huge cock completely burying itself in her womanhood, deeper than he could ever manage.

She'd obviously never experienced this feeling, this intense sensation, with her soon-to-be husband. She *couldn't* have. Common sense told her she should be screaming in pain, yet instead it felt like her body was overheating, like all the Aether in her body had been simultaneously converted into fire essence and was burning her from the inside out.

She wouldn't call it *better* than what she felt with Issei just...*very* different.

All while obviously lacking connection and mutual love.

But it was hard to think about such things when she was clinging on for dear life, as if she were trying to break in a dreadsteed. It was almost like Matsuda was fucking the sense out of her.

She wondered if Issei would be able to tell from the video. How *good* this felt, how she was thinking of him, how she was mentally comparing him to his best friend.

The pervert would probably get off on it...

Rias tried to reassert control, planting both palms on Matsuda's bulging pecs, pushing back enough to create a sliver of space. A whisper of leverage. The moment her breasts freed themselves from pressing against his chest however, they swayed wildly in front of his face in time with her bounces—and Matsuda reacted like an animal led by instinct.

He palmed them both greedily, squeezing, lifting, drawing them to his mouth as he kept bouncing her on his lap using nothing but his monstrous core strength.

Rias gasped, her head lolling back as she fought to maintain a shred of composure. It was hard—so, so hard.

She hadn't had sex with Issei in *weeks*.

The games they'd been playing, she'd been wound tighter than a golem's Aether-spring. Her libido had been building higher and higher into a tsunami of sensation that had crashed into her when Matsuda had taken her, drowning her in a sea of euphoria.

She moaned, she gasped, she didn't hold back her pleasure. She *needed* this. It felt *good* to be fucked again, to bounce on a cock so big it felt as if it were rearranging her insides.

What she needed right now wasn't romance or tenderness or perfectly practiced technique.

She had Issei for that.

She needed to be *fucked*. *Hard*. Harder than her fiancé could manage.

And Matsuda—for all his faults—was delivering *exactly* that.

Bracing herself, Rias planted one hand on the wall behind the couch to steady herself, refusing to be a passenger in her own pleasure. Matsuda's overwhelming size felt unreal—stretching her, filling her, hitting places she didn't even know could be touched—but she was *not* a passive lover.

Not now.

Not ever.

With the leverage she needed, she began to move—meeting his thrusts with forceful downward motions of her own. Her hips rolled and circled in a hypnotic rhythm, up-down, left-right, like she was making sure no part of her insides had been left unmolested by her lover's ridiculous manhood.

Matsuda lost it.

He tore his mouth from her nipple with a gasp, his entire body shuddering. His head tipped back, his throat working around ragged groans as Rias took over—riding him like a creature possessed while he clung to her hips for dear life.

And he was trying—trying so hard—not to finish immediately. His entire body shook with the effort of holding himself back, desperate to prove something, desperate *not* to disappoint her again.

How precious...

Rias had no intention of letting him torture himself.

She leaned forward, her crimson hair spilling around them like a curtain, and whispered words that ended up *shattering* him.

‘Cum,’ she urged, voice dark and sultry and punctuated with her needy moans. ‘Cum in your best friend’s girl. Fill me up so when I go home tonight, Issei will *drown* in your cum when I make him clean me...’

Matsuda’s eyes flew open in shock.

And not even *death* could have stopped what followed.

His entire body locked, every muscle going rigid. His spine arched like a bow pulled taut. Rias yelped as he thrust upward with such force, with such surprising power for a human, she nearly lost her balance and fell from his lap. Then, with a long, tortured groan that came from somewhere deep in his soul, he came. Once more, like a firehose. She could *feel* the warmth blossoming in her womb, rope after rope of thick, viscous cum filling her up like a cream *daifuku*.

The sensation—taboo, overwhelming, yet somehow *right*—triggered her own orgasm instantly. The second for the night. She didn’t stop bouncing through it, letting out a long, undulating wail in time with her pussy crashing against Matsuda’s groin.

With the power of her orgasm fading, Rias collapsed against her lover’s bulky chest, trembling violently as pleasure wracked her body, her breath breaking in needy, helpless little sounds as the two of them came undone together.

She only allowed herself a moment to rest.

