

CHAPTER 21

TAGS: PEGGING, CUM EATING, CUCKOLDING, HUMILIATION, REVENGE, EDGING, THREESOME, BONDAGE

Issei grunted, his eyes closed and his face creased in concentration as he tried to ignore the feeling of Akeno's warm, lifelike strap-on thrusting in and out of him.

'Why do you think Rias isn't back yet?' she asked, panting with lust, her excitement evident in her tone as well as the eagerness with which she continued to fuck him. 'Ufufufu, do you think that, *nng*, that now that she knows what a *real* man feels like, she's in no hurry to get back to her, *nng*, her *fiancé*?'

Issei allowed his eyes to flutter open and favoured the turbo-slut with a deadpan stare, but otherwise didn't give her the satisfaction of seeing her get a rise out of him.

And while he *was* wondering what was taking Rias so long, his trust in her didn't waver for even a second.

He closed his eyes and tried to go back to focusing on his Aether, but the petty bitch didn't take kindly to being ignored. As if sensing he was trying to block her and the feeling of her fucking him out, she upped the ante.

She didn't thrust like a man would. She angled her hips, found the perfect angle to attack his prostate, and pressed *hard* against that spot inside him that made his vision white out and concentration almost impossible.

Almost.

Unbeknownst to Akeno, she was giving him the best Aether control exercise he'd ever had. The constant pleasure, the feeling of intense and overwhelming *fullness* combined with genuine mind-numbing euphoria gave the perfect amount of distraction to make his Aetheric manipulation difficult and challenging.

And if he could manage it in *this* situation, he could manage it in *any* situation.

Biting his lip to stifle his moans, and with sweat dripping down his temples, Issei screwed his eyes shut and returned his focus on the rope binding him. Rather than removing it, he *shifted* it, causing it to creep around his body like a constricting snake without looking like it was moving at all.

Given how tight his bindings were, Issei was giving himself wicked rope burns. Thankfully, his other actions made up for the damage he was constantly doing to himself tenfold.

While making sure to not let his bond with the rope weaken to the point of catastrophic failure, Issei grit his teeth and, with an intense application of will, reached out to another of the floating candles around it. Without losing control of the rope, he greedily drank from the fire and the enchantments without letting them wink out.

It was, in his opinion, an *awesome* display of control that also healed whatever rope burn he was inflicting on himself over and over.

Then, after drinking his fill, after cultivating and circulating the Aether in his body to heal it and empower himself, he'd move on to another candle and repeat the process again.

Each time, the cycle became easier.

Each time, the cycle became more *efficient*.

Akeno wouldn't know this, but this evening had been one of the most fruitful for his cultivation and advancement to date.

Which meant, when he finally got his revenge on her, it would be only *slightly* less brutal than it otherwise would have been.

He was a man who repaid his debts, after all.

Frustrated that her technique wasn't getting the reaction she was hoping for, Akeno started pressing harder and deeper, then started pinching his nipples and playing with his balls. The cage jingled with the movement, but her massaging caress added a different vector of pleasure that made concentration that much more difficult.

'Why fight it?' Akeno gasped, breathlessly, 'You love it when I fuck you, don't you? You're my little *cuck bitch*, Issei. Cum for me! Cum in that *pathetic* little cage of yours like a *good boy*!'

Maybe because his senses were already so finely attuned and thrown out to the room, Issei was the one that felt it first.

While looking for another source of Aether to cultivate, Issei felt a *huge* one manifest directly at the foot of the bed. It made everything else in the room, even the powerful rope artefact, feel like a flickering candle to its bonfire.

She's back...

His head turned, looking for the clock on the wall.

11.45

Just in time...

Her arrival was accompanied by a blast of cool air, and then Akeno felt it too, her naked, sweaty body shivering with the cold and her nipples hardening into stiff peaks. She turned above him, and laughed sultrily at what she saw.

Issei's view was still blocked by two huge tits and the turbo-slut they were attached to.

'Looks like *someone* had a good time...'

'Akeno...? Whatever, *move*.'

Issei's heart fluttered at the sound of his fiancée's voice, then he let out a surprised groan as Akeno obediently pulled out of him and hopped off the bed, the oversized dildo making him feel embarrassingly empty as his bowels were rapidly voided.

When Rias was revealed to him in all her naked, sweaty, *filthy* glory, his heart leapt into his throat.

Not only was she completely naked, having seemingly left Matsuda's house without her clothes, but she was *covered* in the evidence of her slutty adventure. Her body spattered with dry cum, her perfect, pale skin marked with large, angry red hand prints, hickies on her nipples, her luxurious hair damp and matted to her skin...

All of this would fade quickly due to her Devil constitution, but seeing her stand there, marked by another man, was triggering something primal in his brain that made him feel like he could burst out of the rope that bound him with a draconic roar.

And speaking of "marked," she held her hand over her womanhood with a coy look in her eyes. Issei stiffened and swallowed thickly, instantly knowing what *that* meant.

Crawling onto the bed without releasing the *floodgates*, Rias positioned herself above his face and looked down into his dark eyes through the valley between her heavy, dangling breasts with flushed cheeks, her breath coming in ragged, horny pants.

'I guess it's safe to assume Akeno was in control of both you and your phone tonight...?'

He nodded shakily, unable to look away from her mesmerizing blue-green eyes. He desperately wanted to know what she'd been up to. He was *gagging* for information, for any scrap she'd give him. And what was worse, he could *smell* his buddy's cum, pungent and domineering, right on the other side of her hand.

He didn't know whether he had his enhanced senses to thank for that, or if Matsuda had just cum a metric fuck-tonne inside his fiancée...

Rias let out a pained sigh and, setting her phone down on his chest, she cupped his face and favoured him with a look so sincere and apologetic, he wanted to punt Akeno into next week for making her feel this way.

'I'm sorry,' she whispered. 'I didn't know. Are you angry?'

Issei huffed out a laugh and shot Rias a grin that let her know he didn't blame *her* for the misunderstanding. 'You're not sorry, you *whore*, and I'll only be angry if you keep leaving me hanging...'

Rias straightened and bit her lip in an attempt to hide her wicked little grin.

'Okay, maybe I'm not *sorry*,' she amended with a giggle, 'but I do feel a little bad that my *baby* was tied up here, a slave to Akeno's *tender mercies*, while I had such a *goooooood* time...'

Issei screwed his eyes shut and groaned.

