

In fiction, watch what happens when a plan is explained in great detail. One of three things is going to happen. Number 1: You skip to the aftermath. The plan went off exactly as explained. Number 2: That's not the real plan, it's being explained to trick someone (and the audience at the same time). Number 3: The plan has gone awry, causing heightened tension and drama.

In all honesty she was kind of expecting the last one to come around. There were so many easy points of failure that it had seemed inevitable. Still, in her youthful and ambitious days she thought that she could go for it, and - hell, she didn't really have anything much to lose at that point.

It had started so simple, go make doe eyes at one of the lords of the Bael clan. Become an official mistress and continuously increase her influence. Produce an heir, preferably a daughter. Have that daughter marry into one of the other clans. Then use their positions in two households to start an intricate web of alliances that would cast the world of devils under their thrall.

Under whose thrall? What else? The thrall of the succubi.

She did have a daughter, said daughter had then become the main and only wife of the *heir* of clan Gremory. One of the richest and clans among the devil pillars. Then her daughter proceed to have three more offspring, two boys and one daughter.

Did she mention that her oldest grandson had proven to be insanely talented and powerful to the point where he became one of the Satans? One of the four singularly most powerful devils to exist? Ever succeed at something so hard that you're screaming in your own head twenty four hours a day? That's where Arelia Bael was at these days! Sitting by her husband's side, screaming internally. She kept on waiting for shit to hit the fan... but it hadn't. Nobody had figured it out. Nobody had - so far as she could tell - even guessed that she was one of the very last living succubi around, or what her plan was, or anything!

Her oldest grandson was so powerful it was not even funny anymore. Her granddaughter was the heir of the Gremory family and her great grandson was if nothing else absolutely adorable.

All that she had to do was wait it out. Wait until they were old enough, especially Rias. Then she'd do it. Then she'd activate Rias' dormant succubus genes. Those would, upon activation, give her an even greater field of sex magic to rely on which - if her inclinations towards destructive magic were any indication - would make her the most powerful succubus in history by a long, long way. It would also impart the Plan into the core of her mind, make her aware of what they were trying to do and why.

"Dear, is something the matter, you look a bit distressed." Ah her husband, good and perverted enough to take her as a mistress even though she had to fake being a low-ranking devil without much of any influence. She actually genuinely liked him after all these years.

"Nothing, just thinking about our dear granddaughter."

"Oh yes," her husband chuckled. "I was meaning to keep this as a surprise, but the other day an arrangement was set up between the Gremory and Phenix clans. Rias is due to marry Riser."

Arghhhhhhhh! That was fucking perfect! A third family to add to her range of influence.. If Sirzech finally got around to impregnating his wife.. It would make everything even better.

In that case... If Rias imparted even half of her power onto the next generation... or if the offspring of Rias and Riser was (dare she believe it) even stronger... She could wait around a little longer before activating the gene. She'd waited this long to take the world of devils by storm. What was waiting a little longer?

After all, with the way things were going, she was going to have more influence across devil politics than anyone else even without actually going for the final phase of her scheme! Or even going half way there, for that matter!

Of course there was always the risk that Rias might run into someone so full of lust that it would up activating the gene anyway, but what were the odds of that? She was out in the human world, and while they got pretty lusty up there it was pretty unlikely she'd run into someone that bad.

Right?

Several years later, Rias was lying in bed naked with a badly injured (also naked) boy, in his bed, in his house, without his parents knowing anything about it. This was a perfectly logical thought process to her. She'd felt drawn to this boy ever since she'd first seen him. Something about him had called out to her. She'd resisted - but like with gravity she could only resist for so long before being pulled back in.

It annoyed her to no end. Why was she so fascinated? When the Fallen Angel had approached him so brazenly at school, the pieces fell into place: A Sacred Gear. She must have subconsciously noticed it. That would make sense.

It also made sense that she would recruit him into her Peerage once she had a better understanding of what the Fallen Angel was after. It turned out to be his death. Not a problem. He was easily revived. Though his body was still in need of repair, and so she'd decided to share her energy with him. Which meant stripping off both of their clothes and lying in the same bed together.

And yet... As soon as they were naked she started to feel strange. Her eyes lingered on his chest. She ached to taste his flesh. Without noticing, she lifted his hand and put his finger in her mouth. She sucked on it. It was exquisite. Rias immediately moved on to kissing his chest. She moved down to his stomach, inch by inch, reached his navel and then reversed course, going up and up until her lips met his.

Then inside her mind something like a bomb went off. A bomb that sent a shockwave through her body. A bomb called epiphany.

The body of Rias Gremory changed immediately upon this revelation. Her wings shot out. Yet so did something else. A pink tail with a little heart shape on the end. Looking to her left, she saw her reflection in Issei's bedroom window - there were pink hearts in her eyes as well! Rising from the bed, she examined herself. In particular her tail. There was a little mark over her butt that looked sort of like an arrow, and there was some kind of a word in English printed there over it.

With a deep breath she retracted her wings. The tail vanished as well, and so did the mark over her butt, and hearts in her eyes. Then she whispered something to herself.

"I'm a succubus," she said, licking her lips lasciviously. "My mission is to take revenge for the genocide of our kind, by rising up and taking dominion over those houses that ordered our annihilation."

She remembered it now. Genetic memory had passed it on to her. Now that the gene was active, she remembered it all too well. The distrust. The heads of each of the main houses riling up the population against those devious and manipulative succubi. When they had done nothing wrong at all. How they had been hounded into hiding, into extinction... until her maternal grandmother slipped through the cracks and began her master stroke.

Running her hands over her new Pawn's chest, Rias felt a twinkle grow in her eyes. He had amazing potential. As a Pawn. As a lover. Ah... And she sensed that there was a trace of her sex magic in him as well. Only a trace, a lingering leftover from when she'd inserted all eight of her Pawns into this one boy. In which case, the rest of her Peerage doubtless had some of that within themselves as well. Interesting. Her Destruction magic hadn't passed on like that.

Well, no matter. Her new Pawn was in need of healing, she could fill him in when he awoke. She had all night to come up with a plan.

But then, another thought occurred. Why stop with the world of devils? That Fallen Angel had killed this poor defenseless boy. Why not have a little fun with them as well?

Isn't it kind of weird how you always have the worst part of your nightmare right before you wake up? Well, that just happened to Issei, and it happened *hard*. In this case he'd had this weird nightmare that the cute girl he was going on a date on this weekend had straight up grown big black wings and stabbed him through the chest. You know, on consideration that was probably a sign that he had some kind of intimacy issues that caused him to act out in a way that could be seen as perverted by those that didn't understand him very well.

"M-Master, please. It's time for you to wake up now," his alarm clock said.

Well, yes, people that knew him would think he was a pervert as well. Whatever! He climbed out of bed and stumbled off to school. So far this morning nothing out of the ordinary had happened

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Until he noticed the way that girls were looking at him. Normally? Disgust. Revulsion. Like they'd found a squashed bug in their sandwich. Now? Like they'd found a squashed bug in their sandwich, but it was a *really neat-looking* bug. They were still disgusted, but more at the fact they briefly found it appealing.

"Hey, it's not just my imagination is it?" Katase asked. "Something about that pervert seems different today..."

"It must be a trick of the light," Murayama said. "Even someone like him could almost look handsome in the right conditions. Almost."

Huh? Handsome? Come to think of it, he was hearing those comments from kind of far away as well. Had his hearing improved overnight or something?

His thinking was interrupted as the number one person he didn't want to see suddenly appeared behind him, grabbed his shoulders and sniffed his hair.

"A-Aika! What are you doing?!"

"Did you dose yourself in pheromones?" Aika asked. "That's the kind of thing a pervert would think would work on women." She sniffed again. "Smells... nice... But not nearly nice enough to..." then she sniffed again.

This was about the point where Issei decided that discretion was the better part of not being sniffed by Aika anymore. What, valour? What did that have to do with anything?

Well, in any event... That wasn't even the end of the weirdness today. For some reason he felt more comfortable outside of sunlight. Also, his sense of hearing and sight felt much improved upon for some reason. Oh, and he had been a bit too sleepy during the morning to notice but during gym class he suddenly noticed that he had muscle mass. A lot of it, where he didn't have it before. And then, while they were getting dressed...

"Huh? Yuma? Who is that?"

Neither of his friends remembered Yuma. Worse, she wasn't even in his phone! It was as though she never existed, but that dream was far too real! Then again, if that was real then so was the part where she -

"Can you please die?"

That thought kept coming back to him over the course of the day, until eventually he had to go to the bathroom to have a bit of breathing space. He didn't need to use the toilet or anything, he just stood over the sink and splashed water into his face.

"I feel strange," he said. "So hot all over. Is this a fever? No, it actually feels good. Really good! Except when I'm in natural sunlight. So why..."

"Perhaps I can answer that for you."

He looked in the mirror, and saw red. A whole lot of bright crimson, right there behind him in the reflection. Flowing locks that framed a beautiful face and magnificent figure. Rias Gremory!

"Ah! Wh-what are you doing in here?!" Issei whisper-yelled. "If anyone catches us in here -"

"They won't," Rias gently interrupted. "That's so cute, Issei. Worried about my reputation? I've put a charm on the door. Even if someone walks in, they wouldn't see us right now."

Oh well that was a relief. Wait a minute. "A charm on the door? Like a magic spell?"

"Of course," Rias said. She flicked back her hair, and Issei felt his heart throbbing in his chest at the sight. Beautiful. They should have sent a poet. She was absolutely gorgeous from head to toe, every little inch of her. "Issei Hyoudou. I am... a succubus."

"A succubus?" Issei asked. "Does that mean you're going to use sex to steal my immortal soul? Or maybe my life?"

But Rias shook her head. "Issei. I already took both of those things last night. After your charming date killed you, I offered you a deal. Join my peerage, and you can live. To make a long story short, I revived you... as an Incubus."

An incubus? The male equivalent of a succubus? It was strange, but Issei somehow accepted this as truth when it was laid out in front of him. In fact, the thought 'I am human' felt wrong as well. He was an incubus, without question, without fail.

"I'll fill you in on the finer details for now, but here is what you need to know right away," Rias said, beginning to walk in a lazy circle around him. "A long time ago, before the Evil Piece system that I used to revive you was even developed, a number of Devil families sought to eradicate the Cubi race. Of course, they failed. A few survivors hung on and hid away, until one was brave enough to infiltrate one of the families that tried to eliminate us. She bore him a daughter, who went on to marry the head of another house - giving birth to me and my siblings in the process."

Issei nodded. That made sense so far.

"Even I was unaware of this truth, until I revived you last night," Rias said. "Your perverted soul awakened my succubus genes and made them run rampant. They awakened the genetic memory implanted in me by my grandmother."

"Genetic memory?" Issei asked.

"My grandmother had this wicked scheme for revenge against the devils who tried to have us eliminated, but I don't think that's strictly necessary. If it were my choice, I would simply stay hidden away and live as an ordinary Devil of the Gremory house. I would raise a peerage, inherit what I was due and that would be it. But... No, that won't be possible anymore."

She looked away, biting her lip. "If the rest of the devil world finds out about me, they will treat me as an enemy. My mother, my siblings... All of us will be hunted down and treated as enemies of the world. I haven't even told the rest of my peerage yet. You are the first and only one to hear these words. Issei Hyoudou, my instincts are telling me that you will make a superb incubus. Will you help me ensure the survival of -"

Before she could finish the question the door opened and two girls walked in. Wait a minute. Hold on. Now that he thought about it... where were the urinals? Had he... no way! It couldn't be! All this time he was in the girl's bathroom?!

Sure enough, the girls walked right by him without even a passing glance at either him or Rias. Sweet! This was incredible! He waved his hand in front of their faces -

And then they wobbled.

"You know, that Issei guy... He's kind of hot. Right?"

"Ugh, don't be gross," the other girl said, though she was fanning herself down and her nipples were poking out through her uniform. "He's not hot. He's not a complete stud that I want to llllllick a trail down."

"Yep. He's gross."

"Super gross."

"Yeah, he's so gross that... That he'd probably put his dick in my butt if I gave him half a chance."

"Girls can be pretty dirty too," Rias whispered to him. Ah! Now she was hugging him from behind! So hot! "So? How about it? You'll be my Pawn, won't you? My cute Issei. With my training you'll have a harem of girls all over you, and who knows? If you're good enough. I. Might. Join. It."

"You make an effective sales pitch!" Issei said, fist pumping the air triumphantly. "Alright! I'm an incubus -"

"Introduce yourself as a devil to anyone that asks."

Oh, of course. He watched in the mirror, as suddenly wings popped out of Rias' back. A tail, too! Moments later he had wings and a tail as well, and the two girls -

"Ohhh, he's so disgusting!" One girl had her foot on the sink to brace herself as her hand went down the front of her skirt.

"Perving on us all the time!" the other girl moaned, lying on the floor with her legs spread wide, wide apart, fingers working overtime.

Hehehe... Oh boy! This was gonna be amazing!

"Now we must break the news to the rest of my peerage," Rias said. "Issei, please help me do this..."

"In a minute, I want to see where this goes."

Ask anyone who the number one babe was on Kuoh Academy's campus, and you'd get one of two answers: Rias Gremory or Akeno Himejima. Whichever your random respondent said, if you followed up with "who is second place" they'd surely say the other. And why not? They were both drop dead gorgeous, almost supernaturally so (ahem) with bodies and faces that models would surely envy.

The only ones who could perhaps challenge them for the top rank were the Student Council President and her right hand woman, and the adorable mascot of the Occult Research club. Though for the majority, it really boiled down to Rias and Akeno.

The stunning hot body of Akeno Himejima was presently naked, unless you counted wisps of steam and warm water cascading down her body, which you really shouldn't. Unless you're one of the Fey Folk, they have weird concepts for clothes and nudity and most everything else. In any event, most of the population at this school would envy those drops of water, maybe even kill to have the chance to have such an existence, fleeting though it might be. Imagine what it would be like, to spend your entire life trailing down her right breast, dripping along her trim tummy, dangle off her thighs before, lamentably, dropping off her body and splashing to the bottom of the shower below into a kind of afterlife, surrounded by and mingling with your peers, as you reminisce of the glorious journey you had all travelled.

If only they knew that there was more to her than a body hot enough to boil this water just by standing under it. If only they knew that she was a Devil, the Queen to Rias Gremory's Peerage. A powerful half Fallen Angel, the daughter of one of their leaders, and wielder of Holy Lightning.

Now, as Rias' Queen she knew her ostensible 'hottest babe' rival quite well, and would even get away with teasing and needling her. Of late something had seemed different about her, and it struck Akeno that she had designs on bringing in her first Pawn. That Issei boy. One of the perverted trio who had a rather naughty habit of peeking in the girl's shower. Her inner sadist (which was close friends with her outer sadist, as well as both her inner and outer masochist) was quite looking forward to teasing him. Mercilessly. Though she couldn't quite sense whatever it was that was drawing Rias to him, she trusted her King's judgment, and -

"Hello, Akeno."

Oh goodness! For once Rias had been able to sneak up on her. Her King had disrobed completely and was now stepping into the shower to join her. It should be noted by the way, that said shower was standing in the middle of the clubroom and the only thing hiding these beauties from the sight of anyone stepping into it was a thin shower curtain that showed off their voluptuous silhouettes.

"Hello, my King," Akeno said, not finding it all that strange that Rias was taking her time to hold Akeno from behind and soap up her breasts. Indeed, the thought 'finally' did cross her mind when Rias started playing with her nipples, twisting and kneading them like they were toys. "Ah, you've finally decided to discard that prudish mask? I am helpless before your -"

Thud. That was the sound of Akeno sinking to her knees as a sudden, inexplicable sensation shot through her breasts. Kept on shooting through her breasts. It made her forget how to speak, and very nearly how to think as well. Yet it kept off that precipice, almost as if by design, as if this feeling wanted her to be extremely lucid during every little bit of it while making absolutely clear that at any moment it wished it could strip her of that pesky thinking ability.

"Have you felt strange today?" Rias asked. Akeno whimpered in response. Rias withdrew her hands and kissed Akeno on the cheek, then departed the shower with suds drawn to her body, somehow creating something like a slingshot bikini made of suds. "Finish cleaning up, my

precious Queen. It is time for you to meet our Pawn. You will not need clothes, no need to cover up."

Meet their new Pawn...? That could only mean that Issei boy. Akeno poked her head out of the shower and saw a certain boy standing there slack jawed and, from the tent in his trousers, fully erect. Well of course he'd be, Rias was right there in that suds bikini and Akeno...

Akeno felt absolutely no desire to put on clothes in front of him. She grabbed the towel, stepped out of the shower and let him watch as she wiped herself down and then, inexplicably, made no attempt to wrap it around her own body, nor did she feel the remotest bit of shame in letting him see her completely and totally in her birthday suit.

Now, Akeno would be the first to tell you that she was a bit of a pervert herself. Okay, a lot of a pervert. Still, though... Showing it all off like this was quite a bit beyond her normal behaviour. Teasing? Perhaps wearing some more revealing outfits and being more touchy feely than would be appropriate? Perhaps even go further once she trusted the person in question. But do that to a boy she had never even talked to..

"Well, I see. So you are our new Pawn?" Akeno said. She reached out, intending to shake the boy's hand, only to grab the back of his neck and used her tongue to fuck his face. Now, you might think "you mean she kissed him." No. No, no. You're not getting this. What she was doing was no mere kiss, not even a french kiss. Her tongue. Was fucking. Issei's face.

"Issei, this is Akeno, but as you're a healthy straight boy attending this academy I'm sure you knew that already," Rias said. What? What? Why was she fucking Issei's face with her tongue? While she was naked? She moaned into Issei's mouth, and then Rias bopped the back of her head, which somehow made Akeno bounce back leaving a plop sound. A very loud plop sound. Issei himself fell back into his seat, goofy smile and... and for some reason Akeno was smiling as well.

"Nice to meet you," Issei burred.

"The pleasure is all mine," Akeno said, and to her surprise she meant it. "My King, might I enquire as to what is going on? I seem to be the only one surprised that I am behaving improperly."

As if in response, Rias let her wings out. They looked pretty normal, batlike wings... but the tail with the heart at the end of it wasn't normal. Nor was the heart formation in her eyes. Akeno gulped. Right now she didn't think there was all that much of a contest anymore. Rias was the hotter babe. She'd fight anyone that said differently.

"Let your wings out now," Rias instructed, and Akeno almost couldn't help herself but obey... and just like with Rias she too had a tail, and her eyes felt weird, and she felt soooo sexy. Alright,

that wasn't a new feeling, but this... this was different. "My Queen, you seem quite happy right now. Do you enjoy your new Succubus powers?"

"Succubus?" Akeno asked. "Weren't they made extinct?"

Yes, extinct. This was well known among the Fallen Angels as well. Within the Underworld, there were seventy two Devil families, though about half of them were utterly crushed in the war. Many still existed as pale shadows of their former selves, with no glory or power to their name. But a few were made fully extinct.

One of the families made extinct was the Zepar family. Said to have the unique ability Love, the most powerful of whom were capable of making any man fall for any woman. While their soldiers weren't especially strong, they didn't need to be for they could easily enchant your soldiers and turn *them* into your soldiers instead.

The exact reason the other Devils turned against this family were not known, but that would probably be a good motive. Fear for the power of Love, fear of that ability allowing that one family to rule over all others without question, forever.

Then again the first Devils to rule a house were typically pretty powerful anyway, in their own right, so that didn't *quite* seem like a strong enough motive. Especially since, if they did know about it then those other powerful Devils would have worked out ways to counteract it, surely. They were arrogant. Not **stupid**.

"We're making a comeback," Rias said. "I'll explain the full details later on, but for now all you need to know is that the two of us and Koneko are now technically Succubi, while Issei and Kiba are Incubi."

"I knew it!" Issei yelled, pounding his fist into his hand. "No wonder he was so popular with all the girls!"

"No, no, he was that popular without - " Rias said, then stopped cold. "Oh no, he's probably getting all kinds of ass right now with no idea why. Bad enough that Akeno became a Succubus without her knowing, but at least she's not surrounded by boys..."

That was actually a really good point. The boy to girl ratio at this school skewed rather more in one direction than the other.

"Issei, find him and bring him here," Rias said. Issei stood up, saluted smartly and made to walk out the room - only for Rias to stop him while looking down at his junk. She then pointed at it - and the erection subsided immediately. "You'll get that back when you return with Kiba. Understand?"

"Grk! Y-Yes!" Issei grunted. Goodness but he could move quickly when he had a mind to it.

Once he was gone Rias turned her full attention towards Akeno once again. "No complaints?" she asked. "Our deal was for you to become a Devil and serve as my Queen. It was not my intention to thrust such a tragic history on you, when you already have your own problems."

"Why?" Akeno asked. "This will be an adjustment, nothing more. Once I learn to control these lustful impulses- " Rias snorted. Alright, she deserved that. "Once I learn to bring these lustful impulses back down to my usual level, everything will be alright. Now. One thing I don't quite get is why I have developed Succubus powers? It's not as if the Peerage of a Bael family member gains the power of destruction now do they?"

"Ahh.. I am not actually sure myself but I think the Evil Piece tried to make you closer to my own race? Succubus powers are not based on bloodline but more on species.. and we are a subspecies of devils.. This is of course only a theory, perhaps my grandmother tinkered with the Evil Pieces given to me beforehand.."

Grandmother? That explained quite a bit more than Akeno liked.

"Then what of Sirzechs? Surely he must also be..."

"He is," Rias said. "However, I'm uncertain of a reliable method to awaken him to his true nature... and I am personally loath to do so. For the time being, it will be sufficient to gain mastery over our new skills and keep ourselves hidden. If Sona catches wind... Or Riser..."

Yes, of course. It would be quite troubling if either of them found out. Sona would likely inform her sister, or Riser would bring in his family, and then - whatever reason it was that the Succubus of the House of Zepar were originally hunted to extinction, it would reignite here in the modern era.

Then, out of nowhere, the door flew open and in came Issei, dragging along with him Kiba and three girls. One of whom was humping Issei's back, while the other two were using their tongues to fuck Kiba's ears.

"H-help?" Kiba burred, with hearts in his eyes. His tone kind of indicated to Akeno that the only help he needed was in taking his clothes off.

"To be safe we should probably find Koneko as well..." Akeno said, and her King nodded. That adorable powerhouse kitty losing control over her powers would be quite disastrous, low boy to girl ratio or not.

