

Change the part where the maincast is using Tsubasa to reverse Issei into a girl to instead experiment with illusion magic. (perhaps with another character? Don't remember if any of them are good with that.) The test being whether the cocknosis still works even when hidden behind an illusion and stuff. Issei gets "turned" into a girl this way. He can then still get into lewd shenanigans as a "girl" and his "invisible" cock would probably help him get things done...

Perhaps put some focus on the fact that the girls are effected but cannot pinpoint what is turning them into drooling fucktoys? Probably really messed with the Kendo club etc... when he meets them at some point in his girl form...

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Once, there was a boy named Issei with a tremendous destiny in front of him. That destiny had, unknown to him, begun the day before when a pretty and mysterious girl named Yuuma. For the first time in his life a girl had said she liked him! Oh, happy day! Oh, what bliss!

Thus, he spent all of his energy and free time planning and plotting. He wanted it to be the ultimate, the very best date that she would ever have in her lifetime! While it was true that he was a pervert with a deep appreciation for the female form, he was also a pervert with a heart of gold. It was not only his own gratification he was after but also the woman's as well!

Hence, off to the library he had gone! He scoured the aisles in search of the perfect dating plan. There were plenty of books that could give advice on the perfect ways to ensure a woman enjoyed their date. Hohoho! Off to the corner of the library he went, to skim through the books

and see what they offered in common. Then he would know, by instinct alone, how best to ensure that Yuuma enjoyed her date!

Let's see now. he set the books down and began to skim through them. Yes, there were some common threads already. Presentation is a big part of it. Select a venue which invites proximity. Talk about her as much as you can, pay attention to body language to pick up what she likes and does not like. Yes, yes, this all made sense.

Then he wound up picking up a book that he hadn't realised he had picked up in the first place. The Secrets of Cocknosis.

It was a funny thing, but he couldn't help himself but read the first page. Such an absurd title, amongst everything else that he had seen! It was such a contrast that it called out to him like a siren's song, beckoning him. To read. What's the harm in reading, went the soft whispers in his mind. Why not? Even if the topic was totally absurd. The very idea that by speaking a word aloud you could make your dick grow to such a ludicrous size that it could entrance the unwary and allow you to mould them, mind and body, however you so please...

"Hey Issei!" a familiar female voice asked over his shoulder. Issei snapped the book shut right away! "Whatcha reading? Something naughty, right?"

"Aika! Don't sneak up on me like that!" he yelled.

"Hmm.. you looked like you were reading something, so why aren't you holding anything? Oh, is it so naughty that you cannot risk being seen reading it? Even when your reputation as a pervert is already so bad?" Aika adjusted her glasses and the smirk on her face grew into a smile that wouldn't be off on the proverbial cheshire cat.

Eh? Issei looked down at the book he was holding. She couldn't see it? At all? He stepped back, more than a little nervous. Yet she stepped forward twice! Oh no! She must be teasing him, that's what it is! She'd already seen the ridiculous book that he was reading, and was only pretending that she couldn't see it!

"So? Why don't you tell me all about it? Read it out to me?" she asked. D-Damn this girl!

"F-Fine!" he said, flipping the book open. She stopped and stared at him, obviously confused that he was playing along. But he didn't have time to deal with her today. If this was the fastest way to make her leave him alone, then so be it! This was the path he had chosen to walk down! "Here it is! The fundamental aspect of Cocknosis is the understanding that a larger penis intrinsically leads to dominance over weaker minds! On that basis, the first lesson is to say the words 'Biggus Dickus' while holding this book and then -"

Clung!

Issei stopped completely mid-read. It was, in fact, much like a large bell had dropped to the ground. He looked down at himself. You couldn't... quite... see it, but the head of his cock was down at his knees, and his balls weren't that much above them. he'd say that he was now hung like a horse, but he was also pretty damned sure that horses would be jealous of a dick like this!

His surprise and shock at his genital transformation was distracted by Aika dropping to her knees. Slack jawed, bug-eyed. "Wh-What?" she gasped. "You - You just! You weren't that big before! I have never even met anyone so.. so huge!" Her eyes were big like saucers as she looked at his crotch in utter disbelief.

Issei gulped and opened up the book again. He continued to read, though this time to himself. Okay. Alright. So the basic gist of this was that this enlarged cock was capable of essentially totally hypnotising anyone that saw it directly. In fact, it seemed to describe a variety of techniques that could be employed to bring people under in several distinct ways, depending on the situation. Based on the index page it was quite the versatile little skill set, that he would have completely disbelieved if not for the fact that, if he got erect right now, he could probably bitchslap someone with his dick from halfway across the room! Any room in the world!

"Ri-ridiculous!" he exclaimed, searching desperately through the book for a way to return his size to normal. Aha! There it was! On the very last page apparently! He turned to it and read aloud: "Why would you want to, this is the best thing ever?"

He threw the book up in the air out of frustration and grasped the back of his head. What's so good about this?! How was he supposed to go out in public when his hard on would likely poke out someone's eyes from an arm length away. Was he supposed to stop looking down girls blouses when he got the chance? How in the world was he going to survive this?

"Issei.. I feel funny..." Aika giggled. Issei looked down at her. The bane of his existence was... drooling while staring at his junk. Talk about a disconnect in reality. "Let me see if it matches up to the perfection I'm imagining. Please? Pretty please? Let me see it! I must see it!"

Nope! Nope! Nope! Nope! Time to leave! Issei made a mad dash down the aisle, then realised he was running in the wrong way to get to the entrance! That was fine, all he had to do was dash down here and then -

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours," Aika said, popping her top and employing the perfect counter to his retreat. Breasts. Boobs. Tits. He felt the leviathan stirring down below. Nnng, no! Don't get aroused by this teasing tormentor - blast it, those boobs were too perky for their own good! He had no choice but to drop his drawers if he didn't want his clothes to be wrecked. He could already hear the stitches complaining and -

The expression on Aika's face was rhapsody from the very instant she caught sight of his well hung dick.

"it's even more perfect than I thought," she whispered as her eyes glazed over. "Command me, master. I am yours to instruct however you will."

Fuck, fuck! This was bad, the infamous female pervert was drooling over his cock in a public library. His fear of someone turning a corner and seeing the situation caused him quite a while to actually understand what Aika had said.

Command her? Instruct her? She had gone that deep that quickly? In that case there was no doubt about the sort of command he should give!

"Go home," he commanded, feeling his balls swaying around between his legs like a swinging watch. "Behave normally, unless I say the words... 'hung leviathan'! Then follow any instructions that I give you."

"Yes, master!" she happily said, spinning on her heels to leave.

"Wait, there is one other things!" Issei yell-whispered. "Uh... cover yourself up before you go anywhere."

Phew. It felt like he'd really dodged a bullet there. Lucky it was a quiet day in the library so he hadn't been discovered yet. Still! Now that the panic was over and done with, a thought crept up on Issei. How smart would it be to leave a book like that lying around a public library? Not very! So he pulled up his trousers as best he could, ultimately having to tuck his dick in underneath his jacket. Very uncomfortable, but really his only choice while it was still this hard. Then he retrieved the book, checked it out and prayed to whatever god would listen that he didn't meet anyone he knew on the way home.

"Ugh... all this and I have a date in... Half an hour?! Gah! I'm nowhere near ready!"

This was the last thing that he needed! On top of everything else, he was going to be late for his date! His first date, the first time in his life a girl had said she liked him, and now he had to worry about his giant hypno-dick! What was he going to do if his new girlfriend noticed something? There was no way he could explain something like this away without revealing everything! And there was no way he could go and hypnotise his new, pure and innocent girlfriend. That was even dirtier a deed than even the likes of him was capable of! He'd rather die first!

Issei died that night at the conclusion of his date. On the plus side, he had enjoyed the night out. They'd done all sorts of fun things together. On the other hand, she was the one that had stabbed him through the chest with a huge spear of light. While this was Issei's first date, that

kind of did serve as an indicator that maybe she hadn't enjoyed it half as much as he did. Either that or she had mistaken him for a hardcore masochist.

Which he wasn't. But he could learn! Oh, he'd be so happy to learn!

His thoughts drifted and he gazed at his hand, which was covered in blood. Crimson, almost like the hair of the beautiful senpai Rias Gremory. Ah, if he had to die, he wouldn't have minded as long as it was in the bosom of a beautiful girl like that.

At this moment, a small card he had gotten from a younger girl earlier that day started to glow. Floating up into the air above him, a shining pentagram appeared next to him. And from it appeared the aforementioned redhead. Her eyes gazed down at Issei, a indiscernible emotion playing on her features.

"Ah, so it was you who called me?" She asked quietly, her eyes wandering over the badly mangled boy.

"Looks like you are dying, with these wounds you don't have much time." A pair of black bat wings spread out from behind her as she continued. "I will pick it up, your life that is. From now on, you can devote your life to me." As Issei looked up at the voice that had spoken, the last thing he saw before his death was red hair and beautiful eyes.

So beautiful, that his enlarged cock's reflexive twitch was the very last thing he did before he ceased being human.

This might be hard to believe, but Rias Gremory had been keeping a close eye on Issei Hyoudou for quite some time now. Call it a devil's instinct, if you would. She sensed potential in him. Power. Though she didn't quite know how much. Of course she hadn't planned today's events, or expected anyone to attack and kill him. Her plan had been more to gradually entice him into their world. It shouldn't be difficult to accomplish. He was a renowned pervert. She was one of the prettiest girls in school, and wouldn't you know it but two of her peerage were also in that category. Once she had set the wheels in motion he would have been eating out of her hand.

Ah, but she could work with this instead. Revive him as a devil after he was killed by a - she tilted her head and thought if over - fallen angel. Yes, definitely a fallen angel. While it was beyond her expectations that a fallen angel would notice this potential and make some kind of play to prevent it being used, it was definitely something she could make use of in her recruitment.

To begin with, she had Issei dragged back to his bedroom via magical portal. That done, she set up a simple enchantment on the walls, floor and ceiling to ensure nobody noticed anything

untoward happening within this room. Next, she summoned her pieces. Of them she had so far used her Queen, a Rook, a Bishop and a Knight. Remaining were one Bishop, another Rook, another Knight and eight Pawns. Rias chuckled to herself when considering what he must be. A Pawn. The supposed weakest of the pieces, and yet the one with the most potential. Yes, how could it be anything less for him?

What surprised her was that he took all of them. Every single Pawn she had. All eight, in one person. It left her breathless. She had expected potential, but this much? She had chosen wiser than she realised. In any event, there was no time to waste: Now that he was formally a devil, his body was in need of repair. Dire need at that. There was no time to waste. Rias stripped herself naked, and then set about doing the same to him -

Then wound up getting slapped in the face by an enormous phallus.

It wasn't a hard slap. Well, that is to say, it was a *hard* slap. But not a painful one. The shock of it was far more effective and what truly knocked her over. Rias shook her head and found herself staring at it.

"Big," she whispered to herself. That couldn't be normal, could it? She was a virgin and had no experience with the opposite sex, but this seemed rather out of the ordinary.

"It hurts..." Issei mumbled, breaking Rias out of the trance. Right. Of course. She had to heal him. The most effective way for her to share energy with him was direct skin to skin contact, and so she snuggled her naked body up against his and began the transfer.

Still though... Her gaze kept on returning to that monster down there. That couldn't possibly be normal. How could he possibly have enough blood in his body to maintain something like that? Could it be...? He'd been enchanted in some way beforehand? It might explain why he was so filthy minded -

"Want a harem... Sexy harem of big boobed babes!"

Rias felt woozy for a moment there. Issei was talking in his sleep. Really now, she shouldn't be getting distracted like this. Just because she'd never seen a man's p-p-cock in person before didn't mean that she should become this fascinated. Even if she was starting to strongly suspect that it was enchanted.

Yes. Definitely enchanted. She wet her lips and unconsciously rubbed her hand across his chest. Definitely enchanted. There wasn't a chance such a perfect specimen of manhood could exist without some kind of enchantment. Though to what end? Surely it was a physical inconvenience? Surely...

All of a sudden, a hand grabbed at her breast. Rias gasped in surprise and lifted her hand to slap him - but no, his eyes were still closed. "Nice..." he mumbled. "Mine. I am the king of breasts."

"You are the king of breasts..." Rias found herself repeating. No. Wait a moment. Why was she repeating something like that? Her eyes fell on the clock next to his bed. One in the morning? What? Had she fallen asleep at some point? The last time she had looked it had only turned half past ten! Then she had looked over at his dick and -

His perfect, erect, throbbing cock was pointing up at the ceiling. It was so big. Like a sweeping shot of a city that dwelled on a skyscraper. So perfect, so mighty and overwhelming!

Another hand fell upon her breasts, snapping Rias's attention back to the clock. It was now quarter to three in the morning. She was sure she hadn't nodded off that time! What was going on here? She couldn't possibly nod off while healing Issei Hyoudou, the King of Breasts and Owner of her Glorious Rack.

"That's right girls," the King of Breasts said in his sleep. "Can't keep the love to yourself. Oughta spread it around, can't be selfish and hoard it to yourself!"

"C-can't be selfish," Rias repeated. Yes, that was a good point. Come to think of it, her peerage was full of cuties. Girls with whom she could share the love. An image of Akeno appeared in her mind, breasts revealed so that she could push them against her own. Ah, maybe Issei would want to be between them, as the great King of Breasts. Koneko did not have big breasts, but Rias was sure that Issei would still like her little kitty. She wondered how Koneko would look like in a bunny suit, the thought was strangely enticing.

"Gimme a boobjob..." Issei mumbled in his sleep, and Rias was suddenly struck by inspiration. She would never normally demean herself in such a way, but this was a special case. Given how she kept on getting distracted, she would have to heal Issei in a much more direct way than she had originally intended. Yes. Of course. She should channel her energy directly into him by wrapping her breasts around his big fat cock.

She crawled around on the bed to get into position much akin to a predator on the prowl. Rias was licking her devilish lips in anticipation. Slowly like a cat hunting a mouse she moved forward until she finally lifted her eyes to look at his p-p-perfect gigantic cock. Her brain stopped working for a moment before her task jumped into her mind.

"King of Breasts wants his cock titfucked," Rias mumbled to herself, hefting up her considerable boobflesh, pinning the mighty perfect cock squarely in between her own splendid valley of flesh. It fit perfectly. It felt perfect. In fact, it felt so perfect that she came there and then. "Ah! That's right! Take my energy, King of Breasts. Heaaaaa!"

And so she set to her great task, one that would surely go down in history and legend. All the while, unnoticed by either the young devil or her new Pawn, a certain book was glowing gently and a sound could be heard that almost, if you listened closely enough, sounded like a deep rumbling laughter.

Chapter 2

Kiriyuu Aika had no idea what the hell was going on. She remembered how she had met Issei in the library and started teasing him a little. That was perfectly normal, at least until he had said some nonsense about a large penis dominating the minds of others. Now Issei was weird, but he normally babbled weird stuff about breasts instead of that part of the male anatomy.

The next thing she remembered was his cock tripling in size out of nowhere. Issei coaxed Aika prided herself on her skill to measure a man's package with a single glance and she had never seen anyone with such a monster. It was so incredible that she had to get Issei to drop his pants to see it without the constraints of his uniform.

Aika loved to tease Issei and the perverted trio and she knew just how to get what she wanted from them. Not that this was difficult for those idiots.. 'Here we go.' Aika thought to herself as she revealed her breasts to Issei and goaded him into showing the beast that he called a cock. That was when her memories were cut off. All that she had was the image of that perfect, glorious, giant cock. It was burned right into her brain. Probably literally! Even if she tried, she wouldn't have been able to forget that sight in a hundred years!

The next thing she knew, she was standing in the doorway of her home and taking off her shoes.

You may forgive the way she jumped and nearly fell on her butt from surprise. Suddenly going from the library to home and taking off your shoes is quite the shock, never mind whether a giant swinging cock was involved. After this she had ended up spending most of the day staring at her ceiling and unconsciously tracing the outlines of a giant dick on her torso.

Well not just that! She had tried to remember what happened in the time between meeting Issei and ending up back home. The first time she tried, the image of that perfect cock appeared in her mind like it was right in front of her again. Then a sudden blast of pleasure caused Aika to moan and whimper while lying on the bed. It felt like being caressed by a thousand hands with expert skill. That was easily enough to turn her into a helpless puddle of lust.

By the time she calmed down, her panties were so badly soaked that she could just throw them right into the laundry. Walking through her home, she moved quietly to avoid the notice of her parents and quickly threw the wet panties into the laundry.

This was a problem. She would have to go to Issei and interrogate him and find out what the hell he did.

"Ohhhh..!" Aika dropped to her knees in the bathroom as the image of the perfect cock once again invaded her mind. So big, so dominant, she just wanted to touch it, to kiss it and feel its length inside of her...

Understanding what was happening, she quickly locked the bathroom door to avoid anyone walking in on her. It was barely fast enough because a few seconds later all she could think about was Issei's perfect, glorious cock.

One hand found its way under her skirt, caressing her most sacred place lightly. Her other one was reaching for her chest, the one she had used to get a look at the wonder that was her classmate's thick dick. What followed was a very intense masturbation session that Aika would likely never quite forget. Neither would she forget the embarrassment of having to clean up the floor after she finally snapped out of this perverted stupor.

So it made sense that from this point on Aika was very hesitant to carelessly think about the events pertaining to Issei and his monster of a dick? As she lay once again on her bed, the girl rubbed her nose while trying to think about things.

"If I think about his cock, then I can't act normally.." Right, trying to remember the events of back then would start an episode, thinking about doing things to Issei would do the same. Aika thought about it, trying to find a loophole, one finger still tracing the shape of a giant penis on her body without her noticing.

"Cannot think, cannot do.. but what if I get someone else to check out things?" She paused, then carefully thought about going up to a schoolmate and getting them to find out what was going on.

Her body tensed, expecting another explosion of ecstasy to appear from nowhere. But then.. nothing happened. Aha! Then she thought about specifically asking them to look into Issei's cock, and that began a new round of intense masturbation. Full ageho to herself, here.

"Okay.. so that is off the table." That made things quite a bit trickier, but she could still work with this. Sure, she couldn't directly mention what really mattered. But she could still get someone to help her, and make them investigate Issei. Who would work best? Her classmates couldn't stand him, but they also likely didn't care enough to spy on him. Getting a friend involved seemed not quite right. Not if they could end up affected like her.

So who else would be willing to spy on that boy over a vague explanation she would have to give? After a few moments of pondering and rubbing her chin in thought, Aika suddenly snapped her finger and smiled.

"Yes, that is perfect."

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The next day, Aika felt almost a little hesitant about going to school again. After all, a certain someone was in her class. What would happen when she inevitably saw him? Would she have

a repeat of certain events that happened yesterday when she got home? Or would something even worse happen?

Worse. Please, let it be worse.

And that was another thing. After a point a little voice had been whispering in her ear all night, murmuring to her about how she should just enjoy this experience. How she should go up to Issei and ask him to show her his dick again, to let her mind and soul once again be dominated by it.

A smile crept onto her face, imagining herself being dominated by that magnificent cock again, but she shook it off and set out on her way to school. Then Aika quickly shook her head again and tried her best to get that damned thought out of her mind after it crept right back in almost right away. She didn't want to be dominated by that perverted idiot. He wasn't her type, not at all! No matter how mouth-watering his cock was and how she got wet just thinking about holding it..

She arrived at the school without incident, which was a small mercy in and of itself.

She quickly moved past the students who were chatting in the entrance, keeping a lookout for her surroundings. For a bit everything seemed perfectly normal, that is until she heard the voice of the one she had been dreading to meet. She quietly moved further, then looked around a corner in the hallway. There was Issei, moving through the hallway and moving from one person to the next, always asking the same question.

"Hey, you know Yuuma, right? Pretty girl with long black hair and the prettiest pinkish red eyes? She asked me out in front of the school." Every time he would say some variation or simplification of this and every time he was given looks of confusion. His voice, there was a desperation to it, like he was asking something really important to him and felt like the world stopped making sense for some reason.

Join the fucking club, you... you big dicked stud! Guh, that was meant to be an insult, not a compliment!

"Arghh.. that makes no sense." He said, finally lifting both arms into the air as if in defeat. Though there was still determination clear on his face. Aika meanwhile was wondering about that herself. The name Yuuma felt... familiar? She wasn't quite sure why though. She had never met or heard of anyone with that name, and she would have surely remembered if Issei of all people had been asked out.

But then, maybe this was because of the same reason that she couldn't remember the events of yesterday. Then could it be that Issei wasn't responsible for it at all? Otherwise why would he be so shocked and desperate?

Slowly Aika did something she had avoided since first peeking around the corner. She looked down a little, at Issei's crotch.

Immediately her talent did its work, giving her a mental image of the.. ohhhhhh..

The brunette gulped at the picture this evoked, made worse by the fact that she knew what was hiding under these pants. Before she had the shape of it, but now she had everything else. The colour, the gleam, the full weight of its perfection.

Immediately she felt light headed and she couldn't help but lick her lips at the thought of once again getting to see...

"No no no!" Quickly Aika shook her and looked and turned away, an act that took a worrying amount of willpower. The girl lifted one hand to her chest and felt her heartbeat, fast and excited. This was bad, really bad. Just taking a short look had made her feel tempted to beg him for permission to worship his cock.

"None of you remember Yuuma, no this cannot be, am I going crazy?" Issei, who wasn't even aware of her mental conflict, kept rambling on. The name still felt strangely familiar, but right now Aika didn't care about that. She had to think of a way to not go under the effect of that pervert's.. stup.. glorious.. dam.. mind-meltingly magnificent cock.

She couldn't even think of it in a negative way! This wasn't fair.

"Is there no one who could.. wait Aika!" Immediately the girl in question froze at hearing her name, worrying whether she had been noticed. If Issei thought she was spying on him then..

"Has anyone seen Aika?" For a moment she relaxed at not having been noticed, then immediately tensed again because he was asking for her. Maybe she was overreacting, it wasn't like he would whip his dick around in public or anything.

"Nope, haven't seen her yet. What did you need from her?" Yes, she also wanted to know that.

"I need to ask her some questions regarding something that happened yesterday. If you see her, please tell me."

Yesterday? Oh no, she had been hoping that it was something harmless, but with that there was no chance that she would get away without harm. So she did the only smart thing, get out of here as quickly as possible!

For the next few hours Aika did her best to avoid Issei who she heard was asking everywhere in school for her. During class hours she quietly sneaked in, at lunch break she would rush out before he could try anything. Whenever she caught a glimpse of his spiky hair, she would race away as fast as possible.

Alas, escape was not possible for the entire day. As careful as she was they were still in the same class and, to her dismay, she wound up getting caught behind two slowpokes on her way out. Come on! Get out of the way! Let her out of here before -

"Excuse me, Aika?" Issei said, standing directly behind her. Akai whimpered and reflexively stepped back, and bumped into him... Making her feel it through their clothes.

Her mind wasn't quite empty exactly, but it wasn't nearly as full as it was a moment ago. Her breathing spiked. Her eyes glazed over. Cock filled the vacuum in her mind. Throbbing hard perfect cocks. Perfect size, perfect shape, perfect skin, perfect everything.

Still, she did manage to put enough of her brain together to move away from Issei and turn around. It took a lot of effort, but she resisted the urge to look down, down at that wonderful, tasty cock.

No, not good at all. She had to keep thinking, look for some way to escape.

"Ahh.. hello Issei, did you want anything?" She asked, hoping to buy time so she could get away. wasn't there any other opening. Right now she would even happily squeeze her way through a window or something.

"Well, I am not sure how to ask this. It is kind of weird, but do you maybe remember a girl named Yuuma? Long black hair, pinkish-red eyes, really pretty." Again that question, was that what this was about? Maybe she was safe?

"Not really no." She said, putting one finger to her mouth as if she were in thought. "Doesn't ring a bell, nope." Yes, maybe this was enough.

Issei hunched down, looking like he had just been told that Santa Claus wasn't real and he would get only coal for christmas.

"Okay... I didn't want to have to do this, but..."

Oh no! She quickly turned around and fortunately saw that the two slowpokes had already left. Immediately Aika moved to run for it.

"No! Hung Leviathan, don't leave!" As Issei shouted these words, the girl felt a strange feeling course through her body. A moment later, her body froze in place, one leg raised slightly. Aika tried to move, put one foot before the other, but her body wouldn't answer her orders in the slightest. Damn, what was going on?

"Ehh.. right, how to do this?" The perverted boy asked, clearly not quite sure what the next step in this situation was. "Just.. ehheh come along quietly?" Although it was spoken more like a

question, her body seemed to take it as a command and immediately turned around against her will. Aika bit her lower lip and tried to call for help. But then the sudden image of that perfect cock hit her again, making her brain turn to mush for now.

This time around the effect seemed relatively short lived as she soon found herself walking after Issei. They had gone back into school and soon Issei stepped into a empty classroom, Aika's body following him without her being able to do anything but quietly mutter about the unfairness of it all

."So, I hear hypnotists can do things like... bringing out hidden memories?" Issei said, his perfect cock swinging in between his legs like the world's dirtiest pendulum. "So, I want you to really think about this. Can you remember anything about her? Anything at all?"

"I don't even know who you're talking about," Aika answered automatically. "I don't remember a girl called -"

Wait. Yes, there was a girl like that. Wasn't there? It was strange, but she kind of remembered... Around the corner of her consciousness. Yes! That's right! There had been this pretty girl who had confessed to Issei! How the bloody hell did she forget that unlikely series of...

"Coooooock..." she drooled, eyes following the pendulum like motions of Issei's tail.

"Okay then, how about now?" Issei asked. Trousers down. Boxers too. His junk - No, that euphemism was more like an insult- His treasure swinging in the breeze, making her mind go blank and all trace of resistance vanish, retreat, vamoose!

"Yeees.. I remember. An attractive girl, long dark hair in another school's uniform came here yesterday. She confessed to you and that was the talk of the whole school for the rest of the day." Her voice was monotonous, one may have even believed emotionless if not for the obvious signs of arousal on her. Aside from her flushed face, her nipples were so hard that one could see them even through her bra. And though there was no intelligence in her eyes, the gaze she was giving Issei and his cock was steamier than anything he had ever seen before.

Issei was far too concentrated on what she had just said to care about that.

"Yes!" He shouted while fistpumping in clear excitement. If his earlier reaction was that of a kid being told that Santa wasn't real, then this was the appearance of someone getting exactly what they want on their birthday. He even started to jump in place and did a little victory dance.

"She was real, she was real! Yes, I knew it!" He happily screamed out into the world. All of this naturally caused a lot of movement in his lower regions too, something Aika was enjoying far more than she would have liked if she were still awake.

Rather, right now she had entirely different priorities. Her eyes still following the motions of the perfect cock, she slowly sank to her knees.

"Oh master, please give me a reward. Let me pleasure your perfect cock. Master, use my body as you see fit!" As she said that, she positioned body to show off her chest and give her master a good look at her cleavage.

To Aika's frustration, her master wasn't reacting like she had hoped. Instead of bending her over and having his wicked ways with her body, a look of panic appeared on his face. Issei started waving his hands wildly as if that would somehow make her declaration vanish.

"What? No, wait a second!" Aika opened her mouth, ready to repeat her vow of servitude and beg for him to grant her permission to pleasure him. "Just, just calm down." The boy was now waving his hands downwards, as if to blow down an invisible fire. And indeed, Immediately after hearing these words, Aika felt the flame of her lust grow calmer. But that did not make it vanish, rather it became like a steady fire heating up her thoughts.

As the boy continued to ramble and look for an answer to this new problem, Aika's mouth remained slightly open. A strange smile was on her face, one that could have only been described as utterly perverted. Lifting both hands, she framed her face between them and one could almost see the hearts in her eyes.

"Cock," she insisted. "Give me cock. Must have cock!" And even though her words were quiet and calm, the ravenous hunger in her tone still came through loud and clear. "Cock!" she squirmed. Issei had begun to back away at this point, fumbling with his trousers. Aika licked her lips, tensed her legs -

"Can we talk about this first?"

She pounced across the room with only one thing on her mind.

=====

There was only one thing on Rias Gremory's mind all day. One big, long, hard, delicious thing.

After she had serviced Issei with her soft breasts, she had quickly left before he could wake up. While he was the King of Breasts and owner of her boobs, she was still a young lady from a great and important family. Being seen with his seed all over her chest, it would have been so embarrassing.

It was a strange situation she found herself in. Rias' entranced mind had taken Issei's sleepy mumbling as absolute orders, but that hadn't changed who she was. Rias Gremory was the oldest daughter of one of the great devil families of hell. Heir to one of the 72 Pillars that held dominion over the underworld.

At the same time, there was the undeniable fact that her glorious rack belonged to no one but Issei. He was the King of Breasts, all boobs should be under his sway. This met rather conveniently with the fact that she had to create a harem for him. Even now, whenever her thoughts weren't focused on the long, hard, glorious rod belonging to him, she pondered on how to make that happen.

The Gremory family was well known to care a lot for their servants. Rias herself cared for each and every member of her Peerage, and in turn they were all very loyal and supportive of her. But that did not mean they would immediately join a harem just because she told them to do so. Well, maybe Akeno would go along with it just for fun. Rias was sure that if she showed her the greatness that was Issei's cock, she would understand how wonderful serving him would be.

Koneko would be more troublesome. Her sweet little kitty had a clear dislike of perversion and perverts alike. But even so, Rias thought it would be possible to play matchmaker here. And if she got Akeno on her side, then she would have an extra hand to make further plans!

Of course at that point the comparatively "easy" targets would run out. The female students of Kuoh Academy would be the next choice. But there was one person who would surely notice something going on. Her long-term friend and rival Sona wouldn't let her turn everyone in the school into a member of Issei's harem.

At least, she wouldn't until becoming a part of Issei's harem as well.

That thought sent a burst of pleasure down her spine. Bringing Sona to heel like that? Magnificent! Outstanding! She ached to see that girl on her hands and knees slobbering over Issei's perfection.

"Hehehehe.." The perverted noise that Rias made would have likely disturbed any member of the Occult Research Club. Fortunately for her, she was currently alone since she had told them all that she needed to take a shower.

"Hmmm.. yes, make Sona become part of his harem.. and why stop there?" Stepping into the bathtub in the club room, she stripped off the last pieces of her uniform. Then turned on the water and let its patter over her naked body.

"Oh yes, get the other members of her Peerage too. Maybe that fallen angel girl who tried to kill him?" It was a somewhat risky thought. Trying to catch someone was almost always harder than killing them. But there was still something satisfying about imagining that foolish fallen angel kneeling before Issei's perfect cock, a slave to its glory and perfect girth.

Even with all of this, Rias hadn't stopped thinking of Issei as her Pawn, her subordinate, maybe even her pet. All her life she had been in a position of power, being a master over others, only overturned by those in even higher positions. Certainly, her rack belonged to Issei and she

absolutely wanted to be the first member of his harem. And his sleepy offhand mention of sharing the love had given her an entirely new appreciation for the girls that were her subordinates. That did not make her stop seeing the world as before, it only changed the perspective in a few ways.

When Devil affairs came up, she would be the one on top. But regarding matters of sex and breasts she would happily play the sub for Issei.

“Rias?” The redhead blinked, turning her head slightly to look at the shape of Akeno which was obscured by the shower curtains. “Yes?” She asked after a moment, tilting her head in curiosity.

“When are you going to introduce the newbie to the rest of us? He has been asking everyone he can find about that Yuuma girl.” Asked the voice of Akeno and finally something managed to get Rias' thoughts away from the perfect cock and her fantasies of creating a harem for Issei.

At least for now.

“Oh my, I didn’t consider that. I hope he doesn’t think he has gone crazy.” She tilted her head a little and thought about it.

“Well let us wait until after school is over, then we can pick him up and have a meeting to get everyone up to date.” And also move forward her plans to make Akeno and Koneko join Issei’s harem, so he may finally rule over their breasts like he did over hers.

It made her wet just thinking about it.

Chapter 3

As they went through the school, Rias kept Akeno right at the corner of her vision. There was no question about it, bringing her Queen into this was an absolute must. Issei was known throughout school as a pervert with a love of breasts of all sorts, but most certainly the big and bouncy kind. And her second in-command had the biggest bust in the entire school, it was just perfect. Besides, Akeno was likely to cause all sorts of *trouble* if she didn't like what was happening, though honestly Rias was fairly certain she'd quickly learn to appreciate it.

All it would take was a well timed wardrobe malfunction on Issei's side, or Rias talking her into joining Issei in the bathroom for a bit of '*teasing*'. She was quite sure her friend would happily acquiesce upon seeing it in all its glory and splendour.

"You seem quite excited, Rias." Commented the ponytail wearing girl beside her, one hand held in front of her face to hide a smile upon her lips. "Do you have high hopes for this noted breast lover?"

Although the crimson haired devil was thrown out of her fantasy, she quickly regained her calm and answered with a smile of her own. "Oh, I do have some hopes, he did cost me all of my pawns. That can only mean he has quite some potential." Raising a single finger up before her mouth, she made the universal sign to keep quiet. "But don't try to make it go to his head, or he may not do his best to actually get to that potential." After all, just because he was the King of Breasts didn't mean he could slack off when it came to devil training!

"Of course," her Queen answered, although her eyes made it seem as though she was anticipating the challenge of obeying those orders while still having fun with him.

"Kyaaaaa!"

Both girls paused at the sudden scream that could likely be heard throughout half the school. That was, without question, Issei! Rias felt her heart sink, and her breasts tense up. Which made sense as their King was in mortal danger!

The two busty devils rushed through the corridor towards the source. "Perhaps the Fallen Angels noticed he was still up and about?" Akeno suggested. Rias rather hoped that was the case. Something as simple as Fallen Angels would be trivial for them to deal with. As long as they got there fast enough to make sure he got out of it alive.

"Stay away from meeeeeee!"

A certain boy ran right out of a classroom with his trousers down and his dick out. He ran right past the two devils while being pursued by a glasses wearing girl. The boy's giant cock swinging in the breeze without a care, like a giant hypnotic water hose on full power. Even with the speed that Issei was running, Rias and Akeno had the senses needed to follow very fast movements.

Enough that they could clearly see the motions of the behemoth as it was rushing towards and then past them. Rias opened her mouth at the sight of it, of the glorious and perfect cock of the King of Breasts. Just a look was enough to make her knee go weak and her mind start going empty.

"Wh-what was that?" Akeno asked, wobbling a bit on her feet, putting a little brain power back into Rias' cockslaved mind.

"Must build harem," Rias intoned. "Must build harem. Must build Issei's cock worshipping harem. All hail the King of Breasts!"

"Huh? What?" Akeno blinked, her brain trying and so far failing to concentrate on something else than the *beast* that raced past them. Its shape and size was impossible to simply unlearn, rather it was stuck in her mind like the evilest christmas jingle ever. "Did you say something, Rias?"

"I am your cockslave!" the glasses wearing girl proclaimed, and not quietly. Rias clenched her thighs together. Ooh, yes. That sounded like a truly wondrous fate! Being a completely and totally mind drained cockslave for the King of Breasts sounded like the best thing that could happen to someone!

But she still had a job, a wonderful task given by the King of Breasts himself. The president of the Occult Research club smiled, this time in a rather perverted manner. "Ah, Akeno, I was asking if you knew what just raced past us. I didn't look so close. Could you describe things in *detail*?"

"It appeared to be a boy being chased by a girl," Akeno said. Rias quirked an eyebrow and looked her in the face. "He seemed to be, ah, trying to pull up his trousers and his underwear to little avail due to his enormous, flawless p-p-pen- cock."

At the conclusion of that last word Akeno began to suck on her own fingers. Good. This was a good start. "Oh, please go on, was there anything about that cock that would tell you why it was so big, or why it was out for anyone to see?"

"Big!" Akeno answered immediately. "It was... big. In girth and length. As for why it was out...?"

"Yes?" Rias asked, starting to feel impatient but not quite acting it. Yet.

"I..." Akeno gulped, and then did something Rias didn't quite expect. She adopted a quite serious look on her face, which was extremely unusual for her. "I think that cock is extremely dangerous. It appears to have some kind of mind affecting ability."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because at the merest glance, I was filled with the desperate need to suck it, fuck it and let it empty my mind," Akeno confessed.

"Would you like that?" Rias asked, a sly smile on her face. "Would you like to gaze upon that cock, to take in its shape until nothing of your mind remains but lust and submission to its perfection?"

Akeno shuddered. "Yes, but fortunately we're both devils of considerable willpower and ability. We'd have to be really off our game to submit so easily."

It almost felt as though Rias was being insulted for serving the King of Breasts. Even if it was impossible for Akeno to know about that, it still irked the redhead a little. "Is that so? But don't you remember the shape of that perfect cock, can't you see it within your mind in all its glory?" Her friend shuddered once again, breath quickening just a touch.

"That perfect cock, even now it is on your mind, slowly smothering your free will." She continued on, moving closer and almost whispering into Akeno's ears.

"Y-yes, but.." Rias didn't leave Akeno the time to voice further objections.

"Can you feel the memory of that cock, penetrating deep into your brain, melting it step by step?" A low breathless moan suddenly leaked from her subordinate's mouth. Her nipples had grown visibly hard and the redhead knew that she had almost reached her goal.

Just then, Issei rushed behind Rias and hid directly behind her, which rather spoiled the pleasant mood being formed. "Keep away from me!" he begged and pleaded. Meanwhile, a certain glasses wearing girl was lumbering after him with her tongue hanging out, occasionally tripping and stumbling as she rushed forward, unseeming to care a jot about it.

"Oh dear," Akeno said, looking quite pointedly at the girl. "Get your trousers on. Hide that monster away. Quickly!"

Lust. There was definitely a twinge of lust in Akeno's voice. Rias smirked to herself. Not bad. Not all the way. Not quite yet. But she was on the path. Issei's cock was in her mind, and before long it would worm its way around her thoughts until she accepted her place.

"Please master, don't hide it away! I want to bathe in its radiance some more! Please!"

Just like this girl. Oh well, she'd have to formally join the harem at another time. For now her blatantly lewd behaviour was a threat to that harem's expansion and so -

Thud. Down she goes, fast asleep. Sawing logs, but also slipping in a "cockcockcockcock" every five seconds or so. With that done, Rias turned around and bit back her disappointment: Issei had been able to get his trousers back up.

"Well now, Issei Hyoudou," Rias tsked. "You do have quite the knack for getting into trouble, don't you?"

"Ah... I can explain!" Issei reflexively answered. She poked him in the forehead.

"No, your first question ought to be how I knocked her out and erased the memory of everyone who saw you just now. isn't that right, Akeno?"

"Huh?" Akeno grunted. Staring rather blatantly at his trousers. Good girl, nearly there.

"The truth is, we are devils," Rias said. "You, me and Akeno. All three of us. We shall explain in more detail at the Occult Research Club. Try to stay out of trouble before then, won't you?"

With these words, a great pair of bat wings appeared on her back, flapped once before folding just enough to not inconvenience her while walking. Then she lifted one hand up, put her thumb and trigger finger into a circle form and winked at him. "Oh, and don't go out alone before then. You could run into your *girlfriend* again and she may decide to finish what she tried yesterday." This caused Issei to flinch, something that made Rias a little sad. But still, her duties as a devil and Issei's boss preceded any submission to his perfect cock in such matters. And she certainly didn't want him to end up dead after deciding to go looking for that girl on her own.

Rias turned around and leaned over to look at the fallen girl, still snoring away, still mumbling "cockcockcockcock..." every five seconds or so. Then, in an act that could only be described as a move of pure genius and self awareness, the tip of her wings 'accidentally' unclipped Issei's trousers, and then -

Sproing!

"It's even more perfect than I thought..." Akeno sighed, eyes starting to glaze over.

Rias put one hand before her mouth while making an *oops* sound that anyone with half a brain could have seen through. A tiny smirk was on her face.

Issei, for his part, gasped in horror and quickly pulled his trousers back up again. Too late, the damage was done, as it were. Akeno's interest in his cock was well and truly stirred, so it was only a matter of time before she submitted and became another part of his harem.

As for the glasses wearing girl... Well! They'd have to catch up later on and discuss their next move together. After all, the two of them were now harem sisters, beholden to the almighty King of Breasts. And having someone who wasn't part of the Occult Research Club in the harem already meant more vectors for attacks! Why, with the right trick she may be able to use this glasses-wearing pervert to get the rest of Issei's class to understand that all breasts should be under his sway!

Meanwhile, Issei was excited, overwhelmed, irritated, uncomfortable, confused, and scared.

He had been killed.

By his own girlfriend who was also a supernatural creature who could erase memories.

Rias Gremory was one too and had some story to tell him.

Rias Gremory! Interested in him!

He had a huge incredible hypnotic dick!

All of his righteous harem dreams were suddenly in reach. He definitely had some issues about the morality of making use of his awesome mind control powers for sex, but as he sat here at his desk not listening to the teacher's very unimportant lesson he felt his libido stubbornly argue those barriers down.

Acquiring a loving harem of sexy big boobed girls had been his life's cherished goal since his first wet dream. Obtaining such a personal heaven had always seemed incredibly unlikely, given the ed, annoyed, concerned, bewildered, and a host of other emotion-type words.

Devils were real, girls with bat wings and mind control powers were real!

His very first girlfriend had killed him and manipulated the memories of the entire school! He was also keenly aware of the realities of his own attributes and the vagaries of the society he'd been born into. How impossible it would be for him to actually gain a harem. But now a method was in his very grasp and he found himself wavering.

Was mind control really so bad? If he had perfect control, he could ensure a girl liked everything he did. And if she was happy and he was devoted to the pleasure of each of his beautiful ladies, how could that be bad? And wasn't his country experiencing detrimental economic and societal effects due to low birth rates? Wasn't it his honorable duty as a Japanese citizen to do everything in his power to overturn such dismal national straits?

This all wasn't actually that convincing.

And there were certainly drawbacks to his new condition...

A crazed Aika frantically pursuing him with sexy intentions! Wait. Why had he been trying to get away again? Had he really been trying his utmost to avoid having sex?

Ugh... his pants were too tight!

Or rather his junk was too big!

Issei shifted in his seat. Uncomfortable. His cock was enormous, even when soft. His balls were also vast and awkwardly shaped. Damnit! He'd never had to worry about the placement of his nuts before! There wasn't room for them both between his legs and there certainly wasn't within his pants! He could hardly concentrate on anything else as his huge tool was incredibly alive and reactive, seemingly ready to stiffen and grow in size at the merest glance at a well-shaped boob or sexual thought.

Refraining from such was pretty damn difficult when a rather larger percentage of his body was now devoted to sex and reproduction. He'd already been sex obsessed when his genitals were two percent of his body. How was he supposed to deal when they were like twenty-five percent!

"Issei Hyoudou."

He jerked in his chair as he realized class had been over for a few minutes. He blinked at the cute girl who'd addressed him, her face expressionless as she continued, "I've been tasked with escorting you to the Occult Research Club Room."

Koneko Toujou! The sexy petite little idol that all the guys wanted to bang! Perfect silver white hair in two long bangs that frame her porcelain perfect cute face.

Oh no. Oh no! He felt his big dick pulse in his pants. Me likey!

"Of course I'll come with you wherever you want to take me!" he blurted out as he couldn't help but stare at the tops of her creamy lithe thighs just under her short school uniform skirt. He could hear various classmates still lingering in the classroom making rude comments about him. The girls being cuttngly cruel about why Koneko wanted anything to do with him and the boys voicing their understandable jealousy.

"Hey shut up!" he demanded as he lurched out of his chair, "I don't have cooties so why don't you all grow up already!"

Koneko just looked at him silently, slowly blinking, before she turned and walked out of the classroom. He hurried to follow.

Just as he passed through the doorway, he overheard some girl say, "Did you see his package? That couldn't be real..."

"Nah.... he's so pathetic. He had like a drawer-full of socks down there or something..."

Seriously? Did he really deserve such scorn?

"But you have to admit...it really is a lovely buldge...real or not..."

Issei attempted to strike up a conversation with Koneko as they moved rather quickly through the school but her one-word emotionless answers shut him down completely. He got the distinct impression that she didn't like him. After a bit, he found himself imagining what her reaction would be to seeing his cock and he allowed himself to fantasize about it. But then his dick started to harden and his ability to walk was impacted and he swiftly shut it down.

Soon enough they were entering the palatial digs of the Occult Research Club Room. Koneko quickly took a seat at one of the two expensive looking couches while Issei was frozen stiff as he saw both of the big busted hotties he'd encountered earlier. Rias Gremory was sitting, perched upon the large desk at the other end of the room just past the two couches. Akeno Himejima was walking up to him! Oh fuck! She had her hands clasped before her which meant her arms were squeezing the sides of her chest, forcing her massive boobs together! Her blouse was unbuttoned to a wonderful degree and showing off a tremendous amount of creamy amazing cleavage! And there was no way she was wearing a bra with the way those jugs were jiggling!

She stopped in front of him, the abrupt motion making those sweet tits jump. Issei managed to tear his eyes away from the wobbling goodness to take in her sweet smile and lidded eyes. She giggled slightly, "It's okay. I won't bite. You're the new guy, huh." She bowed rather deeply and he could not help but take advantage as those mammoth mammaries hung magnificently off her chest, "It's nice to meet you." She straightened and her boobs jumped again, gyrating wildly as they settled back in place. Ohhhh. He could see the imprint of her nipples through the thin material of her blouse and he felt his blood flow go south into the vast new lands between his legs, "There's nothing to be nervous about. Everyone here is super nice. I'm Akeno. I'm the vice-president."

He rubbed the back of his head even as his other hand laid awkwardly across his crotch to hide his swelling erection, "Uh.. I'm Issei Hyoudou and I promise I'm not always this awkward."

Because he wasn't used to being so close to a supreme hottie about to bust out of her top! His active imagination exploded with images of Akeno's and Rias' nude bodies and holy shit! He glanced over and noticed that Rias was also basically falling out of her top, her uniform similarly unbuttoned practically to her navel!

Akeno giggled as he felt his cheeks heat and his enormous dick twitched in his pants.

She guided him over to the couch across from the one Koneko had sat down on, a wide low table between them. "I'll get you some tea." said Akeno as she bent and once again gave him a perfect view down her top.

"Hello Issei." greeted Rias. Issei's eyes went wide and he stiffened in his pants as he looked at her. As soon as she caught him looking, her hands pulled at the sides of her blouse and Issei was gifted with a perfect view of her pink cherry nipples looking decidedly small in the middle of

her generous white globes. Her eyes seemed to drop towards his lap and her lips parted in this sexy gasp.

This is the greatest club ever! Why was she doing that? He didn't know but he liked it! Rias, Akeno, Koneko and him! It was practically his own harem already!

A completely out of place and definitely damned masculine voice came from the entrance, "Please forgive my lateness, madame president. A student requested my help with her homework..."

Issei's shoulders slumped. Kiba Yuuto, the pretty boy blonde that all the girls got wet for. How was he part of the club? That wasn't fair...

"Oh that's no problem." breezed Rias with a slight wave of her hand and a vigorous bounce of her perfect boobies. As Kiba took a seat beside Koneko, the busty redhead continued, "Now that everyone is here we'd like to officially welcome you into the Occult Research Club."

"Uh... thanks." he said, not at all sure why he was being inducted into this group. Had he said something like that? Whatever. Not important. Akeno was kneeling at his feet and placing a cup of tea on the table, giving him the most perfect view down her top. Also she had a hand lightly placed upon his cockhead just a bit above his knee....

"But you should know that this is just a front-" Rias was saying, her arms crossed under her big boobs, "In fact we are all devils..."

What followed was an insane discussion that Issei would have been hard-pressed to believe except for the facts that he had a magically huge hypnotic penis, Yuuma had sprouted wings and killed him, he'd come back to life, and Rias had shown him her own quite real devil wings earlier. It turned out that there were angels, fallen angels, and devils all involved in a three-way secret war and he had been inducted into the side of devils

And apparently he had some sort of secret power within him.

"And that's why Yuuma wanted to kill me?" he asked.

"Yes. Because of the Sacred Gear you possess." agreed Rias.

Akeno explained what that was even as she remained right next to him, that hand of hers on his bulge, a finger teasing back and forth along his length. "They are special cocks...oh! I mean powers that reside in the bodies of certain humans... Most of these powers only have use within the scope of human society, but there are some that are so long, so thick, and so very hard-ah... to deal with that they become threats to fallen angels and us devils."

Rias leaned over him, pointing at his lap, "Issei, that's what you have inside you."

Inside me? Had finding that book gifted him with a Sacred Gear? His huge mind control penis had to be a Sacred Gear, right? Damn it! Yuuma had killed him because he'd read that stupid book!

"Now let's confirm it. Shall we? Issei, please focus on that part of you that feels strongest. Close your eyes and do so... now."

"Um...we're doing this now?" he said, voice trembling, "That's a lot of pressure..." and obviously his massive and superior genitals were his strongest part but he could hardly focus there right now! Right?"

Rias definitely seemed to agree by the way she was staring a hole into his crotch as Akeno continued to run a finger back and forth like a metronome atop it, "It will get easier if you focus, Issei."

Oh this was a bad idea. But she had asked for it, right? He'd been maintaining a heroic effort to resist his libido in the face of the twin assaults of Rias' and Akeno's big titties as well as the touching going on with his massive junk. Letting himself focus on his enormous schlong, the effect was quick and dramatic.

RrrrrriiiiipppppP!!

Issei opened his eyes even as he wanted to cringe and hide his face as he felt his erection finally do what he'd feared it had been capable of: tearing apart his pants and boxers with ease.

That was a mistake. The other times his magnificently gigantic cock had been uncovered, he'd been standing and its perfect immenseness had been out of his direct view. He was currently sitting down and his frankly awesome huge cock-head was right in front of his face.

Or it had been in front of his face, a vast monolith dwarfing his perspective. Now he was flailing awkwardly in the air as he was drawn slowly yet inexorably downward as the curved wall of his own gigantic and awesome phallus slid past. He kicked his legs and reached out with his arms but they made contact with nothing but air as he continued to fall. The world beyond his own cock was blurry and unimportant. There was only his epically huge and perfect dick and soon enough he was at the base, tiny and insignificant, his will completely subdued, his mind only had room for the... COCK.

After what felt like an eternal pleasant eternity, Issei heard Akeno's voice from far away, "Madam President.... Can you hear me?"

"Yes....." came Rias' voice, sounding both dull and incredibly satisfied.

"Are you hypnotized?"

“Yes... Issei’s cock has completely defeated me.....so good....”

“Okaay....” -giggle- “Can you do something for me, Rias? Listen to my voice and his penis and obey?”

“Yes.... I’d love to....”

“Close your eyes and cover them with your hands. Yes, that’s good. Very good. Now rise up. Wake up. I will count to three and you will be completely awake and yourself once more. Now... one, two, three!”

“Ah!” gasped Rias’ voice and the sound of her voice was different, full of energy yet no less satisfied, “Now Akeno, thank you for that quick thinking. Truly you are my perfect queen, a right hand that no one could fault. Now... please tell me how you resisted Issei’s big, no! Huge perfect cock. How did you not look at its utter perfection? How did you not take this opportunity to gaze upon its mammoth size and feel your willpower simply evaporate in the face of its sheer incredible virility?”

“I... w-was prepared... s-steadied my mind...”

“Steadied your mind for what? For submission? That had to be it, right? I saw your hand stroking that big bulge of his. Your eyes may have been closed or looking away but your hand felt it grow hard, diamond hard, grow in size and tear through his clothes with pussy-moistening strength and power. Surely your mind wasn’t truly prepared.... I bet your hand is still close in fact I can see that it is. Just move it slightly to the right... yes...ah! Touch that mighty shaft. Feel how powerful it is...yes, stroke it.... Yes... just like that. Why not open your eyes and take a peek?”

“I....Yess...No! I shouldn’t...”

“Akeno!” Rias’s voice switched suddenly from soothing to sharp, her tone utterly commanding, “Open your eyes and submit to Issei’s cock!”

“Yes! I will! Oh! OH! It’s so perfect....so beautifuu-uuuu.....”

A silence reigned and Issei was happy.

The two voices had been only a slight distraction but it was better now. Just him and the cock. As it should be.

But soon Rias’ voice returned and everything it said was so correct and perfect...

“Issei is the King of boobs and all boobs belong to him.

Big boobs are so hot and sexy!

Issei's cock is so powerful and right.

Show off your hot tits all the time!

Hypnosis by Issei's magnificent cock is fine and good."

Yes.....

Chapter 4

When Koneko wants you out of a room, you don't tend to argue with her. That was something Kiba had learned a long time ago, almost as soon as he had joined Rias's peerage. Still! The haste with which she had departed while Rias and Akeno were paying so much attention to their newest member was, shall we say, a trifle concerning coming from the overstrong kitty?

"Might I ask what that was in aid of?" Kiba gently asked his ally. She put her finger to his lips and peered back at the room. She fumbled for the doorknob and hauled it closed again.

"There is something peculiar about that boy," Koneko explained. "Did you not see that bulge in his trousers?"

As a matter of fact, Kiba had. How could you not? It was simultaneously ludicrous and intriguing. It made him feel inadequate as a man, and yet his attention continually returned to it. No matter how he tried to deny that it could be what it appeared to be there was a part of him that questioned whether that may be the case.

"Before I retrieved him, Akeno had made some strange comments to me," Koneko whispered. She began to pace quickly away from the door, leaving the clubroom behind. "She remarked that Rias had been acting strange, and that she believed Issei had somehow placed an unknown form of influence on both of their minds." This was a far less crazy version of the dark haired girl rambling about the perfect cock enslaving the mind of their club president. She really didn't want to explain it like *that!*

It was enough to get Kiba's attention, and that's the point that mattered. To him, it sounded impossible. Something capable of subduing those two? Hardly. They were both quite powerful, the idea of a brand new devil being capable of wielding that kind of weighty long and hard mind manipulating magic was as ridiculous and as ludicrous as the idea that Issei had suddenly obtained a massive swinging dick!

"Are you sure she wasn't playing a joke on you?" Kiba asked. "You know how Akeno can be sometimes. Or maybe you'd misunderstood her?"

"No," Koneko said.

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because even now, I feel it in the back of my own mind," Koneko said. "Although I caught only a glimpse, I desire to return to that room for a bigger, longer look."

Yet she didn't. Instead she kept on going, although her gait did change a little bit. Almost like a sort of... Orgasmic shudder mixed into it.

"In the event that her suspicions bore fruit, Akeno instructed me to take any means necessary to minimise the threat," Koneko continued. "She felt it would be better not to give me specific instructions so that I may act without concern that she already knew my plan." Which was again somewhat more sensible sounding than her rambling about 'Cannot tell, the cock will know, cannot tell, the cock will know!'

Right. That also made sense. Having said that there really was only one thing they could do.

"So... We're getting help from the student council?" he asked.

"No," Koneko said. "That will be well within Akeno and Rias' ability to predict. We shall need someone much more powerful and much more experienced."

This... did not narrow things down so much as he had hoped. There were at least a couple of candidates who could have been handy to have on their team. Rias' family alone had produced a number of rather.. monstrously powerful people.. much less anyone else in the upper echelons of the underworld.

Issei was having a really weird dream. It featured himself walking through an eternal abyss, an endless void without any seeming source of light. Then he started to hear a sound. A mighty roar that felt like it might split the Earth and make the heavens and hell tremble from its sheer power. Looking around, it didn't take long to find its source. A giant red dragon, enormous in size, furious and howling streams of fire.

"This humiliation will not stand!" the dragon roared. And, yes, Issei could see what it meant. For the dragon was engaged in a prison. Made entirely out of enormous phallus. Row after row of them, giant fleshy shafts with a mushroom head, thick as ancient oak trees, and twice as tall. "Release me, now! Vile corrupter! I can see your intention, deceiving my host as to your true nature!"

Huh, that was strange. Really, really strange. Issei felt this strong urge to try to set the dragon free, but before he could so much as take a step to help it -

"Oohhhhhh!"

Huh? That sound... Issei turned around, and suddenly found himself surrounded on all sides. There were women everywhere. Naked women, moaning wantonly as far as the eye could see. Each of them thrusting their hips, enthusiastically grasping hold of a smaller - but still very big - disembodied penis.

"I see what you intend!" the dragon's roaring voice still echoed, though Issei could no longer see it for all these women. "You will reduce women around you to this mindless devoted state! Hah! You call this power? True power would be seducing them through your own will and ability, not through the use of such insidious sorcery! Awaken!"

"I'm a slave to your cock!" a woman suddenly yelled. To look in her eyes was to see no signs of light or life. The smile on her face was vacant and painted on.

"I need your cock!" another woman yelled, seeming delirious - but only until you really looked at her. Then you could see clearly. She was even further gone than the first. As though someone had taken a big bite out of her soul.

"Can't live without your cock!" yet another girl rapped breathily, this one seeming less like a human being and more like an automaton wearing convincing human skin.

"Cock!" they grew in number.

"Cock!" the women clamouring for him.

"Cock!" reaching out to him like zombies in a horror film.

"Cock!" from all sides they approached, surrounding him, cutting off all avenue of escape.

"Cock!" closing in. Reaching their hands out for him, seeming determined to dig the hole they were in all that much deeper by exposing themselves, once again, to his mind melting shaft!

Issei gasped in fright, and all of a sudden he was standing in the ORC's clubroom rather than that endless orgy. He blinked, then decided that he would forget about the earlier event, that was a dream he'd rather not remember thank you very much! Instead he would rather go and spend his time talking with the members of the Occult Club. Oh, he should probably apologize for falling asleep.

And right about here was when he realised he was absolutely naked from head to toe.

