

“Ajuka Astaroth?” Ddraig asked. **“It’s been a while.”**

“You two know each other?” Harry asked, surprised.

“One of his early incarnations summoned me for help with her fight against the White Dragon Emperor,” Ajuka replied. “It’s Ajuka Beelzebub now. I must ask, what in the world possessed you all to try this?”

“We came across his most recent host, who was dying from a blow delivered by a fallen angel, and since we couldn’t heal him, we decided that this was worth a shot,” Hermione replied.

“Fallen angel?” Ajuka asked sharply, looking at Rias.

“I forgot to mention that part,” Akeno winced.

“We have at least one of them flying around here right now,” she replied. “From what we saw in the dying boy’s memory, she has only one pair of wings, so we’ll likely manage to handle her easily enough.”

“Given how well you dealt with Riser Phenex, Harry, I’d wager that’s true, though I will ask that you all remember to reach out to at least one of the three Satans who have a vested interest in your well-being if things become too much for you,” Ajuka replied. “Now, let’s see what we have here.”

“I used a design in one of Azazel’s journals,” Hermione explained, and he nodded.

“Quite competently from the look of things,” Ajuka replied as he hovered his hand over the sphere, peering deeply into the complex enchantments woven into it. “I don’t think that you did anything wrong, my dear. I think that this design just isn’t able to hold something like the Boosted Gear.”

“It was a fun idea, and I was happy to try it out, but I figured it wouldn’t work,” Ddraig sighed.

“It has for the moment, though, and while I doubt it will last another hour, there is still time for one of you to potentially take him on, provided you can convince him to go along with it,” Ajuka replied.

“I don’t suppose you’d be willing?” Ddraig asked. **“Albion wouldn’t stand a chance then.”**

“No,” Ajuka chuckled. “I have quite enough power as it is and have never really wanted a sacred gear.”

“I already have one, so I’m out,” Kiba said.

“The same is true of Gasper, and I’d honestly rather develop the Power of Destruction than use anything else,” Rias murmured.

“I can’t for obvious reasons,” Harry piped up.

“I won’t because when you inevitably take Rizevim on, I want to be able to stand at your side without being a liability,” Akeno said firmly.

“Which leaves us,” Koneko said, gesturing to herself, Hermione, Luna, and Fleur.

“I already have my minions, and that’s honestly enough for me,” Hermione murmured, stepping back from the orb and gesturing to the others.

“To be clear, this won’t endanger them, right?” Rias asked, looking to Ajuka. “These three have only four pawns between them, and this is a lot of power we’re talking about.”

“That might honestly be more than they could handle,” the old devil replied, running his nails through his green hair. “Evil pieces will evolve and, under the correct conditions, mutate to better suit the needs of their hosts, but Luna and Fleur, you two might not be able to take on the Boosted Gear as you are just now.”

“That’s okay,” Fleur replied as Luna pouted.

“I suppose I can still question Ddraig here about the more unique magical creatures he’s seen over the eons if he’s with someone else,” the blonde sighed.

“Koneko could, though?” Harry asked.

“You’re a rook, right?” Ajuka asked, nodding as she nodded. “It will certainly mutate if you do, but you could, yes.”

“Guys, this could be really helpful to us, but there is no way in hell I’m doing it unless you promise me that we’ll do that thing we discussed as soon as possible,” Koneko said flatly.

“Harry and I discussed it, and I agreed,” Rias replied.

“I’m sorry, what’s this now?” Ajuka asked.

“A ritual that will bind Koneko to Harry,” Rias replied. “I’ll explain later if that’s alright, my lord.”

“Very well,” Ajuka replied, sensing that there was a fair bit more to that than there seemed.

Koneko, smiling widely in relief at the thought that she’d finally be able to trust herself again soon, approached the orb and rested a hand on it.

“So you’re the one big option available to me here,” Ddraig murmured. “Tell me about yourself, kid.”

“My name is Koneko Toujou. I’m a nekomata turned devil, and, honestly, I don’t know if I’d be the best fit for you,” Koneko replied mentally. “My parents died...some time ago and my sister and I were taken in by the Naberius devil clan. They made her one of them, and she...went nuts and murdered Maenorn Naberius. I was nearly killed for it, and I’ve lived ever since with the fear that I might go the same way as her.”

“Are you sure that this Naberius guy didn’t try to do something to her?” Ddraig asked.

“I...I don’t think so,” Koneko replied. “Why do you ask?”

“I’ve known devils from that clan before,” Ddraig replied dryly. “I gotta say, kid, you don’t feel particularly unstable to me. Your fear of yourself is pretty all-consuming, and I’d honestly

suggest you talk to someone about that because it's really not healthy, but other than that, you seem fine. Trust me when I say I've known my fair share of nutballs through the eons."

"...nothing that I've seen about the case suggests that Kuroka was provoked at all," Koneko thought. "Maenorn was fully clothed and all that I smelled in there was death when I saw the room."

"It might be nothing, but the family name made me wonder," Ddraig replied. "What do you like doing for fun?"

"I like to spar, I like to read, and I enjoy training," Koneko replied. "Fighting people or things Rias sends me after is one of the few ways I can really let loose, you know?"

"Spoken like a born warrior," Ddraig boomed, sounding amused. "Of the hosts I've had before, those who have truly enjoyed combat have been, by far, the most enjoyable. What do you know of my eternal struggle with the white one?"

"The White Dragon?" Koneko asked. "I know you two have been going at it for ages, and never go a single lifetime without having at least one good fight. I don't know what started it, though."

"To be honest, after all this time, I don't even remember," Ddraig chuckled. "Albion is my great rival, though, one that I seek to best whenever possible. If we became partners, you would be setting yourself up for that fight."

"Do you know anything about his current host?" Koneko asked.

"I don't even know if it's a man or a woman," Ddraig replied, "but I know he's out there, and I know that, soon enough, we will engage in glorious combat once more!"

"That does sound like fun," Koneko grinned. "To be honest, my ideal day would probably involve eating, napping, getting in a good fight or two, and then relaxing and getting my scalp massaged afterward."

"Very relatable," Ddraig rumbled. "Honestly, you might be just the sort of host I generally hope for, and from what I'm sensing here, you favor martial combat over more magical means, like I assume that man you're in love with prefers."

"In love?!" Koneko exclaimed mentally, flushing so scarlet that the others around her all wondered what exactly was going on with her.

"You can't lie to someone you invite into your head, kid," Ddraig chuckled. "You're already reasonably strong, and with my power, you could end up able to take on the white one in no time! Draw me in, Koneko Toujou, and let's see where this particular ride takes us."