'Stop teasing me Rias, I've had enough of that tonight...'

Giggling, she leaned back and asked the most important question.

'Did you drink the potion?'

'Yes! Come on! We're running out of time!'

Openly laughing at his desperation now, Issei was doing breathing exercises to stay cool and calm.

'I promised Matsuda I'd film you cleaning me and send him the video...'

Again, he groaned at the salacious claim, at the thought of his friends both seeing him at his worst and most degenerate self, but this time both Rias *and* Akeno laughed at his reaction.

This is payback for the jacking off thing...

When his eyes opened again, Rias was pointing her phone at him. She was using the selfie camera however, a video he hadn't seen before playing on the screen while she also recorded him in turn.

Rias sat straddled atop Matsuda, shuffling forward in his lap as his manhood dragged across her lips. When she moved forward enough, it sprang back up like a mighty oak, thwacking against his girl's ass and nestling between her cheeks.

He watched Rias moaning as Matsuda feasted on her tits, he saw how Rias stared like a deer in the headlights at the camera—her eyes wide, innocent and vulnerable despite her salacious deeds—then he groaned as he watched her delicate fingers, including the one with his engagement ring, guiding that ridiculous cock into her *gushing* pussy.

The sounds both she and Matsuda made when she impaled herself, he'd never forget them for the rest of his life.

Then the Rias sitting on his face moved the hand away that was guarding her pussy, and a *flood* of thick, viscous cum oozed into his mouth. He saw her body relax as she stopped clenching, but gravity, his old friend, was handling the rest. He swallowed, obediently and absent-mindedly, unable to take his eyes off the action on the screen.

He'd eaten cum plenty of times before, it was easy to not think about this being *Matsuda's* cum—easy enough that he didn't immediately gag and spit it out.

He was mesmerised by the sight of Rias in the video, free and rapturous as she fucked his best friend. For him. For his Sacred Gear. But most importantly... for *herself*. And neither Issei or Rias could deny how much she was enjoying bouncing on that oversized cock, no matter how much Akeno teased them about Rias never going back to his more modest endowment.

Knowing how the game was played now, Rias dutifully did her part with heavily lidded eyes while massaging her breast with the hand that was no longer covering her nethers.

'That's it, *cuck*, drink it all, yesssss. Clean me, that's it. *Good boy*. Look how much bigger he is than you. Look how much better he fucks me. Your tiny thing *can't* compare...'

Issei whined, not at her words, but because his fiancé pulled the phone away from his line of sight temporarily and he lost sight of the amazing video. He couldn't see, but given the context clues and how a separate pair of hands jingled his caged cock, he didn't doubt that they were getting him on camera at his most embarrassing, pathetic worst.

So his friends could see his shame.

Jokes on them, I ran out of shame a long-ass time ago...

He heard both girls giggling as they filmed him, and heard the cage jingling. Issei could only focus on Rias' pussy however, the river of cum seemingly never ending.

How much did this fuck cum in my girl?

He'd tried to imagine that it was his *own* cum that he was eating, but the sheer *volume* made it impossible. Not only did he not cum like a firehose, the cum he was forced to swallow was also noticeably thicker and liked to cling to his throat.

It was...gross. But given the way Rias was moaning atop him, how quickly she came on his tongue while letting him watch the video of her getting fucked, this was clearly a massive turn on for not just him, but his fiancée too.

He didn't manage to clean her fully in one loop of the video—a video that showed Matsuda had only cum in her *twice*. Still, hearing Rias' squeals and moans in the video compared to the much tamer ones she made on his lips as he ate her out drove him *crazy* and, judging by the incessant giggling he heard from the peanut gallery, Akeno was very much enjoying that fact too.

When he was finally finished, when his tongue could find no more cum no matter how deep he extended and swirled around inside her gaping womanhood, Rias pulled back and, with the camera still pointed at his face, she spoke.

'Is there something you want to say to Matsuda, my beautiful little cuck?'

She was stroking his face while spewing said filth, like a mother would a child.

He and Rias were of such a single mind at this point, he didn't need magic to know *exactly* what she wanted.

'Thanks for fucking my girl better than I could,' he rasped, looking directly into the camera without shame. 'And thanks for the meal...'

Rias tapped the screen to end the recording and immediately hopped off his face, her fingers dancing on the screen as she hurried to send the video before the clock hit midnight.

Akeno filled his vision next, her violet eyes wide and almost crazed with lust.

'That was so *hot*,' she gasped, capturing his lips in an almost frenzied, passionate kiss. Issei groaned into her mouth, not out of relief or pleasure, but because Akeno was squeezing his nuts so hard it felt like they would *burst*.

Thankfully, his fiancée came to his rescue, yanking and throwing Akeno off him before climbing on his chest and bending down to capture his lips in an even more passionate, intense kiss. Her fingers combed through his hair, and , when she needed to come up for breath, she showered him with platitudes and apologies.

'I didn't mean any of it!' she said after one kiss. 'I love you so much,' after another.

But Issei knew what he saw. There was no denying how much Rias *loved* getting fucked up Matsuda's big, freakish cock.

He'd have to step up his game.

As the thought crystallised, as midnight settled, his vision *exploded* with notifications.

Way more than the last explosion that had, itself, been an impossible deluge.

As Rias continued to make out with him, Issei watched the notifications scroll past and the points tally go dizzyingly high. He'd been incredibly disappointed to not see the action for himself that evening, but seeing the notifications gave him a play-by-play he hadn't been expecting.

The fuck? What fucking Pizza guy?!

He was finding it hard to think clearly with both Rias atop him, his cock begging for release, and with the information overload, but one thought did manage to pierce through the fog.

How the fuck does the lizard know what Rias does if I don't...?

He made sure to file that question away for later...

Finally, Rias pulled back, her frenzy momentarily satiated. Her cheeks were flushed as red as her hair and she was completely out of breath.

That wasn't enough to distract her from what was *truly* important though.

Nor was it enough to distract Issei from what *he* found most important either.

With her tits dangling in his face, Issei leaned up and suckled a puffy, pink nipple into his mouth while Rias giggled. Cupping his face and holding him to his chest like a mother would a babe, she rested his head in her lap to make him more comfortable while reading down to cup and gently kneed his brutalised balls.

Issei felt a soothing warmth flood them, no doubt a result of Rias' magic. He didn't care, it felt *incredible*, so much so that he nearly wept at the sensation given the abuse they'd been subjected to that evening.