"My word, Rias! You weren't kidding! There's absolutely nothing normal about this cock at all!"

Issei looked down and felt his eyes and lips twitch. Not only was he naked, but so were... so were Rias and Akeno, number one and number two hottest girls in school! He went from flaccid to erect so quickly that his own dick knocked him flat on his ass.

"Wh-Why are you naked?!" he yelled. Trying to ignore the indignant realisation that he'd cockslapped himself on his ass.

"It seemed only fair," Rias said, her voice full of authority. "You wanted us to discover the cause of this hypnotic cock of yours, and so you showed it to us."

"That's right," Akeno added. "And we agreed that it would be unreasonable to see you naked without letting you see us as well. Tit for tat. And a very nice tat it is."

There was a kind of logic to that. But anyway! He crawled back away from the two of them in fear. The last thing he wanted was another repeat of Aika! Except... After a moment he realised that they weren't looking at him with that same all consuming hunger. Neither one of them was transfixed upon his cock. In fact, they were pointedly looking him in the eyes right now! Could it be?

"Did you believe that we are so weak willed a spell like this could enslave us?" Rias asked. "We are devils of the highest calibre. Don't get ideas above your station, my newest Pawn."

"Oh my goodness," Akeno giggled. "Can you imagine? The very idea is the height of comedy. We should have played along for a while, it would have been hilarious. Mmm... Master! I am an eternal slave to your perfect cock!"

To which Rias whapped her around the back of her head. "Behave yourself, my Queen! This is quite a serious matter. Although the spell obviously has no effect on us, it can clearly override

the free will of mortals with ease. This is bound to create problems for us even if we are immune."

"Right," Issei scratched the back of his head. Oh, wow. He was so relieved there. He'd been quite afraid that he'd accidentally stolen away the free will of both girls. Even though a voice in the back of his head was saying there was nothing wrong with that unless he used it for sex... "I mean, if it had worked I might have ordered the two of you to make out while groping each other's tits, or something like -"

Wait, what was he saying? What kind of joke was that?! He wouldn't - he wouldn't ever use this power to make girls do something like this! He shook his head. The tension in his oversized balls must be getting to him. Actually, on reflection he'd been noticing thoughts like that creeping in all day.

"Oh what a naughty pawn, like this?" Rias asked, lifting her Queen's chin up a little and then pressing her lips against her own. Akeno shivered at that, before slowly starting to repropagate the action with great enthusiasm. Before Issei could even say anything, the dark-haired girl had put one hand on her lady's breast and was starting to massage it.

"We devils are naughtier than you think," Akeno said, tenderly kissing Rias after she had finished. "We do this all the time already."

Buh?! B-Buh?! All the time! They kiss like this all the time! They didn't even care that all three of them were naked or anything?

This was the best school club ever! If he got to join, hell even if he just got to watch, that would be worth dying ten times!

This might come as a surprise to some, but the state of mind that Rias was in could no longer be called 'hypnotised'. Oh, they certainly had been at some point utterly brainwashed by Issei's magnificent cock. Not any more.

The daughter of the Gremory family felt a thrill unlike any she'd felt before, and not just because Akeno was a really good kisser/groper. The ultimate irony of this was that she'd never felt so free before, so liberated. All thanks to a Pawn's giant cock. It had penetrated her mind so deeply and so thoroughly by now that she doubted it could be removed. She loved that cock. She loved Issei. And it wouldn't take long before Akeno felt that way too.

His commands were her will, she loved big boobs, she wanted to show off her body. These things, they were like laws written into her very self. She couldn't reject them any more than someone could decide to make their own heart stop beating with sheer willpower.

Even so. She only obeyed him completely in sexual matters. When it came to matters relevant to the peerage, she was still the King and therefore she was still supreme.

With great reluctance she pulled out of Akeno's tender loving embrace. Now, Akeno was still quite badly under hypnosis but Rias was sure that would change before long. She would accept it as part of her in the fullness of time. As would Koneko and Kiba and all the others they decided to bring under Issei's thrall.

Actually, now that she thought about it, why had Koneko and Kiba left earlier? They did seem in quite the hurry... no matter.

"Akeno, could you please get dressed and find our other missing members?" Rias instructed. "I'm quite disappointed they decided to leave this very important meeting. It sets a bad example for our newest member."

And member was a good synonym for the word foremost at the front of her mind. Akeno bowed, ducked aside and dressed without a word. Then left the room quick as a whip. The tardy pair would soon learn to regret resisting their cock filled fate.

"Now then, before we get down to your duties as a devil, we must start by investigating the cause of..." she casually reached out and stroked her hand all the way from head to shaft, then back up again. "It's quite unlike anything that I've encountered before. Any information you could give me would be a great benefit."

Issei nervously scratched his nose, and tried desperately to pretend as if he didn't want her to continue stroking him off. In all honesty she'd love nothing more as well. Still... Responsibility did beckon. If a mortal like Issei could have this happen to him, who is to say that other mortals couldn't as well?

"It was a book," he sheepishly admitted. "The Secrets of Cocknosis. I, uh, left it in my bedroom."

Well that was far more clear than what she had expected to be honest. For all that she knew Issei may have been the chosen one of some fertility deity or something like that. A book though, that could be understood and researched far more easily!

"Very well then," she said, quickly grabbing some clothes and conjuring up a teleportation portal to take them directly to Issei's bedroom. "Come with me. While we're there, we might as well get you a replacement for your torn underwear and trousers."

Kukuku... This was going well. Even better than expected. Rias grinned as she strolled towards the portal with an exaggerated flick of her hips. While he was more a boob man than a butt guy, there could be no mistake that Issei was enjoying the view. Much as she was enjoying the fact that he was enjoying the view. Such was the nature of their relationship from now on. And it would only improve once she discovered the source of -

"Kyaaaah!" a woman yelled. "I-Issei?! And some naked girl?! Where did you - Where were you hiding! You cannot make grandbabies with someone whose name I don't even know!"

Or they could teleport into the bedroom right as his mother was cleaning it. No big deal. This was what memory wipes were made for, right?

Chapter 5

Issei felt the urge to weep when his mother started screaming after he suddenly appeared in his room. Staring at her son and the other person present. Both of which were naked as the day they were born. Not to mention that Rias was standing rather close to him and did not seem the slightest bit uncomfortable with her nakedness.

Yep, that was not how he wanted to introduce a new friend to his mother.

“How could you get up to such things without telling me and your father?!” The woman said, a look of embarrassed horror on her face. “I haven’t even made any preparations for grandbabies yet! Oh, I need to buy a stroller and..” As his mother continued to ramble on, Issei felt the dread inside him growing by leagues.

Our perverted protagonist turned towards Rias helplessly, pleading with his eyes for her to do something. The red headed devil shrugged her shoulder, then turned towards the woman and started the motion for a memory altering spell..

Only to see that Mrs. Hyoudou had fallen silent, her eyes empty as she was staring at a certain direction. Rias followed her gaze and yep, totally entranced by Issei’s glorious cock.

“Ahhh! Mum, where do you think you are looking?” Rias beloved King of Breasts said while covering his junk, or at least trying to do. It was a little easier than before because the presence of his mother had ruined the boner from earlier quite thoroughly. But still, far from easy.

Well, since she was already under a much more powerful suggestion, why not use that to her advantage? Walking up to Ms. Hyoudou, Rias looked more closely, acting like she was studying the effect of this interesting power. Then while Issei was turning away to escape the stare his mother was giving him, she moved her mouth right to the woman’s ear.

“Mrs. Hyoudou, when I say 'please leave the room' you will forget that Issei and me were here. Leave this room, then decide that you want to spend some *quality* time with your husband. You should keep him busy for a few hours, it will be absolutely incredible.” The devil whispered quickly, then stepped away and waved one hand experimentally in front of her face.

Walking back towards Issei, she tapped on his shoulder with one finger. “Don’t worry, everything is fixed.” She said with a smile upon her face. As Issei looked back at her with hope in his eyes, the smile grew wider.

“Mrs Hyoudou, please leave the room.” She said over her shoulder, then waited a few seconds until she heard the sound of the door opening, then closing behind the housewife.

Issei gave a sigh of relief and Rias couldn't contain a small giggle as she patted his back. Really, he was overreacting. Hadn't she already shown that she could easily rewrite someone's memories?

"Now then Issei.." Rias said, moving a little closer than was necessary and putting one hand on the male's soft penis. "Where did you put that book?" Issei shuddered at the sudden touch even though he most certainly didn't dislike it in the slightest! Then he blinked in confusion at Rias question, after all the book was..

"Ehh.. it is lying right next to the nightstand." He said, pointing at the location where he had left the mysterious tome. In hindsight, letting a book that magically enlarged his cock and gave it hypnotic powers lying around like that may not have been the smartest idea. He was lucky that his mum hadn't discovered it.

Rias followed his hand towards where it was pointing, wondering how she had overlooked a book lying so close. But found nothing on Issei's bed other than his blanket. Scowling, she was about to turn back and ask him why he was playing a prank on her when she noticed something.

There was a point on the bed that she couldn't look at. Every time she turned in that direction, her eyes would automatically move just a little past that point. Even during the short times she gazed at that point, she saw nothing special, but this did get her attention.

"I cannot see it." She said and when Issei blinked in confusion before opening his mouth to ask her what she meant, Rias continued. "I think it is invisible for me, maybe for anyone but you." Then she paused and put a finger to her mouth. "Or maybe.. Just for men?" It might be worth trying to show it to Kiba..?"

At the same time she pondered on how to continue this. She couldn't see the book, but maybe she could try something else? It was presumably a powerful magic artifact, and these things occasionally had some amount of will on their own.

It was at the very least worth a try.

"Issei dear, could you please get a bit closer to the book and point at it for me? Yes, thank you." As she said that, Rias reluctantly let go of Issei's perfect cock, which had started to regain some of its hardness at her loving touch. Ah, truly it was such a wonderful thing to be helpful to the owner of her tits.

"Ahh.. well it is here." Issei said, feeling a little silly while pointing at the book lying on his bed. Rias tilted her head, but she still couldn't make out anything. Whatever this thing was, it had quite some power to stay out of her sight. But she had methods to get it to talk if it could do so..

The Power of Destruction is an ability that was known as belonging to the Bael clan among Devils. It had also been inherited by Rias and her siblings since her mother had been a member of the Bael clan before marrying into the Gremory clan. It was an ability that simply speaking, could annihilate any target, turning it to nothing but dust. While Rias wasn't as proficient at using it as her older brother, she was still quite capable of doing a great deal of damage.

Raising one hand, an aura of darkness gathered in front of it, surrounded by crimson waves of energy.

"Ahh! Issei! Stop this crazy devil girl!" A voice suddenly started screaming into the perverted boy's mind. Twitching, he looked around for anyone that could have said that, but there was no one here except him and Rias. *"It is me, the book that this girl wants to turn to ashes! Please help!"*

Issei twitched a little at that. The voice sounded.. vaguely feminine, but it was hard to really say because well, it was a book. Were there male and female books?

Nevermind that, there were more important things now.

"Ehh.. Rias, I think the book just talked to me?" He said, making his words sound more like a question than an explanation.

"What? What did it say?" The redhead asked, chest swaying as she turned away from the tome and towards Issei. God, that rack was so distracting.

"It asked me to -" he stopped, electing not to use the exact words the book used. It might compel her to finish whatever she was doing.

His gaze was almost glued to Rias' breasts by now and he gulped as the devil seemed to decide to push them out for better observation. He was sure she was doing this on purpose to tease him! Damn, now he had a boner again. Actually, hadn't they come here to get him new pants and underwear? He should probably put these on sometime.

"Asked you to do what?" Rias playfully asked.

"Ah!" Issei jumped. This made him slap himself in the chest with his cock, which was really quite painful. "It- it wanted me to ask you to stop what you were doing."

"Oh, so it can communicate," Rias smiled at him. Gulp! Gosh that was a pretty smile. Not as nice as her boobs, but still very easy on the eyes. "Book, can you hear and understand what I am saying?"

"Yes, yes I can hear you, please don't blow me up! I am too young to get thrown into the trash bin." Issei blinked, looked back and forth between Rias and the book that continued to talk right into his head. Ah yes, the book could hear and understand her. Issei nodded on its behalf.

"Very good, though if it cannot directly talk to me.. That is a bit bothersome." She murmured to herself, one hand rubbing her chin in thought. "Now then, I want some answers from you." Rias continued, once again raising her hand and gathering deadly energy in it. "Since you have a consciousness, what are your plans? You must have some, right?"

"I'm a book, I want to be read!" The book protested and Issei repeated back to Rias. After a brief pause the book went on. *"I may or may not also be obsessed with proving that even something as stupid as an oversized penis can function as a hypnotic trigger by appealing to the deeply ingrained desire to sexually reproduce that is inherent in all beings capable of doing so. But I figure that kind of goes without saying!"*

"But you are a book on hypnotising people with cocks?" Issei mumbled, wondering why the piece of literature wanted to prove the very thing it was describing.

"Oh my goodness, understatement of the year."

"You know what I mean!" Issei added, feeling annoyed at the back talk from the piece of the book. Rias meanwhile looked back and forth between Issei and the tome, understanding that a conversation was going on, but only hearing half of it.

"So you have no sinister plans to manipulate everyone around you for world conquest or something like that?" Rias asked, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Conquer the world? Who could put up with the paperwork? I just wanna see oceans of massive penises... Peni... Cocks. Let's stick with cocks, the plural form is more sensible. Anyway, oceans of cocks as far as the eye can see brainwashing all who happen upon them unaware."

"But why?"

"Cause I'm curious to see how it turns out." a beat. "Also, it's fucking hot."

Issei wasn't quite sure what to think of that, especially since he had no interest to see a bunch of hypnotic cocks. His own was already disturbing enough to have if he was honest. Now if it was a bunch of perfect hypnotic boobs, that would be another matter entirely. Why, they wouldn't even need to hypnotise him to make him go along with their whims!

"Please, that is what my sister does. You can go look for her, but don't complain if you end up a mindless titslave. Oof! You think I'm bad, she gets off on turning ordinary girls into the most depraved sluts by giving them big sensitive hypnotits." Issei gulped at the images that brought to

mind. They were quite appealing, but at the same time, turning girls into horny sluts was far from ethical.

On the other hand, staying away would be - "Hey! I didn't say anything that time! Can you read my thoughts?"

"I can speak through your body too, numbnuts!"

Issei slapped his hands over his mouth.

"Wonderful! Why didn't you do that from the start?" Asked Rias, unaware of the direction that the conversation had taken.

"I am a book, I am made to be read, not to talk. It is unnatural and weird. Besides, I figured you'd rather I didn't stay too long inside your new Pawn's head. He's *your* servant. Not mine. Right?"

Well that was a most unusual experience if Issei had anything to say in the matter. Having your mouth talk on its own was really, really weird. Especially if the voice sounds just kind of off, like you are listening to a recording rather than your own voice.

"Quite correct. Take control over one of my Peers again, and I shall destroy the book. That was your only warning."

"See, I told you she is crazy. Please, do something! Who knows when she will snap." Issei wasn't quite sure what to do. On one hand, Rias was sort of his new boss, right? On the other hand, the book was kind of right (even if he was never ever going to say that out loud) with Rias being a touch.. overly protective and aggressive.

"In the meantime I'm convinced you're not a significant enough threat to merit destruction," Rias said, lowering her hand. "Instead, we will bring you with us for further study. You have mentioned a sister book capable of hypnosis using breasts. This is concerning, and implies there may be other similar books in your family... perhaps even some you know nothing about."

"I only met my sister, but my writer may have made more later on? I haven't met him in ages so who knows." After a moment, Issei conveyed that to Rias, who nodded to herself as if she had known this beforehand.

"In that case it makes it even more imperative that we take you for study. This is an entirely new kind of magic, perverse though it may be. And... One other thing? This devil girl is completely sane, and you would do well to remember that."

Issei had never heard a book nervously gulp before. It also put a new level of respect into him for his new Queen. Beautiful and powerful! It was genuinely hard to tell which was her dominant trait!

"Now then. The other reason we came to your room," Rias said. "A change of clothes. Although... with your cock in such a condition, I imagine it would be quite difficult to put on much of anything at all." Issei couldn't help but agree, especially since his boner hadn't gone down due to the perpetual stimulation that was a beautiful naked devil lady. He peered down to get a sense for whether any kind of pants would fit him at all. Only when he was already gazing down at his perfect, giant, all-consuming cock, did he remember its hypnotic properties. Immediately he started to feel dizzy, like his brain was going to sleep.

His cock, it was just so big, so giant and..

Just as his brain was turning off, something pushed him backwards and Issei found himself looking up at the ceiling in confusion. Wait, he was lying on his bed. How did that happen?

"There we go, now let me help you with that." Issei opened his mouth to ask what exactly Rias was planning when he felt it. His cock, which was standing upright as a polemast, was being engulfed by something incredibly soft. After a moment, he looked down to see his new mistress kneeling in front of the bed, her glorious boobs wrapped around his cock.

"R-Rias that.. you shouldn't..!" He protested even as the devil began to slowly lift her breasts, then pull them down again. The sensation was wonderful, maddeningly wonderful. "Wh-what if you fall under its hypnotic influence?!"

"I thought we established that was impossible," Rias said, rolling her eyes even as she rubbed her boobs together to increase the friction. Issei gulped and his eyes rolled back for a moment. Hence, he missed the look of utter bliss passing over Rias's pretty face as she rubbed her breasts firmly up and up his massive erect cock. "Relax, and allow your Queen to perform this service for you, my Pawn."

Looking once again at Rias, Issei decided that she had to be speaking the truth. The other people that had been affected by his cock had all acted rather obviously abnormal. Rias though had never changed how she treated him. After a moment, he finally let himself fall back on the bed. Yes, why shouldn't he just enjoy this if it was happening out of her own will?

After that disaster with his first girlfriend, he deserved a little bit of fun, didn't he?

Rias was in a state that could only be called absolute ecstasy. Finally she could fulfil her duties to the King of Breasts. And more than that, this was a wonderful training for Issei. If she got him used to such *service* from her, then that was one step closer to making him okay with experiencing similar treatment from the other club members. It would make him okay with hypnotising others with his giant cock. It would make him okay with breaking them, like he

accidentally broke her. Ah! To break someone of her power without meaning to... The power this would take! And he hadn't even revealed the true nature of his Gear yet!

Ah! Yes this was her purpose, the meaning for her very existence. And it felt so good, pleasuring Issei was better than anything she had ever experienced. It was a bliss, she was so close.. "Hmmm.. ohhh.." Rias murmured as a powerful orgasm crashed into her with the power of a freight train.

Issei meanwhile was only around halfway ready and just starting to move his hips automatically.

The book on the other hand had opened on its own and was leafing through itself as if in search of something specific. *"Right, where did they put the anti-crazy cocknosis technique again?"* Issei heard being mumbled in the back of his mind.

But you know, right now he really couldn't care less, what with the glorious pair of tits engulfing his cock. Blissful, there was no way that the day could get any better.

Why, Issei really had no idea. No idea at all of what was in store...

Chapter 6

Rias moaned, feeling her own heat increase when Issei's arousal was nestled neatly in between her tits. She locked her mounds together, shivering slightly when her arm crossed over and brushed against her pert and sensitive nipples. Issei gurgled in delight from having his dick smothered with such softness and impulsively bucked his hips. Rias was more than happy to oblige him, moving her chest up and down on him.

"B-Boobs....sweet perfect breasts! I'm in heaven- boob heaven!" Issei gasped out from the feeling, tears of unadulterated joy leaking out the sides of his eyes.

Rias smiled and bit her lower lip, enjoying his no doubt accurate assessment of her chest. He was the king of boobs after all. Beads of sweat started to roll from her brow to trickle between her tits, making her skin slippery and the passage of his cock easier. She kept her eyes locked with his dull glazed gaze. "How does this feel?"

"So good! Nothing-nothing has made me feel this good before!" He threw his head back and moaned loudly.

"Oh, Issei!" Rias started to work harder, inordinately excited to have pleased him. She dipped her head down to press her mouth against his huge cockhead, licking and kissing the swollen tip.

Issei's life of late had been rather stressful and also confusing. It felt exceedingly good to just let all of that go and enjoy the simple pleasures of Rias' beautiful breasts. He watched lustfully as his penis was massaged. He moaned as she smoothly rubbed her breasts around his massive shaft, sending more and more wondrous sparks of pleasure through him.

"Does that feel good, my king?" Rias cooed, feeling quite pleased with her pawn's potent penis sliding between her sensitive rack, a lovely firm heat between her tits. "Do you enjoy such large

breasts enveloping you? Yes, they can prove exceptionally wondrous for pleasing one's penis, can't they?"

Issei's lips were pulled apart in the biggest smile that bared his teeth as he admitted while reaching out to grasp and lightly plunge his digits into her plush boobs, "The softness is the best! I could stay in this boob-heaven forever!"

To Rias, this statement of his was an apt description of her own feelings and experiencing his hands on her breasts was divine. Serving her king's magnificent cock with her large mammaries was quite simply her lot in life. She had duties as a scion of the House Gremory, of course, and she would always carry them out with the utmost dedication but her true passion was right here between Issei's legs.

Issei was absolutely mesmerized by the breasts drowning his cock. But an uncontrollable force was drawing his testicles up, and the exploding feeling of his impending climax was suddenly stronger. He tried to fight it down, but the pent-up pressure was too much. "I'm going to- ungh!," he warned, "Rias!"

Rias was blown away, experiencing her own revving libido at this declaration. With cock still snuggled between her tits, her mind almost overloaded while she experienced a powerful pulsating pleasure building in her very wet and heated loins. She was on the verge of an orgasm. With one arm cradling her bosom, she reached down to the apex of her thighs, so that her eager fingers could dance along the blossoming lips of her soaked vagina. She moaned loudly, hot air flowing over the tip of Issei's cock. She moved her fingertips to vigorously rub her clit, and she found herself cumming even before her Issei.

"Ah, Issei!" she cried out in rapture as her juices spilled over the bed. The arm supporting her tits tightened in response to her orgasm, which was just enough pressure around his shaft to send him over the edge..

"I'm cummming!!!!" he warned when his clenching testicles tightened to their limit and released. A warm rush ran up through his cock, taking with it all the tension that had built up in his balls. It sent a tingling sensation throughout the entirety of his body.

A long, hot string of his seed leapt into the air to splatter on Rias' cheek and dripped down to her lovely knockers. When she felt that thick spunk stain her face and bust, she greedily locked her lips around the cockhead, groaning loudly as she gulped down his large load, eyes going wide as some overflowed from her now-bulging cheeks. Just how much cum was he going to offer her?

He was discharging more than she could swallow at a time. Finally, she just gave up and pulled away to gasp for breath, content with having her face showered by his hot jizz. She panted, eyes shut as the final bursts gushed over her cheeks and chin. Her tongue lazily moved out to clean away the cum drizzling around her gaping mouth, swallowing it down gratefully. When all that was left were streams heading down from the slit, Rias made sure to clean him thoroughly and prove that she was eager to please, gazing alluringly at him while tracing the underside of his cock.

His still rock hard cock.

"My word, still up after that?" Rias quirked an eyebrow. Well, it was hardly his fault! With her being all naked and pretty. "That should have left you drained. Perhaps we need some more extreme measures."

"Extreme measures?" Issei asked. Rather than answer, Rias flipped her hair back, stood up then pushed him back against the bed. "H-Hang on a second!"

There was to be no hanging on. As Issei was about to learn, when a Gremory intends to do something, they do it.

Akeno was a bit miffed with herself. Sending Koneko and Kiba away, what had she been thinking?

She had barely been able to communicate her direction to the Rook with the hypnotic effects of that mammoth cock still weighing heavily on her mind. But the message had gotten across, prudish Koneko ever ready to believe the worst about the King of Breasts, and she'd swiftly vacated the clubroom with Kiba in tow while Rias and she had that nice little hypnosis session with Issei and his magnificent phallus.

In any event: There was only one place those cheeky pair could have gone. If you were to talk about anyone who would be able to oppose Rias and herself, maybe even (horror of horrors) undo the effect Issei's wonderful cock had on their minds, you'd have to start talking about the student council right away. To wit:

"Hi Sona!" Akeno cheerily threw open the door. "How have you been today?"

The student council president looked up from her laptop, fingers still tapping away, regarding Akeno evenly through her pair of oval, purple framed glasses.

"Akeno-san. Do tell me what has happened to your uniform. You seem to have misplaced your brassiere."

Well, she hadn't misplaced it. The double-D garment was in Rias' desk drawer back in the clubroom. Her mistress had asked her to take it off in aid of distracting the King of Boobs so that they could more thoroughly investigate his Sacred Gear.

She giggled theatrically and enjoyed the way this caused her hot tits to jiggle, shown off so perfectly like this, "Oh I was just playing a little prank on dear little Koneko."

Sona frowned, shifting slightly in her seat, no doubt thinking about her own small breasts that were naturally much less sexy than a nice big pair. "That being the case, I fail to see why you are still inappropriately attired. Please button your blouse at the very least and tell me why you are here."

Akeno stifled her own frown. Big hot jugs like her own should be shown off all the time. That was a personal belief of hers that she felt deeply, but there was little she could do. Devils naturally fell into hierarchies and she couldn't disobey Sona unless her own king decreed it so. And besides her blouse was rather tight fitting without a bra and the shape of her big breasts would still be delightfully shown off. Buttoning her blouse while rolling her shoulders and leaning forward in the most sensual way possible, she said, "Actually, I'm looking for two wayward members of my peerage. Have you seen Koneko and Kiba?"

"As a matter of fact they did come by," Sona said darkly. "They had a cock and bull story about you and Rias being influenced by that pervert Issei's big swinging -" she stopped and blushed. "Honestly, what's wrong with their imagination? Coming up with something like that?"

Aha, they had come here for help! Such a shame.

Akeno giggled and shook her chest perhaps a bit more than necessary. Then she laughed and cupped her breasts because obviously they needed some support and if she casually lifted them and showed them off, that was fine too. "Oh no. That was what Rias was afraid of. They got into some bad mushrooms a client gave them and um... yours truly may have made a little joke about my King's newest pawn. It turns out he's quite well-endowed."

Tap. Tap. Tap. Sona's irritation with this topic was palpable as she focused on her work, leaving Akeno to wait patiently. Finally, she looked up past the rim of her glasses, they had fallen down her nose, "I do not know where they are now. You had best hurry. I got the feeling they were going to go to the 'next level' with their concerns."

The next level? Ah... Ah! Now even Akeno was truly concerned! If they were going to the next level, there was a very real chance they were going to try talking to someone who might actually take what they were saying seriously!

Rias was looking forward to this a little too much for her own good. She could plainly see how big Issei was. There was no way he would fit. Too big a girth, too long a length. And yet! And yet she had to try! It was her duty to try. Her responsibility. Her pride as a Gremory would not allow her to look upon such a challenge and give up without a fight!

She rose up, placing her feet to either side of his hips, she stood up so that the fat glans atop his lengthy shaft pressed against her folds teasingly, feeling the intense heat even from the entrance. The high-class devil smiled down at him as she played a hand through his wild brown hair and held his massive cock about the base, steadying it for the insertion to come.

"Ah, Rias! Isn't this a bit too fast?" Issei asked. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Hmph, my new Pawn shows quite the backbone to go with his balls," Rias remarked. "Have no fear. Us devils live differently from humans, so something like this isn't quite so taboo."

"E-even so! I'm still not used to being a devil -"

"Then this is the perfect chance for you to learn."

Now, just because her pride demanded she take the challenge did not mean that she dove into it with wild and reckless abandon. Instead she eased herself down, inch by inch and to her surprise found no real difficulty. If anything, she'd had a harder time persuading Issei to go along with this than actually doing it. Which was odd. You'd think a renowned pervert like him would have happily gone along with a chance for a free ride with her. That was something worth - guuuuuuh, kiss goodbye to that thought because it wasn't coming back.

Issei groaned, squeezing his ass-cheeks uncontrollably and lifting his hips as Rias descended. He couldn't help but groan and moan as more and more of the red-haired goddess' tight, incredibly so, pussy ground down around his length. The initial penetration was slow, so slow. They both let out sounds of passion as they felt the swollen, fist-sized cap of cockflesh sink little by little into the gripping, dripping embrace of her devilish quim. A final sigh escaped them both as her pale pink inner lips finally swallowed his corona, able to tighten themselves again around the huge girth of his shaft.

"Ah, that's interesting," Rias said, coolly as though she was studying a scientific proof. "It seems as though your magical penis automatically alters a woman's interior to ensure that it will fit for the purposes of sexual activity. Fascinating."

"W-wait, I thought you were immune to the effects of cocknosis," Issei protested.

Clever boy. She would accept nothing else as the King of Breasts.

"Only the mental effects," Rias lied. For his own good. For though he was the King of Breasts it was clear to her that he was fighting against his destiny. It was her duty - nay, her privilege to teach it to him using any and all weapons at her disposal.

She shifted her hips with him fully buried inside and the exquisite sensation about his prick was intense. Had she the slightest weakness in constitution this pleasure would have been enough to send her comatose! There could be no question: Only a devil of high calibre could withstand such a mighty tool.

"It feels so good!" cried Issei, "Fuck! YES! Oh YES!" He smiled ear to ear, his hands on her lovely hips. He bucked his pelvis, rocking Rias up and down repeatedly, her perfect boobs bouncing and swinging violently in response. The blood red haired beauty seemed to whine as she thrashed atop him as she tried to bear the youthful pounding of her lover.

Which was right about when the unmistakable sound of rhythmic pounding began to penetrate the thin walls of the house, as though accompanying Rias and Issei. "Oh, my goodness! I don't know what's gotten into you, my wife, but I hope it doesn't leave anytime soon!"

The idea that his parents were having wild sex right now should have been a major turnoff, and entirely sufficient to hasten Issei's softening. But no. By this point he was balls deep in, and there wasn't a power in the universe that could make him stop now.

In fact he felt the urge for a more active participation on his part and he took Rias' hip in hand as well as the swell of her delicious breast, "Can I be on top?"

Rias smirked and nodded, "Nothing would suit me more, my King."

Was he her king or her pawn? This was a bit confusing. Issei had never been a big chess guy but at the very least there was a major difference between those two pieces.

He supposed it was just idle sex talk and paid it no mind as he awkwardly flipped her over, unable to stifle his girlish moan at the sensations of her perfect wet squeezing cunt about his entirely too sensitive penis. Then with his hands pressing into the bed beside her shoulders, he pulled back his hips like he was pulling back the string of a bow and even so Rias's hot sopping cunt clung to his member with incredible strength.

"Mmmm..." breathed Rias, looking up at him, her eyes wide and dilated, and filled with unmistakable arousal and lust. Her tongue slipped out and drew over her lips. Her eyes gleamed invitingly and he could not resist any longer.

He plunged and he groaned loudly as his shaft was reintroduced to her wet seething passage and he started to fuck her with utter abandon, Rias' sweet cries and delectable moans music to his ears as he rutted. He was having a fucking ball, this was all he had ever wanted in his life. To have righteous sex with the hottest girl in school... seriously, he could die knowing his life was fulfilled.

Oh yeah, technically he had died already.

Heh.

Oh hell yea, he was a man now. The feeling of Rias' long legs hooking over his shoulders with her feet flopping lifelessly everytime he shoved back into her. Making her cry out with pleasure and passion with every thrust of his hips, that was a feeling of power and manliness that he could not deny. And the best part was? She was the one who initiated it! With great enthusiasm and of her own volition!

"You're so deep," Rias gasped as she was plowed into the bed. She grunted, screwing her eyes shut and latching her fingers onto whatever she could for support. "You're so deep in me! Keep fucking me, just like that!" Her eyes opened to watch with blind lust as his cock moved furiously in and out of her womanhood, her pale pink pussy stretched obscenely wide around his thick slab, her mound bulging out slightly from the sheer amount of man-meat it had swallowed.

Juices squirted non-stop from Rias' plugged pussy as she was constantly drilled, her pawn's face a mix of enthusiasm and exertion, sweat pouring down his brow with a giant silly grin. He hauled his enormous shaft out to the half-way point and then he drove himself in to the hilt, his cockhead solidly connecting with the tiny opening that marked the mouth of her womb. He repeated the hard, deep thrust, building up a punishing pace that had the devil gasping and moaning constantly, her juices splashing in glistening drops with every jab of his hips.

About this point it occurred to Rias that if there had been the slightest shred of doubt about her and Issei's respective new positions, it would've been evaporated right about now.

It was not much longer that Issei's pounding came to a sudden halt. He flinched as if wounded. "Oh. OH! I'm going to- Ah- maybe I should-" he wheezed through clenched teeth. He had an instant to have some concern for cumming inside her unprotected pussy. But this was where his incredibly lengthy member really had a drawback.

It took so long for him to actually extract his absurdly lengthy shaft! And it seemed like Rias' rather strong vagina had no intention of letting go without a fight as it squeezed and massaged his swelling tool. He only actually made it two-thirds of the way out when the climax came boiling out of his over-sized balls.

Rias arched her back as much as she could with a deep moan as she felt heavy spurts of warmth fill her insides. "Unghhh!" Issei couldn't control his suddenly overpowering instincts and he started to pump himself into her as he came. His body became slack, hanging over her, as he continued to dump his essence into her womb until she was overflowing with it all. He gave a heavy sigh and slumped forward, keeping himself from falling over the worn-out Rias. He shifted his hips and plucked himself from her sperm-flooded pussy, unleashing a flow that dribbled down in all directions soiling his bed sheets.

His thick member slapped down heavily upon her navel and to their mutual shock, the semi-hard cock was still expelling bursts of cum that were splattering all over her stomach and breasts. It seemed those distended melons weren't for show and seemed to store gallons of sperm.

"As I thought," Rias said. "No human woman would be able to withstand this, even with the interior modifications. It would leave their minds as tabula rasa."

That made Issei's face turn pale. "So, I can't have sex with a regular woman without completely breaking her brain?" he asked, feeling genuine dread at the prospect.

"For the time being that seems to be the case," Rias said. "Therefore, it may be in your best interests to limit this splendid cock of yours to devils and other supernatural beings only. Until you can better control it. I am sure that Akeno and Koneko would be more than happy to help you... Train."

Well, that's what she said, but Rias had some rather sneaky concealed motives here. Firstly, it would help ensure that he didn't object to the idea of using this cock to dominate the wills of her peerage. He'd be too concerned about losing control to think of objecting. Secondly, it would give her the chance to study the effects of this cock up close and personal. All the better to help spread the gospel of Issei, the King of Breasts. Thirdly, it would limit actual panic from breaking out when some human girl or other started acting up from exposure to his hypncock.

Though, there was one other issue that Rias was only now thinking of: Her engagement to Riser. The fact that she was not a virgin anymore meant that unwanted engagement couldn't

hold anymore. Not a big loss, but her family would definitely have a problem with it. In which case... The sensible thing for her to do would be to find a way to spread the gospel to them as well. In the due course of time.

Picture a nun walking through a strange land, all by herself. A foreign place, where the faith she had followed all her life was a mere minority. The local language unknown to her except for the most basic of greetings. That was what Asia Argento was experiencing, the sensation of the foreigner, the stranger surrounded by people that looked upon her like an intruder.

"Um, excuse me!" she said to a random man walking on the street. "I don't know where I'm going, can you help me?"

He avoided eye contact and continued on his way. Ah! Was she truly this despicable? Asia was lost in a foreign land, but she was also lost long before that. Self-doubt, insecurity. Such matters make a person lose themselves more thoroughly than any labyrinth.

She had been excommunicated, thrown out like trash by these she had admired and trusted. All because the weakness of her heart made her heal one who was an enemy of the lord. If it weren't for the Grimori, the Fallen deciding to take her in, she would have no idea of where to go.

Asia was supposed to meet with an Angel named Raynare as part of her penance. She could only pray that serving under one of these who had first fallen from grace she could one day return to the light.

Provided that she could find the place she was supposed to meet Raynare! Ah! On top of everything else, now it had started to rain. Asia sighed wearily, let out a whimper and immediately made for shelter -

"Oof!" she bounced off a woman who seemed to appear out of nowhere. "I am sorry!" she said in broken Japanese. The woman didn't seem to mind. Not so much that Asia could tell at any rate. Ah, but the collision had made Asia drop her Bible! While still bowing and scraping to the woman she hurriedly scooped it up, putting it in her bag and continuing in her mission to first, find shelter and then second, find Raynare.

It would only be later on that either one of them realised they'd accidentally traded books. Sacred books, in a sense. After all, they both demanded a great deal of feverish loyalty, faith and adherence in one sense or another.

Humans are such stupid creatures. They'll do anything for a pretty face and a cute smile. Look at her right now. She looked like an innocent and carefree schoolgirl, skipping through the rain. When internally she'd love nothing more than to flay the flesh of every mortal she skipped past.

But she wasn't such a fool, starting an old style massacre would get attention, the type that would lead to people checking and finding who did this. And if there was anything she didn't want, then it was getting on the bad side of her superiors for doing this sort of stuff when on a job. Also, lord Azazel was unexpectedly pacifistic when it came to these silly humans.

Which is why she'd taken such delights in eliminating that Issei boy. He had a Sacred Gear, so she could spin his death as an unfortunate inevitability. Maybe she would say it had activated and started to rampage? Heh, put the brat out of his misery.

Oh, maybe she could even play up how she had started to befriend the little human in an attempt to get on his side, then make lord Azazel feel sorry for her? Heh, the image of his death was still so amusing, such a pathetic pervert he was.

But then... out of nowhere a shudder overtook her as an errant memory *yet again* popped to the front of her mind. A big, big bulge in the front of the perverted boy's trousers. She'd only caught a glimpse of it. This was apparently enough to sear itself into her mind.

Urgh... this was getting ridiculous. Why was this... Picture popping into her mind over and over again? Sure, maybe his size was the one good thing about him. But that was no reason for it to be so... so stuck within her brain! No reason for it to become a throbbing memory laying torrid in her brain. Why was it so hard to get rid of? Why did the moment seem longer and girthier than it had taken in reality? It was just a pe- just a peni- just a cock. It was a human male's cock and nothing more. It was a cock that belonged to a cocky pervert, who cocked up by cocking a smile at her.

Penis. She thought the word just to make a point. Penis, penis, penis. Issei had a cock. Buh! Never mind, she was distracting herself now. There was nothing about this, she didn't care about that dead pervert's p- cock. Not one bit!

Raynare scowled, the mask of the innocent beauty momentarily being replaced with murderous rage. It was fortunate that not many humans were out on rainy days, or someone may have had a heart attack over her looks. Not that she would have *disliked* that.

"Excuse me miss! I'm looking for Yosakura Street!" Asked a girl in heavily accented Japanese, Italian if Raynare wasn't totally wrong.

Ding! We have ourselves a victim for trauma! With a voice that cute and cloying and innocent seeming, Raynare was going to thoroughly enjoy traumatising the living piss out of - The nun she was out here to meet?! Cute face back on!

"Asia Argento?" Raynare asked, slipping back on her own cute and innocent mask. The girl started blankly at her and then nodded. "Teehee, I'm Raynare. Nice to meet you. Please come with me, I shall take you to the church we are staying in."

The blonde girl in the nun robe blinked, a little baffled by the greeting and appearance of the one in front of her. Was this really an Angel, one of the messengers of the lord? The dark-haired girl was certainly beautiful, but she had.. kind of expected something more awe-inspiring.

This was probably a human disguise she was wearing. Something to allow her to move freely out in public without drawing too much attention to herself. Ah, such endless wisdom! It only made sense that an agent of the Lord would do such a thing when meeting with someone as lowly as her. Asia nodded her head meekly and followed after the - the skipping Angel. Oh, what an example to aspire to. Able to smile and skip within the rain, finding glory inside all aspects of the Lord's creation.

What a model of inspiration she was! Asia realised then that she had a lot to live up to. In which case the best thing for her to do right at this instant was to catch up on her Bible reading. While she knew it by now forward and back, there was no replacement for reading - The Secrets of Titnosis?

Titnosis? Asia boggled at the word. What was that? She'd never read that word before.

Was she maybe dizzy from the long journey and just misreading the title? She blinked, then rubbed her eyes before checking again. The words were still the same, making it rather obvious that this wasn't her bible. Oh my, had she lost the word of the lord and picked up something else? But when?

Aha! It struck her all of a sudden where she might have misplaced it. That woman from before! The one with the large chest! She had dropped her Bible then, and though she'd picked it up - but maybe she had grabbed the woman's book by mistake?

Strange how she couldn't recall any features other than the woman's chest. It was strange. Trying to remember her clothes or her face or how tall she was... She couldn't do it, no matter what. It was almost like her chest had pulled all attention towards itself, making it impossible to

make out anything else as long as they were in sight. Like one of those paintings whose eyeline seems to follow you around the room.

Well, at the very least she should seek to return the woman's book. So Asia flipped open to the first page, wondering if there was perhaps something to indicate the identity of the owner. Instead, all she found was a page with "Introduction to Titnosis" right on the inside.

"Uh... The basics of titnosis begin with the words 'Boobicus Maximus'..." Asia read aloud, and then stopped in her tracks as the strangest, most peculiar sensation overtook her.

"Hm, did you say anything?" Asked the Angel that had been leading the way, stopping in her skipping and looking back momentarily.

"Ah!" Asia gasped. "Ahhhh!" W-was this the Lord himself placing his blessing upon her? Asia's breathing drew heavy as something wonderful and mysterious ripped right through her body and settled in two places. Both of them on her chest. Then the swelling began. To her absolute shock and amazement, Asia could see her chest growing quite rapidly, right there in front of her.

The blonde nun hadn't been flat, rather she was probably in the range of normal people her age. But right now that was changing, her formerly modest chest was rising, with every breath she took, with every breathless sigh that escaped her lips. After a few moments they had reached coconut size and they were still growing!

"Oh, don't tell me you stubbed your - In the Holiest of Holy Names what's happening to your tits?!"

"Th-this is the Lord's blessing!" Asia moaned, throwing her head back so she could more easily allow the heavens to hear her thanks for this wondrous miracle. It was not something that Asia had asked for, yet she felt strangely thankful that she had received it. Truly grateful. Such an experience as this, she had never imagined could possibly exist. The glory of creation was spectacu- Ah! Wait! She had to adjust her habit, now they were starting to get a little too big!

Goodness, each of her boobs was probably the size of a watermelon. The clothes she wore were simply not meant for such magnitudes. Looking down at them as best as she could, Asia gave them an experimental heft. Ooh! Sensitive. And with their new size, her habit could no longer cover them and thus she was now revealing a rather impressive amount of cleavage. Oh my, that wasn't the sort of thing that a proper nun should show off.. On the other hand she was excommunicated so at least she couldn't shame anyone.

"Buuuuuh?" Raynare asked. "The fuck happened to your -"

"Language!" Asia huffed. "Good servants of the Lord do not need to swear."

"Good servants of the Lord do not need to swear," Raynare repeated in an oddly flat tone.

"That's right!" Asia nodded, wondering for a moment if this had been a test. She had to bite her tongue as a sudden wave of *bliss* hit her. Some of that pleasure was coming back. "Ah! Please forgive me for being so forthright," she bowed. Nearly toppled over, but barely managed to right herself.

"I forgive you for being so forthright," Raynare said, te

"You're so kind!" Asia said. Raynare let out a strange little strangled noise. It was kind of cute, so Asia began to walk up to her - then remembered how Raynare had been. Of course. Dutiful servants of the Lord skipped rather than walked. So, she put her hands cutely behind her back and skipped up to the Angel.

"Your nose is bleeding!" Asia gasped. She reflexively used her handkerchief to dab at it. "There. All better."

"Thaaaank.... Yooooou..." Raynare mumbled.

Asia gulped. This might be her best chance to ask. It was selfish of her. Really, it was. But she still had to make the request. "Raynare? I really want to learn how to be as awesome as you," she said. "Can you... please help me learn?"

"Must... help you... learn... How to be awesome like me!" Raynare said. Yay! Asia was, of course, using the original definition of 'awesome'. That is, something full of 'awe'. Which an Angel was, naturally. A divine being was full of awe and wonder. Who knew, maybe the one in front of her had even seen the day of creation? So many things to learn, so much to hear. She couldn't wait!

Little did she realise that right at this moment, the one earthly thing she was going to be wanting most of all was currently in heavy, heavy use halfway across town.

Aika's eyes snapped open, and she sat up bolt upright with the word 'cock' on her lips. The picture of it standing at attention, so thick and hard, it was still burned into her mind.

"No," the girl said, rubbing at her temples. "No, no, no! Stop thinking about it. Quit obsessing over it. You are not a slave to that boy's perfect cock."

She hadn't meant to say the word perfect. It irked her that she had. Well, anyway. What she had to do right now was leave school and get back home as she was clearly in no condition to attend today. Then she would try to find out what had happened. That is to say, what had really happened. Because that was all clearly a bad dream. Issei Hyoudou with a giant hypnodick? Please! Perhaps someone had put some kind of drug into her drink? Heh, that would explain things.. She may just be hallucinating something? If she found out who was responsible for this though, they would be in so much pain.

Because she would never forgive the one who had made her beg for the right to suck on that perfect, gigantic and oh so tasty looking cock.

"Going home now!" Aika announced to nobody in particular. "Yep, on my way home! Tralalala!" She didn't so much walk off out of the school grounds as she did march. While faculty saw her en route, none of them moved to stop her: The expression in her eyes told them full well that she was not fit to stay at school today.

As she walked Aika tried to come up with possible theories for what had happened. Being dosed by something was certainly one possibility. Perhaps a bout of bad cheese? Or maybe some sausage that had been off? Yes... that might be it. Some inferior quality sausage had gone inside her that had left her completely unsatisfied, unfulfilled and left her dreaming of a singular cock penetrating her body and asserting itself over her mind and even her very soul.

Aika should fix this, she should get a fine sausage to make her feel better. Perhaps she could ask her mother to make some for dinner.. Or maybe go somewhere else? What sort of place, she pondered, had the best sausages?

So concentrated on this unusual line of thought was the girl that she didn't even notice that her feet weren't in fact carrying her towards her home. Instead she was walking straight towards the Hyoudou residence.

How exactly her feet knew the direction in the first place she wouldn't have known. Perhaps she could smell the tasty, tasty cock somehow?

"Sausage in my drooling mouth, Sausage in my heaving breasts, sausage in my sopping wet - This is not my beautiful house."

Indeed it was not.

Aika pondered why she was here, and also why her feet refused to budge and turn away from the building. In fact, they were doing the opposite and walking towards the house slowly. And then she heard it, voices speaking inside, barely audible through a window next to a tree. One of the voices sounded like.. like Rias Gremory, the school idol.

"Ah! I see!" Aika chuckled. "I must be approaching Rias for help in dealing with this terrible problem," she said. And then she heard a long throaty moan coming from inside the house. "Hahaha! Yes, of course! That must be it." Aika licked her lips. Then she saw the nameplate on the front door: Hyoudou. "Oh! This is Issei's house, is it?" Aika made a clicking noise that was not a sign of stable mental health. "In that case... I know! I shall hide in his room and prove with my own two eyes that he does not have a giant satisfying snake hidden in his trousers. He'll be average sized, not the size of a God! Hahahaha!"

Do note, dear reader, that her thought process was so mixed up that she had already completely forgotten about hearing Rias Gremory's voice coming from within. All she knew was that the window up there by this tree was a little bit open. Therefore she could climb the tree, sneak inside and find a suitable hiding place. Where she could lie in wait. To see Issei's cock. Not because she wanted to. Not because she needed to. Merely because it was... evidence. That's all! It would be evidence that the whole thing was a figment of her own imagination and nothing more.

Or, and try to hear me out on this, or she could climb to the top of the tree and bear witness to Issei standing directly behind Rias. Both naked. Him with hands upon her hips. Thrusting into her. With a phallus as big as his arm.

"Oh," she whispered. "It really is that big."

"Yes, yes faster, harder!" Rias screamed, moaning as Issei slowly inserted his monstrous phallus inside her voluptuous body. Quickly the male began to push and pull, repeating the motion and pistoning inside her dripping cunt. The redhead's breasts were swaying every time Issei pushed inside her with his cock and her face was filled with mindless bliss. It looked almost like her brain had turned off and was now only concentrated on pleasuring the giant, wonderful cock screwing her senseless.

Had anyone the misfortune to be standing beneath this tree, they might have thought it to be raining. Aika was in serious danger of dehydration here, and her traitorous hand inside her own panties was not helping matters.

"It wasn't a dream," she whispered, barely able to restrain imagining herself in Rias's place. "He- he really and truly does have a perfect cock." It was even better than she remembered. Which was amazing, because she remembered it as though its appearance was a divine revelation. Somehow, watching him fuck a girl made it seem even better than the perfection she'd previously believed it to be. Even though she could see less of it, witnessing it being put to use was... it was astonishing!

"Ah.. I should.. I should run.." She said to herself, even as drool was dripping off her mouth and her fingers continued playing under her panties. It wasn't fair, even knowing that she would be reduced to a mere bitch in heat by this magnificent tail, she couldn't bring herself to leave. It was like the very idea were anathema to her being.

And that's when the magic circle appeared out of nowhere. Eh? A girl stepped out in a torn up uniform, tripped up and... And the next thing Aika knew the girl was staring enraptured at Issei's magnificent cock while Rias Gremory stroked it.

"She... appeared out of nowhere?" Aika grunted. "That's not possible! Unless... Unless, this is all still some silly dream I'm having! Ah!" An orgasm struck her from the blue just then. "Which means... I can have all the cock I want without feeling guilty! Who cares, right? It's just a dream!"

The position that Koneko was in was one that she would have fought tooth and nail to avoid at all costs. On her knees. Issei's cock at eye level. Rias gently stroking it while speaking in dulcet soothing tones. Koneko blinked. There was a reason she didn't want to be in this position. What was it again...?

"Are you sure Devils are immune to this cocknosis thing?" Issei asked. "Her eyes seem kinda glazing over to me..."

"Oh don't worry, Koneko is simply a naughty little kitty. She tends to get like that when she sees a tasty treat like this. Right Koneko, you just cannot help it in these sort of situations?"

Koneko's eyes squeezed shut at that point. That's right! Cocknosis! Hypnopenis! She kicked away, trying her best to put some distance between herself and that delicious looking sample of male genitalia. Ah! She took a deep breath. This proved to be a mistake. Her enhanced sense of smell brought his musk to the forefront of her attention. It was... powerful. Dominant. As if it had the right to take her body, to make her into its plaything right here and now. The smell alone made her feel weak, like a small creature in front of a powerful predator.

"You're so strong Koneko," Rias asked, holding her finger under Koneko's nose. There was a small dab of something on that finger. Precum. The smell was even more intense now. "So strong in body, but also in mind. Even if you weren't a devil, you could resist Issei's hypnocock. Couldn't you?"

Koneko opened her mouth and reflexively licked at the precum off of Rias's fingers. Then her eyes opened and settled on the cock. Yes. It was just as Rias said. She was strong. She could look at it, and not fall under its influence.

"I bet you could lick all along its length, and not surrender an inch of your mind," Rias suggested. "That's how strong you are. Even if you weren't a devil, you could stick out that tongue and taste every little bit of that magnificent cock without losing a scrap of willpower."

The idea immediately took hold in her mind, sounding absolutely sensible. Right, there was no way something like a magical cock could dominate her, turn her into a horny kitten begging for more. She was stronger than that, the powerful Rook of Rias Gremory who would guard her will all her might.

"S-say, what happened to her clothes?" Issei asked as Koneko ran her tongue along - Mmm, ambrosia! Koneko may not be a horny slutty kitty just from licking this yummy cock, but she could easily see how others with less strong a will would the instant their tongue came into contact with it. "They're all torn up."

"Koneko!" Rias admonished, spanking the cat-devil on the rear. The timing of the spank made Koneko accidentally swallow about a quarter of Issei's length. "You should have changed clothes before coming here! You were sparring with Kiba or Akeno, weren't you?"

"Mmm hmmm!" Koneko said around the cock in her mouth. She didn't want to let go, to part her lips and leave this tasty treasure free. Not because she was freely surrendering her will and becoming a completely willing whore for this cock. Perish the thought. She was merely savouring the experience. That was all there was to it. Not to mention, as long as it was stuck within her mouth, it couldn't try to influence Rias.

Yes, she was just doing what was right and correct.

"Really you, well we will have to get you out of these." Rias said, rolling her eyes and thoughtlessly beginning to strip Koneko. The white-haired girl was too distracted with licking every inch of Issei's wonderful cock to even notice her top being removed or her panties being slipped off. All that mattered was sucking that cock.

Well, that... plus the girl opening the window from the outside who was trying to jump onto Issei. That rather mattered a lot as well.

"Miiiiiiiiiiiiine!"

Issei turned away from Koneko, causing a satisfying 'plop' when the cock came out of her mouth. Though it was only satisfying for the short duration where the petite girl hadn't yet noticed that something was missing from her mouth. Something wonderful that had made her feel better than anything she had ever thought possible in her life.

"Aika! What are you doing here?!" Issei yelled, struggling to keep the demented girl away from his cock. "I didn't think you knew where I lived!"

"Silly cock-haver, this is all just a dream!" Aika was drooling. Rather messily. It was setting off Koneko's clean kitty instincts something fierce. "It doesn't matter where you live, for there I shall be! Now, gimme that cock!"

"Koneko! Seize!" Rias barked, all King and all business. The sound of that tone was drilled into Koneko's mind deeper than even Issei's dick might be able to reach - ah, she glanced at it again and realised that this was almost certainly incorrect - and so she snapped into action. Quickly moving behind the intruder and seizing her arms with an immovable strength.

After all, regardless of where her loyalty lay now, this woman wanted to steal the cock. That alone was far more than enough of a reason to deal with her.

"Man, this thing is a total nightmare!" Issei moaned. "Thank goodness you devils are immune to this, the last thing I need is more girls behaving this way."

"Ah come on, I am not into denial! This dream should finally get to the good part. Stop being a cocktease! Fill me up with the goods already!"

Yes. This was quite concerning. Although... what did he mean there about devils being immune? Now that she was thinking a bit more clearly, Koneko was rather certain Rias had said something similar. What did that mean?

"There really is nothing else for it," Rias sighed. "I'm going to have to do a deep memory wipe. I'll completely make her forget about your cock. It's the only way to make sure she returns to normal."

"Nooo! Don't make me forget about it!" Aika begged. "Please, let me touch it. Let me taste it! If only for a second. I'll do anything. Anything you want!"

"Kzt! Erase her memory!" Issei reluctantly commanded. "I... I can't stand to see her like this."

"Very well then," Rias said. She pointed her finger at Aika's head, and the girl went out like a light. "However... This will be a lot easier if that thing of yours was out of sight. It seems to be messing with her mind rather seriously given she found us even though she shouldn't know where you live." The crimson haired devil bit her lower lip and considered how to deal with this. She could simply grab the girl and take her outside to do this.

But why, that would be quite the wasted opportunity, wouldn't it?

"Now naturally, the best place to hide such a big cock would be a pussy. And we have a needy little kitty that has been hoping for that for a while now. Right, Koneko?" Rias asked, a sly smirk on her lips.

"I could just leave..." Issei said.

"No, no. I need you and Koneko to stay here," Rias said. "A King's magic is strengthened by her pieces. And you can't put your cock in my pussy while I'm doing this or I might accidentally erase the poor girl's entire memory. While I'm immune to the hypnotic effect, it doesn't make me immune to the fact that you truly do fuck like a devil."

The blush on Issei's face was proof that for all of his talent and the perfect cock, he was still rather inexperienced with women. To be praised by a beauty like that in such a manner. Oh, this was almost better than the sex!

He looked at Rias beautiful and voluptuous body and then over at Koneko who was still hungrily peering at his hard cock. He missed Rias grinning at the prospect of killing two birds with one stone.

Maybe not better, but still pretty awesome.

"D-do, do I really have to?" Koneko asked, some primal part of her warning her that something irreversible would happen if she went along with her King's plan. The words from earlier echoed in her mind, there was no way she could lose to such a cock. Yet, she still couldn't help shuddering as if standing before someone with the power to end her with a snap of their finger.

"Of course Koneko, it isn't like there is any harm to you having a bit of fun with him anyway." The redheaded beauty winking at her Rook with one hand. "It needs to be hidden from view. That will keep its hypnotic effect from coming into play. Right?"

That made perfect sense to Koneko. Yes. Of course. The dangerous thing about this cock was that it hypnotised you when you looked at it. The way the testicles swung around, the vein pattern on the hardened cock drawing you in, the sheer size of it inducing feelings of... Oooh, deep dampness, so deep inside you never knew it was there until you looked at it.

If it meant keeping herself and Rias and this other girl safe from the hypnocock, then Koneko would gladly use her nigh-invincible body to keep it hidden. She could not detect any flaw in that plan. None whatsoever. Besides which, it was hardly as if the sensation of having something that big inside her would feel so filling and satisfying that she would become totally enthralled by it and hence open to any and all suggestions made while it was inside her.

"Oh man... Oh man!" Issei gulped as Koneko strode up to him and lowered herself onto his manhood. "Devil society is the best! If this is the way you guys resolve conflicts, I wish you'd signed me up years ago!"

"Nnngh!" Koneko gasped. Ah! She could feel her insides changing to match the size! It felt... It felt enthrallingly good.

"Yes, Koneko just, just decide for yourself whether this hypnotic cock could enslave you." Rias giggled as if she were making a funny joke. "The answer is obvious, isn't it?"