Koneko, still reeling from what he'd said before, shook her head and glared down at the orb before picking it up.

"The big jerk said I can take him," she muttered. Looking at Ajuka, she asked, "How exactly would I?"

“Visualize yourself siphoning light, red in this case, from the orb into your chest,” Ajuka replied. “With your innate power, and Ddraig’s willingness to go along with this, it should work from there.”

Koneko did as he said, holding the orb to her chest as she did so, and she gasped when she started to feel power unlike anything she’d ever known fill her. Becoming a devil hadn’t been anywhere near this intense, and she’d thought that was insane at the time. Her eyes went wide, and she actually flew into the air as the process finished; her wings popped out while she was in the middle of it.

“Amazing,” Ajuka breathed, watching the whole thing with a keen, analytical gaze. “That went even more smoothly than I thought it would.”

“Did you think we’d run into problems?” Harry asked.

“I doubted that anything excessive would happen, given that Ddraig wasn’t going to fight it, but I still expected it to take longer,” Ajuka replied, watching as Koneko lowered herself down to the ground and tossed the empty orb to Hermione. “How do you feel?”

“Strong,” Koneko replied, her voice shuddering, “stronger than I’ve ever felt in my life.”

“Well, that would be because you are stronger than you’ve ever been in your life, partner,” Ddraig rumbled in her mind.

“Let me check on your rook,” Ajuka murmured, reaching out towards her and casting a few diagnostic spells. “It has mutated, as expected, but it appears to be entirely stable. Congratulations, Koneko, you’re the latest Red Dragon Empress. That’s going to be quite the boon for you, Rias. Now, about that ritual...”

Rias paused at that, knowing that her mother wanted to hoard the knowledge of the omnibrary to herself. She could understand that as a devil, since their basic nature made the idea of hoarding power almost too tempting to resist, but she did think it was kind of silly to keep Ajuka, Sirzechs’ best friend and one of their greatest allies, from accessing it. Still, she wasn’t about to defy her openly, and as Koneko had been absorbing the Boosted Gear, she thought up a believable explanation.

“Last year, in a room in Hogwarts where the house-elves used to stash everything that students or professors lost, we found a scroll written in a language that doesn’t exist in this universe, containing a ritual that can bind masters and servants together completely,” Rias explained.

“Oh, cool!” Koneko exclaimed in the background, having figured out how to summon a massive crimson gauntlet onto her left hand. “I’ll be able to punch people so much harder with this.”

“Not the most stylish thing in the world, but I do like the green gems,” Fleur murmured.

“That’s just the sort of gauntlet I suggested that you make for yourself, Dark One,” Gnarl piped up.

“I much prefer my ring,” Hermione chuckled.

“Not from this universe?” Ajuka asked.

“We think it came from another world,” Harry replied. “I believe Sirzechs mentioned how we’d been investigating the story of the Philosopher’s Stone.”

“He did,” Ajuka nodded. “Is this ritual safe?”

“I’ve used it successfully with almost all the girls here,” Harry replied. “Hermione didn’t want to and I haven’t had a chance to do it with Koneko yet, but…”

“Wait, even you, Rias?” Ajuka asked, confused.

“One of the benefits of it is that the master and servant can always sense where the other is,” Rias replied. “When we were still worried about Voldemort back then, I wanted to use it on Harry for safety purposes, though things went a little sideways, and I ended up in the servant position.”

“Yet you were still able to make him your servant with the evil pieces,” Ajuka murmured, sounding deeply fascinated. “Send me a copy of this scroll, and I’ll work on a way to undo it.”

“Oh, it’s easy to undo,” Rias replied. “I’ve just grown to rather like it. The master in this case is able to empower the servants through means I’d rather not discuss, and that is something too good to give up, at least until I’m an Ultimate Class Devil.”

“Hmm,” Ajuka murmured to himself, “well, I’d still like to see it.”

“Of course,” Rias replied. “I’ll send a copy along at the first convenience.”

“Mistress!” a green minion exclaimed as a dozen of them ran inside and revealed themselves. “We found something!”

“You found the black-winged woman?” Hermione asked before Rias could.

“No, but we found a monster woman!” the green minion shouted, sounding gleeful.

“Ah, that stray I heard about,” Ajuka said. “I’ll leave you to that. Do remember to send me that scroll; it sounds quite fascinating.”

“We will,” Rias smiled, “and thank you for your help.”

“Bringing the Welsh Dragon to our side is something you hardly need to thank me for,” Ajuka chuckled, disappearing in a green ritual circle.

“We’re going to need to tell him about the library at some point,” Harry murmured.

“I’ll talk my mother into it eventually,” Rias replied. “My father probably cares far less, so I can lean on him. Where did you find this monster?”

“A house,” one of the greens replied, and Hermione blinked slowly.

“Where was this house?” the brunette asked.

“Far,” one of the others replied.

“Not near the others,” another added.

“So a house on the outskirts of town, either abandoned or swiftly emptied, that she can hide in and likely lure in victims,” Rias mused. “Could you lead one of us there?”

They all nodded at that.

“Splendid,” Gnarl smiled, “so, Dark One, they can lead you down to this house; you can slay the wretched beast and bring back its head as a trophy!”

“We don’t use severed heads as trophies, Gnarl,” Sirius chuckled.

“What about paperweights?” Gnarl asked.

“They won’t be leading all of us,” Hermione said, shaking her head. “Rias, it would likely be best to get some sort of reconnaissance first on this place before we go in.”

“Of course,” the redhead replied. “Kiba, take one of the minions and follow their directions to the house without letting either of you be seen. Scout out the house, and we’ll review your memory when you get back.”

“Will do,” Kiba nodded, picking a minion at random as Hermione ordered the rest of them to keep searching.

As he flew off, she said, “I had hoped that they’d have more luck finding the fallen angel.”

“They still might, but I wouldn’t be surprised if they didn’t,” Rias replied. “Stray devils are often reduced to being little more than feral beasts, while the fallen angels are not only still possessed of their mental faculties but generally quite old.”

“Finding this Viser as quickly as they did is quite the boon anyway,” Akeno added. “She very likely just got here, which means she probably hasn’t had a chance yet to kill and eat anyone.”

“I’m sorry, eat?” Sirius asked.

“When devil transformations go wrong, they generally go very wrong,” Rias replied. “The power difference between a devil and a human, especially a non-magical human, is vast, and for those who aren’t entirely stable, it can be more than they can handle.”

“That’s why devils are generally advised not to turn total nutters into devils,” Harry added. “I’m afraid you’re out of luck.”

“Haha,” Sirius replied dryly. “You’ll be able to deal with this chick, though, right?”

