

CHAPTER 8

The bedroom smelled like sweat and sex.

They'd barely made it to the bed when they got home. The sheets were in a crumpled heap on the floor, her dress hanging from one of the floating candelabras, and a trail of discarded clothes pointed from the door to the soiled mattress behind them.

Rias had been...*enthusiastic*.

Now, in the quiet aftermath, she sat perched on his lap at her desk, naked and clammy, her skin warm and flushed from exertion and lingering arousal. Issei cradled her lazily, his hands roaming her body with greedy possessiveness—palming her breasts, teasing her nipples, brushing over the slight tremble in her thighs with slow, possessive strokes.

He hadn't come. The cage was still locked, but the memory of that third guy—the one from the hotel room—was seared into his brain like a brand, his mind looping the image over and over, making him wish he could touch himself. The colossal cock, the way Rias had opened wide and sucked it in front of him with delight, the feeling of helpless arousal...

He moaned softly against Rias's neck and tightened his grip on her waist. They were only halfway through his chastity period. Five more days. Just five more days.

He didn't even mind anymore.

His lips quirked into a smirk as he imagined what he'd do to Rias the *second* the cage came off.

They wouldn't be leaving this room for a couple days. At *least*.

With a sigh, he brought up his Codex overlay and checked their gains.

1435 AP.

Most of that—all of it and then some—had come from *one night* of debauchery. And a pretty tame one at that, all things considered.

Imagine how many points there'd be if she fucked all of them...?

He stared at the number. Then, as if a switch flipped, he navigated to the Shop and immediately made another purchase.

Draconic Codex Ascension Point Shop
Level 1

Alchemical Concoctions - 200 AP

Elixir of Rapid Ascension

Boost AP gains for one night by 100% - all AP boosts stack multiplicatively

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He cursed his luck. If he'd drank one of these earlier, he'd be sitting on more than double the points now. As it was, with the little gift he'd purchased for Rias earlier, he still had over 1200 points to spend.

The vial shimmered into existence in his palm—sleek, silver-blue, humming with energy. Rias didn't even glance his way, her eyes fixed on her laptop screen, her brow furrowed in deep concentration.

'None of this makes sense...' she muttered.

'Hm?' Issei replied, nuzzling her neck.

She sighed, scrolling through the spreadsheet she'd compiled from his earlier narration. 'Some of the gains track perfectly. Things I did with just the first two guys? Handjobs, groping, that sort

of thing—they add up cleanly. But then there's these—' she gestured in frustration at a block of highlighted rows, '—these should be divisible by three.'

Issei leaned in, peering at the numbers while his fingers circled lazily around one of her pebbled nipples, earning him a delighted shiver. 'What are they?'

'Stuff I did with all three. Making out. Public flirting. Crotch gropes. Even... touching them.' She clicked her tongue. 'I did each act three times, same intensity, same situation. So why are the totals wrong?'

'Rounding?' he offered with a shrug, distracted by the softness of her skin. To be fair, each total *was* divisible by three, the numbers just wouldn't be clean. If nothing else, the Codex had proven to be relatively simple with its point rewards, with only the multipliers throwing up strange numbers.

Rias had already accounted for each known multiplier though, and subtracted it from the actual rewards in a different column.

'No. Look—*Kissed a man in front of fiancé: 35 points* after subtracting all the multipliers. That should be 30. Or 33 if the system is being weird all of a sudden. But 35? That doesn't make sense. *None* of the system-recognized actions reward decimal values, they've always been multipliers of five!'

He gave her a noncommittal grunt, but his eyes drifted to the numbers. He wasn't even really thinking—just letting the pattern emerge. That was his thing. Pattern recognition. Math. He thought the answer relatively obvious, and he suspected his brilliant fiancée understood the implication too, just not the particulars.

Then it clicked.

'That's not random,' he said suddenly, sitting up straighter. 'You're assuming each instance gives the same value, right? But what if one of them's worth more?'

Rias blinked. 'You think the system's giving different values for the same act?'

‘No. I think it’s giving the same value—plus a *new* hidden multiplier that only applies to one of your, *ahem*, conquests.’

She stared at him. He pointed to one of the rows, his cheeks flushing at the embarrassing words.

Touching another man's penis while cuckold watches – 175 points

‘If it were 50 each, that’d be 150 total. But it’s 175. One of them got an extra 25. That’s... 50% more.’