'How many points?' she whispered, desperate and excited to know how handsomely they'd been awarded for her effort that evening.

He didn't answer right away, but he did look up into her gorgeous eyes, his own crinkling at the corners in amusement. Getting another suckle in, he answered around her incredibly titflesh, his voice muffled.

'Still tallying...'

'Oooh,' she groaned as Issei nibbled and suckled just the way she loved. 'I was such a naughty girl tonight...'

Akeno joined them on the bed, kneeling by their side like a courtly attendant. Refined but cautious, unsure if she was due praise or punishment, but willing to accept either.

Crazy slut would probably prefer punishment... We'll see if she thinks that way after I'm done with her.

Rias turned to her as her fiancé continued to feast. 'I suppose he clued you in then?'

Akeno nodded, a sultry grin on her lips. 'I can't believe you kept this from me. I could have been so much help!'

Akeno looked down at the strap-on hardness still secured around her otherwise naked body—the dildo having been banished back into her storage already—then down at Issei, at the bindings that still, supposedly, bound him.

'I'm not sure how much of your *help* Issei could survive.'

Issei snorted into Rias' tit then pulled off just enough to get a word in. '*Puh-lease*, the bitch is a paper tiger.'

He very much enjoyed the way Akeno's eyes flashed with rage at the jab. 'Big words, *cuck*, now that *mummy*'s here to protect you.'

Issei looked up into Rias' amused eyes and winked. 'You hear that?' he said in between nibbles and sucks, 'she called you mummy. Kinda hot. Does that make me daddy?'

Rias matched his energy, her eyes twinkling with amusement. 'Is that what you want? Want me to call you *daddy*?'

Issei screwed his eyes shut, his groan muffled my heavy tittlesh. Yes, he liked that. He likes that *very* much.

Rias giggled at his reaction while Akeno rolled her eyes with revolution. 'You're both *disgusting*.'

Before Rias could fire back another jab, Issei spit out her tit and gasped in shock.

'W-what the *fuck*?!'

Rias perked up in alarm, Akeno too. 'What is it?!'

He turned to them, wide-eyed disbelief on his face.

'Eight...' he began, before coughing on spit.

'Eight thousand?' Akeno asked curiously, while Rias deflated with disappointment.

Issei set them straight *real* quick.

'Eighty seven *thousand* points...'

Rias' eyes nearly bugged out of her skull while Akeno looked between the two of them, eyebrows raised.

'That's good right?'

'The sword was only 2800!'

Rias narrowed her eyes and glared at Issei in annoyance. 'Sword? *What* sword? You don't even know how to use a sword!'

Issei grinned unapologetically and willed his vault to open up beside them, a rent in reality showing the mostly bare, spartan room holding his latest acquisition.

Rias' mouth dropped open.

'You bought the *Vault* too?! I could have made you one for free!'

The grin fell from Issei's face. 'Shit, I forgot you didn't know. Yeah, but babe, listen, there's no weight limit with the vault and we figured it'll only get better as I unlock more shop levels!'

Her eyes narrowed.

'We?'

Sensing the danger, and the hint of jealousy in her tone, Issei conjured all of his considerable willpower to not cackle in his fiancée's face.

She's too adorable!

'Come on, babe, it wasn't worth your time, and check *this* out!'

He manipulated gravity as easy as breathing, causing the Voidsteel Destroyer to float out into the bedroom.

‘That’s...that’s not a *sword*.’

‘And I don’t intend to use it like one,’ he said with an unapologetic grin. ‘I hated how *useless* I felt...earlier.’ He stumbled over his words. He had to double check, but the battle with the demons really *was* earlier that evening. It felt like so much had happened since. ‘Figured it would be good to have something *heavy* to fling around with my magic. Pretty cool right?’

Rias ran her hand over the rocky finish before turning back to him with wonder in her eyes. ‘Is this *Voidsteel*?! Do you have any idea how *valuable* that is? How incredible it is at accepting *enchantments*?’

‘I didn’t,’ he admitted shamelessly. ‘I mostly bought it because it weighs nearly two tonnes. Next time shit goes down, I won’t be useless dead weight.’

Rias gaped at the sword for several more moments before slowly turning to Issei and sitting down beside him, stroking the side of his face gently. Akeno chose that moment to ruin the tender moment by offering up retching sounds, but they ignored the turbo-slut.

For now.

That, of course, only annoyed the half-fallen, but they did their best to tune her out.

‘First, you’re *not* useless. You’re *growing*. So, so fast. I’m so proud of the effort you’ve put in Issei...’

Never quite comfortable with effusive praise, he was about to make a self-deprecating joke but Rias cut him off with a tender kiss to his lips, short-circuiting his brain.

When she pulled back, Issei noticed her eyes twinkling. As if she knew damn well what she was doing.

‘Second...can you *really* move that thing? That’s...very impressive.’

Instead of answering, Issei manipulated the gravity around his weapon to make it start spinning like a massive, oversized fan. He let it build up slowly, to preserve essence, but *probably* let it get a little out of hand on the top end...

Rias turned to stare, eyes wide as the atmosphere in the room suddenly *changed*.

Physics sure is a bitch...

He felt it without Rias needing to say anything—the way her breathing stalled for half a beat, the way she instinctively braced, expecting his display to end in disaster...

Rude...

The low hum in the air deepened, settling into his chest like a second heartbeat. When he glanced over and caught the windows trembling in their frames, and Akeno staring at him with wide eyes, he silently cringed.

Okay. Spinning two-tonnes of dense material in a confined space, not my smartest idea...

He tightened his grip on the gravity field and eased the rotation down, not stopping it outright, but slowing it from spinning like a fan to gently twirling like a windmill. The pressure softened immediately, the vibration fading to a distant thrum he could feel rather than hear.

Rias was staring. Not at the Destroyer though, but at *him*.

She had an unreadable expression on her face and Issei swallowed. He hadn’t meant to push it that far, to come off as immature or reckless. He’d just...wanted to show Rias he wasn’t *useless* anymore.

‘...Too much?’ he asked, trying to mask his trepidation with humour. He hadn’t realised just how desperate he was for his fiancée’s validation until that moment and, somehow, he found that far, *far* more humiliating than the kinky adventure they’d been on that evening.

For a long moment, she didn’t answer. She continued to stare into his eyes with a blank expression on her face. But when the corners of her lips twitched into an amused smile, Issei finally let loose the breath he was holding.