“Oh, yeah, it shouldn’t be a problem,” Rias replied. “We did just get a very cute new power boost...Koneko?”

“Rias, was there anything in the report you read that suggested Kuroka might have been attacked the night she killed Blank Naberius?” Koneko asked.

“I didn’t actually read it, but Sirzechs summarized everything, and if there had been anything to suggest that, you know he’d have told me,” Rias replied, furrowing her brow. “Why?”

“Are you wondering if she might not have gone quite as feral as you thought?” Luna asked.

“It’s just something Ddraig said,” Koneko replied. “He’s apparently run into devils of that line before and not been terribly impressed. I thought they were nice enough, but Kuroka and I were so desperate in those days, I probably wouldn’t have seen anything that I didn’t want to.”

“You had found a home and wanted to stay,” Harry said softly. “I get that.”

“Could you get a copy of the report, Rias?” Fleur asked.

“Yeah, I can ask Sirzechs,” Rias replied. “I don’t think you’ll like what you read, though, Koneko.”

“Hey, I get it,” Koneko shrugged. “She very likely went nuts, and that’s all there is to it but prior to today, I hadn’t questioned that at all, so it might help just to see it all in black and white.”

“I’ll take care of it,” Rias smiled. “In the meantime, let’s get this disaster of a room back in order.”

“That sounds like a good idea,” Fleur sighed, looking around at all the mess.

“I can’t believe he was murdered,” one of the students muttered as they walked past. “I know he was a creep, but no one deserves that.”

“Maybe he went too far with someone,” her friend suggested, and she shook her head.

“No,” she said. “Apparently the suspect they’re looking for is some middle-aged guy, a weird-looking one from the picture I saw on the news.”

“I hope they get him,” her friend sighed. “Things like that just don’t happen here.”

“I know!” she exclaimed.

“Suspect?” Harry asked quietly as they slipped into their clubroom.

“A fabrication,” Akeno replied, shutting the door behind them. “He’ll be found dead of a self-inflicted gunshot wound once we’ve dealt with the real killer.”

“Or killers,” Hermione added, sitting.

“It’s pretty standard practice in cases like this where something supernatural has happened that can’t be outright covered up,” Rias explained. “Battles can be hidden, and even if they aren’t, minds can be wiped and evidence erased, but we can’t just erase the murder of a human, so we generally manipulate the police into looking for nonexistent suspects, who are found dead by suicide and then quietly cremated.”

“The bodies are almost too easy to fabricate,” Akeno said.

“Sorry I’m late,” Fleur called out as she slipped inside, closing the door behind her. “A kendo accident resulted in a pretty badly broken nose.”

“Did you manage to fix it?” Luna asked.

“A broken nose is not exactly hard to reset, and then charm fixed,” Fleur replied, looking at Luna strangely as she sneezed.

“Sorry, I meant to ask to fix it without them suspecting anything,” the blonde finished.

“Oh, yes,” Fleur chuckled. “The bone I healed, but I left the bruising behind, and that will continue to hurt for a little while, so they shouldn’t suspect a thing.”

“That’s the sort of thing we were just talking about,” Kiba chuckled. “I must say, while I never disliked him, I’m still kind of surprised by the reaction to Issei Hyoudou’s death here. So many of the girls seemed to hate him...”

“Death always comes as a shock to those who haven’t experienced it yet,” Rias replied. “It’s different for us because we deal with it often, killing strays, investigating deaths, and things like that, but for them, given the life expectancy in Japan, most of the students here probably still have all their grandparents.”

“This is a first for them, so while they might have thought he was creepy, they still knew him, and knowing that he was murdered is naturally unsettling,” Hermione mused. “I don’t think I’d realized just how unusual we all were even outside of the whole ‘being devils’ thing.”

“It’s a wonder we’re all not more fucked up,” Koneko muttered.

“The really sad thing is that I don’t think he was actually all that creepy,” Harry sighed.

“Really?” Koneko asked.

“Looking through his head I just saw a regular teenage boy,” Harry replied. “He had a particular fixation on breasts and no social skills whatsoever when it came to girls, but he didn’t seem like a bad guy. I genuinely wish we could have saved him.”

“We’ll get the one who did it,” Kiba assured him. “For devils, we play the role of avenging angel oddly often.”

“You’re not wrong,” Rias chuckled, looking out the window and spotting Matsuda and Motomama, who were looking as lost as they had been all day. Sighing at that, she said, “In this case, I think we’ll be able to act before anyone here is murdered.”

“We have our plan then?” Luna asked.

“Yes,” Rias replied. “I went over Kiba’s memory of the property and pulled up the blueprints from the town council.”

She summoned them and set them out on her desk, beckoning everyone over to look at them.

“It’s a simple two-story house,” she continued, “on the smaller side and with not too many places for our stray devil to hide.”

“Only two doors, which is nice,” Kiba murmured. “I figured we could split up and enter through the front and the back, though I did wonder if you might want to have some of us sweep the top floor while the others did so.”

“I do,” Rias replied. “You and Koneko will fly up and slip inside the windows here and here, while Harry, Akeno, and Hermione enter through the front, and Fleur, Luna, and I enter through the back. I honestly expect her to be in the basement, so we’ll do a quick search and then link up here if none of us find her first. She will sense us when we enter the house at the absolute latest, so the element of surprise here is going to be limited, but we’ll still strike at night to maximize our chances of catching her off guard. Hermione, I want as many minions as you can bring to guard the perimeter of the house while we enter, just in case she manages to slip past us, though I doubt she’ll have the wherewithal to try.”

“That sounds like a plan,” Hermione nodded. “I’ll be able to bring dozens of them, so we should be able to get a solid perimeter set up for us. Once we engage her, though, I want to call them in and see how they perform.”

“I do too,” Rias grinned.

“It will give me a chance to test out my new abilities,” Koneko smirked, summoning her gauntlet and looking down at it. “The full moon is tonight...”

“It likely won’t take us long to deal with Viser,” Rias said softly. “From the report I was given, she doesn’t appear to be much of a threat in general, and we’re a rather overpowered bunch at this point.”

“Almost makes you wish we had a Rating Game coming up,” Akeno chuckled, and Rias sighed.

“I don’t know if we’re ready for that yet, but we’re a hell of a lot more powerful than we were a year ago,” she said. “Now, I understand that a few of you reached out to mortals who sought to summon us and set up appointments?”

“I have something that will require at least two people,” Fleur replied. “I thought I’d take ‘Arry along.”

“What is it?” Rias asked.

