

Yo.

Been a while lads.

**How you all doing? Good? That's wonderful! I'm doing good too!
Thank you for asking.**

Now that we have the pleasantries out of the way....

BEEEEEGGGGGGIIIIINNNNNNN!!!

Start:

The knock on the door was hesitant, a rapid, nervous tapping that echoed through the quiet house like a frantic heartbeat.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the peaceful nighttime stillness of the residential neighborhood had been thoroughly shattered.

Inside, Shirou Emiya sighed softly. He'd received Issei's increasingly desperate texts over the past hour—a jumble of panic, confusion, and a plea to talk now, not tomorrow. The boy's world had been upended too many times in too few days.

Feeling pity for the young man and against his better judgment, Shirou, after a brief, silent conversation with a similarly reluctant Artoria, sent their address.

“I’ll get it,” Artoria said, her voice a low murmur. She rose from the sofa with her characteristic grace, though a faint line of irritation was etched between her brows.

It was natural that she would be irritated. The hour was late, and their carefully guarded privacy was about to be invaded.

And she really cared about their privacy.

God knew that she was hardly amused with Shirou for inviting literal devils for dinner tomorrow.

Issei Hyoudou stood on the doorstep, a picture of utter desolation and exhaustion. His shoulders were slumped, his eyes wide and haunted, darting around the dark street as if expecting another winged monster to descend upon him.

He was so consumed by the whirlwind of supernatural terror—from Raynare’s betrayal to Dohnaseek’s attack to Rias’s shocking revelation—that the potential for a different kind of shock hadn’t even registered.

What was said shock that still hadn’t fully registered in his head?

Namely the fact that he was arriving at the home of his other saviors, a man and woman who lived together. It didn’t even register as noteworthy amidst the massive scale of confusion when he already had so much on his mind.

That was, until Artoria opened the door.

All coherent thought, all fear, every single worry about devils and fallen angels was momentarily blasted from Issei's mind by a thermonuclear blast of pure, unadulterated lust.

Now the fact that his saviors were living together fully registered in his head, and he wanted to curse so badly as his jaw nearly went slack, his eyes performing a lightning-fast, comprehensive scan.

Why couldn't he be that lucky!?

Artoria stood framed in the warm light of the entryway, having changed into her casual evening wear.

She wore a simple, cream-colored sweater that clung to her torso like a second skin, and a pair of soft, grey lounge pants that hugged her lower body with an intimacy that felt almost criminal. The casual outfit did nothing to diminish her regal bearing; it only made her devastating femininity more accessible, more real.

The sweater stretched taut over a chest that was nothing short of magnificent. Her fat breasts were large and full, heavy-looking spheres that pushed against the soft fabric, creating a deep, shadowed valley of cleavage that his eyes desperately wanted to fall into.

Now, it wasn't quite as large as Rias or Akeno's breasts, but Artoria still had a mighty fine pair and God did Issei like it.

Below them, the sweater tapered to a waist that seemed impossibly slender, only to flare out again into hips that were wide, generous, and utterly hypnotic. The grey lounge pants were the real culprit. They clung to the immense, rounded curves of her backside with a fidelity that should have been illegal.

His gaze then trailed down to her thighs, which were thick and powerful, the fabric of her pants covering them unfortunately but also showing that her lower body was even more erotic than her upper body.

A surge of jealousy so potent it felt like physical pain lanced through Issei's chest.

Shirou lives with this?! He wakes up to this every morning?! Eats meals with this goddess?! For a glorious, terrible second, the existential dread of being hunted by supernatural beings was replaced by the primal, burning envy of a teenage boy confronted with a paradise he could never enter.

Artoria's emerald eyes, cool and assessing, broke the spell. "Issei, good evening."

"Good evening." He replied, bowing lightly in apology as he then murmured. "S-sorry for bothering you both like this," He shuffled inside at her invitation. "I know it's late, I just... I didn't know where else to go."

