

CHAPTER 34

The morning sun filtered through the heavy velvet drapes of their bedroom, casting a warm, honey-colored light across the chaotic tangle of sheets.

They weren't fucking with the frantic, point-grinding desperation of the night before. This was slow and lazy. Sweaty, slippery, and thick with the heavy scent of their combined releases.

Rias lay atop him, her luscious hips rolling in a slow, rhythmic grind that kept Issei's semi-hard shaft snug inside her, pulsing with every agonizingly teasing tilt of her pelvis. Her face was inches from his, her warm, breath smelling faintly of sweet tea as she held her smartphone propped up right beside their faces.

On the glass screen—played in crisp, sickening high-definition—was the fruit of Matsuda's filming labour.

Issei winced as the phone's speaker put out a muffled, wet squelch, followed by Matsuda's triumphant, meathead roar.

'Take that tea-bag, cuck!'

On screen, Issei watched his own face get completely smothered by his buddy's oversized, swinging balls, while his tongue diligently worked Rias' clit through the humiliating act.

Humiliation that was instantly warring with arousal as his eyes tracked Matsuda's huge dick sliding in and out of his girl's snug pussy, her lips gripping his girthy shaft jealously every time he battled his way out.

A sharp spike of shame flared in his chest—a knee-jerk reaction he hadn't been able to totally suppress despite increasingly growing comfortable with being a cuck—but it was immediately overpowered by the intoxicating memory of the notifications that had popped up in his vision at midnight.

The Codex had practically thrown a parade in their honour.

The points payout for the gym “excursion” had been *astronomical*. He’d gone from flat broke after the spring and the tribulations of his ascension to being absolutely flush.

In just a single, depraved night.

Rias’ theory—relayed to him only after the fact—had been proven utterly, ruthlessly correct.

The Codex didn't just reward "cuckolding and related activities," it scaled exponentially off his personal level of discomfort and boundary-pushing.

The more his ego took a beating, the more the system showered him in power.

Or, more accurately, the means to acquire it.

When he’d reluctantly shown Rias the notifications, her gorgeous, blue-green eyes had flashed with a wicked, calculating light that had sent a chill straight down his spine.

His mind was stuck in a chaotic feedback loop. He was terrified at the thought of what insane scenarios she was going to cook up next, yet utterly turned on by her uninhibited, cunning drive to make him stronger. The ever-present, looming sense of doom regarding how far she’d push him was hot in its own twisted, completely fucked-up way.

And as much as he hated to admit it, as embarrassing as it was to even think... he was here for it.

If he’d get *that* many points just from letting his buddy teabag him...?

I mean, is it really gay if I'm not the one doing anything?

Truly, a thought many philosophers had no-doubt agonized over.

Rias had made her appreciation known immediately, dragging him to their bed for hours of furious, desperate fucking—reaffirming their love, their bond, and the weird, kinky reality of their relationship in the wake of his cuckolding.

When Matsuda had texted over the video file that morning, along with a picture of his huge, hard dick and an invitation for a repeat performance whenever she—and, crucially, not *he*—got the itch, the spark had ignited all over again.

‘Ah... Issei...’ Rias gasped soft against his lips, her body shuddering as her walls clamped down tight around him one final time.

With a soft, breathless groan, her core rippled, sending her cascading over the edge. Her strength finally gave out, and she collapsed forward, burying her face into his chest as her toe-curling orgasm ran its course.

Issei wrapped his arms around her, breathing in the scent of her flowery shampoo and reveling in the heavy, delicious weight of her voluptuous body pressed flush against his. He stroked the smooth expanse of her back, feeling the slow, rhythmic rise and fall of her breathing. He closed his eyes, the sheer exhaustion of the last twenty-four hours threatening to drag him straight to a deep, restful slumber.

He was just about to drift off when Rias’ tired, husky voice pulled him back from the gates of dreamland.

‘Don’t spend any of your points. Don’t even look at them,’ she commanded softly, her mouth pressed against the crook of his neck and her long crimson hair spilling over his chest like a second blanket. ‘Focus on consolidating your gains and understanding what this... *unique* ascension of yours really means.’