“There is an old man in town who has, over the years, lost everyone he cares for,” Fleur replied. “He’s lived a long life, and he’s ready to end it, but he can’t bring himself to do it, and with euthanasia being illegal in Japan right now...”

“What’s he offering?” Rias asked, intrigued.

“His entire estate,” Fleur replied.

“Wow,” Akeno said. “Impressive. Why does that need two people, though?”

“Oh, before he dies, he wants to watch me have sex,” Fleur replied. “I made it clear that I am not a prostitute, but he’s so old he doesn’t think he could have me even if I was, but he did want to watch something like that one last time before he goes.”

“Only you,” Rias chuckled.

“Can I come?” Luna asked.

“Maybe we all should,” Akeno joked. “That sight alone could do him in.”

“I take it euthanasia is completely illegal in Japan?” Hermione asked.

“There’s no formal law here, but I know there was a court case in the sixties that resulted in the framework for passive euthanasia being set up,” Rias replied. “There is no such framework for active euthanasia, though there is a case before the courts right now that might change that. Either way, we devils are more than able to bring people peace if they request it and are willing to pay. Akeno, I’ll need your help here this evening, so we can’t go.”

“I’d really rather not have sex in front of an audience I’m attracted to,” Hermione added.

“Fuck no,” Koneko said flatly. “I’m expecting to be summoned by a regular this evening anyway.”

“Just us three then,” Harry replied. “Shall we?”

“It’s so sad that the guy has no one left, but at least we’ll be able to give him a show and some measure of peace,” Luna said softly, taking his hand as they approached Fleur.

“Come, I think you will like this place,” she murmured. “Some of the things he has on display in his home are beautiful. There’s this one gorgeous vase that I think would look lovely in our...”

They disappeared at that, and Hermione muttered, “Only she could find a guy who wanted to hand over his entire estate just to watch her get fucked.”

“Honestly, I’m quite impressed,” Rias chuckled.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” Fleur panted as she came down from her high, pressing her cheek against Luna’s thigh as the other blonde twitched on the mattress they’d summoned for themselves. Harry was breathing heavily behind her, his still-hard cock lodged inside her pussy even as his thick, creamy load spilled out down along his balls.

“That was...amazing,” Luna sighed, staring up at the ceiling with glassy, unfocused eyes. “What do you think, Mister Hirano? Mister Hirano?”

“Is something wro...oh,” Harry groaned as he turned around to look at the old man.

He was sitting in his chair, just as he had been when they started; only at that point, he’d been blinking.

“Well, you can’t say we did not fulfill the contract,” Fleur winced, closing the old man’s eyes with a wave of her hand.

“Do either of you have any idea how long he’s been gone?” Harry asked, pulling his softening cock from Fleur’s clinging tunnel and standing up. “I started actively tuning him out around the time you two went down on me.”

“That was at least two hours ago,” Fleur giggled. “I think he was still breathing when I last checked, though you know how much I lose my senses when you put that wonderful tongue of yours to use.”

“He was such a nice man,” Luna murmured, standing up and vanishing the mattress as well as the various fluids that had fallen past it onto the floor.

“He got one last good memory before he died,” Harry sighed. “It was the best we could do for him, given the circumstances. You put his will in your pouch, right?”

“I have it,” Fleur replied. “I’ll alert the authorities about him before we leave. Could you ask Rias if she wants us back yet?”

“Of course,” Harry nodded. “*Rias, are you ready to move on Viser’s lair yet?*”

“*Not for another hour at least,*” Rias replied over their bond. “*How did it go?*”

“*We ended up not having to kill him,*” Harry replied. “*Watching us have sex proved to be too much for, I assume, his heart.*”

“*At least he died happy,*” Rias chuckled. “*Just make sure you’re back at the Rookery within the hour, and then we’ll go deal with Viser.*”

“We don’t have to be back just yet,” Harry replied. “Do you want to walk back?”

“That sounds nice,” Luna smiled, putting their clothes back on with a wave of her hand and wrapping her arms around one of Harry’s.

“Someone will come collect him soon,” Fleur said, putting down the phone. “I must say, these are a little more convenient than floo ports.”

“I know, right?” Harry chuckled, wrapping an arm around her waist.

The three of them left Fleur’s new house, something she planned to sell once they had sorted through the possessions in it, and made their way out onto the street. It was nearly dusk, and the light of the setting sun bathed the tranquil town in an almost orange glow as it peeked under the clouds, making it all the more beautiful.

“I can really see why Rias likes this place so much,” Fleur smiled.

“It is rather beautiful,” Luna murmured, “and so very quiet too. Grimmauld Place seemed nice and all, but I don’t think I’d have liked being in the heart of a city as big as London.”

“Maman and Papa have had to get used to Kyoto,” Fleur said, “but I think they’re starting to adjust. You’re free to see her on Wednesday, right?”

“Of course,” Harry replied. “I…”

“Harry?” a voice asked, and they all turned to see a blonde girl around their age dressed as a nun staring at them. “Is that you?”

“Yes,” Harry replied, furrowing his brow in confusion. “Who…oh, I remember you, from Catanzaro…Asia.”

“What are you doing here?” Asia asked, smiling widely. “I didn’t think…I mean, I didn’t expect to see any familiar faces in this town.”

"I live here now," Harry replied. "A few friends of mine and I moved here back in July. What are you doing here?"

"I guess I have too," Asia replied, her green eyes dimming slightly.

"Oh, uh, this is Luna Lovegood and Fleur Delacour," Harry said, introducing them. "Girls, this is Asia...Argento. We met back last Christmas."

"It is a pleasure," Fleur purred. "'Arry, you did not tell me that you met just a beautiful young woman during your adventure in Italy."

"Beautiful?" Asia squeaked.

"Very," Luna smiled. "I don't mean to be rude, but why are you dressed like that? You're too young to be a nun, right?"

"I'm what's considered an aspirant," Asia replied, "or I w...it's all I've wanted, to live a life of prayer and devotion to the Lord, and I didn't see any reason to wait to at least start it. You say you've been living here for two months now; do you know where the church is? I was told there was only one in town, but I've been looking around, and I..."

"Do you have a map of Kuoh?" Luna asked, and Asia shook her head, sighing.

"That would help, wouldn't it?" she winced, and Luna giggled, reaching into her pocket and conjuring one.

"Here you go," the blonde said, opening it up and moving next to her. "We're around here, and the church is to the northwest here."

"Oh, I hadn't been there yet," Asia said. "If I could take a moment to try to memorize this..."

"Take it," Luna smiled, handing it to her.

"Really?" Asia asked.

"Any friend of 'Arry's is a friend of ours," Fleur purred.

"You'll be staying at that church then?" Harry asked. "I wasn't aware that it was operational."