"The hour is less important than your well-being," she replied, a simple, startlingly kind statement that made him look up at her in surprise. "Shirou is in the main room. This way."

She turned to lead him, and Issei's brain short-circuited a second time as his eyes were instinctively drawn to the sway of her hips that wobbled a thicc wide behind. The sight of that magnificent, jiggling booty, coupled with the powerful shift of her thick thighs, filled his mind with a barrage of indecent, vivid thoughts that he fought to suppress. It was a losing battle.

They entered the main living area, where Shirou was already pouring hot water into a teapot.

"Issei," Shirou said, looking up with an expression of genuine concern. "Are you alright? Here, sit down." He gestured to the table with chairs present. "Do you want tea?"

Issei nodded mutely as he walked before slumping into a chair.

“Shirou... Artoria ... I’m so sorry for this,” Issei blurted out. “I just... I didn’t know who else to talk to. My friends think I’m crazy, and after what just happened in the park... and even more crazy shit happened in the last two hours. I’m losing my mind here!”

Realising that he was sounding insane, he took a long deep breath to find the composure he had been lacking.

And it was only after that did he start speaking again.

“First,” Issei began, his voice shaky, “thank you. Again. For saving me from... from Yuuma. Raynare. Whatever her name is.” He took a deep breath. “And... are you two... like them? Devils? Is that how you were so strong?”

Shirou placed a steaming cup of tea in front of Issei before sitting down next to Artoria. “No. We’re not devils.” He exchanged a brief glance with Artoria, a silent conversation passing between them in an instant. A slight nod from her gave him the go-ahead. “We’re... something else. We have our own unique circumstances. But we’re not affiliated with any of the factions you’ve encountered.”

“Then how...?” Issei’s confusion deepened.

“That is a story for another time,” Artoria interjected, her voice firm but not unkind. “The more pressing matter is the offer you have received from Rias Gremory, is it not?”

Issei’s eyes widened. “You know about that? How?”

“It is the logical next step,” she explained patiently. “They intervened to save you, revealing their true nature in the process. An invitation to join their peerage is the natural consequence. To do otherwise would be to leave a loose end, and from what little I have seen, the devil named Rias does not strike me as an inefficient leader.”

Artoria then frowned. “She most likely would have erased your memories of your encounter with her and the supernatural in general otherwise. It’s because you remember them that its clear that she wants you to join.”

At her explanation, the floodgates opened. Issei’s words tumbled out in a rushed, frantic torrent.

“Yeah! Rias Gremory! THE Rias Gremory! The most beautiful woman on campus! She’s a devil! And Akeno-senpai, and Kiba, and the little first-year, Koneko-chan! They’re all devils! And they want me to become one too! They said I have something called a Sacred Gear! A... a dragon type or something? What does that even mean?! Why me?! I’m just... me! I’m a pervert who dreams about a harem! I’m not some chosen one!”

“Hell! I get yelled at by girls for existing!”

He buried his face in his hands. “They said if I become a devil, I’ll get stronger. I’ll live a long time, maybe even forever if I want. But... a devil? Serving Rias-senpai? It’s all so... insane. One minute I’m dreaming about dating her, the next she’s offering me to become her servant!”

From there, Issei spent the next fifteen minutes explaining and recollecting everything that happened, from his new encounter with this male fallen angel, to what exactly Rias and her peerage was like and how they saved him.

He didn’t leave a single detail untouched as he tried his best to explain his full dilemma to the pair who he felt he could trust.

After all, while it was true that they had saved him much like Rias and her peerage, but the difference that made him comfortable with Shirou and Artoria was the fact that they hadn't proposed or tried to make him join them or something.

They just helped him and then left him to his own devices.

Which was the opposite with Rias and her group..

Shirou and Artoria listened patiently, letting the boy vent. When Issei finally paused, breathless, Shirou spoke. "It's a lot to process. I know. But Issei... We can't make this decision for you. It's your life. Your future that only you have the right to decide."