Rias blinked again.

Then she groaned, flopping back against his chest and burying her face in her hands. ‘Oh, *of course*.’

‘What?’

Without removing her hands, she mumbled, ‘...It’s his dick.’

‘Huh?’

Issei was sure that, had he not been caged, his cock would have surged at hearing such *vulgar* words coming from his fiancée who, only hours earlier, had been busy charming the pants off her in-laws...

She peeked at him between her fingers, cheeks burning. ‘It should’ve been obvious. It *is* obvious. The first two guys? Normal size. Not small or anything but... *standard*.’

‘Wait,’ Issei interrupted, narrowing his eyes, ‘didn’t you say they were both bigger than me?’

She coughed and looked away, her cheeks pink as she turned to try and hide a naughty grin. 'I'm not sure what you mean, my love.'

He snorted. 'Mean.'

Had he shown this interaction to his younger self, that idiot probably wouldn't have recovered from the hit to his ego.

It was kinda hard to remain insecure though after having the most beautiful woman in the world agree to marry him—a woman he'd turned ripping orgasms from into an art-form.

Rias pressed on quickly. 'The third guy? Issei, he was huge. Like, *monstrous*—'

'I noticed,' he interrupted dryly.

She carried on as if she hadn't heard him. '—Of *course* there's a hidden multiplier for that. It's a *cuckold* system. Obviously, it rewards things like that. *Acts of humiliation*, it told us that on day one!'

Issei stiffened under her—his body, not his cock, obviously—as her words made an anguished, deliciously taboo thrill shoot through his very core. His mind once more started to torment him with the illicit images...

Rias' breasts sliding over that massive, dark shaft, her lips stretched wide, her muffled moans and groans as she took it in far more easily than he thought possible given they'd lost their virginities together...

He swallowed. *Hard*.

'I just want you to know,' he muttered, voice hoarse and cheeks aflame, 'what you said about my dick was mean and you should feel bad.'

Rias giggled, turned in his lap to face him fully, and sat her spread legs on the armrests, her glistening core still leaking her excitement all over his groin. She looped her arms around his neck and kissed him, slow and teasing.

‘Since when did my adorable little *cuckold* grow an ego?’ she purred. ‘And who said you’re allowed to talk back to your *Mistress*?’

He pinched her side and made her squeal. Her eyes went wide, but before she could bat his hand away, she finally spotted the delicate vial held between his fingers

‘Is that...?’

‘Yeah. Sorry—I know you said to run everything by you first, but I just realised I’d have a shit-load more AP by now if I’d downed one of these before tonight, so I snapped one up before I forgot...’

She narrowed her eyes in displeasure but gave a reluctant nod. ‘You made the right call. That was an oversight on our part.’

Then Rias froze, her eyes narrowed further at him in suspicion and warning.

She schooled her features and tilted her head, voice sweet and dangerous. ‘You didn’t buy anything *else*, did you? I’d hate to have to... *punish* you.’

Issei smiled wide.

Too wide.

‘I already promised you I’d make no rash decisions about my cultivation before running them by you first, didn’t I?’

Her eyes narrowed into slits.

'What. Did. You. Do?'

She punctuated each word with a *literal* bruising poke to his chest that had him wincing in pain.

A cuckold he may be, but Issei was no bitch.

Especially when he was in the right.

'You know...you're always telling me that it's not *me* and *my* anymore, but *us*.'

'Issei...'

He ignored the warning tone.

She would be singing a different tune very soon.

'So, using that logic, I asked myself what the best way was for me to truly get stronger. As desperate as I was to snap buy one of the magic school specialisations, I thought you might cut my balls off if I did—'

She took said balls in hand—larger than he'd ever remembered seeing them and obviously overstuffed with his baby batter—and gave them a painful squeeze that'd likely earn him points the next day. 'I'm considering doing that anyway...'

Shivering at the seriousness with which she delivered the—he hoped—joke, he ploughed on.

'I figured the best way for me, and the rest of the peerage, to grow more powerful, is to make *you* more powerful...'

She froze, her eyes slowly growing wide. He winced as her grip on his nuts tightened subconsciously and, at seeing said wince, she released them as if they'd burned her hand.