‘You’re incredible, my love.’

The tender moment was once more ruined by Akeno who clicked her tongue and rolled her eyes in annoyance, like an immature, petulant teen grossed-out by their parents being romantic in front of them.

Seriously, what’s with her?

‘What are we doing with her?’

Issei grinned devilishly. ‘I’ve got a few ideas.’

Rias raised both eyebrows, then looked down at the ropes still binding him. ‘How long are you going to let her think she still has you bound?’

Issei groaned in annoyance while Akeno stiffened in shock at her words.

‘You just *can’t* help yourself, you smug little *ojou-sama*!’

If anything, the jab only served to please Rias further.

‘What are you—?’

Before Akeno could finish her question, Issei rolled his eyes, sat up, and flung his suddenly free arms out towards the turbo-slut. The rope that had previously been the bane of existence, uncoiled from his body and launched itself towards the naked bombshell like a coiled serpent.

And even *if* Akeno could weasel her way back into and regain control of the artefact—she couldn't—there was *no way* she could overpower his will and force the issue.

She was as bound as he'd been and there was *nothing* she could do about it. He was also pleased to find that he didn't need to be as skilled in shibari as Akeno likely was for him to get the desired outcome. The dark rope coiled around her body, criss-crossing over her back and belly while wrapping around the base of her heavy tits, binding her arms over her head and locking her legs together...

Not before the rope coiled its way over her cunt, tightening like a noose.

He wasn't done though. Just as he'd done while practising with his control over the rope earlier, Issei commanded the rope to steadily inch its way over her body without breaking its binding, causing the textured surface to grind deliciously over her most sensitive parts.

He didn't tighten the rope enough to burn, but enough that the friction drove her *wild*.

'*H-how?!*' she gasped, then moaned loudly as both her lips and clit were assaulted by the rope. 'I-I was *bonded*, you *can't* just, *oooooh!*'

'Now who's the silly little bitch?' he taunted, putting the writhing temptress out of his mind as he turned back to his fiancée.

A fiancée that was staring at his still-caged junk like a woman dying of thirst in the middle of the desert.

Strange. He'd figured she'd had more cock than she could handle that evening...

'What?'

'Take it off,' she hissed, dropping to her knees and running her hands over his muscular thighs.

'Huh?'

'The *cage*,' she hissed, her eyes flashing as she looked up at him, her annoyance seeping through the naked arousal. 'Take. It. *Off*.'

Issei paused, his mind in turmoil. He was still on a high from that *massive* points influx. A dopamine rush the likes of which he'd *never* experienced while gaming...

'Are you *sure*—?'

'*Off!*' Rias barked, the annoyance much more clear for Issei to see. 'And we're buying that shop upgrade. Either we can do something to that chastity spell to change how it works, or we're not using it anymore—I don't *care* how good the multiplier is. I'll not countenance going weeks without sleeping with you again. Am I understood?'

Well...damn. If that didn't just go make his heart flutter like a little girl.

And besides, who was he to resist the demands of his King?

Ugh, that sounds so gay. Why can't she just be an Empress or something?

With a casual mental command, he dismissed the spell that had been running in the background for *weeks*, and the button chastity cage simply vanished without fanfare.

He groaned, a metaphorical weight lifted off his mind and shoulders as his completely average, totally normal cock surged to life. The taste of freedom somehow felt surreal to his mind.

Sensations in his shaft returned to him in a rush, leaving him in a perpetual state of hypersensitive tingling as his cock unfurled, extended, and blood rushed back into it. He gripped

Rias' shoulder for balance, his knees feeling wobbly as even her breath on his shaft felt *alien* after so long without sensation.

'B-bigger than I thought...'

Issei looked over at Akeno and grinned widely, his six-incher standing at attention and eager for some action.

'That's what I keep saying!'

'S-still small though.'

'Alright, enough out of you.' Issei shot the writhing, smirking Akeno a glare and, with a flex of his will, the rope stopped crawling along her body.

He could have tightened it. He could have done a lot of things to *punish* Akeno. But he was onto this turbo-slut. He *knew* how her deranged mind worked.

You'd have liked that, wouldn't you?

Now, as the rope stopped creeping and the delicious friction vanished, Akeno cried out pathetically.

'Nooo! I'm sorry, start it up again! *Please!*'

Issei smirked as he watched her buck. He hadn't bound her enough to completely restrict movement, but it was endlessly amusing watching her flop around like a fish out of water, trying to force the issue and bring back some of the friction herself.

His amusement was sucked out of him, literally, as Rias eagerly inhaled his throbbing member in her mouth like she was *ravenous*.

Look, Issei wasn't *entirely* proud of the sound he made as his shaft disappeared into his fiancée's mouth, but propriety was the furthest thing from his mind as weeks of non-sensation culminated in overstimulation pretty fucking quickly.

That was about sensation though, not stamina. And thanks to Akeno, it wasn't as if he hadn't been cumming in that time. He lasted a long longer than he'd been expecting. So long Issei had time to toy with Akeno, starting the rope up again, only to stop it as she neared orgasm.

He'd rather die than admit it to Rias, but Akeno's despairing cries were as gratifying as his fiancée's lips.

Feeling the end draw near, Issei gasped out a plea. 'Your tits, I wanna feel your, *nnggh*, your tits!

Rias' eyes flashed wickedly as she looked up at him from the floor, but she did as asked. His cock came out of her mouthed glistening and utterly coated with her spit...and then it disappeared in between her *generous* endowments.

'Where did it go?' Rias teased, twisting and rubbing around his length as Issei's knees threatened to give out. 'I can't see it anymore. I could do this *and* suck Matsuda's *huge* dick at the same time...'

Her proclamation was met with a wheezing cackle from the turbo slut, a cackle that turned into another wail as he halted the rope before *another* orgasm.

'I'll *end* you Issei, I promise, I *promise!*'

Back with his mischievous, grinning fiancé, Issei put his hands on her shoulders for balance and narrowed his eyes at her. 'If I didn't know better, I'd have guessed you're trying to *provoke* me.'

She affected an air of diabolical innocence. '*Me?* Would I do such a thing?'

He took a strand of Rias' crimson hair and tugged, just as the video had shown him she liked earlier. She gasped, biting her lip as her head was pulled to the side with force, her ministrations growing more feverish.

His end was inevitable.