"It's being opened back up," Asia replied. "That's actually why I was sent here, to help out with that. Thank you all for your generosity."

"It's no trouble," Luna murmured, and Asia took her hands in hers and smiled.

"God bless you all," she said, blinking in confusion as they all winced. "Is something wrong?"

"No, nothing at all," Harry replied. "If you like, I'd be happy to show you around town sometime."

"That would be lovely," Asia replied. "When are you free?"

“Tomorrow around threeish?” Harry suggested. “We could meet outside the town hall if you’ve found it yet.”

“Yes, that would be easy enough,” Asia replied. “It was really nice seeing you again, Harry.”

“I’m surprised you remembered me,” Harry chuckled, rubbing his neck and trying not to smirk when she blushed.

“You were...memorable,” Asia said softly, blushing further. “Anyway, I really need to get going.”

“So do we,” Harry replied. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“See you then,” Asia replied, running off before turning around. “It was lovely meeting you both.”

“A pleasure, for sure,” Fleur smiled as Luna nodded.

“That was random,” Harry murmured once she was out of earshot.

“I’m not sure it was,” Luna replied. “We should get back to the Rookery now.”

“I do remember you mentioning that you met a nun back in Catanzaro,” Rias murmured. “It’s strange that she’d be here, though. The Catholic Church doesn’t exactly have a strong presence in this town, or indeed, a presence.”

“Her being sent, as an aspiring novice, to help a priest set up an old abandoned church is also highly strange,” Hermione replied. “I won’t pretend that I’m an expert on the Catholic Church, but my grandmother was very much of the High Anglican tradition, and I know that there are quite a few similarities between them.”

“I remember now,” Akeno said. “Back then, you said that you watched her heal some kid and thought she was a witch.”

“And you two said it was likely a sacred gear,” Harry nodded.

“Well, we have a nun with a suspected Sacred Gear showing up in town right around the time that a Fallen Angel shows up,” Akeno grinned. “I don’t think that we can just assume that that’s a coincidence.”

“I really couldn’t see a girl that seemingly sweet being in league with murderous angels, though,” Fleur said. “Of course, she also seemed highly naive.”

“I thought the same thing,” Luna replied, “which is why I enchanted that map I gave her.”

“Oh?” Harry asked, watching as she pulled another map out of her pocket and opened it up, revealing a glowing red spot by the church.

“We’ll be able to track her with this,” Luna murmured. “If she is in league with the fallen angels, they might be using the church as their base, or they might just be storing her and their other human servants there. With this, we might be able to see where else she goes. That church might be their base of operations...”

“We checked it over, though they might have simply evaded us,” Akeno pointed out.

“...but even if it isn’t, if she is their servant, it might lead us to it,” Luna finished.

“That’s really good work, Luna,” Rias smiled. “Well done.”

“Fleur’s right that she doesn’t seem to be the type to willingly work with the sort of monsters we’re dealing with here,” Harry said. “She seems almost painfully innocent.”

“Harry, if you’re thinking about rescuing her, tangling with devotees of Heaven never ends well for devils,” Rias warned.

“Think of it, though,” Hermione said. “If she was an aspiring nun, why would she end up with the fallen angels at all?”

“That does seem weird,” Kiba piped up. “From what you’ve told me, the sort of humans who usually end up working for them are monsters like Gallillei, who run afoul of the church but still want to serve the Tyrant.”

“I’ll admit that from your description, she doesn’t seem to be the sort that I would expect to work with them, but that doesn’t make her a potential friend of ours,” Rias replied.

“If she’s working with them, maybe it’s because she was rejected in some way,” Harry suggested. “If that’s the case and we prove to her that the people she’s in league with now are monsters, that sort of thing can really affect someone’s faith.”

“You want to turn her to our side?” Rias asked.

“Her healing abilities could be useful, potentially useful enough for her to help Sebastian,” Harry replied.

“You think she could heal Papa?” Fleur asked.

“I think it’s worth a shot,” Harry replied. “I won’t do anything stupid, Rias, but I think this is worth trying. I’ve offered to show her around town tomorrow.”

“Which would put you on your own with a potential agent of our enemies,” Rias said through gritted teeth.

“Not if I was discreetly followed,” Harry smiled. “I could pump her for information, see what she knows, and then see if there’s any way we might be able to make her see things our way. I do think she seems like a good person, and if it turns out she is working with Yuuma, or whatever that bitch’s name is, and we show her just what a monster she’s serving, we could be led right to her and gain a potential ally in the process.”

“This is potentially the best lead we’ve gotten so far,” Akeno said. “If they are using that church as their base, then that means that when we went to check it out, they hid themselves so well that even I could sense them.”

“If so, then they’re really looking to avoid confrontation with us, yet if they’ve brought someone else in, they’re sticking around,” Rias mused. “What the hell are they up to?”

“Maybe they’re building up their forces before striking,” Kiba suggested.

“I hardly think this Asia girl is the sort you’d bring in as backup,” Fleur chuckled.

“We’re missing something,” Rias sighed. “I hadn’t given much thought to their motive for sticking around here because I honestly didn’t know if they would and just wanted to kill them if so. I’m starting to wonder if there isn’t more to it, though.”

“We don’t know for sure if there even is more than one of them,” Koneko murmured, “but either way, if the bitch is staying here, it has to be for some reason.”

“Maybe she’s hiding from someone,” Luna suggested.

“But then, why kill a guy so publicly?” Akeno asked. “Given that Issei possessed a sacred gear, and a Longinus at that, it’s very likely that she was ordered to observe him, assess whether or not he could be useful to them, and then deal with him if not. We’ve read enough of Azazel’s journals to know how obsessed he is with the Sacred Gears, and that does seem like the sort of cold, heartless thing the pricks would do. If this nun is connected to Yuuma, then she’s still around, and if so, it’s for a reason, but until we can be sure of that, there’s little point in speculating.”

“I can investigate this safely,” Harry said softly, taking Rias’ hand in his as he peered into her eyes, “and we might gain more from it than mere information if things work out.”

“I can safely say that Asia is already quite attracted to ‘Arry,” Fleur grinned. “I could feel her desire, but even if I hadn’t, the way she blushed around us would have given it away.”

“Given everything, that’s hardly surprising,” Rias chuckled. “Akeno, you’ll follow them discreetly and call us all in if anything goes wrong. Harry, if this girl is as innocent as you say, her being in league with the fallen angels would be strange, so focus on finding out why. If she really did run afoul of the church, perhaps we can turn her to our side once we’ve dealt with Yuuma and any other collaborators she might have.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Harry grinned. “Speaking of plans, the sun has set.”