"But I don't know what to do!" Issei pleaded, lifting his head, his eyes red-rimmed. "You're the only ones who know what's really going on! You have to tell me what's right!"

Artoria leaned forward slightly, her expression stern but not harsh. "There is no universal 'right' or 'wrong' in this matter, Issei. There are only consequences, which you must weigh according to your own values."

Her emerald eyes held his, compelling him to focus. "The pros, as they have presented them, are significant. Power to defend yourself from those like the fallen angels who targeted you. A very long lifespan. A place within a structured group, which can provide a sense of belonging. Those are just some of the immediate benefits that come to mind."

She paused, letting the points sink in before her tone became more grave. "Next we have the cons. By accepting, you pledge your service to Rias Gremory. Your life, your actions, would no longer be entirely your own. You would be bound to her will, her goals, her wars."

"I also mentioned the long life-span, it can and will be a double-edged sword. To live for centuries, watching mortal friends and family age and die... that is a loneliness and form of pain you will experience if you go ahead with this decision."

“So... you’re saying it’s a trap?” Issei asked, his voice small.

“I am saying it is a contract,” Artoria corrected firmly.

“And like any contract, you must read the terms carefully. You must look past Rias Gremory’s undeniable beauty” she said, a hint of something unreadable in her voice, perhaps a flicker of understanding for the effect the crimson-haired devil had on men “And ask yourself: Is she a leader you can trust with your soul? Is her cause one you believe in? Can you stomach the loneliness and pain that would come from seeing people you love who are mortal, dying from old age?”

Her eyes softened. “That is what you must personally find out. It’s not a simple decision like how *she* would make it out to be.” Everyone in the room knew who the ‘she’ in question was. “She was born a devil, her family are devils, she wouldn’t experience the hardships that you would undergo if you chose to accept her offer.”

Shirou frowned lightly. “But again, choosing to accept would mean that you’d have power, and even protection from being part of her peerage. There are pros and cons. At the end of the day, it’s a question of whether this price is acceptable to you or not.”

A moment of silence entered the room after the redhead had made his point.

Issei stared at them, his mind reeling. Their advice was sobering, grounded in a perspective he’d never considered.

After a long while, he set his cup down. “I... I need to think. Really think.” He stood up, bowing again. “Thank you both. For saving me, for listening... for not treating me like I’m crazy.”

"You are welcome here anytime, Issei," Shirou said, standing as well along with Artoria. "Just maybe try to make it before ten next time." He offered a small, wry smile.

Issei managed a weak smile in return as he walked to the exit, followed by the owners of the house. "Yeah. Sorry about that."

The redhead waved off the apology. "It's alright, no harm done."

Moments later, the leader of the perverted trio was out and bowed once more in gratitude before walking back home, his mind filled to the brim with thoughts and questions.

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The soft click of the front door closing echoed in the sudden quiet of the house. The space that had been filled with Issei Hyoudou's frantic energy now felt vast and still. Shirou let out a long, slow breath, the weight of the evening settling on his shoulders as he walked back into the kitchen, followed by his closest companion.

He gathered the teacups and placed them in the sink, resolving to take care of them tomorrow when he'd get the chance.

"Wow," he muttered, leaning back against the wall. "That was... a lot."

Artoria nodded, "He is terrified. And understandably so. To have your entire world rewritten in a matter of days... it is a profound shock."

Truer words have never been spoken.

Just remembering how weeks back, Shirou was unaware about the holy grail war and then being caught in it...

Yeah, he could sympathize with Issei considering he pretty much went through something very similar, in concept anyway. "So, what's your read on all this? What do you think he'll do?"

"I cannot say for certain." She admitted, a hint of unease in her tone, though it went away just as quickly as it appeared.

Sensing that she had more to say, Shirou remained quiet.

And true to his predication, she spoke after a few more seconds.

"The offer Rias Gremory presents is a seductive one," she mused. "Power, protection, belonging. It preys directly on his vulnerabilities."