Even with stamina levels honed over years with his gorgeous other half, there was only so much stimulation one man could endure.

When he did finish, he didn't cum as much as Matsuda. Rias released his cock from her cleavage and bent down to swallow it all all the same. When he was done, he let out a shuddering breath as his fiancée kissed the tip of his spent cock and looked up at him with love and so much raw devotion, he felt his cock rapidly re-hardening to attention.

'You still taste the best,' she whispered, a salacious grin on her hips.

Issei couldn't help but bark out a laugh.

'Babe, I love you, but now I *know* you're lying,' he wheezed, collapsing on the floor beside her and pulling Rias into his lap. Cupping her tits from behind, he pressed his lips to her ear, nibbling, licking, and already gearing up for another round. 'I've tasted the same cum you have, babe. We taste as *disgusting* as each other...'

Rias turned to lock eyes with him, hers twinkling mischievously with an unapologetic look on her face. She shrugged, 'I figured you men liked hearing such things...'

While still groping her heavy tits, Issei started pinching and tugging at her puffy, pink nipples. Rias moaned, writhing against him in an attempt to encourage more contact.

'Fuck *meee*, please, I'm sorry, *pleeeeeease!*'

Rias gazed absently at the pathetically whining Akeno with a snort before turning back to Issei with a raised brow. 'I thought after weeks of degradation and snide remarks, you'd have been more than eager to put Akeno back in her place...'

Judging by the excited gasp Akeno let out, she was *very* much in favour of that form of punishment.

Issei grinned wickedly and shrugged non-committedly. 'Nah. Feels too much like a reward for bad behaviour.'

'As if anyone considers your baby dick a real rewar—*noooooo! I'm sorry!*'

Naturally, Issei halted the rope once more at her cheek.

'I've got another idea though,' Issei suggested, grinning wickedly at Rias. 'Figured I'd ask you before spending more points though...'

'Oh?' Rias cattily replied. '*Now* you ask for permission? Why don't you ask *Akeno*?'

Instead of laughing at her naked jealousy, Issei shared the notification screen with her. He hadn't just spent his time while bound and being fucked practicing his Aether control—he'd also used that time to peruse Codex's Relic Exchange.

It had quickly become his favourite part of his Sacred Gear. While unlocking a new cultivation method and better control over Cosmic Essence had been *nice*, he'd definitely received the biggest power spikes when using the Relic Exchange.

And he hadn't realised how absurdly valuable and *varied* it truly was until he'd started looking for ways to *punish* Akeno.

Naturally, he wasn't so dumb that he'd spunk so many points just because of his bruised ego. Rias might've cut his balls off for even suggesting it. This though...? This had *promise*.

Draconic Codex Ascension Point Shop
Level 1

Draconic Relic Exchange
Hourglass of the Lust Sutra
Classification: Cultivation Aid
Cost: 5,000 AP

Commissioned in the Lower Hells by an ancient devil of the Lust Path—its design drawn from esoteric disciplines traded as payment for long-owed favours—the Hourglass of the Lust Sutra was forged as a tool for mastery through restraint. When borne, it guides Lust cultivators into a rare state of perfect attunement, where desire is neither suppressed nor spent, but held, clarified, and made singular.

Within this state, cultivation proceeds with exceptional depth and efficiency, allowing advancement that lesser methods cannot sustain. Among infernal circles, the artefact is revered as a symbol of patience weaponized, and whispered to be most dangerous not when sealed... but when finally turned.

He was going a lot of reading between the lines when it came to the item's description, but given what he'd asked for when searching for a means of *punishment*, Issei was fairly certain what the description meant when it said "desire was *held* and *clarified*."

It was just what he was looking for.

Naturally, Rias was much smarter than him and picked up on the implications instantly.

She turned to him after reading through the description and grinned, whispering under her breath so Akeno wouldn't hear them.

'I thought you said you *didn't* want to reward her?'

Issei shrugged. 'I also don't want to throw points away for no reason. If I'm reading this right—and judging by the expression on your cute face, I *absolutely* am—this is more of a kiss-curse kind of thing, right?'

Rias nodded, a thoughtful look in her eyes.

'She'll hate you for this...until tomorrow, when the implications hit. Then she'll be like a clingy puppy you can't get rid of.'

Issei let out a melodramatic sigh.

'The sacrifices I'm willing to make for this peerage...'

Rias rolled her eyes and slapped his chest playfully.

If they're gonna lose their minds after this, I wonder how they'll react when I buy the purification spring tomorrow...?

He'd been eyeing that one ever since Rias told him how ruinously expensive and inhibiting it was to purge impurities so one could have the perfect ascension.

With one final look back at Akeno, Rias turned back to him with a wicked little grin. 'Do it. I can't wait to see how it works. And you're not the *only* one that wants a little revenge.' She leaned in and kissed him gently on the lips. '*No one* trash talks *my* man and gets away with it.'

Issei froze. Closed his eyes. Inhaled deep. When he opened them again, he locked eyes with his fiancée and said in a deadly serious tone, 'That's the sexiest thing you've ever said.'

Smirking, she slapped his chest again and Issei quickly made the purchase, excited for what it would look like, and how it would work.

One moment the space beside the bed was empty. The next, it wasn't.

The ancient artefact popped into existence with little fanfare. He could feel Rias tense with excitement as he examined their latest purchase.

It stood on a squat stone pedestal carved into the shape of two naked figures locked together, bodies twisted in a way that was both artistic and practical, supporting the actual magic above. It looked worn and aged, but the artistry was undeniable.

Above the stone carving, the hourglass itself hung suspended in a set of thin metal rings. Simple. Almost plain. The glass was clear, uncracked, and, crucially, completely empty.

Issei frowned. He'd have worried the thing was broken if the purchase hadn't come with an intrinsic understanding of how the artefact functioned. A foul bit of magic that bypassed his male instincts of not reading the fucking manual and just implanted the knowledge in his mind directly.

It felt...ancient. Rias probably had a better feeling of such things than he did, but even to his layman eyes and simple understanding, this thing felt older than time itself.

Rias stared at it, eyes wide. '...Woah.'

'Yeah,' Issei muttered, understanding the reverence in her tone. 'No kidding...'

He couldn't wait to see how his latest *toy* would work.

Akeno didn't notice a thing. The rope was once more doing its job, sliding along her body at a steady pace, keeping her distracted and very much moaning in bliss.