'Sorry!' Then, remembering what had her nearly crushing his balls, she shoved him in the chest. *Hard*. He winced as his spine slammed against the unyielding back of the tall-back, gothic office chair. He *really* needed to get on that *body cultivation* stuff. His girl was already cucking him, he couldn't have her slapping him around too. 'Issei, *what did you do?*'

Worried she might actually kill him at this rate, Issei reached back behind the chair to where he'd stashed her present. 'Remember when I asked you what *your* bottleneck was? For what was stopping you from becoming OP?'

She paled, her eyes wide. 'You *didn't*.'

Remembering that conversation specifically, he winced, realising he might have accidentally oversold his present and ruined its impact. 'No! Not *that*. Purification treasures are *way* too expensive.'

She sagged, half in relief and half in disappointment.

Noted.

Reaching back and feeling blindly, he gripped the heavy object he'd nabbed earlier and stashed behind the chair before Rias could notice before continuing.

'You told me your biggest bottleneck was *knowledge*. As someone who specialises in runes, you're limited by the, well, by the *runes* you know.'

He thought he did a pretty good job of hiding his grin when he saw Rias deflate with disappointment.

'Issei... my brother has a literal, *living* Dragon in his peerage. Not just *any* Dragon either, Tannin was one of the Dragon *Kings*. I've known about Draconic Runes since I was a child! *This* is why you need to run things by...me...first...'

Before she worked up a full head and steam and get *big* mad, Issei decided to only push his luck a *little* further.

He was having way too much fun.

He put on a disappointed, miserable expression, like a puppy who'd just been kicked by its master.

'Oh...that's a shame.'

It took every ounce of Issei's considerable willpower not to burst out laughing at the expression on Rias's face when he presented the tablets—stone slabs he never could've lifted one-handed before his reincarnation. They didn't just look ancient, they felt it. Just brushing his fingers across the polished surface had his enhanced Aether sensitivity buzzing like static. There were six in total, bound together by rings of an alien metal that shimmered with a faint, blue luminescence.

If the Codex's description wasn't total horseshit, then Rias was about to be a very happy girl...

Draconic Codex Ascension Point Shop **Level 1**

Draconic Relic Exchange - Level 1

If you can imagine it, the Codex can find it. If it exists—or ever did—it's waiting in the Infinite Draconic Hoard.

The Relic Exchange allows the user to request powerful artifacts, weapons, armor, and enchanted items drawn from the limitless vault of the Codex. These are not mere trinkets. They are tools of legend, each bound by history, magic, and blood.

Simply describe what you seek, and the Codex will reach into its memory to find the closest match. If your Shop Level is too low, the relic will remain locked, a reminder of what still lies out of reach.

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Primordial Lexicon

Classification: Artifact – Codified Knowledge

Cost: 800 AP

Forged in an age before thought, before language, before the first sapient breath was drawn, the Primordial Lexicon contains the foundational runic symbology of raw, unshaped Concepts. Each tablet functions as both key and cipher—a metaphysical Rosetta Stone that decodes the unutterable glyphs that gave form to the Universe.

Bound by quantum-linked alloy rings harvested from the corpses of collapsed stars, the Lexicon's six stone tablets resonate with any sufficiently advanced Aetheric field. The symbols shift when observed, aligning themselves with the reader's comprehension and drawing upon latent magical memory buried deep within the soul.

Translation: This thing was fucking *perfect* for Rias.

He hoped he was right about her loving it. He'd done a lot of browsing of the Relic Exchange that evening and honestly, he was more excited by its extensive, apparently *infinite* stock than he was by the rest of the store.

Well, after he'd fixed what the Codex had broken in him, of course.

And judging by the level indicator, he guessed his access to its treasures would increase the further he upgraded the Store.

Issei couldn't wait to check it out. If he could already buy something as seemingly valuable and unique as this lexicon, what could he get at *higher* levels?!

Shaking his head to return to the present, he watched as Rias reached out with a trembling hand, fingers hovering just inches from the top tablet. She wasn't even touching it yet, but Issei could tell something had hit her—*hard*. Her breath had gone shallow. Her hand paused mid-air. That tiny tremble in her fingertips wasn't fear, not exactly, but *awe*.

Yeah, she feels it too.

That same bone-deep hum that hit him the second he'd summoned the Lexicon. The stone didn't just look ancient, it radiated it—weight, age, meaning. Even now, it was making the hair on the back of his neck stand up, constantly tickling at the edges of his senses.