Oh yes, yes the answer was so obvious that she couldn't understand why she hadn't seen it before. This cock, it filled her very being, completing her like she was whole for the first time in her life. So big, so warm and hard. She would never be able to forget this sensation!

"Yesssssh" Koneko said, beginning to move her hips and feeling her free will dribble out of her body. "I am strong enough to make up my own mind. Devil or not."

And what she'd decided was: To devote her life to serving this cock.

“Right, see Koneko is quite capable, isn’t she? Now let’s take care of this girl and send her home.” Rias said, preparing for what came next.

Rias couldn't be selfish when it came to Issei and his cock. The thought of not sharing Issei with Aika was pretty much anathema to her. Aika wanted it so very badly and it was very easy for Rias to empathise with her. Rias also very badly wanted to expand Issei's harem. She knew that was what her king wanted even if he had qualms about using hypnosis to do it.

Koneko was being uncharacteristically loud behind Rias as she deliberated, her back to the tryst and the *cock* she really wanted to look at. But no. She could not indulge herself in that, not yet. Not when there was important work to be done. In the sake of her ~~master's~~ Pawn's delightful cock.

This was a risky move. She was pretty sure it would only work on humans and not any other supernaturally inclined creatures.

"Aika, listen to me..."

Memory manipulation is a fine art. But a crucial one for any Devil to master quickly. There are times when the unexpected will occur despite any planning, and a Devil must cover their tracks rather than risk bringing undue enemy attention to oneself and one's peerage. Typically memory manipulation was used to erase such things, but it could also be used in... other ways.

In this case Aika's mind had already succumbed to the incredible power of Issei's cock, so it seemed that making use of that would be a good choice. Rias summoned it up. An image of the glorious cock. It wasn't hard to find within Aika's memory. Once again Rias bit down the urge to simply stare at it, for even that memory was truly... Perfect. She had other work to do.

In Aika's memory, Issei spoke:

"I am the King of Boobs. I own your breasts. Breasts should be shown off all of the time."

"I am building a harem and it is my will that you help me in this task. You will be my secret harem scout, seeking out beautiful and worthy women to serve and pleasure my magnificent

phallus. You will not serve me directly. Rias Gremory will be your superior. Obey her as if my powerful irresistible cock swung between her legs. Serve her and you will be rewarded with what you desire most."

Yeah, there was no way anyone with the slightest experience in the supernatural was falling for this. Still, that didn't matter one bit to Rias. All that mattered was that Aika fell for it. She had other things in mind for more powerful beings anyway.

Rias released Aika's mind her power and guided the girl over to Issei's closet before she caught sight of his member plunging in and out of Koneko.

"Huh? Wha- Rias?" the disoriented girl started as Rias opened the closet door and ushered her in, a quick glance back assuring her that Issei wasn't looking at anything other than dear sweet Koneko's tight little body.

"Who do you serve, Aika?"

Confused though she was, the girl answered quickly, "Issei, right? I mean I need to help him build a harem." She smiled as she shifted a bit to try and peer past Rias, "You know, Rias-san, you've got one *wet* and willing recruit right here..."

"And that will be your ultimate reward." said Rias as she moved her body to keep Issei out of view. Her hands went to Aika's shoulders, guiding her down to the floor in the closet, "From now on you will act as if all memory of Issei's wonderful powerful penis is gone. All of this never happened. Issei may test you and you will still insist this never happened. Alright?"

Aika looked a bit put out, but she reply, "Yes... If I have to.."

"It's not a case of having to," Rias said. "It is what Issei's cock requires. Nothing more. Nothing less."

“Well, put like that. Of course!” she saluted. “I’ll play that game to the best of my ability, m’am.”

Rias wasn’t sure what to think about the girl’s attitude but she supposed it was rather amusing. The fact that Aika had just pulled her shirt over her head and was shrugging out of her bra, showing off her pert boobs properly was a point in her favor, “Well, see that you do. I’ve got lots of little rewards for good service on your quest for that precious final one, like this: you can hide in here and watch Issei’s cock as it has a lot of nice sex!”

“Oh my god, you’re going to turn me into the perverted little voyeur!” Aika’s tone was joking and she looked satisfied, getting comfortable by unzipping her pants.

Rias smiled and softly touched the girl’s cheek, “I guess I am. Now do a good job of keeping quiet and unseen and I’ll sneak you in during a group blowjob with the lights out later...”

“Yes, Rias-SAMA!” Aika’s glasses gleamed in the encroaching shadow as Rias closed the closet doors save for a crack.

Rias felt a bubble of excitement as she turned around at the thought of just looking at Issei’s magnificent cock, the wondrous pleasure pole that had plunged oh so deep to her very core. She had little time to ogle it as a magical circle flared into existence on the floor and a battered Akeno appeared bearing an unconscious Kiba bridal-style.

She gasped slightly, feeling a sudden bit of self-loathing. Akeno had blood flowing from her shoulder and Kiba’s skin bore several dark bruises. Her anger flared up at seeing her precious servants hurt, but it had no outlet as she’d been the one to let Kiba and Koneko run in the first place, forcing Akeno go to such lengths to ensure the situation did not become worse.

She moved swiftly over to them, resolved to make sure something like this wouldn’t happen again.

Kiba woke, heady fuzzy and disoriented. The feeling of being violently knocked unconscious. He was not unfamiliar with it and feeling it now wasn't a surprise given his last memories were of taking on Akeno by himself. That match up was pretty much a foregone conclusion but at least he'd succeeded in giving Koneko time to get away.

He heard an all too familiar voice making some very unfamiliar sounds of pleasure directly before him and his heart sunk.

Eyes still closed and remaining perfectly still to feign unconsciousness, Kiba became aware of two warm bodies pressed up against his sides as he sat with something hard against his back and something soft likely a pillow and a bed beneath him. He suddenly realized that both persons were naked by feel for he was too! Also and this was something he really should have noticed first, his member was fully erect and in someone's hand!

"Mmm..." hummed Rias and Kiba's heart dropped a little more though in truth he'd expected this, "I must thank you, Kiba." No surprise that she'd noticed he'd woke, they were rather intimately close after all, "I truly appreciate your devotion, attempting to save me from something you thought threatened me. I'm so grateful, but I'm afraid this was all just a big misunderstanding."

Kiba opened his eyes to see pretty much what he expected, however, he was definitely not prepared for it.

On the other end of the bed that they were on, Koneko and Issei were having sex. Now, if you had said that to him immediately prior to being knocked out by Akeno and waking up here, he would have first winced and then imagined him using that apparently hypnotic penis to thoroughly dominate her.

Instead it was closer to the other way around. Koneko may have been smaller, but she was also ridiculously strong. In point of fact, she was strong enough to lift Issei fully off the bed with one hand while the other was placed on his hip and was quite blatantly controlling his thrusting pace. As in, totally controlling it. He had no say in the pace they were going at. None whatsoever. Not that he was complaining or anything.

Kiba was finding a bit hard to concentrate, unable to tear his eyes away from Issei's immense tool as it slid back and forth inside Koneko's widely spread folds or the grand swings of his massive gonads. But he managed to gather his wits as he shifted slightly. Rias was on his right, her hand lightly holding and gently stroking his penis. Akeno was on his left, her arm wrapped around his back, her hand holding his hip and part of his buttock very firmly. "A completely

understandable misunderstanding," Rias said. "But there is no danger here. Issei does not mean any of us harm. He simply wants... for us to be happy."

"And if being happy means receiving a deep satisfying dicking, I for one am all for it!" Akeno added.

"I beg your pardon, buchou, but hasn't Issei used mind control to turn you all into his sex slaves? Because that is what it looks like...respectfully." Kiba tried without much expectation of success. His options were limited to say the least and it was very difficult to concentrate with Rias stroking his penis! Not to mention the way Issei's cock kept going in and out of that tiny hole so powerfully...

"Issei? Darling? Are we your sex slaves?"

"Ugh? N-no! This is normal for devil society! Casual sex... is completely normal!"

Completely... normal... the words he spoke hung heavy in Kiba's ears. No, that was wrong. It wasn't normal. And yet his eyes fell upon that mighty penis. The cock before his eyes. When he looked at it somehow it didn't feel so strange to accept the idea.

Kiba's mind sort of wandered as Issei's massive slab of cock was fully extracted. It was impossible to deny that it was the perfect shape of masculine sexuality that all others would be judged by and inevitably found wanting. It was impossibly demoralising. Despite himself, Kiba couldn't stop comparing their sizes and finding his own thoroughly wanting. You could barely even call what he had a penis.

Koneko continued to take the lead, roughly pushing Issei down and grabbing his girth with both hands, jerking it furiously as she lapped all around the swollen glans like a kitten. There was dichotomy in her treatment as she openly worshiped the cock but suddenly gripped Issei's thighs, pulling him up roughly and spreading his legs as she stood and stepped through them as she impaled herself on his prick. Treating a groaning Issei like a rag-doll she hugged his right leg, pulling his hips up off the bed as she squatted, dragging her tiny bottom down the lengthy shaft to the base before riding back up. Again and Again. It was impossible not to watch that huge long cock vanish and reappear. Vanish and reappear.

"...isn't that right, Kiba?"

Kiba turned to look at Rias, eyes appreciating her beautiful chest in all their naked glory, "I'm sorry, I didn't hear you. I'm sorry."

She squeezed his - not penis. It was not a penis. What Issei had was a penis. Which meant Kiba had something else. Something much less significant, much less powerful, much less important.

"You should pay more attention when your King is talking," Rias said. "Very well then. We shall try it this way. What are Rias and Koneko doing?"

"Koneko is fucking Issei," Kiba immediately answered. "She is taking his mighty, indomitable cock and pleasuring herself with it."

Rias giggled happily, "Wonderful! Yes! Goodness, you deserve a reward!"

His King bent over his lap, her full hips sliding out onto the bed and his p-, well, she took him in her mouth. She bobbed her head a few times and Kiba whimpered and squirmed at the incredible sensation of her tongue and saliva around him. To receive oral pleasure from his King was an honor he was not worthy of.

Rias' head popped off after only a few seconds and she smiled as she looked up at him, "Oh I have such a cute little servant!" Mischief twinkled in her eyes as she continued, "I would have asked Akeno to reward you but she's rather cross with you at the moment I think."

Kiba took the hint and turned to Akeno, her wounded shoulder expertly bandaged. She had one knee drawn up, compressing one of her generous mammaries as she vigorously worked three fingers into her pussy. She was staring at Issei and Koneko, panting slightly with her arousal. "I'm sorry, Akeno-san. Really sorry for attacking you. I'm an idiot. Please forgive me." Then he kissed her upper arm just beneath the bandages on the shoulder he'd foolishly pierced during their battle.

Akeno made a pleased sound and he felt her ruffle his hair. Apology accepted. Aroused as he was, Rias had resumed her stroking, Kiba decided to give her more service and he moved down to her breast. He cradled the sizeable mound with both hands and licked her rock hard nipple. He was surprised when she pulled away from him, hiding her breasts behind her arms and gazing at him through lidded eyes, "Very presumptuous, Kiba. My breasts belong to the King of Boobs."

Ah. That was concerning. Having casual sex with each other was a normal part of a devil's existence within a Peerage. For all intents and purposes they were members of their King's harem. But that last phrase was really weird and didn't fit with his expectations. If anything Akeno's breasts should belong to Rias. Worries of Issei's hypnotic enslavement rose up-

"Yes, do refrain from touching any breasts without his permission." remarked Rias as she took his chin and gently pulled him back to face the rutting couple, the bed shaking quite dramatically. "Issei is so kind and caring, I'm sure he'll let you if you've been good!" She cocked her head, "What's wrong? Your brow is furrowed. Tell me." Her hand dropped to cup and take hold of his scrotum.

Any thought of dissembling abruptly vanished. He felt quite small in his King's hand. They both knew he did not have the balls to lie to her. He couldn't meet her eyes, "I'm sorry, buchou. Skinship between devils is assuredly natural but I'm afraid that you are still under his control."

Rias frowned slightly as she stared at him but then her expression returned to its usual serenity. "You think a pawn mighty enough to dominate a king?" Rias asked. Her serious gaze broke and she giggled behind a hand, "It's true I was absolutely shocked by my new servant's great big dick. And it's quite true what they say about big ones over small ones-" her hand stopped stroking Kiba's to bounce up and press a finger to his tip, wagging it back and forth pointedly, "-in the bedroom, in terms of giving pleasure and yes, perhaps, even some dominance. But outside that sphere, I am the heiress of the Gremory clan, not some simpering fool, the idea that you think my decisions could be swayed is insulting."

Kiba felt awful but before he could stutter out an apology she patted his cheek and his p-, his genitals. Shaking her head slightly and softly smiled and continued, "Now Issei's large powerful penis...look at it, Kiba-"

He did, of course and saw that Koneko had chosen a more traditional joining. She was on all fours with her legs widely spread, her knees at the edge of the bed. Issei stood between them on the floor thrusting rapidly, sweat pouring down his body. Despite taking her from behind in the dominant position of the dog, it was quite clear that Koneko was still in charge as she slapped her own taut ass and demanded, "Harder! Faster! Ah! Yes! Yes! Harder! Your cock wants more! More! It wants to cum in this kitty! It wants to cum! Harder! Fuck this pussy more!" Kiba was immediately captivated by the cavernous seeming size of Koneko's pussy as it stretched to consume every last inch of that mammoth member.

Rias was talking, "that beautiful phallus does have a hypnotic ability but that is simply a natural quirk of his devil transformation or perhaps another Sacred Gear. Nothing to be all that concerned about. Most devils are capable of at least some hypnosis afterall. Isn't that, right?"

Kiba nodded, "Issei uses his big beautiful cock to hypnotise. That makes sense. It's really effective. I'm sure he'll use it serve you well, buchou."

"It has already, I'm sure." remarked Akeno with some wryness. She had slid down the bed, both of her legs spread and bent, both arms running down her torso, squeezing her big boobs together as she worked four fingers into her loudly wet pussy and teased her clit with two fingers of the other hand, "Now it really needs to _serve_ me... Come on, Koneko..."

"That's great." Rias said to Kiba as she moved around to sit on his thigh, her perfect and quite moist mound pressing hotly into his skin, "It sounds like we are right where we need to be. But let's make sure."

She took a firm hold of his shaft as her other hand squeezed his scrotum, "Now Kiba look at Issei's endowment, his lengthy, heavy, massive meaty shaft and those balls, enormous weighty

nuts and I want you to feel all of your worries and suspicions about Issei. They are all gathered up right here in these testicles. Compared to Issei's big fat nuts, you don't actually have much worry about Issei's intentions at all, do you?"

That was impossible to deny. What he had between his legs was utterly insignificant! "No, I don't. I'm not really that worried about Issei. In all honesty, I'm mostly just intimidated by him."

"Well, that's expected." she giggled, "But let's take care of that last little bit you've got hiding in these little things. Kiba, you need to get every last bit of these filthy negative feelings about Issei out. You need to cum them out, don't you?"

"Yes... I need to cum..." Rias' hand was moving so fast it seemed to be vibrating on Kiba and his need to expel every last iota of angst about Issei was overwhelming and urgent. Koneko had finally relented and Issei was pounding down into her as she lay bent in half beneath him, her knees at her shoulders and her legs sticking straight up in the air. Issei's thrusts were so deep they seemed to be reaching Koneko's chest somehow. His huge testes were like wrecking balls against her tiny butt-cheeks.

With a loud groan, Kiba felt his balls seize up in Rias' palm and he began to ejaculate with far more power than he thought he was capable of, a stream of white sprayed out to decorate the bed. He moaned and jerked fitfully as his King milked him of every last bit of issue he had with Issei and his huge manly cock.

Soon he was slumping with exhaustion from that very satisfying orgasm and he happily opened his mouth and received his King's lips and tongue as she kissed him. Rias pulled back a few inches, her beautiful eyes gazing deeply into his, "Mmm... How do you feel now, Kiba?"

He sighed, "Wonderful. There's nowhere I'd rather be right now."

"And Issei?"

"He seems like a great guy. A truly well-chosen addition to your peerage, buchou." He smiled wryly, "And I'm glad to have another male to satisfy you, especially one so well-hung."

"And the fact that I want to build him a huge harem and make use of that hypnotic dick of his to that end?"

Kiba took her hand in his and told her with all seriousness that he could given the situation, "Then your Knight will do everything in his power to make that dream come true."

Rias' smile was like the sun. "Oh! I'm so pleased. And you didn't lose your erection at all! Why don't you lie down so Akeno can sit on your face and I can take you inside me..."

Kiba was perfectly happy to comply...

Raynare felt like something was wrong. Did you ever get that? A little feeling in the back of your head that something was amiss. Yet no matter how much you think about it, no matter where you look, everything seems fine.

This kind of feeling is quite troublesome when you're a supernatural being because you're fully and keenly aware of all the nasty, nasty things out there that might try to gobble you whole given half the chance. Makes you on edge. Paranoid. Even more paranoid than some regular human conspiracy nut.

"Did you find her?" Kalawarner asked, snapping Raynare out of that line of thought for the time being.

"I would not be back here if I had not," was her immediate answer. "She is presently taking a bath."

"So? What's the girl like?" Mittelt playfully asked. Her true motivations were transparent. She wanted to torment the girl with the gear while their true goals were still hidden away. Perhaps play some pranks on her, or buddy up to her to see the look of pain at finding out their betrayal.

Raynare didn't know why Mittelt was like that, but then perhaps it was simply because she was weak like herself. Not totally powerless, just strong enough to have a taste of power, a small feeling of the strength of the mighty breasts in this world. For the fallen who had suffered and struggled, hunted by both heaven and hell, becoming cruel was oh so easy.

"She struck me as a lonely girl in search of companionship," Raynare honestly answered. Mittelt's eyes sparkled with mischief, plainly selecting the latter option from the list of potential pranks. "Innocent and naive." And bouncy. And big. And succulent. And dominant.

"Oh, the poor dearie," Mittelt cackled. She twirled her umbrella around and then skipped off in the general direction of the bathing area. "Leave it up to Mittelt. I'll have her feeling like she has the very best of friends to rely on! Kukuku!"

"Sure, tell her that we need to go shopping later." Raynare was rather sure that they would need more clothes for the nun. More clothes that were far bigger than her robes, big enough to contain these jiggling and bouncing funbags. Otherwise going out with the blonde would be impossible.

Once the gothic [censored] fallen angel was gone from sight, Kalawarner shook her head. "You should not encourage her, you know. Mistakes are made when you mix business with playtime." The dark haired fallen showed a look of distaste. Ah right, she had always been the professional one.

The other fallen angel's breasts drew Raynare's attention for some reason. They were pretty big, weren't they? Definitely easy on the eyes in that business suit. You could plainly see the mature curves, and yet... It wasn't enough. Huh? Wasn't enough for what, exactly? Raynare scowled. Bigger. Something needed to be... bigger, but she couldn't place it no matter how hard she tried.

"Don't worry.. I am sure everything is fine. That girl is too naive to see through our-"

Footsteps caught their attention. Uneven footsteps at that. It was Mittelt, making a return trip clad in only a bath towel. Her eyes were bleary and her body language, almost as if she was intoxicated. There was a faint grin on her pretty face. Not a sardonic smirk but rather something else.

Raynare felt a strange sensation of deja vu for some reason upon that sight.

"Is everything alright?" Kalawarner asked.

"Our guest wants something to drink," Mittelt plainly answered. "I was thinking m-milk, if we have any."

"Milk, yes..." Raynare licked her lips. "Milk sounds delicious right about now."

"Well, I never really liked it myself. But I think we have some in the fridge." Kalawarner answered, looking somewhat confused at the situation.

Mittelt rushed for the kitchen all of a sudden at full pelt. Her towel got snagged on the corner of a table, but she didn't seem to care at all. She simply kept on running without a care in the world.

"Are we sure that the nun has a healing sacred gear and not something that makes people drunk?" Kalawarner asked, raising an eyebrow at the way that Mittelt wandered off, seemingly without even noticing what had happened.

"The report was rather conclusive on that point," Raynare replied. Then, for no reason she could think of she added "You could always head on in and double check."

"Oh, now I see. You put some trap in there didn't you?" She questioned, her face lighting up as if she had suddenly understood some kind of mystery.

Raynare hadn't. But somehow... Somehow it felt like Kalawarner would fall into some kind of a trap if she went in there just now. Raynare rubbed at her head and tried to concentrate. Why was that? What was this feeling?

"Dohnaseek! With me!" Kalawarner demanded. The sole male fallen angel in their group took his hat off his face and quirked an eyebrow at Kalawarner. "Something strange is going on with this new guest, and I intend to get to the bottom of it. Cover my rear."

The male Fallen shrugged and acquiesced, probably thinking it wouldn't be worth arguing with the woman. Adjusting his trenchcoat, he got up from his chair and followed his ally slowly. Well, at least that shouldn't be a problem. Any trap would have already been triggered by Mittelt, so it should be obvious.

"Mittelt? Why did you run off like that?"

That was the sweet and tender voice of their guest. Ah! Raynare felt herself being pulled towards the source as if by an invisible thread. Sure enough, then she appeared. Asia! Dripping wet and holding a towel in front of herself. A towel that was the biggest that they had. A towel that was much too small to completely cover her chest.

Raynare was not the sort to fall into lust, not when it came to mere humans at least. Instead she preferred to use lust to manipulate others. However, this sight was making her almost as wet as Asia was.

"Oh! Pardon me!" Asia reflexively bowed to Kalawarner and Dohnaseek. Which made the towel dip. Which made Raynare happy. Very, very happy! "I am Asia Argento. Thank you for taking care of me."

Goodness, that was a lot of cleavage. Raynare wasn't sure if this much cleavage could even exist on a single person's boobs without breaking a few laws of nature.

"Y-your chest..." Kalawarner stammered, pointing a trembling finger at the majesty and the splendour that was Asia's tits.

"Oh, I know! Isn't it wonderful?" Asia sighed. "It's a blessing from God!" That almost made sense to Raynare. Only a truly divine being could craft something so perfect. Never mind two of them. "By the way, I was examining them a little while ago while speaking with Mittelt and it made a really funny feeling start in the pit of my stomach. Could you perhaps take a closer look and tell me if anything is wrong. Oh, could you please look away mister?" She finished, turning towards the only male among their group. Seeming to not even consider the possibility of him trying to peep while she was stripping right next to him.

Dohnaseek was a Fallen Angel of remarkable resolve. However, even he was unable to do much more than faint dead away at the suggestion. The erection in his trousers was fairly blatant as well. Not that Raynare cared a whit. Not when she could take a closer look at those magnificent tits.

"Oh no, is he alright?" Asia asked, kneeling down next to the man and trying to check if he still had lifesigns.

"Milk! I bring milk!" Mittelt suddenly yelled, streaking across the floor and - and tripping over Dohnaseek, resulting in milk spilling all the way down Asia's tits. In that instant, all three of the Fallen Angels still conscious gave mental thumbs up, and as one moved in to clean up the mess that had been made. Using only their tongues.

And that's how Asia Argento accidentally wound up with a harem of sexy Fallen Angels at her beck and call.

There was no question of it: Becoming a devil was the best thing to ever happen to Issei Hyoudou. It would have been enough to be able to spend time with Rias, Akeno, and Koneko. As much time as he wanted. But to be permitted to have casual sex with any of them that he wanted at any time?

Heaven! Paradise! Surely these things should be denied a devil? Yet he had them anyway!

For the time being they had moved from his bedroom to the Occult Research Clubhouse. That made sense: If they truly did do this a lot then they must have all sorts of privacy spells around the place that they couldn't quickly set up at his room... Though they would probably be there in the near future. He really didn't want his mother to walk in on him like that again.

"Alright, so what are we doing now that we are here?" Issei asked Akeno, their group having split up when they arrived. Rias had gone to put Kiba into a bed with Koneko carrying him. Their leader had mentioned that she was going to check up on his training injuries before doing anything else.

"Oh, I just have *the best* idea." Akeno said, a wide smile on her face. The beautiful devil grabbed hold of Issei's arm and pulled it between her impressive breasts. Oh, he didn't think he would ever get tired of this sort of thing now matter how often it happened. "Just come along, we can have some f~un."

This was another thing that was so great about this. The girls were hitting on him! And it had nothing at all to do with his mysterious hypno-dick because devils apparently have a stronger

resistance to that sort of thing. Or something. He was a little vague on that point, but as long as nobody was being compelled against their will he was totally happy to join in on the fun!

It also took some of the pressure off, because having a giant hypnodick was playing havoc with his already ravenous libido. A true win/win situation!

"Huh? What's with this room?" Issei asked.

"Oh this?" Akeno whispered into his ear. Then she used one hand to stroke his dick through his (magically reinforced) trousers, and used her other hand to... crack a whip. "This is my bedroom, silly. Didn't you know that I lived in the clubhouse?"

"What?" Issei said, suddenly feeling very self-conscious, so much that for a moment he even forgot Akeno's hands on his dick. But then he had never before been in a girl's room, much less with the clear purpose of giving and receiving sexual satisfaction.

The trouble was, you see, the things on the walls were not the kind of things you would find on an ordinary girl's walls. To put it bluntly: Whips and chains and leather and paddles and an assortment of things that even Issei did not recognise. The boy was left genuinely stunned at the sight.

"BDSM?!" he yelped. The yelp was not from the surprise of the BDSM, mind. That was from the surprise of Akeno suddenly tugging down both his (again, magically reinforced) trousers and his (also magically reinforced) boxers in a single tug. Leaving Akeno kneeling on the floor with his cock at eye level.

"I was hoping to get you interested," Akeno mumbled dreamily while Issei looked around the room nervously. BDSM...? Could he get into that? If Akeno intended to say anything else it was completely forgotten a moment later when she took his entire considerable length into her mouth in a single gulp and began to deep throat him with great enthusiasm.

"Wow, you girls are sure into blowjobs!" Issei grunted, unknowingly making that now true for the devil girl enthusiastically sucking him off. It had already been a very pleasant and mind numbing experience, but now her entire body was tingling like she was the one being rhythmically pounded.

Issei looked around the room at all the 'equipment' that Akeno had acquired. He remembered full well that this open sexuality thing was apparently quite normal with devils. Did that mean...

"I get it," he grunted, eyes settling on a double ended dildo. "You're domming Koneko, aren't you?" Well. Not yet. But soon enough. "And I bet Rias dommes the both of you!" Again, not yet. But give her some time. The ideas settled easily into Akeno's mind as her worship of Issei's cock made it easily susceptible to such things.

Cue a door opening and Rias Gremory standing there looking on both of them with a look of stern disapproval... For about five seconds before Akeno pulls back and lets Rias get a good look at some swinging hypnocock. That sort of thing tended to make one's priorities go into entirely new and sexier directions.

"Akeno, please don't be so sloppy in your approach," Rias said, gently pushing the other girl aside to kneel down besides Issei's cock. "This is how you satisfy a monstrously large pen-cock."

"No, no my King! If I am to learn then would it not be better for me to take action myself?"

"Without instruction you will merely make the same mistake again and again without realising it."

"Don't keep Issei's cock all to yourself." Interrupted the white haired maiden that was Koneko, sticking her head in from aside and intently staring at the male's delicious dick. She licked her lips in a manner reminiscent of a feline and it was clear that she was going to pounce him the first time she got a chance.

Before he even knew it he had three babes vying for his cock. Each of them on their hands and knees, licking and kissing at different parts of his length. It was surreal. Truly, impossibly surreal.

"Wow, you girls can't stop thinking about sex," Issei whistled. "You must be bigger perverts than I am!"

All three of them moaned in unison as their master's commands sunk into their minds. Though Rias at least had the good sense to wince a little on realising exactly how much harder that command would make it for them to build his harem further. On the other hand, this would at least mean that all of them would *enjoy* having more sexy girls surrounding their master's cock. After all, even someone with a cock as glorious as Issei couldn't screw a harem made up of their whole school regularly.

So that meant they would have to help keeping further harem members satisfied after they had tasted the glory that was Issei's cock. That didn't sound so bad, not in the slightest.

Now she just needed to stop fantasizing about seducing girls in the changing room. That would almost certainly not work! In point of fact, they critically needed to get down to the business of moving towards expanding Issei's harem pronto... as well as starting his formal training as a new devil.

Koneko's luscious little thighs were on display as she squatted on the floor before him, her legs spread wide. Her cheeks were flushed red and she had the edge of her skirt in her mouth, holding it up and well out of the way as she held her panties to the side, exposing her quite juicy pussy as several fingers of the other hand plunged in and out. The look on her face was as erotic as any Issei could imagine as she stared intently at his dick. If a girl had a switch, hers had definitely been flipped and Rias' and Akeno's too for that matter.

"Mmm... when I see this dick I just can't resist..." remarked Akeno as she got to her feet, slipping her panties out from under her skirt while managing to press her big boobs against his chest.

"Hey. Who are you going to fuck first, Issei?" asked Rias, having stepped back to calmly remove all of her clothing. Her perfect tits were already out with very clearly erect nipples.

Wow. Was this his life now? If it was like this, he was already practically a harem-king! And huh, they were going to be having a whole lot of sex, weren't they?

"A devil requires a signed contract in order to utilize a human's power. Mmmm.... They forge an..ah.. agreement based on fulfilling a wish, mmm, taking power in equivalent to the wish granted. Does that make sense?" asked Rias before the warmth of her mouth engulfed his cock-head.

"Uh..." It was a bit difficult to concentrate with the President on her knees possessively tending to his oversized genitals not to mention the way Akeno was showing how accurate Issei's earlier guess had been with Koneko over the desk in the background, "Yea... so that's where Devils get their power..."

Koneko moaned quietly as Akeno pistoned in and out of her with the double-ended dildo she'd once considered quite impressive in size. Now both of their vaginas found its presence merely quaint. Akeno's paddle made contact with the Rook's ass at a greater pace than her rocking pelvis. Issei was still engrossed in this view when the slurping noises coming from his crotch ceased, and the warmth of Rias' mouth slid free of his cock, the huge, meaty rod laying across her face, slick with saliva. "Not all of our power. But it is one of the main ways I fulfill my duties to House Gremory and as my servant it will be a task you carry out on a consistent basis. Yes,

yes-" she giggled, eyes sparkling, "I did make you my devil servant for more than satisfying me sexually- though you do do that exceptionally well, Issei. Do well at this and it is possible that one day you will have your own servants..."

His own servants? That thought filled Issei with excitement. He could pick out his own harem of girls to turn into devils? Yes, that sounded wonderful! By turning them into devils they would become immune to the hypnotic effects of his cock - but at the same time according to the way devil society functioned, they would all come to enjoy sexually satisfying him and each other. Ah! And on top of that there was not really any reason he should stop having sex with Rias, Akeno and Koneko as well. What a blissful future awaited him!

"Mmm... yes, you could very well wind up having your own harem as well," Rias continued as if reading his mind. "Eventually... Once you have proven your worth as a devil in ways beyond your magnificent phallus."

Rias kept up her stroking of his immense pillar, pressing her wrists and arms against its flanks as she moved up and down with her whole body before him. She seemed to really get focused on it, gazing at it with a look of such fervent affection that Issei was sure girls- or at least lusty devil girls were attracted to big dicks the way he was to big boobs. Oh! And apparently big man-balls too because Rias just lowered her mouth to his nuts where she started suckling at the massive orbs hungrily. He could actually feel her drool (Rias' drool!) trickling down his absurdly huge cum-tanks!

He squirmed and jerked on the couch in response to her heav-*devilish* skills, moaning, "That's wonderful! What you're doing-- AND you're saying! I can't wait! I want to be a devil now without reservation!" He reached out to pump his fists in the air but his hands went unerringly to join Rias in pumping his mammoth tool instead.

Damn! That felt nice! This thing felt right in his own hands, so huge and powerful.

"Alright, please tell me more about devils and while you're at it, please titty-fuck this monster cock with those glorious fun-bags!"

Rias stopped running her tongue all over his left nut while caressing his right with a hand instantly, popping up with a brilliant white smile, "Yes, my king!"

She sat back and hefted her big mounds in her hands, bouncing the perfect round and firm titties playfully for him before she opened her lips to let out a long strand of saliva into the valley between them. Then she leaned forward and squeezed his towering shaft with them. The plentiful tit-flesh moulded softly around his girthy prick but a lot of his length still emerged from within her cleavage. As she began to bob her torso and slide her boobs up and down his cock she began to speak, explaining about devil society, the nobility and its ranks that he would need to ascend through accumulation of achievements that would set him apart from most newly created devils.

His first trial? Handing out leaflets advertising their services.

Issei was more than a little dejected by the normalcy of such a menial task.

He was distracted from such feelings by the sight of a nude Akeno rummaging through a mysterious bag she'd retrieved from her room and set on the desk next to a face-down Koneko who had a hand between her bent and spread legs. Akeno smirked when she found what she was looking for and Koneko was soon sighing with relief as she penetrated her with a silver vibrator, grunted with pleasure as she turned it on, and then lifted her head sharply to look when Akeno poured a bottle of lubricant in the crack of her ass.

Hee-hee... Issei's disappointment abruptly vanished in the face of such *entertaining* workplace perks!

"Fufufu! I will spend my every waking hour passing these out! But-" he did his best ingratiating smile, "-is it alright if I uh- cum first? Hee hee, I don't think I can work with this two-by-four sticking out!"

Akeno musical laugh carried over, "Oh I think you might find *quite* a bit of success that way. Oh my yes!"

Koneko groaned with approval as Akeno slowly worked a small anal plug into her well moistened little rosebud opening.

Rias softly giggled herself, "Of course, you can cum first. I wouldn't have it any other way." She closed her eyes, her lips parting as she slid her gorgeous globes up and down his straining shaft, keeping him squeezed tight in the pillow softness of her breasts, her blood-red hair spilling about her shoulders, tickling his thighs as she rose and fell. "Though let me tell you how I want you to approach our customers-

This was it. Issei Hyoudou, officially beginning his career as a Devil with this most menial of tasks. He set about it with enthusiasm, even though it was only passing out fliers. Still! He could see the sense in it. He was the new guy, so he had to do the menial essential tasks. Like advertising! And such a thing was a small price to pay for the easy access to hot willing babes who were willing to drool over his dick of their own volition -

Aha, here came some more potential clients. A trio of pretty girls! Issei immediately went into formation, following Rias's instructions to the letter. The standard Gremory method of enticing new potential clients!

He threw out his arms to get their attention, lifted his leg until it hugged his chest then slowly turned it to the side while that foot rested on his other knee then pushed fliers into their direction while yelling "Here you go! Take one! Read it at home and have your wish come true!"

All truth told he felt a little bit silly. As if he was some sort of chuni out in public doing a sentai routine rather than a Devil trying to advertise the service of his peerage. The three girls gawped at him, and Issei gulped nervously. Time for what Rias described as the 'killing blow'!

He put his feet back on the ground and did a deep lunge, making sure to bounce his outstretched arms off his thighs. Rias had been rather insistent on that in particular, for some reason. He could feel himself turning bright red being watched by those three - no, the crowd was starting to grow much bigger now - as it was all so humiliating! Still, for the chance to rail Rias, Akeno or Koneko such humiliation was worth any one of them alone, never mind all three of them!

"We will fulfill your desires!" Issei informed the audience. He couldn't even maintain eye contact with them anymore. Though he didn't quite realise yet that nobody in the audience was making eye contact with him either. They were staring at something else entirely.

He wasn't exactly sure what this extravagant pose was supposed to accomplish. Was it working at all? Were they all now wondering who this absurd moron was and just too polite to laugh? Beads of sweat began to form on his head. Really, he should have asked Rias for more detail about this but at the time it was rather difficult for him to think clearly when she was using her hands to such amazing effect.

Still... Any moment now he was expecting them to break out in laughter. For people to whip out cameras and take pictures. They'd load them online to social media where everyone would see it and his parents would see it and ask what he was doing and if he was on drugs, then they'd have him talk to a Doctor - which could result in them learning about his hypnotic cock, forcing Rias to step in and then things would get really messy for everyone concerned!

"I'll take one!" a girl said. She giggled, skipped on over to him and took a flier.

Eh? Ehhhh?! Oh! He got it. She was making fun of him. Or showing pity for him, in his situation.

"I'll take one too!" another said.

"Me too!"

"And me!"

Wh-Whaaaaa? Issei began to fall over but righted himself at the last possible moment. Everyone was taking a flier?! "M-Make sure you read it carefully, including the terms and

conditions!" he instructed. They all seemed to hang on his every word, so he shifted poses again. This time going for what Rias called the 'crab walk'.

He made some room for himself, walking backwards on palms and feet which naturally thrust his outrageous bulge up and down. He felt more than a bit self-conscious about this fact but there was little he could do about it, there was no hiding his soft length of thick penis as it lay fat and happy atop his left thigh.

"Think carefully about what you want the most, and what you'll give up to get it!" he instructed, much as Rias had told him. "Think long. Think hard." He blushed a little before saying the next part. "Think turgid and throbbing." He didn't know why he was supposed to say that, but apparently everyone appreciated it. "I'm sure it will come to you. Come all over you, and into you and then you'll come to us. We'll leave you fulfilled and satisfied, come what may!"

He was crowded by grasping hands and he fell onto his butt in order to pass out the leaflets

Issei's mind was spinning quickly. This was going so much better than he was expecting! A little bit too much better, in fact. Now he was suspicious... This selling technique that Rias had him using. There was something about it, no way should something like that have worked.

Then the answer hit him out of nowhere. The horrible truth burdened onto his mind: Of course! It was so obvious now! Rias was trying to haze him... and he'd accidentally proven himself to be a better salesman... salesdevil than she'd anticipated!

Haha! Won't she be surprised?

While Issei wandered around her domain seeing to his task, Rias had plenty to do herself. She needed to visit with Sona and ensure nothing came of her rambunctious servants actions earlier, calm down any suspicions she might be having, and also set up an opportunity to introduce her to Issei's cock as soon as possible. Rias didn't think any charade of normalcy could be maintained under the student council president's watchful eye for very long at all. Not with all of the sex Rias very much wanted to be having. In fact, she was so looking forward to seducing the straight-laced beauty herself. Plus there was the issue of the school's dress code which went against the proclamation of the King of Boobs...

Not that having all the girls in the school properly showing off their breasts was a great idea in terms of not drawing attention. It was a difficult balancing act indeed. She needed to build Issei's harem and have all accept his sovereignty as Lord of Breasts but she was fully aware of the various powerful entities that could endanger her Issei should they realize what was going on without knowing the subservience to his godly cock.

Rias was distracted from her deliberation by Akeno gagging Koneko and binding her wrists and ankles. She leaned forward, hands filling themselves with the sensitive buoyant flesh of boobs and squeezing delightfully.

“You like what you see, Rias?” asked Akeno with a teasing tone that communicated quite clearly that she already knew the answer, “Would you like to join me in disciplining this naughty little slut, hmm?”

Akeno kept looking at Rias as she pressed a finger against the plug in Akeno’s chute and moved her other hand underneath to cup her groin and drag her fingers through her sensitive folds. Koneko whimpered in frustration at Akeno’s slow touch, play-straining against bonds she could easily tear through with her monstrous strength should she truly desire to.

Rias exerted her will, taking a deep breath. Ignoring the overly wet state of her pussy, she languidly got to her feet, stretching and sending her uncontained bosom wobbling delightfully. “Unfortunately, I must decline, Akeno. As much as I’d like nothing more than to revel into debauchery with you, my sweet servants, I have responsibilities that need to be resolved.”

Akeno cocked her hips towards Rias and shook her naked bottom saucily, the glistening lips of her pussy all too obvious from this position, “Are you sure it can’t wait? I think your Queen may be in need of some corporal punishment herself, hmmm?”

Rias was horny as hell and if she were any lesser a Devil she would have relented in the face of such an offer.

She bid Akeno to check in on Kiba when she and Koneko were satisfied. Then she made her way directly to Sona, after putting on her clothing and covering an unsatisfying amount of her boobs. The sister of the Leviathan was in her office working away as usual. The glasses wearing beauty had questions for Rias along with several admonishments about her peerage’s behavior but she seemed to accept Rias’ explanations, satisfied so long as Rias was acting normally and suitably apologetic. They had a long working relationship and a bond of trust built up. Rias would be making use of that to conquer Sona with Issei’s dick before long....

Next she met up with her familiar and set her to a few useful tasks before she made her way to Issei’s abode and had a little talk with his parents.

Rias adjusted the married couple’s memories, enjoying herself sensually as she did so. She was quite the perverted soul so she was naturally aroused by the very act of manipulating the minds of Issei’s parents. Her King was going to be having lots of sex with his harem and he would want to do so in his own room and in his own house. Naturally, his parents needed to be accepting of Issei’s particular situation.

The effect of her implanted memories were obvious in the erect nipples poking out through his mother's simple yellow blouse and his father's very modest erection Rias' foot felt as she stretched her leg out underneath the kitchen table.

"Now Issei, your father and I recognize that you are a young man now with real needs and we want you to know that our home is a safe place to explore your... sexuality. Please bring home any girls you fancy and have sex with them here. We don't mind. In fact, you can do so in any room of the house and your father and I will do our best to accomodate you!"

They each now believed wholeheartedly that they'd come together as a parental unit and made this decision for their son, recognizing that his well-endowed penis and naturally high libido required a certain consideration. They'd also decided for quite different reasons that they would do their best not to look at Issei's impressive genitals at all unless, of course, he or his lovely girl-friend Rias asked them to for some reason or another.

Aika Kiryuu had been rather interested in certain rather 'mature' topics for quite some time. Indeed, some would even call her an unrepentant pervert even if she didn't flaunt it quite as much as some of her male classmates. But a few days she had found a target for these desires that went far beyond her wildest fantasies. In hindsight, her mind had truly been innocent and pure compared to the desires that would now regularly invade her thoughts.

It was all because of Issei and his giant all-dominating phallus. She dreamt of him, of kissing and sucking on his mighty cock, serving as a maid would do her master in one of these trashy romance novels. In truth, he was truly her master in every sort of the word, owning her body and soul. Oh, how she desired to show her loyalty with her body, to pleasure him and play the part of the sheath to his mighty cock.

But for the being, she had to restrain herself. Yes, Aika would wait patiently, wait for the day that her master would rise to his true position as the king of breasts. Once his harem was complete, or at least of a fitting size for a man of his caliber, then surely she would be rewarded for her work.

Her role in her master's plan was clear, she would remain as a silent scout, searching for these worthy of serving his perfect phallus. For this purpose, she would act like nothing had changed. No matter her desires, the orders of her master were absolute as the sky and the sun. Thus she had been watching, quietly taking notes and writing down various information on the girls in their school. Rias had ordered her to stay away from the Student Council, as they were apparently her personal target. Sadly, the same group contained a number of the greatest examples of feminine grace and beauty in their school. And since the Occult Research Club contained about as many of the school's top beauties, that left her hunting grounds rather shallow.

Oh, there were attractive girls no questions asked. Attractive outgoing girls, pretty shy little ladies hiding behind wide brimmed glasses and athletic young women in their sports clubs. And given that Issei had personally suffered under the last group's hands when he had peeked on them in the past, he would surely enjoy showing them the errors of their way. But such a thing would be tricky to pull off, even if she pulled them in one by one. And that would defeat the point of getting the entire group to *apologize* for their misdeeds.

Yes, no single student was truly worthy of joining Issei's harem early. Sure, they would serve him sooner or later as all beautiful women should, but that was for the future. For now her

search had to continue, and since she was quickly running out of targets within her school, she would need to look in other places.

For one, there were other schools and their students that she would need to check out. Kuoh Academy had very difficult entrance exams, so far from everyone in town got inside. And of course given her lord's love for breasts, there was the potential of going for older mature women. Naturally, that was why she had decided to wander around and be on the lookout for any candidates for Issei's harem. As Aika walked down the streets and adjusted the crop top she had decided to wear. The commandment of her master was that breasts had to be shown off all the time, but the school uniform only allowed for such things to a limited degree. Especially if she didn't want to catch the attention of the student council. But now she could reveal as much as she wanted... or at least far more than she would get away with in school.

Which was why she was wearing the aforementioned crop top, which was short enough to show a good deal of underboob while also giving a nice view of her cleavage. Sure, Aika may not have been as 'talented' as Rias or Akeno, but she still had enough to make this work!

But as much as she was enjoying finally letting her girls get some of the fresh air they needed, she was still out to do a job. And that meant finding someone worthy of joining Issei's harem. Fortunately today it seemed like she had hit the jackpot. You see, just as she reached the city's shopping district, a dark haired beauty walked out of a small mini market with an unhappy expression. It seemed whatever she had been looking for wasn't available there.

Not that this mattered overly much to Aika, instead she was already mentally comparing the girl with the top beauties of her school. A perfect complexion, with long legs and large breasts that threatened to burst out of her top.

At first glance she knew. This girl was absolutely harem girl material for the King of Breasts. Why, with such a high quality catch, perhaps Issei would be so happy with this that he decided to give her a reward. A perverted grin appeared on her face as she imagined herself kneeling before Issei, the dark haired girl next to her. She would teach her what it meant to serve and pleasure Issei's glorious cock with every part of their bodies...

Oh, she was so looking forward to it. But for now she had to scout this out, carefully.

"Hello, you're pretty!" she said to the girl's breasts. Perfect!

Raynare jumped into the air a little as the glasses wearing girl enthusiastically greeted her chest. The Fallen Angel had been so distracted that she hadn't even noticed that someone had walked up to her. She glared at the strange girl with twin braids of brown hair. To be interrupted while trying to complete the mission given to her by Asia herself.

Well it had more been an offhand comment that she missed the milk from back home. Of course all four of the Fallen had wanted to be the ones to get it because of the praise and heartfelt thanks they would get. And the hugs.

Raynare had never imagined that there would one day come a day that she would ache to be hugged. To desire nothing more than to cuddle into another woman's chest and forget about everything else. And all she would need to do to get a taste of heaven was get her hands on some delicious milk. Ah, what a wonderful treat that white treasure was. She couldn't want to see sweet Asia take a sip, perhaps she would spill some on her tits and she would have to clean them with her tongue.

And given where milk normally came from, that made her wonder if her mistress magical bosom may even produce its own ambrosia. Goodness, she really wanted to find out the answer to that question.

"Hey, you alright?" Raynare shook her head and looked down at the pitiful mortal. So weak and short lived were humans without the interventions of these above their station. The girl seemed to be studying her bust. Not that Raynare particularly minded. Her boobs were... not spectacular, but certainly pretty nice to look at. So at least this one had good taste, even if she seemed to lack in decency and politeness.

"Yes, I am quite fine. Just lost in thought." She said before a new thought came to mind.

"Well, in a sense I am also a little lost," Raynare admitted, easily slipping into the poor helpless defenseless girl act. "I'm sorry to ask but do you know the way to the grocery? I'm new in the area and have a craving for milk."

"Oh yeah, I know a good store that sells quality milk." She winked with one eye as if she were revealing some kind of secret to her. "Not many shops that sell it, so you are lucky to run into me." And with these words the girl turned around and motioned Raynare to follow her. The Fallen moved to do so, not even thinking about how she was depending on a human. Such a

thing may have annoyed her in the past, but now all that she could think of was to get the milk and earn the wonderful reward that was sure to follow her return.

“Oh, can I come over to your house after this? Since you are new in the city and all, I would love to learn more of you. Perhaps we will even go to the same school in the future!.” The brunette said as she led the way, turning her head slightly and once again staring at Raynare’s breasts. There was an almost hungry expression in them, it almost made the Fallen Angel uncomfortable. Only almost of course, she had dealt with many lustful humans after all.

“I don’t mind.” And if she was honest, she didn’t. Over the last few days, she had been spending as much time with Asia Argento as possible. She didn’t know it, but due to the way that her mind had been in a state of weak trance, the blonde nun’s words had gotten stuck in her head and made themselves at home. The innocent girl often spoke of kindness, forgiveness and sharing with these less fortunate than themselves, and how they all had to strive to be virtuous so as to one day return into the light of god.

And what would be more kind, what act of sharing more generous than granting this girl the chance to gaze upon Asia’s wonderful tits? She doubted that she could come up with a more benevolent act even if she spent a century contemplating the question.

Later it was Aika who was following the dark haired beauty calling herself Raynare. An odd name, perhaps she had some foreign blood? Well, Issei already had Rias Gremory as part of his harem, so he clearly didn’t have a problem with something like that. In fact, given some of the things she had seen on the day that her duty had been revealed, he seemed to very much enjoy his time with her.

Over their journey, Aika had tried questioning her new *friend* over her home and family. She saw little reason to not think of Raynare as a friend given they would both serve Issei’s cock sooner or later. Regardless, she had tried to find out whether the busty girl had any sisters that would also fit Issei’s tastes. Or perhaps an attractive cousin, a single mother, or an hot aunt looking for a good dicking. Maybe even some friends. Hot girls like this tended to attract other hot girls.

It was like some kind of law of nature, just look at the Occult Research Club and the Student Council!

Raynare mentioned that she did live with two sisters and one brother, but didn’t bother answering questions regarding whether they were also as pretty as herself. Though the dark haired girl clearly enjoyed the praise if Aika was any judge.

“Huh, you live in a church?” Aika blinked as Raynare stopped in front of a small chapel with a very visible christian cross hanging above its doorway. She hadn’t even known that their town

even had a church. Though it did look a little decrepit, with paint flaking off at some parts of the walls. And the glass of the large windows had clearly seen better days too.

“My.. father is involved in the church.” The dark haired beauty began to explain, voice showing a touch of hesitation. “He isn’t in town, but I can live here just fine with my siblings.” Oh, they were living alone? And no mention of a mother? Perhaps she was deceased? Was their father a priest though?

And most importantly, were her sisters as hot as herself.

“Oh, welcome back Raynare.” And then just as they stepped through the doorway, a blonde girl with the most amazing rack Aika had ever seen walked into their sight.

That’s a yes, houston.

The brunette looked at the blonde with a sort of disbelieving stare. She was wearing a goth loli outfit, with many frills and garter straps visible under her short skirt. But it was clear that these clothes were made for someone about a dozen cup sizes smaller than her, because that blouse was just barely containing her breasts.

“Oh, did you bring a friend?” The blonde turned towards Aika and bowed deeply, showing about an acre of cleavage, or at least it felt like it. After what seemed like a small eternity where the brunette found herself staring at the blonde’s tits, the girl finally rose. Aika blinked, her eyes still following the breasts as they bounced a little after the blonde stood straight again. Goodness, these were a nice pair of tits, a really, really nice pair of tits.

“Her name is Aika, she helped me find a shop that sells quality milk.” The girl she was introducing only nodded dumbly, feeling a bit like that time she had tried out sake and gotten a little drunk. Or when she had seen Issei’s cock for the first time, now that she thought about it. Wait, wasn’t that kind of import-

“Oh, that was very kind of you. Thank you so much.” The blonde once again bowed in thanks and Aika forgot about any reservations she had, while silently thanking whoever had given her these clothes.

The blonde rose once again, and looked back and forth between Raynare and Aika.

“Oh, did you want to stay for dinner? I have not started cooking yet, so it should be easy to make another serving. I am sure no one will mind.” She paused, biting her lower lip and giving Aika the puppy dog eyes.

“I mean.. Only if you don’t have anything better to do.” So cute! And with a pair of tits like that, she was going to get the best reward in the world if she managed to set up a meeting between Issei and this girl.

“Sounds good to me.”

“Oh, great! Ah, where are my manners, I am Asia Argento.” For the third time, the blonde bowed and once again Aika experienced something almost like a mental blackout. After the newly named Asia had risen for the last time, Aika was left in a pleasantly buzzed state.

“Oh, I am very happy to join you.” And Aika meant what she said.

The relationship between Rias Gremory and Sona Sitri was one of rivalry. Now. One might expect that, given as one of them is the student council president, this would mean that things are typically made quite difficult for the other one which is in charge of the school's Occult Research Club.

Not really. It wasn't that kind of rivalry. While the two of them would love nothing more than to rub the other's faces in a loss - and you'd better believe that both sides have taken the big L over the years in various contests - they weren't so stupid or as foolish or as spiteful as to escalate their one upmanship attempts to the point where things would become... difficult for their families.

Because that way led to fates much worse than a spanking. As they say: There's always a bigger fish. In this case those bigger fish were mostly siscons. So yeah.

"Well, well Rias. So good of you to come and pay a visit," Sona began, sitting behind her desk and adjusting her glasses. "I hear that you've acquired your first Pawn."

"My only Pawn," Rias corrected. "He took all eight of them at once."

"All eight, you say?" Sona's voice shited down an octave a bit. "My, my. So. Quality over quantity. Not a bad choice, I have to admit. But still! Wouldn't it be better to strike a more even balance between the two?"

"Oh, his qualities will make up for any lack of numbers for sure. I see much potential in his future, of that I am sure."

"You don't say!" Sona calmly replied. A little too calmly. "Here was me thinking your Pawn was Issei Hyoudou, but the way you're talking him up makes him sound like the reincarnation of Hercules!"

The two of them stared at each other, and demonic energy sparked in the air. This rivalry was real, this rivalry was intense. If it got any more heated they might set fire to the room itself.

"Oh, want to see for yourself how I am working him up? It will be quite the spectacle." After she said that, Rias giggled, like she was imagining a particularly amusing training method.

"I have better things to do than scope out some lowly Pawn novice," Sona immediately replied, gesturing to the large mound of paperwork next to her. Which would take her all of ten minutes to deal with given the way she worked. "Besides which, the way your Peerage has been acting out, I think you may have to spend time disciplining them instead."

"Oh that?" Rias chuckled. "Well... It can hardly be helped. You see, when I recruited this new Pawn it turned out that he had some previous contact with supernatural entities. Fallen Angels, before you ask."

And just like that, Sona switched from rivalry mode to pro mode.

"Fallen Angels sticking their head into our territory without permission?" This was a tricky problem. A Fallen Angel bothering a devil was one thing, bothering the little sisters of two of the most dangerous devils in existence was another thing entirely. Either whoever she was talking about was very stupid, or very dangerous.

"I thought you might find that interesting," Rias grinned, leaning over the desk to stare Sona in the eye. "My belief is that they were attempting to extract a Sacred Gear from Issei. So they cast a hallucinogenic spell on him, which reacted badly with the Sacred Gear..."

"And hit some of your Peerage in the crossfire." Yes, oh yes. Sona was really interested now. A spell capable of doing that to Rias' peerage was no joke at all. "Have you caught out the Fallen Angels yet?"

"Not yet. They think Issei is dead. I intend to have him ready to fight before we crush them. That is, unless you beat us to it."

Sona tapped her fingers together. Strictly speaking she shouldn't get involved. Issei was a part of Rias' peerage, which meant any mess should be hers to clean up. She'd found the Fallen Angels. She ought to be able to deal with them by herself.

Which brought a thought to mind. Sona had been wondering why Rias had come here. To gloat about her new Pawn before he'd even done anything substantial? That wasn't like her. But... what was like her was to ask for help without actually asking for help. Especially when it came to Sona.

"Of course, since we're not entirely sure of the nature of this Sacred Gear, we have to be careful when training him," Rias said. "Especially if there are lingering effects of the magic the Fallen Angels have cast upon him. While I can assure you we will take every precaution -"

"You want to make sure nothing like that kicks off again," Sona finished, leaning back smugly in her chair. "Oh my word. Have you selected a Pawn so powerful that you're afraid you cannot control him?"

"Oh no, not at all!" Rias waved it off and laughed. Sona didn't buy it. "We are simply going to push him as hard as we can go. So very hard... and long... to see how potent he truly is. Of course, it is up to you if you want to get involved. But I suspect this will be a rare opportunity to see a kind of power that is rarely seen within devil-kind..."

The point Rias was skipping around wasn't lost on Sona. If Issei's 'ability' was capable of that much, and he had taken all eight Pawns... then he could theoretically become a tremendous threat. Without even meaning to. Unchecked and uncontrolled power was much more dangerous than power used carefully with wicked intention. At the very least you could predict 'intent' and turn it against the user.

... Turn it against the user...

"I refuse the offer to attend personally," Sona said. "However, one of my peerage shall bear witness as a precautionary measure. She shall report back to me all of her findings regarding Issei and his Sacred Gear."

"And which member of your Peerage will be observing?"

"My Rook," Sona said, grinning privately to herself. "Tsubasa Yura."

Well, this was boring. Dull. A waste of her time. Right now she was standing in the school gym, which had privacy wards placed all over the doors and windows to keep out anyone that wasn't a devil. Well. What a waste. Right over there were Koneko, Akeno and Rias. Three genuinely tough devils that she'd never really had much of a chance to throw down with. And Sona had told her to 'observe their training' of some new member of their peerage.

Well, the best she could probably get out of this was to learn a trick or two in training for the future. If they wanted to take a total nobody and make him into someone strong, then they had to go pretty hard. And who knew, perhaps she could get a chance to have some fun.

"Can't I at least spar with him?" Tsubasa asked at that thought.

"No," Rias firmly answered. "He is a neonate. The purpose of this is to teach him how to use his devil powers. He will not learn that from a spar with an experienced devil."

Tsubasa rolled on her heels. Shame that. She wished he would show up so they could get this over with.

"Hey girls!"

There he was now. Emerging from the boy's locker room wearing a white short sleeved shirt and... a tight... snug... pair of shorts... that left very little to the imagination.

Tsubasa's jaw dropped and she didn't know if she could ever pick it up again. That bulge! Th-That was his - That was ridiculous! H-how could something be that big?! That... that *perfect*.

"Uh, are you sure about these shorts?" Issei asked, trying in vain to cover himself. "They're a bit snug aren't they?"

"Don't worry Issei," Rias said. "We're all devils here, so that much shouldn't have any effect on us. Right Akeno?"