"You think he'll say yes?" Shirou asked curiously.

A frown crossed her features. "I think he is a young man desperate to not be afraid anymore."

She paused, her gaze turning inward. "My concern is not that Rias is inherently untrustworthy. Her servants... seem happy. But the question is, can *he* be happy if he ultimately joins them."

Shirou let out a hum. "Let's hope that's the case if he does join."

They moved from the kitchen, their footsteps soft on the wooden floor as they headed towards their bedroom. The conversation continued, the intimacy of the late hour stripping away any formality.

"And you," Artoria said, her tone shifting to one of gentle reproach as they entered the bedroom. She flicked on a soft bedside lamp, casting the room in a warm glow. "Inviting them all here tomorrow. That was... reckless."

Here we go again...

It wasn't like he hadn't been lectured about this matter a dozen or so times... Shirou thought sarcastically.

But knowing that her irritation stemmed from worry helped rid Shirou of most of his frustration. "I know. I know. It just... came out. They seemed genuine, and after that tense discussion, I wanted to extend an olive branch. Akeno is in my class, and Kiba seems like a good guy. It felt like the right thing to do."

Artoria sighed tiredly at his naïve outlook.

She walked to the dresser and pulled out a simple, violet nightgown made of soft, silky material. "We know nothing of their true intentions. To welcome a devil peerage, the rulers of this territory, into our home is to give them a profound advantage."

The female knight turned her back to him, a silent gesture of trust that had become routine. "But what is done is done I suppose."

Shirou smiled at that, turning slightly to give her privacy as she changed. The soft rustle of fabric was a familiar sound.

When he turned back half a minute later, she had slipped the purple nightgown on... A sultry, see through purple nightgown. Shirou's breath caught in his throat.

With Artoria's back to him, his gaze landed on her panty-clad behind...a giant, wobbly behind. The thing was, her simple pink underwear was meant to help cover her rear but it was practically a joke. The high-waisted panties were stretched to their limit, the fabric digging deep into the fleshy globes, but they were too small to cover them.

As such, two enormous chunks of her ass were shown and it reaffirmed what Shirou knew very well, that Artoria's buttocks were obscenely thick, that each massive milky cheek was so plush and jiggly and so smackable.

The crease where her thighs met her rear was deep and shadowed, emphasizing the sheer size of her posterior. His eyes dropped to her thighs, which were milky white and incredibly thick, powerful columns that supported her wide enormous rump.

She started to turn around. And her nightgown, which dipped low and as mentioned, was see through, exposed the lacy pink bra that held her large breasts together, a huge cleavage forming as they jutted outward while being pressed together.

Having finished with her business, Artoria turned to look at him and she caught his wide-eyed, utterly captivated expression. A fierce, pink blush instantly flooded her cheeks.

She saw the raw, hypnotized desire plastered all over his face. It wasn't just embarrassment that heated her skin; it was a sudden, sharp thrill of feminine pride, a secret happiness that her body could evoke such a blatant, wanting stare from him.

Shirou jolted as clarity suddenly hit him, his own face flushing a deep red. "S-Sorry! I didn't mean to—" he stammered, practically tripping over himself to get to the bed. He slid under the covers and turned onto his side, facing away from her, his heart hammering against his ribs. "I'll just... go to sleep."

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Seconds passed,

And suddenly, the mattress dipped as Artoria joined him. The silence that followed was thick and heavy, charged with a tension that had been building for days. He felt her shift behind him, and then her warmth pressed against his back. She carefully draped an arm over his side, her body molding against his from shoulder to heel. The soft, heavy weight of her breasts pressed into his back, and he could feel the incredible warmth of her thighs against his.

He let out a shaky sigh, the sound loud in the quiet room. "This is why we shouldn't be sleeping in the same room," he murmured, his voice strained. "It's... hard to resist looking at you that way."

Silence enveloped them again, filled only by the frantic beating of their hearts. Then, so quiet he almost missed it, her voice whispered into the space between his shoulder blades.