In the world of Devils, there are numerous ranks that one can exist at. A freshly 'reincarnated' devil was automatically the lowest rank. Which makes sense. You don't tend to start someone new to the workforce at a high level right away. Unless they're well connected through family or friends, or somehow independently wealthy-

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That might give the impression that the world of Devils is somehow fairer than the human world, but it's not on the overall view. A lot of the old guard simply did not see reincarnated Devils as 'real Devils', no matter how strong they became or what accomplishments they accrued. Not to mention the whole deal about "you work for me for the rest of your life". There's some serious fridge horror going on around here if you happen to not, for example, be a protagonist that gets to grow super fast and happen to have a shitty master. You'll be their chew toy for hundreds, if not thousands of years, if not the rest of your life.

Don't get me wrong, there's plenty wrong with the human workforce, but given the choice between that and the world of Devils, I'm going to go with the (perfectly safe) assumption that I am not an anime protagonist and stay in the human workforce. At least there, in the modern era, my boss doesn't have the right to spank me if I misbehave.

For the time being Issei was standing in the Devil's world at the lowest rung. Worse yet he would have to potentially deal with the racism aspect as well, should anyone learn he was now part incubus. Rias and her peerage were nice and friendly about the whole thing, which was nice.

"As my own awakening seems to have, in some way, bestowed the powers of the Cubi race upon each of you, it is absolutely vital that you learn how to control those powers," Rias said. "In my case, it seems as though my understanding is deeply ingrained. One might even say instinctual."

The sound of this made Issei rub his hands together in anticipation. Would this be like one of those porn doujins where he needs to ahegao the heroines? Would he have to tease Akeno, Rias and Koneko into letting out some fantastic expressions? He could hardly wait to find out -

"Issei, you must learn how to forge contracts, and learn how to use the abilities of your Piece."

"Huh?!" he yelled. "But I thought I'd be trained in Incubus powers!"

"Yes, well, that will happen once you've mastered your Devil abilities," Rias wagged her finger. "You'll need to use those in Devil society more obviously, it will be strange if you don't learn to master those basics. Yes Akeno? You had a question?"

"Won't this new development mean that Gasper is a Devil-Vampire-Incubus hybrid?"

For some reason Akeno's question made Rias' face fall a little bit. Huh? Who was Gasper? A Devil-Vampire-Incubus hybrid?

"Oh yes, I'm dreading that conversation now, thank you a lot Akeno," Rias smiled at her Queen.

"Don't mention it, my King," Akeno bowed. "Merely making you aware of the problem is satisfying for me."

"We'll discuss that in more detail during your Succubus training," Rias sweetly said, but there were daggers hiding in her voice. Daggers dripping with venom, aimed squarely at Akeno for teasing her so. "In any event. Issei, I want you to visit these potential contractors, to get experience in forming contracts. If you learn quickly enough, you might be able to take part in our Succubus training~"

If there was anything on this Earth that could motivate him more, then Issei could not think of it. Okay, sure, that meant he'd have to cycle everywhere, meet up with some weird people and try to give them what they wanted in exchange for a contract, but if it meant crawling over broken glass then he'd do anything - anything at all! - to experience Succubus training with Rias!

Especially since Koneko raised a good question just as he was leaving. "What does Succubus training involve?"

"That is simplicity itself," Rias replied, then right as the door was closing behind Issei, he heard her finish by saying "We must master the art of making others lust for you, and harvesting that lust for your own ends."

Guh! That sounded awesome! Roll on all the basics of the Devil world! Once he'd mastered those, he'd be rolling in ass! Alright! Let's get to it, right now!

It turns out that cycling everywhere at full pelt is something that exhausts even a Devil, eventually. While he lasted a lot longer than he would have prior to his reincarnation, even Devils have limits on their energy supply. The next morning, Issei was beat. And weirdly, the fact that he was exhausted was making him hornier than normal.

Yes, hornier than normal. To the point that he was noticing it. After a bit of thought he figured it made sense. If you feed on lust, then being low on energy means you get horny. Or something like that. It's the best way to motivate you to get 'food'.

Speaking of which, there was a warmth in his bed that was a little unusual. Soft, too. And that smell... Issei opened his eyes, and found himself staring into a mess of red hair, and crimson eyes staring back at him. Rias Gremory was in bed with him.

"Morning, stud!" she whispered. Her hand shot under the covers. "My, my, what's this I feel? This isn't typical morning wood, now is it?"

Her hand had wrapped delicately around his shaft, pumping it slightly. Not much, but enough to make her intentions clear. Normally Issei would wonder when he'd wake up from this dream, but after yesterday he was pretty sure it was reality.

"My King!" he whispered, running his hands through her red hair. "How did training go yesterday?"

"She wore us ragged," Akeno's voice whispered in his ear, and then her tongue circled his lobe. Then, Koneko sprung up purring from the other side of the bed, doing the same thing to his

other ear without a word. "Tee hee, that's quite an adorable reaction. Are you concerned about your parents?"

"Your mother is naked apron downstairs, getting railed by your father," Koneko plainly stated. Ah, is that so? "They're much too horny to notice something like this."

"They made us breakfast while making yours," Rias tittered, beginning to increase the pace a bit. Ah! Wow, she was a natural at this! Which made a sort of sense, of course a succubus would be good at a handjob!

...

Hold on a second, what had Koneko just said about his - Mmrpgh, that's a lot of tongue all over his face at once! All three of them at the same time, kissing and licking him, it was too much for Issei to take! A pervert like him couldn't hope to last against - Nnnrgh! Damn! He came way too quickly there, now these girls must think less of him!

"Gosh, he lasted longer than I expected," Akeno said. Huh? "My gut instinct tells me that most men would have blown their load before Koneko even arrived." Huh? Huh? "In any event, my King, are you satisfied with our training?"

"Not yet," Rias said, pulling out her hand and - all the cum was stuck to it. Every last drop. Not a bit of it had gotten on his sheets, not even slightly. It was as if the semen was clinging to her flesh for dear life. Rias stuck out her tongue, and it looped around her neck, going much longer than a human tongue could ever manage. And probably a Devil's tongue for that matter. After which, it scooped the white gunk right off her hand, and she swallowed it all down as if she'd just eaten a bar of chocolate or something equally delicious. "We learned a great deal last night, but compared to the full power of a true Succubus we are as lowly as Issei is as a Devil. Perhaps even lowlier. Our instincts on lust must be so finely attuned that we can make a prude climax by thinking about them from the other side of the world. That is the level of power I wish to accomplish. Now, my Pawn. Please dress yourself, and prepare for your day."

Well... okay, he guessed he could do that. It was a little weird that they were watching him get dressed. It was also a little weird that his body was a bit more - how to put it - ripped than it was yesterday. His dick was probably a bit bigger too, he reckoned? The girls seemed to like the show quite a bit, and that made him feel re-energized. Still, this was a really strange situation to be in, wasn't it? A whole lot was being thrown at him at once, and he wasn't quite sure how to handle it all.

"How did last night go?" Rias asked his penis. She stopped him as he was pulling up his underwear, pulled his shaft into her mouth and ran her tongue along its length, making him feel... Guh, that was good. Shame it didn't last long before she pulled back, like a person on a diet sneaking a quick donut before putting a second one back in its box. "Did you form any contracts?"

"I wound up watching anime with a guy, and we debated the finer points of the series," Issei said. "Uh, and then there was this one guy who was desperately looking for his cat."

"That is perfectly alright for basic contracts, Koneko for example gets a lot of requests from people who want her to dress up in cute dresses."

Oh, it was? Huh. He'd been sort of expecting something a bit more exciting, but it sort of made sense. In this day and age people might not summon a devil for the reasons they used to. A lot of them might do it for companionship, or because they're bored. Or they just want to see if it actually works. It was one of those things that makes you go 'huh that makes sense now that I think about it' but only after the fact.

After that, the morning was more or less normal... except for the fact that he was trailing after Rias and Akeno on the way to school. The sight of the three of them together brought more than a few eyes upon them, which could hardly be called a surprise. One of the three perverts, hanging out with Rias and Akeno? Of course it was strange! How could it not be strange!

What made it worse was his superior hearing. He'd been dreading it from the moment they left his house together. As a Devil, his senses were heightened, which meant he was going to hear absolutely everything they had to say. All the gossip, all the whispered mutterings, all of it would be picked up on by -

"Hey, what's Issei doing with those two?" he heard one girl whisper to another.

"A pervert like that, he's probably trying to get a glimpse of their boobs or something," the other whispered back.

But it was strange, he felt like he'd just eaten a cookie or something. Not full exactly, more like less empty than he'd felt a moment ago. And feeling less empty by the minute.

"I bet he's going to steal their panties, or maybe he has blackmail material on them," a girl whispered to another. He detected a sound like licking lips. "In which case, he could have them do an-y-thing he wants."

"To those two girls?" another girl gasped. "That pervert is finally building his harem, and he's aiming high!"

"Ahem!" Rias coughed, then looked back at Issei warningly. Strangely, he got the idea: She wanted him staring at her butt. The gentle swishing of her skirt around her well built behind. Or perhaps she wanted him bouncing his view between hers and Akeno's? Honestly, it was hard to tell which view he preferred, both were so delectable that he completely tuned out his surroundings. Although, he could feel the lust of others accumulating within him. Lust tinged with envy. That second deadly sin was giving him a little indigestion actually, so he'd better

figure out how to stop feeding on it. If only he could figure out *why* he was feeling such intense lust directed towards -

"Kiba!"

And then, just like that, the lust was gone. Urgh, honestly he was feeling a little bit grateful for it. Which might mark this as the first time he'd ever felt gratitude towards that playboy for stealing all the attention. What a morning! On the one hand, that was the best wakeup call ever, but... gosh, this was so weird! This new situation was turning out to be a hell of an adjustment. What was going to happen next?!

At the first break Issei slipped away to catch up with his two friends, finding them at the usual spot. "Hey guys!" he called out - but the two of them turned their backs and turned up their noses at him. "Huh? What's with this attitude all of a sudden?!"

"Coming to school with Rias and Akeno," Matsuda sniffed.

"Blatantly staring at their behinds without inviting us to take a look!" Motohama spat.

"Hogging those two babes to yourselves is a crime against the brotherhood of virgins!" both yelled in unison. To that, Issei could only rub the back of his head in frustration. They probably wouldn't take it too well if he told them about this morning. Or that he was now an Incubus and could probably have sex with any girl he wanted while making her like it even more than he did.

Besides which, telling them about Devils and Incubuses and all that stuff was probably a bad idea or something, right? The supernatural was meant to be a secret from most people for some reason, so...

"Ah, I'm really sorry!" Issei bowed. "The truth is, the two of them caught me peeking on them in the Occult Research Room, and threatened to have me expelled if I didn't become their lapdog!"

Uh oh. He felt their lust spike at that. He'd phrased that completely wrong, but it was the most believable lie he could think of on short notice. "Lapdog, huh?" Motohama said, in the tone of one who wanted desperately to be thrown into that briar patch. "And all we have to do is get caught peeping on them...?"

"Denied!" Issei threw up an X. "They said that if they caught anyone I knew peeping, they'd have us all tossed out! S-So I'll be doing gopher work for the Occult Research Club for a while!"

"Oh, man! How convenient!" Matsuda pouted. "You get to hog those cuties all to yourself, huh?"

Dammit, he was feeling really guilty about that. Hogging the girls to himself... it did feel that way. It almost wasn't fair that he had this new power while they didn't, because all three of them had suffered the same pain of being ignored by the girls. Well... that being the case, he as going to use this new power to do something amazing! He was going to get his buddies laid! Get them nice cute girlfriends, and - And that would be the work of his Incubus training!

Issei furrowed his brow and concentrated. Yes... if he could figure out a way to harness this lust magic, he could absolutely get his friends some ass! The only question was, what was the best way to go about that?

The answer to that was obvious. Peep on the Kendo Club!

In the year they had attended this school, the Perverted Trio had made a game of this. Call it a time honoured tradition. What? A year is an amount of time! Anyway, the point was that while the kendo club changed Matsuda and Motohama would crowd around the single peephole in the locker room, watching the girls change, while Issei had the ever so pleasant view of watching their butts as they excitedly reacted to the show.

That was how it normally went. Issei would probably be the one that got caught as well, when the girls within twigged something was going on. Today, though. Today was different. Today, Issei was hanging back and feeling something... strange.

It wasn't much to figure out what it was. Lust. He was feeling their lust. Instinctively drawing it from the other two boys into himself, feeding on it like a deer drinking from a river. Though Issei felt like he would definitely appreciate the lust from a woman all the more, he couldn't stop himself but feast upon his friends, though as he did, he also noticed they were becoming less and less... mobile as time went on. Issei bit his lip and tried to stop himself from feeding on their delicious tasty lust - He didn't want to accidentally drain his friends dry.

"Ahhh, that's enough for me today," Motohama said, drawing back from the peephole.

"Yeah, me too," Matsuda said. "Hey, Issei. You want to take a look?"

Horror came upon Issei just then. The two of them having enough of staring at pretty naked girls?! They'd barely been there two minutes and this had sated their appetite? He gulped nervously, guilt washing over him again. "Are you sure?" he asked.

The two of them shrugged and patted him on the back. Panic overtook him, he'd intended to get his friends some ass, not drain them dry! Was he killing their fetishes? Turning them into... into prudes?! Or... Had the girls already finished dressing, and they were merely letting him peek now that the fun part was over?

There was only one way to find out for sure! Issei dropped to his knees and put his eye up against the peephole, and beheld a bountiful booty on the other end. Naked girls! Girls in underwear! Girls that were scantily clad! While Rias and Akeno were all more appealing on a technical level, Issei Hyoudou did not ever discriminate against a woman's appeal! Those fit, muscular bodies, some with six packs that refined their womanly appearance. Athletic women were inherently sexy!

The meaning behind this was obvious then, he must have drained away his friend's lust using his powers. Damn! He could only hope that they would recover. He could only hope - Hello? What's this now? Something was happening in the locker.

"Oooh!" Katase moaned, running her hands down the back of another girl that he didn't actually know the name of. "Has your skin always been so soft?"

"Ahhh!" Murayama moaned, putting her hands on her head and dancing in the middle of the locker room. Topless. Letting her boobs swing around freely, for all to see. Bouncy, bouncy! Jiggle, jiggle! "Aha! I feel so good all of a sudden!"

Not just her, the other girls felt good as well. It felt like he was watching a contest quickly unfold within the locker room. Each girl attempting to be in the middle of where the peephole was staring, and each trying to one up each other in lewd activities. Girls that were already dressed

performing a striptease, one girl giving another a nude lap dance, deep and obvious french kisses, fingering each other, masturbating, spanking, sucking on nipples, everything you could imagine they were doing to each other to try and one up the eroticism, they were doing it right in front of his eyes.

With such a show taking place in front of him, that guilt he was feeling towards his friends was lessening moment by moment! Could it be? Was this the work of sex magic too?!

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The best way to describe the relationship Rias had with Sona would be something like 'frenemy'. Well, perhaps that's a little too mean spirited - Friendly rivals? The two of them were the top dogs around these parts, each of them a high ranked Devil with their own Peerage, and also each considered among the top beauties of the school. They were competitive, but in a friendly way. Should either of them desperately need the other's assistance, it was not too much to ask for it.

But that had changed a bit. Rias Gremory was of succubus descent. That made her dangerous. It made her extremely fucking dangerous. It also made her desperately want Sona's pussy to ride her face like a feeder on a horse. Those delicate thighs wrapped around Rias' head, while those intelligent eyes were rolled up and her pretty face, normally serious and stoic, making her show the limits of bliss that a sentient being was capable of experiencing. Creaming all over those brilliant brain cells, drowning them in dopamine.

"I understand you've recruited Issei Hyoudou to your peerage," Sona said. The two of them were in the student council office with Sona sitting at her desk. "You are aware he's one of the most troublesome students at the school? A noted pervert who has been caught in the act of peeping on girls numerous times over the last year."

"What, you think I can't keep him on a short leash?" Rias asked. "Or... you're not asking as a Devil, but a council president?"

"Of course," Sona said. "I would not normally pry into matters involving your peerage. However, my efforts to reform Issei have failed miserably. I would greatly appreciate it if you could curtail his more outrageous antics. His file is yours to peruse, as is responsibility for his actions."

At this point, a new face entered the room. A boy that Rias hadn't seen before. He handed Sona a report, which she immediately skimmed and filed without missing a beat and -

Oof. Big oof. Unrequited love. She could taste it washing off him. That boy had it <i>hard</i> for Sona. She knew, and she didn't feel anything back. A shame. He wasn't bad looking. Not quite as nice as Issei, but... not bad either. Maybe it was the lust he was feeling towards Sona swaying her a bit, but... you know what?

Rias had changed her mind. She wanted to see Saji bend Sona over this desk and make her cum her brilliant brains out.

"My new Pawn," Sona said. "I recruited him a few days ago. Now, while you're here, have you heard about the rumours of Fallen Angels in our happy little town?"

"So long as they keep to themselves and don't cause trouble, I don't see the harm in letting them stick around," Rias said. "We don't want to be the ones to start a fight, now do we?"

Oh no, Rias didn't want to start a fight with them. Actually, she wanted to go in there, grab the Fallen Angel that had killed Issei by her long, flowing hair, drag her out of the church, tie her up, and then <i>break her</i> over the course of, let's say a year, with nightly torments both mundane and profane.

"Good thinking," Sona said, oblivious to what Rias was truly thinking. "The last thing we need right now is old conflicts flaring up out of nowhere. We have an uneasy peace at the moment, and based on things my sister has said, things are either going to explode or they're going to have something a bit more permanent in place. Don't let the Fallen Angels provoke you into a fight. Let them swing the first punch."

"And then destroy them for their hubris," Rias finished. "Yes, that's the other reason I'm not starting anything with them. It would be like picking on a yapping puppy. Have no fear. I need to properly train my new Pawn, so that will take up a bit too much of my time."

Also... She had to get used to her new powers, and make sure the rest of her peerage was capable of using them as well. For the time being every move they made had to be carefully considered, weighted for tactical value. If they tipped their hand too early then they'd be uncovered before they were ready to defend themselves. Too late, they might overlook an excellent opportunity to truly seize what was rightfully theirs.

Which was why she was getting a little frustrated that she could sense, off in the distance, a whole lot of lustful energy being generated in roughly the direction of the girl's showers that the kendo club used.

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Issei should stop staring now. He really should. It was obvious that his new nature as an Incubus was having an effect on the girls in here. His powers were passively making them overwhelmingly horny. He was practically forcing them to put on a show for him.

"Oooh, I'm so fucking weeeet!"

"Hey, do my nipples taste funny to you?"

"I dunno, let me have a taste."

And yet looking away was the one thing he absolutely could not bring himself to do. This was a veritable feast for his horny gaze. It would be a betrayal of his most fundamental aspect if he did not commit every single nanosecond to his long term memory. To blink would be to sin against lust itself. Let's ignore the notion of sinning against a sin for a moment here and -

"Ara, ara! Indulging a little too much, aren't we?"

A hand fell across his ass, and electricity coursed through his body. That voice belonged to - That was surely Akeno! What else could he do but let out a nervous gulp at being caught in the act. Normally someone like Akeno finding him crouched down like this would be the end of his school life - or the beginning of a trip to the infirmary.

Instead, she leaned down (with her hand still on his butt) and nudged him aside so she could peek through the hole as well. "Whew, not bad," Akeno said, right on time with a lustful wail that came from within. "My, my. To think you could produce such a potent effect. The truly powerful succubi and incubi must have been extremely formidable."

That was another thing. He could do this to girls without meaning to, while being a new Devil? That meant his powers probably weren't all that strong. "So, if I become stronger I might accidentally cause the entire city to erupt into an orgy?" He didn't know whether to like that idea or not!

"There would be precious little accidental about it," Akeno said. "Devils of all sorts who are powerful, but lack control, do not last very long. Ah, let's see now... It does appear that the spell is running its course."

Now that she mentioned it, the girls did seem to be slowing down their ministrations. Less certain about what they were doing. Gradually coming back to themselves. A little embarrassment, a bit of lacking eye contact, and a whole lot of pretending that didn't just happen. As their behaviour gradually returned to normal, Akeno pulled Issei away from the hole and off into the trees behind the changing area. From there, they watched as the girls - fully clothed - left the dressing room behaving completely and totally normally. As if they hadn't been doing all of that perverted stuff a minute ago.

"Fascinating," Akeno mused. "You drained the lust out of your friends and dropped it into that locker room like a grenade. Potent, but a short term effect. Smarter use of that lust could have turned them into perverts on a more permanent basis."

"Smarter use of lust...?" Issei repeated back to her. Ah, damn! He was doing that thing where someone seeking exposition sets it up by repeating back something that was said to them in the form of a question! He hated that cliché trope!

"Yes. You have a lot of potential as an incubus, Issei. You were already very horny when you became a Devil." Akeno looked him up and down and bit her lip. "It's only natural that you would be able to use that to your advantage, in your new form. How would you like to use this new power?"

That was a bigger question than he'd realised. Seeing what he could do without meaning to... if he could learn to control it, the things he might accomplish! Still, he had to take a bit of time to consider this. Carefully. What did he want? What did he actually want?

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"Hey, buddy," said Motohama, staring up at the sky from where they were lying in the grass.

"Yeah, pal?" Matsuda said, lying nearby and also staring up.

"It's weird, but my mind feels more focused than I can remember," Motohama said. "It's like I've achieved enlightenment or something."

"Yeah," Matsuda said. "But I also don't really feel all that motivated, you know?"

What an odd statement on enlightenment. Drained of lust, now they had nothing to live for. A little bit pathetic really. Were they so single minded about women that this is the state they would be left in if all that lust was drained out of them? Perhaps! Or perhaps it's the side effect of being passively drained by an Incubus with little control over their abilities.

A class of joggers happened by. Cute girls, one and all. Wearing tight shirts and even tighter bloomers, they happily went on by. Neither boy lifted their head to look. Neither of these noted perverts could be bothered to lift their head. They both let out a resigned sigh, content to remain there for the rest of their days. They had nothing else about them. Nothing to care for, no motivation, no plan. All because Issei had drained the lust right out of them.

However... Something funny did happen on the field. A sort of pinkish hue filled the air. It was barely present. Light. Not much to it. You had to squint to really notice it. Yet there it was. As it drifted, it settled onto the skin. Primarily female skin, but only because the girls outnumbered the boys quite drastically.

They all fidgeted a bit. Grew flush. Adjusted their clothing to try to let the heat out. The rising inexplicable heat. And then, that's when something truly strange began to happen.

"One, two, one, two!" a group of joggers chanted, seeming totally unaffected by the odd pink mist. However, their course changed a bit. Running off the track. In the general direction of where two perverts happened to be lying. Upon reaching that location, they all formed a line and turned around, keeping their legs straight, they began to bend over at the waist. Over and over again. Sticking their butts out, letting their snug bloomers ride up into their crack.