"Quite so, my King!"

What were they talking about? Tsubasa squinted, trying to get a better look at why exactly Issei was bothered by his outfit. At the same time, she tried to sense anything unusual of the magical nature, anything that would make one get interested.

Her senses immediately went '*ping ping ping*' towards Issei, like he was the source of some kind of supernatural force. It wasn't quite demonic energy, perhaps more like the chi used by some mystic martial artists. Though even that was off.. like it were a concentration of only a specific type.. if she had to describe it.. she would have called it *manly*.

It should be noted that she was now staring quite intently at Issei's crotch and didn't seem to have noticed that fact. As far as Tsubasa was concerned she was staring at the primary source of the supernatural energy she was feeling. And it just so happened that this energy was centered on the bulge. The big bulge. The big perfect bulge that needed to be unwrapped like a Christmas present.

"Alright Issei, now we don't quite know exactly what your Sacred Gear does. So far you haven't truly *used* it consciously." Rias began, "On that basis we are going to start you off with some physical exercise to see if pushing your body to its limits helps us understand your power."

"I guess that makes sense..." Issei said.

"Excellent!" Rias clapped her hands. Then Koneko showed up carrying a vaulting horse, which she placed in the middle of the gym. "Now. Tsubasa, if you could stand over here and watch Issei closely? Issei, I'd like you to vault that horse."

"Eh? Well, I mean... if you insist," Issei grumbled. You know, he had a good point. How was vaulting a horse supposed to help anything? The boy ran towards the horse while Tsubasa stood a fair distance off directly in front of him. Ah. She was here to catch him in case he had a burst of strength. That must be -

He put his hand on the horse and then vaulted, splitting his legs... and Tsubasa wobbled in place, her heart racing faster as that bulge became even more obvious than it already had been. It was the perfect chance to study it - purely so that she could find out the source of the magic of course.

"How was that?" Issei asked.

"Perfect," Rias said. She, Akeno and Koneko were all holding up cards that read '10' on them. "Next up, I'd like you to try holding yourself up on those rings. Tsubasa, if you could stand underneath him to catch him if he falls?"

She wandered over without really thinking about it. Issei pulled himself up. And Tsubasa found her eyes resting at crotch level. Inches away. The boy wobbled as he tried to hold himself up and did a better job of it than he apparently expected. But Tsubasa wasn't listening. All she could see was this strange and bizarre supernatural energy that she'd never encountered before. She had to know. She had to understand. She had to study it. Figure out what it was. After all, wasn't that why Sona had sent her here in the first place...?

Things went on like that for about half an hour. Issei would be asked to do some kind of exercise. Tsubasa would be asked to stand in a position that gave her a good hard look at Issei's cock. The girls already under its spell looked to one another with pride, understanding and triumph. They could plainly see the glassy eyed look from this council member. She wasn't under per se, but she was... definitely entranced. Fascination bordering on obsession. As it should be. As was right for the King of Breasts.

"Alright, I think that's enough!" Rias clapped. "You don't seem to be doing anything unusual for an ordinary human, so we should try a different approach to activate your Gear."

"Huff... Huff... Sure thing..." Issei said, breathing heavily while leaning against the wall. "Uh... Actually... I was kind of wondering why this girl was here as well?"

"I am here because I have the power to Reverse magical effects," Tsubasa informed him. Now, strictly speaking she wasn't meant to reveal that. Sona had asked her to keep that quiet as it was a useful trump card. But Tsubasa.. Wasn't exactly firing on all cylinders right now. It was kind of hard to think, like she was dreaming and just going with the flow.

Maybe... it was those shorts that were to blame? Yes. The shorts. Maybe if she could get them off Issei she could take a better look at them. Find out what this thing was that she was seeing.

"Oh, that's a good idea," Issei nodded. "That way, this thing won't be able to hypnotise the unwary!"

"Huh...?" Tsubasa asked. W-Wait, hypnotise?

"Never mind that!" Rias hurriedly interrupted, pulling Tsubasa away while Akeno did the same with Issei. "For the time being why don't you - ahem - wait over here? Now, Issei! I have a theory that your Sacred Gear is a fairly standard double up ability. Now that we know it's perfectly safe, I think it might be a good idea to try out... an experiment."

"What kind of experiment?" the boy asked.

"Take. Your. Shorts. Off."

By this point Tsubasa was blinking away the hypnotic effect of Issei's bulge. Huh? Wait a minute, had Rias really said what she thought she had said?

"We're going to test to see if you can 'double up' the hypnotic power of your massive cock," Rias explained.

"Eh.. are you sure that this is saf-" Issei started to question, but his mistress gave him a very serious look. The sort that made it clear that not following her orders could have.. negative consequences.

"Issei, you heard what Tsubasa said," Rias interrupted. "So long as she's not looking, then she won't fall under its effect. At the same time, if something goes awry and you are able to hypnotise me, then she can reverse the effects. Isn't that right ,Tsubasa?"

She was so confused. But it was true enough. Whatever the effect was, she could instantly reverse it. There was no danger as long as she was ready to counter whatever was going to happen.

"Plus, if you don't drop your shorts in the next five seconds then I won't wake you up with a titjob anymore..."

Those shorts hit the dirt so fast they caused a sonic boom. By now Tsubasa was pretty much fully recovered from her long staring contest with Issei's crotch. It helped that she now understood that the mystical energy she was sensing was supposed to be hypnotic. H-Hold on here. A hypnotic penis? She'd never heard of anything so... so ludicrous in her life! She turned away, feeling her own heart picking up. This was obviously some kind of practical -

Oh. She'd been wondering where that Kiba boy was. He was right there. Above her on the ceiling. Holding a mirror. In which there was a reflection of Issei... alongside perfection.

The thought did occur to her that she ought to look away. But she couldn't. Even blinking was a chore. This was new. This was... Unlike anything she had ever felt before.

At this point, Koneko walked up to her, cat ears poking out of her hair and quietly adjusted her head so she was looking right at Issei and his big, hard cock. "Now, you got a job to do. Please do be prepared. Plus, it is a nice sight, isn't it?" The white-haired girl said, her voice all but purring at the last part.

"Boost!"

And then perfection got even more perfect.

It shouldn't be possible. It's like saying to a mathematician "double infinity". You were already at infinite, so how could you have even more of it? Well, that's still what happened. It was as if the cock had reached out and wrapped around her brain. Not squeezing it, but hugging and caressing it and keeping it warm and safe. Nothing mattered, nothing but the cock and the wishes of its owner.

"Massssterrrrr..." Rias slurred, dropping to her knees and quickly crawling towards Issei. That looked like a really good idea to Tsubasa just now.

"Tsubasa! Reverse it!" Issei yelled. Koneko jumped out of her skin. Akeno gasped. Rias gurgled without a trace of intelligence in her mind.

And so... she did exactly what her Master asked.

If there was anything Issei absolutely didn't want to do it was to use his inexplicable hypno-dick to alter the minds of his new friends and lovers in the Occult Research Club. Seeing Rias' eyes glazing over like that as her mind blatantly emptied out right before his eyes was... both extremely hot and extremely wrong. To think that his boosted gear could push the hypnotic effect to the point it overcame a devil's natural resistance to hypnosis!

Sure, it was one thing if it were something like consensual roleplay, but the sort of power to twist a girl's mind with a single glance of one's dick wasn't something he wanted! It was far too tempting! Even if it didn't end up with the victim going all cock-crazy like Aika, he would still be scared. This was the sort of slippery slope sort of power, the one that could easily lead to you abusing it a little more every day. He didn't want to wake up one day and notice that he had become the villain in a Netorare Hentai!

"Reverse it!" he pleaded. And so it was. He felt his cock shrinking, the power waning as a form of magic washed over his body. Ah, this made things so much better! That reversing magic combined with his Gear had probably reduced his cock back down to a regular, non-hypnotic size.

"That was a close one!" Issei laughed. "Huh, wait a minute, my voice sounds weird... Also, what are you guys all staring at all of a sudden?"

"We are staring at your breasts..." the girls said in perfect unison, voices distant and oddly dreamlike.

"My... breasts?" Issei repeated. Then looked down. Ah. Ah! That wasn't - Aaaargh! Issei boggled at them and... woah, these were some nice big tits, weren't they? They'd torn this shirt apart as easily as his cock would have torn through his shorts if he hadn't taken them off when he had. She had? Uh... This body was pretty feminine, now that he thought about it. That must be what was up with his voice as well.

As a connoisseur of breasts Issei could hardly help but cop a feel. How could he forgive herself if he didn't? Or something. Whatever! Gendered pronouns didn't seem all that important all of a sudden.

"Oohhh! Tits are awesome!" Issei moaned while groping these wonderful mounds.

"Tiiits are awesome!" All the girls shouted in unison, his words sinking into their brains and becoming just as obvious to them as the fact that water was wet. Not that Issei noticed. He was too caught up in the pleasure she was feeling. These breasts were as sensitive as they were perfect, and that said a hell of a lot!

"Issei, control yourself!"

Huh? That voice came from... behind him? Akeno? She grabbed onto Issei from behind, pulling the back of her head into her own voluminous cleavage. Though its softness didn't even begin to compare.

"Don't fall under the influence of those wonderful corrupting tits," Akeno said, her hands slipping around Issei to put her hands over his. "Oooh! Do not trade in your girth and hard manhood for this tender, yielding, pleasant... Warm..."

Akeno's hands had wandered and now she was massaging Issei's gigantic breasts with abandon. Her eyes had glazed over and her tongue was hanging out like she were a dog sticking her head out of a moving car. There was a distinctly erotic appeal to the way she was speaking now.

But before he could really dwell on that, Issei sort of... poofed back to normal. Well, no. that's the wrong onomatopoeia. More like he popped back. His cock was harder than it had ever been, and Issei couldn't help but groan from how stiff it felt.

"Akeno... Would you please?" he asked. Before the question was even finished her mouth was on him, bobbing up and down. Oh yeah.... That's the stuff. Damn, she was even more enthusiastic than normally. Issei grunted as the dark haired girl gobbled his cock up with visible pleasure.

So you learn something new every day. If someone had asked Tsubasa yesterday if there were such things as hypnotic genitals, she would have laughed at the very notion. It would be so... immature and puerile

Well don't let it be said that something immature and puerile couldn't exist in reality. Honestly, whatever devil, mage or otherwise came up with this perverted magic might well be a genius but, by all that was unholy, they were letting their hormones lead the way.

Now that the tits were gone and the cock was being swallowed by Akeno, Tsubasa was able to shake it off a little bit. Let's take stock here. She was horny. Really, really stupidly horny. But she was in control over her own faculties. Ugh, but she was stupid horny right now! She grabbed Rias by the arm and turned away from the copulating couple.

"What's going on here, Gremory?" she asked.

Rias blinked, clearly somewhat shaken by the earlier events. But after shaking her head a few times, she appeared to regain her balance and smiled with surprising calm. "Hehe, well it appears his unique skill becomes a bit troublesome when combined with his boosted Gear. And it looks like your magic isn't really the right trick to counter it, what a shame."

"How can you be so calm, he had us all by the balls.. Ehh.. all but begging to kiss... to suck.. argh you know what I mean!" So damn horny, and she kept going back to *that cock* and *these tits*. What she wouldn't do to have a taste of either.. no bad brain, bad hormones!

"Now now, Issei is not a bad boy. And it isn't like there are any long term effects, just a bit of.. Distractedness." Rias answered.

"That isn't fair, it is my turn to suck his cock next!" Koneko shouted, cat ears flicking like she were an angry kitty. "His big, tasty, hard cock.." she said while licking her lips.

"No long term effects you say?" Tsubasa questioned and Rias smile turned just a touch strained. "Well, I'm going to have to report this to Sona, and then we'll see what she has to say about this!"

She expected the girl to stop her, but to Tsubasa's surprise she didn't even budge in that direction. Didn't say anything either. Right. Okay then. That gave Tsubasa all the time she needed to think about how she was going to formulate this report. Gave her time to think about what she was going to say. About that great big hypno-dick. About those wonderful hypno-tits. And about that cock when he boosted it, making it even bigger. Even more perfect...

"Ara, Miss Tsubasa... are you quite alright?" Kiba asked. He smiled at her as she leaned onto him to support herself. Her legs felt weak. Ridiculously weak. J-Just the memory of that boosted cock was driving her wild! "Leaving already? I can't imagine miss Sitri will be content with only knowing so much. That is, assuming that she believes it in the first place."

"Out of my way," Tsubasa grumbled, pushing him aside. To her surprise the boy didn't even resist. Why was that? What was going on here? She'd heard Sona talk at length about how powerful Rias Gremory's Pieces were, so why were they letting her leave without a fight?

The answer came to her as she heard the distinctive sound of both Issei and Akeno cumming. It was because they knew that she wouldn't be able to simply walk away like this. Not after seeing that boosted cock. It felt like it was wrapped all around her body, even now! Ahhhh, like a warm blanket she could snuggle up inside while her head rested on those magnificent breasts as pillows...

"Tits are awesome," she mumbled, staggering to a halt and making ready to turn around before suddenly slapping herself hard in the face. No! Don't give in that easily!

"Ah! Tsubasa!" Issei suddenly called out. "Are you going already? I don't think we've figured out the limits of my Gear yet!"

The... Limits... of his Gear? A new thought crossed her mind. What if she hadn't seen the limits of his Gear yet? It was something Sona always said: Only a fool thinks themselves strategically prepared if they go into battle on incomplete information. Deep breath. Deep breath. She was the analyst of the council. With the power to reverse the effects of magic. So far she'd only seen a taste of what his hypnocock could manage.

So...? What else could he do? Why had her reverse ability transformed him into a girl with hypnotits? Had it reversed the hypnocock effect, or his Gear? Right now if she went back then she'd be giving Sona incomplete information. Which could prove troublesome if they ever got into a fight with this guy and his hypnotic cock.

"Ah, I see that you're not leaving after all," Rias said, sounding quite smug for some reason. She leaned in and whispered to Tsubasa, who was watching with care as Koneko crawled atop Issei's cock to get her turn. "The king of breasts cannot be denied."

"Oh! Tsubasa! Do you think you could teach me how to switch into a girl at will? That might be kind of useful. In finding out more detail about my Gear, I mean!"

Everyone present, even though they were under his thrall, could hardly help but shake their heads in amusement. Okay, so he might not be willing to take deliberate advantage of the hypnotic aspects of his cock, but the boy was still a pervert through and through.

Aika had to give them this much, these bit titted weirdos sure knew how to make a girl welcome. Now that she'd met the apparent boss of the bunch it was easy to see why Raynare had been so eager to introduce them. Asia. Was. Adorable. Busty, but adorable. Look at her! Sitting there in that black dress covered in frills that showed off pretty much her entire chest. Even without the tits she'd be so cute that Aika could eat her whole. With them? She looked like a divine being, too good and pure for this tainted Earth.

"More tea?" asked the other goth girl, a flat chested goth apparently called Mittelt.

"I can get more if you want," Asia said. She rose to her feet - but then Kalawarner gently pushed down on her shoulders Making Asia s-sit down... so hot... And - and her tits were bouncing around from all this movement, and it was so distracting so delicious so... Perfect.

"I must insist, it is our place to care for your needs," Kalawarner said. Astonishing. She was a knockout on her own, with some of the best curves Aika had ever seen. Yet compare it to Asia, and it simply didn't stack up. It was like there was something.. missing, a quality beyond mere size.

Aika started, perhaps a little too hard. But she just had to understand it, had to get *what* it was about Asia's chest that made her heart thump and her loins heat up suddenly. None of the other girls present said anything, not like they were doing anything else themselves anyway. As for the young woman with the irresistible rack, she was almost worryingly oblivious to the attention.

"What sort of tea do you drink normally miss Aika?" The blonde asked, bending forward and causing her chest to bounce and jiggle in a way that caused the brunette's brain to short-circuit for a bit.

"Juicy melons.." She murmured, drool gathering at one corner of her mouth.

"Oh, I am not sure if we have melon tea."

Which brought to mind Asia's naked bust getting cold tea poured over it. The thought was more delicious than any other Aika had ever... No, there was one thought more delicious. Issei's cock being used to stir cold tea.

It felt like her brain was swimming in syrup. Every time Asia moved it revealed something new, something precious, something that simply must be protected at all costs. Something that, for some reason, brought Issei to mind. *must make them meet. Perfect for harem. Perfect for the King of Breasts!*

"Oh, girls! Why don't you all relax a bit?" Asia said, giggling at all the fussing about her. "Let's all get to know Aika better!"

"Yes mistress," the three girls said while rubbing at their own chests. In unison. As in, rubbing the same parts of their chests in the same way, at the same speed, in the same direction, without looking at one another. That was weird right?

Not for titnosis, this is pretty normal. I'd say they're about stage 2, almost ready for stage 3...

Aika would have noticed the sudden new addition to her inner monologue if she had been in a better state of mind. As is though, she didn't even quite grasp it when the 3 girls sitting with them all stretched and long black wings grew out of their backs before folding in a comfortable way behind them.

"Hmmm.. better they get all cramped if you keep them inside for so long." Raynare said while leaning back a little.

"I am happy that you can feel so lady Raynare."

Normally the sight of angel's wings by those not attuned to the existence of the supernatural is a mind blowing experience that can leave a person nigh-catatonic with wonder and amazement. After her recent exposure to both titnosis and cocknosis, this kind of thing was actually almost mundane by comparison.

Definitely gotta get Issei here pronto. Or her to Issei. Either way, gotta have her worshipping his cock!

But while Aika was trying to think of a way to set-up this meeting, another member of their little meeting had their own plans.

"Asia is perfect, I just have to set her up with lord Azazel." Raynare's mind had been twisted and brought to submission by Asia's perfect tits. She loved them, she adored them, she wanted nothing more than to worship them with her tongue. But that hadn't change her love for her lord and master Azazel. A borderline Yandere type love which could have easily gone bad if not for Asia's influence and accidental brainwashing.

Never would she have thought that she would try to set up a human girl with her beloved. But this was just too good, Asia was the best possible mate ever. The boosted Gear wasn't even a part of her calculations. It was all about the breasts. The mammaries. The big round titties.

"Asia, there's someone I want you to meet -" Raynare began. Then she was tackled to the ground by her fellow Fallen Angels.

"What are you doing?" Mittelt asked while brazenly squeezing and teasing Raynare's bust. "You want her to meet Master Azazel?"

"She's not ready," Kalawarner said. All three of them seemed to know exactly what that meant... but at the same time, if any of them had been asked then they would have been completely confused.

"She's perfect," Raynare protested. She pushed up against the flat chested goth. Hah! See which of them is superior? It's obvious, right? She was relenting already because the one with the bigger bust was the one who was right. Just made sense.

Unfortunately for Raynare her thoughts were promptly swallowed up by Kalawarner dumping underboob all over her face.

"She's not ready." And clearly she was correct because her boobs were clearly bigger. "Must get stronger. Azazel... Nnng... Too strong!"

That might seem a little strange, but there was a little voice whispering this to the Fallen Angels at the back of their mind. Based on what they knew of Azazel, a Fallen Archangel would simply not succumb to titnosis as quickly or easily as they had. Their willpower was stronger. Their resolve would not be cut down so easily. You'd need more. Much more before you could bring down someone at that level...

"W-wait, you three sh-shouldn't fight!" The Fallen Angels had been so distracted by their argument that they didn't notice Asia walking up to them. The beginning of tears were glistening in her corners and it was clear that she didn't quite know how to deal with this. The three girls stopped struggling against each other and stared at her.

Asia had folded her hands as if in prayer, perhaps to ask her god for strength. It caused her monstrous chest to be pushed further up, nearly escaping the black dress that was just barely containing her tits. "W-we are all friends, you shouldn't fight.. ehh.." She blinked confusedly as they all looked intensely at her. "P-please stop fighting and make out?" Her stare was like a deer's caught in the headlights of a moving truck. Such innocence and purity could not possibly exist in this world... and yet there it was!

"I'm sorry!" all three Fallen Angels said in unison. Their eyes all glazed over, and then Raynare and Kalawarner turned towards each other to begin sloppy making out. Mittelt left a little left out, unable to fulfill Asia's instructions. But soon enough Raynare gave her the attention she craved. Or rather, their mistress craved. Or rather, their Mistresses tits.

Over to the side, Aika's sleepy eyes turned to see the Fallen Angels taking turns stealing each other's lips and, apparently, really getting into it. The glass of milk in her hand, still untouched, was lowered from her mouth, and she wandered over towards them feeling strangely confused. It was weird. Now that Asia was turned away from her, she was thinking clearly again... or at least more clearly..

"Are you guys okay?" Aika asked. And then wound up with her glass of milk being thrown out of her hands by a large black wing. The glass flew through the air, spilling milk all over her and over Asia who was standing a little behind her.

"Oh no! I'm so sorry Mittelt!" Asia said, quickly taking off the dress. "I'm so clumsy, I got your clothes all dirty."

"No problem, dirty them up alllll you want," Mittelt mumbled, staring ahead without a care in the world. Why should she, when her brain was too busy being melted to form a care in the first place?

Well, now she was up here in an abandoned church's bathing room. Today was not going as per Aika's expectations. Not even a little bit. She'd come here with the expectation that she'd be helping the King of Breasts expand his influence. Instead, she'd found... Something else.

Titnosis. That's what it's called.

"Okay, I know you're in there," Aika said, rapping at the side of her head. "My brain was all fuzzy before, but now that I'm thinking clearly it's obvious. Who the fuck are you, and how did you get in there?"

Smart girl, I am something you would call an imprint of Cocknosis. Made from a mixture of your master's commands and the will of Cocknosis itself. It was easy for me to hop in here as you had a deep seated repressed fascination with Issei's dick even before he read the book.

Her Master. Issei. Or more precisely, Issei's wonderful cock. The idea of denying that she was ever interested was impossible, even though she'd normally violently deny it...Aika briefly went off to her happy place for a little bit, but slapped herself hard across the cheek.

"Titnosis. That's like this cocknosis thing, right?"

Sort of. I mean, it's kind of like the girl's version, I guess, but there are a couple of other subtle differences. For example, cocknosis tends to push the user into forming a harem of pretty girls, and is only really used to keep away anyone that's suspicious.

Aika suddenly had a bit of a headache. "And titnosis?"

Turns girls into tit-obsessed sluts with hyper sensitive hypnotic tits bigger than their heads. Titnosis is addictive and there is a compulsion to spread it to others, leading to societal collapse as everyone becomes too obsessed with big bouncy mammary glands to properly function.

That.. was a bit worrying, yet Aika couldn't quite stop herself from thinking that Cocknosis sounded somewhat selfish compared to the freely shared pleasure hypno-tits would bring about.

Though perhaps she was a bit biased since Asia had just stepped back into the bath, carrying only two towels in her arms. The blonde's gigantic tits jiggled as she opened the door and handed over one towel to her guest. "Sorry, I had to look first to see where the towels are stored."

Aika, be careful. The only reason you haven't gone as crazy as those Fallen Angels is because I'm sitting in your brain reminding you of Issei's dick. But if you let her give you bigger tits...

Bigger tits. Give her bigger tits. The idea sat at the back of Aika's mind. If she asked, then Asia would almost certainly do it. She bit her lip and tried to swallow it down, but the thought bubbled up treacherously time and time again.

Issei loved boobs, loved them in all sizes but especially when they were big and bouncy. With tits like Asia, she would be able to outgun mistress Rias and anyone else. She would be at the top of the heap, be the first to get a hard long fucking...

Aika! This is how civilisation ends! You must get this girl to meet with Issei, pronto! If you explain the danger to him, make him understand, then he'll have no choice but to contain this girl before she does something extremely dangerous, like taking that chest into a girl's locker room and accidentally causing an orgy!

That was true, she had to tell her, tell her of the perfection that was Issei. She would have to make it clear how much of a great person he was, gallant and kind and ever helpful.. not to mention his perfect cock.

Meanwhile, an unfamiliar busty girl was skipping along the corridor towards the girl's locker room. Funny thing, she was wearing the boy's uniform for reasons one may only speculate upon. Her chest was gigantic, so oversized that they were threatening to rip open her top at any moment. There was actually a bit of flesh visible where the buttons threatened to be ripped off at any time.

"Hello!" this girl, who was absolutely not a genderbent Issei Hyodo, called upon stepping foot inside the locker room. Finding the kendo club undressing inside. "Don't mind me, just getting dressed alongside my fellow girls!"

"Are you a new member? Huh... I don't remember seeing you about school before, but something about you seems familiar..."

"And why are you wearing a boy's uniform? Are you actually a girl?"

Any complaints were quickly drowned out when the shirt came off. Instead there was a lot of open mouthed staring, jaws dropping and tongues hanging out in disbelief. A few of the girls even raised their hands up to their own chests, touching them before a sound of disappointment escaped their lips at the inadequacy they found.

"Tum de dum," the girl who was not actually Issei said. "Don't mind me, just getting dressed. It's just us girls in here, right?"

The door suddenly flew open, and Rias Gremory was standing there in all her fire and fury. Well, not all her fire and fury. You could tell because the room hadn't burned to the fucking ground.

Still, if she was a normal human girl this would be all of her fire and fury. The point is, she reached into the room and grabbed issei - excuse me, the girl who was most definitely not Issei - and dragged her out of the room.

"This is no time for you to be goofing off! We have a lot of work to do."

"B-but Rias, I just wanted to.. To test out what I have been learning. Come on, there is no point to having a skill if you don't field test it." The insanely busty girl had turned towards the Gremory heiress and was giving her the puppy dog eyes. "Pleaaaaase!" And then she took a step closer and pushed her uncovered tits against the redhead's chest.

"N-not fair! Using those... those... Nnng! If you turn back into a boy, we'll end the day with a wet t-shirt contest!"

"Well, why didn't you say so! I can peep on the kendo team any time now, hahaha! Come on Rias, let's experiment with my new form!"

Well, that would have to wait a minute. Rias needed to lean against a wall to catch her breath. Those tits... she'd barely been able to resist them. Even a nanosecond more of contact, and she'd have completely succumbed!

Thank goodness there was nobody else about with that kind of ability. There's no telling what kind of chaos that might cause!

Humph! Issei was feeling a bit huffy right about now. You can't give a guy like him the power to change into a cute busty girl and outright ignore it! There were so many things he wanted to do! So many chances to join some cutie for funtimes. Not just sneak into a changing room or two, join an all-girls sleepover, join swimming class for girls, or maybe go out to karaoke with a bunch of hotties.

This might seem contradictory to his refusal to use his hypnodick to get girls into bed, but Issei's morality was... let's call it complicated and leave it at that.

"All right Issei, we got some work to do today." At least his boss was one hell of a woman. Ah, he still couldn't quite believe that some of the hottest girls in school had sucked him off. Rias Gremory, the school idol, Akeno who was right behind her in the beauty department. Even Koneko, the adorable school idol!

"Are you listening to me?" Rias asked, her voice taking on a serious no-nonsense tone. Immediately Issei raised one hand and saluted.

"Yes Rias! What do we do now?"

"Very well, for now we need you to learn how to control your Sacred Gear and your.." She lowered her gaze and licked her lips. "...other body part."

He'd rather practise turning into a girl and sneaking into the shower for a quick peek if he was being perfectly honest.

"And for every time you succeed in a test we give, one of us will remove an item of clothing."

"At your discretion," Akeno added.

Ding! Now they had his attention!

"If you get any of us naked, we give you a titjob."

Ding, ding, ding! His preferences had shifted, just like that!

"You remember Tsubasa yes?" Rias said, drawing his attention towards the blue haired girl who was stepping out of the school right now. "She has volunteered as the target for your training. So please take this serious."

Issei nodded, barely suppressing a perverted smile. He would take this super serious! Just the potential for a titjob from one of the school beauties was enough to motivate him like crazy.

"So, where do we start?" he asked. A little more eagerly than he probably should have.

"Let's start with a range test," Rias suggested. She, Akeno, Koneko and Kiba quickly shifted around behind him. Out of visual range of his hypnocock. A sensible enough precaution given the circumstances. "Whip 'em off, and then use your Gear to boost your size."

"Um, are you sure you're okay with this?" Issei called out across the hall.

"Oh, I am absolutely on board with this!" Tsubasa called back. "I will actively resist following any order you give me as much as I can. Um, try ordering me to raise my arm or something?"

Okay. "Raise your arm."

Tsubasa's arms remained resolutely by her side. Alright. That seemed like a fair enough test. Issei unbuckled his trousers, let them and his underwear hit the floor, and then his ludicrously huge penis seemed to awaken, like a dragon from its rest. It pointed out squarely at Tsubasa, who stared directly at it with an unwavering expression.

"Remember, she won't be affected yet," Rias whispered in his ear. Issei didn't notice that she had draped her arms around him, or that she was leaning her chin on his shoulder so she could look down at his mighty mind manipulating beast. "Boost it first."

And so the tests began. "Boost!" he called out, and his dick got bigger, his balls heavier and... wow, he really wanted to have sex right about now. Sex sounded super awesome.

"Okay, Issei after Tsubasa gets affected, please tell her to walk further away. I want to see how far you can stretch your.. big.. hard friend.." Her voice had taken on a sultry and hungry tone, which only made Issei's balls ache even more for release.

"Tsubaki, raise your arm." He called across the room and this time the blue-haired girl slowly raised her right arm until her hand was high in the air. Coincidentally, this resulted in her pushing out her breasts, and for some reason her other hand started to play with the buttons on her blouse. Issei's shaft felt a surge of... something. Thankfully casual sex wasn't taboo in devil's society, so he could take this out on her later on. The other girls too! Man, becoming a devil was the best thing to ever happen to him! "Um... step back, please."

Tsubasa nodded, and began to walk backwards. It was a little strange. It was sort of like... have you ever seen a video of a pretty girl walking towards the camera with a sultry swagger to her step? Imagine that video was playing in reverse. That was Tsubasa right about then. No less hot, but a little surreal.

After around a dozen steps, Tsubasa blinked and paused, eyes fluttering a few times before she spoke up. "Ehh.. I think I am out of range again?" She lowered her hand, returned to her earlier position, but made absolutely no effort to redo the buttons of her blouse.

Aha! So there was a range difference! Looking over his shoulders, Issei noticed Kiba noting something down in a journal. The boy noticed Issei's interest, and simply said "Approximately one hundred and ten meters."

"Eh? That far away?" Weird. The room didn't seem that big! Though now that he mentioned it... Tsubasa was pretty far away. That was weird.

"It's a space warping effect," Akeno said. "It will only last so long as we're maintaining it, so please continue to test."

"Also, which piece of clothing should we take off first?" Rias chirped up, not sounding the slightest bit embarrassed at the prospect of stripping.

As if that was in any question. "Take off your shirts," Issei said. A moment later, and all three girls behind him had whipped their shirts off over their heads, revealing a variety of sexy bras covering their chests. Oooh, it was like being lost in a candy store! So many variations, so many sizes, so many styles of underwear! His penis grew a little bit harder.

"Nnngh!" Tsubasa grunted, clutching at her thighs, seemingly unaware that she'd undone about half the buttons on her own top and now her boobs were threatening to spill out of them.

"Ahhhh! Ahhh! Ahhhh! C-Cock! G-Gimme cock! Oh, what am I saying, I'm not usually like this... Nnngh!"

"Do another boost," Rias instructed. "She seems to be on the verge of falling under the influence."

Right. Wow, this power was really potent, wasn't it? Able to reduce a powerful devil like Tsubasa into such naked uncontrolled lust even at that distance. Issei sincerely hoped he never had to use it in combat, but then again this was likely a learning experience for the Devils as much as it was for him.

"Boost!" He intoned and his mighty cock grew further, he could almost feel the blood pulsing throughout it.

"Guuuuuuh!" Tsubasa moaned. Drool began to pool out of the side of her mouth, which she tried to wipe away. "It feels like it's fucking my brain, even from all the way over here!"

"Step back with your hand up until you don't feel it anymore."

Up goes the hand, and this time she took way more than two dozen steps back before lowering it again. At this point he was barely able to see her anymore. In fact, while he could tell she was saying something he couldn't actually make it out.

Then his phone began to ring. Huh? Issei answered it, though it was an unfamiliar number.

"I think I'm out of range of your perfect sexy desirable and commanding cock now," Tsubasa said. "On second thought... Hold on, let me go another step or two back. Whew, that thing is powerful! No wonder even Rias Gremory had to ask for help!"

"A hundred and fifty meters," Kiba said. Well that was quite a bit of an increase, how could it affect her if his cock couldn't even be seen anymore. "Issei, are you familiar with exponential growth?"

"Huh?" Issei grunted. "Uh... Yeah, I think that came up in maths the other day."

"Well, let me put it this way," Kiba continued. "Once, there was a peddler who made a fancy suit for a King. In payment, he made a simple request. He pulled out a chessboard, and said this: Place one silver coin on the first square. Then each day, double the number of coins I was given the day before. Do this for all 64 squares over as many days, and that shall be my payment. The King agreed, as this seemed to be a tiny amount... but it very quickly ballooned into values so vast that before he was through with the first row, he could have bankrupted the entire kingdom. This is the power of exponential growth. I believe that your boosted gear may have the same effect."

Issei stared at him blankly.

"What that means is, the rate of growth between distances each time you boost is likely to be very, very high. It's rather simple calculus. If your gear is doubling the power of your hypnotic penis each time you use it, then each time the difference will be... Let's call x the number of times you've boosted, the rate of change would be about 2 to the power of x times the natural log of 2."

Issei continued to stare blankly at him. Then felt himself start to topple forward as he suddenly felt extremely tired. Mid-fall, his cock turned back to normal, but he never quite hit the ground. Three pairs of surprisingly strong feminine arms grabbed him around the chest to keep him up.

"There's also the problem of your body not being able to take the strain of multiple boosts," Rias said. "We can improve that with a little work. In the meantime, we do need to work out what else you can do with that."

"You know, except for satisfying a slutty devil's pussy and breaking a girl's brain," Akeno playfully laughed.

There was a kind of sense to that. Yeah, he had a vague feeling that he should be able to do more with this cock other than messing with a girl's head. He turned around, now that he was no longer boosted he should no longer be affecting the girls. Though he was still rock hard.

Three very attractive girls turned their attention towards his still towering cock and licked their lips in unashamed hunger.

Rias leaned down, causing her bra to slip across her chest, revealing a good amount of her rather splendid breasts. Nice. Very nice! She picked up a bag and handed it to Issei. Of course. He'd put the book in that bag earlier on. Rias couldn't see or pick up the book, but she could interact with the bag it was in.

"Please ask the book what else you can do." She paused for a moment, grabbing Issei's phone and barely resisting instantly rubbing his cock. "Hello Tsubasa, you can come back now." Then she turned to Issei. "Hrm... I think it might be a good idea to let her suck your dick while you read. You do seem to be quite pent up, and I'm sure she'd be more than happy to."

It appeared that Tsubasa had heard her over the phone, because the sound of very fast steps echoed throughout the hall. And as soon as the sound reached him, Issei felt hands grabbing him from behind and a feminine voice shouting. "I will do it!"

Good thing she was a devil. Otherwise this kind of thing would have completely melted her free will! Anyway. Issei flipped through the book for the first time since picking it up and getting this thrice damned - Oh! It seemed that Koneko was in the mood as well. Though she was more after his balls, while Tsubasa was focusing on the shaft. Well, that was fine by him. It felt fucking amazing, and they were doing it of their own volition... In much the same way that Rias and Akeno was rubbing their now bare breasts up against his back. A-Anyway, he had to check this book. What else could he do with cocknosis?

The answer was: A lot. Most of the book was about different induction methods, and the different effects they could have on the mind.

Huh, there was an entire chapter on blowjob inductions and how to make people come back for more. Or how to input something while they were busy.. Ohh.. sucking your dick.. Like was happening to Issei right now.

Ah, but then he got onto the chapter about 'transformations'. It turned out you could cause any number of physical changes to a target depending on how they were 'inducted'. You could make breasts bigger (yay) you could make them smaller (boo), you could make a girl's thighs nice and thick or shrink off that body fat depending on your preference. Hair colour, eye colour, height, colour of skin, gender... it was all right here, with each one listing the 'preferred induction method' for different kinds of effect. You want to fine tune boob size? Get them with the 'accidental peek' induction where the girl 'accidentally' sees the cock for a fleeting moment. You want to go crazy with it? Titjob induction.

And then there came the "weirder" effects, like making that girl's ass magnetically attracted to your cock? There was something odd that could let you literally fuck someone from a distance, like bending space to stick your cock into that girl over there. Or you could fuck some girl

yesterday by twisting around time. Or you could even pull in her parallel double and have a threesome - or at least make her and yourself believe these things had happened through the power of cocknosis.

That was all with an unboosted cock, too. Which made Issei very, very worried about what he could do with his boosted cock. Distance had improved. The effect it seemed to have on her heightened as well. That was only after two boosts, too... What could he do - in theory - with a third boost? Or a fourth? Or a tenth?! Kiba's warning about exponentials came to the forefront of his mind. Exponential functions grow *fast*.

Maybe he shouldn't explore this. Maybe it would be best if he didn't use his Boost ability. The things he could do, the things he could get away with... it was too much for one person to bear! He should stop. He should not go any further with these tests. He'd be happy to join in with Devil Society, and do all he could to help them out but in his view the best way to do that would be to keep his hypnocock under control.

"Now issei, I do hope you have some good tests in mind," Rias whispered in his ear. "Do remember, when we're done we will be having a wet t-shirt contest."

Then again there are some things a man must do, some crosses he must bear upon his back, if he is to do the right thing.

If you'd told Issei that all of this would be happening to him about a week ago, he'd have called you a liar with a very active imagination, and by the way have you put any thought into writing porn? Seriously, Issei may be a guy with a positive outlook on life, believing that one day he would gain a harem through hard work, but he wasn't quite crazy enough to think that next week he would be jury for a wet t-shirt contest for some of the hottest girls in school.

But it was happening and he was certainly not going to complain!

"Okay, here is the hose, Koneko please put the bucket there." Rias said, handing a red water hose to Issei and giving him the responsibility to *release their full appeal* in the competition. The petite white-haired girl next to her put down a pair of buckets on the ground.

One of them was empty while the other was filled to the brim mashed ice-cubes. The first, labelled as "round one". The second, "round two." Not exactly imaginative names, but 'bouncy wet boobies' and 'hard frosty nipples' was probably a little too blatant.

No doubt in his mind. Becoming a devil was the single best thing to happen to him ever, ever, ever!

"Okay then, we count on you!" Rias continued, stepping to the side and pushing a button on a music player they had brought along. Quickly a sultry voice started to sing a catchy tune and Rias stepped towards the other two participants of their little game.

"I hope you're ready to lose this one, my King," Akeno said, reaching under her boobs and hefting them up.

"Size is nice, but don't underestimate my technique," Rias said, twirling in place and putting her hands on top of her head.

"What does technique have to do with a wet t-shirt contest?" Kiba asked.

"My friend, sit down and enjoy!" Issei grinned. "Oh, the things I have to teach you."

"I-is it really okay to join..? I was only supposed to help with training.." Tsubasa pondered, even as her gaze strayed back and forth across her fellow contestants. "Well.. tits *are* awesome." She mumbled, the words repeating in her mind over and over.

"Hmm.." Koneko remained quiet, already concluding that Rias and Akeno didn't see her as a threat due to her lesser bust size. It bugged her, but if they were busy competing with each other, they wouldn't interfere with her. And Tsubasa was too dazed to be much of an opponent anyway.

As for Issei... He'd be the judge for the time being, but when the time was right he'd join in too. His new girl transformation felt really fun and right to play into, and taking part in a wet t-shirt contest was absolutely the sort of thing he wanted to try with it.

But first things first: He had to judge.

"Begin!" he said, and Kiba lifted the hose. To their credit, not one of the girls reacted against the water. If anything they were all trying to lean into it. Get as much of their shirt soaked as possible. Even though he had seen quite a bit more of three of them by now, there was something magical about this contest.

Ah. Now that was a thought. Given the way his enchanted hypnocock was, if he got hard (hah, if) from this contest then he'd tear a hole right through his trousers. Which meant he had no choice but to take them off. Luckily these devils were immune to the effects (until he boosted it), otherwise he'd be feeling quite bad about subjecting them to it.

Still. All four of them did lick their lips as soon as they caught sight of it. And, on top of that, they all got quite a bit more competitive.

"So my King? Where is this vaunted technique of yours?" Akeno asked.

"My Queen, you should learn not to ask for something, when it will result in your utter defeat."

Rias wasn't kidding. The other girls hadn't quite grasped the beauty and pageantry of the wet t-shirt contest, but it seemed as though she did. A girl didn't just win by having the nicest rack. You had to work for it! You had to dance for it! That was what technique meant, and Rias had it in spades!

Yes, yes, Issei could immediately tell that she was avoiding many of the common pitfalls a new contestant in this field might fall into. She wasn't focusing *entirely* on emphasising her bust. Instead, she half turned to the side and began to grind her hips while keeping her back nice and straight.

Then she twirled around, stepping a little back and towards the little bamboo forest at one end of the school. Her intent became obvious as she quickly took advantage of one of the poles, pushing her breasts around it and rotating as if it were a stripper pole.

"Oh, is that all you meant by technique?" Akeno asked. For a moment Issei thought that she would raise the stakes by joining in on Rias' pole dance - but no, she stepped away from the bamboo instead, getting closer to the hose! Then, she tugged up her soaked through shirt and tied it up underneath her breasts and began to work those tummy muscles while waving her arms out to the side. "Now watch what I can do when I put a mere tenth of my full power into this belly dance!"

"Ohhh, they're going shounen style in this belly dance!" Issei yelled. "Note to self, plan out a shounen series centered around erotic dance!"

"I'll draw the art," Kiba volunteered.

Oh, what a wonderful new friend he had found, he would have never thought that a handsome bastard like Kiba would actually be a good guy! He would have to make up all the times he cursed him silently in the past, perhaps help him get laid? Wow, he hadn't thought there would come the day that he would think about playing wingman for someone else. But after being so blessed, he couldn't help but think of giving some back to the world!

"Koneko, we're being ignored!" Tsubasa said. "Quick, we must utilise a devastating double team move! Grind your ass up against me while I grope your breasts!"

And now some yuri action on top of everything else! Issei broke out into tears, and not just because his rapidly hardening dick had slapped him right in the face. Well, okay, mostly because of that, but also because... it was so beautiful.

Koneko though wasn't going to just leave it be with a bit of kissing. Rather, she grabbed onto her fellow Rook and whirled her around so her breasts were bouncing wildly. Then when Tsubasa landed, Koneko twisted so she was headover, ass pointing towards Issei and legs raised for her partner to hold.

The two were soon a whirlwind of motion, taking advantage of their unique strengths. Koneko's booty and dexterity, and Tsubasa's breasts. At times meshing together, lips barely a millimeter apart and at others once again whirling apart.

Issei enjoyed every second of the entire thing.

Although, one thing was bothering him about all of this. What on earth inspired Rias to have a wet t-shirt contest anyway?

"Hey! What are you perverts up to out here?!"

Rias Gremory was not a fool. Make no mistake, she was more than a pretty face and an enormously powerful devil. She was smart. She was canny. Perhaps not the best tactician out there, nor even in the top fifty, but she could think and scheme and plot.

So, let's review her situation: She wanted Issei to be the King of Breasts. He didn't seem to want to intentionally hypnotise anyone. Therefore, it was in her best interests to make him do so by accident.

Think about it like this. There were several ways this could play out. The first alternative: Issei went as a girl and took part in this contest with her heaving hypnotits. In which case, Rias wins when the kendo club shows up. The second alternative, he stays male and keeps his trousers on. In which case his inevitable erection from watching a wet t-shirt contest involving four hot girls would destroy his clothes and he'd be swinging free until he went even harder. The third alternative? He didn't turn around, in which case you'd be damned certain they'd do it for him.

The fourth possibility, that they didn't show up... Well, they wouldn't lose anything by having a little fun, and he'd probably be more open to having another contest another day, when they probably would show up. Win, win, win. All hail the King of Breasts. All hail Rias' genius.

"Oh my god, is that Rias Gremory? And Akeno-senpai.. I had no idea they had perverted hobbies like that!" One of them shouted, voice tinged with disbelief and horror.

"Even Koneko, and Kiba too! W-was the Occult club just an excuse to play perverted games! To think I worked so hard in hopes of joining one day!" Another one continued in the same shocked voice.

Ah, how horrible. With everyone having seen that, her club's reputation would be ruined. Even better, now Issei had motivation to play along.

"W-wait, no! It's - it's not what you think!" Issei protested, seemingly forgetting his state of attire. "Um! Rias! Explain to them what we're doing, please!"

"We are just having a perfectly ordinary wet t-shirt contest for Issei and Kiba's enjoyment. They have worked hard and deserve a bit of fun and naked skin." She said, trying to not look at how Issei's cock waved from left to right due to his sudden turn towards the kendo club. They should start noticing it any moment now.

"Perverts," Murayama said. Guilty as charged. "You, at least put some underwear on! I don't want to see your big... hard... Uh..."

A couple of the girls in the kendo club had started unconsciously stroking their sticks. A good start, but only a start. Now for the fun to begin.

"Come on, don't be spoilsports." Akeno called out, stepping next to Issei and hugging him from aside. "It was just a bit of fun, you cannot say you never wanted to join a wet t-shirt competition." Issei looked at her and she patted him on the head.

Koneko came from the other side and also hugged Issei, stroking his cock with one hand.

"We cannot stop, the winner hasn't been decided yet." She said, somehow sounding almost bored even though there was clearly a hungry look in her eyes.

Perfect, Rias smiled at the way the two were distracting Issei from the fact that the kendo club was falling to the glory of Issei's cock. Yet more busty babes completely and hopelessly falling under his influence. If she played her cards right she'd have the entire school at their mercy by the end of the week. Then, they'd begin their preparations to move into the world of the supernatural.

"Ah-Ahhhh!" Issei gasped, suddenly realising what was happening. He moved to cover himself up, so Rias took the next logical tactical step and slid up next to him, putting his talented fingers to better use by putting them up against her soaking wet breasts. Then, to keep him from objecting, she kissed him on the lips and let the other two take the lead.

"You girls do seem too tightly wound up for your own good," Akeno said. "Why don't you join in as well?"

"Wh-why don't we...?" Murayama repeated. Then she shook her head, as if trying to get rid of the thought. Good luck, girl. It's there now. Rooted in through the power of cock. "Be-because it's dirty..."

"How can it be dirty when all this water is flowing?" Koneko asked. A ludicrous question from a logical point of view. But where Issei's cock was concerned, logic had absolutely no place.

"Say, Issei? Why don't you join in the next round?" Tsubasa asked. "Let us judge the second round. You versus the kendo club. If you win, they'll have to do whatever we say. If we lose... same deal."

"Ah, good idea!" Issei said, popping away from Rias' teasing lips. Which was fine for her. She nuzzled his neck instead. He was seeing this as the solution to his little hypno-cock problem. He didn't want to turn the kendo club into the same horny state as Aika, but his female version should be far less problematic!

"Ehh.. judge?" Murayama asked, a puzzled look on her face even as the rest of the Kendo club shuffled around in a mix of confusion and arousal.

"Yep, you judge and everyone else joins." Akeno said, making the whole thing an absolute truth in the club member's minds. The sun was yellow, the sky blue and they would join the wet t-shirt contest.

Oh, this was even better than 'according to plan'. Rias had merely wanted to get them hooked on Issei's cock. Now they had that first nibble on that sweet addictive sight - and almost immediately after they were going to get hit by hypnotic tits as well! By the time this contest was over they'd all accept it as truth that Issei was the King of Breasts without Rias having to whisper it in their ears.

Murayama blinked as she came back to herself. Then she clapped her hands. "Alright girls! It's all of you versus Issei in a wet t-shirt contest! No need to even change out of your dogi, you'll crush him with even that kind of handicap!"

"Pride cometh before the slut," Akeno muttered to herself, half amused by her joke. Rias elbowed her. Not the time. Issei was standing off to the side of the field, taking a deep breath. He then said two simple words.

"Reverse-Boost!"

Goodbye to that amazing hypnodick. Hello to Issei-chan and her amazing rack. The boy-turned-girl whirled around in place (still wearing only her school uniform top) and gave a cutesy salute that was really over the top.

"Issei-chan is here to knock your socks off!" she giggled. Oh, but Rias could only facepalm. Too much! It's far too much! Especially with that chest bouncing all over the place!

"Did- did he just turn into a gi-gi-babe," one kendo club member asked, licking her lips and rubbing her hands down her neck. Watch your eye line, girl.

Unfortunately, or fortunately if you asked every participant here, Issei's school uniform was for boys. Meaning, it hadn't been made to accommodate a pair of melons bigger than her head. So after transforming, the top strained, barely holding on for a few moments.

Then the sound of half a dozen buttons popping could be heard and enough cleavage to drown a small army was revealed. You could hear every member of the kendo club moan a little in the moment Issei stepped forwards and the jiggle of those tits - sublime.

Do note that not a drop of water had hit them yet.

Issei stood in the middle of the line while the other girls stared at her. Rias couldn't stop smiling. This was going to be amazing.

"Begin!"

"Hoooo! Is that the ice water?!" Issei yelped. "Yipes! Some of it got into my c-cleavage! Ahhh!"

"My, my," Akeno gasped, fanning herself down. "All Issei is doing is jumping up and down in place, but it sure does beat all of our dancing."

"Buh...." Rias nodded in agreement.

"You know, now that I'm thinking about it..." Murayama slurred. Oh dear, the poor girl was wobbling a bit. Oh wait, so was Rias. God, she wanted nothing more than to bury her face in those tits. Truly, Issei had well earned the title of King of Breasts in every way that mattered. "Having you guys... judge this contest... seems kinda... Bad? I mean, you're incentivized to make Issei win..."

"Who do you think should win?" Akeno asked.

"Yipe! An ice cube got under my shirt!"

"Isseeeeeiiii..." Murayama's tongue flopped out of her mouth. Good girl. Cue Tsubasa tilting her head to the left and now the two of them were slipping each other some tongue. Gotcha.

"Heeeelp!" Issei said, trying and failing to get the frozen piece of water out of her cleavage. If anything, she was just making it worse.

"Sure." Suddenly there was Koneko, then she was upside down.

Issei blinked a few times and stared at Koneko's chest, her nipples visible through the wetness of her shirt. Like two tiny diamonds trying to pierce a pane of glass. It took her a few seconds to get her bearings back, and notice that not only had the ice-cubes in fact fallen out of her cleavage now that the short girl was holding her like this.

"Ehh.. Koneko?" Issei asked and only got a muffled moan of pleasure from above him. Right, then that thing pressing into his tits was in fact the devil in question.

Oh, and his top had slipped down a good bit, so Koneko was pushing her face into naked underboob. (Or was it called something else since Issei is upside-down?)

"Hey, girls! Quit staring!" Issei said while upside down. "Don't you know, in a wet t-shirt contest, you gotta win by dancing while you're being sprayed down!"

Very well. If that is what the King of Breasts wanted... cue the ORC and the kendo club dancing for his (currently her) amusement.

As for Issei, the same thought from before came to the forefront: If you'd said this would be happening a week ago, you'd be getting called a liar.

Once upon a time Aika might have freaked out a bit about stumbling into the world of the supernatural. That was before Issei's cock had whammied her mind and befuddled her common sense. Now all that she needed was to serve his mighty dong and obey his every whim. Get him titties to enjoy, a harem to fuck silly with that mighty cock and so on. His cock was everything, cock was love, cock was life.

Or at least that was the case until she met a certain blonde with a rack worthy of worship. Maybe it was because she'd already been mind-screwed by giant cock, maybe it was because she was kind of a massive perv, maybe it was because they contrasted so much against Asia's sweet and naive personality...

But goddamn she loved dem titties.

"Okay, here is the shampoo and body wash..." And that was the source of her newly found fascination for mammaries. Bent over not far from her in the bathroom and pulling out said items from a cabinet. It was so ridiculous, a girl so petite and pure looking, yet that monstrous pair of tits jiggling beneath nothing but a simple white towel. "Tada! Let's have a bath!"

"Whatever you say," Aika said. Her heart was racing in her chest. If anything it had jumped up to her throat. She only wished that Issei was here as well to make it all that much better... Ah! Which was more perfect? Issei's cock or Asia's tits? The towel dropped, and Aika gulped. Since those tits were right there, it was them. By a mile. Maybe she'd feel differently if Issei was here too, but he wasn't, so that was the loser by default.

The two girls climbed in, and quickly learned that there was not as much room in here as there first seemed.

"Oh, sorry!" Asia said, her tits rubbing up against Aika's back. The perverted girl could feel a pair of puffy little nipples poking into her skin.

"It's not a problem! Really!" Aika said. Ohhhh, this was heaven. Surely, it must be heaven. Appropriately enough found in a church. No wonder these other girls were all but worshipping the ground on which Asia walked if she was so casual in sharing a bath.

"Well, let me make it up to you," Asia said, moving around behind Aika. Ah. Ah! Ah! Ohhh, yes! "I'll wash your hair for you."

"Oh suure.. sounds.. Greaat.." The brunette slurred, instinctively leaning back into that wonderful rack. Had she been standing, her legs would have given in by this point.

"Oh, wow. You have such pretty hair," Asia said, scrubbing and rubbing Aika's scalp. Guh. Guh! You know, it was funny. Aika's hair was always nice looking, but all of a sudden it was as radiant as the sun. She looked like a hair model in the blink of an eye.

"So.. well I don't want to be a bother, but since I am new in the city.. Is there anything interesting.." There pause in her speech and it seemed like she was pondering what to say. "I mean, places to have fun? Hang out.. I think that is the right term? Or maybe, could we meet again sometime and.. Play?"

"Sounds... fun!" Aika said, her tongue lolling out the side of her mouth. Her fingers went up to her nipples, and she ran her fingers around them in tight circles, tugging on them, squeezing them, imagining herself with big perfect tits just like Asia's... Oh, if only Issei were here as well. Ah! Her mind conjured it up! Issei, with his big hard perfect glorious cock stuffed in between Asia's magnificent mammaries, those divine tits. Ngh! She came right there just from thinking about it.

"Teehee, stop squirming Aika, that tickles. This divinely ordained gift is extremely sensitive. No doubt a deliberate choice by God to ensure my devotion and faith is strong."

Oh, well, normally that sort of thing would make her roll her eyes, but coming from Asia she'd buy it. She'd absolutely buy it. She'd buy it if Asia said the sky was made of chocolate, and the moon was a gentleman from Wales called Haberdash who tripped and got stuck in orbit one day.

"So? Do you know anywhere we can meet up and play?" Asia asked.

"Ugh... ugh... Yeah... Meet up at Kuoh Academy..." Aika answered, with a heavy sigh as though letting out something she'd been holding in. "You can meet a friend of mine," she continued. Yes, this was a perfect idea. "His name is Issei Hyoudou."

"Oh, what is he like?" The perfect glorious goddess with a pair of tits that could break physics asked while continuing to rub said mammaries against her back.

He has a big swinging dick that will blank your brain as surely as your tits will blank his.

"Perverted.." She answered, head feeling like it was filled with cotton candy. "He was really unpopular until recently, but now girls hang onto him left and right.."

Suddenly the door burst open. Asia shrieked and went to cover herself - then let out a sound that wasn't quite a lewd moan, but only because she didn't know how to make one. Aika, for her part, did the most sensible thing she was capable of in that moment and drooled while continuing to play with her breasts.

"Did you say Issei Hyoudou?!" Raynare asked from the doorway. Topless, and playing with herself in exactly the same way - hold on, Asia's tits weren't against her back anymore! Not fair!

"Yessshhh," Aika said.

"That's not possible! He's supposed to be dead! Unless... Unless, he was found by devils and revived by one of them at the cost of his immortal soul!"

"Oh no!" Asia gasped. "My friend's friend has been corrupted by a devil? This can't be! How will he know the grace and glory of God if he surrenders to evil? Even if he is a pervert, surely he could have been redeemed..."

If Aika was in her right state of mind right about then, maybe she would have thought something like 'oops, I've caused trouble for Issei'. But then again, she hadn't been in her right state of mind ever since a certain encounter in a library...

Devil life is the best life. To think they'd be so open with their sexuality, so happy to be part of a harem and so eager to play along with his perverted whims. Issei lay back in his seat and watched the girls all dancing with a supreme sense of satisfaction, and tears in his eyes. He'd done it. He'd managed to build himself an honest to goodness harem. And the best part was, the girls had all joined entirely of their own volition and not at all because of his giant hypnodick.

Yeah, it's amazing what people can convince themselves of when given the opportunity. In any event! Right now in front of him the girls of the Occult Research Club and the Kendo club were all dancing while wearing sopping wet t-shirts and tight, snug shorts. Not a stitch else, bear in mind.

"A drink, mistress Hyoudou?" Kiba asked, offering a glass of what looked like milk.

"Thank you mister Kiba," Issei replied, winking at him and feeling... funny in her tits. "It's my turn to participate in the contest. Which of them would you say wins?"

Kiba looked to the dancing girls in front of them, and considered.

"Going by bust size, it's got to be Akeno," Kiba said, letting his inner pervert out for a bit.

"Overall body, Rias. Cuteness, Koneko. Honestly, they all have their good points."

"If I was up there too?"

"It would be you," Kiba said immediately. Not a trace of hesitation. Heh! Issei looked down at herself. This form was really hot. Really big tits, too. A bit on the sensitive side, but... Who was he (er, she?) to complain?

"Well buddy, enjoy yourself. We both got a lot of work, so may as well have some fun." Honestly, it was almost unfair that he was the one with this rack. The other girls had no chance at winning the wet t-shirt contest at all. Especially not with the kendo club wearing that unappealing underwear beneath the shirts.