Because despite the mind-numbing orgasms, despite the surprisingly incredible sex, Rias’s core still *burned* for more. She and Issei often spent the entire night making love—why would it be any different when she’d been chaste for two weeks, her libido climbing to levels she hadn’t known were possible?

Still trembling, she spun around on Matsuda's lap without letting him slip out of her. Despite her best efforts however, despite the power of the seal her lips had around his immense girth, the jostling and gravity had allowed a frothy mixture of their juices to seep out from their union. She looked at the mess with awe and, now that she was turned around and facing Motohama, she looked up at the trembling camera and smiled.

'I hope you enjoyed that Issei...but we're not done...'

'Huh...?'

The groggy, questioning grunt from behind her didn't even register. She *would* get what she wanted, with Matsuda's willingness or not.

With her arms reaching back, legs spread and feet planted on the couch for balance and support, Rias stared straight into the camera as she started to bounce and swivel her hips.

Matsuda groaned, half disbelief, half pleasure, as his flagging cock was once more conscripted into service. He reached around her waist to grab her hips, in an attempt to steady and slow her gyrating on his too-sensitive cock, but Rias was having none of it.

'Ooooh, yes, yes. Get hard for me again, *mmnh*, so big, so good...'

She felt him throb inside her at those encouraging words. And with an endowment like his, that feeling wasn't *subtle*.

She looked into Motohama's eyes as she moaned out her pleasure, behind the camera. The embittered man looked even more so now, jealousy and self-loathing burning in his eyes as he watched his buddy fuck a girl way out of *both* their leagues.

Rias combined a bouncing and swivelling, the motions looking more like a lapdance than traditional fucking—though that was obviously belied by Matsuda's frothy, cum-stained girth slipping into her heat with each downward thrust.

She couldn't work him as deep from this position, her plush, meaty behind acting as a cushion and buffer both, but such was the absurdity of Matsuda's length that she still felt him butting up against her cervix with ease.

What was perhaps even *more* shocking to Rias was not only how quickly she'd grown used to the feeling of *deep* penetration, but how much she secretly *loved* it. The stinging, tingling in her lips. The waves of intense heat pulsing out from her core to her extremities. The overwhelming sense of *fullness*.

Whether it was the confluence of several taboos, or just the raw sensations she'd never experienced before, she couldn't *wait* to tease Issei with this information. To see the look of jealousy, arousal and competitive fire in his eyes when she unfavourably compared him to his best friend.

...maybe not with Akeno in the room though.

Rias' movements grew sharper, her hips rising and falling in a rhythm that sent shudders rippling through both their bodies. Each bounce made her breasts sway and recoil in great, heavy arcs—soft flesh lifting high, then falling with meaty *thwaps* on her chest with a lush, uncontrolled momentum that would have looked hypnotic to anyone watching.

To her, though, the lack of support meant they bordered on chaotic, the weight of them tugging and pulling with every motion.

She grit her teeth through the intense pleasure that bordered on overstimulation, tilting her head back as she rode him harder, impaled herself deeper. Yet even now, despite her efforts, Matsuda remained frustratingly passive beneath her. An incredibly ripped physique, a jaw-dropping cock—yet absolutely zero initiative.

Such a waste...

With an annoyed huff, she reached back, grabbed his wrist, and dragged his hand forward until his fingers pressed against her neglected clit.

'It's not enough to just be well-endowed,' she panted shortly, her voice sharp with need and irritation as the room filled with the meaty *thwaps* of repeated skin-on-skin impacts. 'Here, you feel that nub? That's my clit. Rub it. *Gently*.'

He obeyed, hesitant and unsure, his touch feather-light and awkward. Still, Rias moaned long and deep at the combination of sensations, only hamming it up a little for the camera. His fingers rubbed at her like he was playing a Mario Party mini-game—frantic, back and forth, and with none of the finesse she needed.

Still...as much as she missed Issei and Akeno's expert touch in that moment, she supposed it was better than nothing...

Rolling her eyes, she shifted her balance, and used her free hand to corral her flailing breasts against her chest so they stopped bouncing wildly across her torso.

Despite his complete lack of experience, Matsuda somewhat made up for it with enthusiasm and raw physical stamina.

...and he still had that ridiculous cock.