"One!" touch their left foot. "Two!" touch their right foot. "One! Two! One! Two!" lather, rinse, repeat. A strange place for them to spontaneously decide to loosen up, is it not? Thrusting out their posteriors, practically begging for these two to stare at them. Well, stare they did, as life returned to their eyes. "One! Two! One! Two!" Those eyes filled with arousal as they beheld peach shaped delights clad in skintight black and dark blues, contrasting magnificently against their thighs. "One! Two! One! Two!"

They could hardly help themselves but stare. Such a delightful treat had been given to them! Alas, before too long the girls resumed their jogging apparently none the wiser to their actions just now. Almost as if they had been bespelled from afar to rejuvenate the spirits of two thirds of the Perverted Trio.

However, odd events had not yet concluded. Two cute girls nervously approached the boys, and then a preposterous conversation occurred.

"Um... This is going to s-sound a little strange," said one of them to Matsuda.

"I like you!" the other said to Motohama. "I saw you rescue that cat from a tree and - "

"I like you!" the first one added, as if propelled into it by her friend. "It's weird for the girl to ask the boy out, but - But please go out with me!"

"Uh...?" Motohama slowly blinked, trying to digest what he'd just heard. "You do realise we're part of the Perverted Trio, right?"

"Well, that's why we didn't want to ask you out initially... The other girls would think you'd blackmailed us or something..."

"But - But, actually, we're pretty perverted ourselves, so it should all work out!"

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Success! Akeno could feel it from here, the series of spells she'd used had all worked just the way she wanted it to! It had been a very good idea to observe Issei, his potential with lust magic was obviously remarkably high. From it, she'd learned that she could direct and redirect the lust of others to manipulate the behaviour of other humans.

"Help my friends get back to normal," Issei had requested of her. "Oh, and help them get girlfriends too!"

Well, consider those wishes granted. No monkey's paw here, no tricky genie trying to twist the wish around either! Akeno had done exactly what he'd wanted! That sort of spell likely wouldn't work on a Devil, but luckily there weren't any out there on the field. All she had to do was channel some lust, and purpose it into her spell... Hey presto! The two boys at Kuoh that were least likely to find a girlfriend, now both had girlfriends!

As for how she generated that lust...? Well. At this very moment, Akeno was topless, on her knees and putting her breasts to quite excellent use. Issei had a quite impressive shaft. As he was a new devil, there was likely no casual shapeshifting here. Nor were his incubus powers strong enough to get him this big. Which meant he was already probably well hung before he'd been recruited!

Oh, but don't misunderstand. Simply paizuri wouldn't be enough to generate the lust needed for such an intricate spell, even from a pervert like Issei. That's why Koneko was sitting opposite her. Yes, was that not clear? Akeno was kneeling to Issei's right and rubbing her breasts around the side of his cock. While Koneko was licking and purring like a greedy little kitty cat. Mewling, suckling, and occasionally missing and licking Akeno's breasts by mistake! Well, probably not by accident actually.

"Ohohhohoho!" Issei grunted, bracing himself against the table to ensure he did not fall over. "Best day! Best day ever!"

"You're such a good friend Issei!" Akeno beamed up at him. "Going to all this effort to make your friends happy!" And giving her valuable practice on how to use her new powers. "To be honest, I wasn't sure there were any girls at school who had a crush on those two - but there you go! They're a pretty good match as well, every bit as horny as that Aika girl - but better at hiding it!"

"As horny as Aika?!" Issei grunted in disbelief. "Impossible! That girl is - Insatiable! I passed her in the corridor on the way here and it felt like I'd eaten a three course meal!"

Yes, those two were probably going to wear those losers out inside a day if she was being honest. Oh well, they would not likely complain.

Suddenly, the door to the ORC burst open, and in swept the force of nature known as Rias Gremory. Her feet sounded like thunderbolts as she stepped into the room, marching across to

them like the Valkyries swooping down upon a battlefield. She stood over them, crossed her arms and tapped her feet.

"Oh, terribly sorry, buchou!" Akeno said, beaming up at her King. "Did you want in on this as well?"

"That's not why I'm upset," Rias said. Then after a moment, she got down on her knees, let her boobs spill out and joined them while continuing her little lecture. "Akeno, we have to be careful. A stunt like that could easily draw all kinds of attention! Sona is not stupid, if she sees lust based magic being used she'll want to know where it's coming from!"

"Oh dear," Akeno said. "In that case, might I recommend you give me a good hard spanking?"

"I was wrong before!" issei said. "**Now** it's the best day ever!"

He roared like a dragon, and climaxed all over the three of them. It was at that moment Koneko's ears and tail popped out, which only ever happened when she was experiencing an intense emotional response. In this case, it certainly made sense - the cat had got her cream, after all. How thoroughly adorable. Something told her that the four of them were going to get on famously.

Some days, you see something that just gives you a headache. Sona Sitri was feeling one coming in now, in fact. A strange report had arrived just now, informing her of what was clearly magical activity, surrounding - what a coincidence - Issei Hyoudou's two friends.

"Let me make sure that I have this correct," Sona said. She had her hands steepled at her desk, staring at the report. She could read it fine, parse its words, she simply wanted to make certain that she was internally processing everything correctly, and that those in the room with her also understood what she had been told. "Numerous girls spontaneously decided to blatantly flirt with Motohama and Matsuda, for no apparent reason, and then two girls all but jumped on them and begged them to date them, giving fairly flimsy reasons for doing so?"

"Yes, that is about the size of it," Tsubaki said. "My understanding is, the last they were seen, those two boys were receiving quite enthusiastic... What is the term again? Paizuri?"

"Spare me the details," Sona said. Her imagination was threatening to betray her, even now. "I really do not want to hear them. At all."

Normally she'd have them in detention for such blatant lewd behaviour on campus, but in this case she was fairly certain they were comparatively blameless. This had the stench of magic about it. Questioning them would be necessary, but they weren't the only people she should be interested in right now.

Take Rias, for example. Her behaviour during their meeting earlier was... odd, to say the least. Her body language was a little off. Especially when the subject of Issei Hyoudou came up. She was a bit flirtier than normal as well. Did she have something to do with this?

There were a few possibilities. It could be an attempt to get out of her engagement to Riser. It was pretty obvious she wasn't especially interested in being forced into a marriage. It was not because Riser was a bad person, per se, in fact he'd be a pretty decent husband from an objective standpoint. But if Rias wasn't interested, then - well, she was the girl who required being beaten in a game of chess before she would date someone. Who was she to complain about being picky?

That was only one possibility, though. It was also entirely possible that Issei Hyoudou was to blame. A noted pervert becomes a Devil right before a sudden burst of lust magic on campus? It was quite the coincidence. Of course, coincidences happen all the time. Sona certainly believed in coincidences. But she didn't *trust* coincidences.

There were others too, of course - like an outside presence influencing things. Whatever the case may be, she clearly lacked enough evidence to point in any one particular direction right now. Which meant that she needed more information, right away. While she was an expert at chess, that is a game with perfect information about your opponent's resources and their position. For other games of strategy, the first step is always reconnaissance... and this was something that Sona was also quite adept at.

"Tsubaki, I would like you to speak with members of Rias' peerage," Sona said. "Discreetly uncover their opinion on Issei Hyoudou. Make it seem like a personal concern rather than something I'm wondering about."

"Understood," Tsubaki bowed. "Do you want me to talk with Issei himself?"

"No, I think Tsubasa would be better suited for that," Sona continued. "Keep him distracted. Play into the idea that you're welcoming him into our world." Having her Queen talk to Issei as well wouldn't end well. She was a little too well endowed. Tsubasa was fairly boyish, so even though there would be an element of distraction due to her girlish charms it wouldn't be so overwhelming that she danced in his palm rather than the other way around. "Make it clear to him that he is not to abuse magic, for fear of breaking the veil."

"You got it!" Tsubasa smirked. As always, looking forward to getting her hands dirty.

"Lastly, Saji. I would like you to talk with Rias."

"Eh? Me?!" Saji gasped, pointing at himself. "I mean - Of course! As your newest Piece, I -"

"Need some experience with something comparatively simple," Sona interrupted. "Rias will be aware that I'm concerned about the lust magic, and will expect me to send someone to talk with her about it. Furthermore, she'll understand that this is a training exercise for you, and will thus believe that I do not suspect her involvement. I will send along... Ruruko and Momo to monitor your progress. I want the three of you to report on anything unusual you see or hear at the Occult Research Club - not that I expect Rias to be careless, if she is involved in some way." Meanwhile, she would conduct her own investigation into Rias in her own way.

There. From this she should be able to get some vital information about the most obvious culprits. In the meantime, she should look into the Fallen Angels that had set up in the local Church and investigate Issei's home life for further evidence of -

Of-

Huh. Funny that. When her peerage filed out on their tasks, Sona had watched them carefully. She had to wonder. Did Saji always have such an... aesthetically pleasing butt? Actually... that might be a side effect of the lust magic as well. A heightened sex appeal for the men on campus would be quite concerning, and was definitely something she needed to add to her list of investigation points.

Although, how to do that without coming off as a pervert herself? The things that a council president must endure for the sake of their job...

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So now, we turn our attention to Sona's Queen, Tsubaki Shinra. A young woman easily deserving the title of fourth most popular in campus. She carried about her an air of confidence, of strength and silent beauty. An authority that she never had to use, for everyone in her vicinity knew better than to cross her. She was impressed with Sona's insight, after considering it a while. She was the best suited to speak with the members of Rias' Peerage on the matter of Issei Hyoudou. It wouldn't be difficult for her to take the brunt of the blame for such a set of enquiries.

Though the question did come - which member of her peerage would be best to speak with? Obviously not Rias herself. There was an excellent chance that Akeno would be with Rias as well. Take out Issei, and that left two - Koneko, the Rook and Kiba, the Knight. Of these two Kiba proved to be the easier to find by far.

He was surrounded by girls, fawning over him, as befits his reputation on campus as the most popular boy around. It was strange, though. When she'd seen him before, he seemed to not want the attention, at some level. Oh, the other girls around all ignored the signs, but it was plain as day to her.

Today, the smile on his face seemed a bit more genuine, somehow. Like he was genuinely enjoying the attention. Something about it reminded her of watching someone enjoying dinner after a long day's work. As if he had recently expended a lot of energy, then come home to find out that - here we go, a nice meal had been prepared for you. It's not something you normally like, but today it really feels like it would hit the spot.

That was a quite specific feeling to have, which was admittedly a little bit unusual for her to think about. Nonetheless, that is the impression this scene before her was giving her.

She stepped forward. Given his popularity, waiting for him to be alone would be a fool's errand. As she approached she heard them cooing over the boy, talking at length about how handsome and pleasant he was, how charming and thoughtful. If only they knew they were talking to a Devil.

Although, looking him over she could certainly see what they meant. Tsubaki wasn't currently looking for a partner, but she could certainly see the appeal in this boy. He had this effortless aura about him that drew the eye, a gentle smile that could set a girl's heart at ease in seconds. The more she looked, the closer she got, the more she passively understood why exactly all these girls were fawning over him. Competing for his attention. Desiring him. All but drooling over him.

When she finally arrived, standing tall over the group and casting her shadow over where he was sitting, Tsubaki thoughtfully wiped under chin on reflex. "Yuuto Kiba," she said in her very best officious tone, which was indeed extremely officious. A few leaves cowered away from her.

"If you would not mind, there is a small matter we must discuss related to your school club activities. Do you have a moment to spare, or should I leave you amidst your fan club?"

"Pardon me, ladies," he said, his voice sounding smooth as silk. The girls all sighed upon hearing it, like they had heard a divine symphony played. He rose in a manner more befitting a Prince than a Devil, or indeed a Knight. "If the student council vice president has need of me, who am I to say no?"

Tsubaki adjusted her glasses and turned to walk away with Kiba walking by her. Of course, he was wise enough to be discrete. Nonetheless, her Devil's ears were pricking up. Hearing the idle gossip of Kiba's little fanclub.

"Oh no, she's going to steal him away for sure!"

"The fourth most popular girl on campus is finally making her move!"

"I don't know, she's never shown interest in him before..."

"But he's so much cuter today for some reason!"

Hrm? What was this? Normally gossip like that wouldn't affect her at all, but today it was making her feel... flush. Warm in a way she wasn't used to. No, never mind. She took Kiba to an empty classroom where they could discuss matters in a more private setting. Just the two of them. A boy and a girl. Alone together. Having a close conversation. There was nothing at all strange about that.

"Shall we get down to business then?" Kiba asked. "What is this about, exactly?"

Suddenly remembering herself, Tsubaki adjusted her glasses. "It is about Issei Hyoudou. I understand he has joined in with you. His reputation on campus should not be a mystery to you, Yuuto Kiba. Are you prepared to protect your King from his advances and lechery?"

"Is that all?" Kiba asked, still smiling that perfectly affable, impossible to dislike smile. "Oh, I don't have any fear of that. Rias Gremory is perfectly capable of protecting herself from Issei."

That was true enough. She would be much, much stronger than him even without using overt magic. Even so, he was missing the broader point.

"I mean her reputation," Tsubaki said. "I mean how others will view her. If he causes a ruckus - perhaps tries to do something with Grayfia or Serafall?" In which case, he'd better hope for a miracle, because it would be more than Rias' neck on the line. "Pardon my concerns, but now that he is entering our world, I must look out for my King's interests. I would like some assurance that you are leashing him."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand why you're coming to me about this," Kiba said. "Would this not be a matter best decided between our Kings? I'm sure that if Sona is concerned, then Rias will be able to give her that assurance herself - unless there's another reason you are concerned in the activities of Issei Hyoudou?"

Hrm? What did he mean by that? "Would you care to explain that remark?"

"Well, I don't mean anything by it," Kiba lied, because that start to any sentence is always a lie. The speaker always means *something* by whatever they are about to say. "I mean, you are a very beautiful young woman. You have a stern demeanour, but your figure is quite splendid. I would say that you are well placed as the fourth most popular girl in school, and considering the positions higher than yourself that's a position worth boasting about."

As he spoke, Kiba began to walk around Tsubaki and... there was something in the air around them. She could swear that there was some sort of use of magic in the air, but whenever she tried to pick it out, it sort of... vanished. The hair on the back of her neck was standing on end, and she couldn't help but look around in expectation that there was an enemy.

"Oh dear, are you feeling alright?" Kiba asked. All of a sudden he was in her face. Filling up her vision. Smiling his charming handsome face down at her. "Tut, tut. Oh dear, I was worried about this."

"Huh?" Tsubaki blinked, this strange feeling inside her growing and growing. "What do you mean?"

"Rias was telling me about it a little while ago," he said. "There was an... incident. Involving some of Issei's old friends. She believes it is an attempt by the Fallen Angels to make sure that he's actually dead. To lure him out. A little lust magic would certainly work, don't you think?"

There was a kind of logic to that. Wait... Did he mean... Was this lust magic?!

"You saw how those girls were earlier, did you not?" Kiba asked. "I expect they've done something sneaky. Like... laid a magical minefield of some sort on the campus, which you unknowingly walked through."

Was such a thing even possible? Yes. Hypothetically, you could do almost anything you wanted with magic. The fact that she hadn't noticed, though... Until now? How had that happened?

"Those other girls could let out the lustful effect somewhat by cooing over me," Kiba shrugged. "It's a shame, really it is, I have no real interest in any of them... But you strike me as the sort to have no real romantic interest at all, correct? That makes this a bit trickier."

"Ooooooh!" Tsubaki whined, as it hit her especially hard out of nowhere. Her legs felt weak. "D-Damn them! Ah! I m-must report this to Sona at once!"

"Not in that condition you can't," Kiba said. "Imagine it. Do you think you can get through the school like that? When your King's reputation would be on the line?"

Indeed, he had a point. She could barely keep her head up. Her hands were trembling, her face must be redder than a sunrise. Oh! Ahhhh! This feeling! It was nice - but at the same time, she didn't want it! This form of magic was much more insidious and potent than she'd expected!

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Kiba had always disliked the attention he got. Blame it on his backstory. It's a bit difficult to open yourself up when you're used as a lab rat by the Church, and witness numerous others your own young age die pointless, meaningless deaths. Being found by Rias and given a new lease on life was the best thing to ever happen to him. Freedom. Security. She granted both.

Now, learning that the Succubus race had been deliberately and maliciously hunted down by the other Devils, out of fear for their ability... That ate at him. He didn't much care for that. Therefore, he would help Rias out. He would help her assume control over Devil society, and help her gain some measure of revenge upon those who had wronged her - or, should that be *their* kind?

It helped that the former annoyance was now a healthy food source. He could simply walk the campus, and feast upon the lust that the numerous girls with a crush on him had for him... Although, that became a brand new annoyance after a little bit. He became, how to put it... Full? Can you get full off of lust? Apparently, yes. He needed to expel this excess, and do so quickly to avoid a repeat of what happened earlier with Issei, but he had no idea where to put it all.

Until he was approached by Tsubaki. A beautiful woman who was not as smitten as the others with him, but still held a minor spark of attraction. A spark that was now an intense, towering inferno.

"It's alright," he said to her, making sure to focus her attention on him as he let that excess lustful energy flow out from him, into her. "I'm here to help you in any way that I can." He could practically hear her heart leaping from her chest. "Ah... I have an idea. Maybe if you had an outlet for your lust, it would help you calm down?"

That seemed a little obvious, but he was hoping his confidence would sell it. Seeing her usually stern face grow flustered and flush was quite appealing, and well worth the risk.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked. In response, he tipped her chin upwards and sealed her lips with his own. For a moment, she was still with shock. But only for a moment. After which she all but tackled him to the floor, her larger body on top of his frantically seeking out contact. Not just her hands, every inch of her was trying to get closer and closer to him.

Oh dear. This seemed to have created a new problem. The lust inside her was growing of its own accord, and forcing out the lust he had been trying to drop into her. Nonetheless, his

instincts weren't letting him stop now. His hands trailed down her back, delighted in her hips, adored her thighs and rested on her rear. Kiba pulled his lips away and whispered in her ear.

"You shouldn't tell Sona about this," he whispered. In response, she moaned incoherently. "Instead, you should tell her... You saw someone else behaving strangely. Then, the two of us worked together to undo the spell."

"You want me to lie to Sona?" Tsubaki gasped. Of course, her loyalty was without reproach. "B-but I -" He kissed her again, deeper this time. When they parted, her tongue was hanging out. She let out a breathy "Okay," and so he rewarded her with another kiss. Welcome to the fan club, Tsubaki. Now, let's give you a few more commands for your just added mind, to make you an unknowing collaborator to the Succubus cause!

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There was something almost cute about it. Sona, sending along her new Pawn on a training mission alongside two of her other Pieces for observation purposes. It wasn't quite what Rias had expected Sona to do following the inevitable report of magical activity on campus, but in retrospect it made sense for her to turn this into a training exercise.

"Lo, my most resplendent greetings to you, King of the Rias Gremory Peerage! It is an honour that you would let me meet with thee under such conditions!"

This Saji guy was really kind of cute. Rias had the distinct feeling he was being over the top on purpose in an attempt to break the ice. At least, she hoped that was what he was doing, and that this wasn't a deliberate attempt at a greeting.

"Ah, just Rias will suffice," she said, taking a seat and looking the three over while Akeno hovered somewhere nearby behind her. Let's see now. These three guests were a cute boy that had a crush on Sona, who had no romantic interest in him at all (yet) as well as two girls. One was already harbouring a crush, the other had the potential for one. And this boy was as oblivious to that as Sona was to his crush. "Now, I believe that I can guess, but please state your reason for coming to speak with me."

"Forsook, there was -"

"Speak normally," one of the girls nudged him with her elbow. Rias giggled playfully. Oho! The things you can see with the powers of a succubus. "My apologies. I didn't think he would be so over the top about it."

"Well, I gotta make a good impression for my first mission, don't I?" Saji said. Ah, now he was relaxing a bit. "Okay, fine. Sona's worried about the big thing that happened earlier. Apparently some old friends of your new Pawn got some girls all over them, despite being total losers."

"Haha, in my experience, Mister Saji, those who point their fingers and call others losers should look closely at themselves," Rias gently smiled. He squirmed a bit at that. "Yes, we noticed it as well. Quite strange, don't you think? At first we believed that Issei had lost control over his new magic powers, or that his Sacred Gear had run amok, but..."

"But?" Saji asked.

"As it turned out, Issei didn't know anything about it at all," Rias said. "There I was, ready to give him a good hard spanking as punishment, when it turned out to not be necessary at all."

Saji laughed nervously, obviously thinking that they were joking. The other two with him were not laughing. This wasn't a succubus thing. This was a Devil thing. Those two had either seen or been on the receiving end of a punishment from Sona. The possibility of any eroticism behind it had fully escaped Rias because of the fact that she knew they both created a large magical barrier around their hands to deliver the punishment. No contact between butt and flat of hand here.

"Akeno, would you please brew up some tea?" Rias suggested. "Oh, and use that special milk we had ordered in." With her head turned, she looked down meaningfully at Akeno's breasts. "Now, shall we turn our potential to suspects?"

"Yes, that sounds about right," Saji said. "Uh... But first, I think Sona would like some reassurance that Issei isn't lying about his lack of involvement? His word isn't especially impressive, considering his history, I'm sure you understand?"

The two girls had a small flicker of attraction there, as he'd raised a quite sensible point. Good. When you're not trying too hard to be cool, you come off way cooler. It was her intention to play around with that a little bit here, to get what she wanted. Namely, Sona being a little too distracted to notice her making her moves to enact her revenge scheme.

In any event.

"He has an alibi," Rias said. "As it happens, he was right here, being briefed on the fundamentals of a Devil's life by my Queen. Is that not right, Akeno?"

By now, Akeno had returned with tea. It didn't take that long to make when you can use a touch of magic to speed the process along. She set out a cup in front of each of them, and smiled warmly, in that way she did. "Of course. I was monitoring him carefully the entire time," Akeno said. "I was quite surprised when you said there had been an incident."

"There are various potential suspects besides him," Rias smoothly continued, bringing her cup to her lips and taking a quick sip. Ahhh... Akeno's milk tasted the best, after all. That's right. Milk that Akeno had personally made, freshly squeezed from her nipple, infused with Sex Magic. The surest way to have magic of any kind affect someone deepest was to get them to imbibe it - and

so her three guests did. "It could be the Fallen Angels. Or perhaps some Magicians. Pretty much the only ones I would not suspect would be agents of Heaven, as they would never dirty their hands with lustful magic."

"Saji, she's right," Ruruko said, setting her cup back in its saucer. "There were reports of Fallen Angels..."

"Issei was recruited after being killed by one of them," Akeno continued. "They are the most sensible suspects."