Earlier, in the quiet lulls between rounds, Issei had finally spilled the details—or at least the parts his brain could actually process—about his ascension. He’d told her about meeting the *real* Ddraig, how the Codex and the Dragon were pretty much separate entities, and the reality of his core.

His core was nothing like the books had described, it had *physically* manifested *in his body*. A mini-sun formed of dense gravitational essence, passively pulling in Aether, condensing it, and converting it to *more* gravitational essence. Essentially expanding on its own and cultivating more power on its own through a process remarkably similar, metaphorically, to nuclear fusion.

Like a *real* star.

Just as he'd imagined.

Kinda.

Seeing the sheer, uncharacteristic shock on the face of his fiancée had been almost as satisfying as watching her get fucked the night before.

Of course, that awe hadn't stopped her from being absolutely furious with him for taking such a reckless, potentially fatal gamble. The fact that the universe had actually rewarded his stupidity only seemed to annoy her more.

It's because she loves you, you dumbass.

Issei let out a soft sigh, knowing his traitorous inner voice was right as his fingers absentmindedly combed through her luxurious crimson locks.

Knowing it didn't make the maternal scolding any less annoying, though.

He braced himself, waiting for the inevitable follow-up lecture he knew was coming when he felt Rias inhale deep..

'Why don't you fuck me like you do Akeno?'

Issei blinked.

Then blinked again.

Then, he burst into a loud, surprised bark of laughter that shook both of their bodies.

Taming the venom-tongued Akeno had easily been one of the proudest, most ridiculous achievements of his life. Her never-ending, subtle digs about his "small" dick and his total lack of bedroom prowess had quickly crossed the line from teasing to profoundly aggravating.

So, in a stroke of sheer, totally-planned and thoughtfully considered genius, Issei had weaponized his gravity magic in the most brilliant way possible just to shut her up. If he couldn't physically stretch Akeno out the way she claimed to want, he'd simply create a localized mini-singularity around his dick to do the exact opposite—pulling her internal walls snug around his length with his phenomenal cosmic power.

It was a badass, insanely complex technique. With nothing left to complain about, and feeling completely stuffed and stretched by his magical trickery, their Queen had all but surrendered to his superiority.

And as much of a massive ego trip as that had been at first... if he was being completely honest with himself, her over-the-top devoted fawning since had gotten a little... *much*.

I kinda miss cuntty Akeno. She pegs me way better than Rias does...

Careful what you wish for and all that...

Issei favoured his fiancée with a teasing grin, winking down at her.

'If I mind-break you like I did the Slut, you'd stop finding guys to cuck me with. *Then* how'd I grow stronger?'

Rias' cheeks puffed up in immediate, cute annoyance before her beautiful eyes narrowed dangerously. Her manicured fingers slowly traced a path down his collarbone, trailing tantalizingly close to his throat.

'You're playing with fire, my love,' she breathed directly into his ear, her warm breath causing a violent, full-body shiver to run down his spine that he couldn't control if he tried. 'I'm already growing bored of Matsuda...'

Raising an eyebrow, Issei tilted his head toward the bedside table where her phone was still looping the video. The volume was low, but her rapturous, enthusiastic moans on the recording were so consistent they had practically become ambient background noise.

'Doesn't *sound* like you're bored.'

Rolling her eyes with a dramatic sigh, Rias reached out, snatched her phone, locked the screen, and tossed it blindly onto the carpet.

In one fluid, powerful movement, she shifted up his body, sitting fully astride his waist once more. Their slick, soiled privates ground together as she sat upright, looking down into his eyes with a sudden, dead-serious expression.

Issei, meanwhile, was fighting a desperate internal war between maintaining respectful eye contact or completely collapsing into a giggling caveman at the sight of her heavy, perfect breasts dangling directly over his face.

How the hell did I get so fucking lucky...?

Rias stared down at Issei in silence for several long, quiet moments. She had no particular expression on her face—just a searching, intense look in those hypnotizing blue-green eyes.

Wanting to escape the awkward scrutiny, Issei gave in to his baser instincts. He shifted his gaze straight down to her tits, grinning like an idiot as he cupped a boob in each hand. He pulled them apart and let glorious gravity have its way with them, giggling as they collided as he watched the pale flesh ripple with the force of the impact.

I love physics.

Rias was far too used to both his immaturity and his absolute infatuation with her boobs to comment or care.