They fell into a rhythm, and Rias found herself drowning in euphoria, basking in the rawness, the delicious taboo novelty of the situation. Each impalement sent a searing spike of pleasure shooting through her body, and each time her healthy rear clapped against his groin with a wet slap, she let out a moan of pure bliss.

She screwed her eyes shut as they fucked like animals, as if shutting off one sense would enhance the feeling of another. It was easy to get swept away by the rhythm of their movements, to let the hypnotic, percussive smacking sounds of wet skin-on-skin contact lull her along to another toe-curling orgasm.

But Rias never let her fiancé stray far from the forefront of her mind—and though he wasn't watching live, she was putting on a show.

Reluctantly, and with a groan of frustration, she pulled herself out of the borderline tantric state she'd slipped into and checked the time on the digital clock near the TV.

11:25pm

It's nearly midnight...

She needed to wrap this up.

Rias bit her lip to muffle her frustrated groan. Matsuda was growing more eager, more energetic the longer they fucked. It felt like such a *waste* to wrap things up now.

Then Rias looked into the camera, her body rocking with the power of Matsuda's forceful thrusts, and grinned cheekily.

She very much doubted this would be a one-time thing.

Issei was greedy like that. And if Rias let slip—*no*, if she *showed* how much she enjoyed his best friend fucking her with his huge cock?

A repeat performance was all-but guaranteed.

When did you turn into such a slut?

She knew the answer. It was so obvious she didn't even bother answering her inner thoughts.

Both Rias and Matsuda groaned with disappointment when Rias slipped forward and hopped off his cock. Instantly, she felt a sense of emptiness, as if a void had opened up inside her that she *yearned* to be filled.

'W-we need to wrap this up,' Rias ordered, only the slightest hitch in her tone betraying how she was feeling, how her body still tingled with the memory of Matsuda's member. '*You*,' she said, pointing at Motohama, 'Get on the floor, on your back. *Focus*,' she barked, cuffing him gently

upside the head as he gaped at her heavy, swaying breasts. He hesitated for only a moment, but when met with Rias' raised eyebrow, he hurried to comply.

Rias *heard* his breath hitch and sensed his pulse quickening when she joined him on the floor, crawling over his face so her womanhood was a foot above his head. Looking down, she noticed his shorts tented—far less impressively than Matsuda, but Rias still found herself licking her lips all the same and cursing the fool for being an unwashed, borderline-NEET.

She wondered how many *more* points they would have earned that evening if she'd had a threesome...

Such a waste...

Turning, she looked at Matsuda as her luscious hair cascaded down the opposite shoulder, then swayed her hips invitingly. Her eyes were glued to his towering cock, the way it was covered in thick, angry veins and how it glistened with a combination of their juices.

'Come. Why don't you fill your best friend's girl one more time,' she teased, shifting her gaze from his mighty tool to his wide eyes. 'If you make me cum one more time, I promise I'll *make* him clean me. With his *mouth*. And I'll send you the video...'

Both Matsuda and Motohama sucked in startled breaths at the proclamation. It cost her nothing to say the words—she was going to make him do that anyway—but judging by the way Matsuda's manhood *throbbed*, like a coiled anaconda, it would only work to her benefit.

Unheeded of his friend, or how his big, manly testes dangled precariously close to his face, Matsuda dropped to the carpeted floor and shuffled towards her like a hoplite with a mission.

He wasted no time, grabbing her hips and thrusting all the way into Rias' core with inexperienced brutality and a guttural shout. Rias bit her lip to stifle a squeal, long-since used to the rough-idiot's handling and inexplicably *liking* the sting of pain as he stretched her wide and buried himself *too* deep.

'Yes!' she cried, flinging her hair over her shoulder as her body rocked in time with his thrusts. She felt her breasts swaying, hanging low enough to swipe across Motohama's tented shorts.

She thought she heard him gurgle something out, and wouldn't have been surprised if that had been enough to make the embittered cameraman cum in his pants.

'Pull my hair!' Rias gasped, shocking herself at the urgency in her tone. She'd never asked for that during sex before, but inspiration had struck after accepting she may, in fact, like a little pain to go along with her pleasure.

Matsuda hesitated for only a second, before taking a fistful of her long, crimson locks and curling his fists until her head tugged back with a sharp sting. Her surprised squeal of pleasure urged Matsuda on, and he tugged harder, which had Rias moaning louder, her beleaguered womanhood fluttering around the invading member before she consciously started to *squeeze*.