Rias chuckled at that and looked out the window, saying, “Let’s go hunting.”

“I detected one living being in the house,” Akeno announced as she flew back to their position in the woods. “As you suspected, she’s in the basement.”

“You were able to get close enough to sense that without her noticing you?” Rias asked, surprised.

“I’d say she’s fairly feral, this one,” Akeno replied.

“There’s only one path in and out of the basement,” Hermione piped up. “We won’t need to have the minions guard the perimeter.”

“No, likely not,” Rias murmured.

“We also don’t need to sweep the top floor if we already know that it’s empty,” Kiba said. “How about I go with Harry’s group and Koneko goes with yours?”

“That works,” Rias nodded. “Take your positions.”

“Come,” Hermione commanded, looking at the forty-eight minions she’d taken with her, a dozen of each type, “but be quiet. We want to sneak up on our target.”

“Then smash?” one of the browns asked, sounding utterly giddy at the prospect of violence.

“Then you can smash,” Hermione chuckled affectionately.

“I must say I’m looking forward to seeing how they are in a real fight,” Rias murmured as they moved into position.

She led Fleur, Luna, and Kiba to the back door quietly, grinning to herself when she detected nothing to suggest that Viser had sensed them. She had hunted a fair few stray devils over the years, and the experiences always differed based on how powerful and competent they were but also based on how feral they had become. Sneaking up on a well-trained devil was quite difficult, and even newly turned ones possessed senses well beyond those of normal mortals, but for those driven completely mad by the power they gained, it sometimes clouded those senses quite a lot.

“The simplest sort of hunts these are,” Rias thought to herself. *“Harry, on three, crash through the back door.”*

“Wait a second,” Harry replied mentally. *“We’re turning some man that she was luring in away. He seemed to be walking in a daze.”*

“Her would-be meal, presumably,” Rias replied. *“She might not sense us, but I imagine she’ll sense him turning to leave, so we might want to move now.”*

“He’s leaving,” Harry replied, and she nodded, signaling to move immediately.

They crashed through the two doors and converged on the door leading to the basement, from which they heard an angry snarl.

“So much for the element of surprise,” Fleur chuckled, wreathing herself in flame as she prepared for a fight.

“We have her cornered,” Rias grinned. “Surprise is no longer needed.”

She destroyed the door leading to the basement, and they flew down, lighting up the room as they entered.

“Who’s there?” a young-sounding woman called out, managing to sound both shocked and scared. “What do you want?”

The basement was filled with boxes, and a beautiful, dark-haired woman peeked out around one, her visage the picture of wide-eyed innocence. She was completely nude from the waist up, her large, full breasts on display as only the curtain of her long, dark hair covered any of them. If they didn’t know better, they’d have thought she was just a simple, innocent human woman, though fortunately for them, they did.

“You made a mistake coming to this town, Viser,” Rias said harshly, glaring at the devil, who bristled at the sound of her name. “I am Rias Gremory, and Kuoh is my territory.”

“So high and mighty like the rest of them,” Viser sneered, walking out from behind the crate and revealing her monstrous lower half.

She looked sort of like a centaur, but her lower half was covered, not in the fine hair of a horse, but in long, thick, matted fur; her legs all ended in clawed feet, and she had a tail that looked like a snake.

“This was the result of her transformation?” Hermione asked, aghast.

“Why do you ask it like that?!” Viser demanded, glaring at the brunette. “I’m far more beautiful than you, you little stick. Look upon this voluptuous form and tell me that I’m not gorgeous.”

“It’s not the first word I’d use,” Fleur replied honestly, and Viser growled.

“For betraying your master, losing yourself to madness, and leaving a trail of bodies across the countryside, I have no choice but to condemn you to death,” Rias proclaimed.

“You’re welcome to try!” Viser hissed, swiping her hands across the air at them.

Twin geysers of green fluid shot towards them, and Harry erected a shield that it bounced off of. As the liquid landed on the floor, it ate clean through the wood, and they all glared at Viser, realizing that she’d shot acid at them.

“Now!” Hermione called, and their foe barely had time to wonder what that signified before a dozen green minions revealed themselves and jumped up onto her back, stabbing her with their poisoned blades.

She shrieked, flailing around as she tried to fling them off, and as she was distracted, the rest of them jumped in. Akeno flew right in front of her, shooting a bolt of lightning right at her chest as Kiba jumped behind her and sliced her snake tail clean off, earning another pained scream from her. Hermione and Luna shielded against her counterstrike, redirecting her summoned spears as she tried to stab at them, while Fleur, accompanied by a dozen red minions, unleashed torrents of fire at her legs. The smell of singed hair filled the air, and Viser collapsed onto her chest, the toll of dozens of wounds becoming too much for her to bear. Harry summoned heavy chains from the ground, wrapping her in place, as the brown minions moved in, stabbing and slashing at her while cackling like madmen.

“I suddenly realize that we really didn’t need to bring everyone,” Rias murmured, watching the stray devil get completely destroyed by their combined might. “Koneko, would you like the honors?”

The white-haired girl grinned, having spent the past minute watching the green orb on her gauntlet glow every time Ddraig’s voice boomed in the back of her head, announcing that her power had been boosted again. The Boosted Gear doubled its host’s power every ten seconds, and she felt awe at just how utterly invincible she felt in that moment.

“**Now, Koneko,**” the dragon rumbled in her head, and she jumped forth, rearing back as she did, and punched the dying Viser square in her head.

Unleashing the full power that she'd built up, her fist went through the monstrous devil's skull, shattering it and covering her and the rest of them in blood, bone fragments, and brain matter.

"Do again!" one of the brown minions cheered, jumping up and down as he stared at her in awe.

"Holy fuck," Koneko breathed, staring down at her blood-smeared gauntlet in awe. "I...I've never been anywhere near that strong."

"We were so overpowered for this," Akeno chuckled as she landed next to Rias, who destroyed Viser's remains with a casual flick of her wrist.

"That's never a bad thing," the redhead said. "Well done, all of you. This foe wasn't much of a challenge, but still, I'm impressed with how well you all worked together, and as for you minions, I was pleasantly surprised by you too."

The short creatures preened under her praise before digging into the various boxes and crates scattered around the basement, looking for things to steal. The blue minions Hermione had brought with them looked around for someone to resurrect, but they hadn't actually taken any casualties in the short, one-sided fight, and once they realized that, they joined the others in looting.

"I need to be bound," Koneko breathed, looking up at Harry. "For my own peace of mind, please make me yours."

"As you desire," Harry smiled, picking her up and kissing her softly.