'You have no idea how incredible you really are, do you?' she asked idly as Issei amused himself. 'I don't think I spend enough time telling you that.'

'You don't,' Issei confirmed immediately, not bothering to look away from her funbags as he continued playing with them. 'And *please*, don't let me stop you.'

He heard her snort, but his gaze remained laser-focused on her jiggling titflesh. If Rias had a problem with him being so easily distracted by her body, she would have dumped his ass a long time ago.

'You don't understand. I've never felt a core like yours, Issei. I can *feel* you—'

'I sure as shit hope so.'

She rolled her eyes again at his immature interruption, a faint grin tugging at her lips at the implication before she suddenly squeezed her powerful thighs, nearly crushing his ribs to force his focus back onto her.

'Ow! What—*alright*, fuck, I'm listening!'

'You have a *domain*, Issei. You're exerting your Concepts around you *passively*. That doesn't normally happen until the fifth ascension—'

'Manifestation,' he interrupted, quoting what Rias' books had called the stage before taking her dangling tits in hand and suckling on her pebbled nipples. He allowed her a second to digest her surprise at his knowledge before releasing the teat and continuing, 'You don't have to praise me, I *know* how awesome I am—'

'You're *reckless*,' she reiterated, *again*, and Issei immediately stopped playing with her tits when he both saw and felt how deeply this was affecting her. 'Core formation is one of the most

heavily studied aspects of Devil Cultivation and I've never even *heard* of someone Manifesting at that stage. It just *doesn't* happen—'

'Maybe they just need to git gud?'

'Issei...'

'Hey, relax—' Issei tried to soothe, but it was apparently the exact wrong thing to say.

'I *need* you to care about yourself as much as *I* do!'

He opened his mouth to rebut, to diffuse the heavy tension with a shitty joke, but seeing her struggle to maintain her turbulent emotions, he let out a long, suffering sigh.

'Great, can you not start ulting? Now I feel like an asshole.'

She favoured him with a pouty, reluctantly amused smile.

Success!

'I wouldn't have stopped you from trying to get as powerful as you dream, Issei. I'm not a hypocrite,' she said softly, her voice thick with emotion. 'I just want you to *talk* to me. To wait until I'm there so I can actually *do* something if the worst happens.'

Issei let out another weary sigh, running his hands along Rias' smooth thighs in a soothing rhythm as he digested her words. Honestly, he'd been hoping they had dodged this entire conversation with all the craziness of the previous evening.

Turns out it had just been put on hold.

'I'm sorry,' he grit out. Saying the words with genuine meaning had always been difficult for him, but he meant it. 'If I'm being honest... it wasn't really planned. More... spur of the moment. I'd *intended* on waiting. Extenuating circumstances and all that.'

This time, it was Rias who sighed. 'I know.'

She bent down, placing a lingering kiss against his lips before taking his hands and placing them right back onto her tits.

'I know,' she whispered again.

Raising his eyebrows, Issei grinned and immediately sucked her nipples back into his mouth. Rias let out a long, pleased sigh at the attention, resuming her gentle, rhythmic grinding atop him.

They collapsed into silence once more, content to just be present in each other's company and enjoy each other physically, until Rias spoke up again.

'Do you want to see her?'

'Who?' Issei asked in confusion, a little annoyed that she'd asked a question requiring a verbal response. That meant less tit-sucking time for him. 'Akeno?' he asked, his face scrunched up in total confusion. 'I thought you sent her to deal with the churchies that are sniffing around?'

Rias slowly shook her head, her features turning deadly serious.

'The Fallen. The one who killed you.'

He blinked.

Oh, that's right. They have her chained up in the dungeon, don't they?

Shaking his head, Issei gave a curt response before taking Rias' nipples back into his mouth.

'Not interested.'

Rias sighed in pleasure again as her eyebrows shot up in surprise. 'You don't want revenge?'

'Not particularly,' he attempted to answer, but the words were garbled around copious titflesh and came out virtually inscrutable. Rias seemed to understand his tone well enough anyway.

'She killed you!'

'Not very well,' he muffled out in reply.

'Issei—'

With an annoyed groan, Issei pulled off her boobs and gave Rias his undivided attention.