When she finally touched it, her breath hitched. Her eyes went wide.

Bingo.

I think we have a happy customer...

Issei couldn't help the grin that tugged at the corner of his mouth. 'Simplest way to put it?' he said, voice low and filled with gravitas. 'According to the Codex, that's a Rosetta Stone for the oldest, strongest runic language ever recorded. Or at least as far as it knows.'

She didn't reply.

Didn't even blink.

Her fingers were moving slowly now—carefully, reverently—tracing the edge of the top tablet like she thought it might bite her if she moved too fast.

'I didn't *just* get it as a present,' he added. 'This isn't just me being romantic or simpy.' He paused and let out a self-deprecating grin. 'Well, not *just* that. I fully expect you to use this to turn not just yourself, but all of us into badasses.'

Still nothing. Her lips parted, but no sound came out. Her whole body was stiff, shoulders tight, eyes glued to the tablet like it might vanish if she looked away.

Which meant he'd *nailed* it.

Best fiancé ever!

He leaned back just a little, letting himself enjoy the rare sight of Rias, completely stun-locked. She always looked good—stunning, poised, in control. But this? This speechless, overwhelmed, grateful Rias?

Yeah, this might be his new favorite look on her.

After a long moment, her lips finally moved. 'Issei... I don't... I don't even know what to say.'

He smirked. 'I'll accept, "You're the best fiancé ever." I'll also accept all similar words of love and adulation. While I'd hate to see you mar your beautiful skin, I suppose I'll also settle for getting my name tattooed on this fat ass of yours.'

That finally pulled a small laugh out of her—soft, breathy, like she hadn't meant to let it slip. She clutched the tablets tighter to her chest. While he doubted she'd be getting any tattoos, Issei was certain he'd earned a lot of points that evening.

Then, just to be an asshole, he leaned forward and reached for them. 'I mean, if you don't want it, I think I can still return it to the Codex for a point refund—'

There'd been no indication that he could do such a thing, but it was just way too fun to screw with Rias.

Her reaction was instant. She yanked the tablets back and fixed him with a glare so sharp it could've cut glass. Her hands locked down on the stone like she was guarding her own child.

‘Don’t you *dare*,’ she growled, her eyes flashing in warning.

And just like that, she was back in control.

Her smirk returned—dangerous, amused, and all too familiar. ‘Thank you,’ she said, voice rich and low. ‘It’s a wonderful gift, more than I suspect you even understand. And I *will* make good use of it.’

His chest swelled with pride.

Then she tilted her head, eyes glinting. ‘But... this sets a terrible precedent, doesn’t it?’

...what? Why is she looking at me like that?

‘I just can’t have my little cuckold running around, spending AP like a big boy without *permission*. That would be *irresponsible*. I think a *punishment* is in order...’

He blinked, then squawked in surprise. ‘Wait—*punished*?! What the hell for?!’

Rias didn’t even dignify that with a response. She just gave him that smug, wicked smile and reached back to snatch her phone with the hand that wasn’t cradling her new, precious artefact to her breast. She held it to her ear, never looking away from him.

Issei watched with a growing sense of dread.

Someone picked up.

‘Akeno,’ Rias greeted in a too-sweet voice. ‘I haven’t caught you at a bad time, have I? No? Good. So. I’ve been thinking. I don’t like the idea of my fiancé owing you *favours*.’

Oh no.

'He's been a *bad* boy,' she went on after pausing to wait for the response, like she was talking about a puppy who'd peed on the rug. 'Yes. *Very* bad. I think you should come over. Now. He's overdue for *punishment*.'

Issei's stomach sank like a stone.

He couldn't hear much from Akeno's side—just a few muffled words. But the laughter? That rang out crystal clear. Musical. Sadistic. Absolutely *delighted*.

Rias's grin deepened. 'I thought you'd like that. You two will be square after this. Oh, and *do* hurry, would you? You should see the look on his face. It's positively *precious*.'

Issei made a strangled noise in the back of his throat.

Then—just as she was about to hang up—Rias paused.

'Oh. And Akeno?' Her voice was all silk and venom. Her wicked smile, often enough to drive him crazy with lust, suddenly filled him with dread. 'Bring the *big one*.'

The call ended with a quiet beep.