"An attempt to draw him out, then?" Saji mused. Very good. This is the story that her peerage had agreed upon if anyone started to enquire. "I suppose that makes sense."

Rias nodded, but not towards Saji. It was a sign towards Akeno. After all, it was her milk. She was the one in the best position to make use of their powers as Succubi. Oh dear, she did hope that the girl didn't get too out of control with it. This particular technique allowed for a few very simple lustful effects to be implemented on a short term basis, quite without the subject noticing. Thus, enabling them a chance to enact greater control in the longer term.

To start with, Akeno moved behind them and lifted up her left hand as if she was dangling a marionette. Then, Rumuko, who was on Saji's left, twitched her shoulders without seeming to notice. After this, Akeno did the same with her right hand, and Momo reacted in much the same way. From this, she moved both girls closer into Saji, then stuck out her tongue and flicked it. The effect was as if she had used her tongue to lick Saji's arm up and around Momo's shoulder, and then she did the same thing on his other side, ensuring that the oblivious boy was embracing both girls, with none of them finding their actions all that strange.

"It's also possible that it was an experiment of some sort," Rias mused. "After all, I've never quite seen magic of this kind. I did get the chance to take a closer look, you see. Oh. I suspect that the finer points will fly over your head since you are new to our world, but have no fear. I am certain those two girls will listen and fill Sona in on the details."

"That will be fine," Momo said. "I am one of her Bishops. I should be able to fill her in on the salient details."

"Very well. Then pay attention to my findings," Rias said. She took a deep breath, and the three visitors all sat up, paying close attention to her - and no attention at all to Akeno, nor to their own behaviour. "The spell targetted both boys, and appeared to have induced a large increase in their 'sex appeal' proportionate to their own innate perversion." Akeno tugged at their bodies, making Rumuko rub her breasts up against the side of Saji's head. To help keep them further distracted, Rias rose from her seat and began to pace around in front of them to draw their attention further. "Secondly, the burst of magic appears to have struck all girls within the area and induced an intense arousal proportionate to their own hotness." Saji turned his head, here,

and began to stick it in Momo's ear. "Finally, as the spell's effect weakened, it bound together a girl to each boy, setting them on a path of mutual lust."

"That seemed pretty straightforward," Momo said, while all but sitting on Saji's lap, snuggling closer to him in an attempt to fulfill the desire burning within her.

"True enough. So let's get into the nitty gritty of it," Rias said, taking a deep breath and drawing upon her own knowledge to really get them thinking. Everything she was about to say was true, of course. "The ether generated through the casting nodes linked with their pheromone production and induced a breeding instinct in human women in the vicinity. Following this, all women in the vicinity had their hormonal production manipulated by a dissipating arcana, which magnified the effect greatly, before culminating in the aforementioned interconnection of affection via lingering traces of lust tainted ether, as per the Cupid Effect."

She then took a sip of tea. Ahhh, delicious. While she spoke, the two girls had been directed by Akeno to strip down right there in front of her, writhing in delight the entire time. On seeing them start to disrobe, she had a moment of panic, that Akeno was going too far... but she had underestimated her Queen. Not to mention her delicious milk. The two girls were writhing about, with that boy in the middle of them. Obliviously receiving a handjob from both of them at once.

"Did that all make sense?" Rias asked. Momo's eyes were crossed, but she nodded her head. "Very good. I do advise watching out, by the way. This is a quite potent spell. It might even be able to affect Devils."

"What should we do?" Ruruko asked.

"I would advise watching each other closely," Rias said. "If any of you does anything overtly... horny - " Akeno tittered a bit there. Shush now! "Then do your best to snap them out of it."

"Might I suggest spanking them, good and hard?" Akeno quipped. "That should provide enough of a shock to bring them out of it."

"Excellent thinking, Akeno!" Rias said. "I would advise that the three of you practise it now. It's a skill that you will likely need, in due course. If our enemy is using lust as a weapon, we must be ready to combat it by any means available."

Really now Sona, she had to send her thanks. Sending this boy along, with these girls, was a rather brilliant way... for her to usurp control over your Peerage without you even noticing. Although, now she was pondering. Should she serve Sona up to Saji on a silver platter, or... save that hottie for Issei? It wasn't as though Saji would be short of action anytime soon. Either way, he was about to be a lot happier than he used to be!

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"Where the hell is that Issei guy anyway?"

Tsubasa was on the prowl through the school in search of her target and starting to get annoyed. Huh! Was he hiding from her, or something? When she found him, she oughta give him a good hard talking to. He shouldn't be this hard to pick out when a member of the student council wanted him! Honestly, at this point she was half tempted to pick out a tracking spell... except doing that obviously in public would get her in all sorts of trouble.

Screw it then. She was gonna duck inside this storage shed and cast it anyway. While she was always eager to do whatever Sona asked, she didn't wanna waste all day on -

Huh? Weird. It sorta felt like there was resistance there. What the hell was that? Something that could make a Devil notice? That wasn't just a stuck handle. Tsubasa opened the door a lot more cautiously than she was intending, stepped inside and -

And saw something completely unexpected. Well. She found Issei Hyoudou. Alongside Koneko, Rias's Rook, and some other chick who was being bent over a vaulting horse and -

Oh gosh. She stared in genuine stunned silence, and when the door closed behind her she ducked under some equipment out of shock, covering her mouth and staring ahead in utter disbelief. Oh man. Oh man, oh man! She'd walked in on them doing it! Her mind brought the image to the forefront immediately, Issei's surprisingly lean and muscular physique, his strong hands grabbing that unknown chick's hips. Koneko, resting on top the vaulting horse, her legs wrapped around that chick's head. Both of them were wings out, but there was something kinda... weird about them? They looked like Devil wings, but there was something else about them that she'd never seen before. Not that she had a lot of experience with Devil wings, but she was pretty sure Koneko's didn't look like that!

"Huh? Was that the door?" Issei asked. "Nobody there... I guess the spell is holding."

"Nnnnobody has any reason to come in here for another hour," Koneko purred. "And nobody will miss you, me, or Miss Aika here. The spell on the door should be enough to keep anyone curious from coming inside, or noticing anything is wrong."

That was a lot of words from the normally taciturn kitty. So they were just, you know, in here railing some human chick? Wasn't this kinda proof that Issei was using his new Devil powers to get some ass, and with the support and consent from other members of Rias's peerage to boot?!

Looking around, Tsubasa saw a piece of reflective metal. Using that she was able to see them without them seeing her in turn, due to the angle it was at. Yeah. No doubt about it. They were railing that chick something fierce. She grit her teeth, and made ready to stand up when -

Ohhhhh boy, she wasn't going anywhere in a hurry. Something in the air was making her head feel light. Mmmmm. Man! Check out his butt. Well sculpted man ass. She didn't even know she was into that kinda thing, but... Oooh boy, there it is. Haaa... haaaa... What was this, all of a sudden? Tsubasa had never, ever felt like this before. Her hand was wandering down underneath her skirt for some reason and - Oh! Ohhhhoohooo! That felt good. That felt really, really good!

"Ah... I never imagined I'd wind up doing something like this with this girl..." Issei said. "But that lust she was putting off, it was too much! I had to have a taste!"

"This is unusual for me as well," Koneko purred. She let out a little mewl at the very end, too. "I appear to be going into heat. This may be causing the room to fill with lust magic at a higher degree than normal."

"Heh! Good thing you put that barrier around the room, then!" Issei said. Oh, right. Now that sh-she was looking there was a barrier of some sort around the room. "Lust is spilling out of the two of you at this point, we'd better get that worked out before we open the door. Who knows what might happen when we open it!"

"Nnnnnngh!" Tsubasa moaned into her hand, unable to keep it in any longer. Though she was a tough chick, there were hard limits to what she could manage. Lust magic? This was the result of lust magic? Yeah, yeah, that was it then. This was hard proof that Issei was responsible for that display earlier! No doubt about it, none at all! Gritting her teeth and forcing herself to roll over, Tsubasa lunged for the door -

Only for her face to collide with cock. Hard cock. Not, like, hard enough to act like an obstacle or anything, but the way her body reacted the instant she made contact, it might as well have been a titanium wall several miles thick. In effect, she'd wind up making Issei cockslap her when he'd come to investigate the weird sound he'd heard, and now all she could do was stare at that dick until the bright idea hit her to open her mouth and -

Yum~ This was nice! This was super, super nice! And fun! There wasn't anything wrong here at all! She was just enthusiastically sucking on Issei's dick, while Koneko and that Aika girl were taking off her clothes, and her body was being filled to the brim with lust magic... and very soon would be full of something even more fun!

"I think this confirms it then," Issei said nervously. "Um...? This could be a problem. Koneko, we need a safe way to deal with all this lust."

"Trust me," the Aika girl said. "By the time we're done, there won't be an ounce of lust left in this room. I have a few ideas, Hyoudou... Including for those fancy wings of yours!"

So she was about to be pulled into a foursome. Not exactly on her agenda for today, but you know what? At least she had succeeded at the task Sona had given her! Succeeded beyond her wildest expectations! Now! Let the foursome begin!

Aika Kiryuu is a perverted girl. She wasn't ashamed of that. It was her taste. Who were you to judge what she liked and disliked? Here's the trouble though - what does it mean to be a pervert? There are many ways you can fit, countless ways you can qualify. In a literal sense it means an unnatural obsession with sex, but -

But isn't sex itself natural? We all must have a fascination with it. We evolved that way. Or were made that way. Whatever! It's baked into our nature. Doesn't that mean the prudes are the weirdos? They're repressing, or they're lying, and neither is a good look. Right?

Well... Fine. There are those who take it *too far*. Or are *stupid* about it. In that case Aika had no problem calling them perverts, because insulting them that way made sense. They're dumb, stupid, gross perverts. Like the Perverted Trio. Those boys were dumb about it. If they actually wanted a girlfriend, they should have worked to improve themselves first instead of expecting a random girl to throw themselves upon them for the sake of having a dick.

Which distracts from the earlier question: What kind of pervert is Aika Kiryuu? Well... A matchmaker at heart. Able to understand at a glance the size of a man's manhood, no matter how many layers he was wearing. She liked to tease the stupid, gross perverts. In part because she wanted them to change, but also because they simply had it coming. Hrm? Yes, she'd do the same with gross dumb *girl* perverts too. Why do you ask?

What were her feelings toward Issei Hyoudou? Of the Perverted Trio, he was the one that was the closest to dateable. Do note that she was thinking in relative terms. Relative to the other two. Who are *trash*. He wasn't bad looking. He could be charming if he wanted to be, and between us? Not exactly a small size down there. If he put the effort in, he could become perfectly presentable. Basically, Aika harboured no romantic feelings towards him whatsoever.

Up until today. When she was walking by him in the hallway. For some reason he was being accompanied by a silver haired junior. Pretty, petite, and -

And... Nnnnnrgh! That's the only way to describe it. A deep, driving *nnnnnrgh* that went right into her guts. It was like feeling a knot get tied up. A knot of desire. A knot of hunger. A knot of pure, undiluted lust. It made Aika stagger, it made her knees weak, it made her absolutely ruin her panties right there on the spot.

"Oops, sorry!" Issei had said. The silver haired girl then quickly moved and pushed Aika into a nearby storage closet. "I didn't mean to do that! Sorry about this, Aika! I'm still getting used to -"

Once the three of them were in the storage closet, she jumped him. Heedless of the other girl. Aika tired her absolute damndest to coil her body around Issei's. The idiot responded in all the right ways. The rational part of Aika's mind was asking what was going on here? Why was she so fucking wet for Issei Hyoudou all of a sudden?! And where did he learn to kiss? Heaven help her, he was a natural! No, more like a supernatural! Thinking about what he was doing with his lips and tongue, it shouldn't be causing this much of a reaction from her. It was like he was

casting a magic spell that made every little touch of his body against hers feel like - like she'd just eaten a big bite of chocolate while someone was rubbing her feet.

Was this really happening? With Issei Hyoudou, of all people? Was she about to lose her virginity to this blatant breast obsessed idiot? Aika felt her skirt slip down her legs, and Issei's hand go to her hip to tug at her panties and - The answer to both question was *fuck yes it was happening*.

"She is responding well to the lust magic," the other girl said. Honestly, Aika almost forgot she was there. She was watching intensely, something in her eyes reminding her of a cat. "She has potential as a mage. Normally I would say it is too early in your career as a Devil to contract with a mage, but... There is a high degree of compatibility between you."

"Huh? Really?" Issei gasped in surprise, pulling away from her long enough to question the girl on... whatever nonsense she was talking about. Aika wrapped her hands around the back of his head and tried to return those sweet, sweet lips to hers, but he was too strong. Barely seemed to notice her - so she started kissing his face more generally. Mmm! Even this much was to die for~ "Me and Aika...? I was only doing this because -"

"Because you felt guilty about leaving her in an over aroused state," the other girl flatly said. "This is new to me as well, however... Did you have an adversarial relationship with her?"

"Uh, yeah? She made fun of us all the time."

"Well. There you go. My new instincts are telling me that is often a sign of repressed physical attraction married to personality repulsion. You don't like each other's personalities, but you are aware the other is attractive, and so -"

"Will you fucking shut up and let him dick me already?!" Aika screamed. "Ah! Oh shit! The whole school must have heard that!"

"No, I put a barrier around the room, nobody will hear anything," the other girl said. "I'm Koneko, by the way. I am helping Issei learn how to control his newfound Incubus powers."

"Doing a - hrnk! - bang up jooooob!" Aika grunted and writhed as she pulled herself onto Issei's cock. It filled her up perfectly, and - and it turned out that - that having this inside her felt ten times better than the kiss from before. She always found it silly, in those dumb hentai doujin. The girl would cum so hard her mind would break. That wasn't possible really. You couldn't make someone feel *that* good.

Well... No, you couldn't. Not if you were human anyway. Issei was an Incubus now? Yeah, that tracked! Just from having him inside her by itself, she felt like she'd toss away her soul and find the payment fair. A bargain, even!

Oh, but then Issei started to actually properly fuck her, and the bargain got better and better. Take her soul! Take her mind! Rut her once a year, once a decade, once again in her life and those things would be worth it. Use her however you wanted, Issei. She would let it happen if you promised to do this to her again, even once. This powerful penis penetrating her deeply, endlessly deeply, with each thrust feeling like it hit some new yet deeper core of her being.

And *that* was before Koneko got in on the action as well. Licking at Aika's body, cleaning the sweat from her flesh - and there was a lot of sweat to lick up. In her wake leaving tingles of electricity dancing across her skin. Somehow - Impossibly! - making this whole thing even greater than it was before! Her mind broke, she was sure she felt it, and yet - It was reformed, harder and firmer than before only to break again, the cycle repeating itself, her mind feeling invincible after a mere few minutes yet still shattering from the simple act of intercourse.

Yet all good things must come to an end, as it did when they noticed someone had come into the storage closet even through Koneko's barrier. Hehehe... A pretty, busty chick from the student council. Aika licked her lips. There was only one thing in the universe she could think of that would be better than what she'd just gone through.

That would be... making someone else go through it. Wasn't she a giving person~?

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So what did Issei make of all this? Short answer: Freaking awesome! Longer answer? He was starting to get a bit worried that his newfound freaking awesome power was having longer term effects on the girls around him. Hard to blame him really. While he did want himself a harem, he didn't want to basically ruin the lives of every hot babe he met by making them so horny they made a bad series of decisions.

On the other hand, if the best way for him to help girls control themselves was to bang, then bang he shall. It was his mess so he should clean it up. It was only right, right? One should take responsibility for the mistake that one makes, and that was what he was doing just now by banging the girl that made fun of him all the damned time.

Huh? What's that? Attracted to her? Liking her? Aika Kiryuu? No, far from it, he really was only giving her such a deep dicking because he'd accidentally given her a dose of raw nymphomania. Huh? That sounds like an excuse? Get real! He had absolutely no intention of adding Aika to his harem.

That is, he had no such intention an hour ago. He still didn't like her personality but - Damn, that girl could *fuck*! Even though she was human, her kegel muscles had this innate understanding of -

Ahem! He'd let himself get distracted there. Tsubasa was obviously in need of calming down now after she stumbled onto them. She must've gotten hit in the face with a wall of lustful energy, her reaction was pretty severe...

"Interesting," Koneko mused. "I believe it has had a more potent effect on her because you are her type."

"Eh? I'm her type?" Issei grunted. That didn't sound right. He'd been trying to hit on girls left and right the last year, and none of them responded positively at all! Are you seriously saying a girl this cute might have been into him if he'd tried talking to her?! Oh, his last year of being girlfriend free -

What was he complaining about? Come to think! He was an Incubus now, right? Freely able to bang Rias, Akeno, Koneko... and now, Aika too! Maybe Tsubasa if she felt up to it after they finished. Hehehehe! That sounded great. Hopefully she would understand the situation and -

And maybe not push him against the opposite wall like that. Rough! Very rough!

"S-stop talking and... fuck me already!" Tsubasa demanded. "I - I don't know what you did to me, but I *need* it, and your *talking* is really getting to me! Got it?!"

While she was complaining about that, Aika had fearlessly walked up behind her, then flicked her back - and the distinctive sound of a bra coming undone came up to Issei's ears. Oh! He would recognise the sound at a thousand paces! Maybe even a million!

"Got it," Aika said, blatantly mocking her. "Honestly now Issei, do I have to do everything for you here? Let me get her skirt off... You get her shirt..."

Sounded like a plan to him! He fiddled with the buttons on her shirt while she grabbed his face and kissed him. Oops! He was fumbling quite a bit here! Still not quite used to this, he was more used to undressing himself than someone else. There was the sound of a skirt hitting the floor, and he could feel his erection poking into her underwear. This seemed to be some sort of a sign for her to back off a little.

"So, the fuck did you do to me anyway?" Tsubasa asked, then started to kiss him again, kiss him deeply, before moving away to kiss his jaw upon realising he couldn't exactly answer like that.

"Ah, long story, it turns out I'm an incubus and don't have full control over my powers yet..." Issei said. "That old chestnut, you must have heard it a hundred times."

Koneko grabbed Tsubasa's head and turned it into hers, kissing her deeply on the mouth, while Aika did the same to Issei's. His hands went wandering, grabbing Aika and Koneko's butts, and - Nice. Very nice! While Issei was more of a breast man, there's nothing wrong with appreciating

some booty as well! Heh! Tsubasa's writhing body was rubbing her breasts into his chest too, so he was getting the best of all possible worlds at once!

"Mmm... You can't just do this, idiot!" Tsubasa said. "If you keep on seducing girls and reducing us to moaning, whimpering wet heaps, Sona's gonna come down on you like a sack of hammers. She won't fall for this as easily as I am."

Sona? Student council president Sona Shitori? The cool glasses wearing beauty, often considered the third most popular girl in school? Part of Issei went 'yes please', but in all honesty he really should try to reign it in. While he was building up quite the harem for himself, he was starting to feel like his eyes might be bigger than his penis. After Tsubasa, he would try to control himself a bit more. Seduce less girls using his awesome Incubus powers. After all, the hardest part of having a harem was the management - he should really start to figure out the details behind that before going any further!

"Not to worry, I'm pretty sure this whole mess only happened because Aika is a horndog in her own - Ow!"

"Implying I'm a slut, are we?" Aika said, having a firm grip of his ear. "That's not very nice, loverboy. You're lucky you're an amazing lay, your personal charisma needs some... improvement."

"My personal charisma got you in here," Issei quipped.

"That shouldn't count if it's lust inducing magic," Tsubasa countered. "So you're not going to try to seduce Sona too? Alright, fine. But I still have to tell her about -"

"No. No you do not."

That was Koneko saying that, and the deathly seriousness in her voice brought a hard chill over the room. The cute kitty-Rook grabbed both Issei and Tsubasa's bodies, and pushed them together, guiding his dick inside her. Tsubasa's mouth went wide, probably wider than she thought she could open it, but no sound came out. Her eyes crossed, her tongue flopped out of her wide open mouth, and her hands snaked around the back of Issei's head tightly, like a vice.

"You will not tell Sona about this," Koneko affirmed. Her hand on Tsubasa's back gently rocked her at first- but then stopped her moving around outright. "If she finds out about this, she will keep you away from Issei. Away from Issei's dick."

"Nnnngh!" Tsubasa whined. "Want Issei's diiiiiick!" Aika rolled her eyes, but honestly she'd been kinda the same when it had been her turn. "Nooo, please let me move around! I wanna feel it deep inside me! Take your hand off my back, I can't move at all!!!!!"

"Koneko, I didn't ask you to break her!" Issei gasped at her. He honestly hadn't wanted to go there! That was a bridge too far for him, at least let him work up to it! She should be allowed to enjoy herself a little bit, especially since it was his fault she was this horny to start with!

"If Tsubasa reports what is happening to Sona Sitri, it will create trouble for Rias," Koneko said. A firm, cold, clinical response while she was still using her strength to guide and control Tsubasa's body. "There is no better way to assure her silence."

Well, technically there was *one* way that would 'assure her silence' even more certainly, but that option was *way worse* than this! Still, Issei wasn't really convinced. In essence, wasn't this just brainwashing her into compliance? Overloading her mind with pleasure to the point that she'd say or do absolutely anything they asked, a thorough and complete mind break that left her own wants, needs and desires aside in favour of the overwhelming cascade of sensation that he, and only he, could provide?

Such things were the backbone of countless hentai. There were several subgenres surrounding the idea. Well. It was quite one thing for him to accidentally make a girl so horny that he *had* to sleep with her to calm her down. It was quite another to drive her to the edge of madness via climax just so she didn't inconvenience him and his friends!

"Feh... You're such a weenie," Aika rolled her eyes, and hugged herself into Tsubasa's side. "Hey, Tsubasa~ What sorta guy do you like?"

"Issei! Iseei! Looove Issei!" Tsubasa chanted.

"No, no! I mean, before now?" Aika whispered. "You had a preference, right? A *type* that you like? What *type* is that?"

"I - I like the sort that gets dirty after a fight!" Tsubasa said, then threw her head back, as Koneko rewarded her with a nice little shove at the base of her spine. "Ah! Right there!"

Aika began trailing kisses up and around Tsubasa's neck, while her hand trailed down the girl's torso. "Ah... To me, that sounds a lot like Issei," the perverted girl whispered right before seizing her lips. For some reason Koneko's ears pricked up. It seemed like she'd caught something he'd missed? Huh? Like him?

"Yes, that does sound like Issei," Koneko said. "From what I have seen so far, he's a very straightforward type of fighter. He would absolutely get himself *completely filthy* after a good fight. The truth is... You already had a crush on him, didn't you?"