Rias was finally able to tear her gaze away from the artefact and looked at him with a raised brow. 'Now what?'

He shrugged. 'Seems simple enough. I just need to bind it to her.'

Her lips curved into a grin. 'Do it. I can't *wait* to see this.'

He leaned over and poked her side.

Rias yelped and swatted at him. 'Hey!'

'Remind me never to get on your bad side.'

She snorted. 'You get on my bad side all the time. It's my own fault for falling in love with a fool who's a glutton for punishment.'

He chuckled, kissed the tip of her nose, then turned his attention back to the artefact.

With a small flex of will, Issei reached out and made the connection.

The hourglass answered immediately, the rings glowing and rotating briefly as if pushed by an invisible wind, before settling solidly..

Akeno went still.

Her body locked up, breath catching hard as her eyes snapped open, pupils wide. She struggled, just managing to flop around to face them, then froze as her eyes landed on their latest acquisition.

'...Oh,' she breathed. 'That's...ominous.'

And for the first time all night, there was no smugness in her tone. Just wariness and trepidation.

The rope kept sliding, the pleasure never stopping, and then the mystery of the empty hourglass was made suddenly clear. As Akeno writhed and moaned, Issei's sharp eyes caught a droplet of thick, pearly liquid forming on the ceiling of the top chamber. Like condensation, it grew until gravity, as it always did, won out.

The droplet fell, passed through the throat of the hourglass, and splatted in the bottom chamber.

Issei grabbed Rias' attention, who'd been focusing on her writhing best friend, and motioned to the hourglass. When she saw the second drop fall, her chest heaved with excitement. She turned to him, slowly, a predatory smile tugging at her lips.

'Let's have some *fun...*'

Rias stood and pulled him up from the carpeted ground.

Who was he to deny his lady?

Akeno's eyes flew wide when she found them standing over her next time her eyes fluttered open, then her breath quickened with excitement as Issei manipulated the rope binding her so it no longer blocked off her *drenched* slit.

'Please,' she begged, hips gyrating. 'I need it. I'm sorry, *please...*'

Rias chuckled evilly and Issei offered the suddenly confused and worried Akeno a cheeky wink.

'Save those thanks for later, yeah? When you actually mean it.'

She had no idea what they were talking about, how could she? Why would she even care when it seemed like she was about to get everything she wanted, handed to her on a silver platter?

Issei pulled and repositioned her so her fat ass was hanging off the bed, her legs obediently spreading wide around his hips. Rias positioned herself at Akeno's other end, looming over her friend's face as her crimson locks fell around them like a luxurious curtain.

'You asked for this,' Rias teased, as Issei lined himself up at Akeno's core. Despite himself, he was very much looking forward to this. To making Akeno eat her words...then choke on them as she sobbed with frustration and despair.

Rias cupped Akeno's face, stroking her cheek like a doting mother—tender and caring. The intimate scene was tainted with the filthy context, and somehow enhanced by it too.

Lining himself up with Akeno's pussy, her tight lips an angry red and leaking copious fluids, he paused before thrusting in like he so desperately wanted.

A spark of inspiration struck him. An idea so wicked and brilliant, he felt his chest—and other bits of his anatomy—swell with excitement.

Calling on his Cosmic Essence, he applied several vectors of gravitational pull on Akeno's nethers at once. The forces acting on the roof of her vagina enhanced and pulling harder in gravity's natural direction, the reverse side doing the opposite, against nature's laws. Finally, he pulled at her womb.

If the way he was born meant he couldn't reach her cervix the way she clearly adored, he'd cheat biology and bring her cervix to *him*, compressing her vaginal canal in his favour.

Akeno, of course, felt all of these forces acting on her body, but she was distracted by Rias, who'd taken to feasting on and alternating between her sensitive, pebbled nipples.

When Issei finally slid in, Akeno gasped then let out a surprised, disbelieving moan. She tried to look down, to see what the hell he was doing to her, but Rias forced her best friend to lay flat, to stop her from interfering.

Issei was faring a little better, but not by much. His magic made it so Akeno's pussy was the tightest he'd ever been in...of the two he'd ever fucked. What he'd done had made her way tighter than even Rias's virginal cunt had been—an experience he'd *never* forget—while her constant excitement had made her wet enough to make sliding in and out possible.

He chuckled deep when he felt his head butt up against her cervix, and Akeno's surprised squeal was like *ambrosia*.

Knowing he didn't have to worry about Akeno cumming too soon, Issei's sole focus was on bringing Akeno as much pleasure as possible, so that they could fill up the hourglass sooner.

'What—what are you *doing* to meeee? Ooooh! Yes! Yeees! So big, *how are you so big?!*'

Now that's what I'm talking about! This is my kind of Theory of Relativity!

Issei chuckled deeply, but refrained from answering. Instead, he started to combine his thrusts with expertly strumming her clit. Gentle at first, judging her reaction, before steadily increasing pressure and altering technique until he got the desired outcome.

Of course she likes it hard and rough...

'Are you close?' Rias asked, the amusement in her tone missed by Akeno, but earning a smirk from Issei.

'I—I—I'm *cumming!*' Akeno cried, her tone rapturous and filled with glee.

The hell you are!

Issei increased his intensity, sweat pouring from his brow. Not only had he made Akeno artificially tighter, the perfect size for his cock, but she was also squeezing down on him like a vice. Even with all their natural juices sloshing about, he was finding it harder and harder to pull out each time.

Knowing she was close, Issei pinched down on her clit. *Hard*. He and his fiancée were of one mind, because Rias chose that exact moment to bite down on her nipple with equal intensity.

That earned them Akeno's loudest squeal yet, her body writhing as she expected her orgasm to crash over her...

An orgasm that *never came*.

Best points we've ever spent.

Akeno lay frozen, her mouth open in a silent scream as the pleasure she was expecting never came. Confusion flashed in her eyes and, realising they must have done something to her, that emotion switched to horror as both Issei and Rias grinned at her and kept up their dual assaults.

Unheeding, and completely uncaring of her plight or her pleasure.

-

Akeno had lost track of when the pleasure of the shockingly *incredible* sex had stopped feeling mind-blowing and started feeling constant and torturous.

She didn't know how they did it—though she'd put money on that *fucking* Sacred Gear—but both Rias and Issei had somehow rendered her *incapable* of orgasm.