All of a sudden, Rias clapped her hands over her head. Issei thought it was part of the dance, up until she strutted around to the front of the girls, standing directly in front of Issei. She

shimmied her shirt up a bit, revealing shorts clinging to her body, which she wasted no time in gently shimmying in front of his face.

"Alright, girls. I think that's enough," Rias said. "There's no real contest here, and we all know it. Who in this place has the best tits?"

"Issei..." the girls all said.

"It's plain to see," Rias nodded. "Therefore, Issei is the Queen... no, normally Issei is a boy. Therefore, Issei is the King of Breasts. Are we all in agreement?" the girls all nodded. Rias peered over her shoulder and smiled at Issei. "Come up here a moment, let them all have a good look at the winner."

Ah, that was really nice. He always wanted a cool title like that, it even fit his goal as a harem king! He almost felt like a superhero who had just put on a costume and beaten up his first villain.

Issei stood up and walked over to where Rias was standing. At which point, she slipped right behind and tugged Issei's shirt up, letting her tits go bare to all the girls.

"These are the tits that are truly superior," Rias said as all ten girls stared transfixed. "Tell them to call you the King of Breasts."

"Um... Say that I am the King of Breasts?" Issei said.

"You are the King of Breasts!" the girls all said in unison. A flat, eerie unison. But before Issei could focus on that, Rias tilted Issei's head back and - ooh, tongue!

"Ask them who the King of Breasts is," Rias whispered.

"Um... Who is the King of Breasts?"

"Issei Hyoudou..." the girls all sighed.

"Excellent!" Rias said. She nodded, and then said "The Kendo Club may resume their activities, then. The rest of us shall depart shortly. Issei, it might be best if you turned back into a boy for the time being?"

And so he did. Forgetting that he'd put on one of the girls' snug bloomers. It didn't stand a chance of containing his weapon of mass erotic mental destruction.

"Ohh.." The girls moaned, eyes immediately lowering at the sound of cloth ripping. If anything was still left of their brain at this point, it was now gone to la-la land.

"Don't worry, I'll have Akeno wipe their memories later on," Rias said. "For the time being, I think we can consider today's Devil Training a success. You clearly have a better understanding of some of your new powers. In time, you will gain fully Mastery and Dominance, as is your right."

"Okay! That's great!" Issei said. "Although, it doesn't really feel like I learned anything much today, except how to change genders and make this thing even bigger? So big that even devils become unable to resist its allure."

"That's perfectly fine," Rias said. "For today, you've had a taste of magic. Tomorrow, we'll resume your training."

"Don't forget to sell your services using the technique we taught you," Akeno said. "Someone might want to contact you, by the way, so make sure you keep an eye on things. Okay?"

Oh, right. He was meant to check to see if anyone wanted to contract with - Ah! There were twenty names trying to contract with him! And they were all girls!

"Hrm... That's quite a lot of potential energy for you to gain..." Rias muttered. "Koneko, you had better go with him to make sure everything goes alright. Oh, and Tsubasa?"

"Yes..." the student council member mumbled under her breath.

"We'd better get you dried up," Rias said. "And discuss your report to Sona in great, exacting detail..."

"Nabiki, this is *officially* the worst idea you've ever had."

That's probably not a name you were expecting to see. And yet, here we are. The Tendo household, showing up in the middle of a DxD thread. Don't worry, don't panic, this is just a one off, I promise they won't take over the thread. Though if someone wants to do an offshoot exploring the aftereffects of this little encounter - well, that's all on you, isn't it?

More to the point, the two younger sisters of the Tendo family were in their pajamas, sitting in the training hall of their family's dojo. Nabiki had just finished setting out a pre-prepared summoning circle onto the floor, and lit several candles around the placement.

"Come on, little sis. What's the harm?" Nabiki asked. "It's just a little harmless fun."

"We personally have encountered ghosts, oni that possess people, and live with two people cursed to transform -"

"Yes, yes! But do you really think a devil would be doing something so daft as handing out fliers in public?"

"That's exactly what they'd do," Akane scowled. "Nabiki, this is a really dumb idea. It's not like you to take a risk like this."

The reason, of course, was that she happened to be walking by when Issei was doing his sales pitch before. However, neither of the two girls recognised this fact. What mattered to Nabiki, first and foremost, was that she absolutely had to summon this Devil in order to get what she wanted. However, she had internalised it and rationalised it away the same way in which most people rationalise their choices after they'd already made them.

Cut to two hours later, and the two of them had fallen asleep. It had all seemed quite silly after about ten minutes of waiting for something to happen, and so the candles had been

extinguished, then the two sisters gossipped and chatted in a way they hadn't done for years. It was cute, it was adorable -

Less adorable was the sound of unfamiliar footsteps, and an even less familiar voice muttering.

"A dojo of all places? Oh, why couldn't they give me a simpler first contract. If I get this wrong I might get beat up. Um, let's see... it was over here, I think?"

An arm pushed the door open, and by then Akane was already wide awake. She grabbed the sleeve and chucked the intruder overarm, causing them to land hard with their back on the floor, hard enough to knock the air out of him.

And then Akane saw it. The bulge in his trousers. Her initial response was disgust, of course, and she did believe that this must be a disgusting pervert trying to pull something. However... her thought process started to blur a little bit as she stared at the bulge. It was hard to take her eyes off it. In part because... hell, she didn't know much about male genitals, but even her fiance's Ranma's wasn't that big, and she'd thought that was a monster as is.

"Uhhh... Hey, Miss Contractor! You're a little jumpy, aren't you expecting me?" the boy asked, kipping up and dusting himself down. Akane still couldn't quite manage to take her eyes off that... That lump... "I'm Issei, the Devil you summoned today. Huh, that didn't hurt as much as I thought it would. Must be a higher tolerance to pain, especially at night or something? Ah, excuse me, I'm kind of new to this Devil thing! What do you want? If it's within my power, I'll try to do it for you!"

What did she want? What did Akane want? Her eyes slid over to where Nabiki was still sleeping, and then zipped right back to Issei's junk. What did Akane want? Her eyes glazed over and she answered automatically.

"I want to have sex with Ranma Saotome," she answered bluntly. "I want to be a stronger martial artist. But mostly I want Ranma to stop insulting my cuteness and femininity and start being nice all the time."

"Eh? Relationship help for a girl?" Issei said. He tutted and crossed his arms. "Don't know why he'd insult your cuteness, you're really pretty. Hold on, Rias insisted I took this lousy book with me just in case something kicked off... Maybe there's something in here?"

This was a weird situation, because he had never thought he would need to give advice to a girl. Never mind the idea of an attractive young woman like this even needing help at all. However... Maybe he could find something in this Cocknosis book that could help him out?

"What sort of insults does he use?" Issei asked, genuinely astonished that anyone would mock this girl's appearance. Honestly, he wasn't even too sure that he should be helping set her up with Ranma at this point. Why was she into him if he insulted her that much?

"He calls me flat chested. Can't cook. Can't sew. Can't swim. Calls me a violent tomboy. Sexless, no appeal at all -"

"Oh, so he *does* like you, he just doesn't know how to show it..." Issei said. "That's called a 'Tsundere' in the book here." Phew, that sort of sounded like a pain to deal with. "Um... Maybe I can help out with a few of those other things? Although, I'd need your permission to do this."

Akane nodded, and then... And then he dropped his trousers letting her see it in all its glory. Holy shit. It was even bigger than she'd thought! Then he said "Boost!" and it got bigger! Akane moaned and fell to her knees, the sight of that hypnodick consuming her vision utterly and totally.

"You'd probably better take off your clothes," Issei said. "Oh man, the one time I say that and it's not even supposed to be pervy! I just want to see the changes I'm going to make as I make them, and fine tune your body appropriately."

Akane had not waited for him to finish, all but ripping off the pajama she was wearing and taking off the bra and panties underneath them.

Issei had gotten more used to naked skin and female bodies of all kinds. From the curvy forms of Akeno and Rias to the more petite Koneko and the more average members of the kendo club. But it was still quite.. distracting to see a girl all but posing in front of him, puffing out her chest as if she were waiting for an inspection.

"Ahem! As an amateur breast enthusiast, I can officially state: You are not flat chested," Issei said. "Still! If you would like a little more jiggle, who am I to deny you? I have seen more than enough reference material to give you a rack that will make that crush of yours go cross-eyed. *Magnificus Mammarius!*"

Boing boing! Akane suddenly felt a heavier weight settle in on her chest, and her posture adjusted accordingly. Even so, she couldn't quite manage tearing her eyes away from that junk. It didn't help when she accidentally started to imagine it was Ranma standing there. Instant moist, just add pigtail.

"Alright! It worked! I can give girls bigger boobs! Not that there's anything wrong with smaller boobs, but having this kind of power over breasts is more than I can ask for! And, uh, I should get their permission first because forcing them to have larger breasts is a step too far, but still! How about a little more muscle definition? You already look plenty fit, but I could probably make you stronger and faster, more in control over your own body..."

Nabiki Tendo was a heavy sleeper. You kind of had to be in this house, everyone was such a damned early bird it would be impossible to get any sleep otherwise. Never mind surprise challengers attacking the dojo, or assassination attempts on Ranma or Akane. Sure, they didn't happen every night, but every night of sleep lost was one too many in her opinion.

Still, there was definitely something going on right next to her, and it was chipping away at her defenses. Bit by bit, until eventually her eyes fluttered open and she realised that there was some strange boy in the room with her and her sister. And that boy wasn't whimpering in pain.

"Alright, that should do the trick! Now Akane, remember what I said. Don't hold back, and show that Ranma boy what you got!"

What she got was a major upgrade. Akane was already cute enough that virtually every boy her own age fell head over heels. But now, she was super cute. A bust that put Ranma's to shame was the most obvious alteration to her figure, but there were other little touches here and there. Her stomach was showing a much more defined six-pack than before, her muscles in general seemed much more taut, and the way she was moving made it clear that she was out after a man. Her pajamas didn't even seem to fit her all that well anymore either.

"Contract complete! Haha! This is easy!" Issei cheered, while Akane wobbled off out of the training hall. "Eh? Where are you going?"

"To the guest room," Akane said. An odd lilt to her voice, as though she wasn't quite all there. "To get laid."

"Damn right you are!" the devil said, giving her a big thumbs up. Ahaha! A horny idiot for a devil, and he'd slutted up her little sister. No doubt by taking advantage on her *bloody obvious* crush on Ranma. To tremendous effect, might she say. Well then. Nabiki loosened her pajama top a little, discreetly. She had no qualms about manipulating a pervert for maximum gain.

"Eh? Huh? That wasn't the person who originally contracted with me?" Issei said, scratching his head. "Well, I got a lot of energy out of it, so it's all good. I wonder who summoned me?"

"That would be me, big boy," Nabiki said, lying on her side and letting her arm trail down her leg, where her index finger was tracing circles. "Why don't you fulfill my request and -"

And... Unholy mammon, that was a large penis. Whatever mental guards Nabiki had up were shattered at the sight of it, a combination of surprise and lust induced by the massive schlong.

"Ah! Nuts, I didn't see you there!" Issei yelped, trying to cover himself up. "Uh, listen! Just tell me what you want - Except this cock! Anything else that you want?"

"Money, power, everyone being my little plaything." Nabiki said in a monotone voice, eyes never leaving the giant dick that had wormed its way into her brain so violently.

"Eh, that might be a little above my paygrade..." Issei said, scratching the back of his head nervously. "Would you be happy with money?" Nabiki nodded so hard her head felt like it might fall off. "Alright then... Let's see what I can find in here. There has to be something that would make money. Uh... Milk production? No, that's pretty mean spirited. Wait... That wet t-shirt competition from before! Would you be alright with showing a bit of skin for cash?" Again, Nabiki nodded. Why not? She'd gone on several dates with guys so she could blackmail them. "Alright then! I'll give you a supermodel's figure and... Just to be on the safe side, I'll also give you this 'living calculator' ability. That should help a girl like you make cash, right?"

Needless to say Issei's actions would cause a massive, even destructive, change to their status quo. But he would remain completely ignorant of the chaos he caused, because hey, he was just doing his job right? This is his story, after all.

Did you ever wonder what happens to the energy accumulated by devil contracts? Did you think it went to the devil themselves? No, not quite. A bit did. Most went... Elsewhere. You see, the contract system is an important part of determining what rank a devil should be. Well, no, it's not an important part, but it is a traditional part.

Anyway, the point is that all this energy generated from contracts like this does go to a central location, where a bunch of dreary devils have to do the math and keep track of each and every random brat's improvements. Which is worse because devils were basically immortal so anyone younger than five hundred years was a snot-nosed brat to these ancient bureaucrats.

"By Satan's beard, have you seen this energy coming in from the Gremory girl's new Pawn?" one asked. "That's energy from two young girls, and I'd say it's roughly equivalent to a stadium."

"Correction, two girls and a half boy, half girl..." her colleague said. "The three of them seem extremely happy with their contract, even though the boy - Issei? - has put no magical energy into it at all. Remarkable."

"The Gremory have always had a discerning eye," the first said. "I expect great things from this Pawn. If this is his first contract, imagine what he might be able to do with a little experience."

"He might ascend in the ranks without even partaking in a Rating Game at this rate..."

Ami Mizuno was a very logical young woman. That didn't mean she had no respect for emotions and ideas. Things like love, justice and friendship were quite high on her list of things worth fighting for. But it did mean that she tended to be a bit more baffled when something got.. confusing and illogical compared to her teammates. Like when it came to some of their enemies rather baffling physique or the fact that the power of Dreams and Love could actually grant real legitimate power in some cases.

Usagi's ability to bend time and space like a pretzel at multiple points throughout their career was just the tip of the iceberg.

But.. she had gotten used to that. Magic was weird, didn't always follow a logical train she could follow. Still, it didn't stop her from trying to understand, studying the data in the Mercury Computer in an attempt to "get" magic properly..

It was difficult work, not least of which because she was basically trying to study the magic equivalent of advanced mathematics. Without having learnt basics like addition and subtraction when she was small.

Still, she was making progress, slowly and steadily. And the young genius was sure that given enough time she would be able to use magic beyond the pre-defined abilities given by their Senshi form. She had managed to do some limited things through the Mercury Computer in the past, but that was kind of cheating since it was just so bullshit.

Of course then her slow and steady work was interrupted when she heard some students in the library whispering a bit too loud to each other. She had just planned to tell them to be a bit quieter, but caught a glance of what they were talking about so intently.

A picture on a phone, that was all it took to utterly shatter Ami's growing confidence in the way the world worked. It was a young man doing thrust squats and - surely this photo must have been edited in some way. That was quite literally anatomically impossible.

"Apparently you can summon him to your room if you use this weird circle and cast a spell," one of the girls whispered.

"Oof! Sounds like a dream come true," the other whispered back.

That.. that was impossible.. had to be some kind of fairy tale. Or at least that was what Ami was thinking to herself until she saw one of them pulling out a flyer with an occult looking circle on it. And immediately she had that feeling, the one she got when seeing something magical. Though it was far weaker, more like a whisper when compared to the metaphorical shouting when dealing with a powerful monster. Perhaps like these energy absorbing trinkets the Dark Kingdom had liked to use..

In face of such a potential danger, she had done something. Namely.. she had faked being a member of the library staff and “confiscated” their phones and the circle until they left..

Goodness, she didn’t think she could trick them with her acting, but it somehow worked out and then she just left their phones at the front table and took the flyer along. Fortunately she was on good terms with the librarian that she didn’t ask any questions, but she would probably have to make it up to these girls if she saw them again..

Perhaps buy them a cake, Usagi always said you cannot go wrong with cake.

Regardless, she now had what she needed and could get to studying that odd flyer and the magic on it.

Scene Break

Meanwhile, a group of five girls were meeting up for cake and tea. It was an unlikely group, one tomboy with a firm sense of justice. A cynical redhead with a tongue sharper than a knife. A blonde with a calm and refined exterior and fragile heart. And a girl with long dark hair who the sort of poker face that makes professional gamblers jealous.

And a pink-haired girl with an aura of innocence and kindness all but surrounding her.

“Hey Madoka, have you heard of this rumour?” A well toned girl with short blue hair asked the shorter pink haired girl.

“What rumour?” She asked, even as the rest of the group also turned towards the bluenette in curiosity.

“See, some of our classmates told me there is supposed to be some kind of magic spell that lets you get a boyfriend.” The bluenette continued, a gleeful and amused note in her voice.

“Eh? That kind of thing..” Mami, the blonde girl with a rather impressive bust questioned. “I mean, magic may be real but I have never heard of something like this.” She said, taking a sip of tea before tilting her head in curiosity.

“Heh, could it be you still want a chance with that Kyouzuke guy?” The redhead asked, taking a bite out of a biscuit as she said that. “Not so over it, are you?”

“Hey, that isn’t it.. I just thought it would be kinda fun to try out..” She said, grumbling as she pulled out some kind of flyer with a magic circle on it.

“Well, it doesn’t sound like there will be any harm. How is it supposed to work Sayaka?” Madoka interrupted, trying to play the mediator between the different sides.

“Ah, they said you just put it down.” She did as mentioned, putting the flyer between a slice of cake and a large topping of whipped cream. “Then you are supposed to like, call upon the dark powers for support!”

Sayaka waved her hands as if there were an invisible crystal ball and she was trying to find a secret from inside it. “Oh, I summon thee dark powers, grant my wish!”

What followed was an awkward silence as the girls waited with (fake) bated breath for something to happen.

Kyoko couldn't quite stop herself though, having to hold her hands before her mouth to not let the giggling be heard by everyone. But then at a particularly theatrical waving from Sayaka, she couldn't help the snort and the laughter slipped out fully.

A moment later Madoka joined in with a quiet giggle, then Mami did the same and even Homura gave a small smirk.

Finally even Sayaka decided to drop the serious act and started laughing.

Scene Break

“This doesn't make any sense!” Ami grumbled to herself, letting the scanning program of the Mercury Computer run over the image another time. She had done this a few times already, letting the system check for any modifications to the image while also trying to track down the origin of the magic.

And the damned thing kept telling her that there was nothing wrong with the picture..

Oh, it was pointing out that there was something unnatural about it, the *male anatomy* not quite matching up to what should be possible. But the picture itself? Nothing modified about it at all.

It was driving her nuts, the idea that.. that some boy's genitals were literally breaking the laws of physics. At least the Silver Crystal had the excuse of being an incredibly powerful mystic object from an ancient civilization that predated all of mankind!

“How the heck is this supposed to summon anyone?” She questioned, looking over the data. This wasn't quite it, there was something.. like a trace of magic that was supposed to point at your location. Somewhat similar to how she could easily find Mercury Castle around the planet even though she didn't actually know where it was physically..

“But how does it know that I want to summon this guy? Do I just need to say ‘Come here and fulfill my wish!’ or someth-” And there the trace energy of magic started ping-ponging out her location.

Ami nudged her glasses further back her nose.

"Well, sometimes scientific advancement is serendipitous..."

Yes, that sounded far better than *'I just randomly succeeded at something I was trying to get to work for like an hour'* anyway.

Ami tensed, expecting someone to all but appear from nowhere any moment now. She knew teleportation after all, so it was possible that whoever had magic would use it to get here but..

Nothing happened.. even as she continued to keep looking for any hint that something was appearing, perhaps some kind of magic circle or-

"What are you looking at?" A monotone voice asked from behind her and Ami nearly jumped out of her skin at the shock. She quickly got up and turned around, almost dropping her transformation stick in the process. The one who had surprised her so badly turned out to be a.. petite girl with almost snow-white hair. Yellow, almost golden eyes looked at her in curiosity, not showing any hints of malevolence.

"Who are you? How did you get in here?" She asked, looking warily over the girl and trying to read her intention. There was something unnatural about her, she was sure of that. The intensity was far less than when she had dealt with some of their more powerful foes, but it was present.

"Your mother let us in when we told her we are friends coming over to visit." The girl said in a perfectly calm tone of voice.

"Ehh?" Ami returned eloquently, feeling a sweatdrop dripping down her head at the absurdity of the answer. Well.. that was what you get if you are using your room to do mysterious research on magic objects during the weekend.

"Ah.. th-tha.. thank you ma'am.." A boy's voice said and Ami took a look over Koneko's head (which was surprisingly easy due to the girl's small stature) and saw her mother handing a glass water to a young man.

A young man who looked exactly like the boy from the picture she had been.. dealing with for the last few hours.

"Don't worry about it, I am a doctor so I know a thing or two about how important it is to keep hydrated when doing sports." Ami twitched, not quite sure how to deal with her mother going all.. well motherly over someone that had messed with her head for a while now. Even if it had happened quite unintentionally. "Also... Would you consider signing up for a medical study? I'm quite fascinated at your... anatomy."

At that question, Ami felt an impending sense of doom. Her mother.. wanting to.. nope, nope, NOPE!

Now what to do about this.. problem? She couldn't very well start blasting her Sailor Mercury magic all over the place, but there was no way in hell that she would let her mother spend any more time with.. this boy than absolutely necessary.

"Ah, hello-" She paused, freezing momentarily at not actually knowing the boy's name.

"Issei" The girl in front of her informed helpfully and Ami's fake smile became a little warmer.

"Yes, come in you two, we can talk and stuff inside. Mum, sorry for bothering you." Ami moved over to the boy, gait a little stiff and grabbed him by one hand. Quickly, she pulled him up and inside her room before closing the door. She could only just hear her mother saying 'Oh, it is no problem' before the wood of the door shut her off.

"Ahh.. so-sorry to just jump you like that.." The boy said, looking like he would croak any moment and nearly falling over as soon as she let go of him. A moment later, the white haired girl rushed over, supporting him with surprising ease and all but carrying him over to her bed.

"Okay.. so how exactly does this work?" Ami asked, continuing to stand and positioning herself between the two strangers and the doorway. Transformation pen hidden behind her back, she couldn't risk her mother getting hurt if this turned ugly.

"This is the part where you tell us what you want." The girl said, sticking oddly close to her male counterpart and being a little.. very touchy. "Aside from his cock."

If she had been drinking something, she would have done a spit-take. As is, Ami was left taking a deep sudden breath and blinking owlishly at Koneko.

"Excuse me?"

The girl looked utterly unamused, as if what she said was the most reasonable thing ever instead of.. total insanity.

"His cock is reserved." She continued, not showing the slightest hint of sarcasm or humour to suggest she was joking.

"Right.. I don't care about his.. thing.." She said, trying her best to not look at where the girl was *touching* Issei in a very inappropriate manner.

"Ah.. Koneko, this isn't really the time for-" Well at least she knew the girl's name now, that was one good part.

"So, what is your wish? If we can fulfil it, we will do so." The white haired female said, ignoring the words and continuing to.. touch the boy in inappropriate places.

Right this was.. a bit tricky.

"Well, to be honest I was kinda just trying this thing out for fun. I didn't actually expect it to work." Well that was not even a real lie. "Though I am kind of curious about-" Oh right.. how to ask about.. the impossible form of that crotch..

Without giving the girl a reason to think she was lying about not being *interested* in her boyfriends? cock.

"K-Koneko, you gotta stop or-" There was a sound like something tearing and Ami's eyes moved down more on reflex than for any other reason to see the boy's crotch being.. far bigger than before. His pants were highly flexible it seemed, but perhaps his underpants had ripped under the strain because wow..

"Don't worry, you heard her she doesn't care a bit.." Koneko said, keeping an eye on Ami from out of the corner of her eyes and seeing her staring at Issei's crotch.

"I-I guess.. just, what can we help you with?" The boy continued, clearly trying to keep a professional attitude even as Koneko continued to kiss his neck and massage his crotch.

"Well, I'm training to be a Doctor," Ami said, her head feeling oddly light, almost like it were filled with cotton candy. "B-But I have some problems with being introverted..."

Well yes, that could be a problem. Even Issei who was a bit clueless about anything not to do with manga, anime and perverted topics knew that a Doctor had to do a lot of talking.

"Right.. I am not sure, Ko-Koneko, do you have any ideas?" God, that girl knew how to use her hands.

"Roleplaying might help," Koneko suggested before licking Issei's cheek in a decidedly feline manner.

"Roleplaying?" Ami asked, feeling strangely disconnected from the conversation, as if her entire focus was being pulled into the boy's crotch. It was so incredibly hard to.. to think of anything except that huge bulge.

"Yeah, you play the doctor and the patient. We can help her and have some *fun* while doing so." She said, a decidedly lustful look on her face.

"Ah okay.. ehh.. sorry but if you could please go along?" Ami didn't mind what Issei was saying, so she just nodded and smiled a little.

“Right, I think we could use this to help with the matter.” Koneko continued, slipping a hand into Issei’s pants and pulling out-

“Ohh..” It was so big, so bulgy and- “Ahhh..” -perfect, glorious, awe-inspiring.

There were a lot of words, but none truly fit, perfect being perhaps the closest. It was flawless for sure. Every curve, every vein seeming to only add to a package that made her brain feel like it was turning to goo.

“Isn’t that kinda bad?” Issei asked, trying to shift away from Koneko but she held him in place with one hand easily, using the other to rub his growing shaft with clear delight.

“Hmm.. I am your senior in this, so you should listen little Kohai.” Koneko said, her voice all but purring out the last word and just the hint of a mischievous smile on her lips.

Issei tried to resist, but god these fingers were so nice, not to mention he could see the promise for.. more in Koneko’s eyes. “Right.. you can always erase these parts from her memory afterwards?” He questioned, breathing heavily as he leaned into Koneko, his cock pushing into her belly by now.

“Yes, so don’t worry and let us help her.”

For as long as they'd known each other, Rias Gremory and Sona Sitri were friendly rivals. You know the sort, they get on super well but they're also both really competitive, so... well, it's not hard to see how things would proceed from there.

The trick was that this was sort of like a competition between Batman and Superman. This analogy can lead to an easy mistake: Superman is the ridiculously strong meathead, while Batman is the highly intelligent schemer. Right? Brains versus brawn? Well... No, not really. Batman is weaker than Superman, but he is also peak human. Superman is also pretty smart by human standards. That's what makes this such an elegant metaphor, as Rias is stupidly strong through her inherited Destruction magic, while Sona is an unquestionable chessmaster... But that doesn't mean Rias is dumb or Sona is weak.

Make that mistake at your peril. And by peril, I mean you'd probably die.

In any event, this did place Rias in quite the bind. Smart though she may be, the prospect of outwitting Sona was, to say the least, a daunting challenge. Yet she had to. Issei was the King of Breasts, meaning that even Sona Sitri must be brought under the sway of his magnificent giant phallus. His dreamy cock, penetrating that normally ice cold serious girl... It was enough to make her lips in anticipation.

This was part of why she'd sent Issei away on contract duty, incidentally. It would have looked suspicious if she hadn't, and it also created a little space between her and his big throbbing cock. She needed time to think this through and him being around really wasn't conducive to that.

Whenever she saw that glorious member, his commands seemed to become even more present in her mind. It was difficult to bring herself to cover up her chest, to not appreciate another girl's breasts in the way they deserved. Even knowing that doing so could blow her cover did not make it easier. If she had to compare it with something, it was like swimming against a strong current. Stop putting effort into it for a little and you would be pulled along before you know what is happening.

She didn't want to dare think about what she would feel if he had made more clear and absolute orders. If she thought about *that* she might start to masturbate, or order Akeno to put her tongue to good use...

"Akeno, could you please stop masturbating for a little bit, I'm trying to think."

"Ohhh, but his coooock!□" Akeno moaned. "I miss his cock already!□"

"He is enriching the environment by spreading the glory of his reign to others. Koneko is ahh.. helping by.. sh-showing others the perfect.. *perfection that is his cock!*□"

Fight it, Rias. For the greater glory of Issei's cock. You must maintain a semblance of self control. What would you do if your brother showed up before you were ready? He'd utterly annihilate Issei and his wonderful cock from existence. Same with Serafall, she'd take some real work to whittle down... probably? She honestly wasn't sure. Devils were supposed to have a measure of resistance to this kind of thing, so maybe more powerful Devils could actually do the unthinkable and not fall under its sway? In which case, training him to Boost and Boost often would definitely be needed here...

But more to the point, they needed to solidify their base of operations. Hence, the student council must be brought to heel. They had one member already. That would give them an in to get the others, but... If Rias was struggling to not salivate over Issei's cock, then the other members of the student council would struggle to maintain themselves. Which Sona would notice. Especially if weird excuses kept cropping up to pick off council members one at a time. It would be easy if, say, her birthday was coming up, because they could play it off as a surprise party... But no, that wasn't for another six months. Too long, she'd figure them out by then.

Perhaps she could suggest a training fight for the Rating Games? If she managed to set it up right and had Issei boost himself to the max with them in front, she would have an easy time brainwashing them. Especially with Issei mostly out of it after a boost.. but then that depended on all of them being hit. And not taking out Issei before he gets the chance to boost his cock to maximum potential..

You can see the problem she was having. It was quite the stumper. So many things might go wrong here, so... What to do, what to do?

"Forgive me for interrupting," Kiba said out of nowhere. "However, two unknown figures have approached the Hyoudou residence. Specifically, two Holy Swords."

Rias was on her feet and hugging Kiba in no time flat. Oh, the poor dear. His history with the Holy Swords was terrible, tragic. A group from within the church had sought to recreate Excalibur, and to do that they had performed an experiment on numerous young children. Kiba was the sole survivor - and even then only because Rias had found him after his escape.

"Thank you for reporting this to me," Rias said. "I'm surprised that you didn't do something foolish, like try to confront them by yourself."

"I was going to," Kiba said. "However... my hatred of the Holy Swords is slightly overtaken by my desire to see Issei become the true King of Breasts."

That... was quite a statement. Rias knew that he hated the Holy Swords, but to such an extent? Merely a little overtaken by his devotion to Issei's cock? No, think of that later. Right now what mattered was why these two were going to Issei's house. Why would the church send them? It didn't make sense, and it was her responsibility to find out what the hell was going on. Sending two exorcists, with **holy swords** into the turf of the little sisters of two of the Four Satans was quite dangerous.

Back when she was young, Irina had been quite the tomboy. Couldn't say that about her anymore. Ah, it was so good to be back here... even if 'here' was Devil territory.

Unfortunately they were not here to clean the city, much as some would have liked. The higher ups had been rather clear that they *didn't* want them to risk starting another war. Humanity was probably the weakest notable faction in the supernatural world and while the heavens were strictly speaking on their side, nobody wanted to risk being the one who actually puts this protection to the test in an all out war.

Nope, the idea was to get rid of an anomaly, some kind of thing that had popped up on the radar of a dozen or so diviners and spiritualists. It was a vague ping, something about "*corruption*" and "*eternal obsession*". Oh, and "*boundless lust*", can't forget that.

"Oh my goodness, little Irina, you sure did grow up didn't you?" said the mother of her best friend when she still lived here. That friend being Issei Hyoudou. Who, according to their resources, had recently become a Devil. "I'm sure Issei will be very excited to see you again."

There was an extremely meaningful glance at Irina's breasts in the middle of that last sentence. Irina smiled back at her.

"I'm looking forward to seeing him as well," she said. To her right, her ally Xenovia looked over at her askance, as if asking why she was looking forward to meeting a Devil, and why they were even here to begin with. Irina smiled back at her, hoping she got the idea that all she meant was... well, she wanted to understand why Issei would do something so terrible as that.

"Thank you for the tea," Xenovia said. She took a sip. So refined and calm as always. Well, not always. In the heat of battle, she could get pretty... What's the right word? Intense? Yes, intense fit quite nicely. "I have to say, Irina was greatly anticipating coming back to this place. If this is the hospitality one receives when visiting, it is easy to see why."

"Oh, oh my goodness, aren't you such a refined lady," Mrs Hyoudou chuckled. "I'm sure Issei will adore you as well."

That was another meaningful look, this time at Xenovia's chest. Not that she could really see either of them too clearly while they were wearing these robes.

Ah, now Mrs Hyoudou was settling in between the two of them with pictures in hand. "Here's Issei," she said. "He's been so much happier recently, especially with his new club-mates. Oh, and he's getting on better with Aika these days too. Do you remember Aika?"

"The mean girl that always made fun of Issei?" Irina said. "Those two are getting on? Gosh, things have changed around -"

Then up came an image that surprised her a little. Wait a minute. Hold on a second. Irina was pretty lacking in experience with male anatomy, but that bulge in his trousers in this picture... That wasn't possible. Surely. Had to be a trick of the light. Had to be.

Yet she couldn't look away from it in wonder. Her eyes tracked it, traced the bulge and sculpted an image in her mind of what it must be like. No, can't be. It really truly can't be. And yet...

"Ah, I see..." Xenovia said. "That would be Rias Gremory behind him, wouldn't it?"

"Eh? You know Rias?"

The spell broke. Oh. Rias Gremory was in that picture as well as a few others, who were likely members of her peerage.

"We.. have heard of her before. Her father is a.. business acquaintance of my father." She said, keeping a straight face while also looking over the picture a bit more. The girl looked quite distinctive, foreign and most certainly not Japanese. How had she not noticed a Devil from one of the most powerful families, right there in front of her? Weird.

"Oh my, what a coincidence. I am sure you will get along great. Issei has been spending a lot of time with them and they are with him. Why, one or more of these girls come to visit almost every day to make sure he gets up early for a workout." The older woman continued, unaware of the thoughts going through their heads.

"He gets up early.. that is something I didn't think I would hear." Irina answered, momentarily distracted by this. Issei wasn't necessarily lazy from what she remembered but.. He was also not the time to get up for fun early..

"Oh, they are quite good at keeping him motivated." Issei's mother said, giving a wink and smiling a little brighter. "You know, while you're here you could probably join them. I'm sure they'd be perfectly happy to have the two of you join in their... exercise."

Okay, so that was another meaningful glance at Irina and Xenovia's boobs. Huh. You know, Irina was starting to feel like their behaviour was outside the norm.

"You know, I don't think you've mentioned what brought the two of you here in the first place?" Mr Hyoudou said. Oh, well. The Church superiors had detected something arriving from another, unidentified, plane of existence somewhere in this vicinity. Then they detected another something arriving from another, unidentified, plane of existence in the same general location. Which happened to be a Devil's territory. And that unknown something required investigation, hence a pair of Holy Swords being sent in to take a discrete look around, maybe liaise a little with the local Devils to figure out what it was and try to prevent a war or some other disaster from kicking off.

"My father asked me to get a packet for him that is supposed to arrive soon. Xenovia was nice enough to come along." Irina said, trying to smile and remain calm.

And then... the distinctive sound of the front door opening hit her ears. The two Holy Swords looked to one another and nodded. It was time for them to get down to business right away... Though the conversation wouldn't quite go in the direction either of them would predict.

Ever have too much of a good thing? That was Issei right now. He felt full. Fully spiritually, full emotionally, full physically., full in ways he didn't know he could be full. This was counteracted by the fact that he had been cycling all over the place to fulfill the wishes of girls hither and yonder. The day that he could teleport, that would be a fine day indeed.

Not as fine as Koneko's butt, which he was getting a nice good feel of as she sat in his lap, but fine nonetheless. It was one of the advantages coming with the whole *being a devil* thing. This casual attitude to sexuality was not something he was used to, but he was more than enjoying it. And if anything, it was only increasing his motivation to get stronger so he could one day have his own Peerage of hot girls.

And perhaps a guy or two if they were cool. He felt that even with how much he enjoyed this... It would become difficult to keep going if the number of girls increased too much.

Little did he know, the lucky fucker.

"By the way, Koneko," he said in between deep sucking breaths. "I... meant to ask... what inspired you to ask for their bras as payment?"

To his surprise, Koneko rubbed her cheek against his and purred. Oh, right. Cat demon. "It seemed appropriate," she said.

"Um... and... was it necessary for us to have sex in front of the contractors too?"

She wiggled her butt right into his crotch. "Absolutely," she said.

Suddenly he didn't feel like arguing the point. So many weird things to learn about being a Devil. Evil Pieces, Peerages, the families, the casual attitude to sex, his Sacred Gear... then throw on top of that his supersized hypnotic cock complete with evil talking book trying to trick him into using it on unsuspecting people... He was really lucky that he managed to fall in with these

Devils in that case, if his life had continued as normal he might have brainfucked the entire school inside of a day without meaning to.

It also gave him free access to two of the hottest girls in the school, Rias and Akeno... Not to mention Koneko, of course, who would be a prize worth having all by herself. And hey, turned out that Kiba wasn't half bad either, he could really see himself becoming friends with that guy after all.

Still, as he put the bicycle away, he couldn't help but worry that his physical stamina might not be up to the task. A lot of cycling coupled with a lot of sex is going to absolutely ruin anyone's energy output. Though, he did need to improve his stamina if he wanted to use his boosted Gear, especially with his hypnotic cock..

It was a dangerous weapon, but in these competitions it could be useful. And.. if he were honest the idea of having official permission to use it in a controlled environment sounded exciting. Especially if the opponent was a hot girl and he could perhaps get something out of the victory beyond the expected..

"I'm home!" he called out, letting out a yawn - but he was suddenly wide awake again when he found a pair of swords crossed at his neck.

His mind was already coming to an halt as he questioned whether this would be the end. Cut down at the height of his popularity, when he could go so far still. So much to do, so many sex positions to try out!

"Oh welcome Issei, please say hello to little Irina and her friend." And there his mum was calling from the kitchen, the smell of fresh cooking reaching his nose.

"Irina?"

That was a name he hadn't heard in a long time. Memories hit him, of playing with a young boy his own age. Light brown hair, aggressively cheerful, kicked his butt in every sport they played... Actually, that girl on the right almost looked like she would be Irina's big sis-

"Hi Issei, it's been a while," that girl said, sheathing her sword while her friend kept it out a little bit longer. "Not so much a tomboy anymore, am I?"

Click. "You were a girl, Irina?!" he yelled. At which point she smacked him over the head hard enough to drive him to his knees. Which wasn't as hard as it might normally be, but still.

"Do these look like melons?!" Irina yelled, gesturing at her chest. "Honestly, you thought I was a boy all this time? I should tell you off for making that kind of mistake."

"Technically, you are telling him off," said the pretty blue haired girl that Issei didn't know the name of. She looked over at Koneko and... Huh, now that he thought about it, wasn't it weird they were wearing those robes? "Perhaps it would be best if we caught up in a more private setting? We have some sensitive business to discuss."

"Agreed," Koneko said, and then physically picked up Issei before anyone could say anything else, making for the stairs to carry him up to his room.

"H-Hey! Koneko! What's the big idea? You don't need to carry me like I'm some kind of ladder!"

"Issei, let the cute girl that behaves like a cat carry you like a ladder!" his mother cheerfully called up. What?! "Ah... it's so nice that he's making friends. Now. What shall I do with all of these bras that they've brought home?"

"Ahh.. please just put them away-" Issei tried to say but was interrupted by a shake from Koneko.

"They belong to Issei, we will get them later." She said, voice as deadpan as always, made even more ridiculous with Issei struggling to escape her steel hard grip.

Oooh, great! Now he looks really bad in front of his childhood friend and her friend. Both of whom, he had to say, were really pretty! It was a shame they were covered in those robes because he had this vague idea in his head that they both had really sexy bodies, but he couldn't even grasp what kind of sexy bodies they'd have!

"So it's true then," the blue haired babe said. "I have never observed a Devil's home life before, but it is clear that you revel in filth and corruption."

"Eh?" Issei said. "Devil's home life...?"

"Oh, how could you, Issei?" Irina cutely stamped her foot, which is impressive because that robe went down to her ankles. "Becoming a Devil? Really? I knew you were always lustful, but... Show at least a little self control!"

"Issei, these two are members of the Church," Koneko whispered in his ear. "If I am not mistaken, Holy Swords?"

"Yes, we have been granted parts of the holy sword Excalibur." Issei turned to the blue-haired girl who had started to explain. "Two unknown objects of dangerous nature have been identified as being somewhere within the city. I don't know the exact details, but these objects could prove dangerous to everyone in the city."

"Yes, so we are here to talk with you.. Devils about a temporary alliance to find these objects, and destroy them."

This seemed a bit beyond Issei's level. "Uh... I'm kind of new to this, so I'm the wrong person to talk to, maybe you should be speaking to -"

"Rias Gremory," Irina said. "We know. I just wanted to check in on my old buddy and then smack him for becoming a Devil, first." She looked at Koneko. "Um... I won't do any permanent damage, I just want to smack him for being a dummy. That won't cause an incident, will it?"

"H-Hey, why are you asking -"

"Smack away," Koneko said, making a motion as though adjusting glasses that she didn't wear.

"Wait, let's talk about -"

"Stupid!"

Oh that's right Irina had a wicked right hook. He'd only ever seen her use it against bullies, but it always knocked them flying, if only for a fraction of a second. In Issei's case, he sailed up into the air, set to land on his bed.

"Now you will never know the light of the Lord, never know his grace, never ever appreciate the wonder and splendour of heaven! Your soul, forever spoiled, so that the only salvation you may have is obliteration at the hands of me or one of my peers!"

He'd landed right after she finished yelling that at him. Yeah, it was a hell of a punch.

Funny thing, though. Something had caught onto the back of his trousers. A coat hanger, wedged between the end of the bed and hooked into the back. When Irina had hit him, that hook had somehow managed to hold, and had yanked his trousers down.

Of course, he'd only realised that after the bell in his head stopped ringing, and he only realised that because Koneko had gently, yet firmly, grasped hold of his shaft and jerked it until it was nice and hard.

"While you are here, you may wish to assist us with another matter," Koneko said.

"H-Hey, Koneko! Cut that -"

"It's fine," Koneko whispered in his ear. "They are women of the Church. They will not succumb to lust so easily." She stopped to lick his balls for a moment, fuck that was so cute. Looking at them, the two of them *were* staring... But... he didn't feel like they were hypnotised. The blue haired babe was staring blankly, but she'd been pretty emotionless since she got here. Irina was blushing super hard. That... didn't seem all that different, so they were probably safe.

Why are all harem protagonists dumb? The Watsonian reason, not the Doylist: That's simply "it's funnier that way". There must be an in universe reason too, surely...

Xenovia was a devout member of the Church, and one of its Holy Swords. One did not join this role without a certain level of faith. That faith, devotion and worship for the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit. It was not pride that would make her say that she held more faith than most others, it was a simple hard fact. If given the choice to flee the Church or lose her own life, she would take her own life - if there were truly no other way.

"As you can plainly see this absolutely magnificent penis has potent hypnotic properties," said Koneko, a girl that Xenovia knew was a Devil. Rias Gremory's mighty rook. A cat demon. Yet... to her mind right now, it felt like she was listening to a priest. No, a preacher. "Please study it carefully. Watch as my hand strokes up and down its considerable length."

Up and down her hand went. Slender. Around that shaft it looked like... like a little kitten wrapped around an oak tree. Mighty. Powerful. Dominant. Her breathing hitched. It wasn't lust she felt, not exactly. It was... a desire to mate. The act of reproduction itself was what she suddenly craved, not some base animalistic, fleeting pleasure.

"Its power is very strong, strong enough that even with us around to help contain it, it has gotten Issei into trouble a few times." The girl continued, her voice sounding distant and yet close. "Fortunately, you are here and can help us with the matter."

A penis like this would bring much power to the church. It could only be a benefit. Combine her power as a Holy Sword with that penis, and the result would be mighty to the point they could almost be called invincible. And yet... to bed a Devil... It would be heresy to engage in such an act of her own volition.

"Any girl that stares at this penis has their mind and free will melted away," Koneko said, as if sensing her hesitation. "It's so perfect that it fills your brain. It fucks you from the inside just by looking at it."

"Wh-what are you doooing?" Irina slurred. "What is this maaaagic?"

Her questions would have been a little more believable as a sign of protest if she wasn't licking her lips like a hungry dog. These words, they were even truer now that they had been spoken. It felt like a long hard dick was going in and out, filling her and pumping her brain and pussy like a toy. Making her brain feel soft and weak, so easy to mold and twist into any shape.

"Uh, Koneko, are you sure you haven't hypnotised them?"

"Holy Swords would not succumb so easily to base, lustful desires," Koneko said. "They are staring at your penis, your amazing cock, because they are trying to determine the magical source." Yes, that's right. Xenovia was staring at this perfect all commanding cock to figure that out. It wasn't that she was a barely repressed extremely thirsty girl. "Unfortunately, they will almost certainly have to have sex with you to perform a proper analysis."

"Eh?" Xenovia gasped, though it sounded muted to her own ears.

"S-Sex?" Irina squeaked, sounding similarly muted.

"Sex," Koneko said, and the word sounded in their ears like a church bell ringing right above them. "Since the magic is enchanting his penis, you will have to take it inside of you. Let it bottom out. Let him thrust it inside of you repeatedly."

"I'm... not sure..." Xenovia began to protest, but she wasn't quite sure how she wanted to finish that sentence.

"Imagine that my hand is your warm, soaked pussy," Koneko said, her tone suddenly more commanding. The image hit Xenovia almost against her will. "Watch as I squeeze and tease this shaft. Now imagine that it is your inner walls doing this to him." Fullness. She imagined such fullness and contentment that she never imagined was possible. "Imagine yourselves, on top of

him, for hours and hours studying his cock. Getting to know it. Understanding his magic. Until his hot, addictive seed shoots inside of you, and you truly understand."

Xenovia slowly blinked, and let her robe drift off her body. She was dimly aware of Issei saying something like "Oh wow! Irina is so slender and feminine, while her friend has curves for days!"

"Her name is Xenovia," Irina said, standing next to her, similarly disrobed. "I- I suppose we should have sex with him."

"Yes," Xenovia slowly nodded. "It is clear that this is one of the two things we were sent to investigate."

"Then you should investigate it thoroughly," Koneko said, letting go of his shaft. "The childhood friend should begin, while I discuss further with Xenovia."

"Yes.. yes I should.. I did always want.." Irina moved closer to Issei and Koneko, her motions slow and almost as if she were sleepwalking. "It is for the greater good, for the glory of the church..."

"Um... Okay then?" Issei said. He sat up, but Irina pushed him back down. Pretty roughly, too.

"You lie there," Irina said. "I have to study your penis by taking it inside me."

"Sure, I guess that makes se-eeeense! Not so rough!"

It was pretty clear which of the two was in charge. Irina roughly shoved him down and kissed him, arching her back until her butt was all the way in the air. No wonder, with the size of the thing she was going to have to take inside of her. Then, she lined it up and at first gently pushed it in... but then her hips started to tremble and she suddenly went a lot faster, pushing more and more of it inside herself as she went.

As this happened Xenovia felt oddly clear headed. Like a mist was rising from her brain. It was as if the cock no longer being in sight was making her.

"Oohhhh!" Irina moaned, her entire body stiffening. She put her hands on top of her head and began to move her body lewdly, though not entirely naturally. Like she'd never actually moved her body that way before, and was swiftly learning how it worked.

"Man, I really hope you guys can work this thing out," Issei said, taking the chance to cop a feel without any hint of shame. "This thing has been causing me all sorts of stress. The last thing I want to do is accidentally use it to brainwash a bunch of girls!"

A strong pair of hands slipped under Xenovia's arms, and grabbed at her breasts right then. Koneko had her. Wait... Actually, hold on, everything about this was unnatural.

"Issei is the king of breasts," Koneko whispered. She put her cheek up against Xenovia's, using her pure strength to force her to look. Xenovia struggled - but then Irina's body moved up a bit, revealing just a hint of the base of Issei's cock. Koneko then physically dragged Xenovia around to a chair, from here she had a much better look. At the bliss on Irina's face. And at the penetration itself. "Issei is the king of breasts," Koneko whispered again.

"The king of breasts owns your tits, they exist to pleasure him. You love boobs, you love showing them off and touching them." Koneko continued, repeating the mantra that had been taught to her by Rias and which would surely one day become gospel for all of womankind.

It suddenly dawned on Xenovia what was happening. Hypnosis! Issei had said as much himself! Somehow, her defenses against mental manipulation were being completely bypassed as if it wasn't even there!

"Issei is the king of breasts," Koneko repeated, but this time Xenovia was trying to resist that idea. She focused on the fact that she was listening to a devil, talking about another devil. No mere beast like that could control her, could command her in any way.

What did it matter that Issei was the king of breasts and that her tits were his to do with as he pleased? She was still a servant of the lord, that was where her loyalty lay.. wait.. her thoughts felt oddly confused. Did she lose track of something?

The pressure on her breasts disappeared, and Xenovia's vision snapped into focus. Irina was lying face down on Issei's bed, butt high in the air, semen dribbling out of her, and her face thoroughly lost in the land of bliss.

But this sight didn't maintain her focus whatsoever as a big dose of perfection swung its way into her direct vision.

"Alright.. Eh.. you also want to give it a once over?" Issei asked, face flushed from exertion yet clearly quite happy at the idea.

Xenovia's eyes crossed as they focused on the end of the penis - the mighty cock - pointing right at her face. The cock of the king of breasts. The one who owned her breasts, that her tits were open for him to do as he pleased, that made her realise how much she enjoyed touching them and showing them off...

"I suppose I will have to," she said in an airy voice. What followed next could only be described as divine, heretical as such a comparison might be, to describe copulating with a devil.

"Please do come in." said Akeno from just inside the club room, her chin high and a polite frosty smile on her lips. The curvy dark-haired devil wore a modified version of the Kuoh Academy uniform, the white button down blouse missing. The black shoulder cape and corset about her abdomen created a frame around her big breasts which were proudly bare save for the tails of the black ribbon about her neck which lay tucked into her deep cleavage.

Kiba and Koneko had escorted them through the old school building and they followed behind and closed the doors as the two representatives of the church entered. The two girls each eyed the devil's beautiful bosom, drinking in their jiggy perfection. They weren't shocked in the slightest by the display. It was only natural to love boobs and showing them off. They had both made similar modifications to their own modest attire after finishing up at Issei's home. Their turtlenecks and bras had been left behind, their robes unbuttoned to a greater degree both now displayed a healthy amount of creamy cleavage themselves.

They silently followed Akeno to the pair of couches arranged facing each other in the center of the room across a low coffee table. Rias and Issei sat on one. They took seats on the empty couch as Akeno sat down beside Issei. She and Rias snuggled in against his sides, pulling their legs up onto the cushion and bending them to the side and under themselves. Rias wore her uniform in much the same way as her Queen, but she had added a lacey quarter-cup ruby bra that left most of the smooth slopes of her bosom revealed, including the whole of her light pink nipples.

"Welcome. Do tell... what brings two faithful members of the church to my lands, to my very doorstep?" Rias asked calmly, gently smiling even as she openly rubbed a hand upon Issei's lap, drawing attention to the massive bulge there that had never once been far from the young womens' thoughts.

Xenovia tore her eyes away from the slumbering beast to meet her gaze, "Our mission is to discover the nature of the powerful magical artifacts that have surfaced in this city. We seek a temporary arrangement between our factions. To find these items and-"

She hesitated, golden eyes dropping back down to Rias' hand whose rubbing motion had taken on a much lewder nature as the lump beneath it grew steadily, straining at Issei's pants. "...destroy them? Hmm? You've found one, haven't you? And I do believe that you've studied its nature quite thoroughly, yes?"

Both girls flushed. Irina spoke up, "Oh no! I- Well not Issei's-"

Xenovia quickly mastered her emotions, nodding, "Yes, we have divined the nature of the King of Breasts' power and it is clear that it is a holy gift that can only exist within him by God's providence."

Akeno tilted her head ever so slightly to the left and her brow furrowed, “How passing strange that your superiors had no knowledge of this fact when they gave you this mission, isn’t it? Directing your violent ire at such an innocent boy...”

“Now now, Akeno.” admonished Rias gently, “Our own hierarchy isn’t exactly forthcoming with all of the knowledge that we, loyal subjects all, would prefer when accomplishing our own devilish instructions...”

“I suppose...” agreed Akeno as she leaned in and laid her head upon Issei’s chest, taking possession of his arm and guiding it right between her breasts, squishing those lovely masses about it lewdly.

“And what have you learned about this _powerful_ magical artifact, as you put it, that you discovered between my dear Servant’s legs?” asked Rias pointedly as she extended her arm and grasped at Issei’s cockhead, the fat well-curved shape of it perfectly clear straining against his pant leg all the way down around his knee. “And do feel free to get more comfortable. This is a safe space where we are all free to bare our breasts so that their King can enjoy them to his heart’s content.”

Both Holy Swords murmured their thanks and quickly unbuttoned their robes to their waists, pulling back the sides to fully reveal their bare torsos much to Issei’s obvious delight as he looked back and forth between them with wide eyes. No one was paying the sides of the room any attention but Koneko had already disrobed down to just a pale blue and snowy white set of garter belts and thigh highs, both her tea-cup tits and her shaved vagina on full display. Kiba was glaring at the interlopers but smoothing his expression whenever anyone looked his way.

Xenovia took the lead in answering Rias’ question, feeling a strong warmth in both her bosom and deep within her rather sore and stretched womanhood as she felt Issei’s eyes linger, “There is no doubt that his... endowment is one of the two anomalies we have been tasked with investigating. Our seers were vague in their warnings but Issei’s magical manhood is certainly an object worthy of ‘eternal obsession’ and ‘boundless lust’. That is simply natural given its perfection. I hesitate for fear of blasphemy but it truly feels like a holy penis worthy of worship. The sense of corruption we’ve divined no doubt has to do with Issei’s demonic nature rather than anything to do with the strong worthy reproductive organ itself...”

“That is good.” remarked Rias casually, “While I naturally take some issue with describing my Issei with such religious terms... that we all hold him AND his cock with such favor means we have a strong basis for cooperation. You’ve mentioned that there are _two_ magical objects... This concerns me as I can tell you now that the other is not held by a member of the devil faction here. And that means...”

Irina dropped her hands down from her boobs, having been enjoying the natural way she had been touching them and lightly pinching her tiny hard nipples had drawn Issei’s wide-eyed attention. She exclaimed in alarm, “-that the Fallen Angels have found it!”

Xenovia slowly sent her partner a critical look, even as she cupped and pulled at one fat milky breast with one hand and enjoyed a hungry expression from the King of Breasts, "That isn't the only possibility. It could yet be unfound, or it is with an innocent unaffiliated with the War, or a member of a minor faction."

"And yet it is vital that we ensure that the few Fallen Angels that presume to linger around _my_ territory are not the beneficiaries of such a power." said Rias, a forceful declaration that saw her stop stroking Issei and place a fist in the palm of her other hand.

Xenovia leaned forward, an intense light in her eyes, her big breasts shifting with the movement, her golden crucifix sliding even deeper within her lovely cleavage, "Then do you, devils, agree to a truce and temporary alliance with us, servants of the church, to seek out and destroy this menace should it be in the hands of our mutual enemy, the fallen angels?"

A serious expression appeared on Rias' beautiful face, one a full match for the buxom bluest, as she drew herself up straight, "On the name of Gremory, I will ally with the church's servants, Xenovia and Irina, to seek out this magical threat and neutralize it."

That Rias had carefully demarcated the limits of her house's alliance in that statement was missed by no one in that room save for perhaps dear dummy Issei. For he had difficulty following the politics of the devil world in the best of times and he was currently witnessing a veritable feast of beautiful boobs that were casting a spell of 'Sap Intelligence' upon a young man of only average smarts in the first place. Currently, he was furiously sating a lewd goal that he had fully blown past during the first days of his newborn devil-hood as he bent down and sucked at Akeno's bare breasts, his lips pursed and loudly slurping upon her distended brown nipple.

As Xenovia and Irina bowed their heads and murmured a short prayer to mark their acceptance of the accord, Rias rubbed both Issei's back and his crotch, slightly pulling on him as she had some beautiful tits of her own to offer up to his duck-like lips. Despite her strong yearning, she was still a consummate noble leader of devils and she maintained something of a professional demeanor as she spoke to the god worshipers, "Now that our alliance is sealed. Why don't we celebrate and get to know each other better with some really nice sex?"

Irina perked up immediately, sending her supple breasts jiggling as she leaned forward. She'd been staring at the progress of Rias' hand along Issei's divine tool throughout the meeting, recalling Koneko's tale of such a hand as the formerly tight, now quite sore and stretched channel of her womanhood, with predictable results. She had been sitting here sliding her thighs against each other as she felt a powerful anxious heat in her loins. So she found herself jumping at the prospect of some more incredible mind-blowing life-changing sex with that perfect member, "S-sex? Yes! Please."

Xenovia was more reserved though no less willing in reality, "Here? Now? With... devils... I'm not.....uuuuuuhhholygoddddahh..." Her speech devolved into a gasping moan, her mouth hanging open as she witnessed Issei helped up to his feet and his pants and underwear helped down his legs, causing his enormous veiny god-given endowment to swing out along those absolutely obese balls filled with manly seed.

"Nonsense!" declared Rias, taking hold of that perfect wonderful long thick wonder, "It is perfectly acceptable for servants of the church to partake in common devilish sexual activities when working with them, isn't that right, Akeno?"

"...p-p-perfectly acceptable..." murmured Irina, eyes glazed.

Xenovia nodded, head fuzzy and pussy fiery, "...common devili.....ah...activit...ah...."

"Oh yes." Akeno agreed, looking back over her shoulder at them as she helped Issei out of his shirt, keeping his attention by pressing her big breasts against the flesh of his bare chest, "It's simply the BEST way for us to form a bond of trust on such short notice." She giggled softly and kissed and licked at Issei's throat.

The coffee table slid out from between the two couches as Kiba pulled it to the side. By now Rias' peerage had engaged in enough daily sex sessions in the clubroom for there to be something of a common set of actions to prepare the space for their lustful fun. Koneko was just now returning from Akeno's room, bearing a silver tray filled with various objects of sexual significance.