"Grrrrrrkkkk!" Tsubasa shrieked, and - Oh gosh! She certainly was a Rook, wasn't she! There was that strength coming in, through her thighs! The only way Issei could survive was by going Rook himself (he was certainly at the point of the 'enemy's base', if you catch his meaning) or

she would have cut him in two with that sudden show of might! This reaction though. Were they onto something? Did Tsubasa already have a crush on him?

If so, that sort of changed a few things, right? He wasn't merely screwing some random babe who he'd accidentally whammied into being so hot that if he *didn't* have sex with her she'd go insane. No, no! This was a girl who already liked him, getting that like supercharged, and then getting exactly what she wanted! That being the case, Issei could stop holding back!

Which more or less meant that he could grope her breasts without a shred of guilt! An act which he did with such gusto that Tsubasa almost seemed to melt as every muscle in her body went limp at once. Except those on her face, which seemed to freeze in an ever larger smile, that was growing on her face like weeds in a garden.

"Lame idiot," Aika tutted. "Even though you're *that good*, you're still *so impossibly lame!*"

"What did I do?!" Issei complained, but she ignored him and started to whisper into Tsubasa's ear. Quiet. Real quiet! He could maybe catch every third or fourth word.

Ah... If he was getting the gist of it, then she was basically saying something like 'By the way, if you report this to Sona you're gonna have to give it up. There's no chance in hell Sona will let you near him again, if she finds out he's using sex magic.'

Dubious logic, it was actually making him a little nervous there. Tsubasa was nodding away, though. Apparently completely following along with what Aika was saying. Maybe it was smarter than he was imagining it? Koneko distracted him by licking his neck, moving into a hickey.

"Oh, and it should go without saying that we're trying to help him *control* his new powers," Aika said. "The last thing he needs is getting cornered by that script disciplinarian. She'll probably set him off again by accident - And then! Oh no! Suddenly your student council president is also riiiiiiiding that dick and breaking just. Like. You."

"That would lead to Serafall... And then you know what she'd do..." Koneko mumbled, and for some reason that led to Tsubasa tightly holding onto Issei.

"No! Don't wanna! Noooo! Issei'd die, he'd die, he'd die for sure!" Tsubasa bounced enthusiastically/protectively. He might die now! Her grip on his head and neck was cutting off the air! "Ahhhh! If Sona keeps on investigating, then Issei's gonna die!"

"Keeps investigating?" Aika asked. Yes, Issei had caught that as well! He was a little too busy tapping at her arm. Like a pro-wrestler in a submission hold, desperate to be let go! "So, she's already looking into him...?"

"Unsurprising," Koneko said. Is nobody paying any mind to him? Oh no, what colour was his face? Was it fleshy pink, or royal blue? "The event earlier on was extremely obvious. She would want answers quickly, and Issei would be a good point to begin with."

"Hrmm... Then we'd better make sure to throw her off his trail," Aika clicked her tongue a few times. "I'm pretty new to this, but doesn't that mean we really *do* need to make this idiot have better control over his powers?"

"Yes," Koneko said. "And the only way I can think of to burn off all *your* excess lust is if he piledrives all three of us into quivering mounds of ahegao."

"Darn," Aika sighed for effect, but even someone as oblivious as Issei could tell she wasn't being serious about it. "I mean, if there's no other way, there's no other way." Yeah, right. You're not complaining at all! You're actually quite looking forward to this, aren't you?

... Then again, so was he. Nothing quite like three willing babes wanting a go at you all at once! Haha! Becoming a Devil/Incubus was once again proving to be the best thing to ever happen to him! It might have *complicated* his life a bit, but it sure was worth it!

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So what did Koneko make of all this? An adorable little kitty-demon. Rescued by the Gremory family. Given a new lease on life as the devoted Rook of Rias Gremory. The fact that Rias was born of the nigh-extinct Succubus bloodline actually mattered very little for her at all. She was loyal to the Gremory family. If Rias wanted to pursue this line, then it was Koneko's place to follow.

That's part of why she reacted so harshly to Tsubasa's mentioning of Sona. She sensed that this girl was devoted to the Sitri heir - though not to the same extent that Koneko herself was devoted to Rias. The fiery haired girl had helped her develop past her depression after - in brief, a series of terrible events involving Koneko and her older sister. We are talking some deep, deep trauma here. It had left her nearly emotionless, never mind depressed! It was a miracle that Rias was able to pull her out of it at all.

Then there was Issei to consider. Issei, Issei, Issei. A noted pervert. One that she had thought to despise for his attitude... but now, that same behaviour made her lust for him. She was feeling a strong urge growing inside her. No doubt a product of herself becoming part Succubus.

It was hard to explain exactly, but let's try anyway: Issei had raw power as an Incubus. One which might one day make him eclipse the rest of the peerage. Sensing that power was making Koneko's breeding instincts go into hyperdrive. It wasn't necessarily that she initially *wanted* to reproduce with him. At first. But when your body is repeatedly going -

Matewithhimmatewithhimmatewithhimmatewithhimmatewithhimmatewithhimmatewithhimmate -

And doing that on a loop, thrumming in your unconscious, for even a couple of hours? It's going to be very difficult to ignore for very long. By this point Koneko was in full agreement - breeding with Issei would be very desirable. In fact, she could already feel her succubus powers absorbing radiant lust in the atmosphere to make the necessary changes to her body because -

Frankly, due to malnutrition from a young age, her body wasn't... quite... big enough to properly reproduce. She needed a bit more height if she was to carry to term. It was all her abdomen, really. Once that was sorted out, she should be fine. Stretch her a little more. Make her more properly like her own age. And then she could *breed* to her heart's content.

It didn't take long for the three of them to leave Tsubasa a writhing mess on the floor. That meant it was her turn next. She immediately sprawled over her fellow Rook, drinking in her bustier physique while spreading her legs, waiting for Issei's still erect member. She didn't have to wait long. He'd kept the idea to heart. They were trying to - ahhhhhh- wear down the levels of lust in the room the only way you could. By working it out of their systems, slaking that lust upon one another and forcing it out of their bodies by way of intense climactic relief.

Koneko pushed back, eagerly accepting the dick pushing into her, while underneath Tsubasa happily gurgled away. This was it. This was the state of being Koneko was aspiring towards. She spanked herself to help get Issei's motor going. The lust in the air was beautiful, tasty, fragrant, mouth watering... Yes. Yes! And then Aika came along, sitting on Tsubasa's face and cradling Koneko into her bosom.

"You're a lot tougher than you look, aren't you?" Aika asked. "There there. Issei's gonna make you cream your brains out."

She's adjusted well. For a huma~nnnnnnnrgh! The only reason Koneko hadn't screamed the room down was Aika, consuming her mouth with her own, muffling any noise that might have come out. This girl truly was already a colossal pervert, wasn't she? Adjusted to the strange new situation she'd found herself in so quickly! Taking charge, guiding traffic ensuring that all four of them were getting what they needed from this - This!

Already?! But they'd only just - Nyaaaaa! Oh! Oh! How had he - Nyaaaaa! So soon! Th-That was the second one, wasn't it? It was strange! The overall lust in the room was down, and yet she was - Cumming again?! Could it be? Was Issei grabbing it from the air around and using th excess lust to sexually satisfy her? Was that even possible?! Honestly, she was asking here! Was that something they could *do* now?

"He's really going for it, huh?" Aika whispered. "Hrm... Do you think you could hook me up with him tonight? I want him to give me a real workout, see what my limits are! Mmm... I can feel you purring in my mouth. Pretty great harem you got here, Issei! Pleased to be here~"

Either way there was no doubt in her mind. Aika would have to join them. Either by contracting as a magician or... Perhaps a Bishop? It depended on her potential. There was still an open slot for a Knight or a Rook, but at this time Koneko was having a hell of a time thinking of a better person to suit the role of Rias' *other* Bishop.

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"Achoo!"

Standing by the railway station was a young girl with bright yellow hair, radiant like the sun, looking around in wide eyed innocence. Drinking it all in. Savouring the sights. Clutched to her was a briefcase containing all her personal belongings save the clothes on her back.

"Uwaaah, such a nice looking place..." the girl muttered to herself. "I bet there are so many nice people here. I'm sure to make friends with someone nice."

Why she might think that given her past history was anyone's guess. This girl didn't have the best of luck with making friends. Abandoned at a Church by her own mother. One day, she showed the power to heal, using it on a puppy - and was soon revered as a Holy Maiden. Yet nobody approached her as a friend. They simply saw her as a being beyond them. One with a power granted by God.

Then one day, she came upon an injured Devil, and healed it in front of the Church. The power to heal such a being could not be a gift from God, and so... she was excommunicated. With nowhere left to turn, except -

A raven haired girl wearing a pure white dress was holding up a sign that read 'Asia Argento'. That must be her. Asia pulled her briefcase across the station towards her, beaming broadly.

"You must be Ray-"

"Please," the girl put her finger to her lips. "It's Yuma in public. Did you have a pleasant train ride?"

"Oh yes, it was very fun!" Asia beamed broadly at her new caretaker. "But... I am very tired now. Will it be long until we're at the Church?"

"Not at all," her caretaker said, reaching out to stroke her hand through Asia's hair. "You don't have anything to worry about now that you're -"

She stopped for a moment and Asia knew why a moment later. They had both felt *something*. Powerful. Potent. Supernatural. And not nearby either.

"That... came from the direction of the school..." her guardian furrowed her brow in deep concentration. "Who would be so stupid...? Oh, never mind that for now Asia. Let's get you to the Church. We'll have a look into that ourselves, okay?"

"Okay!" Asia said, eager to see the holy building. Still. Something about that weird potent supernatural...something or other. It felt like it had echoed down her spine, reached into her soul and whispered a prayer.

As much as she wanted to head to the Church, she wanted to learn more about that feeling. A lot more... And God must have been listening, because before too long she'd get exactly what she wanted and a lot more besides.

Some time later, Tsubaki was returning to the student council office trying very, very hard to keep a satisfied glow off her face. It's not entirely hard to understand why this taciturn, stern, cold beauty was feeling that way - she'd had her world rocked. By a boy named Yuuto Kiba.

Kiba had something of a following around campus. The most eligible bachelor. It wasn't hard to see why. He was handsome, polite, helpful, charming - and as it turned out gave a deep hard sensual fucking that would make any woman lose her mind. He was unattainable, no girl ever seemed capable of landing him as a girlfriend. There were rumours he wasn't interested in a relationship, which made him even more desirable, but now Tsubaki could see that, in truth, he was building up a secret harem right under everyone's nose, and now she was both Queen of Sona's Peerage, and Queen of Kiba's harem.

A conflict was raising within her heart. She was loyal to Sona. Of course she was. Unfailingly loyal. Unflinchingly. Yet at the same time, Kiba's dick. Kiba's big hard penetrating dick satisfying her, filling her, ravaging her, making her feel truly alive. She owed Sona everything, but the degree to which Kiba had *fucked* her had left in a quandary.

Fortunately, Tsubaki was smart and she could come up with a resolution to this crisis easily enough. While it was clear that Sona would be a poor fit for Kiba's harem, if Sona got her cheeks clapped she'd come to understand why, oh why, all this nonsense about dealing with the perverted energy release was a complete non-issue. In fact, it was a *good thing* that everyone on campus might be *turned on* by such a spell. Because it would help feed Rias and her Peerage. Her Peerage of Succubi. Who would need as much horny energy as they could muster, if they were going to... Do... something or other, Tsubaki was a bit too busy cumming to properly take it in.

Nonetheless, she was now outside the council office. In a tricky situation. She was about to try to trick Sona Sitri, who was noted for her keen intelligence, sharp reasoning, and adept chess playing ability. She was really about to try to trick her, for her own good, and that meant wiping this big dumb smile off your face and trying not to imagine what you'll be doing tonight when you head over to Kiba's place and pick up right where you left off...

She entered the room as cool as could be, and found Sona sitting at her desk reading through paperwork. Elegant, graceful, beautiful as ever.

"What did you find out?" Sona asked.

"I thoroughly interrogated Yuuto Kiba," Tsubaki said, and she imagined a phantom version of her kicking herself. Stupid! This was no time for double entendres! She adjusted her glasses, hoping it might hide any signs of a twitch on her face. "It is unlikely that he knows anything further on the incident than we are. At the very least, Rias Gremory's Peerage is planning to investigate it more fully tonight."

"Ah, I see..." Sona said. Her head remained lowered. Had she fallen for that? "Do they at least have any hypothesis?"

"There was mention of a Fallen Angel group operating in the area," Tsubaki volunteered. "The same group was responsible for killing Issei. Furthermore, there are signs there may be a rogue Devil roaming the area. Either of them could be responsible - though there is no direct evidence to implicate their involvement, nor a clear motive or means."

Sona stopped writing for a moment, and Tsubaki almost broke right there. She'd obviously said something amiss that caught her attention. She steeped her hands, and became quite contemplative.

"It's risky..." Sona said, after a long moment. "If they had heard that Issei Hyoudou had survived his encounter, became a Devil, then perhaps the Fallen Angels did something to try to lure him out...? It does not need to be deliberate. In fact, it struck me at the time as something foolish that got out of control..."

"Ah, that is a fair possibility," Tsubaki replied. "Kiba could not account for Issei's location at the time of the incident. His alibi is as yet unknown."

As if ordained by fate itself, there was a knock at the door and in strolled Tsubasa with her head held high. The rough and tough rook walked in with a hand at her hip, looked around the room... Made eye contact with Tsubaki, and in that moment the two of them understood something about each other.

Namely that their already damned souls had been claimed by a potent incubus.

"What did you find, Tsubasa?" Sona asked. "Did you locate Issei Hyoudou?"

"Yeah, I sure did," Tsubasa replied. "Interesting guy. Pretty rough around the edges. Not that strong yet, but it's early days for him."

"Did he say where he was at the time of the incident?" Tsubaki asked. A fair question, and one that would prompt the conversation in the direction they wanted. "In particular, does he have an alibi or doesn't he?"

"Yeah, yeah, he was training with that Koneko chick," Tsubasa shrugged. "Man, she's way tougher than you'd think. That pintsize is like a tank on legs!"

"Training?" Sona asked. "What sort of training were they doing?"

It wasn't hard to see the wheels turning in Sona's head right there. Tsubasa had to tread carefully. If she defended Issei too vigorously, then Sona would find that suspicious, and then?

Out came the barrier spanking! Which Tsubasa might like actually, but it would make things a lot more complicated than they had to be.

"Ehe, it sounded like they wanted to get him used to his Sacred Gear, I guess?" Tsubasa replied, rubbing the back of her head. "I didn't really get it myself. Apparently that thing can -"

"Double the strength of its user," Sona said, rising from her desk. "Where were they doing this... training?"

"Huh? Oh, they started off in the Occult Research Club, but then they had to leave, so they started doing, you know, training about controlling your physical form. You know how much stronger we get than humans when we get turned into Devils, so -"

"Thank you, that tells me everything I need to know," Sona said. She patted Tsubasa on the shoulder. "You may leave. Continue to keep a close eye on him. Report back if you see anything strange."

Tsubasa nodded, and then spun on her heels to leave the room. Sona, meanwhile, leaned back against the desk, crossing her arms and closing her eyes to think.

"I'm starting to like this idea more and more..." she mused. "An outside attack, which Issei Hyoudou unknowingly doubled and then rebounded out into the school grounds... It would fit. The Grigori Fallen Angel faction are rumoured to have fallen from grace due to their impure thoughts - giving into their lustful desires. That would give them some insight into sex magic..."

"It's still not definitive proof," Tsubaki said. "How annoying. If only we had some evidence of the guilty party... The best thing would be to lure them out so we can properly corner and confront them."

"Oh? Lure out a pervert?" Sona asked. She tilted her head, and her glasses became completely opaque, providing that unsettling appearance one can take on when being completely, deadly serious. "Perhaps you would have me dress in a french maid outfit, and head out to the middle of the courtyard?"

"Your dry sense of humour hasn't improved, I'm afraid," Tsubaki quickly replied. "Besides which, having our King be the lure would be in quite bad taste." Even if it was the direction Tsubaki was secretly hoping to lean into. "I'm sure there is another way we can investigate the matter, in spite of an absence of evidence."

"We shouldn't be so quick to proceed," Sona said. "After all, Saji is still interviewing Rias. There's a chance he might have further information from her. For the time being, let us continue our regular work and determine a new plan of attack once he has returned. I'm sure he'll be eager to give a thorough briefing."

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At that very moment, Saji was getting a thorough debriefing, in a sense. He was lying flat on his back, not a stitch of clothing on him, while Ruruko was sitting on his face and Momo was riding his dick for all it was worth. Which, as it turned out, was more than anyone had expected. Especially him.

"There we go, much better," Rias said, strolling by every bit as naked, stopping only to slap Ruruko's ass on the way. "You see? You're quite the lucky boy. We're letting you have the experience you need to seduce the coldhearted Sona!"

Akeno piped in next, strolling by without a strip of cloth touching her body, and she smacked Momo's butt, making sure to grab a nice hard feel of it in the process. "And even luckier, we've been able to... persuade them to share you. Wasn't that nice of us?"

"Shooo niiiiice!" Momo moaned. "Sharrree Saji~"

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Ahhhhh~" Ruruko happily yelped. She'd not been anything in the same region as coherent for quite a while now. Still, one could easily infer that she was every bit as happy to share Saji as Momo now was. Both the Succubi smirked at each other at a job well done, then turned towards the two girls to give them a quick lesson on how to properly deliver a nice, deep smooch. Rias was really proud of herself for this one. Turning these three into a polyamorous openly sexual relationship had been quite challenging given Saji's attraction - no, more like obsession - with Sona had put up quite the barrier. Breaking through it was almost impossible. In fact, it probably would have been for just her.

With Akeno's help? That thirsty bitch was not only Queen of her Peerage, but also the Queen of teasing. Her talents in that area were proving quite potent... Perhaps her Fallen Angel heritage helping in some way? Either way, her genetic memory was insisting that they had been more successful, much quicker than any other succubus in history could have been with such a task.

Which led her to the conclusion that there was another factor at play here. Namely... Issei. His Boosted Gear. His talent for perversion. The very thing that had awakened her to her true nature must have made them much more effective than any other Succubus in history. There was a kind of sense to this, of course, from our perspective. By the time the first Boosted Gear user had come of age following Ddraig's sealing, the Succubus race was already being hunted down. Only a handful existed, and they were too busy scrambling to survive and coming up with their long term revenge scheme to think about things like boosting their strength to unimaginable heights.

What mattered to Rias right here and now, though... Was that she could sense Issei returning, and bringing two very aroused girls with him. One she recognised, the other she did not.

The door opened and he walked in with an arm around the waists of two girls, who were clinging onto him for dear life. The first was Koneko, the Rook of Rias' Peerage. The one most likely to take to this Succubus lifestyle badly. Given how she was nuzzling into Issei so comfortably, it was clear that she had acclimated quickly. As for the other girl... a regular human with a tremendous amount of lustful potential.

"Hey, Prez!" Issei said, his hands trailing down to squeeze both girls right on the butts. They moaned a little in response, and pushed their breasts into his sides, squirming in blatant pleasure and showing how potent an Incubus he would be. Rias wanted to push her breasts into him as well. "So, uh... Aika here wants to help us out."

"I don't want to be a Devil, just train me in magic," Aika said. Ah. How unfortunate. Rias did still have a Rook and a Bishop available, it would have been good to round out the Peerage somewhat. Aika looked over at the three council members and wet her lips with her tongue. Then she got a really good look at Rias and Akeno's naked bodies, which seemed to make her stomach growl. "After our yuri threesome, obviously. Best way to get to know each other."

"My, my Issei, quite the find you have there," Rias snickered. "Alright, alright. I'll arrange for a contract signing with her. Akeno, do you feel up to teaching her some magic?"

"Among other things, most certainly~" Akeno licked her fingers, sizing Aika up and down. "But first, we simply must finish corrupting these three. If we play our cards right, they can seduce the rest of the council."

Rias wagged her finger here. "Now, now. Not every member of the council will be in Saji's harem, just Sona and those without an obvious crush" she said. "Now that you're here Issei... I believe we can use a very interesting little combination of your Sacred Gears to provide us a fun little effect that should speed up our control over the Student Council."

"Oh my!" Akeno giggled, fanning herself down. "The things we'll be able to do once we have control over them~ I only hope that Sona's sister doesn't notice what we're up to, or -"

"Or we all die of frostbite," Rias finished. Yes, that was a very real and very terrifying possibility. It would also result in a direct open conflict among the Devil Pillars, reigniting the very same conflict that had led to the Succubus race being eradicated. Obviously, that would be a truly terrible thing... but in her estimation such a conflict was even likelier to spark if Sona worked out what was going on. Containing her was their number one priority, and then after that? Solidify their base. Grow their alliance. Bit by bit, atom by atom... Until they had the Devil world by the balls.

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Saji stood in front of Sona, in her office, making a cool pose. One finger on his forehead, his other hand resting at his elbow. Knee very slightly bent, and a winning smile on his face. Yes,

that's the trick! You've got to look your best to impress the girl you like! And impressing someone of Sona's stature is no mean feat at all!

This was especially important because *he'd just gotten laid by two girls at the same time and he was going to do it again and again every night this week without telling anyone*, which he'd use to improve his sexual stamina so that when he eventually did manage to seduce Sona he'd be able to *breed her* to her satisfaction.

"It should go without saying that Rias greeted me happily!" Saji began, broadcasting his great confidence at the top of his lungs... While Sona looked just to his left, towards Momo.

"Rias didn't seem that surprised to see us and let us in without much fuss," Momo said, her tone far too flat and boring in delivery. Come now, should his *harem member* not liven herself up a little? He'd have to teach her a firm lesson tonight!

"She understood how important it was to make a good impression on me right away, and I - Of course - did nothing to take advantage of this!" Saji continued. Sona, in turn, looked towards his right without so much as blinking.

"Rias easily deduced that we were suspicious of her because he gave the game away almost immediately," Ruruko said. Nooo, why must she say something that makes him seem so uncool!

"A-Anyway, she agreed that there was something suspicious going on, but denied all knowledge," Saji said. He looked left and right. Momo and Ruruko nodded in agreement, albeit reluctantly, so he continued. "I persuaded her to offer up any information she had as -"

"Rias volunteered to keep a close eye on Issei in case she was wrong about it being him, though did not seem to believe that he was at fault," Momo interrupted. H-Hey!

"Her behaviour seemed generally not suspicious, she was mostly just amused that you sent Saji along to speak with her on the matter," Ruruko finished.

Saji was left with nothing to do but gesticulate wildly at the sudden yet inevitable betrayal of his *lovers*. He was trying to make himself look cool in front of Sona, here! Come on, let him look cool in front of her for a change, it's not like he could brag about *making the two of you cum three times in quick succession!* Well... Not yet, anyway!