'Cum in me!' she cried as Matsuda panted like an animal, like he was trying to get one last rep in at the bench-press.

Except he had *many* more reps left in him, despite his body glistening and dripping with perspiration.

'I'm gonna cum!' he cried, his groin crashing against her meaty ass so hard her pale skin had turned as red as her hair. 'Fuck! You're so tight! *Fuuuuuuck! S-so warm!* This is so much better than a fleshlight!'

'Shut up!' Rias almost cried, cursing the idiot for spoiling the mood. It was so easy to forget that she was fucking an undeniable idiot with his sheer effort and enthusiasm...and that cock. She'd prefer it if he kept his mouth shut.

Naturally, he didn't listen, and judging by his erratic thrusting, he was close.

Rias urgently started rubbing her clit, wanting to get one last big climax in herself before she had to leave and make it back before midnight.

She tried to think about Issei, about what he must be thinking after Rias had gone silent for so long, but she was finding it hard to focus on anything other than the pleasure.

Then Matsuda crashed into her one final time and tugged her hair so hard she was looking up at the ceiling fan.

The overwhelming flood of warmth in her womb was already familiar. The almost bestial cry and gasp after each jet of ejaculate was new though.

Rias barely paid him any mind. With her pussy stuffed-full of cock and her insides being filled to the brim, she instead screwed her eyes shut and rubbed her clit for all she was worth.

It didn't take much, and Rias' arm gave out as stars filled her vision. She felt herself squirt as she crashed into Motohama's legs, no doubt soaking her phone and the ecstatic cameraman both.

By the time her senses returned, when her head stopped throbbing and warmth stopped pulsing to her extremities, Rias didn't know if it had been seconds or minutes since her climax. Thankfully, looking at the clock, it had only been a minute.

Motohama yelped and shrieked in disgust as she pulled off Matsuda's cock with a shaky moan. Not only did his flagging member drop without her pussy's support and slap with a meaty thwack against Motohama's face, but a thick, globule of cum joined it, landing on the corner of his mouth.

'Oh my fucking God! That's so *gross!*'

Rias ignored them as Matsuda groggily chuckled and fell back on his ass while Motohama dropped her phone and hurried to the bathroom.

It took a surprising amount of effort to stand up on her still quivering, shaking legs, then even more so to not fall over when she bent to pick up her phone.

Without even a backwards glance, with her purse and phone in hand and one hand covering her leaking pussy, she hurried for the front door.

'W-where are you going?'

Rias turned to him in the doorway, her eyebrow raised.

‘Home?’ she offered, genuinely confused.

‘Get dressed!’ he yelled, pointing an accusing finger at her.

Rias turned to look at the devastation that was now Matsuda’s living room, bits of her outfit and lingerie tossed all over the place while the couch and floor was wet with their combined juices.

Let’s see his mother try to clean that... poor woman...

Rias turned back to Matsuda with a grin and winked. Unlike with his previous orgasms, his cock hadn’t returned to hardness—perhaps his stamina *did* have limits. ‘You keep them. Call them a trophy or masturbate with them for all I care. Next time, I expect you to last longer. *Issei* can go all night...’

Without another word, she turned and exited through the front door completely naked, uncaring of not only who saw her, but who saw her *leaving Matsuda’s house*.

As Rias stepped out into the cold autumn night, the air hit her like a thousand tiny knives. Every inch of her clammy skin prickled, her bare body jiggling softly with each hurried stride. She should have been freezing.

If she were normal, she *should* have been covering herself in shame.

But she didn’t care. All she wanted was to get far enough away from Matsuda’s house so she could open a portal.

If anything, not only did the cold not affect her, she was still pleasantly warm. Her heavy breasts swaying, her nipples stiffened into fingertip-sized pinpricks and her face flushed with a smile so radiant and wide her cheeks hurt.

This warmth had little to do with the temperature. And she wasn't just talking about the cum she could feel sloshing around inside her.

All she could think about was getting home to her fiancé, and seeing the look on his face when he watched the footage.

With a swipe of her hand, she ripped a tear in reality and stepped through the portal.

It winked out before the confused and alarmed Matsuda could even stumble outside after her.