Issei sat there in stunned silence, brain stuttering like an overheating CPU. How had the tables turned so quickly?! He'd just given Rias the *best gift ever!* 'You were joking about that,' he said weakly. 'That was a joke, right? You said—you said—'

Rias turned back to him, eyes aglow with glee. She cupped his cheek and kissed his forehead like he was her favorite toy. Her fingers brushed his jaw with teasing tenderness.

'Just remember, my love,' she whispered, her beautiful blue-green eyes heavily lidded with lust and dancing with mischief. 'Your body's a lot tougher than you think.'

Then her voice dropped to a purr, her lips brushing against his ear.

'And when she starts with the lightning, remember, you cultivate Aether now. *Use it.* Treat this as your first real step into body cultivation.'

She pulled back, winked, and stood, her attention already shifting back to the ancient, arcane artefact in her arms. As she scanned the stone, her lips moving silently as she traced the runes, it was as if she'd already forgotten he was there, totally absorbed by the new knowledge at her fingertips.

Issei sat there, motionless, heart pounding, and sweat prickling across his skin.

He didn't know if he should be terrified... or excited.

Then a darker thought crept in.

What the ever-living fuck did Rias mean by "big one," and, what the hell did a slut like Akeno consider *big*?

His asshole clenched in pre-emptive horror.

If I'm already getting punished... I may as well properly earn it.

Issei brought up the store once more and gazed at his current AP total, his eyes drifting over the relics he'd bookmarked earlier. His greedy little goblin brain had flagged plenty of tempting options. One was a living crystal that could enchant a water source with passive Aether purification—ridiculously extravagant. Another was a mirror that let him spy on anyone he had a strong enough karmic connection to. That one was cheap. Dangerously useful, too, considering their new and very kinky lifestyle.

But his focus returned to the relic he hadn't been able to stop thinking about.

The one he'd mentally filed away as perfect for his build.

...Sorry. His *cultivation path*.

Draconic Codex Ascension Point Shop
Level 1

Draconic Relic Exchange
Mindroot Sigil of Seltherion
Classification: Growth-Type Soul Sigil
Cost: 1000 AP

An ancient Soul Sigil etched with the deep concepts behind Saeltherion's meditative trance states, branded permanently over the Soul Mind and growing with power with the one that is marked.

Anchors the user's consciousness with draconic stillness, unmatched clarity and unconquerable willpower.

Note: Growth Relics attune themselves to the owner and grow stronger alongside them.

He'd originally queried the Codex for something that would help him impose his will on both his Aether and Essence. Something that would let him wrestle them into shape for more complex, and controlled casting. He didn't like how much he struggled with the simplest of Aether manipulation and had grown jealous of the stories of how easy others had it. Most people would say that was jumping ahead. Trying to fly before he could crawl.

But Issei lived by the sacred RPG player's code—if you're going to do something difficult, make sure you're as OP as possible when you do it.

Challenge was for pussies that had nothing better to do with their time.

He almost didn't notice Rias in the background, totally absorbed by the ancient masonry he'd just purchased for her, completely unconcerned by the fact that she'd handed her love off to be tortured by an—admittedly, ridiculously sexy—slutty *Succubus*.

Unconquerable willpower.

His jaw clenched.

Would that help with pain? Would it let him shrug off Akeno's lightning? He didn't doubt Rias' words that absorbing powerful sources of Aether would strengthen him, but he'd rather do so while *not* in excruciating pain, thank-you-very-much.

He imagined her face... confused, impressed... then annoyed as he took her punishment with cold, unbothered dignity.

His inner troll practically howled.

He'd do what his fiancée asked. He'd treat this as *training*.

His grin turned feral.

He was a good cuckold, after all.

When he made the purchase, *something* hit him square in the forehead. Not hard. Just... deep. Like something ancient had stamped itself across the inside of his skull. A presence. Heavy. Quiet. Steady.

Like a mountain had grown in his consciousness and taken root in his psyche.

Right before the skull-splitting, soul-tearing agony hit like a sledgehammer, he had one more coherent thought before all he knew was pain.

What the fuck is a Soul Sigil... or a Soul Mind...?

Thankfully, Rias was too absorbed by ancient, archaic magics to notice his body seizing up, or the blood leaking from his nose...

This...better...be...fucking...worth it...you overgrown...fat ass... lizard.

Somewhere, deep in his soul, he just knew that cunt was laughing his ass off.