"I prepared the ritual room before we left so we can do the ritual now, but I might suggest that we bathe first," Fleur muttered, flicking a bit of Viser's brain off of her shoulder.

"Not a bad idea," Rias muttered, grimacing when she saw a bit of her skull attached to her hair.

"So this sounded really simple from what I read," Koneko murmured as she undressed just inside the ritual room.

"It is, and we've done it a bunch of times now, so you don't have to worry about anything," Rias smiled. "I'll ask one last time: are you sure you want this?"

"I'll second that question," Ddraig added in her mind.

"I do," Koneko replied. "I had trouble trusting myself before I became this powerful, and now...I just want to know that I'll never hurt anyone I care about. Once I'm sure of that, I think I'll be able to actually relax, something that I haven't really done since my old life blew up...again."

"I understand," Harry smiled, "and I promise that I won't abuse the power over you that you're about to give me."

"I know," Koneko replied softly, staring up into his eyes. "I might not have known you all that long, but the others all have, and they trust you absolutely, but more than that, you've been nothing but kind and understanding with me since we met. I can't think of a man I'd trust more with what will essentially be my leash."

“Your intense attraction to him has nothing at all to do with it, of course,” Ddraig teased, making her blush. **“If you really want this, partner, then do it, but knowing your mind as well as I do, I will say again that you don’t seem like someone who has to fear going off the deep end.”**

“On some level, I might know that, and I’ll admit that my fear isn’t entirely rational, but this will make me feel safe, and that’s really what I want more than anything,” Koneko replied, and she swore she could feel the dragon nod in her mind.

Harry gave her another reassuring smile and undressed with a wave of his hand before taking his place in the ritual circle near the door. Koneko let her yellow eyes trail up and down over his form, shuddering at the sight of his muscular body and rubbing her thighs together when she saw his cock dangle between his legs, reaching halfway to his knees.

“I took that whole thing inside me,” she thought to herself, still awed by the fact.

She took her place in the circle and looked to Fleur, who had been working on empowering the runes since she finished showering.

“There,” the Veela smiled. “We are ready to begin.”

“I never tire of watching these,” Luna sighed, leaning against Akeno, who wrapped an arm around her, watching just as intently. “Do you think the other devil you bring into the harem will enjoy this?”

“When I tell them that it will empower them, I’m sure they’ll be tempted,” Rias grinned. “I’m really looking forward to seeing Seekvaira on her hands and knees before Harry.”

“You’ve decided on who you’re picking then?” Hermione asked.

“Seekvaira and Latia are obvious choices, though I’m of two minds on the third,” Rias sighed. “I’d love to bring Sona into our little family, but this isn’t the sort of thing she’s generally into, and I’d really rather not antagonize Lady Serafall. If this Ingvild Leviathan woman becomes an option, I’ll definitely be considering her.”

Harry hadn’t been able to keep Leviathan summoned for the ritual, fearing that her spirit might interfere unwittingly, but the ghost was watching keenly in the background, very curious about just how this particular ritual went.

“My descendant better agree to all this,” she thought to herself. *“Katerea seems like a lost cause, and Ingvild is the only other one. I will find a way to restore my bloodline one way or another.”*

She shook her spectral head at that and put it out of her mind, knowing that there was no point in dwelling on the matter yet.

“Now, feed your magic into the ritual circle,” Fleur said, and Harry nodded, doing so immediately.

Koneko did the same and was surprised for a moment to see that the color it came out as was red until she remembered why. Harry’s was too, as it always had been, and she smiled as she noted the similarity between them. Fleur’s power engulfed them both, as she was the one conducting the ritual as she had every time since the first, and Koneko barely suppressed a moan when she started

to feel Harry's power as well. They both felt like sex incarnate, and being awash in their combined power was enough to make her knees weak.

A swirling vortex of power had been building around them since they started the ritual growing redder and redder as they fed their own energy into it, and she shivered as she felt it lock them together, smiling when she saw that Harry had too. Looking at him again meant seeing how hard he'd gotten since she last did, and it took all her self-control not to drool at the sight of his turgid cock standing proudly in the air.

"Koneko, Harry, do you both wish to form this Master-Servant Contract and thereby bind your souls together?" Fleur asked.

"I do," Harry replied, peering down into her eyes, and she felt her own grow misty at the sheer affection in them.

"I do," Koneko breathed, unsure if she'd ever wanted anything more in her life.

"Koneko, take my hand," Fleur said, reaching out towards her, and she did, her heart hammering in her chest.

Fleur began to chant the magical phrases in that strange, otherworldly tongue as Koneko hung on her every word, hyperfocused on what she was doing. She knew that after a minute, she'd have to join in with the chant, and the moment Fleur signaled for her to start, she did. As she chanted in unison with the Veela, the ritual circle began to glow brighter and brighter, until it was a nearly blinding gold. The light enveloped her completely, and then it enveloped Harry, who smiled at the familiar warmth and joy of it.

Every time this happened, he got to feel how the woman binding herself to him felt about him, and he furrowed his brow at what he got from Koneko. On top of the joy that he usually felt, there was a sense of relief greater than anything he'd ever felt in his life. For Koneko, paradoxically, binding herself as his servant made her feel free in a way that nothing else could. Having spent so long terrified of herself, she'd been on guard constantly, and only as the ritual circle faded, having done all that it needed to, did she finally feel peace.

"In a moment, a magic circle will appear on Harry's hand," Fleur said, looking at Koneko. "Once you kiss it, it will be done."

"Thank you," Koneko breathed, already feeling like a terrible weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

The moment the circle appeared, she practically jumped at him, taking it and kissing it repeatedly as her eyes filled with tears.

"I...I..." she went to say, the sense of relief she felt too powerful for her, and Harry silenced her with a kiss that she returned immediately.

Their tongues dueled for dominance in their mouths as she flew up and started humping his abs, her drooling slit leaving wet trails on him. He chuckled into her mouth and cupped her ass with one of his large hands as he wrapped the other one around his cock and positioned himself right under her pussy. Koneko sank down immediately and threw her head back, crying out in pleasure as he filled her completely.

“Fuck yes!” she cried, taking him to the root in one smooth motion.

“That was beautiful,” Luna sighed, wiping a tear from her right eye. “Rias, if we did bring Sona into our little family, is there any chance that Serafall might join in too? Because I would let that woman do unspeakable things to me.”

Rias snorted at that, still watching as Koneko bounced on Harry’s cock, crying out and screaming in unrestrained joy.

“She isn’t married, but I honestly don’t think she’s particularly into men,” the redhead replied. “Her queen, Behemoth, and her pawn, Zis, are pretty openly understood to be her lovers, and I’ve never heard of her taking any man into the bed she shares with them.”