"I see, that is about what I expected," Sona said. "Very well. Saji, you are dismissed. I will discuss the matter more directly with Momo and Ruruko, please proceed with other duties."

"But Sona, I -" Saji began.

"I do not recall stuttering, or giving unclear orders," Sona said, not even making eye contact with him. Grr! Nothing else for it but to suck it up and retreat, for the time being!

Saji sulked off, his chance to show off to Sona once again denied. How was he supposed to make her realise how great he was if she wouldn't give him the chance? Go behind her back? Figure this out by himself? Hrm... No, it didn't sound like a good idea, she was fairly strict on discipline...

Impress the rest of the peerage first.

Oh! That was a good idea! If he impressed the other members of the Peerage first, they'd be sure to put in a good word for him! Yes, that would surely work more effectively. It would be more gradual than he liked, but more effective in the long run! Better still, trying this longer term strategy would be more impressive to someone as brilliant and smart as Sona!

But who to impress? Who to impress...? The answer came right away, as he saw another pair from the council talking to each other in the hallway.

"Hey, hey, you'd better move quickly~" one of them sang, nudging the other with her elbow. "Kiba's getting even more popular with the ladies of late, if you don't move quickly one of them will steal him awa~ay!"

That was Tomoe Meguri, one of Sona's Knights. A beautiful girl with red/brown hair tied into a pair of twintails. She was fairly hyperactive and cheerful, which was a bit of a contrast to the more polite, soft spoken girl she was speaking with.

"Thank you for your concerns Tomoe, but they are unwarranted," Reya Kusaka said, one of Sona's Bishops. A brown haired beauty, who tied it up in twin braids while wearing a blue headband. Her eyes flickered over to where Saji was standing, and she tilted her head to smile at him. "How did the debrief go? Was Madame President content with your observations?"

"No, she mostly ignored me and listened to the other two," Saji shrugged. So? How should he impress these two...? It's funny really. Saji was a Devil now, and yet a Devil appeared on his shoulder anyway to offer him advice. A red haired devil with enormous breasts and a wry smile.

Show them your new ability.

"She didn't even give me the chance to show off this new ability!" Saji said, summoning his Sacred Gear right away. The two girls looked at it with quirked eyebrows. He was used to that reaction. It did look sort of like a deformed lizard, huh? "Ah, she'd have really liked this! Though I guess it makes sense, this sort of thing wouldn't help her figure out who cast that stupid pervy magic, would it...?"

"A new ability?" Tomoe asked. "Oooh, that sounds exciting! What does it do?"

"It lets me - " Saji began, and then - a flash of memory hit him. Something that had been repressed, something that had been sealed away bubbled up to the surface for a single moment in time, and then - Fell back under. That memory had been himself, in the Occult Research Clubhouse. He remembered... He was in the middle of a threesome. Hot. Sweaty. Having urges sated that went beyond his wildest imagination. It could only have been better had Sona herself been involved.

And then, he remembered Rias clutching his hand to her chest. Whispering things. Promises. Yes, she promised that this... was just the start. The beginning of something wonderful. Unforgettable. Ah! She was pouring something into him, while on her hands and knees.

Behind her, was Issei Hyoudou, with his own Sacred Gear out. Saji heard an almighty 'boost!' and then the *something* that Rias was pouring into him was growing larger, bigger, bigger and - 'boost!' bigger still! He could feel something happening to his Sacred Gear! Absorption Line was changing into something new, something exciting, something -

"-Transfer more than just power now!" Saji finished. An accurate statement, but not the full thing. "And I can even transfer things from one target to another by wrapping it around both! It might be easier to explain if I showed you... May I?"

"Very well," Reya said. "If it would be of assistance, then I would be glad to be of help."

In that case, Saji held out his Sacred Gear and let its 'tongue' fly out, wrapping around both girl's wrists and tying them together. A shame he didn't get to do this with Sona. Really, it was such a shame!

Drain their will.

"So what will you be transferring?" Tomoe asked. "Oooh! Are you going to make Reya super hyperactive? Or maybe make me more polite?"

"That seems like a good choice," Saji said. "Ah, hold on a bit, it can take a while to fire up. I'm still not quite used to it yet..."

"Then you should practise it some more before planning to show it off to Madame President," Reya politely observed. A good point! A technique that took too long to be used in a realistic situation was no good at all!

Still, the two girls did start to fidget a little. Tomoe even began to fan her head down. And why shouldn't they, when something was being transferred 'into' them at the same time their willpower was being drained *out* of them? Dribble by dribble, drop by drop, their willpower was being replaced with arousal. Not that Saji was consciously aware he was doing this. Nor was he aware that he was operating automatically, at a distance, after a clever dose of potent sex magic had been used upon him. But it didn't finish there.

Drain their will! Make them hot and horny!

You see, the spell had not merely made Saji capable of that. It was also now converting the willpower it had drained from them into arousal. The two girls were getting sapped of their ability to resist, while also becoming more and more horny as time went on.

"Ahhhh..." Tomoe moaned, biting into her other hand and squirming around with eyes that were seeing off into the distance. Next to her, Reya was only slightly more composed. Very deliberately not looking at either of them. "Woah, this is intense!"

"Are... You sure this is fine?" Reya asked.

"It's fine!" Saji said. "Besides, the effect is only temporary... The only thing I *could* take away that would be a problem would be your life force or blood or something, and I'm not taking that."

As if at an unseen cue, Saji's own eyes turned bright red. His tone shifted. If you looked closely, you might almost see Rias Gremory standing behind him, lurking overhead, tugging at his strings as if he was a puppet.

"It's. Such. A. Shame," he began, but his speech became more natural from then on. As if a little practice was needed first. "That Sona is so worried about this pervert using sex magic. We need to lure them out."

"Definitely!"

"Without a doubt!"

Saji continued, as both girls agreed with him right away. "Then the best thing to do is to use sex appeal to lure them out. We set a trap with pretty girls, and use that to ensnare the guilty party!" Saji tilted his head in consideration of this. "You must wear sexy clothes."

"M-Must wear sexy clothes..." Reya repeated.

"Help persuade Sona to go along with this plan," Saji continued.

"Sona... must wear... sexy clothes..." Tomoe repeated.

Perfect. And now for the finishing touches...

"Why don't you pay a visit to Issei's house tonight?" Saji asked. "I'm sure he'll have some ideas to help you out."

The two of them were flushed, completely flustered, lost in the moment and oblivious to anything weird. They'd regain their willpower in time, they'd become less aroused as well... But for now, everything Saji said made perfect sense. They must persuade Sona to wear sexy clothes. They must visit Issei Hyoudou tonight for advice. These things were sensible. They *made perfect sense*.

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Sona Sitri is an exquisite chess player. She's studied all the great games. She's thought through countless strategies. Recently, she's even started to play against Artificial Intelligence that was genuinely impressing her in terms of its insight and tactical capability.

At this moment in time it felt like she was playing an invisible chess game against an unknown opponent. That event earlier on had been something, but combined with other little things here and there, and she was starting to worry that something was going on right under her nose. Her initial suspect was Issei Hyoudou, but... she wasn't *fully* convinced of his guilt or innocence. Not yet. It could well be that someone was attempting to frame him.

The hypothesis put forward by her Queen fit well enough. Rather than malevolence, carelessness. Hyoudou had accidentally used some form of large scale magic during his training, possibly enabled by his Boosted Gear. Possibly due to an attempt to lure him out.

The Fallen Angels operating in the area were another prime suspect, though something about that felt almost... too obvious? It felt like she was being forked. Forced to choose between two bad options by an opponent attacking her in two different ways at once.

Whatever the case may be, Hyoudou's involvement was all but a given. In which case, she would simply observe him from afar, using her Peerage to strategically corner him from all angles. If he was under attack? She'd be there to resolve it. If he'd cast that spell on purpose or by accident? They'd catch him if he did it again. All the while they'd form evidence, build their case, and whoever the culprit might be would regret sitting across the table from Sona Sitri!

But... Sona was making a false assumption here. She thought of herself playing chess against this unseen opponent, but there was another pair of games - Japanese in origin - that would be more appropriate.

You see... In Shogi, when a piece is taken, it can be used by your opponent to devastating effect against you. So? What good is a brilliant King when all their pieces are under enemy control? And in Go, when an enemy piece is surrounded, it quickly becomes yours.

Without her even noticing it was happening, or even conceiving of the possibility, Sona was being completely surrounded on all sides - and before long, would be every bit the pervert as the culprit she was seeking out!

Have you ever heard of the Unanimity Paradox? It works like this: Ask a random assortment of people a simple subjective question. What's your favourite colour? Least favourite food? Political candidate you'd most likely vote for, or type of movie you enjoy watching. Something *subjective* is the point here, it can't be something like 'is the sky blue' or 'does water make things wet?'

The paradox arises when you get a response rate that comes back with 100% of all of them saying the same thing. Every last one. No deviation, every single one of them said exactly the same thing. Not 99.9%, not even 99.99%, but every single one of them gave a unanimous answer to your *subjective* question.

It's suspicious. Something has gone wrong somewhere in the process. Perhaps the sampling was too small, maybe not enough people were asked. Maybe you asked a political question right outside the national convention for a particular political party, or at an event celebrating mauve, or perhaps even a sausage festival. Whatever the case, you obviously cannot trust that data. Maybe it *is* right on the money about that particular demographic, whatever - you at least need to figure out *why* you're getting something like that.

As time was going on, Sona Sitri was feeling that paradox niggle away at the back of her mind. She'd come into it with several theories about the possible culprit for that little lust explosion. And every single piece of evidence was pointing in the same direction. Issei did it by accident while practising with his Boosted Gear, without even knowing that he'd done it. There was no wicked intention behind it on his part, it had simply happened.

That should make her happy, right? It should make her feel content and confident in marching over to Issei Hyoudou, sitting his butt down and giving him a serious lecture about lust magic. Right? Except...

It was *too* perfect. Literally every piece of evidence was pointing in his direction. It was as if someone had put up a series of signposts leading directly to his feet. Lit up in bright neon, screaming at the top of their lungs, these arrows might even chase after you and drag you along to the noted pervert.

It felt like a frame job. And yet, she also hadn't encountered any other plausible explanation either. But that wasn't all. As her Queen and vice president had noted, there was one other problem.

"If Issei had done it, he would have had to use a potent lust spell to begin with," Tsubaki had observed. "I am not convinced that he is capable of such a thing. Of Rias' peerage, only Akeno or Rias herself should be capable of that kind of level of magic, but their locations were accounted for at the time of the incident."

Rias tapped her fingers together. That was a valid point. Lust magic was not exactly a common spell to learn, for as useful as it would *appear* to be. At this point Issei should not be able to do

much more than boost a very small handful of times, but that effect had been extremely potent. Doubling or even quadrupling it would still require an incredible amount of power, which he should not possess as a neonate. Indeed, even Sona herself wasn't entirely sure she could manage something at that level.

The core of the problem was efficiency and energy economics. In essence, to induce lust to a noticeable degree within a human being requires one of two things: 1, you're their type. 2, if you're not their type you have to put some *work* into it. On that basis, it was easier to simply shapeshift into the person's type and be done with the matter. Much less costly. By a lot. *A lot*. He should not be able to do that. To a single person, never mind a whole group of people!

What was going on here? It didn't make sense! Was Rias involved in some kind of coverup here? That was the best guess she had presently. It felt like she was in a game of chess against an invisible opponent who was busy making moves that Sona didn't know about. In which case, it was time for her to make her own counter moves...

Except that Sona hadn't realised, her opponent had already captured all of her pieces, and turned them against her. No matter. Even a genius must learn sometimes. Her lesson would begin innocently enough, in a sauna, meeting with Rias after hours. The two of them clad in only towels clinging to their bodies, as they soaked in the heat from the steam.

"How is the investigation going?" Rias asked.

"It's going well," Sona said. "I believe that the Fallen Angels are the likeliest culprit, based on the available evidence."

She lied. Obviously. The Fallen Angels had nothing to do with any of this, according to the evidence. Her intention was twofold. To judge Rias' reaction, and to lay a trap for her.

"I believe that they have realised Issei survived their encounter, and they're seeking to eliminate him," she continued. "For that reason, Rias, I must ask for your cooperation. I do not want another incident like this happening at *my* school."

"Your school, is it...?" Rias grunted. She shifted her position and - In so doing, made the differences in their bodies quite obvious. Sona made a point in looking away. Devils can innately shapeshift anyway, though it's mostly controlled by the subconscious. She didn't want large breasts like that, so she didn't have them. It would be unwieldy and distracting. Still, it wasn't hard to see why she was one of the most desired girls on campus... Though Sona herself had managed to score a place in those rankings that was quite respectable despite the difference in their bodies. "Very well. What do you need?"

Worth pausing here to note that Sona wouldn't normally have put that much thought into Rias' body. It rather makes one wonder, doesn't it? About her state of mind? Was it perhaps caused

by preoccupation of concern over this mysterious 'pervert', or was it something else at play here?

Though of course, we are aware that Rias is, quite literally, supernaturally sexy due to her nature as a succubus. Such creatures often illicit lust from even straight women, who deny it to themselves and think they are jealous or invent some other excuse that lets them stare to their heart's content.

In Sona's case, she was pondering. If Rias looked like that subconsciously, had she recruited Issei because she secretly liked being stared at? Did she desire the attention? Crave it, even? It was hard to answer that, she couldn't read minds. Nonetheless... That body language, with that body! Recruiting a known pervert right before everything kicked off! Sona's gaze trailed along Rias' exposed legs, up to the base of the towel which was wrapped snugly around her waist, then up her chest, healthy and voluminous... Even when her hair was matted down with sweat, Sona knew that it made her look dazzling, like the cover art of a raunchy magazine. This girl could turn heads without a moment's thought.

Was she enabling Issei's hypothetical research into lust magic...? Or was it more like the other way around?

"Based on my observations, the Fallen Angels have likely come to the conclusion they made a mistake about Issei's Sacred Gear," Sona said. "It's not merely a Twice Critical, is it?" Rias smiled, and shook her head. "Then beyond merely trying to eliminate him, I suspect that they are attempting to cause a disagreement between us by planting evidence pointing towards your new Pawn."

"Those dastardly Fallen Angels," Rias said. Did she seem amused to that observation, or was it Sona imagining it? "You have a plan though? Knowing you, you must have a plan."

"Naturally," Sona said. "Rias, it is my intention to use Issei Hyoudou as bait to lure out the Fallen Angels. To achieve this, I propose a Contract between us."

Now, that was a look of real and genuine surprise. Contracts formed between Devils were a costly business, energy wise. It was part of their nature, you see - Devils take contracts seriously. Very, very seriously. Both sides would feel an extremely strong compulsion to stick to the letter of the law. The spirit? Don't make her laugh. That's why it was not usually proposed - if you didn't trust someone enough to the point you'd form a contract with them, then you could trust them to find a way to weasel out of it or include a loophole or ten that stuffs you. If you trusted someone, you wouldn't form a contract in the first place.

"I'll keep the terms simple," Sona said. "I will ensure that the Fallen Angels will not harm Issei Hyoudou until this matter is resolved. In exchange for which, he shall immediately cease all perverted or lewd actions at school."

"Oh, is that all?" Rias flipped back her hair, and leaned back in the sauna, crossing her legs and striking yet another pose that looked like a magazine cover. The sort of magazine that Sona might confiscate from someone like Issei. "I suppose as Issei's King, I can make that deal on his behalf. Although... He would not feel the same level of compulsion that a Devil would normally feel to keep to the letter of the contract."

"That's fine," Sona said. "It will at least let me have awareness of what he's up to. It will make it easier to discipline him."

"Although there is one problem here," Rias said. "While you will obviously feel compelled to protect Issei with everything you have, you cannot *truly* guarantee that they will not harm him."

"The standard contract breach agreement shall apply," Sona said. Of course, Rias was merely being cautious... but so was Sona, in a way. This was all part of her plan, you see. To lure Rias into a trap. One of two things would happen here: The first is that this would reveal what was truly going on in campus, as she had predicted... the second was that her prediction was entirely wrong and this would provide a more accurate lead for her to uncover the truth.

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Rias hesitated before agreeing to this. It meant that, until this matter was resolved, Issei wouldn't be able to bend her over a desk and indulge in the pleasures only capable when an Incubus and Succubus mate. It meant that Akeno, Koneko and Aika would all have to go without his wonderful penis for at least a day. It meant that he couldn't eat them out, or grope their breasts, or join them in the shower...

It also meant that Sona was likely planning something. That girl was too smart. A prodigy at chess, extremely capable in strategy and tactics, she was definitely up to something else. Why would she suggest a contract like that out of nowhere? It was a fairly big bit of overkill to bring Issei to heel - unless she truly believed he was the one responsible rather than the Fallen Angels?

That was another problem. Rias had her peerage, as well as Sona's since they all basically worked for her now, plant evidence all over campus that led to the idea that Issei had been indirectly responsible for the 'event'. What had Sona seen that led her to this Fallen Angel theory? It came completely out of left field. Had there been something they had missed? Had the Fallen Angels come back to school, or was Sona up to something else? If Rias questioned it, she felt like she might fall into a trap of some kind. The safest course of action was to play along. Play dumb. Go with Sona's plan, and that meant... unfortunately... having to forgo some sex with her brand new Pawn for a while. It was too soon for them to tip their hand. Sona wasn't ready to be seduced yet. If she informed her sister of what was going on, it was game over, and that was something the succubus genes inside every cell in her body would not, could not allow.

"Very well then," Rias said, reaching her hand out. "I shall agree to those terms, Sona Sitri. Knowing you, are the documents ready for me to sign?"

"You need to ask?" Sona closed her eyes and leaned back. She really was a beautiful girl, you know. When she learned to cut loose and enjoy herself a little, she'd be even more beautiful. "Rias, please do not misunderstand. I trust you. However, based on my own interactions with Issei Hyoudou, I am finding it difficult to trust him. Besides which, being able to remotely monitor what he's up to on campus is useful. All he will need to do is ogle the Fallen Angels. I understand a few of them are quite beautiful women."

At this point Issei wouldn't limit himself to merely ogling. "So long as it happens on campus," Rias warned. "I suppose you're not as interested in what happens off campus? Then again, I should be in a better position to monitor him at home."

"Careful now, Rias," Sona said. "That almost made it sound like you'd be monitoring him from a far too close position. We don't want rumours getting out, especially with your engagement to Riser."

"Oh no, rumours getting out that would break me free from an unwanted arrangement, whatever would I do~o?" Rias sang away. Though internally, the wheels were turning and she was trying desperately to figure out a way out of this mess. It felt like Sona had her cornered, despite the fact that she held all the cards.

That's the trouble when playing against a chessmaster. You think you're winning - until suddenly, you're not.

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The contract was signed. She had him right where she wanted him. Now, Issei couldn't do anything lewd or filthy on campus without her knowledge, which ensured she could easily catch him in the act the second he tried something inappropriate. If he tried to use lust magic, she'd know about it. Instantly.

The core problem was if he could be patient enough to wait until he was off campus to try something. Thus, it was necessary to put out a lure of some kind. And for that...

"You're sure about this?" she asked her council members. "I do expect your loyalty and obedience, but this one time I require volunteers. You do not *have* to do this unless you truly want to."

Beside her was Tsubaki on one side, and on the other was Saji. Obviously, he would not be needed for this mission. The rest of the girls in her Peerage, her council, were standing in front of her. Eager to please already.

"It will require debasing yourself in front of Issei Hyoudou," she warned. "Potentially subjecting yourself to the same potent lust magic that we have been investigating." None of them flinched. The unanimity paradox briefly flared in her brain - but there was a very easy explanation for that. They were all so loyal they'd be willing to put up with this indignity, merely because she'd suggested it.

"Obviously, neither Sona or myself can participate as Issei is far too familiar with who we are already," Tsubaki correctly observed. "He'd notice the trap and avoid it."

"So who is going to go -" Sona began to ask, and Tomoe's hand shot right up into the air. Alright. "We borrowed some costumes from the Theatre Club - And you've already chosen a cheerleader uniform. Alright. In that case, we can justify having more of you - Reya, Tsubasa as well. So be it. Momo, Ruruoko, let's hold you in reserve in case something goes awry."

Even if it did, Sona had a few backup plans at her disposal. She'd tempt Issei throughout the day into doing something lewd, or her name wasn't Sona Sitri!

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Of course, Sona hadn't realised how thoroughly her peerage had been *completely brainwashed* by the various assorted antics of Rias' peerage. They'd all had a taste of *sex* at this point. They'd all gotten *completely hooked on it*, and the way they were right now they would sell Sona down the river if it meant getting their end away.

Tomoe, Reya and Tsubasa were definitely no different here. The three of them were putting on their cheerleader uniforms, ready to engage in a bit of heavy flirting action. Although...

"It's kinda funny," Reya said. "Wasn't Sona against this sort of idea before now?"

"Hrm, yeah..." Tomoe mulled it over. She did a quick high kick and grabbed her ankle. "You don't think Saji's been... You know?"

"If he has, he'd better be smart about doing it gradual like," Tsubasa stuck her hands on her hips and performed a quick, cute kneelift. For a girl like her who was usually into the rougher things in life, this created what is often called Gap Moe - an inconsistency in personality and appearance that creates a new appeal. "Between him and Tsubaki whisperin' in her ear, she's probably had her mind changed for her."

"Or she's come up with something else," Reya said. "Maybe she was testing us? To see if we'd go along with it...?"

No. They couldn't think that. The only thing that any of them was thinking right now was... If they flirted hard enough with Issei, maybe he'd give them all a good hard dicking? While it was true that they were brainwashed by Rias, do note that this didn't mean they were loyal to *her* per se.

No. What they were loyal to was the *mind melting and soul stealing sex* that she and her peerage could provide. Thus, they'd do whatever it took to get their hands on it. So to speak.

One solid way? Flirt with Issei. Do some high kicks right where he can see. Flash their panties while wearing cute outfits, reduce his resolve to nothing and then *fuck away* to their heart's content. Did it matter that they were essentially screwing over Rias? Did it matter that their long term plans to get on that Incubus dick were in mortal danger?

No. Like most addicts the thought was on their next chance to ride the dragon, which takes on a whole new meaning in this context. The three of them proceeded to strut out to the field used for track and field during gym class, pulled out a few water bottles and prepared to tip them down their heads, and hence also making their shirts wetter and more clingy to their bodies...

When off in the distance they caught sight of Issei chatting away with Akeno. They were probably doing some training to help him adjust to his Devil abilities. It would only take a matter of time before he noticed them, and then they could start flirting in earnest!