Kiba shifted slightly on his feet.

It seemed the Occult Research Club was once again making the sordid fantasies of half the population of Kuoh Academy come true. Too bad for them that they could not bear witness as the secrecy of these activities were paramount, the room warded by magic and the club's familiars on patrol to scare off interlopers and warn them should a member of the student council approach.

Over the past couple of weeks, Kiba had witnessed and taken part in more sex acts than he ever would have imagined before becoming a devil. Not so surprising given the casual and enthusiastic attitudes of devil society towards the carnal act... However, if one stopped to think about it... It was rather odd that there hadn't been the slightest bit of sex before the addition of Issei to the peerage. Then again perhaps it was the introduction of his sexual Hypnotic Sacred Gear that had set off a true spree of near constant sexual expression within their group.

Something to ponder...

Unobtrusively Kiba stood off to one side, a small smile on his face as he silently observed the two Holy Swords on their knees where they belonged before Issei, worshipping his immense maleness alongside Rias and Akeno. They were deservedly relegated to tending to his sizable gonads and the underside of that powerful penis as his King naturally took the apex between her lips, Akeno wrapping her own pouty lips around the side of it, leaving trails of saliva as she went down and up.

Witnessing this scene Kiba was quite naturally hard and straining against the front of his pants.

Koneko joined Kiba, having finished laying out her mistress's sexual toys and devices upon Rias' desk. "Why aren't you naked?" she asked un-expressively as ever.

"I haven't been asked to join in." After a beat, he tilted his head to take in Koneko's revealing lingerie with a slight smirk, "I also haven't been given a cute little outfit..."

Koneko gazed back at him, blinking silently. She suddenly turned and grabbed his belt, snapping it with her monstrous Rook's strength as easily as if it were made of twigs. Then she gripped his pants at his hips and jerked them and his white briefs to his ankles. Finally, she ripped apart his blouse and tore it down his shoulders, leaving him standing there quite nude save for his school tie about his neck, his shoes and socks, and the bundle of tangled garments about his ankles.

At his side once more she said, "I'm asking you to join."

His quite erect member sticking out and flailing wildly in front of him from her rough treatment, he sighed. "Was that necessary?"

She nodded, "I gave you a cute little outfit too."

He smirked, appreciating the attention if not the loss of his shirt and belt, "Did you have to destroy my clothes though? You could have asked or actually just told me to take them off and I would have acquiesced."

"More fun this way."

"Konek-mmph!" Kiba's voice died in his throat as Koneko embraced him, one hand wrapping in the short hairs on the back of his neck as their bodies pressed together. Sexually it turned out that, Rias' Rook was fairly aggressive and despite having to stand up on her toes because of their height difference, she dominated their kiss, her soft lips meeting his with audible wet sounds. He wasn't surprised when he felt her small hand take possession of his balls, squeezing gently. Invariably during make out sessions, her hand seemed to seek out and grasp that vulnerable pouch as if to say, 'You're mine.' Even Issei wasn't spared this treatment though his rather larger scrotum was often pulled upon and tugged, sucked at and maneuvered in a naturally rougher manner by the diminutive devil girl.

Koneko's tongue slid into his mouth and Kiba accepted it, slowly at first, hesitantly, but then he began kissing back, sucking at Koneko's tongue as he felt his body relaxing, almost sagging against the rook's slight but absurdly strong frame. Eventually, she broke their kiss and he was pulled by her hand upon his dick over to the empty couch. He was thrust onto it with one hand that might as well have been made of solid steel upon his chest as she squatted beside the furniture, grasping his dick, she gave him a long cat's lick from base to tip. She flickered her tongue on the head causing him to jerk and gasp at the intense sensation.

She sucked him for several long moments and he turned his head to the side to witness the sexual exploits of his good friend Issei and his enormously perfect hypnotic penis. It was an immensely satisfying sight. His liege Rias had one overarching goal above all others: building her incredibly well-hung pawn an expansive harem through the use of his mind manipulating Sacred Gear. Seeing the wretched successful participants of the Holy Sword Project so subjugated, kissing Issei's buttocks and tonguing his nipple filled Kiba with nothing but righteous glee, even as they were denied the perfect satisfaction of his extreme devilish cock for the moment.

"Do you want this big cock deep inside you, Akeno?" asked Issei with a cheeky tone, having grown in confidence over the orgies that had taken place over the last two weeks, "Want me to fuck you as hard as I can, go balls deep inside your tight little holes?"

"Yes!" declared the busty dark-haired devil, "Split me open and _fuck_ me deep, you sexy stud!"

Issei was half standing half kneeling on the other couch between Akeno's wide spread legs as she lay back upon it, "This is so fucking awesome!" He slapped his cockhead against her leaking pussy lips. As usual the size difference was obscene-Issei's prick helmet seemed

impossibly large compared to Akeno's tiny entrance. When Kiba had first witnessed his good companion have sex, he had thought with wonder: _Surely this monster couldn't actually fit into her pussy?!_

However, it was clear that there was magic at work and Issei had no problem cramming fully half of his cock into the queen's pussy in one solid thrust. Kiba's view was suddenly obscured by Koneko's thin thigh and he looked up to see her small sexy slit descending. It seemed he was going to get to experience the illustrious 69 position! Despite how many times he'd witnessed Issei's enormous dick leverage open this particular womanly passage, Koneko's pussy was beautiful, almost virginal in its composure. He grasped her firm tiny ass with both hands and lifted his mouth to kiss her pussy, eliciting a soft mewl of enjoyment as a reward.

He transitioned to licking her pussy from top to bottom. He'd gotten a fair amount of experience at this lately and he used everything he'd learned so far to bring her pleasure, enjoying the sensation of his dick sliding in and out of her small mouth at the same time. He ate her out slowly and methodically at first, running his tongue between the folds of her pussy, swirling and exploring. She began to respond to his ministrations, squirming atop him with small moans.

Several minutes passed, the sound of the King of Breasts' lovemaking with the others getting quite loud nearby. Little grunts and squeaks of ecstasy filled the room as they all indulged in group sex together. Eventually, the couch cushion beneath his head shifted as someone sat down and he looked up to see Rias looking back down at him, that small secret smile of hers present. Her bare breasts over him looked lovely, the light sheen of sweat and rosy blush to her skin telling him that she'd just recently taken her turn with Issei.

She ruffled his hair with one hand, "Mmm... it's so nice to see my dear ones getting along so well."

When her hand moved to touch Koneko's sex, he responded silently with a kiss upon it. Then he had the novel experience of licking and sucking at the Rook's pussy around the presence of his mistress's fingers gradually pumping inside the slick passage.

"Oh wow... she's so wet." Rias marvelled as she explored Koneko's bare pussy with her fingers, helping to cause more of the petite devil's arousal to flow into Kiba's mouth, "You're doing a good job, Kiba."

Teasingly, she slipped her sticky finger down and into his mouth and he dutifully sucked upon it. Eventually she leaned down and joined him, putting her hands on Koneko's tiny rear and spreading her cheeks open. Kiba watched his mistress lick her lips before she pressed her face into Koneko's rear, and began to lap at her pussy. He soon resumed his own attentions upon his fellow servant's sex, sharing an incredibly lewd tongue kiss with Rias.

"Ahhh...Mmmm...", Koneko jerked and moaned atop him, the vibrations around his shaft very pleasurable within her bobbing mouth, as they both went to town on her little slit, their tongues twisting about within her tight moist depths.

For Kiba it was incredibly hot and delightfully dirty to be servicing a fellow servant and a good companion in this manner, loving every moment of it. He had always considered himself a true male filled with strength and courage who adored women and would give his last breath to protect them. Doing this served that goal in a lewd way, that suited his secret perverted self most pleasingly. Eventually, at Rias' urging he and Koneko disentangled from each other. She asked Koneko to join the others on the opposite couch while Rias turned to Kiba, gently stroking his aching hard member

Koneko took Rias' request like a holy commandment, or a devilish one anyway, and she used her slight size yet oversized strength to maneuver herself into a most auspicious position within the tryst taking place across the way. Despite this show of dominance, she was soon showing her more submissive side as she began bucking against Issei's body with a high pitch squeal of ecstasy. Issei wrapped one arm around her waist while using his free hand to finger her clit as it twitched under intense stimulation.

Rias asked him, "Enjoying yourself, Kiba?"

He looked over at her with a tired yet lust filled gaze and just nodded.

On the other couch, Issei was fucking Koneko hard and Kiba groaned as Rias bent down and sucked his penis into her mouth as he watched Issei and Koneko make love. The unworthy Holy Sword Irina clutched against Issei's back, begging for the King of Breasts' attention with absurd kisses upon his shoulders and neck as he drove powerfully into his fellow devil. Xenovia was caught by Akeno on the opposite end of the couch, Rias' Queen finger banging the Blurette with abandon.

Issei caught Kiba's eye and he flashed a brilliant grin. "Haha... are you going to fuck Rias, Kiba?" he gaily asked as he continued to plunge into Koneko.

Kiba bit his lip nervously and started thrusting into Rias' hand which held him tightly.

Issei was quick to encourage him, "Go on... Do it... I want to see you guys bond!"

Rias smiled and nodded, "Shall we? I'd love to have you inside me, Kiba."

"Of course!" Kiba exclaimed, "Nothing would please me more, Rias!"

She leaned in and kissed him. Then she rose up and swung one long luscious leg over his lap and gingerly lowered herself onto his member. The pair of them looked at each other and then

they began to kiss passionately. As Kiba entered her, Rias' breasts collapsed against his chest as she curled in, kissing at his throat.

She whispered soft words of encouragement to him as she gently rocked atop him. She felt so hot and tight around his shaft, Issei's massive tool somehow leaving no lasting impression of looseness despite what certain doujinshi professed. As they mated gently and somewhat sedately, his good friend sounded close, pounding into Koneko harder and harder.

Issei's hips went up and down like a machine. Koneko shrieked joyously as her cunny was plowed, his cock going so deep inside her as only the King of Breasts could.

"MMMMRROOOWWWHHHHHHH!!!!" she screamed incoherently, body smacking wetly into his at the point of contact. Rising up on her toes, Koneko tilted her head back and threw her arms up as she let out a yell of ecstasy that would have woken the dead if there had been any sleeping anywhere near them. She fell back against him after, smiling as she rested her head on his shoulder. They stayed like that until he slowly slid out of her warmth, his long fat monstrous cock still hard and full of energy. The rest of Issei's harem were quick to attack it pleasurably with their mouths, hands, and breasts. They moaned and gently fought each other to be next.

Kiba moaned too, his own dick squeezed within Rias's warm wet pussy, his chin on her shoulder as he looked past her red mane. His eyes traced up and down Issei's perfectly powerful penis.

Kiba was almost drooling while he stared at the lovely naked girls attacking Issei's cock with lust filled abandon. Rumbling with desire, he gently bit on Rias' shoulder and growled out, "Oh my."

His mistress giggled musically and shifted back, twisting around to watch as well. She said, "Oh my, is right... that's a wonderful sexy sight, isn't it Kiba?"

Kiba didn't respond verbally, but he did hold onto Rias a little tighter with a look of complete lust in his eyes.

After a few moments, Rias kissed Kiba before she whispered softly into his ear, "Are you ready to help me hypnotize Xenovia and Irina? I want to strengthen Issei's control over their minds."

He did not hesitate, "Yes, Rias. Tell me your plan and I will ensure it succeeds! You can count on me!" Seeing the pair of Holy Swords subjugated by Issei's cock was very much to his interest.

"I'm glad to hear that," she said with a smile, "Because this will be an erotic kind of hypnotism which requires certain circumstances."

Kiba grinned back even as he massaged Rias' hips and soft buttocks and pumped his eager dick up into her pussy a bit, "It will involve Issei's beastly manhood, yes?"

"Yes," Rias purred, eyes shining, "and your..." she left the sentence hanging and twisted in his grip, slipping off of him to sit on his thighs so that his straining erection was pressed to her mound. Softly shifting her pelvis so that her wet folds and downy bush slid across him before continuing "... hard dick."

He groaned and sat back in the cushions of the couch, grinding his rock hard penis against her loins as he took a moment to appreciate her absolutely beautiful boobs, "I'm yours. Command me, Rias."

"Perfect. Now here's what I want you to do."

"Oh man oh man! This is the life! Thank you, ladies! Thank you!"

Issei was laid out on the floor next to the couches, his head in a bosomy heaven, propped up as it was between the laps of Rias and Akeno as they curled over him, rubbing their large soft breasts across his face as they teased their hands through his hair and flirted with him and each other. They spent much of their time making out with each other as seeing two girls kiss was an admitted fetish of the King of Breasts. Koneko was laying out on his stomach, tending to his nipple with her lapping cat's tongue. This left Issei's attention quite preoccupied and his mammoth member in the clutches of the two Holy Swords. They were kissing it and sucking it, pressing their naked chests to its towering length, murmuring its praises to each other, practically hypnotizing themselves with it already.

This was Kiba's moment!

He had faded into the background, something that was very easy to do when your friend had a penis that was so big and so perfect that it stole the wills of every woman that beheld it. Now he strode forward and squatted down within Issei's spread out legs, Irina and Xenovia bent over to either side of him as they straddled the King of Breasts' thighs. He laid his hands on them slipping them down their waists like it was the most natural thing in the world to do. Soon enough he was cupping their delicious asses, squeezing their tight buttocks in his palms. Neither girl paid him much attention as focused as they were on Issei's incredible cock.

Certainly there were quite a few perks involved in being Issei's friend...

Leaning forward and directing his gaze towards either girls jiggling chests, pulled by gravity into intriguing shapes, rather than at the hypnotic Sacred Gear, he spoke to them, "You must join Issei's Harem. You must join the King of Breasts' Harem. You will join the harem. You will ask to join the harem."

Between lewd licks and strokes upon Issei's cocks the two girls mumbled in tones that told of their tranced state, "...join...harem..."

"...ask to join...yes..."

Kiba took advantage of the situation to grope their breasts, "The King of Breasts has the best cock in the world and that is why you desire to join his harem." He trailed a hand along Irina's lean naked form as he moved around and positioned himself behind her.

With his achingly hard cock was pressed into her bare crotch. "Irina, feel my dick inside you and compare it to what Issei felt like!" He sank into her pussy, sighing in satisfaction at the sensation. She squeaked in surprise, before turning her head round at him with a curious look, "All dicks are like this, save for Issei's! This isn't enough for you. No penis is worthy except for Issei's!"

Irina nodded, her eyes dull and glazed over, "No, no small dicks for me! I only want Issei's perfect cock! I want to join his harem forever!"

Kiba felt a small rush of accomplishment at his success and he took a few moments to slowly fuck the Holy Sword, moving in and out of her. Despite her heartfelt words, she grunted every time he bottomed out, moaning in pleasure every time in between.

Feeling like the sort of playboy that way too many of the male population of the academy thought he was, Kiba pulled out of Irina and settled in behind Xenovia's somewhat fuller bottom but each globe of her pert ass still stood out clearly, and Kiba ran his gaze over her curves in admiration even so. "Come on Xenovia, you're next. You want this cock don't you? You want Issei's massive powerful dick inside you"

She nodded between lewd licks and slurps upon the towering shaft, "...want this cock... massive powerful dick inside me..."

Kiba couldn't help but grin with satisfaction, they were both completely hypnotized by his friend's perfect phallus. "Join Issei's harem so you can have his cock," he said, running his fingers down her wet slit peeking out between her thighs.

He lined up his achingly stiff member with her pussy and told her, "Feel my dick and compare it to the way Issei's huge hard cock felt inside you." He thrust himself inside Xenovia and enjoyed the feel of her warm wet passage. Xenovia kept worshipping Issei's huge cock, barely seeming to notice Kiba's small entry.

He started slowly pumping in and out of Xenovia as she moaned and clutched at Issei for balance.

Xenovia shook her head, "I can't feel... small penis..."

Kiba couldn't help but laugh at her words before saying, "I'm not small. It is just that Issei's perfect cock is so large, it has made your pussy take its shape." Thank you absurd doujinshi! "Issei's big dick has ruined you for all other men. That's why you must join his harem so that you can have his cock!"

"Join Issei's harem so you can have this cock," he said, thrusting harder and faster causing Xenovia to begin yelling in ecstasy. "Yes! Cum while thinking about submitting to the King of Breasts!"

She moaned and screamed, barely able to repeat his words as she orgasmed against Issei's towering cock, her pussy so wet and writhing around Kiba as he instinctively drilled through her climax, knowing this would push her pleasure higher from his recent experience with fucking within the Peerage. It was too much for him, the knowledge that he was mentally enslaving the two Holy Swords he hated so was like a heady cocktail, and it wasn't long until he reached his climax and, with a grunt and a curse, he began to shoot thick ropes of cum inside of her pussy.

Xenovia clearly enjoyed the sensation of his hot cum filling her by the way she cried out, her face pressed into Issei's fat scrotum, and she twitched and shuddered as she came, clutching at the other boy's thigh as the last few spurts of Kiba's semen shot into her.

Even as Kiba felt a wave of contentment and exhaustion hit him, he pressed on, knowing his mistress's commands were not quite fulfilled. He pulled out of the blue haired girl, a lewd white drip following his retrieval. He slipped back between them, hands groping their nude bodies as he intoned, "The harem is important. So important. To be a member of the harem, you must follow the rules of the harem and obey the instructions of those above you in the harem."

They repeated his words, voices slurring as they did so around the thick brazen cock-flesh in their mouths and he continued, sliding his hands down their bodies to find and penetrate their slovenly leaking pussies with absolute relish, "Rias is the Supreme Matriach of Issei's harem. Akeno, her Queen. Koneko, her Rook. Kiba, her Knight. You are mere Pawns. Never talk about the harem outside of the harem. Issei's Harem is a secret harem. You love being in the King of Breasts' harem. You love it because you get to have sex with this cock!"

He repeated himself, speaking in this vein for quite a while with the Holy Swords dutifully enslaving their own minds with Issei's cock, before he finally looked to Rias and gave her a firm nod of success in his assigned task.

His liege smiled softly and gestured with her hand that he should take a seat on a couch and relax.

Kiba did so with relish, sinking into the cushions with a bone-deep tiredness.

"Oh Irina and Xenovia." said Rias with a happy lilt to her soft voice, "I hope you don't mind, but I'd very much like it if you'd both walk over to my desk... and bend down over it, please."

Gratifyingly they both got up to do so even as Irina asked, "Okay, but why though..." she brightened, "Oooh! Is Issei going to fuck us over it?"

Xenovia didn't ask questions as she moved over to the desk with a quiet, "Yes, mistress." her head bowed with respect.

Kiba couldn't help enjoy this evidence of his successful implantation of Rias' chosen commands. The Holy Swords were truly neutralized as threats and what was more- seeing them as the bottoms of Issei's harem tickled something dark and satisfying within Kiba.

Straddling Issei so that his magnificent prick nestled into the cleavage of her shapely bottom like a hot dog within a bun that would need a whole 'nother bun to fully contain it, Rias told them, "Oh no. The goal of this meeting was to build bonds between all of us. I think we've all done plenty of that with Issei. Except perhaps for my dear Kiba." She paused and turned to look at him with a wink. "No... now Akeno and Koneko will have sex with you two."

“Eww...” Irina crinkled her nose, “You know... I may have been a bit _boyish_ back in the day, but I don’t actually like girls.”

“It matters not.” said Xenovia in her rather passionless way even as she shook her rear gently and spread her legs a bit further, “We are grateful to join the harem and offer our bodies to our seniors submissively.”

“Wait?!” asked Issei wonderingly, “They’re joining my harem?!”

“Of course!” Irina loudly interjected, “There’s no way I’m going to settle for any lesser guys! I can’t believe you have this awesome cock and you didn’t show me it back then!”

Xenovia’s gaze was cold but fierce as she twisted in a way to clearly highlight her naked curves for Issei, “I have chosen you as my mate, my womb will have the strong children that only your worthy phallus can provide.”

“Well, these worthy phalli won’t provide children, but I promise there will be plenty of pleasure for all of us.” said Akeno as she moved her strap-on belt into place. Kiba had accompanied Koneko on that particular shopping mission and he knew that all of the strap-on dildos they’d acquired for each female member of the club were quite exceptionally large. If not anywhere near the size of Issei, they were definitely larger than himself in length and girth.

“You take Xenovia and I will have this cute spritely one for myself” added Rias’ Queen as she gripped the shaft of the dildo and slid it between Irina’s thighs, rubbing it back and forth over her crotch to coat it with her juices. The Holy Sword looked uncomfortable, flinching and mewled around the dick, tensing her ass as she felt what Akeno was doing. She knew what was going to happen next.

Xenovia glanced over her shoulder as Koneko silently stepped up to her back half and ran the blunt tip of her strap-on along her pussy lips. At the Rook’s quiet command, she spread her legs even for easier penetration.

Akeno rested her hands on Irina’s butt and exchanged a meaningful glance with Koneko. In time they both drew their hips back a ways, paused, and then plunged the entire dildos into the young women.

His own libido quite satisfied, Kiba was once again standing off to the side as he observed the erotic activities with half his attention. Wearing only his school tie, he paid rather more attention to his duties to protect _his_ King, Rias Gremory. She was riding Issei on the floor nearby.

“Are we sure these two are Holy Swords? Because my... they seem to make rather fine holy..._sheaths_?” joked Akeno with a giggle.

It isn't mentioned much, but the Gremory family's special trait was 'treasure finding'. By chance, by circumstance, they tended to stumble upon extremely valuable things. Or people. At this moment in time, Rias was thoroughly appreciating her greatest find to date, the mighty hypnotic penis of the King of Breasts, her devoted Pawn, her harem master Issei Hyoudou.

Ah, but she had acquired a new pair of treasures as well. Two beings that should be well outside of her reach, yet here they were nonetheless. The slender, affectionate Irina and the cold, curvaceous Xenovia. Two Holy Swords from the Church, bent over her table and being railed from behind by her Queen and her Rook, while her Knight watched on in vengeful appreciation.

All the while, Rias was enjoying, savouring her Pawn, sitting on his lap and - as always - amazed by his size and girth. One thing no longer surprised her - that is, his talent as a lover. Given his reputation as a pervert, she had anticipated he would be selfish. Seek his own pleasure over that of his partner's. However, it very quickly became apparent to all of them that he was not that sort. Issei's appreciation for the female form made him attentive. He took care not to hurt, he paid attention to their reactions and he adjusted appropriately, he kissed, he caressed. With Koneko he was gentler still even though her body could easily take it, simply because that's what she preferred, while Akeno liked it *super rough* and nasty.

Or, to put it more succinctly, he fucked each of them differently. At this point Rias was pretty sure that, even if someone swooped in and dispelled the hypnotic effect of this cock, she still couldn't live without it. How long would it take for the Holy Swords to reach that point?

"You seem pretty excited today," Issei remarked, then dove his lips into her neck while his ever busy hands roamed around her hips, teasing upwards until they reached their inevitable destination. Her breasts. Or should that be his breasts, for while they were part of her body they truly belonged to Issei, to play with as he desired? "You're a bit friskier than normal?"

"Am I?" Rias asked. She peeked over her shoulder, taking in the sight of the two Holy Swords with mouth agape, eyes affixed to where the magnificent penis was entering Rias, thrusting in and out with slow precision. "It must be our company. You have such a cute childhood friend, my Pawn."

Yes, indeed. Irina was adorable. Xenovia was a prize catch as well. Two treasures... Though now her mind was set towards the future. Beyond the acquisition of this rare prize.

The Church had noticed Issei's Cocknosis, and likely either another book just like it - or likelier still, a book that would teach the secrets of Titnosis. This created problems on multiple fronts.

Most immediately, a rival user of either Titnosis or Cocknosis could inhibit the growth of Issei's harem. That was a problem. A fairly significant one that they would need to jump on top of, as soon as they developed a plan.

The other problems were of the same category: Powers that be noticing something amiss. The Church had noticed and sent someone to investigate. How long until a high ranking Devil notices and sends someone to look into it as well? Or a Fallen Angel higher up? Or one of the other many, many factions that existed within the world of the supernatural?

If anything that was a much greater and more long term problem. Having these enemies of Devils under her control was giving her a rush of power. She had no fear of the war being reignited, as anyone that did happen to find out about what was happening would surely blame Issei's hypnodick. No, they might not blame Issei himself. They would blame the book. She'd shift all the blame to the book herself, by any means available.

However... The Church would surely send Xenovia and Irina on other assignments. If they noticed something strange with their behaviour, they might send further agents to investigate. Agents who would be more careful, more cautious, perhaps even able to somehow neutralise the hypnotic power of Issei's amazing penis. Then, on top of this, what would happen if the other factions investigated as well? Disaster.

And even if she did manage to shift blame towards the book, they would surely put Issei under quarantine while trying to "cure" him of his hypnotic cock. Depriving her and the rest of the world of his wonderful glory, something distinctly against her desires and orders. She had to make a harem, had to make all women understand that Issei was the king of Breasts, and that their

boobs were his possession. Without his hypnotic penis, such a thing would become basically impossible.

One might think that the big, turgid phallus penetrating her so, so deeply and with such skill, a penis noted for its ability to brainwash the unwary, would leave Rias unable to think so deeply, but if anything it was providing her further encouragement. Each thrust, each miniature climax building up to a much larger one, was giving her thoughts greater clarity and focus.

"Oh, goodness, the way you're grunting and moaning," Akeno said, slapping Irina on the butt. "Admit it, you like this don't you? Being fucked by me while watching Issei bang Rias makes you feel so fucking good."

There's Akeno's sadistic side coming out to play. Koneko seemed more content in ploughing Xenovia from behind to say much. Rias grinned, there was one way that they could, hypothetically, make things go a bit easier for them in the long term.

Namely, by turning Issei's harem into a faction capable of holding off any of the others. She put her hands over Issei's ears and dragged his face into her breasts. He didn't resist in the least and began to kiss and suckle at her titflesh. Oooh, he was getting a little bit selfish here, but weirdly even that still felt really great.

"Akeno, Koneko," Rias said. "It feels good to help Issei's harem grow, right?" She phrased that carefully, just in case he could still hear her. "I think Irina and Xenovia should learn that lesson as well, don't you?"

"Understood, my King!" Akeno cackled. There we go again, the sadistic side of her rising to the surface. Koneko gave a curt nod. Ah, wonderful. Now Rias could focus on the vital task of keeping Issei busy while those two got to work on her new, aha, Pawns.

Hrm... come to think, the chess motif they had been adopting until now might not fit for their newest faction. Perhaps some other game would be more appropriate? Sixteen pieces didn't seem like it would be enough to suit Issei's harem, she would need to come up with new roles for them all to play. Something to think about for another time...

Her King was, as ever, a wise leader who had communicated her intentions clearly and concisely to her peerage. Koneko was already leaning her smaller body over Xenovia, reaching around to roughly grab the Holy Sword's much larger breasts, and licking at the girl's neck while whispering things into her ear. What things might those be? The same sort of thing that Akeno was going to say to Irina.

"Even now, you can't take your eyes off it can you?" Akeno quietly said. Her own gaze flickered up towards the coupling taking place in front of them. Even the base of Issei's shaft was a sight to behold. Irina made a whimpering sound that could only be taken as a 'yes', and so Akeno continued. "Your body yearns for it. Your body craves it. Mine does too. And Koneko. And Rias. And a few others you have yet to meet. While that penis makes us feel full, we cannot ever have our fill of it. No amount is ever enough. More will always be craved."

"Yes! You're right!" Irina moaned wantonly, bucking her hips back up against Akeno. "Oooh, this isn't big enough. Want Issei! Want his cock! Need his cock!"

"Worship his cock," Akeno said. Now, one might expect her to repeat what Kiba had done with them before. Make it into a mantra. Repeat the phrase over and over again while their minds are too overwhelmed. But Akeno did something much simpler, befitting her sadistic nature.

She stopped fucking Irina. The slender girl's hips wiggled about in search of the dildo that had been thrust into her moments ago, but Akeno kept her hand on the small of the girl's back, even as she let out a pathetic whimper quite unbecoming one of her abilities.

"Nngh," Irina whimpered. Off to the side, Akeno noted that Koneko was watching and following her lead. Good kitty. Now Xenovia was starting to react in much the same way that Irina was. "Wh-what are you - please don't stop."

"So close..." Xenovia breathed in, eyes fixated on Issei's penis. "I need to cum. I need to cum while watching Issei's penis. The penis that will breed me. I need to practise sex to make sure he breeds me lots and lots of times with that powerful cock!"

"Only harem members that worship Issei's penis are allowed to cum," Akeno plainly said, while in front of them Rias very obviously and blatantly climaxed, hard enough that she had to grip Issei's body to keep herself from shooting off like a rocket. "Worship Issei's penis, and you can cum."

Behind her, Kiba clapped. Yes, yes, she was amazing, thank you peanut gallery. That didn't surprise her in the least. But... What did surprise her was which of the two girls broke first.

"I worship it!" Xenovia moaned. Oh? What was this? The cold girl with no emotional attachment to Issei is the one that broke first? Why, she must be a much thirstier bitch than Akeno had first reckoned with. Or maybe Koneko was better at training little sluts into craving Issei's cock.. that idea was a little vexing to be honest.

"A penis that glorious, even on a Devil, can only be divinely ordained! It is worthy of adoration, a sign of God's glory on this Earth!"

"Eeek!" Issei groaned, clutching at his head. "Where did that headache come from?!"

"Ah... less of the God talk, if you don't mind?" Akeno asked, twitching and raising a hand to her forehead at the misake. "I merely want you to worship the penis."

"I- I can't - " Irina whimpered, her butt wiggling around, while next to them Koneko resumed fucking Xenovia. The blue haired babe's tongue was out the corner of her mouth at this point, and she was babbling incoherently about worshipping Issei's cock. Wow. She went down fast and hard. "It's one thing to join his harem, but worshipping that wonderful penis..."

In response to this there was only one thing Akeno could do: She let the dildo sit in between Irina's buttcheeks, and then started to roughly squeeze them together, reminding her of what she was missing out on.

"Th-Then again, Xenovia makes a good point!" Irina groaned. There we go. "Give it to me, please!"

"As you wish," Akeno teased, pulling the dildo back and taking her sweet time. Lining it up, running its tips around Irina's pussy lips no less than three times, pushing in merely a few inches before pulling out and repeating the process, until Irina seemed to get fed up and pushed herself back with an impressive display of strength that made it go all the way to the hilt in a single go.

"Fuck, yes, that's what I needed! Oooh, yes! I guess worshipping Issei's penis isn't such a bad thing!"

"That's right, we all worship it," Akeno continued. "Not as a God. Not as an idol. As a source of pleasure in our lives."

Now, at last, Akeno took her time to truly savour Irina's body. Her hands smoothed up the girl's hips, ran around her back, up to her neck and around towards her chest. While not the largest in the room by any means, they were still quite impressive breasts. Especially on a figure like this. Where Xenovia was all curves, with a large set of breasts and childbearing hips, Irina's body was appealing in a more cute way.

Really, she was the quintessential big titty girl next door.

"Of course, it should go without saying," Akeno said. "If you worship something, you should help others learn to worship it as well." She squeezed Irina's nipple, twisting it and turning it in her fingers, seemingly quite determined to turn this girl into a masochist. "So even though we should keep the harem secret, we should try our best to convert others as well."

"Yessss," Xenovia moaned. "Convert otherssssss! Make them breed with Issei too!"

"I... I don't - " Irina moaned, but then something glorious happened. Something truly unexpected and wonderful that completely erased any doubts in Irina's mind.

"Say, Issei?" Rias said, all of a sudden. "Why don't you please use your Sacred Gear?"

"Eh? B-But then I'd - "

"It's alright," Rias said. "If we're going to use it as a means to attack our enemies, then surely we should all adjust to its raw power? If you're worried about accidentally commanding us, then don't say anything until you change back."

"I guess that makes sense..." Issei said. "Boost!"

"Holy fuck everyone must worship that," Irina gasped, not seeming to notice her little blasphemy there. Not that Akeno did either. Her own brain went on a little bit of a magical mystery tour as well. It did show one thing that was sort of interesting, in that by doubling its size the penis was now very obviously too big to fit inside of Rias, or indeed any girl but a giant.

Yet it remained inside her, nonetheless, which served as pretty definitive proof that magic was involved here. The most fun kind of magic that Akeno had ever encountered!

An hour later, both Holy Swords were holed up in Issei's bedroom. Now, the original plan had been for them to go to the Church - but then their Matriarch Rias had told them that the Church was likely infested with Fallen Angels. Now, that was a worthwhile lead for them to follow, but in the morning. After sleep. Sex took a lot out of them, especially when the King of Breasts was involved.

"What are you doing, Xenovia?" Irina asked her colleague. She seemed to be building something in the corner of the room.

"I am setting up a shrine to Issei's penis," Xenovia said. She sat back and put her hands together in prayer. "May it guide us to victory in our coming struggles."

Something about this didn't quite feel right to Irina. As a devout Christian, this was tickling her 'idol worship' bone something fierce. Should they really be worshipping Issei's cock like this?

Then she remembered what it felt like when it was inside her. She remembered what it looked like. Tasted like. Smelled like. Yes. Absolutely. They should absolutely worship it.

"Say, Xenovia," she sat down next to her long term friend and joined her in prayer at the shrine. "What do you think of Rias Gremory?"

"She surprised me," Xenovia said. "I was expecting her to try to haggle with us, before she would let us act within her territory. However... no tricks. No traps. She was extremely pragmatic. A fine woman to be the Matriarch for the harem."

Irina nodded. That all made sense. The Gremory Devil had not tried anything tricky with them, she had recognised that there was a need to cooperate and then, as a show of good faith, she had invited them to join Issei's harem.

Irina looked down at herself. She was naked. Completely and totally naked. A few minutes ago, Issei's mother had come by to drop off some water and left without saying anything. She should have, though. Right? There were two naked girls in Issei's room, so she should have said something...

"You have lovely breasts, Irina."

"Eh?!" Irina gasped. "W-Well, not as nice as yours, Xenovia..." Ah, another benefit to joining the harem. She had gained an appreciation for breasts. Irina leaned back and arched her spine a touch to show them off better. "How do you think we should convert others?"

"Only those with the nicest breasts should be allowed to join," Xenovia said. "That is only sensible. The King of Breasts deserves no less."

Well, that was true, but... "I mean, how do we go about doing it?" Irina asked. "Obviously, it would be extremely selfish to keep this to ourselves. The harem must grow larger, but I can't think how we could do that."

"The answer is simple," Xenovia said. "We show them the glory and the splendour that is Issei's penis. We make them view it, we force them to behold it. All else will come naturally after that. Now. While we wait for him to return, my body feels intense arousal."

Then, Xenovia's head slowly turned to face Irina, and... It was strange. There was a look on her face that Irina had never seen before. Normally, this girl was pretty stoic. Level headed, to the point she might seem cold. Not so much here and now. Instead of cold, it was like she was wearing a mask of pure, unrestrained lust.

"I wish to play with your breasts," Xenovia said. "And... I wish for you to play with mine."

That sense of wrongness was tickling at the back of her mind again. Something about this, something she couldn't put her finger on, was telling Irina that this was *wrong*.

Yet, as she leaned in to push her mouth against Xenovia's, as her hands rose to the other girl's chest and felt the weight, the shape, the softness of her colleague's bosom, while the other girl more roughly groped and squeezed at her chest, all Irina could think was....

If this was wrong, she didn't want to be right.

If you asked anyone that knew her, the only time the word 'confrontational' would be used in the same sentence as Asia Argento, the word 'not' usually accompanied it. Even so. Here she was. Standing at the front gate to Kuoh Academy, with her new friends standing nearby. This was it. The school where a Devil by the name of Issei Hyoudou was apparently running amok

Her face was flush. Her tits heaving in anticipation. She didn't want to hurt anyone, not by any means. She simply wanted to discuss with Issei why he shouldn't be doing what he was doing. That was all. A nice friendly chat. Her hand absently went to her tit and squeezed it through her, ahem, adjusted habit. Mittelt had been quite insistent on adding a sort of black spider web design around her chest for some reason.

A slight whimper left her lips, a touch more erotic than she would normally make. Whatever technique he was using to make himself popular to girls, it must be some mind melting devil trick. In which case, she'd make the point of showing him her tits, and bouncing them in front of his eyes, and then asking him how it would feel if she used these tits bouncing and jiggling and shaking and jiggling and bouncing and shaking to melt his brain and make him into her puppet to do with whatever she desired.

Then, of course, she'd pull him into an embrace and use these tits to give him a holy blessing.

"W-Woah, check her out!" said a girl, obviously a student at this school. A girl carrying a kendo stick over her shoulder, accompanied by a couple of other girls. Aha! They might be able to help!

Of course, Asia had no idea at all that this was the Kendo club, who Issei had accidentally brainwashed into becoming big fans of breasts following a certain shower incident.

"Hello there, my name is Asia Argento." She curtseyed, making interesting things happen to her tits. Interesting things like bouncing and jiggling underneath her habit, which the girls of the club couldn't help but admire lustfully.

"Ooh, her tits are as amazing as *hers*," one of the club members whispered to another. They all nodded in agreement. "Sooooo good!"

"The King of Breasts would surely appreciate them," another whispered back.

"The King of Breasts?" Raynare asked, easily picking up on this. The club looked at her as if noticing her for the first time, which bloody well says something because she wasn't in human guise, she was in her fallen angel guise. You know. That extremely slutty dark black bikini that shows off basically everything? You don't ignore that too easily.

Though, fun fact, on the way there everyone actually had missed Raynare's weird dress sense because of Asia. Anyway. Raynare continued her question.

"That would be Issei Hyoudou, wouldn't it?" Raynare asked. Trying not to stare too much at Asia so she could focus on the task at hand. Which wasn't easy because, well, those tits were right there and she was pretty mind whammied by them at this point. "Issei Hyoudou is the King of Breasts?"

"Well, duh. Of course he is!" The entire club treated this as if it was an obvious statement. Like, water is wet, a mouse is small, the moon is in the sky, Asia's tits melt your brain if you stare at them too long. Those kinds of self evident truths, that are practically by definition.

"So.. what exactly does him being the King of Breasts entail?" Raynare asked, wondering if she would like the answer.

"It means he gets to study breasts whenever he likes, obviously!"

"All boobs belong to Issei and we need to show them off whenever possible."

The kendo club were shaking their heads at this in utter disbelief. "Wow, you didn't even know that? What rock have you been living under?"

"It's obvious then," Kalawarner said. "These girls have been enchanted by that Devil, Issei Hyoudou. He has put them under his spell for his own perverted intentions."

Then Kalawarner planted her face into Asia's cleavage and took a deep, deep breath. Yes, go ahead, please criticise Issei for his perverted intentions.

"My goodness," Mittelt giggled behind the back of her hand. "Those skimpy uniforms, my my! Could it be that this is something Issei has enforced too? That dirty minded devil!"

Actually no the school uniform had always been like this, but Raynare was a bit too distracted with envy at the sight of Kallawarner sniffing Asia's tits to point that out. Let's all be honest with ourselves. Kallawarner bending over to plant her face in dem titties is a sight that should distract pretty much anyone with working eyes.

"Please!" Asia pleaded, eyes sparkling with innocence. Genuine, actual, honest to goodness innocence from someone who looked like that. "I want to speak to someone in authority!"

Jiggle jiggle jiggle. The Kendo club's already pliable brains went splat, then they turned on their heel and made a beeline right for the student council's office, leaving three amused Fallen Angels and a grateful busty nun cheerfully waving after them.

"Thank you! I'll wait right here!" Asia said.

"How do you know they're not just ignoring you?" Raynare asked. She knew the *right* answer to that question, in that Asia's tits made her impossible to ignore. But this girl - despite her hypnotits - was far too unaware of the power she wielded to think of that.

"Hrm, because they seem like good people!" Asia gave her a big thumbs up. Somewhere inside all three Fallen Angels, a small part of them that remained from their lives before they

surrendered to those tits fell over with laughter at the sheer level of naivety from this busty girl. "We'll be seeing them again in no time flat!"

Sona Sitri is often noted for her intelligence, and there was a reason for that. This girl was more than a pretty face and the Sitri family name. She could play one hundred games of chess at once, blindfolded, and stand a good chance of beating any human player you cared to throw at her. Quite a few Devil players would struggle against her too, and they'd been playing the game a *lot* longer. It takes a thousand hours to master something, right? Imagine living thousands of years.

Still, she was unquestionably a prodigy at the game and it extended to other areas as well. Tactical thinking was her forte. She was good at it, and she liked doing it. She enjoyed a good challenge, and she'd even gone so far as to leverage her own physical appeal and social status as a lure to acquire it.

Namely: By promising to only marry someone who could beat her in a game of chess. Many had tried. All had failed. Naturally, they had misunderstood the idea, believing that all they had to do to get her into bed was defeat her in a game of chess. While that was a prerequisite, such a thing would be insufficient alone. All it would do is garner her interest in you. That is to say - the first step of courtship. By no means the last.

Though what was on her mind right now was not a chess game, but rather her best frenemy Rias Gremory. If you're going to have a rival best to make it a strong one, and there were few of her peer group stronger than Rias. Very, very few. The trouble was that her behaviour of late had been strange. Peculiar. Outright weird. Her behaviour had become a lot more focused on her new piece, noted pervert Issei Hyoudou.

Then there were the bizarre claims made by certain members of her peerage right after Issei was recruited. That he was somehow manipulating the others with a giant hypnotic phallus. It had seemed like a ridiculous joke at the time, but the more Sona thought on the matter the more out of place it seemed. She had tried sending in a member of her own peerage to investigate when given the opportunity - but apparently Issei's only power was a Twice Critical.

It didn't make sense. Even if he did something ridiculous like boost his genital size, it would not induce a hypnotic effect. Such a thing was ridiculous on the size of it. She had heard of strange and bizarre abilities being developed, but hypnotic genitals? Ridiculous. Utterly -

There was a knock on the door. Idle conversation. Tsubaki talking to someone. Sona tuned it out. Whoever it was, it was not important enough to merit her attention when there was all this work to do.

" - nun by the gate."

The folder was slammed shut, and Sona was on her feet in an instant. That was pretty ballsy, marching up to the school and trying to get her attention. She considered calling in Rias - but her unusual behaviour of late...

"How many?" Sona asked Katase, a member of the kendo club.

"Uh, there were four girls," Katase said, all blurry eyed and distant. Classic signs of mental manipulation. "The nun with the biiiig tits, a slutty crow lady, a goth wannabe, and a lady with long legs, but that's about the only feature she has that really stands out."

That description of Kallawarner is part of the usual description most anyone would give, by the way. The only thing missing was "big boobs", but when you're standing next to someone with the power of titnosis, well, they don't seem so big anymore.

Anyway, Sona didn't know who they were, but her instincts were saying "supernatural". If a nun was with them, that meant either "heaven" or "Fallen Angel." Possibly another faction, but one of those two was a much safer bet. That was not quite enough information for her. She needed more.

"What did they want?"

"They wanted Issei's peeeeeniiiiis," Murayama said. "Or maybe his tiiiits!"

"His tits and his cock are as nice as the nun's," Katase said, matter of fact as you like. "So nice, so big and wonderful."

They both sighed in unison. All of a sudden Sona was feeling a headache coming on. There's no such thing as hypnotic genitals. And that boy most certainly did not possess breasts, neither magical nor mundane!

Still... That did not mean she should be anything less than cautious when dealing with an unknown quantity that was almost certainly an enemy. Sona Sitri would not rush in like a fool, no matter how ridiculous or ludicrous the situation might be!

"You may leave, I have been informed," Sona said. "Tsubaki, bring the rest of the student council. We have some plans to discuss."

Sona Sitri was quite a strong Devil (even if not a shade on her sister), but that didn't mean she relied on strength alone to get what she wanted. Oh no. Far from it. Heaven forb- Wait, let's rephrase that. The point is that she thinks with her brains rather than her fists.

Her mind is her most potent weapon. Capable of analysing a situation and running through a multitude of scenarios at once. To wit: Fallen Angels and a Nun had arrived at the school and wanted to speak to her. Either they were heavy hitters, had a plan, or they were dumber than rocks.

In such a situation it was impossible, utterly ludicrous, to be over prepared. Which is why she was behaving as though it was one of the first two without question. Not only was it likelier, but if she wasted time and energy because it turned out to be the last one (or some variation thereof), then it would at least still make good practise for when something more serious came about.

She'd placed several of her student council at concealed locations nearby, where they could watch from afar. A few others were further back to act in reserve in case something happened - in essence watching the backs of those watching the Fallen Angels in case of further unknown allies. Furthermore, due to the way they were positioned each member of the student council would be observable by at least two others at all times - which would make it impossible for the enemy to get the drop on them.

Meanwhile, Sona herself would walk out to meet them with her brand new council member, and Pawn, Saji Genshirou.

"Nervous, Saji?" Sona coldly asked. He nodded. "That's natural. If you want to impress me, then you'll follow my lead. Do you understand?"

"Yes," he said, but that didn't seem to calm him down much. Hrm. Sona wanted to give him a chance to impress her. He did have a Sacred Gear, which made him potentially useful. Further, he had an ambition. A stupid ambition, but one that she could use to her advantage. A harem. Naturally. Why else would a boy be so determined to attend this academy, where the ratio of girls to boys was skewed in such a way?

The unfortunate fact was that she could tell he had a little bit of a crush on her, which would have to go unrequited. He wasn't the sort of boy she was interested in. It was quite famous in the Underworld. Sona Sitri will only marry a boy capable of beating her in a game of chess. She'd seen him practising with the others. And losing every game. She'd seen him taking out books from the library about high level chess that he couldn't possibly hope to read through while maintaining a decent grade, his duties as a council member and a member of her Peerage.

Although she would admit. By her approximations, the effort was... cute. It didn't do anything for Sona herself, but it was... cute.

They approached the gate, and saw four figures standing there with their backs turned. From the look of them, there could be no question. The Nun in the middle. A slutty crow to the left. A wannabe goth to the right. And a tall pair of legs poured into a business dress.

"You wanted to see me?" Sona called out. By now the rest of the council should be in position, so now they could learn what this was all about.

"No," the slutty crow said in a sarcastic way. "We wanted you to see us."

The four of them turned around and - well now. Sona adjusted her glasses in a manner that could only possibly be interpreted as 'threatening'. Were they trying to needle her by showing off?

"Grigori, yes?" Sona asked. "I've heard your group is full of nothing but sluts, and with tits like those it's hard to think otherwise."

The nun gasped in quite genuine seeming shock, which caused her tits to jiggle and ripple quite a bit underneath that slutty habit of hers.

"How could you be so mean!" the nun asked.

"Shush now," the slutty crow said, stepping in front of the nun with a strangely protective stance. Strange, because the way she was leaning forward was really putting the emphasis on her tits. "This is a wicked devil who we need to purify, to keep her from taking any more souls. Have no fear, we shall not harm her, merely let her see the light."

"Why don't you go out and check out the town?" the gothic wannabe suggested, one hand twirling an umbrella while the other played with her tits. Her big, oversized for her frame, tits. Jiggly tits. Bouncy tits. Turbulent tits. Ooh, that was a good one.

"An excellent suggestion Mittelt," the one with the legs that suddenly didn't seem so excellent a descriptor as her tits did. Yes. Tits in a business dress. "The three of us can handle this matter. Go elsewhere and play, safely."

"Oh? I still don't understand what matter this might be," Sona said. "You haven't been very clear on your intentions, so how about we start with that?"

Fallen Angels never wanted to talk to Devils on friendly terms. Hell, it was often easier to ally with the forces of heaven sometimes than the Fallen Angels. At least heaven liked to pretend they had things like 'honour' and 'ethics'. The Fallen fell explicitly for being sinful, even if it was often just lustfulness. Often, they came across to Sona like the spoiled brat sitting in detention wondering how they get there.

The upper ranks of the Grigori could be dealt with somewhat.. But this looked like rank and file trash given she couldn't identify any of them. They certainly seemed cocky, though, while standing in a Devil's territory in front of the little sister of the Leviathan.

"Tits..." Saji muttered. Yes. Those tits were really quite impressive, weren't they? Hold on now. Tits. They were ~~breasts~~ tits. They were ~~mammary glands that existed to provide milk to young~~ tits.

"Huh, I see!" Sona closed her eyes. "So, those tits of yours have some kind of effect? I suppose that's what you meant earlier when you said you wanted us to see you: You meant you wanted us to see your big succulent perfect ripe jubilant mouth watering tits!"

The trio of Fallen Angels cackled, but lightly, as if they were using their laughter to pet their cat.

Tonight Issei had learned what a Stray Devil was, and he had gained a true appreciation for the word scaroused. The memory of the experience would haunt him the rest of his days.

"As this is my territory, I must deal with any Stray Devils that wander in and attack the people," Rias had said. She winked at Issei. "As my Pawn, you will be one of our front line soldiers - but for now I'd like you to stay back to see how a Devil fights. Kiba. Koneko. I would like the two of you to scout out the enemy."

"Of course," Kiba said.

"Understood," Koneko had said, then the two of them rushed inside fast, much faster than Issei had expected.

"Um, I can't see them fight from out here?" Issei said. But then Akeno lifted him up to a window, letting him peek inside. "So, do we really have to kill the Stray Devil?" Issei asked. "I mean, if I boosted my cock I could probably - I don't know - make it behave itself?"

"Perhaps one day," Akeno whispered, blowing into his ear. Oooh boy, she knew just the way to make a boy's knees weak. "But right now, let's not run before you can walk. If you have your own peerage, maybe you can sustain having enough energy to feed a Stray Devil without it going berserk."

Ah, that made a weird sort of sense. It wasn't just that the Stray Devils were rebellious, it was also that they were attacking ordinary people. In that case there wasn't much else for it. Like shooting a rabid dog.

In the darkness, Issei could see a shape moving around, stalking after Kiba and Koneko. Now, this was interesting. He hadn't really seen what those two were capable of yet. Would they be alright by themselves? Rias seemed to have full confidence in their ability to handle it. A Stray Devil sounded like a pretty scary thing after all. He squinted to look in closer, wondering what sort of horrors he was about to behold.

Then out of the darkness it came: Boobs! A nice pair of big naked breasts! With a very pretty face, a healthy sheen to her skin and also eight pairs of hairy legs because her back end was a giant spider.

"Hoho! Some Devils came to -" the Stray Devil began, lunging for Koneko - who reeled back a fist and clobbered the Stray Devil's face with a punch that hit like a wrecking ball.

"You are keeping me from Issei's penis," Koneko muttered darkly. She had said it as if this was the gravest sin imaginable. "Kiba."

The pretty boy had some moves as it turned out. He became a blur of motion, kicking off the walls in a weird set of movements, before reaching into the air and pulling a sword out of *somewhere*, sticking it hard into the abdomen of the Stray Devil just in time for Koneko to kick it hard from the other side, sending it bouncing and sprawling out the front door before landing in a crumpled heap At Rias's feet.

"This is what their speciality is," Rias said. "Koneko is a Rook, meaning her toughness and strength are greatly enhanced. Kiba is a Knight, so his speed is greatly enhanced."

The Stray Devil reached up pathetically for Rias as if trying to grab her - but the redhaired devil stepped deftly back with her hand outstretched.

"While Akeno is the Queen," Rias said moments before lightning fell upon the sword sticking out of the creature's body. "Granting her a boost to Magic and Strength alike. While as the King -"

Magical energy accumulated in Rias's hand, and the Stray Devil simply... wasn't there anymore. Utterly and completely destroyed.

"I think you get the idea," Rias said. "Your next task as Devil is to master your skills as a Pawn. We shall cover that tonight while watching you give your childhood friend and her new acquaintance from the Church a deep thorough dicking. Now, my precious peerage, we shall return to Issei's home -"

"Ah! I just remembered!" Akeno said. "Mother asked us to bring some milk home."

Oh, that's right. Since the peerage had basically decided they'd start sleeping in his room from now on (for some reason), the girls had all taken to calling his mother and father... mother and father. It was kind of weird. But also kind of hot.

"Well, Issei. I suppose that falls to you as a task," Rias said. "You know better than us what kind of milk your mother wants picked up."

Which led to the here and now, with him picking up milk and heading off home. Which was good, it gave him some time to think.

"I would never have guessed Kiba could move like that," Issei said to himself aloud. "And Koneko is a lot scarier than she looks." Then he tilted his head. "Akeno is probably *less* scary than she looks, but that doesn't really say much does it?"

As for Rias... Man, she sure did look stunning there. So coll, calm and collected. Like she wasn't in any danger at all, even when the Stray Devil was within arm's reach. Then casually erasing the thing was - man, that was something he'd take to the grave!

As for the Stray Devil - wow, what a pair of boobs! Granted, he'd been able to play with Rias and Akeno's for a while yet, but still! Those were super impressive, the biggest he'd ever seen. Part of him would regret not having a chance to play with tits like those.

"I'll have to make up for it tonight!" Issei said with great enthusiasm. Yes. That was decided. Apparently there would be another orgy in his room tonight, which made him appreciate his new Devil life all the -

"Um, pardon me?" a tiny voice asked. "I don't know my way around town very well. What would be a really cool place to hang out?"

Issei turned around to answer the cute voice - and immediately, all thoughts of the Stray Devil fled his mind as if it had caught fire. Hell, for that matter all thoughts of the orgy as well. Because standing right there was a pretty little nun in a habit that didn't fit her at all and was clearly designed to show off her... assets.

And what assets they were! As a connoisseur of fine tits, Issei could tell you that these were a pair to be savoured, slowly over the course of time. Masterpieces like this didn't come along every day.

That was how Issei Hyoudou, user of cocknosis, met Asia Argento, user of titnosis.

It was a destined meeting. An inevitable encounter. An unavoidable conversation. A bearer of the power of cocknosis confronts a bearer of the power of titnosis. If there were any rivals in the history of the multiverse to be greater than the Red Dragon Ddraig and the White Dragon Avalon, this should be it. They have battled, they have warred, oh across so many worlds. Sometimes the cock won. Sometimes the tits. Each had their advantage. Each had their favoured tactics.

In the process of previous encounters they have devastated nations as casually as sipping a cup of tea. This is the kind of battle that forms into... not an epic, so much as a porn parody of an epic. Titans colliding. Wills clashing.

"Hello there, nice to meet you!" Asia said. She bowed deeply, and a man that happened to be walking by immediately started to walk in place. "Um... I'm really sorry but I don't know my way around, and... Well..."

Now, Issei is a pervert. Make no mistake of that. He is absolutely a man who enjoys the, ahem, finer things in life. And by 'finer' we mean 'fine and attractive women'. However, at heart he is still a good and decent person. Who has no problem peeping on women in the shower. There are degrees to decency, what of it?

But it was not the work of titnosis that was making him say "Anything for such a talented young woman!" Nor was it the stirring in his loins. Not entirely. It was that she was completely helpless, and the idea of leaving her alone and unescorted sat with him about as well as a chunk of rock would inside his stomach.

Incidentally, that random passerby had just spontaneously gained the ability to do literally anything when it was in service of busty girls, but that is a story for another time.

"Oh! Thank you! How kind!" the girl said. She clapped her hands and smiled innocently. "The people of this town are so kind. So very... very..."

Her eyes flickered down to the obvious lump in the front of his trousers. The girl licked her lips, feeling a hunger she'd never known before.

"Big... hearted..." the girl finished. For a fleeting moment lust overtook her features - but only for a moment. Then the innocence returned. "You're sure you don't mind showing me around?"

"Not at all, not at all!" Issei said. "Come on, let me show you the sights of our humble little town. Hahahaha! It's not like I'm doing anything else tonight!"

Meanwhile, lying on Issei's bed, Rias Akeno, Koneko, Irina and Xenovia started at the clock. None of them was wearing a stitch of clothing.

"How long does it take to purchase milk?" Rias asked.

So, what sights were there to see in Kuoh? For one thing, there was a great spot to look over the town. Asia - which was apparently the name of this extremely busty girl he'd run into - stared out at the scenery with a truly beatific smile. Not that he was staring at her face all that much. Though when he did, she was smiling brightly and genuinely and oh so charmingly!

"It's really nice up here!" Asia said. "How did you find this place?"

"Well, I always planned to come up here with a girl to make out with her on a second or third date," Issei carelessly admitted.

"Oh, that sounds romantic," Asia sighed. She stepped back and whirled around with her arms wide open. So happy. So carefree. Ah, it was soothing for the soul. "Although, I'm not familiar with this making out thing. Can you please show me?"

That was too innocent! Too cute! Issei bit his lip and - felt a bit dizzy there for a moment. Of late he'd been getting lots and lots of kisses.

"S-So, take off your top," Issei said while unfastening his trousers. Asia nodded in understanding and then proceeded to do so. This made perfect sense to him. After all, that's what he'd do with the girls of the ORC whenever they wanted to make out. Not that he knew it had been his own careless commands that had made it so that these girls would show off their boobs whenever they got the chance. Not to mention that they considered their breasts to be his possessions, literally.

But wait. They were from fellow Devils like him, so getting a kiss from a human was a bit different. She shouldn't -

Oh. Oh, wow. Oh, but they were even more magnificent when they were unbound by cloth. Astounding. Perfection lay before him even at that moment. He couldn't take his eyes off them. Although, what Issei had failed to realise was that he had already unbuckled his trousers. As such, they fell to the ground as well, and Asia got her very first look at mind melting cock.

"What should we do noooooow?" Asia asked in a flat, even tone.

"Pucker your lips," Issei said sleepily. "Press them to mine."