Time stopped having meaning—heat soaked deep into her bones, not flaring anymore, not peaking, just *there*. An infuriating constant. Her body felt flushed and heavy, every muscle caught in a state of half-tension that never quite eased and left her aching in the *not* fun way. Thighs, back, shoulders, even her hands—all of it sore in that dull, lingering way that usually came after Rias forced her to train her body with either Kiba or Koneko for an extended period of time.

She trembled when she tried to move. The rope still bound her, but even if it didn't, she doubted she could have done much even if she wanted to.

Not out of fear or anything equally ridiculous. From *weakness*. From hours of being kept on the edge without ever being allowed to climax.

She'd been edged before, of course. But to compare her previous experiences to what she was being put through now was like comparing a candle to the *sun*.

Maybe I shouldn't have pushed Issei...

And speaking of Issei, she *still* didn't understand what he'd done to her. She knew of no magic—that he had access to, at least—that could make him feel like he was suddenly hung like Matsuda, but she couldn't deny the sensations in her womanhood.

He felt *huge* inside her, and he'd fucked her like that for *hours* with no end in sight.

Which would have been *great* if she could actually *orgasm*!

Her skin felt too sensitive, every brush of Rias' silky hair against her skin causing her to twitch, while at the same time she felt strangely distant from her own body.

They hadn't let her rest.

Not once.

Not for a *minute*.

She'd seen them chugging potions intermittently—likely more purchases from that damnable Sacred Gear—but did they offer her any?

Of course they didn't!

It also wasn't just the lack of release that was driving her insane, it was the feeling of how it was being robbed from her. She couldn't explain it, didn't even know where to begin, but if she had to describe what they were doing to her, the best Akeno could manage was that something was being *stolen* from her. Constantly. With brutal efficiency.

She wanted to cry.

But she *refused* to give the baby-dicked shit the satisfaction!

Just imagining that sexy, smug look on his face made her shiver, then made her whine pathetically as her body shook with repressed desire.

As exhaustion threatened to claim her, Akeno wondered how much longer she could hold on.

How much longer she could stay *sane*.

‘We’re done.’

Akeno gasped when Issei pulled out, a river of cum not too dissimilar to the flood Matsuda had unleashed within Rias following after him.

Rias rolled off the bed beside him, skipping towards the fancy new artefact she’d spied beside the bed but hardly had the brain power to analyse.

It was an hourglass of some kind, the bottom chamber filled with pearly white, luminescent liquid.

They both turned to regard Akeno, identical, wicked grins on their lips.

‘Do you know what this is?’

He wasn’t immune from the exhaustion of having sex all night, but whatever he’d kept drinking had kept him more energised than Akeno at the very least.

Tiredly, Akeno shook her head when she realised they were waiting for an actual response. Rias turned to him, a teasing grin on her lips.

‘I think you might have fucked her senseless, my love.’

‘Stop, stop, my ego can only grow so big!’

‘Wh—’ her words cut off, her voice dry and scratchy from hours of screaming. She coughed, but Issei intuited her question regardless.

‘This beauty is why you haven’t been able to cum,’ he said, like such a device wasn’t the most terrifyingly *vile* thing to ever exist. ‘Bought it from the Relic Shop. It’s a Lust cultivation aid...’

She wanted to scream.

How did this disgusting *thing* help with Lust cultivation?!

If anything, it did the *opposite*!

Isse’s smile widened so far it nearly split his face in two.

‘Just a note, it didn’t *steal* your orgasms. It just...*borrowed* them.’

‘Wha—?’

Before she could speak, Issei spun the rings keeping the hourglass suspended, reversing its orientation.

Akeno watched, chest heaving, as the first drop passed through the tiny throat and plopped on the now-bottom chamber.

She froze, her body pulsing. Something was happening to her. The heat in her body increased, the pleasure, suddenly registering in a way it hadn’t been allowed too all night...

A second drop. Her body trembled.

Then a third, and her back arched. It *was* a climax, but none like she'd ever felt before. It was less intense than she was expecting, more controlled, more...*thorough* and pervasive.

Rias chose that moment to weigh in with her infuriatingly analytical tone.

'Judging by the differing volumes and the rate of dispensing...'

Another drop, Akeno let out a long, drawn out moan as the waves of heat intensified.

'I say you have about six hours of this until it ends. You should probably use this window to cultivate. I can *feel* the Lust essence in the room, and your body is now in the perfect state to take advantage.'

'You can thank us later.'

Another drop, another wave of controlled, regulated pleasure to add to the persistent wave.

And somehow, despite wanting to curse and cry out, despite being freed with a wave of Issei's hand and left to her own devices on their bed, Akeno's mind sharpened.

Even in her weakened state, she knew a prime opportunity when it slapped her in the face.

Revenge...revenge would come later.

Maybe.

-

Issei and Rias left Akeno a trembling mess and headed towards the bathroom, smiling at each other and bumping fists after a job well done.

They took their time bathing each other, luxuriating in the warm water and, later, after breakfast, went their separate ways.

Issei to work, and Rias finishing up the final steps of her Grand Ritual.

Then, roughly six hours later, just as Rias had predicted, her head shot up from the tablets she was studying as her concentration was disturbed by a truly mighty, soul-shattering wail. The orgasmic wail of a Lust cultivator experiencing a pleasure the likes of which very few in history had ever experienced before.

Rias rubbed her thighs together, surprised to find herself feeling a little jealous.

It was *her* man that had given Akeno that pleasure, after all...

The incredible man with the so-called *tiny penis* that was so far below Himejima Akeno's notice, that he didn't even deserve respect or common courtesy.

Putting down her pen, Rias made her way up to her bedroom to find a scene of total carnage. Her bed was in ruins, and she didn't look forward to enduring Lucien's complaining when she would have him clean her sheets.

He already hated cleaning up after Akeno when she brought lovers back to her mountaintop manor.

Akeno's entire body was flushed an unnatural red. A result of hours of Lust cultivation and Aether circulation.

Rias could feel it. Akeno was ready to ascend, to push her core to the next level of cultivation and jump a whole order of magnitude in power...

If only they could afford the cost of purification to give her the best leg up possible.

As it stood, they likely never would, and it would put a limit on her ceiling that made the smile on Rias' lips dim. Frustration and self-loathing ruining her good mood.

People thought she was rich. And by human standards, she absolutely was. But by Devil standards? She may as well be a pauper. The ingredients and elixirs needed for the purification ritual were ruinously expensive on their own, but that wasn't the *real* bottleneck.