Though it would be difficult to take his attention away from Akeno. She was very sexy. The kind of body that drove boys wild, even a trio of cute cheerleaders like them would have to really work to -

To...

"Hey, does your chest feel... Kinda tighter all of a sudden?" Tomoe asked. And the other two nodded. Their uniforms all of a sudden felt sort of - Woah! The fabric was all... Twisting around! Shaping itself around their boobs! It felt almost like the clothes themselves were groping them.

Meanwhile, in the window, Issei had his back to them, and was making grabby motions with his hands. Ah! Ah! Ahhhh~ it felt goooooood! All three of them were getting a small taste of that which they were hopelessly addicted to, right there and then.

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The instant that those three had gone, Sona had intended to set about her usual work. There was some paperwork to fill in, and this investigation had been a rather enormous distraction. She couldn't afford to put this off any longer, and she could trust her subordinates to do what was necessary.

However, the instant she picked up her pen, Tsubaki spoke up: "Forgive my curiosity, but I must enquire. What will you do if those five are unsuccessful?"

"Then we shall have to test him ourselves," Sona replied. Huh. She furrowed her brow for a moment. Hadn't she rejected that very idea earlier...? "Though if it is us, we do not do so on campus. Instead, we disguise ourselves and flirt with him off campus."

"It should not be difficult to manipulate him into making use of lust magic, if he is indeed doing it deliberately," Tsubaki said. That's right. That's true enough. "Nonetheless, I am concerned. What manner of attire should we wear for this disguise...? It would have to be something that would appeal to Issei's tastes. Fortunately, Saji is right here. He will work as a most suitable candidate, do you not agree?"

Of course. That did make a lot of sense. She couldn't simply throw something on and expect it to work.

"He'll probably see through your usual personalities too," Saji said. "I mean, that guy's met you a couple of times already, right? You'll have to put on an act of some sort." This was also true. Instead of glasses, contact lenses. They would need to wear wigs to hide their hair, and attire very much unlike their normal style. Otherwise he would see through them right away.

Of course, Sona completely missed the thin line connecting her back to Saji. Sapping away her willpower, little by little. Replacing it with arousal so gradually that she hadn't even noticed. She hadn't thought much of his presence today. Or how she was feeling. Why should she? Her attention was on the investigation into this extremely serious matter, and her suspicions about Rias' behaviour of late. In a sense, this was the general idea for the plan. The Fallen Angel theory she seemed to be working on had thrown everyone off, and her intending to go with the contract was also quite... unusual. Nonetheless, they continued on.

Tsubaki pulled out the costumes and pushed them over towards Saji, who hummed and tutted as he pulled out some clothes for her to wear. A snug pair of daisy dukes, a tied up shirt, and a blonde wig with twin pigtails.

"Here, try this on!" Saji said, handing the clothes over to Sona. He shared a look with Tsubaki, whose only thought was of the reward Kiba would give her tonight for a job well done. "Try putting on an act, too. Behave completely unlike yourself."

"Unlike myself...?" Sona repeated while taking the clothes.

"Indeed," Tsubaki said, adjusting her glasses. "I would say that the hallmarks of your personality are you high intelligence and cool headed demeanour. So... I suppose you should try acting like the opposite of that. Pretend that Saji is Issei and practise flirting with him."

It almost came to fruition. It almost worked out. Sona was reaching for the clothes. Wobbling a bit in her chair. She was moving to take off her uniform, heedless of the fact that Saji was in the room with her. She'd wear this. She'd behave like the complete opposite of her normal self. Flirt with Saji while her willpower was faded and her arousal was unnaturally high...

Except then, she felt a *ping* that warned her: Issei Hyoudou was doing something lewd on campus. In fact, not only was it lewd, it was extremely so! He was - Using some form of magic to

- To manipulate and grope girls from afar! Akeno, as well as the three she'd sent out! And... somehow... was feeding off the pleasure this was giving them? How was *that* possible?!

"Hyoudou!" she snarled, rising slowly from her chair. "That tears it. He must have done that on purpose, and Rias must have tried to cover it up!" A bit of steam shot out of her nose, showing well how angry she was with this development. "Alright! I'd been worried it might be that, but having the proof right there..."

Tsubaki and Saji stared at each other in a panic while Sona shrugged off the effect they'd been building towards for literally hours. Oh Issei. If only you'd been able to keep it in your pants for five more minutes, life would have been so much simpler for you...

It didn't show at all, but Rias was getting kinda nervous. The only thing truly keeping her from having total control over Kuoh Academy was the presence of Sona Sitri, her oldest and dearest friend. She knew full well how smart Sona was. She knew full well how canny a tactician she was. What she *didn't* know was how she'd react to the truth. That Rias was descended from a rare survivor of the lost succubus race of Devils. That they were seeking their revenge on the rest of Hell, in their own roundabout way. Including Sona's older sister Serafall - and perhaps even Sona herself.

That's why she'd found it necessary to surround her on all sides. Cut her off. Corrupt her student council, her peerage, and leave her with no allies. Then teach that boy Saji a way to corrupt her. Subtly. Discretely. Without her noticing. Can't tip her hand here, because if she did it would ruin *everything*.

And then, she heard it. A knock at the door that could surely only belong to Sona. She looked to Akeno. Nodded at her. Her Queen then slowly approached the door, graceful as ever, pulled it open, and -

"Hi, hi!" Sona said, skipping into the room wearing a snug pair of jean cutoffs, a tube top and a blonde wig. She blew out a piece of bubble gum until it popped, then sucked it in and started chewing. "Yo there Rias babe, how ya, like, doing and stuff?"

"Doing a lot better now, thanks," Rias said, trying not to let her relief show on her face. Phew. It looks like it had worked. Sona would never wear that kind of outfit, nor behave in such a manner, if she was firing on all cylinders. "Please, take a seat. To what do we owe the pleasure?"

"Tee hee!" Sona giggled. Mmm, how cute! She parked herself upon the seat and dutifully crossed her legs, so charming. "Um, so I'm here to talk about that hunky Issei Hyoudou. Gawd, he's such a hot perv, ain't he? Tee hee~"

"He has a certain appeal," Rias admitted. She sat back and crossed her own legs, truly taking the time to appreciate the dish that was in front of her. Yes, there was a reason Sona was one of the top girls in school, ranking with herself, Akeno, and Tsubaki for most consistently drooled over by the boys in attendance. If they could see her like this, they'd probably lose their minds. "If you've come here because you intend to date him, I'm rather afraid he's spoken for."

"Nuh uh, I know he's all yours and stuff," Sona said. "It's just, y'know, I got to, like... what's the word again? Um.. Thinking! Yeah, I was, like, thinking and stuff! Lust magic is super duper unknown in the modern era, right? So it's not like you could easily teach it to him! He'd have to be, like, a prodigy to set off something like what happened earlier, right? Tee hee~"

Or he could be a particularly potent Incubus with a Sacred Gear that doubled his ability when he used it.

"Sooooo! I've turned around on that one," Sona said, leaning forward, smoothing her hands down her exposed thighs. "I'm, like, betting it's the Fallen Angels that set that one off. They're, like, totally trying to lure him out and stuff by doing horny things. The Grigori did fall because they were, like, seduced by humans, so~o~o."

"You're suggesting they are experts of lust magic?" Akeno mused, as if the idea had only just occurred to her. "It would be quite effective at luring out our Issei."

"But it is still possible that he had a burst of lustful intent, boosted by his own Gear," Rias gently warned. "An accident. Nothing deliberate. Though he has not yet admitted to any such thing, the possibility does still exist, does it not?"

Sona blew another bubble while maintaining eye contact with Rias, then resumed chewing. Oh, she was simply darling like this! Way too cute for her own good! Ditzzy Sona truly suited this look and behaviour, all that was missing was playing with a stray strand of hair to really complete the effect.

"See, that's the thing," Sona said. "I, like, did a few experiments myself earlier on. Got a couple of volunteers, tried to make them all horny and stuff, but it just. Wouldn't. Work. No matter how I tried it, I couldn't - y'know - do the same thing that Issei supposedly did on *accident*. Sure! I could, like, brainwash them *directly* into behaving all horny and stupid, but that sorta thing doesn't quite work on a mass field, y'know? It'd take too long doing it to everyone one at a time, and it was *obviously* - Um... Spontaneous? Yeah, that's it. Spontaneous."

Ah, of course, that was solid reasoning there from Sona. No doubt she had been looking at all manner of contradictory information, and the numerous conclusions these were leading her to must have made it easy - maybe even trivial - to drain her intelligence. Rias rose and moved to sit next to her, staring up at the ceiling, while Akeno took her cue and sat on the other side of Sona. The three of them sitting, shoulder to shoulder, Sona Sitri pinned in the middle.

"Perhaps I could give it a try...?" Rias offered. "Do you think that I could use magic to arouse you, Sona?"

"Nah," Sona shook her head. "I mean, like, that wouldn't be possible. For some reason I've been *super* horny the last half hour, and it's kinda, like, driving me up the wall."

Oho! She was even worse than Rias had expected. She gave a knowing look to Akeno, then turned her body to lean closer to Sona. "In that case, maybe we should help with that...?" she offered, pushing her face into Sona's until their lips were mere inches apart.

While she did that, Akeno embraced her from behind, pushing her enormous boobs right into Sona's back. A dangerous pincer attack. Alright. Let's put to the test how far under you are, Sona Sitri. Rias trailed her hand up Sona's thigh, delighting in the tenderness of the flesh. Soon, this genius would learn how to use her body to tremendous effect.

The trick to true eroticism is to not rush in. Take your time. Savour the moment. Let it linger on, tease it, and only deliver it right at the moment where it started to get tiresome. Thus Rias hovered in place, looking Sona right in the eyes to watch her reading of it, and - To her surprise Sona leaned into it to give a featherlight kiss. Mmmm, the taste of bubblegum was strong here.

"Relax, we'll take care of you," Akeno whispered in her ear. Indeed, they would. The two of them would expertly drive her wild, leave her addicted to the pleasure only sex with a succubus can bring, leave her incapable of doing anything but asking for more, more, more!

And when they did, they would finalise their control over the whole school.

Sona pulled back after that light kiss and whispered gently before resuming again. "So, like, I was thinking we set a trap," she said. "If I, like, dress like this and use myself as bait, we can lure out the perverts responsible, right?"

"Mmm, that's very risky of you," Akeno whispered right in her ear moments before playfully biting her earlobe. Akeno's hands wasted little time seeking out Sona's breasts, which might not be as large as either of theirs, but were still... very fun to play with. Hehehe! Maybe Issei could give her a bigger bust! Wouldn't that be fun? "Are you sure you want to do that alone?"

"I have a bunny suit I could try out," Rias asked. Then merely focused, changing her clothes in an instant to that very costume. A very revealing bunnysuit, even by the standards set by such costumes. A snug black leotard that rode between her cheeks, a pair of fishnet stockings, a remarkably low neckline, no sleeves, the highest of high heels, a poofy little tail - and bunny ears atop her pretty head. She sat back from Sona and squat down to show off her body to her dear friend. "You see? Like this? There's no way a pervert can keep their hands off this, right?"

She grabbed Sona's hands and brought them to her barely covered chest. That's right, squeeze away! Rias put her hands behind her head and thrust out her chest for Sona to *freely* grope to her heart's content. Hehehe! Squeeze, squeeze! That's right, Sona. Let's have you fall completely under the influence of lust. Put the finishing touches on, like icing on a cake.

"Hrm, perhaps I should get in on this action as well...?" Akeno asked. Oooh, as close friends as they might be, Akeno did have a bit of a competitive streak about her. Especially when it came to their bodies. Both of them had an extremely high sex appeal, and they knew it - which made it inevitable really, that they'd both try to *flaunt it* as much as humanly - Or devilily? - possible.

Thus, Akeno's bunnysuit was that much sluttier than Rias'. She had gone for a purple leotard that looked painted on, with a neckline shaped like a penis aimed straight down, its head at her navel. How it clung to her body? Magic. You couldn't explain it even with double sided tape. You couldn't hide enough of the stuff to hold it up, you'd easily be able to see it and it would somewhat break the illusion the costume cast.

What was more, she wasn't wearing any stockings. High high boots which left a critical gap, which exposed her creamy, inviting flesh. Sometimes it's a bit too obvious to show off more skin, sometimes the best thing is to tease and barely conceal, and sometimes it works even better to do a mixture of both at once.

"Feeling feisty Akeno?" Rias asked, locked eyes with Akeno as she leaned in towards Sona, seeking to smother the back of the girl's head in between her breasts.

"Well, if we're luring out *perverts*, then we need to go all in don't we?" Akeno asked. A cheeky smile playing on her far too pretty lips -

And then, the two of them sort of... fell into each other. Gently guided there by Sona herself. The kiss was bitter, yet sweet at the same time. A mixture of Akeno's sadistic side, with her gentler one. Rias wrapped her arms around Akeno's head, Sona forgotten, and the two of them fell to the floor in a mix of tangled limbs, engaging in a little... practise for when Issei returned.

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Sona was out of breath when she left the room. Clutching the stupid blonde wig to her chest, her heart was pounding like a drum. It was practically threatening to break her ribs at this point. It might even spring loose and bounce against the wall opposite if she wasn't careful! Sweat poured down her brow, and on instinct she used the wig to mop it up. She'd figured they'd drop their guard if she showed up like *this*, but -

"Nnnnrgh~" Her thighs clenched together automatically, and she had to stuff her fist into her dumb mouth to stop the sound from getting too loud. H-Horny, she was way, way too horny right now! If there was any question that Rias and her Peerage was responsible for this lust magic nonsense, it was gone the moment Akeno showed up in that -

She dropped to her knees, while her eyes crossed. She was straight. She was straight. She was pretty sure of it. Not that she had much interest in dating, but she could at least recognise a sexual attraction to more appealing men. Now, she wasn't entirely sure she could. She had seen both Rias and Akeno in the shower before. She knew how ludicrously curvy their bodies were. Their heaving breasts, their slender waists, their wide hips and those round smackable -

Smack! Sona smacked herself. Perhaps some part of her had thought 'inflict physical pain to snap yourself out of it', but perhaps a spanking was not the best course of action? She squirmed. More to regain her self control than anything else. Yet she squirmed in a way she didn't like at all. It meant she was on the back foot. More affected by the lust magic than she'd expected.

Though it did rather beg the question: Where was the rest of Rias' peerage? She had some awareness that one was in the basement for... reasons. They were probably still there. But Issei, Koneko and Kiba...?

A little magic to silence her footsteps and Sona planted her foot forward, determined to discover the truth. After about three steps, she winced and realised she was using a different gait than usual. Normally, she was straight up and to the point. No nonsense. A normal, chaste walk. As it was, though? She was pretty sure that if you translated her current walk into English it would be screaming one word over and over again.

'Nympho, nympho, nympho...'

You can imagine the walk quite clearly, for certain. Big, exaggerated movements in her hips, wiggling her butt far more than strictly necessary. Legs closed together, back straight. Sort of uptight, in a sense, but at the same time very obviously looking for a *fun time*. Sona grabbed her hips. Took another step. Her hands were pretty much forced to move with them. "Oh come on," she grumbled. Then she tried again. To no avail. It was like her body had forgotten any other way to take a simple step. "Urgh, fine." She'd just have to suck it up and deal with it when she wasn't so *soul crushingly horny*.

The Occult Research Clubhouse was a three story building that used to be a dormitory. She'd just left the main clubroom, but there were other rooms here. Sona crept away. Listening carefully, seeking extra signs, extra clues, extra evidence that she could use to figure out what was going on and maybe help her figure out a way to sort it out.

It didn't take too long for her to hear something strange. Activity from... over here? Sona crept up to the door, hyper-aware of the overly sexualised movement of her body, then gently nudged it a little open to see inside. There, she found the subject of her suspicions. Issei Hyoudou! There were two others with him. Koneko, the sole Rook of Rias' peerage, alongside... a girl wearing glasses and... a witch's robe? Was she contracted under them?

Sona pulled a name from her memories. This was a student at the academy. Aika Kiryuu. None of the three of them had noticed her quite yet, but -

"So? Are these boobies big enough for you?" Aika asked while leaning forward, thrusting out a chest that was easily on par with Rias and Akeno's. Sona was pretty sure she didn't actually have breasts that large though.

"Nice!" Issei gave her a big thumbs up. "But your breasts were already perfectly good the way they were! I like all breasts, no matter the shape or size!"

"Yes, but you're a weird pervert," Aika said. "And I do mean weird even for a pervert. Kukuku! So how about it, Koneko? Maybe if the two you rock my world again, I'll work out another handy sexy spe~ell!"

"You might be a bigger pervert than Issei," Koneko said, taking a deep breath - and then Sona's jaw dropped. Koneko suddenly grew a full foot on the spot, but not only that, her butt swelled up

and her boobs did too. That wasn't merely shapechanging! She'd flat out Jessica Rabbited herself on the spot! Then, to top things off, she'd changed clothes as well! Completely transformed into a jet black tube top with a fairly obvious boob window, and a pair of panties which had a cat tail hanging off the back. Add one some whiskers, and a pair of cat ears on top of her head - She'd fully embraced the whole kitty devil thing! "Meow! Try learning this one next."

Koneko stepped in front of Issei and began to grind her butt right into his crotch. Big arching movements, while Aika watched on simmering with envy... and to her surprise so was Sona. She wanted to do that too. She wanted to push her ass right up against Issei's dick and *make him good and hard*.

"Hrm... That seems a bit trickier..." Aika admitted. "But - Hodl on! I get it now! It's something like..."

Now her eyes were about to pop out of their skulls! It was one thing for a Devil to be able to pull that, but this normal human girl too? She can't have been a witch for long, she'd have heard about it - and yet she'd also Jessica Rabbited herself! In her case though, she'd elected for what could only be called a mockery of the Kuoh Academy school uniform. A magenta skirt so short it might as well be a belt. The white shirt was completely absent, which meant that the black cape now had a heck of a boob window of its own. A smug expression appeared on Aika's face like it was made to be there - then she began to grind her ass right into Koneko's crotch in perfect mimicry of the kitty devil.

For some reason Sona's mouth was completely dry. It was probably the only part of her body that was right now. The sheer, blatant, unrepentant lewdness of it all! On the one hand, she wanted to march right in there, summon a barrier around her hand and spank them silly for doing something so - So ludicrously naughty!

On the other hand, she had a feeling that if she went in there and did that, she wouldn't be leaving the room a virgin. She had to get out of here before -

"Spank me," Koneko demanded, and Issei quickly obliged. The sound of the flat of his hand landing on her cheek made a sound that Sona would never forget. She backed away from the door with her fist in her mouth, terrified of making a noise, lest they draw her into their - their total and unapologetic debauchery!

That was it. That was surely all the evidence she needed. They were experimenting with sex magic. Really surprisingly potent sex magic. That wasn't really... illegal or anything so far as Devils were concerned. The incident earlier was a great big problem, but only because of the risk of exposure. So long as they were discrete, they could do something like this. That would be fine. It even made sense why Rias would keep it secret, as such a matter would be quite embarrassing.

The only issue was... that they had tried to bring *her* into it as well. That was *definitely* an issue. It spoke of a higher intention, a plan of some kind, perhaps even a scheme. But whose scheme? Issei? Most likely... Though she hadn't seen enough to know for sure! As much as she knew she should run and marshal her forces, Sona also knew that she needed a bit more information.

And... it seemed that she was bound to find that information. For she heard something strange. Something *peculiar* coming from the next door over. A voice that sounded familiar. Awfully familiar. And so... She cracked the door open and peeked inside, and beheld a truly awful sight.

It was... a whole bunch of girls. All from Kuoh academy. All in various states of undress. And sitting in the middle of them all was the most popular boy in school. Rias' Knight, Yuuto Kiba. Sitting in the middle of the room, with what must surely be every single girl in school that had a crush on him.

Which was a lot of girls, it must be noted.

"Ah, this is nice," Kiba said. "To be honest, I'd never really been all that interested in the girls at school, but I'm rather glad. Perhaps it's because I've become an incubus? Though my sexual appetite is nowhere near either Prez or Issei - or Akeno for that matter - I do find myself with desires that must be sated..."

An incubus? Huh. Sona had heard of such things. The male equivalent of a Succubus. How strange. She didn't think that kind of Devil existed. She'd never met any before. Was that what was happening here...? They'd been changed from one kind of Devil to another? Was that even -

Sona had to cover her mouth to prevent a gasp of shock from escaping. The reason being, she recognised the girl currently dancing in front of Kiba. Quickly, yet gently, pushing the other girls vying for his attention aside. It was her attire and her body language that had thrown Sona off. She hadn't really looked at the faces of any of the girls until just then, when a gleam off the glasses on her face caught attention, dragging Sona's gaze to that lustful face like a beacon in the night.

"Mmmm~" Sang Tsubaki, Sona's Queen, who was running her hands through her hair, thrusting her hips towards Kiba, then thrusting back to bend over so that her breasts hung right in his face. Heaving, large breasts, without even a bra to cover them. Merely a pair of heart shaped pasties. "Sona looked so cute when she ran off here, that it got me alllll worked up! Ah! I think there's a small piece of my soul that your dick hasn't claimed yet. May I please surrender it to you now? Please? I needeed it~"

Her soul...? She'd surrendered her soul to him? For sex? That did sort of track with what a succubus or an incubus would be capable of, but -

Kiba's hands reached up and smoothed around Tsubaki's waist, tugging at the g-string she was wearing, playing with it like - like a child might play with their food. "Well, I don't know," Kiba mused. "Perhaps we should wait until Prez finishes corrupting Sona...? At this point she's the only thing stopping us from claiming the entire school."

Corrupting the entire school...? Corrupting her as well?! That sounded like a lot of vital information had been dropped! Everything was taking on an even more sinister turn than she'd expected! In all of Sona's wildest theories, she'd never thought of something like this!

She quickly ducked away before anything could start, but she very soon heard the sound of Tsubaki, making noises that she'd never imagined her Queen making. That serious woman, reduced to a mewling, pleading, horny mess? It sent a shudder down Sona's spine!

... And yet part of her kinda wanted it, as well? If it felt that good, then...

Leaving the building. Leaving the building right the fuck now. Sona didn't even go for the front door, she found a window in the hallway and got the fuck out of there, running out into the forest... and it was a good thing she did, because when she looked back she saw a slightly sweaty Akeno was standing in the stairwell she'd have to go down to escape.

Her mouth was dry as she ran back to her office. Adrenaline pounding in her ears. She ran without restraint, making full use of her Devil's physique to push herself as hard as she dared. By the time she got there, she too was drenched in sweat. There was no sign of anyone else. For the best. She locked the door, just in case. Flopped down in her seat...