"I... am happy when you look at me like that."

The confession, so soft and sincere, stunned him into absolute stillness. For a long moment, he didn't move, didn't breathe. Then, slowly, carefully, he began to turn over. Artoria's arm slipped from his side as he moved, allowing him to face her.

Their faces were now mere millimeters apart, sharing the same air. Artoria's blush darkened to a deep, flustered crimson, and she shyly averted her emerald eyes, unable to hold his intense, searching gaze. That simple, vulnerable action—the mighty King of Knights rendered bashful by his attention—was what finally frayed the last thread of Shirou's patience.

He slowly closed the infinitesimal distance between them.

Artoria's eyes fluttered shut the instant before his lips met hers.

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The morning after in Kuoh felt strangely dull to Issei Hyoudou. The usual electric buzz of being surrounded by university women, the frantic energy of planning the next peeping expedition—it was all just background noise today.

Considering how much there was to think about, it was no brainer why for once boobs and ass weren't on his mind.

He walked between Matsuda and Motohama, their familiar bickering a distant hum.

"...and I'm telling you, the new first-year in the swimming club has a backstroke that defies physics!" Matsuda insisted, his bald head gleaming with enthusiasm.

Motohama adjusted his glasses, the lenses flashing. "Your data is flawed. The angle from the second-floor window creates a parabolic illusion. My calculations, based on the third-floor breezeway, put her at a more realistic, yet still respectable, 88-59-87."

Their words washed over Issei. His mind was a thousand miles away, trapped in a loop of the previous night.

Unknown to himself, he frowned, his worry and anxiousness deepening as he delved deeper into his thoughts. At least... that was the trajectory until outside interference came in.

"...Issei? Earth to Issei!"

A hand waved in front of his face. He blinked, focusing on Matsuda's concerned frown.

"You've been spaced out all morning, man," Matsuda said, uncharacteristically serious. "You didn't even try to talk about breasts today. That's, like, a code-red-level emergency for you."

"Yeah," Motohama chimed in, his usual snark replaced with genuine worry. "You look like you saw a ghost. Or worse, you got rejected by a girl. Did you get rejected? Was it that Yuuma girl you were hallucinating about? Did she reject you in your dreams?"

The sad thing was, that last question was actually said out of concern and not from mocking.

It was obvious to Issei, and to Matsuda too.

The name 'Yuuma' sent a cold jolt through Issei. He forced a weak grin. "Nah, nothing like that. Just... didn't sleep well."

His friends exchanged a skeptical look. This was beyond just a bad night's sleep. Issei's spirit, his core perverted energy, was dimmed. It was unacceptable.

"Right," Matsuda said, slinging an arm around Issei's shoulders. "That's it. We're skipping the rest of our classes."

"Huh?" Issei stammered.

"You heard him," Motohama declared, a determined glint in his eyes. "A member of the Perverted Trio is down. We can't have that. We're going into the city. We're getting burgers. We're going to that new arcade. We will rehabilitate your libido through sheer force of will!"

Issei wanted to protest, to tell them no and focus on class, but no words came, and Instead, a wave of gratitude washed over him. These idiots were his best friends, and they were trying, in their own bizarre way, to help.

Maybe he did need this, a wave of normalcy that he was lacking in lately.

The day unfolded in a blue from thee. They ate delicious burgers at a crowded shop, Issei only half-listening as his friends debated the "oppai potential" of various anime seasons. They went to the arcade, and enjoyed themselves. But near the end as they went to the next game that the arcade had in store, a worrying thought entered Issei's head.

He watched Matsuda and Motohama laugh as they failed miserably at a rhythm game. 'Would I outlive them? Would I be attending their funerals while I stayed young?'

The thought was so morbid it made him nauseous.

But knowing just how much his friends worried for him, he pushed those thoughts away and focused on actually having a good time with his friends.

As the afternoon sun began to dip, they were walking back through a quieter part of town, the buzz of the main streets fading. The mood was lighter, Issei's spirits marginally lifted by the mindless distraction.