Access was.

Access to knowledge, access to ingredients, all of it jealousy guarded by the noble families.

Families that wouldn't hand over their secrets for all the money in the Underworld.

Rias turned to the now empty artefact by the bed and regarded it thoughtfully. Lust cultivators were rare in comparison to Wrath or Pride, but maybe she could trade access for some favours of her own. Earn some capital that way.

It was clearly...very effective.

Apparently, the artefact not only kept Akeno in a tantric state as it slowly released the stored pleasure back into Akeno's body, but it also—judging by her screams and her still trembling and twitching body—gave one final surge of euphoria when the ritual completed.

'You...must be feeling pretty smug...right about now.'

'That would imply I needed some form of validation. I always knew how special Issei was. If I'm feeling anything right now, it's disappointment at failing you as your King and not being able to provide you with the ascension you deserve.'

Akeno's eyes fluttered close and she let out a long, controlled exhale, a beautiful, contented smile on her lips.

'Just...have that fool give me that artefact and we'll be even...'

Rias barked out a laugh at the absurd request.

'The artefact is Issei's, and I very much doubt he'll want to part with it once he hears about how much you...*value* its properties.'

Akeno screwed her eyes shut in frustration and let out another deep breath.

'It's as much yours as it is his,' she reasoned, her tone tipping dangerously close to desperation. 'You're the one whoring yourself out and earning the points!'

Rias wanted to deny the claim, a part of her rebelling against the very notion. But what would be the point?

It was true, after all.

'True,' Rias allowed, approaching the bed with a honey sweet grin on her lips and a sway to her hips. 'And I'm sure if I asked *very* nicely, he'd be more than happy to acquiesce...but maybe I *like* you like this?' She teased, and, with a giggle, Rias brushed her fingers over Akeno's heavy breast, the heavy flesh laying flat and sagging off her chest under its own weight. The shudder her Queen favoured her with and the barest of touches was so violent, it was almost as if that was enough to trigger another orgasm. 'Mmm, yes, I *very much* like this side of you.'

Akeno could only whimper.

'I'm sure if you ask *nicely*, Issei would be more than happy to help you cultivate whenever you like. I think a *dogeza* would suffice.'

This time Akeno shuddered for a completely different reason. Her violet eyes clearing, her best friend turned to her with a look of incredulity.

Rias licked her lips, her cheeks flushing and her heart thudding powerfully in her chest. Yes. The thought of her Queen bowing before her fiancée, desperate and needy...

She quite liked it. She liked it *a lot*.

‘Though I suppose you won’t need to cultivate for a while. Not until you ascend, at any rate. Any more cultivation right now would just serve to add more impurities into your core that you don’t need...’

Rias nearly cackled at the look of horror in her best friend’s eyes.

‘I don’t need to cultivate when using the artefact!’ Rias immediately saw through her desperate correction, and judging by the sinking look in Akeno’s eyes, she knew she’d just erred.

‘You’re right,’ Rias agreed thoughtfully, as if she hadn’t considered the possibility. ‘Well, Issei’s a very busy man. I suppose you’ll have to be *very* nice if you want a repeat performance...’

Then, as if to twist the knife further, Rias pulled her phone out from behind her back and tapped the play button on the screen.

‘Oh yes! Issei! You’re amazing! You’re the best! Fuck me! Fuck me harder! Don’t stop, I’ll be your slut! Whatever you want! Yessss!’

When Rias hit stop—long before the clip naturally ended—Akeno already had her face in her hands.

‘I’m never living this down.’

‘You are not.’

‘Please, if our friendship means anything to you, you *can’t* send that to Issei. Once was shameful enough.’

Rias' grin was all teeth. 'Of course, as a sign of our deep and everlasting friendship, I promise to not send this video to Issei.'

Akeno groaned into her hands as realisation struck.

'You already sent it...'

'I already sent it. And every other clip. You were *very* appreciative of my fiancé's skill—which is amazing, considering you couldn't even climax. He must have been *very* good.'

'I hate you.'

Rias giggled and turned, intent to return to her workshop and get back to work.

'You'll need to bury that pride somewhere deep if you want Issei to...' Instead of finishing her sentence, Rias allowed another clip to do it for her,. '*...fuck me with that huge dick! Yes! Ooooh! You're a God!*'

Akeno's face was as red as her hair, humiliated and mortified by the tinny sound of her own delirious voice over the phone speaker.

Before Rias could leave however, Akeno called her back hesitantly.

'Why are you doing this?' she asked, tentatively. 'What do you get out of this?'

Rias could continue to be obtuse, but she knew exactly what Akeno was asking. She stalked back to the bed and crouched down beside her best friend, her blue-green eyes dark with desire.

'This whole experience, this *cuckolding* journey we've undertaken? It has opened my eyes. It's not only helped me to better understand the man I am to wed, and grow closer to him, but it has also taught me things about myself...'

Akeno sucked in a startled breath as Rias darted forward and sucked her tender, delicate ear in between her lips. She whispered her next words with such heat and fervor, they alone were enough to wring another moan from her best friend.

But just to make sure, Rias slipped a couple fingers into Akeno's hyper-sensitive core, while pressing down on her clit with her thumb. She'd seen the way Issei had mastered her best friend's body in the hours they'd spent fucking, and her sharp mind logged every little detail.

'I learnt Issei isn't the only one in the relationship that likes to watch. And seeing him fuck you like the *whore* you are, seeing how you cried, how you begged, how you came *undone* under *my man's* touch?'

Akeno shuddered violently at Rias' touch, whimpered as her words landed like a sharp stab of raw desire.

'That...that was the sexiest, most *primal* thing I've ever seen. It was enough to bring me to climax with *no one* touching me.' Rias licked the side of Akeno's face, tasting her sweat and desire. The Lust energy had been so dense in the room, Rias had *tasted* it...but now that it had been cultivated, it was nowhere *near* as potent as the Pride energy. 'And I can't *wait* to watch you crawl back to him, and beg him for more...'

Akeno's lips parted, ready to spew out a lie, a denial. At the sight of Rias' smirk however, she pursed her lips and looked away. Humiliated in defeat.

She left Akeno there on her bed, giving her time and space to process and come to terms with her new reality.

Though Rias couldn't help the frown of annoyance that marred her beautiful features.

How am I supposed to concentrate on the ritual now?!