“That’s a pity,” Luna sighed, and Akeno chuckled.

“Not every beautiful woman in the universe is going to want to join in our debauchery,” she laughed, pulling Luna in close and brushing her hair behind her ears. “If you want someone to do unspeakable things to you, though, you know I’m your girl.”

Luna kissed her hungrily, and Akeno teleported them both up to her bedroom, wanting to tie her to her bed and torment her for a few hours.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes!” Koneko screamed, her nails raking down Harry’s back as he continued to bounce her on his cock. “Just like that! Just like that! Break my fucking pussy!”

“I’m going to pound this pussy until she purrs for me,” Harry rumbled in her ear, and she burst out laughing, screaming as he pressed her back against her nearest wall and started fucking her even harder.

“She seems to be enjoying herself,” Hermione smiled, as Fleur sat down next to her and Rias while they continued to watch.

“The tension I’ve felt in her since we met is gone,” the Veela announced. “All I can feel coming from her right now is desire and ecstasy.”

“Maybe it was a good idea all along,” Rias smiled. “I was worried that it would just be another crutch, another thing that could slow or even stop her recovery, but seeing her act so freely...”

“I love how much you care about all of us,” Hermione murmured, resting a hand on her hip as she stared into her eyes. “When I first heard that Harry had summoned a devil, I feared so much that he was planning to sell himself to someone heartless and cruel, but you...you’re the polar opposite of what I feared.”

“You’re all my family,” Rias smiled, wrapping an arm around her and Fleur. “I would never take anyone into my service that I wasn’t willing to treat like one of my own, to care for, nurture, if needed, and help thrive.”

“You’ve been nothing but wonderful to us, Rias,” Fleur whispered in her ear as she cupped one of her breasts and kneaded the supple mound. “I think ‘Ermione and I could be just as wonderful to you tonight, non?”

“It’s been a while since I spent a night worshipping you,” Hermione grinned, sliding her hand along Rias’ thigh until she was just barely brushing a finger against her heated mound.

“Right there, right there, right...HARRY!” Koneko wailed, cumming so hard she squirted and soaked the floor under them.

“I suspect those two are going to be busy for a while here,” Rias grinned, taking Hermione’s and Fleur’s hands. “If you two want to have a threesome, I’m more than willing.”

With that, she teleported them out, leaving Harry alone with Koneko, who slumped in his arms, resting her head on his shoulder as she panted for breath.

“Give me...an order,” the nekomara panted.

“Hmm?” Harry asked, having been too focused on how fucking amazing her vice-tight pussy felt around his length to hear what she’d said.

“I want to trigger...a punishment,” Koneko replied, and he grinned, lifting her off of his cock and conjuring a bed in the middle of the room.

As he set her down on it, he said, “Cast a lubrication charm on yourself. I want to fuck this perfect little ass of yours.”

“Fuck my ass, are you fucking insa...wait, you’ve done that to the others?” Koneko asked, staring at his cock like she suddenly found it to be dangerous.

“They all love anal,” Harry replied. “Now lube yourself up for me.”

“No,” Koneko breathed, her initial shock dissipating enough for her to remember what this had been about, and she gasped, feeling a wave of heat more intense than anything she’d ever known course through her as a purplish-red collar of light appeared around her neck. “Holy shit.”

“The first few times Rias and I did this, I wasn’t yet a proper incubus, so I couldn’t truly feel just how intense the punishment is for you,” Harry grinned.

“I feel like I’m...agh!” Koneko cried, getting on all fours and humping the air instinctively as she let out a yowl. “I feel like I’m in heat!”

“You essentially are,” Harry chuckled, admiring her fleshy, swollen folds. “Maybe, by the end of the night, you’ll have a litter of kittens in your...”

Before he could even finish that sentence, Koneko moaned, squirted, so utterly turned on by the idea that she couldn’t help it, and he laughed as he wiped his eyes.

“Did you jus spray me?” Harry chuckled, only to go still as she whipped her head around and looked at him with almost frantic, entirely black eyes.

“Breed me!” Koneko cried, pushing herself back against him and rubbing her cunt on his face. “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck...yes!”

She screamed as he buried himself to the hilt inside her and started fucking her hard and fast. Her cat ears and tail emerged, and he grinned, his grip on her hips tightening to the point he knew he’d

leave bruises. She screamed and shrieked at his every thrust, clawing at the mattress under them so hard that she tore it to shreds. The wet sound of flesh smacking flesh filled the air, and Harry groaned as she started consciously squeezing him each time he pulled back, desperately trying to milk a thick load out of him.

Summoning Leviathan silently, he asked, *“I don’t actually want to get her pregnant, but I’ve never fucked a nekomara in heat before, and I can tell from how she feels that she’s ovulating.”*

“Gooley?” Leviathan asked, and he gave her the mental equivalent of a nod. *“As I explained before, you have absolute control over how well your swimmers, to borrow a more modern term, work, so no matter how desperately your little kitty here wants kittens at the moment, you won’t give her any that you don’t want to. That doesn’t mean you shouldn’t mount and stuff her, though. Very neat ritual, by the way.”*

“Glad you liked it,” Harry chuckled, focusing back on Koneko and carefully wrapping a hand around her tail just to see how she’d react.

“Yes, yes, yes, FUCK!” the white-haired girl squealed, cumming hard.

Harry grunted at the feeling of her tight tunnel spasming around him as she writhed in pleasure and let go, painting her inner walls white with rope after thick rope of his cum. Feeling him fill her up seemed to amplify her pleasure, and her high-pitched wails and yowls echoed through the room as the two of them rode out the waves of pleasure together.

As Harry’s orgasm ended, he leaned in and kissed her neck, whispering, *“Be a good girl and tell me what I am to you.”*

“Master,” Koneko whimpered weakly, feeling utterly exhausted, and she sighed in pure contentment as the punishment ended.

Pulling his still-hard cock from her depths, he rolled over and pulled her in until she was resting on his chest.

“I feel...everything,” Koneko sighed, feeling her eyes tear up as she finally let all the feelings she’d been doing everything to suppress for over a year return to her.

“You’re safe,” Harry whispered, softly stroking her back with his fingers as he wrapped his other arm around her waist, holding her tightly. *“You don’t need to worry about anything with me.”*

“Thank you,” Koneko breathed, pushing herself up and staring down into his eyes. *“Thank you so much.”*

He smiled and pulled her down, kissing her passionately and rolling her onto her back. He was inside her again the next moment, and the two of them continued to indulge their passion for each other, both aware that their night was only just beginning.