It was then that they saw her.

A young woman with hair the color of gold was walking ahead of them, clutching a small bag. She wore a simple, modest dress, but even from behind, the gentle curve of her hips and the delicate shape of her figure were noticeable from her modest nun outfit.

"Scanning..." Motohama muttered, his glasses already analyzing. "Potential detected. Petite build, but promising proportions. Estimated—"

He never got to finish. The girl's foot caught on an uneven paving stone. With a soft, startled cry, she pitched forward and let out a sharp, pained yelp as she hit the pavement. She didn't just fall; she pitched forward completely, landing on her hands and knees for a split second.

The result was a view that short-circuited the brains of all three boys simultaneously.

Her modest nun's dress had ridden up during the fall, bunching around her waist. The simple, ankle-length dress beneath it was now tangled, fully exposing her lower body. She wore a pair of plain white cotton panties, but they were utterly overwhelmed by the anatomy they were supposed to cover.

The girl had a surprisingly thick, wide-set rear end; two full, pale buttocks that formed a heavy, protruding mound of soft flesh. The white fabric was stretched taut, digging into the plumpness of her cheeks and creating deep, tempting creases on either side.

Her legs, now splayed slightly, looked soft and shapely, leading up to that magnificent, upturned rear.

"Whoa..." Matsuda breathed, his jaw hanging slack. All thoughts of calculations and analyses vanished.

"Holy... she thicc!" Motohama yelped, his glasses fogging up.

But Issei's reaction was different. The initial, primal burst of hormonal appreciation was quickly smothered by a surge of genuine concern. She was hurt and embarrassed. "Hey! Are you okay?" he said, his voice surprisingly steady as he rushed forward, ignoring his friends' stunned immobility.

He knelt beside her, his hands hovering uncertainly. "Can you get up? Here, let me help you." He gently reached to take her arm.

The girl flinched at first, then looked up at him with wide, tear-filled eyes the color of emerald. Her face was delicate, framed by strands of her golden hair, which had come loose from her wimple. She started speaking rapidly, her voice a frantic, melodic stream of panic. "Mi dispiace! Sono così goffa! Grazie, signore! Il mio tallone... fa male..."

The words were pure gibberish to Issei. He blinked, a look of profound confusion washing over his face. "Uh... what?"

Matsuda and Motohama finally shuffled closer, their perverted instincts now mixed with bafflement. "What language is that?" Matsuda muttered.

"Sounds... Italian?" Motohama guessed, pushing his glasses back up his nose.

Issei, still kneeling, gave his friends a helpless look before turning back to the girl. He offered a gentle, reassuring smile. "It's okay. It's okay. We're not gonna hurt you." He slowly, carefully, helped her to her feet. She winced as she put weight on one foot, leaning heavily on him. As she stood, she hastily tried to pull her dress down, her face turning a brilliant shade of scarlet that matched the setting sun.

Now that she was upright, the full nun's clothes were clear, marking her as a holy sister. This fact added a layer of surreal, forbidden thrill to the situation that none of the boys missed.

She continued speaking in a flustered torrent of Italian, gesturing to her ankle and then clasping her hands together in a gesture of thanks. "Grazie mille! Sei un vero gentiluomo! Dio ti benedica!"

Issei just nodded slowly, understanding exactly nothing except the tone of gratitude. "Yeah... no problem. Really. Are you sure you're okay? You're limping." He looked at his friends. "What do we do? We can't understand her."

The three perverts stood in a silent, confused circle around the flustered, injured, and incredibly well-endowed nun, a situation so bizarre it momentarily made Issei forget all about devils, fallen angels, and supernatural.

End.

I hope you all liked the chapter.

It was fun to write, and with that, we've begun to finally pick up the pacing in the story... though it would be more accurate to say that we've already been doing that on chapter 5.

Not that it really matters.

Anyway, that's all I have to say for now.

Take care lads.

Peace.