Honestly, maybe I should just gag her. She keeps interrupting booby-fun-time!

'Look, if you wanna "Red Magic of Death" her, go for it. I *genuinely* don't care. I honestly haven't even thought about the bitch in ages.'

Rias gaped at him in utter surprise as he happily went right back to slurping on her erect nipples.

'You're... very strange, my love.'

Says the homicidal Devil princess...

'I'm very horny and overstimulated,' he garbled out again, earning himself a sexy, breathless giggle from her.

Finally, she let him feast for long enough that Issei completely lost track of time—long enough that his beleaguered member had grown fully hard again, and Rias had seamlessly guided him back inside her.

‘We need to see Sona.’

‘Not that I’m against another threesome, but I thought you weren’t very happy with *Kaichou*...?’

Rias rolled her eyes, pinned his wrists above his head, and started to bounce atop him with far more urgency.

‘That’s why we need to see her. We need to settle this and find out what happened once and for all, and I want you there with me when I interrogate her.’

She was fucking him, but he could feel that her full focus wasn’t entirely in the room. Her mind was already locked onto Sona Sitri and the potential end of a long-standing friendship.

Sighing, Issei pulled Rias down until their chests were pressed flush together, their faces millimeters apart.

‘Don’t worry. I got you.’

The smile she favored him with was somehow both radiant and bittersweet.

‘I know...’

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Yuuto Kiba kept his pace slow and deliberate, allowing Asia to keep up with him as he led her through the castle.

The descent into the bowels of the mountaintop manor was a long one, but Asia didn't complain once. Instead, her wide, expressive eyes darted everywhere, drinking in the sheer scale of her new home with an open-mouthed wonder that Kiba found powerfully endearing. Watching her marvel and gape at their new King's mad brilliance made his chest warm in a way he wasn't entirely used to... at least, not until he'd met Asia.

She had changed his life, there was no doubt about it. Or, more accurately, she had given his life actual *meaning*. Without even really trying.

Not too long ago, Kiba's entire existence revolved around one simple, endless loop of eating, training, and ensuring he served *Buchou* to the absolute best of his ability. No real friends, no hobbies outside of his duty. He had felt no need for either. *Buchou* had always been on his case about that but, in her defence, he had never put much stock in her words.

Then Asia Argento had entered his world—a beautiful, sincere whirlwind who had reshaped his entire outlook simply by *existing*.

It wasn't as if she was forceful or overbearing, she was anything but. She had simply been her earnest, gentle self, and Kiba had found himself completely incapable of resisting her pull. Much like with Issei's strange, fascinating new core, Kiba felt drawn to her. He wanted to say it was against his will, but that would be a bold-faced lie.

Whereas with Issei's strange new core whose pull was a physical, *literal* presence whenever you stood near him, with Asia, it was metaphorical—though no less powerful.

She drew people to her with her force of personality alone.

And even then, the thought conjured images that didn't quite fit with the quiet, earnest young woman he'd grown to love.

When they finally reached the lowest level of the manor and stepped up to the imposing, magically locked door barring the way, Asia froze. She stared up at the barrier, her face a mix of awe and subtle discontent.

Rias Gremory never did anything by half measures.

The rarely used subterranean prison had been fortified with every defensive layer imaginable. Rias had spared no expense, acquiring the strongest materials money could buy and layering glyph upon glyph of high-tier warding glyphs over every square inch to ensure absolute impregnability.

The door itself was a massive, seamless slab of dark iron—an impossibly dense metal enchanted to absorb kinetic and magical force alike. The surrounding stonework had been transfigured to be even more indestructible.

Nothing was getting in or out without Rias's express permission.

Other than her brother, I suppose... Or someone powerful enough to utterly overpower high-grade anti-teleportation wards...

'It's okay,' Kiba whispered softly, placing a gentle, comforting hand on Asia's slight shoulder as she looked up at the vault-like entrance. 'I'm here.'

Asia shook herself out of her trance, turning her head to look up at him. The sheer sweetness beaming from her expression threatened to melt his ice-cold heart on the spot.

If she hadn't already melted it into a puddle of mushie goo long ago.