Without knowing it the two of them had given each other an irresistible command. Asia stepped forward, her tits bouncing with each step. She went onto her tiptoes, hands clasped behind her back, and pushed her lips into his. It was innocent. It was chaste. It was brief.

But, it was not brief because Asia backed away, innocent and blushing. It was brief because a pair of beasts were loosed upon that contact, and the two of them damn near tackled each other to the ground. Animalistic instincts were loosed within innocent Asia that she'd never known before.

Her habit was tossed aside. Her cross too, though that was only after Issei accidentally touched it and - Yeah, that didn't go so well for him. Incidentally, that was the last time she'd ever wear it.

Now, that might seem a little strange. Should these two not have an instinctive dislike for one another? Well, yes but also no. This isn't actually all that rare for the first encounter between a wielder of cocknosis and a user of titnosis. An attempt to assert sexual dominance is all quite normal.

Which is why, while Issei buried himself inside Asia with his enormous brainwashing penis she cradled his head into her heaving mind-wiping bosom. The two of them, whether they knew it or not, engaged in an act of war as old as human sexuality itself.

Not that either one of them especially thought of it as a war. All truth told, both of them were thinking that this night could not possibly get any better.

From the perspective of Sona Sitri, this night could not possibly get any ~~better~~ worse. Her and her council, confronted by lowly Fallen Angels and somehow bested by them. She said somehow, because what her memories were insisting was ridiculous. It was silly. It was stupid.

Yet no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't work her way around her memories. Or the situation she was in right now. For the former, her memories were stupidly insisting that the

Fallen Angels had confronted them with big jiggly tits that had completely melted their brains into a pile of mush, then they were given those same giant hypnotic tits themselves which were so sensitive and fun to play with that it wasn't even fair -

As for the latter, Sona was riding her new pawn reverse cowgirl style while enthusiastically eating out the slutty crow leader of the Fallen Angels. While her hands, her traitorous damn hands, were busy fondling, groping and playing with SOna's own gigantic, ridiculous, sensitive, fun, fun, fun tits! Mmm, so good - No! This was not good! It was humiliating!

"Aw, what's the matter, slutty Sitri?" Raynare - that slutty crow leader of the Fallen Angels Sona had meant just now - crowed over her, grabbing the back of Sona's head and pushing her further in between her thighs. It was wetter down here than a swimming pool. "Still fighting? Still struggling? Such a shame, you don't even know when you're beaten."

Sona wanted to protest - but bit her tongue. She could feel a villain's monologue coming up, and she knew well enough to not interrupt when an enemy was making a mistake.

"I'll turn this school into our base of operations," Raynare licked her lips. "Turn all the girls attending into carriers of titnosis. All of them shall serve mistress Asia and become messengers of her glory. And I will be her right hand, guiding everything along its proper path, down and down into the curving cleavage."

"If you think it will be that easy, you've got another thing - Grk!" Saji tried to protest. Tried to. He really did, but Sona could see Raynare out of the corner of her eye, rubbing her tits, and using them to make him shut up. How ridiculous. The very notion that such a technique could reduce them to this state so easily! This kind of mental manipulation should not be possible!

But no matter. Now Sona had a better idea of what was going on around here. This slutty Fallen Angel was going to use her new bre- tits based powers to set up base here. At her school. Turn all the students into her pawns.

Well, if she thought it would be that simple then she'd have another thing coming. Now that she understood what the plan was, Sona dug deep and pulled herself out from between Raynare's thighs, ready to unleash hell upon -

No way. What was this?! All around her, Sona could see... She could see girls. Students. Lying on the ground, tops off, each of them with a magnificent pair of tits that they couldn't stop themselves from playing with. In front of them was Mittelt, who was the short one of the group.

"Haha! This is fantastic!" Mittelt yelled. "Even with your huge tits, mine are still bigger!"

"Honestly, I never knew your bust envy was this bad..." Kallawarner sighed wearily, while standing perpendicular to Mittelt and about ten feet to her left. From this angle Sona couldn't

see, but she'd be willing to bet that her tits were let loose as well based on the way the students in front of her were reacting.

But no, that wasn't the thing that shocked her. What shocked her was that those bringing in the students to stand before Mittelt and Kallawarner were, in fact, her own student council members!

"Tiiiits!" moaned Ruruko

"Tiits are awesome..." moaned Reya.

"Tits shall think for us..." Momo moaned.

The damning part was, as Sona allowed her new Pawn to fuck her, Raynare smirked and pushed her tits into Sona's, and she started to repeat those same three lines over and over to her, while Sona felt like, you know, they actually were starting to make a lot of sense...

Within Issei's bedroom, his harem had grown impatient. By which I mean 'horny'. Er, perhaps 'hornier' is more accurate? They had all long since removed their clothing and it was only a matter of time before girls this aroused and this beautiful gave in to the yuri impulse.

"That's right Xenovia," Rias flipped back her hair, letting the Holy Sword run her tongue across her devilish breast. "My, you truly are talented with that tongue of yours."

"Watch yourself, devil!" Xenovia said menacingly. Or, as menacingly as one can when the one you are intending to menace is someone you really want to have sex with in the near future. "It is only because the King of Breasts would wish me to cleanse your wicked, sinful mammary that I indulge in this sinful act."

She said that, but it wasn't exactly like she was trying to get rid of Akeno. Who was lying on the floor. Between Xenovia's legs. Putting her truly wicked tongue to work. In all honesty, Rias was feeling like it was up to her to step up with the innuendo since her Queen was otherwise indisposed.

"Naughty Devil!" Irina yelled, raising her hand to smack Koneko's bare naked butt. An act which likely hurt Irina's hand more than it did Koneko. Though, the kitty devil must surely have felt it when Irina then used her fingers to push inside her exactly twice, before pulling them out and resuming. "Accept your righteous punishment."

Seeing such pretty servants of the enemy fall to this level made Rias all the wetter. Now, she knew that it would be bad if this got out. To either side. Or to the Fallen Angels, or some other faction. All hell might break loose, and you'd best believe that Devils felt that was a bad thing. Hell's best kept where it was, thank you very much.

Although, she had to wonder where Issei had gone. He was only supposed to be picking up milk. Could he have gotten himself into trouble while out? In which case - No, her familiars would have warned her if something like that was up. Perhaps he had run into some pretty young thing and seduced her? Rias had hoped he would one day crack and start using his hypno-dick with less fear, but he seemed a bit too worried about long-term effects on humans..

If he had been distracted by a girl, it was probably someone who had already been affected like the kendo club. The idea of him running into them and these girls who once insulted and assaulted him because of his perversion dragging him off for a bit of naughty fun was amusing if she were honest. Oh, the irony was fitting.

The sound of the front door opening caught their attention. The girls all froze. Try to imagine what it's like when a pet is home all day and they hear their owner's car parked, that's the sort of reaction they all had. Their heads turned towards the stairs, their breathing was hitched, they could hear footsteps approaching, getting closer, closer, closer.

Issei was home. And so was his penis. As the footsteps drew closer there was a mad scramble by all of them to get into position. Rias lay on the bed, Akeno leaned against the wall, the two Holy Swords got on their knees, while Koneko... dead lifted them out of the way so she could get into a pouncing position, like a wild cat about to tear its prey to bloody pieces.

The door creaked open inch by inch. The anticipation grew and grew. Which of them would be first? That competitive thought went through them all. Would it be Akeno, who had objectively the best overall figure? Perhaps the fiery Rias? Irina, his old friend? Xenovia, the closest to Akeno's curves? Koneko, the smallest and cutest (yet also the most wild)?

Before they could make their move, whatever it might be, they soon found themselves staring at Issei - and a busty nun, whose tits were practically spilling out of her habit.

"Hi girls," Issei said. "This is Asia Argento. She's new to town, and I was showing her the sights."

Tits.

That word hit them all like a freight train, leaving their mouth agape. There was a tiny little sliver of thought, I'll grant, that basically went 'oh no another rival for Issei's penis' to 'shit, she deserves it' almost immediately.

If Issei was the King of Breasts, then this must be their Queen.

"Hello, it's nice to meet you all," Asia said, curtsying. Their eyes tracked her chest as she went down and then back up. "I'm terribly sorry for holding him up for so long, he would have come back sooner with the milk, but..."

Milk. Yes, a good swig of milk would really hit the spot about now.

But while most of the girls were caught up in that thought, Rias had another one sitting at the back of her head. This reaction. This feeling. Those tits! Wasn't there supposed to be another book, like the book of cocknosis? That's right. That talking book had warned about that.

The book of titnosis. Yes, that's it! Of course. Xenovia and Irina had come in search of *two* mysterious powerful items. The book of cocknosis could be one, while the other - She took a sharp intake of breath and tried to work up the will to close her eyes -

"Oh. Since you're all naked, I should probably dress for the occasion," the nun innocently said before dropping her habit to the floor. In turn, causing Rias' brain to turn into pudding.

"Are you doing a slumber party or something?" Asia asked while looking around. "Ah, it's a little strange that it would be so many girls and only one boy, isn't it?"

"Ehehehe," Issei laughed. Oh yeah Issei was here as well. "You know, you do make a fine point Asia. I should probably also dress for the occasion."

Why did they spontaneously strip down like this? It felt unnatural. Like, their reasoning was jumbled up. Perhaps they were being compelled by the mystic power behind their genitals, competitive as ever for dominance. Either way, the two of them were now standing side by side in front of the girls naked as the day they were born.

Issei's cock was swinging to and fro like a giant fleshy pendulum, while Asia was rocking on her heels causing her tits to rise and bounce and jiggle. Swing. Bounce. Hard. Soft. Either one of these things would reduce a person's brain to pudding in seconds, but both of them were side by side. Well... not quite, there was a height difference. Swing. Bounce. Jiggle. Throb. They were almost perfect opposites of each other in every meaningful way. The masculine. The feminine. The soft. The hard. The long and girthy, versus the round and tender.

The effect being exposed to both at once, the two sets of genitals competing for control over their willpower was quite astounding. It was like being pulled in two different directions at once with equal force, you more or less stay in place.

Or... Not quite stay in place, no. Being caught between Cocknosis and titnosis like this was giving a temporary reprieve to the girls, and their minds. Rather than being weighed down by either one, rather than desiring nothing more than to feel Issei's mighty penis penetrating them or to feel Asia's indomitable tits in the palms of their hands, rather than feeling utterly beneath either of them, rather than feeling compelled to allow either boy or girl in front of them to dominate their minds, body, and soul, they all...

Temporarily reverted to their normal selves.

It was not going to last long by any means. Only so long as they could see both Issei's cock and Asia's tits at the same time. However, while they could, their thought process was momentarily purged of the hypnotic influence of either one.

Which left all five of them quite surprised, as you might well imagine. Let's take a deeper look on their thought processes to better understand them.

Firstly, Rias Gremory was stunned to the core of her being. If someone had told her that a power like this could exist, she would have laughed it off. Even knowing some of the more esoteric abilities that existed, this would seem too ridiculous. Yet there it was. She, her peerage, and these two Holy Swords had all succumbed to it *easily*.

Then there were Asia's hypnotic breasts to consider. Yes, breasts. It was strange, but for the fleeting moment before she had this clarity Rias could only think of them as tits. How bizarre was that? How utterly... weird!

Her engagement with Riser was ruined now. That was a positive out of all this. But still... was it any better to consider this new Pawn as the 'King of Breasts'? That was quite demeaning for one of her stature, even if she kind of liked Issei as a person and... He very obviously hadn't done this to them on purpose. She'd personally played a large role in brainwashing the other girls herself.

Then there was the sex. Oh, was there the sex. It was also quite strange. Even though she had clarity of mind, even though she was thinking like herself again, whenever she thought of that massive turgid tool stirring up her insides, making her into a sloppy mess, she had to fight the urge to drool. It was a purely physiological reaction. Surely. That mighty weapon had shaped her insides to suit it - much as it surely must have the others as well.

Would she lose her mind if he used it to fuck her right here and now? Would she return to that state again? To her great surprise... Part of Rias wanted it. Her future had been mapped out for her by her family. An engagement to a prominent Devil from another family who was... not an awful choice for a husband, but not the one she would have chosen for herself.

Who would she have chosen?

Issei. Definitely Issei. He was cute. Hidden power dwelled within him - and power like that was a potent aphrodisiac for a Devil, make no mistake. He was nice. He genuinely didn't want to mindfuck anyone with his almighty cock.

Ah! That thought made her panic a bit. What if he learned that it really did have that effect on Devils after all? That they had no more a defense against this bizarre power than a regular human? He might not be able to take it. Lying to him didn't quite sit right with her, but at the same time - at the same time she might have no choice. No choice at all... just like always. But this time, she felt a little bit happier about it than usual. Almost as though she was choosing to have no choice of her own free will.

Next was Akeno Himejima, whose outlook was a bit different from Rias'. You see, for Rias her beauty and looks were merely a tool to distract the weak minded. She was still a blushing virgin when all of this started. Any and all confidence she exuded was an act, nothing more. Akeno, on the other hand, was an outright shameless pervert. It wasn't like she'd had sex either, mind, but she was definitely a hardcore switch type. The sort that gets turned on by being dominated, or by being a sub.

So, a mere Pawn turning her into a slut drooling over his dick, worshipping his cock whenever the chance popped up, and entering into a BDSM yuri relationship with Koneko was... intensely arousing. As was the semi-competitive nature of her relationship with Rias. Naturally, they sex was amazing. How could it not be for one who has acquired the power of a hypnotic penis?

Still. She had several reservations. As aroused as this development made her, Akeno's first duty was to Rias. Her future. Her sense of well being. It was obvious to her that she didn't want to marry Riser - but allowing this Pawn to be her Master would surely ruin all future influence she had. It might be a little selfish, but perhaps if she stole Issei and his brain melting dick away for herself...?

Onto Koneko next, whose thought process was pretty simple. Issei was her mate. That was the end of it. Koneko had long suppressed her mating urges, as none of the men around were worth her time. While her thinking was more or less back to normal, her body was in heat.

Honestly, he was the ideal mate in a lot of ways. His meat fit, no matter what. He showed great potential for strength. He was also considerate of their needs. While it was a little frustrating that he had accidentally mind-whammied them, and that she would have to share him with other girls, Koneko... honestly didn't mind. Sure, that would have changed if she had the impression he'd done this on purpose but it was rather obvious he had not.

Xenovia... Was twitching in places she didn't know could twitch. She'd had an orgy with several devils and enjoyed every moment of it. This... this craven, devious devil had manipulated their thought process to reduce them to animals in heat!

Lucky for her Koneko didn't hear that thought. Nonetheless!

Her mind put it together. This boy was holding one of the two mysterious artefacts they had come here to investigate. This girl, the other. She was canny enough to take a guess at the rest. Exposure to both at once was clearing her mind. Probably the others as well. However... when she tried to look away, she could feel the pull of surrender entering her mind. Her situation was hopeless. She could not reach for her sword without looking away and even if she could, while surrounded by these Devils she couldn't do much of anything either!

Except... was that really an excuse not to try? It wasn't, was it? She should at least defy them by making an attempt to fight! That would surely save her soul! Would it not? Unless there was another reason? But what could that reason be?

The answer came from the pit of her stomach. A warm, pleasant feeling. She had never admitted this to Irina, but the truth was that Xenovia always wanted to bear a strong child. Could it be...? She desired to breed with this boy? No, it was not her mind that wished it, but her body and... and her soul? Both were in agreement on this?

But wait... wait! If she kept him busy breeding her, then it would surely prevent him from expanding his harem further. It would keep him from putting others under his influence. Hell, if they played it right this Asia girl could be added to the harem to keep her hypnotic breasts from causing mischief. Yes... yes! It might be a bit of self justification to maximise her own pleasure, but -

Apologies to the religious out there reading this, but this writer couldn't help but finish that sentence in his head with "haven't religious people done that for literally millenia?" Really, that is intended more as a shot on human nature than religion, I promise.

Lastly, Irina. She was the more devout of the two, and would not succumb to such easy self justification or cognitive dissonance. In truth, she'd always had a crush on Issei, and that had only intensified as she got older. Seeing him again, knowing he was a Devil, it filled her with such regret for what might have been.

On the one hand... the sex had been good. Great. Amazing. But that wasn't enough for Irina. Nope! She was a *good* girl, a Holy Sword!

Except that it had worked on her just as it had anyone else. The Lord had not offered his protection to her from this wicked ability, and allowed her to lay with Devils and her colleague against their own wills and wishes. S-So why did her loins heat up like this? There was a devil whispering in her ear, telling her that this was the Lord's will.

But no! That couldn't be the case. He would never, in his wisdom, send them to cavort with the enemy like this! It had to be a plan of evil, not of Heaven! Of all of them, Irina both wanted it the most, and wanted it the least. The conflict was tearing at her soul, and her faith was keeping her from the same kind of justification that the others were having. For many, faith brings an intense peace of mind... but sometimes it can have the opposite effect.

She had to free them. Had to liberate them. Had to find a way to neutralise both of their abilities before -

Suddenly Rias stepped forward, blocking her view of Asia... and down she went again, grinning goofily at the King of Breasts and his intensely satisfying hypnodick.

"Welcome, Asia Argento!" Rias said, pulling the girl into a deep hug that she had only intended to last a second or so, but after feeling those tits press into her... maybe she could hold this for an hour or more? "Congratulations, Issei, on yet another conquest. Such a pretty young thing."

"Eh, conquest?" Issei rubbed the back of his head. "W-well, it's not like I meant to, it just sorta happened..."

"Issei?" Asia said. "Did you say Issei? As in Issei Hyoudou? A dangerous Devil who was putting unwary girls under his hypnotic power?"

"It was an accident!" Issei yelled. "I swear, I didn't mean to use this thing too - Wait, how did you know about that?"

Asia Argento was the sort of person who would even heal a demon if it was injured in front of her. Her kindness and compassion were without limit. Truly, she was the embodiment of Christ's message on Earth - be kind and gentle to your fellow man, offer him a shoulder to lean upon in times of trouble and yours is the Kingdom of Heaven. Some might call it naive, some might call it foolish, others still might call it blasphemy for her to consort with such evil creatures - but if you only slap down evil where it rises, you deny it the opportunity to change its ways.

Even so, finding herself surrounded by Devils in the home of Raynare's corrupted friend was a little too much for Asia to take. This was Issei Hyoudou? The boy who had been tricked by Devils to use a hypnotic penis to ensnare the unwary.

Was this all a trick to get her to come along and corrupt her? Use his big hard hypnotic dick to make her become his obedient servant and join him on the dark side? Why, he had already given her a big, stiff, satisfying dicking, maybe he had already begun the process?

"N-Nooooo!" Asia screamed, grabbing at her tits in a reflexive action, squeezing them and squeezing them until all of a sudden a torrent of white creamy goodness flowed out of her nipples, drenching everyone in the room and leaving them all starry eyed long enough for Asia to get dressed and hurriedly leave the house.

Oh dear. Oh dear! She didn't know what to make of it! From the way Raynare had talked about him, he was the most dangerous man alive. Yet he didn't seem that way. Not to Asia. His kindness and goofy nature seemed genuine. He was funny. He was nice. He fucked like a tiger. No, a dragon. Definitely a dragon.

Her footsteps slowed and she felt a deep, deep urge to go back and have sex with him again. Was that his penis, or him? Asia didn't know. Maybe - maybe Raynare had it wrong? If anything, Asia had a more distinct impression that Issei hadn't intended to do anything evil with his hypno-penis. And they were happy when he fucked them.

Fucked them with a penis that induced a hypnotic trance.

She should do something. She should help them. Help him. This was what was in her nature. And so she decided to help Issei and those other girls under his thrall the only way she knew how. Asia ran off towards the school.

Her reasoning was simple. Raynare had it all wrong. She must have! That Issei boy wasn't scary at all, he was nice and hung, and kind and hot, and goofy and sexy. What she should do was simple. Straightforward. Sensible, even. She would heal them both. Their relationship. Bring them back together.

And her decision to do that had absolutely nothing whatsoever with her tits deciding that they needed backup if they were to deal with such a potent cocknosis wielder. Not in the slightest.

There's something quite disconcerting about being suddenly covered in milk. Especially when it happens without warning. Especially when your brain is practically pudding because you'd been staring at a hypnotic cock and a hypnotic pair of tits for... however long you'd been staring. Normally if Asia had simply fled, any of the occupants of this room would have leaped out the window and met her at the front door. Even after taking the surprise factor of the sudden, inexplicable, milk drenching and aforementioned hypnotic effects.

However, titnosis milk is not like regular milk. It has a mildly narcotic effect, gives a pleasant addictive sexual buzz that is meant to make one more compliant with the wielder. Cocknosis semen is much the same, it should be said, and works for much the same reason.

As such, you can almost understand why they had paired off like this. Koneko and Xenovia. Irina and Akeno. Issei and Rias. Licking and kissing and sucking on each other's clothes and flesh in an attempt to get each other clean. This sounds like it took a while, but not really. A few minutes at most. Where normally they might have been a bit slower, taking their time to really savour the moment of intimacy, now they were going at it whole hog. Imagine a wolf being starved for a week before discovering a dying deer. The scene you're imagining is probably a lot closer to how this came off than your initial impression on hearing "they licked milk from each other's bodies."

"Hrm, shame there's no cookies," Akeno giggled.

Koneko rubbed her belly. "Sweets would be nice around now," she muttered. Staring at Issei accusingly, as if it was his fault there were no sweets in his room at all times.

"Rias Gremory, that girl," Xenovia said, still hugging Koneko with a strange sort of affection, patting her head as if she actually were a cat. "Could she be the one that....?"

"Yes, Holy Sword. I believe you are correct," Rias said. "That Asia girl has the dreaded power of titnosis."

A solemn air fell over the room, which is kind of funny because that's an extremely surreal thing to say. Still, now that the occupants had experienced that power for themselves they understood it to be as solemn as it was. They'd all had a taste of their own minds freed from the power of cocknosis, which was something none of them thought would be remotely possible even if their memories were erased. They were certain that by now its impact had been left upon their very souls. Not to mention their bodies.

"Huh, that's weird," Issei said, scratching the back of his head. "I mean, cocknosis only affects you girls when I boost it, but you all went under pretty easily for titnosis."

Uh oh. Had he figured it out? His harem grew nervous. They knew that he didn't want to have mindfucked them into joining his harem, that he wanted them all to be part of it of their own volition. Though, it must be said, by now they actually sort of did want to be part of the harem of their own volition. Sort of? Kind of? With the exception of Irina they all liked him (and the sex) that they would be totally and perfectly fine with sharing him out amongst themselves. If he realised that he had actually been able to hypnotise them quite easily with his massive swinging dick, then it would leave him terribly upset!

"I guess it's because tits are inherently better than cocks!" Issei said, sticking out his thumb. The girls let out a heavy sigh of relief. Thank goodness. "Ah, we should probably do something about her shouldn't we? With tits that potent, she could have half the town under her power by accident, and I don't think she even knows she's doing it!"

"Not to mention that if she's a nun, she could combine it with holy power," Irina observed. "That would be a devastating, blasphemous combination!"

Yes. As blasphemous as - for example - a pair of Holy Swords desperately wanting to give birth to Devil Issei's babies ASAP.

"I have already sent familiars in search of her," Koneko said. It appears that she is heading to the school."

"Is that so?" Rias confidently said. "Very well then. We should be able to corner her there - and if worst comes to worst, we can always ask Sona for assistance in containing this threat."

It has been oft mentioned, Sona Sitri prides herself on her intellect. For good reason. She is a chess prodigy, and that's only the most obvious application of her talents. Her mental acuity is extremely potent, her ability to strategize and plan unparalleled among her peers.

Which rather made it a shame that this part of her mind was in the mental equivalent of a prison, bounding against the walls trying to get out while fully aware of what was going on out there in the real world. To wit:

"Tiiiiits!" Sona moaned. Rubbing them, squeezing them, playing with them around her Pawn's penis. The same penis that she had been fucking with great enthusiasm out by the school gate.

They weren't there any more, it must be said. Right now they were in the student council office. Her, her peerage, and the head of the Fallen Angels that had defeated them. And oh, what a humiliating defeat it was. Completely crushed. By weaklings. Using an absolutely absurd ability.

"Aww, is something wrong?" the slutty gothic chick called Mittelt mocked. "Don't you appreciate my giant new titties? I certainly like them!"

Given her body type Sona wasn't too surprised. She probably had a tiny pair, and this freaky magic made them grow and grow and become perfect and started thinking for her the way they were thinking for Sona and her Peerage.

She couldn't believe what she was seeing. All the girls were sitting on the floor, topless, mauling their tits like rats jumping on the pleasure button. Reduced to this ridiculous state so easily - It was unthinkable. Maddening! W-watching Mittelt strut around confidently while they were in this condition...

"Do you know where Raynare and Kallawarner went off to?" Mittelt asked. "The girl's dorms. While you're all reducing yourselves to mindless pets, they're spreading the gift of titnosis to the regular humans that stay on school grounds. Each and every one of them, plus you, will then be taught how to bring others under your control. Our control."

That's right, keep talking. The more information Sona had, the easier it would be for her to come up with a plan. Keep monologuing, keep letting things slip, she'll figure out a weakness in this magic in no time flat.

"Kukuku, I bet you're trying to come up with a clever scheme in there, huh?" Mittelt knocked her knuckles against Sona's sweat drenched head. "Too bad, you're all locked up inside, you're not getting out that easily. By the time that Rias and her peerage get back from that Issei boy's house after their inevitable cocknosis driven orgy, we'll have an army on school grounds. We'll drown them in tits. Then use you and her to get at your older siblings. From there - the rest of Devil society will fall under our sway."

She tilted her head and widened her evil grin further still.

"Or should that be jiggle? Hohohohoho!"

Is there anything quite so fun as seeing a wicked scheme come together? Kukuku, Raynare could only cackle to herself, overlooking everything playing out perfectly the way that it absolutely should. Now, it is important to note that Raynare is a rather cocky Fallen Angel who doesn't understand how low on the totem pole she really is. In another universe she sincerely believed that Twilight Healing would make her strong enough to take on and kill the little sister of someone who could destroy Japan with little effort and get away with it which - Seriously? It would be like asking an ant to dismantle the moon, and then giving it a tiny jetpack and shovel. It isn't managing that. It seriously isn't pulling that off. Rias was strong enough to annihilate her on her own, never mind what would happen when her brother found out.

With the power of titnosis, matters would be a bit different. Now the ant had a human piloted rocket, a tiny spacesuit, and the ability to exponentially create similarly equipped reinforcements. If Devils and Fallen Angels had no immunity to titnosis, then it was certain that regular Angels didn't either.

"T-Tiiiiits!" a random human student moaned, mauling her own chest. "Ohhhh, they're soooo good!"

"A... A-chan! What's happened to you!" another student, whose chest was *frustratingly* flat asked, rushing up to her self groping friend. "Your tits, they've grown so big! St-stop acting weird, stop!"

All the while they were jiggling and bouncing right in front of her eyes. She couldn't look elsewhere, couldn't step away, couldn't stop herself from reaching out to touch them, couldn't stop herself from repeating the magic words at her friend's prompting, and all of a sudden there were two horny girls with big hypnotits wandering around to spread it even further afield.

It was like a recursive algorithm. Or to go back to that exponential growth idea. At this point Raynare herself didn't need to do anything but oversee the campus to make sure everything went off without a hitch. Soon, every single girl would be reduced to this state. Compliant, obedient, letting their tits think for them - which to Raynare's twisted mind meant letting her and Mistress Asia think for them.

"Why did you restrain them to the school?" asked Aika, an especially slutty human girl who was, at this moment, embracing Raynare and squishing their tits together. Their big, squishy, sensitive hypnotits. Raynare was not a virgin. She was quite experienced with all manner of sexual acts, in fact, with men and women alike. So she found it a bit oddly amusing that this simple gesture, with no penetration on either end, was somehow better than every other roll in the hay that she could think of. "In a day, the entire town could be thinking with tits."

Raynare patted the girl on the head. "No, no," she said. "First, we secure the school. Then, when Issei comes tomorrow morning, he'll be overwhelmed by all the tits. By keeping it here, we ensure that he'll be caught off guard."

Letting Asia slip was a bit of a mistake, really. But hey, they were horny and she might have got in the way of her grand scheme.

"Dunno about that," Aika replied. She shuddered, sending interesting vibrations through their tits. "Issei's cock is supreme. Oh! I can't wait to feel it between my tits!"

"In due time," Raynare smirked. Amazing. That dumb pervert must have an amazing cock if it can still make Aika horny for it while under the influence of titnosis. Once they'd melted his brain and remoulded it the way they wanted, then they could see about making full use of it.

Asia entered the school grounds and looked around for any sign of Raynare. There was none. Nor the student council members from before. Biting her lip, she went further inside with great haste, her mind still awl after the experience she'd had tonight. Encountering Issei Hyoudou, of all people. He'd been nice, he'd been friendly, he'd been an amazing gentle lay that filled her in a way that she never could have imagined possible, and she dearly wanted to do it again.

On the one hand she was torn. Was Raynare wrong about him? Or was she right, and she was being hopelessly naive? Either way she had to find her. Had to ask her. Had to find out the truth!

With that in mind she made a beeline right for the student council's room - according to the signage. There were weird sounds coming from the dormitory, but she had no time for that right now.

Asia pushed her way in through the door, and stared mouth agape at what she found within. Mittelt and Kallawarner were both inside, tits bared, rubbing them into the side of that Sona girl's head. She, in turn also had her tits out, every bit as big as the blessing that had been given to Asia, though Sona was on her hands and knees while a handsome (though not as handsome as Issei) young man was railing her from behind with a big, goofy grin on his face.

Dotted around the room were various other girls who were, presumably, also student council members. They were naked. Uniforms abandoned. Engaged in all manner of debauchery, with about 99% of them involving tits in some way. Rubbing them up against each other's bodies, groping someone else's, kissing or licking them, squeezing them between thighs, playfully striking them, or striking overs playfully with them. It was lewd, it was nasty.

It was making Asia really, really want to go back to Issei for another round of absolute fullness and contentment. Her own tits were trembling at the memory, especially when contrasted with the sight in front of her. She could... surely, she could help him overcome it, right? His sin. His abuse of this power to turn girls into his own personal cock hungry army?

"Now, Sona, you're going to use these nasty dumb tits to mindwipe your sister, right?" Mittelt asked, snickering slightly, but very nastily.

"Yes, mindwipe big sis with slutty tits!" Sona grunted. "Give her big tits! Let tits think for her! Need tits! Love tits! Tits are supreme!"

Huh that was kind of weird, but she hadn't actually said anything too wrong. Tits were clearly a divine tool that should be used to reward the blessed, and help purify the wicked. Without hurting them. Which had always been something Asia had been in search of, for she didn't have it in her heart to hurt even the most wicked Devil.

"Hah, to think it would be this easy," Kallawarner chuckled. "First, all of Devil society will be under our control, and then... Mmmm..."

She was interrupted by Mittelt leaning over Sona's moaning head to kiss her right on the lips. After a moment, it sort of felt like they had forgotten outright what they were doing in the first place, so they could give into their lust, slaking it on each other for no other reason than the other was within easy reach.

"Oh, you're back early!" Raynare's bright and cheery voice called out, right before a pair of reassuring feminine hand wrapped around her body, grabbing onto Asia's tits and pulling her back, back so that the back of Asia's head was nestled comfortably in the most warm and soft and squishy place that she had ever been in. So relaxing. Nicer than the fluffiest pillow. "So, so? How was it out there on the town? Did you have fun?"

"I had sex with Issei," Asia admitted right off the bat. "It was good. Really good. Are you sure he's the bad guy?"

"Incredible," Aika said, stepping into view, her own chest every bit as big and bouncy as every other girl around. "You got laid by that set of pipes, and you're still able to walk? That's pretty incredible. Did you smoosh your tits up against him like this to - Ohhhh!"

Aika had strode around in front of Asia at that moment, but dear reader, she had underestimated the sheer power of Asia's tits. While her own were quite nice now, thanks to the potency of titnosis, she had thought that the fact they were the same size was sufficient to protect her, to some extent, from the hypnotic effect. Not so. Because Asia had been the one to put her under, so thoroughly, so deeply, her tits recognised Asia's as inherently of a higher level than her own. Than any others she might encounter. Even Raynare's, even Sona's, any other tits you could point to.

"Mm, yes I did," Asia said, stepping out, pushing Aika back as her friend went to her happy place. Asia was completely oblivious to this, unaware of the effect she was having on Aika. Or, now that she was away from her, the effect she was having on Raynare. "It felt really nice. I could feel that he had a deep reverence for tits. A deep, abiding reverence that went as deep into him as his cock went into me."

"Deep... cock..." Raynare mumbled. Then, being of ever so slightly stronger stuff than Aika, she slapped herself and tried to regain her focus... only for that focus to betray her and settle back down on Asia's tits. The smugness dripped out of her, turning into a half bent over goofy grin. The Indoctrination was accidental, but far too ingrained. "Mmm, yeah..."

"Raynare, please tell me the truth!" Asia insisted. Meaning about Issei. However, such a command is open to interpretation, and as everyone knows when you give an open to interpretation question to someone under mind control - well, let's put it this way. Some militaries train new officers by telling the team they're in command of to do everything the new officer says literally, to the letter, even if it would be extremely stupid. As such, Raynare answered the question that Asia hadn't asked, but anyone would have reasonably asked.

"I'm using titnosis to turn this school into an army that will grant Fallen Angels total dominion over Devils and Heaven," Raynare flat out admitted. "And in so doing introduce the glory of tits to the whole world."

"Tiiiiits!" everyone except Asia in the room moaned joyously.

Ah. Behold the experience of a brain shifting gears. Asia was an innocent girl. Naive, not worldly experienced. She looked around at the room. Looked at all the people, the way they were acting, their unnatural behaviour. Then she looked at the chests of all the girls. The bouncy, jiggly, extremely pleasant to look at tits. Including her own. Which even now were aching to be groped, squeezed, played with, or just touched in general...

"Stop it right now!" she commanded, giving into the urge and feeling oddly embarrassed by it.

"Caaaan't," Raynare said, pawing at her own chest. "Mmm, once a girl has tits, she's got them for liiiiife. By now there will be too many to stop all at once, and the number is growing exponentially. Before long, every girl on grounds will be letting their tits think for them."

Oh no... Oh no! So Raynare was the bad person all along! Issei, that sweet slightly stupid boy with the massive extremely satisfying penis was actually a very nice boy that she was right to want to fuck and fuck and fuck and *fuck* until she passed out.

Right now, despite her massive chest, Asia felt impossibly small. What should she do? What could she do?! If this wasn't stopped then - then every girl on campus would be reduced to this state! Although, since both Aika and Raynare had latched onto one of her nipples, Asia was starting to forget exactly why she was against such an idea in the first place...

If you were told that Issei Hyoudo's room was now a war room, you might think it was a metaphor for the aftermath of some truly wicked, kinky sex. You might imagine there was a total mess, that some girl(s) had been given the ride of their life. You might imagine a bunch of girls lying around the room, eyes swirling, tongues flopped out the side of their mouth while over in the corner another 'victim' cries out in delight as his massive, impressive hypnodick gives her a ride the likes of which she would never, ever forget.

Alas, no. Not today. Today, it was a bit more of a boring reason to describe it as such. Not that Issei was complaining by any means. His room had been turned into a strategy room, replete with a map of Kuoh Academy set up in the middle. Why wasn't he complaining when this was not as interesting or sexy as the idea he thoroughly ruined a whole lot of pussy?

To understand that one needs only look at their attire. You see, using Devil magic, the girls had all acquired new clothes. Skin tight camo hot pants. A camo shirt with no sleeves and a low neckline. Furthermore, while Rias was at the head of the room stretching in ways that seemed designed to show off her body as much as possible, the rest of the girls were on their knees using their lips and tongues to worship Issei's mighty cock for all that it was worth. Which, incidentally, was an extremely high value. Some might even say 'priceless'.

All the while, Kiba was sitting patiently in the corner of the room, at attention, staring at the map like a good little soldier. Where he'd come from Issie could never guess, but there you go.

"According to Koneko's familiar, Asia made a beeline riiiiight for the Academy," Rias said, bending over so that her butt was mere inches from Issei's face. He couldn't see the map. He didn't especially care either. "Such a move is concerning. Deeply concerning. Would you not agree, Issei?"

"That's not fair, Madame President!" Issei said, hand shooting into the air. Steam shooting out of his nose. "Right now, I'd agree with literally anything you asked me!"

"Then you'd agree that we need to take drastic action to deal with Asia?" Rias asked, making it really unfair by gyrating her hips around, and smoothing her hands - her devilishly delightful hands - around her devilishly delightful rump. "Since she has access to titnosis, that makes her an extremely dangerous enemy. Right?"

In Issei's position, it would be just about impossible to argue. Not only was Rias dancing for him in such a skimpy outfit, but there were also four absolute babes kissing, licking and moaning around his shaft. Koneko, Aika, Xenovia, Irina. All four were stunningly beautiful, all four of them were enthusiastic beyond belief. In turn, he should have agreed with whatever they said. Right? He'd even said as much himself.

And yet... the idea of treating Asia as an enemy... It felt wrong. Down to the core of his being, treating that girl as an enemy was the one thing they could not ask of him under these conditions. She had seemed so innocent, so pure, even when she was fucking him out in a

public place while smooshing his face into her amazing hypnotits, Issei still couldn't think of even an inch of her as corrupted or dirty.

"No, she is not an enemy!" Issei insisted. "If she's returned to the school then- then she must be going to meet with someone! An enemy that is already attacking the school! Someone must have lied to her. Manipulated her! And I'm sure we can clear things up if I use - "

If he used his hypnodick to sort everything to rights. It wasn't that he wanted to use it, but...

He pushed on anyway.

"It's not fair to her," Issei said. "If you hadn't found me... would you treat me the same way? If you hadn't started to train me in controlling this massive, throbbing, brain melting penis, would you treat me like an enemy as well? She's lost! She's alone! She's frightened! We might be Devils - except Irina and Xenovia - but that doesn't mean we should cast her aside just because she's dangerous! Asia... Asia can be saved! I know it!"

"Then it's settled," Rias exclaimed, turning around and leaning forward to jiggle her barely covered boobs in front of his face. "Issei will use his power of cocknosis to liberate Asia from the sway of titnosis."

Needless to say, the sight of Rias' bouncing boobs was more than enough to knock the shounen out of him for a little bit. If only he knew how fucking moist his little speech had made the other girls, he might have held onto that feeling a bit more tightly.

"President, I recommend we don't head in as a single group," Akeno said. "It's more likely we'll fall into an ambush that way."

"Eh?! Split the party?!" Issei gasped. "What's wrong with you, never split the party!"

"Never put all your eggs in one basket, Issei!" Akeno giggled, and shut him up by showing him exactly how flexible her naughty tongue could be, with the right motivation.

Xenovia pulled away from his cock for a moment, seeming content to rub her breasts up against the shaft instead while she spoke. "A coordinated strike seems like the best approach. Irina and I should be able to draw attention to the front of the school."

"Then I should be there as well," Kiba said, with a strange dark edge to his tone. "It might take more than two Holy Swords to deal with whatever trap the enemy sets. You need someone to watch your back."

The way he said it made it feel like Kiba would rather gnaw off his right arm than help out the Holy Swords under normal conditions, no matter what enemy they were up against. That made Issei a little bit curious about what was up with him.

"While you do that, I will castle inside with Issei," Rias said. "The two of us will check on Gasper, and then assess the situation from inside the grounds. Akeno and Koneko, you can attack from the rear."

Alas, both girls took that suggestion a mite too literally for Issei's taste, and their fingers decided it would be a fine time to attack his rear. Akeno's fingers were very obviously aiming for his prostate, while Koneko seemed to be more going with the flow.

"C-Cut that out!" Issei yelled. The two girls pouted and resumed lickin his penis. Irina stopped for a moment to giggle at him, finding his reaction amusing apparently. Grr! He decided it would be more fruitful to change the subject. Less embarrassing as well. "Gasper? What is Gasper?"

"Gasper is my Bishop," Rias said. "A Dhampir with extraordinary power. If the school has been attacked, I'm concerned that the enemy might have gone for him. It would be extremely bad if they have."

"Because they'd use his power against us?" Issei asked.

"Well, that... plus he's kind of adorable, so it would be such a shame to see him go under like that..."

Alright. They had their battle plan. They knew where they were going. They were set on rescuing Asia rather than hurting her. That only left one question.

"How do we deal with the fact that one look at her amazing rack completely empties your mind?" Issei asked. Ugh! Asking such a question made it feel like he was betraying breasts!

"Stimulation," Akeno answered. "That is the only way we can keep our minds intact. A simple spell to shock us if our eyes linger on a single point for too long should knock us out of it long enough to -"

"Who wants freshly baked cookies!"

You know the ultimate teen nightmare, right? Jerking off in your room. Mother walks in. This was somehow a thousand times worse than that. Here he was, receiving fellatio from multiple girls at once while another was strutting around the room in camo booty shorts and not much else. Mortified was a good word for it. Horrified beyond belief. His mother walked in with a plate of homemade cookies parked on a tray! Ah! He'd like to wake up now, please!

"Thank you, mother!" Rias chirped, taking a cookie from the plate as if nothing was even wrong. "Now, in my case being in contact with Issei's big hard cock should be more than enough to keep me lucid. Yes, Kiba? You have a suggestion?"

"I could always create a few dildos in the shape of Issei's cock. Then you girls can put them inside a hole of your choice, and that might help you stave it off."

"My, my, such creative friends you have," his mother said. Kill him. End his existence. Ah! No! Now she was wiping his forehead with a napkin! "You shouldn't work so hard, my dear. I know you work tirelessly to keep your harem sexually satisfied, but it won't do them any good if you collapse now will it?"

"m-Mooom!" he whined, and wound up cumming in Irina's mouth while his childhood friend greedily slurped down every single drop of sexmen shooting from his mouth, the other girls all staring jealously at her. "C-Can you not do this now?"

"Oh? You have plans tonight?" his mother asked. "Can I join in?"

"Sorry, mother," Akeno said. Huh, weird how all the girls were calling his mother, uh, mother. But okay? "Tonight we will be embarking on a quest to liberate our school from a nun with mind controlling tits."

"Oh, that Asia girl? How nice!" his mother said. Guh! Could he...please stop cumming already? This was the worst experience of his life, and he was afraid it would give him at least a dozen complexes! "I think she'd be a great fit for your harem, Issei. She'd be really cute and you do love your tits. I'm sure that great big penis of yours would look amazing stuffed in between her -"

"M-mom, p-lease be quiet!" he whimpered, more eager than ever to get this show on the road. The sooner they left for the Academy, the sooner he could repress this moment.

In a daze, Asia acted on instinct and dragged Raynare out of the student council room before things got worse. Unfortunately, it got worse. Everywhere she looked, everywhere they went they were there. Tits. Jiggling tits. Bouncy tits. Perfect tits. Girls milking each other, suckling on one another's nipples greedily suckling down milk. Tits rubbing up against each other. Tits, tits, tits, tits!

It was a relief to find somewhere safe, at last. Though Asia could hardly stop herself from opening her own top and wantonly groping herself, feeling good, so good as she played with her own titflesh, her own perfectly shaped mammaries with such smooth warm skin. She collapsed back into a seat with her hands full of tits, and looked all around the room. It was a fairly ordinary looking room for the most part. A pair of Victorian style seats opposite each other with a table in between. Nice wood panelling to give it a comfortable feel. Off to the side of the room was something a little unusual though - a shower?

"My, how fancy," Raynare said, taking off her clothes (what little there was) to step within the shower. "Those Devils must use this when they've finished sinning, so they can clean themselves down. Or something like that?" She playfully stuck out her tongue. "Care to join me, Mistress Asia?"

"No," Asia lied, eyes glued to Raynare's big bouncy juicy magnificent entrancing superb amazing astounding beautiful jiggly full inviting glorious tits. "R-Raynare, this is wrong! You shouldn't make everyone's tits *perfect!*"

"I shouldn't?" Raynare asked teasingly. She put the water on and it plain wasn't fair. It really wasn't fair at all. "But they all asked for it. Why should we keep it from them?"

This was a lie. It was an extremely blatant lie. However, there is something that is important about lying that many people forget. If there are consequences to lying, then a person will hesitate to do it. When there are no consequences? Then a person will be shackled only by their own conscience. Yes, that's right. Even if someone catches you out in a lie, and you continue to lie and lie and lie, if you eventually get what you want then why bother telling the truth?

Especially when the sight of water running down your naked body would prove to be an excellent distraction even before you acquired hypnotits. Because make no mistake, Raynare was a bitch through and through, in every meaning of the word but the literal one. She was a bitch in personality type, meaning that she tormented people for the sake of tormenting people. She was also a bitch in the sense that she was kind of a massive slut... and you'd best believe she had a body to match it. Her favourite practise was playing the innocent, putting her pretty face up front to mask the bitch beneath, then use that to soil a person. Take what she wanted from them, while playing up the innocent act. Gaslight them. Deceive them. Lie to their faces and make them beg for more.

And that was *before* she gained access to tits that completely and totally bypassed all the usual mental defenses magical beings of this realm employed (though that may be more due to being an out of context problem than raw power).

"You were saying you felt all dirty and sweaty, why don't we save water by showering together?" Raynare asked, beckoning for Asia to join her.

"Eh, no I didn't... I didn't say anything like that," Asia said.

"Don't be silly," Raynare giggled. "You were saying that walking around everywhere was a real exercise, due to all the steep roads and it would be good to wash that grime off. Come on, don't be shy, I'll wash your back."

This is gaslighting in a nutshell. Defy reality. If you're told that what you're saying is wrong, double down on it. Double down on the lie, until your target starts to question reality itself. It's a startlingly effective technique, because at heart humanity isn't as rational as it likes to think it is. It's a trait taken advantage of by bad faith actors everywhere, and not just recently. Someone wanting something evil has no need to play by the rules, while someone wanting something good or reasonable has to. To the former, words and rules are clay to be played with, while the latter must abide by the spirit and the letter as much as they are able. This is what makes gaslighting so terrifying, and let's be blunt, a thoroughly evil practise.

Which is why it fits Raynare like a glove.

"Honestly, I don't see why you're being so difficult," Raynare shrugged when Asia didn't join her. She turned her back, hiding her tits, but making no bones about what she was doing in soaping them up. "These are soooo good, and it's obvious they want them. Why should we keep them to ourselves when those other sluts - I mean, girls so obviously want them so what's the harm?"

"But do they really want them?" Asia asked. "Or are they being made to want them? I can see how utterly hypnotic these absolutely perfect... Uh..."

She trailed off, for Raynare had turned around again, while rubbing shampoo into her hair. Arms held up high, chest thrust out, while hot water and suds trailed down her body. Such a sight was... It must be divinely inspired, surely, for nothing less could possibly exist without God's own hand being involved.

"I can't hear you clearly out there," Raynare said, making a show of cupping her ears and leaning forward. "The running water is quite loud, and I have some of it in my ears. Why don't you join me here? It's not possible to get dirty while cleaning. Right?"

If Asia were thinking clearly, or at least more aware of gaslighting techniques, she would have seen through this quickly. She might have tested if Raynare could really hear her. She might

have noticed that there was no flow of logic leading into her second point. She wasn't upset at all about being dirty, so what did it matter if she couldn't get dirtier while cleaning up?

Alas, she was not thinking clearly in part because the sight of Raynare's naked heaving bosom dripping wet with water, steam wisps around her body, were making her own nipples start to tweak, to the point that she was already tucking her hands under her robes and playing with them in a way that would have shocked her a week ago. Rough, nasty, wantonly, driven by base lust to a degree that should have shamed her, but now only made her lick her slips with anticipation, even as her robe slipped off her shoulders and she stepped inside the shower. A shower that had been designed with one person in mind, meaning that two people were going to wind up... intimately close.

"There we go, isn't this better"? Raynare asked while cheating quite a bit by using her tits to rub soap all over Asia's back. She was methodical about it, but also quite quick, touching Asia's back in ways she didn't think could be made to feel so alive, so vibrant, so... good! "We'll get you all nice and clean in no time at all."

"Guhhhh," Asia gurgled incoherently. That did feel really good. Really, really good. But do you know what else felt good? Being fucked by Issei and his massive hypnodick. Asia felt a gaping emptiness inside her, one that she knew could only be fulfilled by that... that divine member. Penetrating her. Thrusting its way inside her. Over and over again. Delivering its hot seed to the very core of her being, making her feel fulfilled and loved and wanted, which were feelings that she experienced far too infrequently in her life up until now.

"I think we were wrong about Issei," she managed to squeeze out, wriggling and moaning under Raynare's expert, slutty touch. She turned around to confront the Fallen Angel, but all that meant was they were now tit to tit, and the larger woman with much, much more sexual experience easily pushed her back against the shower wall, gently rolling her shoulders so that her nipples ran a tight circle around Asia's.

"Wrong about Issei?" Raynare asked teasingly. "Oh no, don't tell me, he dirtied up your pussy with his giant thrusting hypnodick and turned you into another of his easy, willing sluts? Raynare asked. Utilising yet another technique of gaslighters - accuse your mark of being what you are. In Raynare's case, an easy slut. "Didn't you already agree that we need to stop Issei?"

"Y-yes..." Asia gasped, as Raynare grabbed her butt to pull her in closer, squeezing their tits together, so that each of their right tits were within the other's cleavage.

"Then what are you doing changing your mind, silly slutty mistress?" Raynare asked, lovingly, caringly, tenderly. "Don't let him trick you." A kiss on the lips. "Don't let him fool you." Another kiss, this time with a little tongue. "Don't be swayed by his penis, tits are so much better."

"Bu-but, aren't we doing the same thing we thought he was doing?" Asia asked. "Making all these girls into big titted, horny, easy mind slaves who will do absolutely anything we ask." As

she asked this question her voice trailed off, becoming unusually husky. Almost as though the idea was starting to appeal to her. She shook her head again.

"Don't be silly, that's not what we're doing at all!" Raynare said. "We're just turning all these girls into big titteed horny easy mindslaves who will do anything *we* ask. It's different because *we won't take advantage of them* the way that nasty Issei boy would."

After a moment for effect, with the only sounds being the running water down their bodies and Asia's light moaning, Raynare slipped by her and left the shower, gently placing Asia's hands on her tits, kissed her on the neck and rolled her hips on the way out for effect, stretching out her nude, wet body that most men would give their right night to have a night of passion with.

Then she peered over her shoulder and finished the thought with a single word. "Much."

As in, they wouldn't take advantage of them as much as Issei would. You could interpret that to mean they'd do it even more than he would, though she was implying less. Honestly, it depended on what you meant. Having access to the little sisters of two of an enemy's leaders when your faction was probably the overall weakest of the three in play? That's fucking amazing. Using titnosis to spread your influence and stoke your own power? Holy shit, that's incredible.

"Haven't you been lonely your entire life, Mistress Asia?" Raynare asked while towelling herself off. In the shower Asia's traitorous fingers started to dig into her flesh, seeking as much contact as possible. She pushed the flat of her hands in there and then her eyes rolled up in her head. Oooh, the water was somehow making this even better too! "Discarded. Used. When all you wanted was to help people. Well, now you can help people. You can help people by showing them the joy of tits."

"The... joy of tits!" Asia repeated, squeezing, pleasing, licking her lips in delight. So good. Ah, now that she'd experienced sex as well she was starting to imagine it. Issei's penis. Thrusting into her cleavage. His big hard dick so warm and sexy embedded right in between these puppies, it made her mouth water harder than the showerhead she was standing under.

"You can show them the error of their ways. Purify them of sin. Give them joy. Give them bliss. While taking away the petty complaints they have that force people to oppose one another. You can make everyone work together for the greater good."

"The greater good!" Asia repeated, though...

If anyone starts talking about the greater good, and not in a sarcastic or memy way? Run, because you're talking to a dangerous person. Not that Asia was even capable of following that advice right now. Her brain was running the highest dopamine hit right now. Well... Second highest. Her highest was earlier with Issei.

With Issei. With Issei. With Issei with Issei with Issei she wanted him needed him craved him fuck him all night every night fuck him have sex with him it's all she wanted it's all she needed it's all she lived for it's all she needed.

Except her tits. She needed those every bit as much.

"You can even show Issei the error of his ways," Raynare mused, striking a vulnerable point like an Olympic level archer. "You can have everything you ever wanted and more besides. You can make everyone, the whole world, better with your tits. That's the reason I've been doing this, Mistress. All for you! Because I love my tits, but not as much as I love yours."

Yes indeed. From the start Raynare had been completely bamboozled by Asia's tits. I mean, really think about it. Think about the stupidity of what she did in the series canon compared to later on, while completely in love with Azazel. Of course she'd do something like this for Asia while thinking it would make her happy. Of course she would then do everything in her power to make Asia happy with it, not seeing the logical disconnection between them.

Because that's the last thing you have to learn about gaslighters. Quite often they gaslight themselves into ignoring the obvious logical faults in their beliefs. Tell lies to others long enough and you'll start to believe a few falsehoods yourself.

"Tiiiiits!" Asia moaned, tongue out, cheeks flushed, full on groping her soaking wet tits, rubbing them down with soap and covering them up with suds. "Tits, tits, Issei, tits! Issei, Issei, Issei tits!"

Raynare giggled to herself, enjoying the fact that her mistress was so, so happy. Now that she was fully on board and understood the brilliance of Raynare's plan, they could continue the operation unmolested. Ah... actually, given the nature of what they were doing that was perhaps not the right word to use? Never mind. For the time being the only thing they had to do was wait for the Gremory bitch and her peerage to arrive, then they'd be in for something of a shock.

Akeno and Koneko, the Queen and the Rook of Rias' Peerage. Either one of them a force to be reckoned with by themselves. The hardy kitty devil, and the powerful sadistic magic caster. Anyone with good sense would surely avoid them, and they any inkling of what they were capable of - unless they had excellent confidence in facing them head on and winning.

The two of them slipped in at the back of the school grounds with little difficulty, though Akeno noticed that there was a rather flimsy detection barrier cast around the grounds. That was fine. It meant that the enemy would come to look for them. She nodded to Koneko, and they slipped in, keeping themselves to the shadows as they progressed toward the council building.

"Well well, isn't this quite the sight?" she whispered after peeking around a corner. Koneko looked as well, and her normally stoic expression shifted slightly. And no wonder. Because what Akeno was referring to was extremely lewd. Even beyond what they'd done with Issei.

Girls. Women. Students, faculty alike. All of them with tits bigger than Akeno's, as big as Asia's and every bit as perfect. Each of them engaged in some lewd activity or other. Some of them merely groping them, others groping those of another, some were pressing their tits up against each other, some were breastfeeding. There was even a daisy chain of breastfeeders.

And one cannot forget the way that they were rubbing the tits on anything that moved. Anywhere on their body. All of them moaning in a cacophony of erotic orchestra, whining, needy, desperate to feel more and more pleasure than what they were already experiencing. Intoxicated, intoxicating, and singing like a siren song to get you to join in.

If Akeno and Koneko hadn't already been given a nice hard fucking by Issei, the two of them knew in their hearts that they would be joining them. How could something be so frightening and bewitching at the same time?

A beam of light interrupted their observation, striking the wall next to them and thoroughly obliterating it. Naturally, neither Akeno or Koneko were anywhere near it at that point. They turned around and beheld a Fallen Angel. If not for her enhanced tits, the most obvious features about her would be her legs, exposed by the crimson dress suit she was wearing that only went down to her thighs. Luckily it already had a plunging neckline to start with, which let it

accommodate those monstrous mammaries with only a little difficulty. She flicked a hand through her long blue hair and then flapped her wings menacingly at them.

"Welcome to our academy," Kalawarner said. She gave a mock bow, making her tits jiggle. "Here, we teach our students how to be completely depraved sluts who let their tits do all their thinking for them. Would you care for a lesson?"

She didn't wait for an answer before throwing more of those arrows of light at them. For a new Devil like Issei, such things were a major threat. Think of it like a type advantage in an RPG. Fire beats ice, electric beats water, holy arrows beat Devils. But what happens when the ice monster is so strong that merely casting fire magic at it doesn't work? That's what Kalawarner was about to find out. Both Akeno and Koneko were out of her league.

"Hrm, hrm, hrm!" Akeno laughed to herself, realising something truly amusing. "No matter what I do to you, it'll be a mercy compared to what Sona would do after she found out you turned her precious academy into this mockery!"

Kalawarner summoned a barrier around the pair of them, attempting to trap them in with some of the horny big titted students. Alas, such a barrier was nothing compared to Koneko's fists, which smashed through it in no time flat, and then the little kitty leaped up to grab the Fallen Angel, slamming her hard into the ground face first with an arm twisted out behind her back.

"Kill her now?" Koneko asked. Akeno was already charging up a spell just in case, but nodded. If Koneko crushed her head, then that would be the end of it.

At least, it should be the end of it. Unfortunately it seemed that the Fallen Angel knew a new trick. By using her spare hand, she squeezed her own breast, causing a jetstream of milk to fire out, which pushed both her and Koneko off the ground. This gave her enough room to try stabbing out at Koneko with a light spear, which was easily dodged the first time around. The second time though? Safest to retreat.

Which is where Akeno came in, striking Kalawarner with a blast of magic that sent her flying back. The Fallen Angel retaliated with a light spear, but such a thing was no threat to Akeno.

Honestly now, she didn't stand a chance against either one of them alone. Against them both, her fall was all but assured.

"Tiiits!"