Then began to masturbate. She hadn't intended to do that. She'd just... started to do it. Her hand had gone down these stupid tiny shorts like they'd been pulled there by gravity. Unlike gravity, she couldn't pull back. Even for a second. Her fingers were insisting on flicking and thrusting, pushing into her *drenched* pussy, exploring it, spelunking her most private cavern, and to her shame, Sona felt *fucking great* the entire time.

"Ahhhh, fuck!" she moaned. "No... No! I won't let this beat me! Ooooh, why does it have to feel sooooo goooooo~"

She knew the answer rationally, of course. The pleasure felt by sex was intended to encourage the act that led to reproduction. Inducing a high addictive level of pleasure was an extremely effective way to achieve that end. Nonetheless, it was embarrassing, humiliating, and she absolutely *refused* to lose to it.

Which was all well and good until the orgasm hit. When it did, she slid off her chair with a great big smile. When something like a thunderbolt shoots down your spine, leaving naught but bliss in its wake, you kind of need to let your body relax just a bit, you know?

Yet Sona couldn't relax. Not fully. Not completely. Her legs felt like jelly, but she grabbed onto the desk and hauled her ass up, trying and failing to wipe the smile off her face.

"Ohhhh, I've been a bad gi~irl~" she sang, and then slapped herself. "No, no no! You're the one in control here, Sona Sitri. B-But it's obvious that you need *help* with this." Logically speaking the rest of her peerage was probably corrupted, or at least in the process of *being* corrupted. Rias probably wouldn't make a play like this without something like that. Nnnrgh, why was she wet again?!

Deep breath! The rest of her peerage was probably away for that very reason. They were getting laid *and she was not*. No, stop that! Think rationally now. She needed help and the most logical place to turn was her sister -

"Hi sis, Rias tried corrupting me with sex magic -"

And then the entire school would be encased in ice, and a conflict would kick off between Serafall Leviathan and Sirzechs Gremory. Which would be *bad*. Very bad, very, very *naughty*.

"Stop that!" she slapped herself on the other side of her face this time. "Okay, not gonna slap myself a third time, it started feeling good... I can't ask my sister for help, she'll go too far. Which leaves - "

With a heavy heart, and a smile on her face that did not portray her mood accurately *at all*, Sona picked up the phone and made a call she really, really didn't want to make.

"Hey, hey! It's your boy, Riser Phenex, how can i help you today?"

"Hello Raiser, this is Sona Sitri," Sona said. Deep breath now. "A complicated issue has come up regarding your fiance. A matter that I do not believe either of us wants to get out. Shall we meet somewhere private to discuss what to do about it...?"

"Hrm? It must be serious then..." Riser said. His tone shifted. The guy was a bit too playful for Sona's liking, but... *"Very well. You can teleport to the following location. It will just be me and my Queen Yubellena."*

"That is acceptable," Sona said. "I will be alone. I will explain why shortly."

This was not a conversation she was looking forward to having. Especially since she really didn't have time to change clothes, or shower, and for that matter she was starting to get horny again. Rias Gremory, even when this matter was resolved, you were due a great big span-

Actually, now that she was thinking about it there were some pretty big sexual connotations around that. Perhaps a different, less erotic punishment would be better...? She'd have to think on the matter some more.

Riser Phenix had an image to uphold. Image is quite important in the world of Devils, second only to power... No, actually, lineage matters a bit more as well. Still, third place isn't too bad for any particular property. He already had power, he already had lineage, therefore focusing on his image was the logical thing to do.

He wanted to portray himself as a cool bad boy. A ladies man, the guy that surrounded himself with all sorts of hot babes in his Peerage. Not because they were his harem, per se - after all, his own sister Raviel was a member of his Peerage currently - but rather for the *image* of it. He wanted people coming to see him be a bit on the back foot, seeing him surrounded by all those pretty faces, wondering at his charisma, distracted by the beauty around him.

Alas, there were those such tactics would not work on, and today he was being visited by one of them. Sona Sitri. Sister of one of the strongest Devils currently alive. It was typically not a good idea to insult Sona and let Serafall Leviathan find out about it. It was a worse idea to harm her and leave the slightest trace of evidence leading back to you. If you did something nasty to Rias, at the very least Sirzechs would show some restraint right before he ruined your life. There would be less collateral damage. Serafall didn't generally give a damn. She'd go on an icy rampage that even the Phenix family would find nerve wracking, and very little actually harmed them permanently.

"Alright girls, best if you wait outside," Riser said. "Except you, Yubelluna. It would be strange to meet her without my Queen... And Ravel, dear sister, your keen mind will be very useful in reading the situation for me. Remain silent unless something urgently requires my attention."

"Yes, yes, you want to show off," Ravel said, waving away his concerns. "Alright fine, I'm watching from the sidelines and -"

And she was interrupted by the summoning circle. Here we go. Sona Sitri. One of the smartest Devils of her generation, a true terror on the chessboard. A force to be reckoned with, and a likely political adversary, who he could potentially neuter right here and now by assisting her in -

In...

Goodness but those were tight denim shorts. Snug. Very, very snug. As in, he could tell every contour of her behind even though she was currently facing him. That's very, very snug, you understand? You can tell because of how little sense it actually made. As for her top, a tied off chequered shirt. Red and white squares. Top three buttons undone, meaning that she was showing off both her fit tummy and some healthy cleavage.

"Greetings, Miss Sitri," Yubelluna bowed for her. "Quite the unusual attire you are wearing today. Is the blonde wig part of some cunning disguise?"

Sona blatantly stared down Yubelluna's own exposed cleavage. Hard to blame her, really. Riser's Queen was a truly gorgeous woman, with a body that most women would surely envy.

Though it is also important to note that he held no true romantic attraction towards her, personally. More important was Sona's reaction. Blatant gawping at the nearly naked chest hanging before her eyes. No attempt at all to maintain eye contact. She was staring as blatantly as any stereotypical teenage boy.

Not that Yubelluna was complaining. If anything she was enjoying the attention. She always did.

"Yes, that is why I'm wearing the wig," Sona said. "It's a disguise. A disguise I do not need right now. Therefore..." she pulled it off and held it behind her back, then coughed into her fist. "So, Riser. As I said earlier, there is something strange going on with Rias and her Peerage currently."

"Sometimes, the one who says something is strange, is the one that is strange themselves," Riser said, looking her over with greater appreciation than before. While his preference was still Rias... He could certainly see why some young devils were beating their heads in trying to beat her in chess to earn her attention. "You would not mind explaining, would you?"

"Of course," Sona said, furrowing her brow and beginning to pace around the room. She must have realised she was staring at Yubelluna. Trying not to look directly at her. "There have been a rise of bizarre perverted incidents around Kuoh Academy of late. My investigations took me back to a new member of Rias' peerage, one Issei Hyoudou. He was noted for being part of the school's Perverted Trio -"

"Mystery solved..." Ravel muttered under her breath. Sona shot a look at her, and then Yubelluna stepped in between them, pouring a glass of water down her exposed chest and winking at her.

Sona stared at her for a long, quiet moment, then turned her back and continued. Wow those shorts weren't just snug, they were like a second skin! How could she even move in those!

"It goes beyond that," Sona said. "The rest of her peerage have been behaving strangely as well as my own." Then, for absolutely no reason that Riser could fathom, Sona put her hands on her hips and started to slide her hands down, down her hips, down her thighs, keeping her legs completely straight until she'd grabbed her ankles.

And it's worth repeating: For absolutely no good reason.

"Normally they are the epitome of respectability, and loyal to me as any Peerage should be," Sona said while still bent over. She then bent her knees, just a little, and just as suddenly straightened them up again. "But they've been blatantly going behind my back, and engaging in much lewder activity than normal."

"Maybe you should try letting them cut loose once in a while," Yubelluna said, half turned around, with a leg perched on Riser's chair. She was, at present, rubbing cream on her exposed thigh. "After all, it's not healthy to be so pent up and - "

"Mmmmmph~" Sona grunted, and then... something peculiar started to happen. Her butt was rather nicely shaped. It was. It's true. There was nothing wrong with Sona's ass. However, right before Riser's eyes... her cheeks were starting to swell. And grow. Alongside her thighs. Some more meat was going on dem bones, and - furthermore it seemed like she was getting taller? At least, her legs were getting longer and longer and -

"It's not merely pent up sexual frustration," Sona said. She rose to full height, hands behind her head and began to swivel her hips, as if she was humping against the invisible man. "I'm the student council president for what used to be an all girl's school. I've *seen* pent up sexual frustration getting acted upon." Sona suddenly, randomly, smacked her own bottom, while her face remained as stoic as ever. "Their behaviour is extremely *naughty* and *deviant*, and besides which, I overheard some of Rias' peerage talking about making heavy use of sex magic."

"And you didn't lead with that because?!" Ravel yelled, then slunk off behind Riser to sulk.

"Pardon my sister, she is a bit agitated at the moment by your irrational behaviour," Riser said. "Out of curiosity, do you see anything strange about what you're doing right now?"

"Strange? Me?" Sona asked. She looked away, and bit her fingernail nervously while her breasts began to swell and grow, and grow, until they were easily Yubelluna's equal. Somehow, her clothes remained intact despite the rather rapid growth her body had undergone. "To be frank, I have been concerned that I might have been affected somewhat by their sex magic. Are you saying that I am doing things that are... lewd? Inappropriate?"

"Let's put it this way," Riser said, while pulling his Queen into his lap. She settled down, enjoying herself as she always did when they put on a play for the amusement of others. "Does this seem strange to you?" And then he tugged at her dress to expose her breasts. Let them out, let them out free for all to see. And by all he meant Sona. Who was rather blatantly staring at them, while drool formed on the corners of her mouth. Not a little drool either. Quite a bit.

"Not especially," Sona said. "She's your Queen, you've been together for quite a while, so you have that kind of - Mmmmf~"

She'd had to bite her index finger, because Riser had begun to play with Yubelluna's breasts. Rolling them around in his palm, not for his own enjoyment but to gauge her reaction... Well, okay. Not for his enjoyment *at first*. While they did have a working relationship rather than a romantic one, Yubelluna was quite an attractive woman. She did seem to be enjoying herself though.

"Your logic doesn't make much sense," Yubelluna said. "I am his Queen, therefore it is fine for him to play with my breasts? My heaving, enormous, magnificent breasts?" Ravel rolled her eyes not too far away. Tut tut, not having fun? "Tell me Sona. When was the last time you played with Tsubaki's breasts?"

"That's -" Sona began, but quickly formed a blush on her pretty face and turned away. "I see your point. Why did I think that was normal. Wh-What happened to my body?!"

"Passive shapeshifting," Ravel muttered, though loud enough for all to hear. "Devils can passively alter how they look, based on their self image. For example, a Devil that was attracted to a guy that liked big breasts might go up a cup size or two as part of a subconscious attempt to get his attention. Since you're currently showing at least three... No, make that *six* signs of female arousal, I dare say that your subconscious has grabbed onto the simple fact that Yubelluna -"

"Is a slamming hottie," Yubelluna finished for her. "My, my, mimicry is said to be the sincerest form of flattery, is it not? My diagnosis, intense arousal. The only cure that I'm aware of would be a thorough ravishing. Riser, do you think you might be able to persuade her -"

"I have no intention of becoming a notch on his bedpost!" Sona protested, perhaps a little more intensely than she intended. "So? Let's get down to what really matters here: Are you going to help me deal with Rias, or aren't you? She is your fiance after all - shouldn't you be more concerned about her behaving like this?"

"Of course, of course," Riser said. He pulled his hands off Yubelluna's boobs for the time being, that was enough of *that* fun. For now, at least. "Although, as the engagement with her is a matter between the Gremory and Phenix families, it would be for the best if I discussed the matter with my Queen and my sister. In private. You wouldn't mind waiting outside, would you?"

"I won't wait long," Sona said, turning on her heel and sashaying off towards the door like a model on a catwalk. By model, he meant 'stripper', and by catwalk he meant 'stage with a few poles on it'. And by like, he meant as if she was told there was a contest for a million yen if she impressed him personally. Given the way that rump was shaking, she was certainly earning it!

"Ah, I'm taller than usual," Sona said, then bent over at the waist yet again, quite needlessly, she could easily - trivially - reach the handle if she wanted to. Nonetheless, she grabbed it and slipped out of the room, a hint of a blush on her cheeks, as she no doubt realised what exactly she'd just done.

"So, what's your assessment?" Ravel asked.

"Ten out of ten," Riser said with a cocky smirk. "I can see why people call her Rias' rival, now. I used to be unable to see it, but -"

His little sister nudged him, quite hard, and every bit as unnecessary as Sona bending over to grab the doorhandle. Alright, alright, fine, he'd take this seriously.

"Her behaviour is obviously being affected by *something*," Riser began. "It's potent, whatever it is. A Devil's mind is not easily influenced. It does make me curious - If my adorable bride to be has developed that kind of power, then..."

"Then your honeymoon will be quite the active night," Yubelluna replied. "On the other hand, it could mean that the Gremory family would have more influence over your decisions than they should. While this is a political marriage..."

Riser grunted at that thought. He knew Rias wasn't especially taken with the arrangement. She'd go through with it for the purpose of family obligation, but she didn't feel any real romantic attraction towards him. That stung his pride, but... he was determined to win her over.

This is something important to note. Riser is an antagonist within the story of High School DxD. That does not mean he's a bad person. I mean, he *is* a bad person. Sorta. Cocky, condescending, looks down on Issei - at first - and is determined to marry Rias regardless of what she wants. Still, compared to some other antagonists in the series, he's not really *that bad*, all things considered. Had he married Rias, he would not have mistreated her. Okay, that's a low bar to cross, so let's put it this way instead. He would have treated her like a Queen. He would have done his best to be a good husband for her.

She would have been happy with it. In time. Eventually. Because she would have to, in order to survive. Not exactly a ringing endorsement though, is it? The funny thing? As Rias was the actual heir to one of the Pillars, and the younger sister of a Maou, while Riser himself was merely the third son of his family's Pillar... He wasn't going to inherit much. If anything *she would be the one in charge during their marriage*, but she'd *still* not be too happy with it. Riser knew this. Didn't really care.

This, though... This put quite the wrinkle into things. He had been keeping an eye of her on and off since the engagement began, but had been pulled into other matters recently. Those matters were coming to an end - and he had intended to resume his surveillance within the next few days. Especially as the wedding was due to be moved up.

"This Issei Hyoudou, what do we know about him?" Riser asked. Ravel shrugged, strode over to a filing cabinet (that was in essence her property, rather than his) and flicked through it.

"A second year student at Kuoh," she read. "Unremarkable grades. He's gotten in trouble a few times. As Sona said, he's a known pervert. Him and his friends have managed to get themselves into trouble more than once. Word through the grapevine is that he's been brought in as Rias' newest Peerage member."

"Which pieces?" Yubelluna asked.

"Pawns," Ravel said. Oh, is that - "All eight of them."

Riser let out a breath there. Eight Pawns? One or two, or maybe even three or four and he'd have laughed it off. Shaken his head, dismissed this as a non-issue. Five or six would get his attention, seven would get yet more of his attention - but all eight? According to chess theory, a Queen was worth nine Pawns, a Rook was five, while the Knight and Bishops were both three. To need all eight pawns to recruit him into her Peerage hinted at something deeper beneath the surface. As a piece, the Pawn was most typically linked to 'untapped potential'.

"His grades are subpar... Does he have any notable athletics achievements?"

"Unless some have manifested in the last two weeks, no," Ravel said. Really now? Not athletically gifted, not especially smart either? "Before you ask, apparently he was not popular with the ladies either, so he can't have that much charisma." Darn. Once again she'd seen right through his next question. "He must have some latent supernatural potential, that was unlocked when he became a Devil -"

"In which case, he probably used that potential to corrupt my blushing bride to be," Riser interrupted. "How shameful. And yet, how dangerous. If he's taken her virginity, then it would likely cause problems with the arrangement." Tut, tut. "We must investigate him."

"You want me to do it?" Ravel asked.

"What, send my cute little sister out to investigate a known pervert, using sex magic powerful enough to make Sona Sitri practically give me a lapdance?" Riser chuckled. "No, no, that does not sound like a good idea. We need to explore other options."

"Letting you get near Rias or her peerage sounds like a bad idea as well," Ravel said. "Those girls have about as much shame as your Queen there, and are about as beautiful. If they're using sex magic capable of bewitching someone, then -"

Then he'd be best off talking to Issei himself. He waved his hand to interrupt her, but he already knew that she was right. This did create quite the conundrum. It's very likely that Sona herself had wound up like that following her own investigation, hence her request for assistance.

"What really worries me is this," Ravel said. "Sex magic is... pretty much unheard of among Devils. Which is strange, don't you think? We have destruction magic, our own fire and resurrection abilities - a whole host of powers well suited for Devils, but none of us make use of sex magic. Not for anything more than making ourselves more beautiful, or casting simple illusions. Nothing that can warp a person's mind the way Sona's been warped."

"Really now? Nothing at all...?" Riser muttered to himself. "Surely there's something capable of such a thing."

"Maybe a Sacred Gear of some sort, or something of that level," Ravel said. "If this Issei had something like that, it could explain why he took eight Pawns."

"There is another factor to consider," Yubelluna quickly added. "Riser, what if this is a trap to lure us in? Send out Sona, clearly in a state of distress, to make us poke our noses in, and then -"

"Wind up brainwashed ourselves...?" Riser mused. "An interesting idea. An enemy of some kind could be using this as a way to gain a foothold in Devil society - but that way of thinking leads to rampant paranoia! If you think I'm going to back down because some average intellect, charismaless neonate with no athletic potential or true experience is going to cow me into inaction, you don't know me very well at all!" Hrmph! Which was another thing to think about. "I don't believe for a moment that Issei Hyoudou is the root of this. He's too new. Too under the radar. Something else is going on here, and I do not believe that Sona has enough evidence either way to determine the truth."

He drummed his fingers on his chair.

"It is entirely possible that the only danger is at Kuoh itself," Riser said. "Then how about this...? It wouldn't be so strange for me to invite my dear fiance to discuss matters, would it? If we isolate her alone from the others, under conditions we have under our own control, then surely..."

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There was a full length mirror on the hallway. While she was waiting, Sona had made the mistake of walking up to it to see what she looked like, and - And what looked back was beyond her wildest expectations. A stunning, beautiful woman, with frankly ridiculous curves. It was a miracle her clothes hadn't ripped at the seams, or perhaps her own innate shapeshifting had unconsciously tweaked things to prevent them from reaching that limit.

"Remarkable," Sona said, adjusting her glasses with one hand while the other stayed at her hips. "I'm so..." hot. Sexy. Attractive. Alluring. Such matters normally never bothered her. She was aware of her own beauty. Aware that she was among the top most physically desired girls at Kuoh. Never let it bother her. Never let anyone close. There was a reason she'd always intended to hold off on anyone that couldn't beat her in chess.

But right now, if you put a dick in front of her, she'd climb on top of it. No questions asked.

It was a stark realisation. A rather terrifying epiphany, and yet the evidence of it was right there in front of her eyes. Her breasts were like a pair of watermelons. Her hips were so wide she was amazed she could fit through the door. Her legs could probably crush coal into diamonds by

placing them between her thighs, and her belly had so little fat she almost felt like she should probably go get herself a sandwich.

Her unconscious mind had turned her body into Yubelluna - and then gone further still. Apparently her newly awakened libido wasn't satisfied with merely having one of the hottest bodies among the Devils. Hell. Grayfia probably didn't stack up to her anymore! And that babe was a complete MILF through and -

"No, no, I will not drool over Rias' sister in law." She shook her head violently, as if trying to banish a wicked followup thought. "N-Nor her mother! Even if Velena is just... Guh, she's way too sexy! What's wrong with me?!"

"Nothing's wrong with you," her reflection said back to her. While groping her chest and making a very lewd expression. "You've been pent up for so long, you've never known how to express your lust. So now, your lust is going to express *you*."

"So, what, are you going to make Yakov Smirnoff jokes now?" Sona grunted, then slapped her hand away from her breast. "We are being influenced by an outside force. I will not become some... Some *rutting beast* that is only satiated by - By!"

"By the most base of urges," her reflection jeered back, right before smacking her firm, round ass. Sona whimpered, feeling her own fingers grope her barely covered behind. "Come now. You know full well that ignoring the needs of your own body can only end badly. Look at yourself, you're having an argument with your own reflection."

That's true, this was not the behaviour of a healthy mind. If not for the fact that she was a Devil living in Japan, a therapist could get very, very rich from this little development.

"Alright, then I need to figure out -" Sona began.

"Masturbate," her reflection insisted, fingers trailing around the waistline of her shorts. "Go on. It'll feel really good, and you won't be horny anymore."

"I'm at the Fenix place!" Sona hissed in reply. "I can't - I'll be caught!"

But to her horror, her reflection merely put a finger to her lips, rolled her shoulders in an almost mocking manner, while her other hand unbuttoned the top of her shorts and slid slowly, slowly, irresistibly down and -

Oh no. It *did* feel good!

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Ah! Rias stretched out her limbs and let out a great big giggle while she rose to her feet. No sooner than she had, but Akeno took her place, quickly mounting Issei's dick for her turn at the wheel.

This was great. This was really, truly, honestly *great*. She loved the way things were turning out. Her Peerage was happier than she could remember them being, having accepted their role in their revenge upon Devil society for trying to eliminate Succubus -

Ah, but her amusement couldn't wait. There was a knock at the window. She grabbed a towel, and skipped across to it, biting her lip in anticipation. A familiar delivering a message, who could it - She peeked out through the curtain, which she'd kept closed for... pretty much this exact reason, and saw a little red bird sitting there. An envelope in its mouth. Alright, fine. She knew who this was. Urgh. She'd have to deal with him sooner or later, wouldn't she? Rias opened the window a crack.

"Akeno is having a shower, so don't come in," Rias warned the bird. She opened the window a bit further, and the bird handed over the envelope. "Let's see what my dear *fiance* has to say..." she grumbled to herself, peeling it open, and -

"We cordially invite you to meet with us, in person, to discuss our pending nuptials," the letter inside read. *"In particular, we would like to meet your newest Peerage member, Issei Hyoudou."*

Really, they'd heard of Issei already...? Rias ought to ignore this. Get on with what she was doing. Build up their base, their resources, set their plan so they could mount their revenge at a moment's notice!

On the other hand, that was the surest way to get her family's attention firmly placed on what they were doing, and when they realized she wasn't a virgin anymore...

"Alright Riser," Rias said, sitting down and crossing her legs, peering down at the wondrous sight of Akeno, naked as the day she was born, mounting Issei's cock and riding it for all it was worth. "You want to see me? Very well. I'll show you more of me than you can handle!"