Feeling a warm flush tinge his cheeks, Kiba stepped forward and pressed his palm flat against the center of the giant door, allowing the warding matrix to read his magical signature. He held it there for several long seconds as the deep, heavy clunk of mechanical and magical locks disengaging resounded down the cavernous stone hall.

When the massive door swung inward on impossibly silent hinges, it displaced a heavy wave of cool air, moving with an undeniable weight and presence that one couldn't help but feel deep in their bones.

I wonder if Issei could lift this door now...?

The fact that he even asked himself the question instead of dismissing the absurd thought outright proved just how far his friend had come.

And so quickly, too... I really need to step up my own training if I'm going to keep up.

Reaching down, he took Asia's small, warm hand in his own and led her past the threshold into the dimly lit, undeniably creepy dungeon.

As far as Kiba understood, Sona Sitri maintained a nearly identical underground dungeon in her own base. He didn't quite understand why both heiresses went to such extreme lengths for maximum security when the need for a high-containment prison so rarely arose, but he quickly checked the thought.

It's not for you to question such things. Let the heiresses deal with ruling.

The interior of the dungeon mirrored the long, dingy hallway outside. A long, torchlit corridor lined on either side with smaller, dark iron doors, each identical to the massive barrier guarding the entrance.

They walked in silence until they stopped outside the only cell currently holding an occupant. Kiba paused, turning to Asia and placing a steady, reassuring hand back on her shoulder.

'Are you ready?'

The former nun didn't flinch. Her expression firmed with quiet resolve as she squared her shoulders, looking directly at the supposedly impregnable barrier.

'Yes.'

A fierce, swelling sense of pride bloomed in Kiba's chest—one that didn't entirely make sense under strict scrutiny. Asia wasn't some helpless child, she was his girlfriend. But watching her

step up to face the very being who had played a central role in ending her life, doing so without a flicker of fear or hesitation, commanded his absolute respect.

If he were being completely honest with himself, Kiba was more surprised that the Fallen still drew breath given what she had done to Issei first. But judging by how Issei had reacted when Rias dealt with the exorcist girl, Kiba suspected his friend wasn't one for killing when he could avoid it.

Or perhaps Issei just wasn't as bothered by the Fallen's continued existence anymore—as alien of a concept as that was for Kiba, whose own past was so heavily defined by hatred.

He'll need to get over that if he wants to remain by Buchou's side...

Kiba favored Asia with a final searching look before turning to the cell door and placing his hand on it.

Once more, the wards read his intentions and the enchantments flared.

The door did not swing open, but it did disappear—at least visually. The magic allowed for light and soundwaves to pass through and nothing else, giving them a clear view into the dank, stone cell and its single occupant.

The Fallen's head shot up, her lips curling in disgust at the sight of him.

Objectively gorgeous, the one calling herself *Raynare* sat naked, shackled to a cold stone chair. Her luxurious raven hair was a disheveled mess, dried snot caked her face, and her dark, violet eyes were red-rimmed and puffy from her tears.

Her flawless, pale body was marred with signs of Kiba's *enthusiastic* interrogation—he'd been professional throughout in trying to extract as much information as possible, far kinder than she'd have been had their roles been reversed.

He'd be lying if he said he didn't derive a grim sense of satisfaction from the torture though. Not with the memory of Asia's cold, dead body still fresh in his mind.

'Back for more, *pretty boy?!'* she snarled, fighting futilely against her bonds with all the desperation of a wild animal. 'I told you, you'll get *nothing* from me! So rather than wasting everybody's time, let's make a deal, eh?'

Instead of continuing to struggle against the dark iron bindings that would never break, she relaxed, settled into the chair as if it were a throne, and spread her legs as far as the ankle bindings would allow, showing off her still-pristine sex in all its undamaged glory.

'Come on, pretty boy. Let me go and I'll let you fuck me as much as you want, then you'll never see me again in this God-forsaken *shit hole!* I promise, you'll never feel a better cunt in your life!'

Kiba's lips curled in disgust, despite knowing a not-insignificant percentage of the male population would *kill* to be in his position.

The fact that she thinks such an offer is appealing is insulting in and of itself.

Raynare was objectively one of the most drop-dead gorgeous women he'd ever seen, yet her offer didn't even make him blink. He might have even felt pity, if such an emotion were even possible in reference to the detestable being.