Unless a jet of milk shot out, barely missing them. That accuracy was quite frightening. On reflex, Akeno turned around to see where that had come from, and found herself staring at Sona Sitri, with tits even bigger than Akeno's, fondling and groping them openly and wantonly for all the world to see.

"Akeno. Koneko." Sona slipped her hands down under her tits and made a gesture like crossing her arms. Which, incidentally, caused her forearms to push her tits together. "Sneaking into school grounds late at night? Ah, are you here to learn about the splendour and glory of big heavy hypnotits?"

Oh, that was bad. Sona had been corrupted? Tsk! Kallawarner was no threat alone. Even with all these big titted humans here, there was nothing to be worried about. But... With Sona fighting on their side, the rest of her council was likely under enemy influence as well, which meant this fight had just become a whole hell of a lot harder.

Irina and Xenovia were Holy Swords wielders. Those chosen by the Church to wield the most powerful Holy weapons available. Irina had been granted this power three years ago so that she could fight against those who opposed her religion, the forces of darkness, with all her might.

Which made it a little strange that the two of them were standing at the front gates of the school next to a Devil who, by his body language, resented them in a more personal way than Devils tended to. At first she had thought it was that, but after watching Kiba carefully hse could feel something was definitely amiss with him.

A swarm of arrows of light fell down upon them like rain. Gritting her teeth, Irina pulled out her sword - Excalibur Mimic - taking full advantage of its transformation ability to strike out at the arrows long before they hit their target. The other two were hardly slouches either, as Xenovia was also perfectly capable of parrying, while Kiba pulled out a demonic sword that somehow outright consumed the arrow. Interesting. Probably couldn't handle a Holy Sword though.

"Mmm, how delicious!" a haughty voice said. Irina looked up and beheld... A slutty Fallen Angel with massive tits, groping herself wantonly. The little harlot was wearing a gothic dress with the chest wide open, and was smirking down at them with unfounded confidence. "Welcome to our den of sin, Miss Church members. I am Mittelt. So? Working with a Devil, are we? Don't tell me, even you succumbed to the King of Breasts?"

"Do not speak of Issei, from your Fallen mouth!" Irina warned, turning Excalibur Mimic into a chain that whipped around her head, then back into a blade. "You... You are not worthy!"

"I'm not worthy?" Mittelt asked mockingly. "How are you supposed to satisfy the supposed King of Breasts when you have such inferior boobs? No, you need a nice heavy set of tits like these to keep him satisfied! Would you like to have some?"

"Don't be tempted by her sinister offer," Kiba warned. "Issei is the kind of man who likes all kinds of breasts. He is perfectly satisfied with both of yours already, I can assure you."

"As if we were not already aware of that!" Xenovia yelled. She pointed her sword right at Mittelt, narrowed her vision and leaped into the air. If that rain of arrows was the best that Mittelt could do, then this would not be a long fight. Frankly, any one of them should be able to tackle her. "It would have been better if you'd submitted, and then become his cockslave!"

Unfortunately, it turned out that this wasn't going to be such an easy fight after all. A Devil with shoulder length red hair rushed in with a katana, and managed to parry Xenovia before she could reach Mittelt. Though Irina had little time to even think about that before a blast of magic shot out of the school grounds, forcing her and Kiba to quickly dodge.

The source of the blast of magic? A slim girl with long braided brown hair. Based on what she understood of the Peerage system, a Knight and a Bishop were the most likely pieces at play here. A third girl then rushed out of the grounds, this one with shoulder length bluish hair, making a beeline right for Irina trying to fight her with her bare hands.

Oh, and in case it wasn't obvious, all three of them had tits equal to Mittelt's and Asia in terms of size, shape, girth and sheer perfection. To the point that even Irina, devout though she might be, was tempted to accept the idea that they were designed by the hand of God himself. If not for the fact these were Fallen Angels and Devils, she could accept that easily.

"Careful! They're Sona Sitri's peerage members!" Kiba yelled, trying to advance on the Bishop but having to dodge around a lot of fast pace magic. Irina rolled her eyes, a mere Devil was no threat to - why was she punching the ground instead of going for -

The ground exploded under her, sending a shower of debris right at Irina that she had to use Excalibur Mimic to dodge. From there, she was suddenly fending off a series of kicks and

punches that *felt* strong enough that it wouldn't even matter if she blocked them with her Holy Sword. It would shatter into pieces, even though it was a Devil that had struck them!

A Rook! Of course, she must be a Rook! With this kind of crazy strength she couldn't be anything else. Oooh! That sneaky Fallen Angel! She was still up there in the sky, looking down on them all, letting these brainwashed Devils fight on her behalf!

"Issei's cock is the best!" the girl fighting her whimpered. "Soooo good! Can't wait to fuck him with my tits!"

This could be bad. If the fight lasted too long, there was a chance that she would wind up in the same state as this Devil. Big titted, mindless, unable to use Issei's mighty cock to protect her mind. And that was even before considering what sort of upgrades these Devils might have from titnosis access!

Suddenly, an easy fight had turned into a much, much harder one. She could only hope that Issei and Rias were having better luck with their mission.

It felt really weird coming back to the ORC like this, almost like sneaking in the back door of your own house. Still, it was a useful option to have on hand. Until the day Rias took on another Rook, which would be useful way more often. It made Issei wonder who she would take on, they'd probably be a really cute girl...

"Focus, my Pawn," Rias gently admonished. The two of them looked around the room to get their bearings. "Someone's been here recently. We might wind up in a fight after all."

"Got it," Issei clenched his fist and summoned his Sacred Gear to his arm. "Do you want me to boost you now?"

"Boost her all you want, it won't matter in the slightest," a familiar voice said, and a creeping sensation went down Issei's spine. The door to the room opened wide, revealing her there in all her glory. And oh, what glory it was! "Before the power of tits, a Sacred Gear is absolutely nothing!"

It was her. Yuma. A girl he would have treated like a Goddess if she had only let him. Rias seemed to sense his discomfort and moved in front of him, protecting him from... From her. Though it was awful to see her again, even with those massive tits, it was almost as bad to see her with Asia and Aika, hanging off her arms, each of them kissing and suckling at Yuma's - No, Raynare's tits like the tastiest ice cream cone in history.

"Mm, Issei, you should feel these tiiiits!" Asia moaned, one hand groping herself, the other groping one of Aika's. "They're shooo goooooo!"

"A pervert like you can't resist, right"? Aika waggled her eyebrow. "I wonder how your new girlfriend will look when she's got them as big as ours."

A fated encounter was now due to begin. Tits versus cock! Which of them would prevail? Only time would tell.

One day, there were two sisters. Both of them were brilliant, geniuses among their peers. The older was so strong, the youngest couldn't help but look up to them, while the younger was so adorable and smart that the older couldn't help but lavish an unhealthy amount of love onto them.

The older sister became one of the strongest Devils in their society. She didn't behave like it, to the point that the younger sister got a little embarrassed by her antics. That is to say, a lot embarrassed by her antics. However, this cast a shadow over the younger brilliant sister. She was never jealous. Never envious. She was now the heir to the Sitri family, as her big sister could no longer take the role, for she had a grander one to play. However, what should she do? What should she aim for?

The answer: Strike out in a different direction. Her speciality was not power, but strategy. So she would teach it. Yes, she would teach tactical thinking to a society that often relied on overwhelming power to prove itself. She would establish a school for the Rating Games system, and to best determine the approach to take she would observe a human school, learn from its structure, and apply what she learned.

Now, those dreams had been cast aside. Those aspirations? Worthless. She had discovered a purer pleasure than chess. A higher sensation than strategy. A greater power than even her mighty sister could oppose. It was ridiculous. It was obscene! It was irresistible! Sona Sitri had succumbed to the power of titnosis!

How could she not? This experience was flooding her brain with feelings she'd never dreamed of having before. Sexual desire overwhelming a person's senses had always seemed ridiculous to her. Sensuality was a luxury that she could do without, a weapon to be used against others at most. Lust was a weakness to be exploited, pleasure was found in the higher pursuits, not in base physical indulgences. But now? After experiencing the glory of tits, she knew that she could never go back. The touch, the sensation, the bounce, the heft, the jiggle, the way her nipples begged to be touched and rewarded her for doing so. The way they tasted, the way they rolled around in her hands.

And then there was the sex. She'd always said that she would never marry someone who was not smarter than her. Well, after Raynare taught Saji a thing or two about how to fuck a woman, he could make her less smart than him in about five minutes of work. Albeit temporarily. After she'd learned that little factoid - fuck it, they were going to fuck every single day from now on. Not a chance she was giving that up!

However... This new nirvana, this new life goal, it all had a problem. Those who didn't get it - who didn't understand - they were going to get in her way. They would try to 'cure her'. Sona didn't want to be 'cured'. She wanted to be like this forever. Which meant she'd have to do the thing that she had always wanted to do:

Indulge in a little education. Her first students: Akeno and Koneko.

All three of the Devils had their wings out right away, as did the Fallen Angel, turning this into aerial combat right from the word 'go'. Kallawarner was hot as hell, but she was quite obviously out of her league here - hence the two making an obvious play to take her down first through Akeno's raw magical power and Koneko's brute force. Frankly, the two of them were far stronger than either of them when it came to that kind of hitting power. If it came down to an arm wrestling contest, then it would be obvious who would win. Fortunately, this was less about raw power and more about strategy. Think of it less like a game of Chess where the pieces are evenly set out, and more like a game of Go where the less advanced player starts with more pieces in play.

"What's the matter Akeno?" Sona asked from behind a defensive barrier. "Don't tell me that you're feeling inadequate all of a sudden."

"And people call me a pervert," Akeno darkly chuckled, lifting her hand in preparation for her spell while Koneko held back ready to pounce at a moment's notice. That did seem to be their plan, have Akeno hit like a truck from a distance, then follow up by having Koneko devastate them like a meteor up close and personal. "Well, that plays to our advantage too."

Suddenly, she was holding... her phone. Displaying a video right in front of Sona's focused gaze. It was a video. Of Issei. Using his giant oversized cock to rail Rias Gremory like a two bit whore, making her moan and squeal and beg for more, more, more while a bunch of other girls - mostly Rias' peerage but also the visiting Holy Swords - watched from the sidelines masturbating. Not that she could pay much attention to them. That cock was big. Ridiculously big. So big it made Sona really, really want to wrap her big slutty tits around it and squeeze as tightly as possible until whatever was left of her brains went pop.

"Look at his cock," Akeno said. "That's right, look at his superior cock. You could have this in your pussy if you stop fighting and work with us."

Nnngh! Now she was - she was imagining what it would be like if Saji had a cock like that! Drilling her with the techniques that Raynare had taught him. She might never have a coherent or intelligent thought again! Such a thing might well have been her worst fear once upon a time but now - now she yearned for it. She needed a closer look. Needed to drop the barrier. Needed to -

"Listen very carefully, my horny little Sitri bitch," a voice whispered in her ear. Kalawarner. Pushing her tits right into Sona's back while her hands were reaching around to play with Sona's tits. "I know you want that cock, I know you need that cock, but... Wouldn't it be better if every girl had tits that could blank the brain of any big dickied stud? Don't fall for her lies. Make the two of them understand the glory of tits, and then you can indulge all you want in getting stuffed by that big nasty cock."

Right, right! Of course, of course! How could she even think of wavering from the path! Kallawarner tossed a few light arrows at the two enemy Devils, forcing them to deal with those. Alright! Now stick to the plan. Stick to the plan!

A blast of power surged against Sona's shield, sending her reeling back. She grit her teeth - and then a powerful kitty fist slammed hard into it, breaking through the barrier and leaving her exposed to a followup attack. Koneko stared her in the eyes with fearsome determination - then zipped backwards when milk sloshed up at her from the ground below.

"You dodged it?" Sona asked. It had required some creative use, but her ability to control water combined with her new titnosis powers allowed her to manipulate milk somewhat. "I thought that cats liked milk?"

"A common myth, cats lack the proper enzymes to break down cow's milk so it can have adverse side effects, and it is especially a bad idea to give it to kittens" Koneko said, with hints of a tone of someone who is weary of explaining this to people. "Though enchanted Devil's milk may be another matter entirely, I do not intend to be a lab cat."

Sona adjusted her glasses, then squeezed her tits in between her elbows, causing at first a trickle and then a torrent of creamy, milky goodness to flow from her nipples. Fuuuuck, that felt good. However, she maintained her composure, and took control of it - and also the milk that Kallawarner was giving off. There was a limit to how much she could control at a time, but Sona had no intention of giving them the chance to think of a countermeasure. She lifted her finger, and constructed perfect milky recreations of her tits floating through the air, flying around to attack the pair, forcing them to keep an eye on them - lest they get drenched in hypnomilky goodness!

"The water dragons were cooler!" Akeno lied. It had to be a lie. Nothing in the universe could be cooler than this. She should know. The instant Akeno had said it, Sona had run through a statistical analysis on metrics typically associated with 'cool', and from that determined the coolness quotient to be -

Not nearly enough to prevent Koneko from tossing a tree through them, sending several milky tits out of her effective range. And even so, the tree would have likely soaked up enough of the milk that she couldn't control it effectively anymore!

However, Sona was still smiling because the tits themselves were doing more than attacking and forcing the pair onto the defensive. They were also being strategically flown around to hide Kallawarner's approach. The tree had missed her, and now she was behind Akeno, ready to smother Rias' small chested (compared to how glorious they could be) face in ultimate perfection!

Or... Akeno could grab Kallawarner's wrist, yank it behind her back, lick her neck in a sadistic seductive manner, and ask "Did you really think we would fall for something like tha~at?"

A trio of milky tits flew in at her from behind, but Akeno whipped around striking them with blasts of magic, disintegrating them before they could hope to get close. All the while keeping Kalawarner at bay. To think that the Fallen Angel believed herself to be at the same level - no, higher than Akeno.

"Ahhhh! Those milky tits might seem nice, but they pale in comparison to Issei's cock!" Akeno said, absently pointing a finger at Sona, while down below Koneko stalked forward like a cat about to pounce on a mouse. Sona prepared her own attack - but then Akeno zipped forward, pushing Sona's tits right into Kallawarner's. "But since you seem to like tits so much, here. Have them all to yourselves."

Guh! Not fair! An attack like this was - Fuck! Akeno could easily restrain them like this with any form of magical barrier, but right now she didn't even need to. Tearing herself away from Kalawarner right now was practically impossible! Perfection smooshing into perfection, wonder and glory tightly packed together. Their nipples rubbing against each other like rapiers in a fencing duel, how were either of them supposed to pull away from each other like this?! They'd need to cum at least four or five times before such a thing was even within consideration!

"Time for a little deprogramming," Koneko said, firmly grabbing Sona's jaw with one hand while the other kept her eyes open. With her head turned around, she released Sona's jaw and pulled out her cell phone, holding it up to show a video. A video... Of Issei giving Koneko a deep, deep dicking. The little kitten was on all fours while the *stud* of a Pawn was railing her from behind with deep penetrating thrusts. Every so often Sona would catch sight of it. His cock. It was right there. It was... It was truly wonderful!

"Issei Hyoudou is the king of breasts," a voice said. Either Koneko or Akeno. She couldn't quite tell. It was probably being said to both of them. Kallawarner was probably being shown a video as well. Forced to watch while they rubbed their tits into one another, leaving them both vulnerable and helpless to their reprogramming.

In other words, it was the perfect time for the rest of the girls to launch their assault. The moment the enemy thinks they've won is the moment they tend to let their guard down, after all.

Up in the trees around them, a group of naked girls, covered head to toe in mud save for leaves and strips of bark attached to their flesh all began to very quickly knead their tits, rubbing them, squeezing them while biting into a gag to keep themselves from making any noise. Then, as one, they aimed their nipples into the air - and drenched the four of them in milk from above.

The phones slipped from their hands, and Sona smirked as she watched Koneko's face. The kitty gasped, she gulped, she wobbled -and then she began to lap up the milk. Unable to stop herself.

"K-Koneko! No! Don't drink that!" Akeno gasped. She shook her head, obviously trying to ignore the effects it was having on her body. But too late. It was soaking into her pores by now. "Don't let it beat you! Remember Issei's cock!"

"Cock!" Koneko moaned around her mouthful of milk- but now the fun was really getting started, as a pair of tits fell right on Koneko's kitty legs. Akeno tried to summon a barrier around herself for protection, but that just meant that the girls were smooshing their tits up against the barrier, surrounding her on all sides by tits, tits, tits.

Which left Sona's mind at ease. She and Kalawarner could get around to the all important business of making each other cum and cum and cum. It wasn't as if she could do much else right now. In much the same way that these two powerhouses couldn't do much more than lose.

In the hierarchy of things, Rias Gremory would normally spank the trio in front of her with casual ease. Raynare was the strongest of them by a long, long way. A Fallen Angel with access to light magic that is naturally harmful to Devils, she'd still be walked all over the instant Rias turned her attention to her direction. It would be easy. Casual, trivial for her to bat this foe aside. Hell, even Issei could likely manage it with a little more training of his Boosted Gear. Raynare was punching above her weight class in this case.

And she was the strongest of them. Aika had literally no prior experience with the supernatural, and no powers to her name. Asia had Twilight Healing, but was combat averse. So, while a three versus one contest is normally a big problem for the one in this case it wasn't nearly enough to overcome the sheer power difference that one had over them.

That was normally. This was not normally. This was a time where titnosis exists. Three sets of heavy, heaving, jiggly perfect tits were in front of them at this very moment. Ready to steal away their will the moment they got careless.

"Rias, we can't stare directly at their tits!" Issei yelled, barely believing what he was saying himself. Not look at tits?! Such a thing was anathema to him! It was the kind of thing a prude might say, almost! And yet, their free will might well depend on it.

However, Rias was still confident, even to the extent of wagging her finger at the trio. "Not at all Issei," she said. "Thanks to the recent deep, satisfying fucking you've given me with your cock, those tits are little more than a tingle at the back of my brain. Impressive they could even cause that much, but not more than that."

"Oh, really?" Raynare asked teasingly, stepping in front of the other two. She put her hands on top of her head, thrusting her chest out as if putting it on display. Actually, there was no 'as if' about it, that was literally what she was doing. "Then how about if I do this?"

Issei tried not to watch. Really he did. However, his ingrained instinct as a pervert was rather geared in the opposite direction. Instead of looking away, he wanted to stare as hard as he could. It was fighting his own body at this point, and - Oh gosh, that was nice. Raynare was doing a nice, seductive belly dance. It was the sort of lewd dance being done by someone who had absolutely no pretense about what they were doing, none at all. Lewdly shaking her hips, causing her tits to bounce and jiggle in time with her body.

"Th-That is quite nice, but I won't fall that easily!" Rias huffed. She raised her hand, and started to charge up some kind of magic attack that Issei's survival instinct was telling him would be a bad idea to be anywhere near. "Begone!"

"Wait!"

That was Asia, diving in front of Raynare before Rias could fire it off. On reflex, Issei pulled her hand away, making the blast tear a hole in the floor where it struck.

"Issei, what are you -" Rias gasped.

"Ahahaha! What a goody goody, for a Devil," Raynare said, continuing her lewd dance. "It's just like Aika sa~aid. He's a pervert with principles. He can't let you hurt Asia so easily. How naive, that cock might be the only dangerous thing about him."

This was true. While Issei was a pervert, he wasn't the sort of pervert that was completely selfish. He did care about other people. He didn't want to see anyone get hurt where they didn't have to. Especially not someone like Asia, who was sweet and innocent and kind, and was only opposing them because Raynare had used titnosis to scrub her brain. Still, the relief being granted by Issei's cock could only last so long, which meant they needed to figure out a way to take Raynare down quickly.

"So, what is the plan?" Rias asked. "Miss Fallen Angel, with hypnotic tits. You've obviously set up base in our fine academy, corrupting the young women here. What next? Will you march onto the streets? Use tits to take over heaven and the underworld?"

Raynare tilted her head in giddy fascination, then shrugged and started making out with Asia, while wantonly groping the girl's tits. However, that didn't mean they were ignoring her question, as this was when Aika spoke up instead, turning to the side and leaning forward with arms tucked in at her side, showing off a tremendous amount of sideboob in the process.

"Nothing so naked as a power grab," she said, putting a lot of emphasis onto the word 'naked'. Once a pervert, always a pervert. She spun around and put her hands behind her head, lightly swaying her chest to make those titties jiggle around. "Great big titties feel good. They'll help everyone feel good. Nor more fighting, just sex, sex, sex."

The word sex was further emphasised by her rocking on her heels, which made Rias aim the flat of her hand right up against the ordinary human girl. Aika, sensing that this was extremely dangerous, at least had the common sense to turn around. Which made for the first time in his life Issei felt relieved he didn't have to look at tits.

"You won't need to hide it from anyone," Aika continued. "You can have sex with Issei all you want without hiding it. You can bang right out there in the courtyard, and nobody will bat an eye. You can fuck and fuck and fuck all day long with his giant cock and your giant tits. Isn't that paradise? Doesn't that sound simply... amazing?"

Rias gulped, but Issei spoke up. "That won't work on her! Sex is a normal part of Devil society anyway, so she won't be tempted by something that lewd!"

For some reason Raynare started laughing into Asia's mouth. Huh? What was that all about?

"Is that what she told you?" Raynare jeered. "I suppose it makes sense. Based on our little date, you might be a pervert - but fancy yourself as the upstanding sort that doesn't want to force anyone."

"Issei, use your cock!" Rias yelled. "She's right, destroying them won't solve anything. We need to use your amazing cock to contain this menace!"

"Rias is every little bit as under your cock's control as Aika was!" Raynare continued unabated, making Issei hesitate while unbuckling his trousers. "All this time, she's been lying to you to keep you happy! In truth, you mindfucked her into obedience because both titnosis and cocknosis bypass the normal supernatural defenses against mind control in this world!"

"Don't listen to her, she's trying to distract you!" Rias interjected. "My Pawn, listen to your King. Whip out that mind melting cock of yours and scrub every thought from their slutty heads! It's the only way to stop this from spreading further than it already has."

Short of killing everyone in the school, she meant. Which seemed like a really bad backup plan. Right! He couldn't let that distract him, so Issei immediately dropped his trousers and let it all hang out. "Hey girls, check this out!" he called, watching as the shaft grew erect almost on command. Sure enough, Aika and Asia's eyes lit up at the sight of it, and both immediately dropped to their knees, crawling along towards his cock like dogs after a bone. He backed up slowly, letting the shaft wave from side to side.

"That's right girls, you don't need big slutty tits to do your thinking for you," Issei slowly intoned. "Let my cock guide you instead. It's so big and juicy - Er, that's kind of a weird way to describe a penis, but you get the idea right?"

"You're really bad at this," Aika licked her lips. "You're damned lucky that cock is so irresistible, or you'd be in real trouble."

"Mmm, I can't wait to feel it inside me again," Asia sighed contently. "And I bet Rias feels the same way too, don't you Rias?"

The question did put the thought into his mind about Rias, so Issei wound up looking up, and found her... transfixed. Staring wantonly at his cock. Eyes glazed over, shallow breathing, flushed, erect nipples poking out the front of her shirt. All signs of arousal, but more than that. She was...

Hypnotised.

The distraction was enough for the two girls to pounce on him, enveloping his cock with their tits. Smothering it out amidst whimpers and moans, both Aika and Asia giving their all to pleasuring this shaft with more enthusiasm than a human body should be able to express.

"Ask her," Aika hissed. "Ask her, ask her, ask her. Make her admit to being a total slut for this amazing cock of yours."

"Guh... Rias, it's not true!" Issei yelled across the room. Fuck! All these tits at once, it was - it was too much for him to handle! "You've been able to resist my cock, right? Tell me the truth!"

"No," Rias exhaled. "I cannot resist your cock. It caught me off guard that first night, and you were talking in your sleep. I took those as commands, and now regard you as the King of Breasts."

"Hrm, shouldn't the King of Breasts have access to the 'juiciest' tits?" Asia asked teasingly. "Hehehe, you should get tits like these too!"

Crap, this was bad. Really, really bad! The sheer numbers were getting to him. So soft, so warm, so... Big! There was only one way out of this mess! He summoned it to his arm, and then used his Boosted Gear, holding it aloft while letting out a cry of "Boost!" that surely shook the heavens themselves! In no time flat, his cock grew to twice its already enormous size, and both girls instantly ahegoad on the spot, making a rather large puddle underneath him that comprised their own orgasm, and their drool.

"Cooooock!" Rias drooled, herself sinking to her knees at the sight. The big throbbing phallus, large beyond reason, its pulsing veins as large as a normal man's shaft, completely obliterated any hope of rational thought from her pretty Devil head. Alas, this was not going to be as simple a victory as a single, simple boost for Raynare had strolled right up to Rias without any resistance at all. Even passing within the Devil's peripheral vision - but since her back was turned to the cock, she was freely unaffected by it.

"By the way, Rias Gremory?" the slutty Fallen Angel asked. "Say... Boobicus Maximus for me, would you?"

"Boobicus Maximus..." Rias slurred, and then sealed her fate in doing so. The act of looking at Issei's boosted cock while it was getting titfucked by Asia and Aika had been bad (for a given value of 'bad') enough, but now with her own tits expanding rapidly to match the other three in terms of sheer undiluted perfection - well, she wouldn't be able to articulate the idea that $1+1=2$ any time in the near future, let's say that much.

"Doesn't that look like fun?" Raynare teased, eyes closed, rubbing her own tits into Rias' back. Up and down her spine, practically pinching it between her nipples as she rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. "Go over and join them. Use your tits on that big fat cock. Show the King of Breasts what it feels like to have even more tits set upon him!"

Before long, Issei had three sets of glorious tits rubbing into his shaft. There was more than enough room for his shaft to travel freely through all three of their fleshy valleys. He could just about hold on, just about. Fuck though, it was hot. Urgh! Yet he felt so... so guilty about it! The three of them were pretty much enslaved by his cock, and that's not how he wanted to build a

harem! Worse yet, if what they were saying was true then - then he'd already been doing that by accident this entire time!

"Oh, you sound like you're having fun over there?" Raynare teased, starting to dance in front of him with her eyes closed. Not fair! Not fair at all! "Isn't it glorious? Isn't it wonderful! This whole world could be like this! Peaceful! Sexy! Everyone forever engaged in an orgy of deviance! Tits, tits, tits!"

"Tiiiiits!" Rias moaned. "Cooooock!"

"Issei's cock is sooooo good!" Asia groaned.

"Having giant hypnotits is the fucking best!" Aika whimpered.

The stimulation was too much. Far too much! What the hell was he going to do now?! He could only hope the other two groups were faring better than this!

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Only for her to suddenly be yanked back down to earth, landing face first in the unconscious Tomoe's cleavage. Eh? Eh?! What had just - What happened there?

"Oh fuck, that's so hot," a boy said from somewhere nearby. "Not as hot as railing Sona over her own desk, but still pretty nice. Using Absorption Line to connect her to Tomoe was a super good idea."

Absorption Line? What was that? It sounded like some kind of ability. Checking herself, Xenovia felt some sort of line tying her directly to Tomoe. It was slack now, but it must have grown taut when she'd jumped into the air. With herculean effort, and reminding herself of Issei's amazing cock, Xenovia pulled her head free from Tomoe's tits, and looked up just in time to see milk land directly on her head from on high, leaving her feeling giddy, dizzy, and weirdly weak.

"Do you know what the best part about that power is, by the way?" Mittelt continued to mock. "Even now, it's draining your energy and feeding it back into Tomoe. How long do you think it will be before she's back to full strength, while you're the one left weak and helpless?"

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"You know I always liked you, right?" Reya asked as Kiba rushed in. "Oooh, I was never all that outspoken about it, but -"

Kiba's blade of Sleep sliced into Reya's body - only to reveal a barrier around her body. A fairly powerful one at that. As he thought. A Bishop should be able to do at least this much. Though he had to admit that it was a fairly powerful barrier, and he was a little concerned that an attack strong enough to break through it would likely harm Reya quite a bit as well.

"But I really like you, and have for ages now," Reya said, maintaining eye contact with Kiba while groping herself. Kiba ignored that, in a more cold way than he normally played off a girl's advances. "I can't wait to rub my tits all over your body. Doesn't that sound fun?"

"It does, and that's why we can't." Kiba summoned swords. As many as he could manage, as he wasn't entirely sure what sort of magic he would need to counter from her. First, something to dispel her barrier. "I refuse to fall under the influence of titnosis! My pride as Rias' Knight -"

"Is worthless under the might of titnosis," a new voice added, right as he was swinging his sword at the barrier. It struck, and Reya's barrier did shatter - but then, the next moment after this, a pair of arms pulled him backwards, nestling his head into what could only be cleavage.

After a moment the source of the voice became apparent to him. Sona's Queen. Tsubaki Shinra! But how? How had he not noticed her presence? it would be one thing if there had been places to hide, but even behind the walls surrounding the school he would have seen Tsubaki long before now!

"My specialisation is Presence Erasure," Reya said. "If we had needed to hide her for longer I would have needed Momo's help, but since it was only for a little while..."

Kiba tried to pull himself free from Tsubaki's grip - but she was using Rook like strength to keep him in place. Holding him there long enough for Reya to step forward, keeping her tits levelled at his head, and then - smothering his head in tits until his body went limp and his mind went somewhere else.

Like this, it seemed that defeat was inevitable. The might of titnosis, spread among so many powerful people, might not be stoppable by anyone in any realm.

Unless...?

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Only for her to suddenly be yanked back down to earth, landing face first in the unconscious Tomoe's cleavage. Eh? Eh?! What had just - What happened there?

"Oh fuck, that's so hot," a boy said from somewhere nearby. "Not as hot as railing Sona over her own desk, but still pretty nice. Using Absorption Line to connect her to Tomoe was a super good idea."

Absorption Line? What was that? It sounded like some kind of ability. Checking herself, Xenovia felt some sort of line tying her directly to Tomoe. It was slack now, but it must have grown taut when she'd jumped into the air. With herculean effort, and reminding herself of Issei's amazing cock, Xenovia pulled her head free from Tomoe's tits, and looked up just in time to see milk land directly on her head from on high, leaving her feeling giddy, dizzy, and weirdly weak.

"Do you know what the best part about that power is, by the way?" Mittelt continued to mock. "Even now, it's draining your energy and feeding it back into Tomoe. How long do you think it will be before she's back to full strength, while you're the one left weak and helpless?"

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"You know I always liked you, right?" Reya asked as Kiba rushed in. "Oooh, I was never all that outspoken about it, but -"

Kiba's blade of Sleep sliced into Reya's body - only to reveal a barrier around her body. A fairly powerful one at that. As he thought. A Bishop should be able to do at least this much. Though he had to admit that it was a fairly powerful barrier, and he was a little concerned that an attack strong enough to break through it would likely harm Reya quite a bit as well.

"But I really like you, and have for ages now," Reya said, maintaining eye contact with Kiba while groping herself. Kiba ignored that, in a more cold way than he normally played off a girl's advances. "I can't wait to rub my tits all over your body. Doesn't that sound fun?"

"It does, and that's why we can't." Kiba summoned swords. As many as he could manage, as he wasn't entirely sure what sort of magic he would need to counter from her. First, something to dispel her barrier. "I refuse to fall under the influence of titnosis! My pride as Rias' Knight -"

"Is worthless under the might of titnosis," a new voice added, right as he was swinging his sword at the barrier. It struck, and Reya's barrier did shatter - but then, the next moment after this, a pair of arms pulled him backwards, nestling his head into what could only be cleavage.

After a moment the source of the voice became apparent to him. Sona's Queen. Tsubaki Shinra! But how? How had he not noticed her presence? it would be one thing if there had been places to hide, but even behind the walls surrounding the school he would have seen Tsubaki long before now!

"My specialisation is Presence Erasure," Reya said. "If we had needed to hide her for longer I would have needed Momo's help, but since it was only for a little while..."

Kiba tried to pull himself free from Tsubaki's grip - but she was using Rook like strength to keep him in place. Holding him there long enough for Reya to step forward, keeping her tits levelled at his head, and then - smothering his head in tits until his body went limp and his mind went somewhere else.

Like this, it seemed that defeat was inevitable. The might of titnosis, spread among so many powerful people, might not be stoppable by anyone in any realm.

Unless...?

Once again, we return to that old theme: Be careful what you wish for, you just might get it. Long had Issei Hyoudou dreamed of the day he would have a harem of pretty girls crawling all over him, moaning his name, rubbing their bodies up against him. Well. Here he was. Lying on a sofa in the ORC club room, with Rias, Asia, Aika and Raynare quite deliberately and wantonly rubbing their gigantic mind-melting tits up against his naked body.

"Ah! Girls, get ahold of yourselves!" Issei protested, barely believing the words to escape his lips. This was paradise, right? If he asked, then any one of them would get on his dick in a heartbeat, so why was he-? "No, I didn't mean grope your tits! Oh fuck, that's so hot!"

"Still resisting?" Raynare teased, putting her face well into his personal space. As if such a concept held any meaning anymore! "Ah, and here was me thinking you were a weakling. Undeserving of this truly wonderful weapon." She had grabbed onto his shaft when she said that. D-Damn her! At the very least she knew exactly what to do with those fingers, it was obvious that this wasn't the first time she'd given someone a handjob. Nor the first time she'd forced a man into a french kiss, also forcing him to enjoy it.

But deep in the pit of his stomach, Issei felt sickened by the whole situation. His resolve was shaken. Was it true? Had he brainwashed all those girls, and that was the only reason they - This stupid thing! While he wanted a harem, he didn't want it like that! Maybe it would be better if he gave up and let the tits think for him...?

No. No, he couldn't do that either. If anything, that was even worse! It would only increase the number of people put under mind control, not lessen it!

"From one pervert to another," Aika whispered into his ear, trapping his arm into her cleavage and slowly, methodically, rubbing her body up and down against him. "Why don't we turn this school - no, this entire world - into a pervert's paradise?"

Because being a pervert didn't mean anything unless you had something to compare it to!

"Ah, we can make people happy!" Asia moaned, kissing his cock reverently. "Make love, not war!"

But sometimes a little conflict was a necessary evil. If everyone was blissed out all the time, could you even call that living?

"Oooh, I can marry for love, instead of politics!" Rias moaned. "Love you, love you so much."

But she'd said that while kissing his cock. Licking it, drooling all over it, practically venerating it. Was it him she loved, or the penis? Insecurity wailed upon his resolve. He knew he should do something, but... But how could he do that without making things worse? He was too new to this supernatural world. The others.. Yes, they knew what they were doing. Surely they would -

The door to the clubhouse flew open, and that hope was quickly dashed. Akeno, Koneko, Irina and Xenovia stumbled into the room, chests bared, helplessly rubbing them, squeezing at their chests with their hands. Each of them with tits bigger than their heads, perfectly proportioned, immaculate flesh, as perfect as a pair of tits can get on each and every one of them.

"Well, well!" said a smaller girl in a gothic dress, who pranced on past them. She curtsied in sarcastic manner, and beckoned for them to come in. "Behold, fellow titluts. A great big cock to satisfy you all."

"Nnnrgh!" Akeno grunted, and she was the first to dive for him, quickly followed by Irina, Koneko and Xenovia in turn. Eight girls. He had eight busty babes pinning him to the couch, deliberately rubbing their tits all over his body.

"Tits!" someone moaned. What direction it came from, he couldn't tell. But it was soon joined by other moans just like it, quickly becoming a cacophony, a choir, each of them singing the praises of tits!

It was the most unsettling yet also arousing experience he'd ever had in his life. If he'd felt paralysed by indecision before, this redefined that experience. He honestly and truly felt two conflicting emotions tearing him up inside, one telling him to relax and enjoy it, the other feeling mortified about what might happen afterwards.

Looking around the room, he could plainly see Kiba lying on his back, eating out one girl from the student council while another rode his dick. The two of them were pressing their tits together and apparently engaging in a unique form of tug of war that involved only the use of their tongues. Meanwhile, that gothic chick was methodically rubbing her own tits up and down Kiba's legs, along the backs and sides of the two girls, all with a truly wicked expression on her face.

"That's right, you wannabe playboy," the gothic Fallen Angel said, then turned to shoot a cheeky wink at Issei. "Enjoy the pleasure of the flesh. Let the tits think for you."

And in another corner of the room was student council president Sona on her hands and knees while a guy he'd seen around school, a jerk named Saji, was happily railing her doggy style from behind while his hands had a firm grasp of her tits. The last Fallen Angel, the one who had been wearing the suit dress, had pulled Sona's face right into her cleavage only pulling it out to let the girl sup upon her nipple.

"To think we'd turn the younger sister of the Leviathan into such a ravenous slut," that Fallen Angel said. "You'll show her too, won't you? The glory of tits."

"Yesh, musht show big shish how goooooo titsh are!" Sona slurred, right before going right back in taking big sucking gulps of milk from first one nipple then the other. That cool headed girl had been reduced to this by titnosis. It was... hot, but also kinda frightening.

And that fate awaited others, too. A whole world full of pretty girls who would be reduced to that state.

"Ah! Ahhh, Issei, tease me more~" Akeno whined.

"I desire to breed with you," Koneko mewled.

"Yes, if I breed with you, it will be strong offspring!" Xenovia growled.

No, this wasn't right! This wasn't what he wanted! He didn't want a mindless harem, where was the fun in that?! The fun from having a harem was - It was having multiple different types of girl being affectionate with you! And then, he hit upon it. The real reason this was so - so damned unsettling to him. It wasn't the moral quandary. That was there, to be sure, but it wasn't the thing that was truly holding him back from embracing this outcome. If it had been merely that, the sensation of all these tits rubbing up against him would have easily, trivially broken him by now.

It was the realisation of his true love of breasts. Every type of breasts. Small ones, big ones alike. All shapes, all sizes, every breast was a unique aspect of a girl. That was what he admired about them. The difference between them! Those differences make breasts a unique treasure! All that titnosis would do is... It would devalue breasts by making them all the same. If everyone had perfect tits, then nobody would!

... Which was all well and good for him to think, but it really didn't solve the practical issue of how he could get out of this mess. It could keep the issue at bay for only so long, and even if he did hold off forever these girls would surely just kill him. After all, it wasn't as if they cared for him. It was only the penis they -

"Love you Issei," Irina said.

And that was when it started. Had he heard her correctly? That had been clearly directed at him. Hadn't it?

"Love yooooou!" Akeno added.

"Not as much as I do!" Rias said, sounding more than a little possessive.

"Prrrrr, love you lots," Koneko purred.

"You're such a kind person," Asia mewled. "So kind..."

"Pft...Hahahaha!" Raynare started to laugh. "Oh, that's so pathetic. Those devils claiming to be in love? It's almost as funny as those girls from the church drooling over your dick! So pure hearted, aren't you? For such sinful creatures. Ah...? Ah, but now I see the truth. It's not Issei you love. It's his cock. The penis that made your wills so weak that you -"

"Boost!"

Issei couldn't take it any longer. Hearing her say that sort of thing about them! His body was trembling, his heart was pounding in his chest, and the girls were all oohing and ahing at his now double length brain breaking cock. So big it could serve as a leg, so sturdy it could support Issei's body weight twice over.

"What, you think something like that's going to -" Raynare began, but he interrupted her with another cry.

"Boost!" yet again, doubling its size. Now it was bigger than his entire body.

"Uhhh, so big... But still no match for our tits!"

"Boost!" yet again, and now his cock was touching the ceiling. Huh. Was it his imagination, or was his cock... glowing? Was that a battle aura? His penis had a battle aura?! That was so cool!

"Guhhh..." Raynare burbled, on her knees, reaching out for the cock with an outstretched hand. "Wh-what is this? Why is it affecting me this way? It's way too big, it would never fit, and yet - And yet..."

Issei swung his hips hard, and whipped his ridiculously oversized genitals right into Raynare's face, sending her flying across the room. Now, given how sturdy Fallen Angels are, such a blow would have normally had all the impact of a raindrop on Raynare. Instead, the bitchy Grigori got up onto her feet, an expression that could only be called 'goofy' on her face, and then she proceeded to climax uncontrollably.

As for the other girls who had been pawing at him, they were all silent, staring up at it blankly, their minds obviously... gone. Flat out vanished from this plane of existence.

"How dare you," Issei seethed, trembling and trying to stand. This was, uh, harder than it sounded under these conditions. Let's just say that when you're bending over there's a reason you stick your butt out, and that reason is 'counterbalance'. "How dare you degrade breasts in this way?!"

"Eh?" the gothic Fallen Angel grunted, moments before Issei's cock uncontrollably fell onto Kiba's chest - and then the pretty boy began to glow weirdly, and something happened to his penis. Even from this angle Issei could tell it was definitely getting bigger.

He staggered back, barely able to keep himself upright, and this time accidentally slapped Sanji in the back - and then he too began to glow in much the same way.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck me!" Sona screamed, leaning hard back into the boy railing her, paying him more attention now than her own tits for the first time since they started.

It was ridiculous. It was thoroughly, factually ridiculous. Issei felt totally drained just now, barely able to stand, but his blood was boiling with unfocused fury and this was all that he could do. He had tapped into his 'other' power to an incredible extent, even to the point that he had boosted Kiba and Sanji's cocks with that mere glancing contact. Such was the power of the Boosted Gear, capable of boosting not only its user but those he touched! Combine such a thing with cocknosis, could you expect any other result?

But... A fog was growing over his mind. His concern was no longer the slutty big titted Fallen Angels. Not Raynare, who was well on her way to doubling the world record for most consecutive climaxes experienced by a supernatural woman. Not Mittelt, who had pushed aside the two girls mounting Kiba so she could get a turn. Not Kallawarner, who was licking whatever parts of Sanji's shaft she could reach.

It was these girls on their knees staring up at him with totally vacant expressions. Rias. Akeno. Koneko. Asia. Irina. Xenovia. And... yeah, Aika too.

"Sorry, didn't mean to..." he said, feeling quite unstable all of a sudden. Too much too soon?
"Nng.... Girls... I command you to... return your minds to the way they were before you saw this monster cock."

And then he passed out, finding himself in a pleasant dream where he was at a tittie buffet. What would he find when he awoke... Only time would tell.

Devils don't get exhausted in the ways that humans do. Their metabolisms are unique, different to humankind. They can eat human food well enough. They digest it fine, and it keeps them ticking over. However, they also make use of mystical energy, which they can recharge in a number of ways.

One of which, of course, is tantric. They can gain energy by sex. The more intense, the more raw, the more passionate the better. However, that's by no means the only way. They can get it through a number of mystical means depending on their personality and interests. One common way is to drain a tiny amount of energy from a lot of human beings. So small it doesn't impact them at all on an individual level. They'd only notice if they were spiritually sensitive. They could form contracts to drain a lot more if they wanted, and the list does go on.

Anyway, when a Devil says something like 'I feel like I ran a marathon' then, taken literally, you should realistically roll your eyes. Such a thing is small. Tiny. Petite. In comparison to a decently powerful Devil's typical resources and stamina a mere marathon is nothing. 20+miles? Pft, you'd need ten times that to make them sweat it out.

Rias Gremory was above the level of a typically powerful Devil. By birth, by ability, by ingrained talent. Right now she was waking up feeling like she'd run ten marathons. Her body ached in ways she didn't know it could ache. Sweat adorned her from head to toe. She could feel her gorgeous red hair matted against her, could smell herself from a mile away and could barely even manage to creak her eyes open. A yawn escaped her pretty lips and she tried to stretch out her muscles but found even that just... impossible.

The weird thing was, there was this permanent smile on her face. She felt... content. Utterly pooped, knackered, drained... But she also felt like she was glowing. Radiating satisfaction from head to toe every bit as much as she was radiating body odor. Why did she feel this way? At the very least she had the energy to search her own memories.

Which were decidedly fuzzy, for some reason. She remembered clearly enough up until she went to recruit Issei Hyoudou. She remembered making him into her pawn. She remembered he took eight of them. All eight pawns on one person! She remembered giving him basic instruction as a Devil...

But there was a blank there. Next filled in by her talking to two members of the Church. One of whom was an old childhood friend of Issei's. Irina and Xenovia. Apparently they'd come here in search of something dangerous...? And had wound up agreeing to a reluctant alliance because whatever it was, it posed a significant threat to both of their factions...? What was it? Why couldn't she remember the specifics? That was a little worrying.

Next, let's see. Something about Fallen Angels finding one of the things they were looking for. Then they formed an alliance to infiltrate the school where the Fallen Angels were doing something or other, she went with Issei by casting to the clubhouse -

And then she woke up here. Feeling utterly intoxicated. That was probably bad, right? If she was in pursuit of something dangerous enough to make two members of the Church enter an alliance with her, and it had fallen into the hands of the Fallen Angels faction, and now here she was feeling like - like this, then maybe she should do something about it?

...

Nah, five more minutes. Let her aching muscles rest and unwind just a little longer. Then she'd tackle things. That was a sensible tactical move as well - if she tried to deal with something dangerous immediately she might make things worse while she was in this condition. And so, Rias took a deep breath and rolled over onto her stomach.

"Ahhhhh!"

That was an erotic moan escaping her mouth as something unexpected happened. All of a sudden she was wide awake, and jumped to her feet. Recognised the room she was in, didn't take a look around, stepped around some naked bodies and made a mad dash to the mirror on the wall and gawped in utter shock.

"What happened to my tits?!"

She had meant to say breasts, there. But it had come out as tits. Rias looked down at them accusingly, then closed her eyes and concentrated. One of the perks of being a Devil is your own sense of body image. There's a reason they're usually all as hot as they are. Devils can more or less control the appearance of their own body. Sort of. It takes a lot of willpower to actually change your body in a meaningful way, and you'll usually revert to your own body image fairly quickly when you stop paying attention.

But in this case, Rias' chest refused to change. A pair of titanic mounds jiggled ominously, aching to be touched and squeezed and played with. It was actually proving quite difficult to keep her hands away. Hah! Even her upper arm was wanting to squeeze these puppies together, it was really quite insidious!

But Rias managed to control herself. Barely. Was this what those two had come to find? Really? It seemed absurd! Nonetheless, she should dress herself as best she can. Some of her clothes would need some heavy adjustment. For the time being she should stop ignoring the numerous naked girls scattered around the ORC and -

Hold on brain you're not going to let that slip by so fast. Numerous naked girls? Yes, her brain replied. You deliberately ignored them because you were stressed out about your new tits. Oh, Rias replied to herself, a sense of impending dread beginning to overtake her body. I see, that's quite unexpected.

That's not the worst part, her brain replied, and now Rias was actually dreading turning around to take a look. So she turned and the first thing she saw was not, in fact, the several naked girls on the floor. They were on her peripheral, but they were not her main point of focus.

Instead, her focus fell upon Issei Hyoudou. Sleeping on the couch, every bit as naked as she was. And between his legs was a weapon. A glorious weapon the likes of which she'd never laid eyes upon before.

Her breath quickened. Her focus fell upon it with absolutely full attention. Her lips were licked thrice in quick succession, and her carefully manicured fingernails began to trail unnoticed around the curve of her tits. Hunger gnawed up from within the pit of her stomach. A desire that felt lost to her until now. She yearned for that penis. Ached for it. Craved it instantly. As though her body had learned it was the source of ultimate pleasure -

"Rias?"

But then Akeno stood up, bleary eyed and lacking in balance. She stumbled into Rias, surprising herself apparently and then, tits met tits. Flesh smooshing together sent a shock through Rias' system that made her moan incoherently, and apparently Akeno as well. At some point the two of them must have started to kiss as well, because the next thing Rias knew she was being pulled away from Akeno by Koneko and some other girl she'd seen around school sometimes. Aika, wasn't it?

"So, that was really hot and all, but could someone please tell me *<i>what the fuck happened to my tits?! Why do we all have giant bouncy tits all of a sudden, and why am I calling them tits instead of breasts?!*</i>"

"I am also curious about this," Koneko said, growling a little bit like an annoyed cat.

"Oh, Holy Mother, please save us from temptation," said... Xenovia, wasn't it? On her knees and praying. Luckily not aiming those prayers anywhere near the Devils! Though, to Rias' amusement she could see that the blue haired girl was squinting a bit in the midst of her prayer, blatantly looking at Issei's giant succulent powerful indomitably -

"Hey! No staring at the man-meat!" Aika yelled, getting right in Rias way. "Urgh, this is so stupid. The hell is going on around here?! Could someone fill me in?" Then she stopped, bit her lips, and grumbled. "That wasn't intended as innuendo, now I'm annoyed I didn't do that on purpose..."

Who else was here? That was Irina over there, joining Xenovia in prayer, her squinting eyes shifting between Xenovia's tits and Issei's cock, and in turn they were joined by... Asia? Fine, fine whatever. Kiba was out cold underneath two of Sona's peerage members, Sona was starting to stir as well with her new Pawn sleeping under her - and there also seemed to be a

few others that she vaguely recognised as Fallen Angels. All out cold, tongues lolled out of the side of their mouths.

The weird bit was, each of the girls had the same sort of giant tits. The size was slightly different. Sort of... suited to the frame and overall size of the girl's body. Sort of, they still looked quite comically large on the shorter girls among them. Koneko, Asia and Aika were quite short compared to the rest of them, so the effect was even more pronounced.

"Huh, weird. No back pain at all," Aika muttered. She poked at her own tit, and it jiggled. "Sensitive. Keeps the same shape as if I was wearing a wonderbra - and I can definitely feel something at the back of my mind like looking at these tits is doing something to me, but something is barely holding it back."

The only one who might know something was Issei. Rias had that feeling about her. However, waking him up under these conditions felt a bit on the dangerous side, and so...

"She is correct," Akeno said. "I can sense the presence of something potent trying to worm its way into my mind. Some form of sex magic, perhaps?"

"Tsk!" Koneko grunted. "Typical male, using this kind of thing..."

A low, heavy moan could be heard from across the room. Both Sona and Saji were stirring. Oh no. Rias could hardly watch. It wasn't hard to guess at really. Three, two, one - Slap! Oh, and she could hear the telltale sounds of magical reinforcement around the hand as well! Slap, slap, slap! Sona was quite angry!

"Now, now, Sona it's probably not his fault," Rias said. "I have reason to believe we were -"

"The victim of sex magic," Sona said. "Yes, it's obvious if you look around the fucking room." She squirmed a little, then adjusted her glasses. "Pardon me for the <i>fucking</i> outburst. This is not how I <i>fucking</i> intended to lose my virginity."

"This is almost certainly Issei's fault," Koneko said. "He is a pervert, after all. He must have been tempted to use forbidden magic of some kind to transform his penis into... Into..."

With catlike speed and reflexes, Koneko was on Issei's cock as though it was a lollipop. Licking and sucking it in a manner akin to a cat drinking food from their bowl. Ah! Koneko! The conscious Devils and even the girls from the Church tried to grab this horny kitty and pull her back but goodness she was strong when she wanted to be! They pried her off eventually, making her look away from the penis and -

"Well, that confirms that," Aika said triumphantly. "Ugh, I really wanted a taste of it myself, you know?"

"Saji. Go to Issei Hyoudou's house," Sona ordered. "Investigate. If you find anything weird, I want you to report it right away."

"Huh?" Saji grunted. "Me? Are - Are you sure?"

"We can't leave like this," Sona said. "Our transformation appears to have some bizarre effect on the mind. Besides, we need to restrain the Fallen Angels before they wake up and do something else, which you won't be any help for."

By which she meant 'I don't want you to watch us tie up busty naked chicks, you pervert'.

"Soo.. tasty.. milk.. tasty.." Koneko meanwhile just mumbled, eyes glazed over and a dumb smile on her face as she licked her lips. Clearly trying to get whatever little hint of taste of Issei's cock she could get.

"Then it's clear," Sona said. "Issei Hyoudou used some form of penis enhancing magic to brainwash us all somehow."

That didn't quite sit right with Rias. For some reason she had a hard time imagining him doing that on purpose. Was it a residual effect of the spell? Actually, that did raise a good question -

"Then why are we not all on our knees worshipping his cock like a living god?"

"For one thing that would be blasphemy -" Irina began.

"No, I see what she means," Xenovia quickly interrupted. "Remember Irina: True faith comes from the free will to worship as you please. Our faith in the lord is stronger than any sexual magic. Even if I do feel the intense burning desire to be bred by that Devil's cock, my faith that this too is part of God's plan cannot be - Let me at that dick!"

This was actually a little bit frightening to behold. The way that Xenovia dove for Issei was like a starving dog after a slab of meat - which wasn't too far off, come to think of it. It took Irina and Akeno both to hold her off from diving on, though from the crazed gleam in her eyes Rias honestly didn't know if she intended to go for having her pussy or mouth stuffed.

Although, one weird thing did happen. During the struggle, Irina - in the midst of pleading with Xenovia to control herself - accidentally pushed her tits into Xenovia's, and then the two of them crumpled to the floor lips locked together and hands grasping each other's bodies for dear, sweet life.

"The two of you were getting like that before," Aika said, directing it towards Rias and Akeno. "Another couple of seconds and you'd have been scissoring each other stupid."

Scary! Really scary! Although... It did give her an idea. "Clothes pins!" she commanded. Akeno bowed and quickly pulled them out. Ah. it seemed as though she'd already grasped at Rias' plan. Six in total. Good girl. "You know what to do."

"Yes, of course," Akeno said, and immediately set to work, stepping over the two girls from the church lost in each other's embrace. Then, she bent over - Quite obviously trying to show off her shapely rear end - and affixed the clothes pins one at a time to each of the three Fallen Angels. "There! That should about do it."

"About do what?" a small voice asked. Ah. Asia Argento. She had her eyes cast down to the ground. "You're Devils, are you not? Please do not do anything cruel to them."

"Nnnnrgh, what the fuck is this?!" Raynare squealed, waking up at last. "Oooh. ohhhh! My nipples, they feel so - So!"

"Sensitive?" Rias finished. The Fallen Angel's eyes snapped open and she sat up, then a shudder shot through her. To torment her further, Rias leaned down and gave into that earlier impulse to push her tits together with her upper arms. Naturally, upon waking up with a Devil leaning over her, Raynare attempted to launch an attack - but found herself unable to before her eyes rolled up into her head and a throaty moan escaped her. "Careful now, those nipples of yours must be extremely sensitive."

Naturally, her hands went to the clothes pins fastened to her nipples - but they were trembling too much to take them off. In fact, the instant that her hands met her tits she started to grope and play with them instead. Grope and play, grope and play, letting her tits think for her like a good slut -

Fortunately she had such diligent members in her peerage, as Koneko and Akeno deftly turned her around. Ooof, she felt light headed after that.

"Thank you, girls. It seems these tits do indeed have mind altering properties. Why don't you tell us what you know?"

"What I know?!" Raynare moaned, squeezing the clothes pin to pull out more pleasure. "I don't remember a fucking thing! Fuuuuck, this is better than any sex I've ever had!"

"Alright, I think I'm getting the idea now," Rias said. "None of us remembers why we have these giant sensitive perfect tits, right?" None of the girls remembered anything. A whole slew of them shook their heads - Oh, and the other two Fallen Angels had woken up as well, but they quickly fell into the same behaviour as Raynare, wantonly groping themselves, unable to remove the clothes pin because it would mean the pleasure stopped, basically imprisoning themselves due to the pleasure they were feeling.

Naturally, Rias could have also erected (urgh, bad choice of words) a forcefield around them easily enough, but she wanted to test this out. Seeing this made it clear - Whatever had done this to them was indeed extremely dangerous! They needed more information, pronto!

"Um, I do remember something!" Asia said, raising her hand. "I remember something about finding them doing something to all the girls in school?"

"... Now that you mention it, I remember something like that as well," Aika said, rubbing at the side of her head. "I can't remember what it was very well, but there was definitely something... like..."

It didn't need saying. It didn't need further elaboration. In particular, Sona had already roused her student council members and whispered instructions to them. In no time at all they had left the room, dressing as they went.

"So... Are you guys all magic or something?" Aika asked, all innocent and sweet. "I mean, that's really fucking cool, and I want in."

... While Rias did have a Bishop and a Rook left, she wasn't sure they'd be suitable for this girl. Oh, whatever! Maybe she'd train her as a witch or something?

Suddenly, Sona and a few other members of her council rushed back into the room. That was quick! The power of organisation and offscreen magic at work, no doubt! "No mistaking it. Literally every single female student now has tits like ours."

"... All of them?!" Akeno gasped in abject disbelief. "What about the ones that live off campus?"

"Apparently they were lured into the grounds for a special event," Sona said. "Hrmph. They even had the gall to say I'd been the one to call them in! Perhaps I did so during the blank spot in my memories? Either way, we have a problem. That's a lot of girls out there with gigantic tits they did not have before. We're attempting to undo the effect, but..." She squirmed a little. "Prolonged exposure is... making us extremely horny. I can barely string ten thoughts together in a row."

"So, you have to hide an entire student population with magically enhanced uber titties with obvious hypnotic effects," Aika said. "Cool, cool! That sounds like a pretty ridiculous scenario. We're sure Rip Cock Winkle over there didn't write it?"

"Ah! No! I'm - I'm sure Issei didn't - " Asia interrupted. "I mean, he's probably as much a victim of this as the rest of us!"

"Boobs..." Issei muttered in his sleep. "So many boobs... All hail the King of Breasts!"

"All hail the king of breasts!" several of them in the room said. Basically everyone except Sona and her peerage. Uh...?

Right. This is the part where Rias' eyes started to glow red, and her Devil's wings were out. "Oh, Issei? Oh, King of Breasts?" she said in a sweet tone, far too sweet, so sweet that surely a drop of it on your tongue could cause diabetic shock. "We seem to have a lot of things to discuss, could you please wake up?"

The thing is, at this point Rias wasn't sure. Was she going to throttle him, or ride his cock through the night?