Hearing a soft gasp behind him, Kiba stepped to the side after realizing he'd instinctively moved protectively in front of Asia, as if to shield her from the vile sight.

The moment the Fallen's eyes landed on the blonde Sacred Gear wielder—the one she'd so ruthlessly betrayed and left for dead—they widened in sheer shock.

'You *survived?*' she gaped, incredulously. '*How?!*'

The Fallen's gaze flicked between Kiba and Asia, her eyes narrowing with a feral cunning as her quick mind processed the new information.

The frown on her face quickly shifted, a sick, wicked grin blooming as realization set in.

'You... you *turned* her?'

At the deathly silence that met her question, the imprisoned Fallen burst into demented laughter, as if she'd heard the funniest joke of her lifetime. It was less typical laughter in retrospect and more a cackle of the stereotypically evil variety, but the effect was just as cutting.

Kiba slowly turned to his girlfriend, expecting to see her flinch or squirm in discomfort.

Pride swelled again at the look of raw—definitely unearned—*compassion* on her face. While he'd never understand how she could conjure such emotions for someone so vile, the fact that she even *could* in such a situation just went to show his girlfriend's incalculable worth as a person.

Seeing that her mocking laughter wasn't having the effect she'd wanted, the look on Raynare's gorgeous features turned *ugly*.

'Don't you *dare* look at me with pity, you *disgusting*, pathetic little *freak*!'

It took every ounce of Kiba's considerable willpower not to phase through the door and behead the cretin right where she sat.

As if sensing his internal conflict, Asia took his hand in hers and squeezed it in a soothing manner. Catching the interaction, Raynare's lips curled again before she let out another peal of harsh laughter when realization struck.

'The Devil sympathizer is now *whoring* herself out to them? Why am I not surprised? It wasn't enough just to become one of them, was it? Once a traitor, always a—'

'I forgive you.'

The Fallen reacted as if the words were a physical blow, stopping mid-sentence to stare at her with shock and disgust.

'You... you *what?*'

The words weren't her typical, overexaggerated, over-the-top fare. They were low, raspy, and *dangerous*.

'I forgive you,' Asia repeated, without fear or hesitation, squeezing Kiba's hand tighter for strength as she spoke with complete earnestness.

She didn't elaborate, nor did she speak further, as Raynare's pale features turned a stark, mottled crimson before the Fallen began thrashing wildly against her dark iron bindings, frothing at the mouth like a rabid dog as she fought to break free.

The switch-up was so extreme, so over-the-top and sudden, it took Kiba by complete surprise.

From what time he'd spent with her, Kiba had found that the Fallen liked to think of herself as a master manipulator, and had comported herself as such ever since her capture. But three simple words from his unassuming girlfriend had been enough to... *unmake* her.

He was so shocked by the stark transformation that he missed Asia bowing politely and quietly stepping away. So wrapped up was he in watching the unravelling of his enemy that he hadn't even noticed his girlfriend's departure until he went to squeeze her hand and found his grip empty.

Looking up, he saw Asia walking back out of the prison with slow, measured steps. With a quick wave of his hand, Kiba restored the door's opacity, leaving the frothing Fallen to her own devices, before hurrying after Asia.

Before he could even get a word out, Asia started to speak.

'She *expects* torture. Pain. She's used to it. She might have even made peace with the possibility of dying,' she began in an emotionless whisper. 'She does *not* expect to be given the one thing that...' She paused right before causing herself more spiritual harm, swiftly

reconsidering her words. '...the one thing that she wants most. Not from *Him*, but from a hated enemy.'

She turned to Kiba, a wicked little grin touching her pretty little lips.

'You do not know the Fallen like I do, Kiba. If you want to hurt them, you must remind them of the one thing they will *never* have again... their Father's forgiveness.'

And with that... quiet, unassuming, beautiful Asia took his hand and led them out of the prison, leaving Kiba gaping after her in shocked awe.

How much do I really know this incredible woman?

Kiba, not one typically to give in to his baser instincts, couldn't tell if he was terrified... or turned on.

One thing was for sure however...

She would fit right in.

A shudder crept down his spine as a horrifying thought occurred to him.

I cannot let Akeno corrupt her...

Though... after what he'd just seen, he was less certain of the one that would be doing the corrupting...